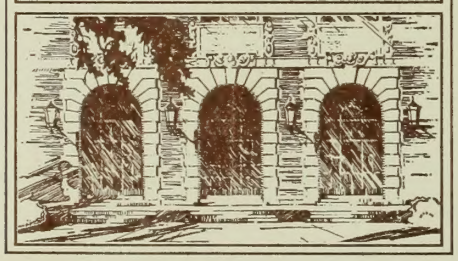
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

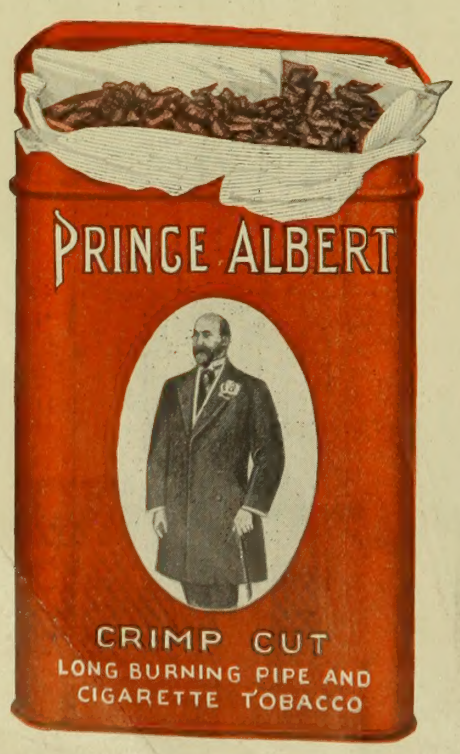


WEST WIND BY SOPHIE KERR, FORTY YEARS HENCE BY JAMES HOPPER, and Articles by R. W. CHILD AND EMILY POST



Constantly, men who have earned their spurs as smokers are being chosen members of the Prince Albert "Old-Time Jimmy-Pipers Club." Here is J. H. Hill of 208 W. 82nd Street, New York City, who has known the daily joys of a jimmy pipe since he was 17 years old. Mr. Hill is enjoying his sixty-seventh summer.

Copyright 1915 by
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



You buy Prince Albert in any neck of the woods because it's the universal pipe and cigarette tobacco! Toppy red bags (handy for rollers), 5c; tidy red tins, 10c. Prince Albert is also sold in handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—in that fine crystal-glass humidor with the sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such splendid condition—always!

Prince Albert just does this little old thing:

puts a jimmy pipe or makin's cigarette into your mouth with a brand-new idea of how joy'usly good tobacco smoke can be! Get the drift of this scheme of firing-up any time of the night or day with P. A. and feeling like you never can fill up your smoke chest—it's so good, so cool, so full of friendly flavor and fragrance! The patented process takes care of that—and cuts out bite and parch. Quick as you tune-up your cymbals, bang-away on some

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Don't want to crowd you, but you'll think it's Thanksgiving Day in the morning when you say your first howdy-do to P. A.! It's certainly all there with the bells on, no matter *how* you smoke it, *when* you smoke it or *where* you smoke it!

And it's corking-clever to be on speaking terms with the brand of tobacco *you can* smoke early in the a. m.! Jams sunshine into your spirit the whole day long! Can't hardly wait, sometimes, to fill that old jimmy or to roll a cigarette! *You could just eat that P. A. smoke!*

Your face will make a parlor-picture when you open-up your first supply of Prince Albert! Greets you so cheery-like!

You unhook a short piece of coin in exchange for some P. A. Then you'll get hand-decorated proof that Prince Albert *is there,* in flavor, coolness and all-around smoke-joy, excelling the most cheerful thought about its goodness either we, or its most enthusiastic friends, ever could uncork!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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EFFICIENCY FOR DEFENSE



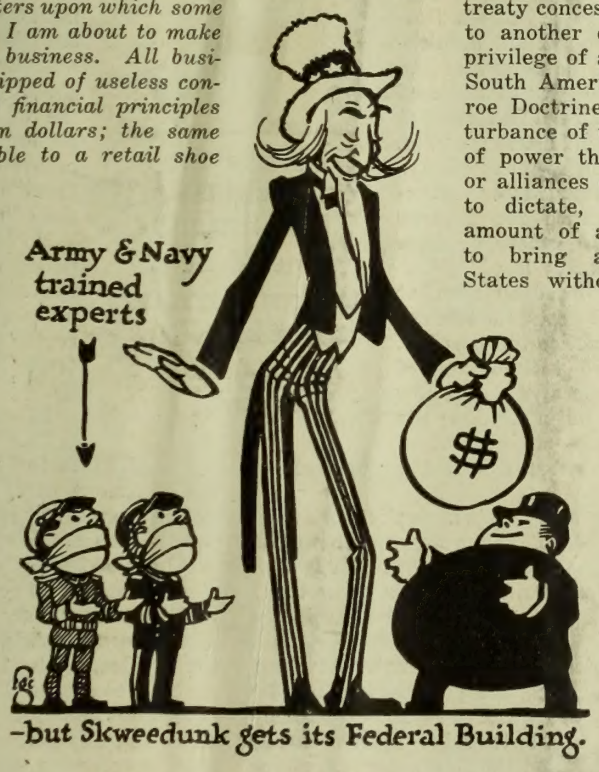
BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY F. G. COOPER



IT IS *conceivable that a successful business man believing in direct methods, in the practice of calling a spade a spade, and in the doctrine that results count, some day might call into his office his superintendent, his manager, or an outside expert, a person of proved ability in the fields of observation of business facts and the application of the principles of efficiency to obtain definite and desirable ends. It is conceivable that the American business man might say to this employee: "Let me tell you why I have sent for you. I have concluded that the safety of my own life, the future of my wife and children, the existence of a big industry which I have helped to build, the preservation of my property and my country, and, above all, the continuance of the ideals of civilization for which the United States has stood, all of which are dear to me, are matters upon which some doubt has been thrown. Briefly, I am about to make the business of the Nation my business. All businesses are simple if they are stripped of useless consideration of detail. The same financial principles apply to ten cents and a billion dollars; the same business principles are applicable to a retail shoe store and a great government. Therefore, in the same spirit with which you would report to me upon a manufacturing or sales question, go ahead and prepare me a report on the safety of the United States, and your recommendations as to what is required to be done. Make it brief."*

If the American expert in business, thus addressed, were to follow instructions and, without bringing more than his training in business observation and efficiency to the task, were to make a report, it would read like this:



MY DEAR SIR: I beg leave to present the following brief upon the condition of the Nation's safety, together with recommendations for change. In making this report, I have endeavored to eliminate from statements of fact any preconceived notions of my own or those currently held by others. My purpose has been to present a statement of the true condition as it is, and a clear and simple exposition, such as would be presented by a careful efficiency expert of the two courses, one of which surely would be selected by any competent business man exercising the same sense and foresight that he would apply to his own business.

I. *Our Danger from War Has Increased.*

These are the facts which lead to this conclusion:

The natural defenses of the United States have been—the Atlantic Ocean, a period of history during which other powerful nations have not required territorial or commercial expansion as now in fierce competition they require it, the old condition of warfare which required hordes of invaders to be successful in capturing and holding territory, and, most important of all, the attention of the powers of Europe concentrated upon maintaining their position in the balance of power at home. In addition to these fundamental defenses the sea power of Great Britain and the absence of aggressive nations in the Pacific were safeguards of our peace.

This has all changed.

With increased speed and safety of ocean travel, the Atlantic, in the absence of a United States Navy capable of defeating decisively the maximum force which may be brought against it, now offers better facilities for invaders than would a land route.

New incentive for aggression of foreign powers upon our hemisphere has been furnished by the development of our own riches and the opening of the resources of South America: new temptation for greed is offered at the same time that better transportation and an epoch of resource-developing invention have called nations to undertake world-wide rather than nation-wide commercial activity.

Warfare has so changed in nature that the power and speed of weapons have reduced the number of men required to take and hold territory against hordes of defenders having weapons of less power and speed.

The sea power of Great Britain, which has been an incidental protection to the United States, has been divided with Japan in the Pacific; besides, it is now menaced by the evolution of sea warfare and by the rapidity with which invention makes junk to-day of a sea-fighting machine which was modern yesterday.

The European War threatens to have an end which will result in either (1) peace-treaty concessions from one power to another of the uninterrupted privilege of acquiring territory in South America against our Monroe Doctrine, or (2) such a disturbance of the European balance of power that victorious nations or alliances of nations can afford to dictate, without treaty, the amount of aggression they care to bring against the United States without effective protest from their own neighbors.

Offsetting these new war risks, which have come to the United States, is the cost of modern warfare and the increasing sentiment among human beings against the frightfulness of war. As to both it is to be remembered that advocates of peace and disarmament before the European mêlée began constantly asserted these two deterrents as guarantees against conflict in Europe just as now they cite them as guarantees of our own safety. As to cost, it is a question only concerning whether or not the investment in aggression will pay the investor. As to the sentiment of mankind, no indications can be found in history or common sense that a conquering people regret a past war, admit shame is attached to their victory, or regard future efforts under arms as undesirable. The sentiments of the vanquished or the weak, no matter how much they may favor humane and peaceful ideals, are of no consequence, and even as influences toward peace are almost negligible.

A third offset to our new war risk is the principle of arbitration and the practice of making arbitration treaties. A single year of the world's history has shown that nations under "necessity" break treaties handily, and that even a nation like our own, with its face set toward peace, will not and cannot live up to arbitration agreements which concern its honor, its integrity, or its safety, and should make no agreement of arbitration which will become an empty scribble by the sinking of a *Lusitania* or by any hostile act which for the safety of the aggrieved party must be reproved without the delay necessary for arbitration proceedings.

It is to be noted that our war risk is considered here solely from the point of view of defense against aggression from without — the maintenance of our present international rights. It has been assumed, that you, an American business man, are not considering war risks arising from ambition to expand our territory, or to intervene in cases of disorder outside our borders, or to pledge ourselves to alliances the purpose of which is to maintain a balance of power among large nations. If one or any of these policies were to be adopted by the United States voluntarily or driven by expediency, our new war risks would be immeasurably increased.

II. *We Are Unprepared for War.*

To your common sense is submitted the proposition that preparedness for war must not be considered as preparedness for fighting, but as preparedness for *victory*. Preparedness which is nothing more than preparedness for ultimate defeat is merely preparedness for a criminal, murderous waste of property and lives—our own and those of the enemy.

There is no sensible "middle ground" in preparedness. There is nothing worth consideration except in terms of tawdry, wasted heroism, between readiness to surrender and readiness to *win*. No military expert is needed to demonstrate this. The United States, however, is now in the middle ground.

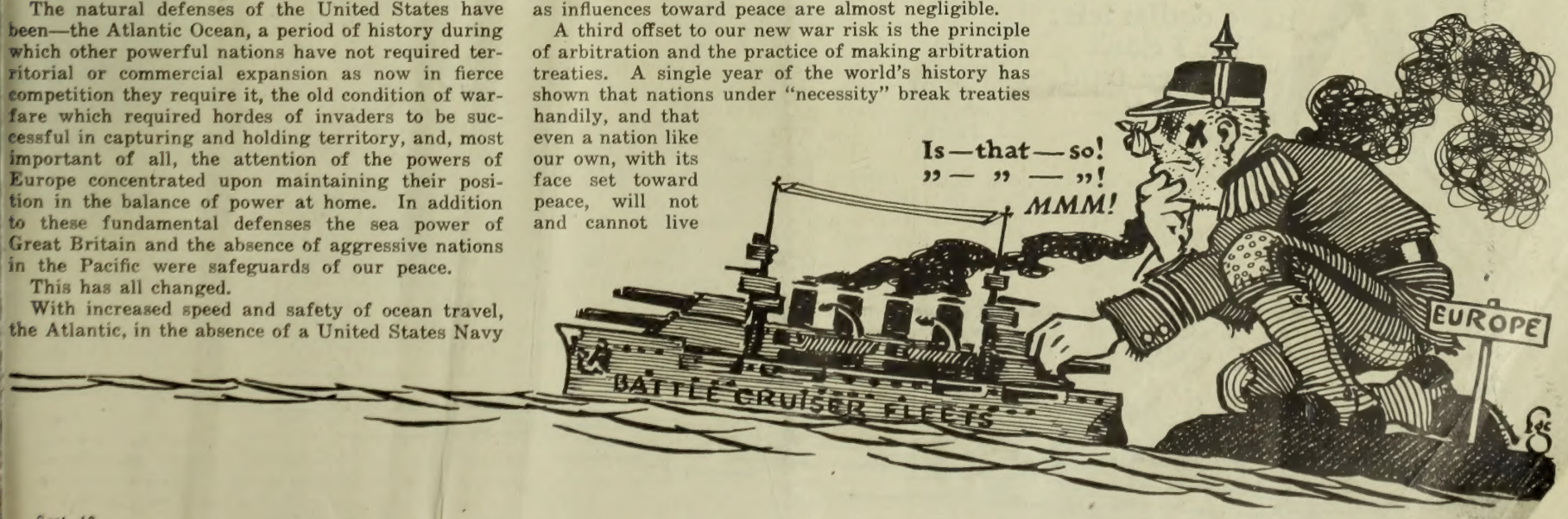
III. *Reasons for These Conditions.*

The causes of our unpreparedness for war are found by investigation to be five:

1. History. 2. Ignorance and Bluster. 3. Politics. 4. Inefficiency. 5. Peace and Disarmament Policies.

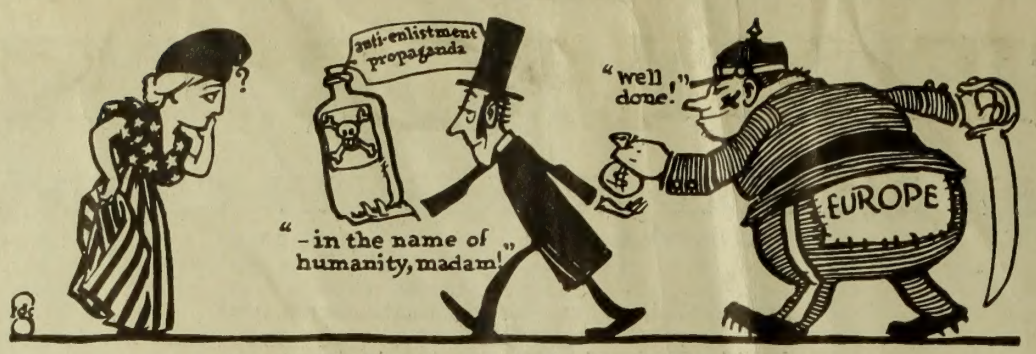
1. The history of the United States, though it contains the story of the Revolution, which we won because England could not or would not bother sufficiently to prevent us—the story of the War of 1812, in which we lost our capital and won only one important land battle—and that after peace was declared —the stories of skirmishes with savage tribes—the narrative of the Civil War, in which years, lives, and property were wasted by an unpreparedness which had no effect upon the final result—and an absurdly small war with Spain, in which our gross unreadiness made our victories seem heroic—is the history of a country which for the first half of its existence offered no temptation for invasion.

After the Civil War, for several years it was a country which by an internal conflict and as an incident to a rebellion had been provided with such a supply of arms and battle-trained soldiery that de-



fense already was provided without more effort or thought. Later years brought the extinction of our shipping and an introspective, hungry attention upon our internal commercial development. In a sentence, the history of the United States has been one to lull watchfulness to sleep and to pamper inattention to our defenses.

2. Ignorance and Bluster. These two betraying characteristics have been found country wide by your investigator. The man on the street in Dallas, Texas, in the small city of Iowa, in the towns of the Rockies, and the municipalities of the Southeast, but still more the man on the road in the country districts (and much more than half our population lives in communities of less than 5,000 population), still believes, against the bare facts, that his navy is competent to meet any foe, that its marksmanship is better than any in the world, that warfare is still carried on by hordes of untrained men rather than by the newest machines, that willingness to fight and the patriotic spirit of Americans is, in itself, a means of victory instead of being a means of going to a more extensive slaughter and a more cruel defeat.



at least, this seems a logical conclusion

Now, Let's Be Honest with Ourselves

NO BUSINESS man, no man indeed who refuses to subscribe to a doctrine that a lie is better than the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, will fail to condemn the kind of "patriotism" which spreads this ignorance by bluster. If Bryan ever said the words attributed to him that "If a call should go out at night, the rising sun would see a million of our men under arms" he was guilty of drivel of unspeakable nature and any honest man with any sense, whether he believes in war or in peace at any price, must put his nose against the fact that statements of this kind are not only untrue, but are a menace to the nation just as they are a menace to the cause of honorable peace. Indeed, if a million men were to volunteer in a night, plain humanity would require that we reject for immediate service and save from inglorious butchery all but those who knew something of modern warfare, and those from whom we could snatch the pitchforks, the pea shooters, and the bird guns, and to whom we could give available modern arms. The number accepted on these terms would be a handful.

3. Politics has played fast and loose with our defenses and our preparedness. The two unfortunate causes for this negligent attitude of Congress are, first—the unpleasant truth that those who elect Congressmen are not insistent upon expenditures for the good of the nation as a whole, and, second—the insistence by these same constituents for expenditures the benefits of which go to their own locality at the expense of the national welfare. Therefore, to the eternally repeated facts, requirements, and warnings presented to Congress by the boards and experts of the army and navy and by the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, the Congressman seeking reelection turns a deaf ear, but to the demands of localities for War Department or Navy Department "improvements," and for the maintenance of "junk" army posts and navy yards, into which two of every three dollars we spend on "preparation" go, the Congressman must give heed. The evidence that this is true is so overwhelming and the practice has continued so long that there is no expectancy of any change except from some upheaval of public opinion, or a new system of appropriation for national defense.

4. Inefficiency exists not because of, but in spite of, the army and navy recommendations. No manufacturer, no merchant, no business man, with only the most slender data at his command, and even without any technical military knowledge whatever, if intrusted with the management of our national defense, would tolerate for forty-eight hours the distribution of depots—the army posts and the navy yards as now established by the Congressional log-rolling. In 1911 the report of the Secretary of War—which annual publication, with that of the Secretary of the Navy, would open the eyes of those of our citizens who never read Government reports—contained the following: "The mobile army is distributed among forty-nine posts in twenty-four States. Nearly all have been located for reasons which are now totally obsolete, or from the beginning were purely local."

With only a few hundred men at each of these political posts, no efficient training in war practice is possible. The posts are located without regard to defense of our borders; the difficulty of mobilization is at its maximum; the efficiency of recruiting—saving cost of transportation and expense in providing supplies—is at its minimum.

Every soldier in our army costs annually more than twice as much as those of any other nation in the world. Five years ago we had spent $320,000,000 on our navy yards. Great Britain, with a navy twice the size of ours, had less than half the yards we support.

Are our yards efficient? They are not. At Mare Island, near San Francisco, the yard which in 1910 had cost $35,000,000, the water was not sufficiently deep even to berth the battleships built between 1900 and 1910. In 1899 and the following years over half a million dollars was spent at Frenchmans Bay, Maine, mostly to provide a coaling station which never saw use and was abandoned. In a period of fifteen years nearly $11,000,000 was spent at the Portsmouth (N. H.) Navy Yard, although there was another large navy yard less than a hundred miles away.

Secretary Meyer recommended the closing of naval stations at New Orleans, Pensacola, San Juan, Port Royal, New London, and others. "The average yearly cost of maintaining these stations was $1,672,675, and very little useful work had been performed at any of them." But Congress took no action to make permanent the closing of these stations, and two have since been reopened.

Germany has a more powerful navy than ours. In the last fifteen years we have spent three dollars for every two spent by Germany.

5. Peace and disarmament propaganda has not only served its beneficial purpose, but it has gone beyond that purpose and has contributed to ignorance and bluster.

Your investigator believes that no proof is needed for these statements following:

It takes two parties to make a war, but only one to make a conquest.

In case of conquest, the fact that the conquered people have stood for peace may be such comfort as they can find in it. Certainly it does not aid peace by force of example; the side which believed in efficient war will have the floor.

A business man would be the first to recognize that repugnance for the horrors and waste of war is like repugnance for the horrors and waste of fire. But he would not contend that this disapproval of war is any more insurance against war than disapproval of fire is sufficient insurance against conflagration. No business man would provide fire apparatus which was intended to "very nearly put a fire out," and no business man would provide a national defense which would "almost save the country."

No business man would believe that makers of arms and ammunition are the sole cause of our preparing defense, if there are other and greater reasons for preparing defense.

No business man would believe that a "military despotism" arises when the policy of defense comes up from the people rather than down on them from a tyrannical sovereignty.



Invade the grand old U.S.A.! Not much! Ther'd be a million farmers meet 'em with shotguns, b'gosh!

No business man would listen to assurances of peace for us from the same sources which subscribed to the statement that a war among the powers of Europe was impossible.

No business man will be interested in how many schools our army and navy appropriations will build and maintain if there is a chance that the schools will be taught in a language not our own.

No business man will believe that the war offices of foreign governments do not know all about our unpreparedness and that concealment of the facts from ourselves is a poorer patriotism than laying them bare.

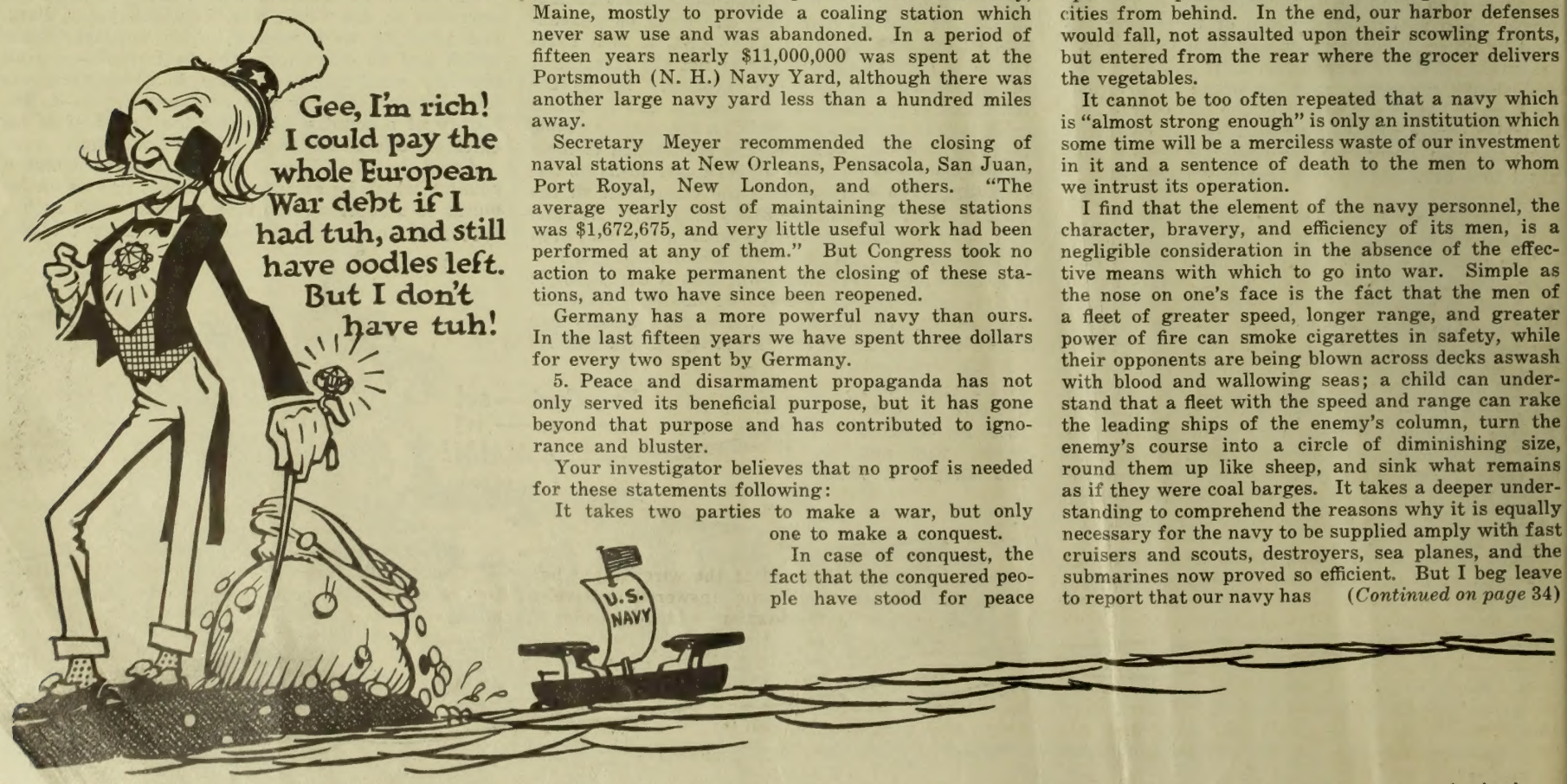
No business man will understand that policy of our Government which seals the mouths of our competent trained navy and army officers who know the truth at a time when everything but truth is being fed to our people.

IV. *Our Present Efficiency.*

The basis of our efficiency in defense is found to be the efficiency of the navy. Without the testimony of experts, the common sense of any ordinary man will recognize that the navy is our only coast defense. We have fortified our large ports. We have a harbor defense as distinguished from a coast defense, and occasionally we are misled by being told that an enemy coming to storm these harbors from the sea would be unable to take our fortifications. But, again, it does not require a military expert to conclude that no enemy would attempt to enter our seaboard cities through their local fortified channels; any serious plan of invasion would contemplate overcoming our navy defense, landing at a point upon our unprotected coasts and taking our seaboard cities from behind. In the end, our harbor defenses would fall, not assaulted upon their scowling fronts, but entered from the rear where the grocer delivers the vegetables.

It cannot be too often repeated that a navy which is "almost strong enough" is only an institution which some time will be a merciless waste of our investment in it and a sentence of death to the men to whom we intrust its operation.

I find that the element of the navy personnel, the character, bravery, and efficiency of its men, is a negligible consideration in the absence of the effective means with which to go into war. Simple as the nose on one's face is the fact that the men of a fleet of greater speed, longer range, and greater power of fire can smoke cigarettes in safety, while their opponents are being blown across decks aswash with blood and wallowing seas; a child can understand that a fleet with the speed and range can rake the leading ships of the enemy's column, turn the enemy's course into a circle of diminishing size, round them up like sheep, and sink what remains as if they were coal barges. It takes a deeper understanding to comprehend the reasons why it is equally necessary for the navy to be supplied amply with fast cruisers and scouts, destroyers, sea planes, and the submarines now proved so efficient. But I beg leave to report that our navy has (*Continued on page* 34)



WEST WIND

BY SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

THERE was exactly the difference between them that there was between their favorite games and their manner of playing them. Henry Eaton was a steady, reliable golfer who played around at bogey or a little better, unless it was a really important cup match, in which case he got flustered, missed his putts, sliced and pulled and foozled with thorough abandon, and he was a great hulking brute who oughtn't to have had a nerve in his body. Amy Thompson, on the other hand, was the club's woman tennis champion. She had an amazingly swift, accurate serve and she could come right down to the net and smash the balls back in a way that brought cheers from the gallery. She was not one of your meaty, blowzy girls either. Her color was delicate, and her wrists, though apparently of steel, were slender and graceful.

It was natural enough for Henry to fall in love with Amy and follow her around, patiently, persistently, worrying away at her indifference just as he worried away at his daily round of "clock," and it was perfectly natural that she should slam him down, time and time again, just as she slammed balls across the net.

Habitués of the Greenfields Country Club who were sporting by nature placed bets on the final result. The odds were 2 to 1 that Amy wouldn't have him. What—never? No, never! What—never? No, never— I mean it! But a small majority held firmly to the theory that Henry's persistence and his honest-to-goodness likableness would win out in the end.

"The girl's a fool to throw away a good chance like Henry. Why, she's twenty-seven," said old Mrs. Lovell from a cushioned chair on the veranda. She and her crony, Miss Henrietta Bird, had just seen Henry going disconsolately to the links, having asked Amy in vain to accompany him.

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Henrietta dreamily. She was a romantic soul. "Maybe she's happier single. By the way, did you know that Ray Lowrie's coming back?"

Mrs. Lovell jumped to electric attention. "No—really!" she exclaimed. "That beautiful rascal! How I shall enjoy seeing him again! And what a shocking example he is to all the young people in town! But you don't think it's because of Ray that Amy—" her eyes asked the question she did not need to voice.

"Well, it was quite an affair," replied Miss Henrietta, pursing up her lips. "I've always thought Amy was never quite the same. She never used to go in for athletics and reading feminist books, you know."

Mrs. Lovell pursed up her lips also. "Thank God, I've got no daughters!" she exclaimed piously.

And if she had known about the letter that was hidden securely in the pocket of Amy Thompson's rose-colored sport coat at that moment, she would have been even more thankful. For the letter was from Ray Lowrie, and he said he was coming back to Greenfields to stay, and that the reason he was coming back was, in short, Amy. That is, you could read it that way if you wanted to. It sounded like that. But if you were twenty-seven and had suffered a good bit from Ray Lowrie's ambiguous love-making, you might wonder if it meant anything at all. And that's exactly what Amy wondered.

"How ridiculous it all is," she told herself, staring down the valley where Henry's white-flanneled figure might be seen bending laboriously over the third hole. "It was bad enough when I was nineteen and didn't know any better. How I cried my eyes out after he went away and I made sure that he didn't really care! I thought my heart was completely broken and that I'd never smile again. What an idiot I was! He made love to every girl in town, I do believe. Well, it's going to be a different story this time—*that's* certain. We'll see." And with certain high resolves in mind she left the clubhouse, got into her own little runabout, and zipped into town to her dressmaker's. Which was a very canny thing to do.

Then, high and important sartorial matters having been accomplished, she went to the telephone and called up Henry. This was unusual, and Henry's answering "Hello" was divided between joy at hearing from her unexpectedly and anxiety lest something dreadful might have happened to cause her thus to break over her accustomed indifference.



"Going to drag Amy shrieking away. She's the only person who will endure my foxtrotting"

"Oh, no; nothing's the matter," she assured him. "It's just that I'm going out of town for a few days."

"You call that nothing, do you?" inquired Henry dolefully. "It's a very serious matter to me, let me tell you. How long are you going to stay?"

"I'll be back for the club dance on Thursday," said Amy, "and if you're a good little boy I'll send you a picture post card with the Soldiers' Monument or the Palace Hotel on it. I'm going to Knightsville to see Aunt Susanna."

"You're a brave girl," said Henry. "Maybe I'll motor over and say how-d'ye-do to you before Thursday. That is, if you will assure me that Aunt Susanna won't bite me. I'm afraid of her."

"Better not come," laughed Amy. "Aunt Susanna's pretty dreadful. I'll see you next Thursday, then, Henry. Good-by!"

"Here, wait a minute! Say, Amy," his voice changed ever so little. "Say—did you know Ray Lowrie is coming back?"

THE girl at the other end of the wire caught her breath. "Is that so?" she answered evasively. "That ought to wake the town up a bit. I wonder if he's going to stay long? Oh, excuse me, Henry—mother's calling. Good-by—till Thursday." She rang off determinedly. And Henry put up the receiver of his telephone with a bang also. He had caught Amy's evasion and understood it.

"Oh, *damn!*" he thought. "That cheap sport!"

And Amy, who was packing her bag for her Aunt Susanna venture, was congratulating herself that Henry never understood anything! "If he did," she thought a little bitterly, "perhaps I wouldn't find it so easy to say no every time he proposes."

Now the reason that Amy was running away to her Aunt Susanna was simply because she didn't intend to let Ray Lowrie find her in Greenfields when he arrived, arguing that if he didn't find her there he'd think her quite indifferent to the important event of his coming. Also she had another reason, which had to do with her vanity. When she had flown in from the Country Club to her dressmaker, she had planned, with the help of that estimable lady, a perfect marvel of an evening gown. With the moral support of such attire and the undoubted effect of her absence, Amy felt that she might face Ray Lowrie at the club dance with a most magnificent effect of never having cared, not caring now, and never going to care. And all these elaborate preparations showed how very far from the truth such an impression would be. Yet Amy herself wasn't sure whether her pride or her heart had been hurt the worst in that young love experience—either is painful, goodness knows. Besides, the fact that she could think of it that way argued—well, what did it argue? Let everyone over twenty figure it out in terms of his or her own personal equation.

Likewise, Henry was wrong to call Ray Lowrie a cheap sport. Ray Lowrie was just—Irish. Irish blue eyes, melting and merry by turns; Irish blarney forever on his tongue; a thoroughly Irish appreciation of the fair sex; and, besides, a habit of shifting his affections in a day, an hour, a minute. Naturally he never married—he'd never been in love long enough with any one girl. As he had some money, he traveled and visited and went wherever there was racing or aviation or any other sport pageantry. And he liked good pictures and good books and good music and pretty women and the light, social side of life. Charming, irresponsible, irresistible, he still was enough of a man that he had got rather tired of enjoying life as a soufflé. Back in his head he'd always held to the notion that when he was thirty-five he'd go home to Greenfields, perhaps go into business, perhaps—more vaguely still—even marry and "settle down." As most of the girls that he had been so much in love with there had since married and settled down themselves, without waiting for his return—why, never mind, Amy was still single. So that was why he had written to Amy.

THE principal characters in this little three-cornered farce are now ready for their cues. The audience—all of Greenfields—is waiting expectantly. The Country Club is swept and garnished and gayly decorated for the Thursday night dance. Ray Lowrie is there, as handsome, as debonair as ever, slender and dark, ready to flirt with all the old ladies, who adore him, and to hail with unaffected delight his old friends. Three dances are over, and there is a slight lull. People are gathered on the veranda and at the balconied windows of the ballroom in chattering, laughing groups.

And then Amy Thompson and Henry Eaton came in!

Everybody stared at them, and no wonder, for Amy, discarding her favorite pale colors, was dressed in vivid, taunting scarlet—a distracting, filmy thing, that revealed and concealed and allured and repelled, all at once, and made her white skin seem whiter and her fair color still fairer and her sleek black hair yet blacker. Behind her rose Henry, a blond giant. And in the hush of attention everyone saw Ray Lowrie come forward impetuously and hold out both his hands. "Why—it's *you*."

And everyone saw Amy's indifferent, easy smile.

"Yes," she said. "It's I—and Henry. You haven't forgotten Henry, have you?" Then, as the music began, she placed herself in Henry's arms. "Perhaps I'll see you later," she said over her shoulder as they danced away.

Miss Henrietta Bird, who was nearest, positively thrilled. "It was just like something on the stage," she told Mrs. Lovell, the next day; "I wouldn't have believed that Amy had it in her."

Indeed, if Amy had suddenly and violently slapped Ray Lowrie's face he wouldn't have been more surprised or more outraged. A nice thing, indeed, if the girl who should be all atwitter at your sudden appearance nods at you and dismisses you with a cool perhaps - I'll - see - you - later. He calmly drew off to the side, and when Henry and Amy came round the second time he stopped them.

"Here, Henry; you selfish villain," he said, deliberately disengaging him from Amy, "you needn't think you can take Amy away from me like that. I'll just cut in. By your leave—" And with that he swung Amy about and they were gone. Henry rather blinked after them, but then he smiled his nice, quiet smile and took little Dot Dixon for a turn, for she was nearest and, being of the "younger set" and not yet "out," she hadn't many partners.

Amy was so angry that she could have screamed. Why didn't Henry show more spirit? Why did he let Ray Lowrie cut in? It wasn't at all as she had planned things. How be indifferent and gayly careless when you are mad all through and all your rage is for the man who is dancing with you, dancing as smoothly and as easily and as delightfully as—as, well, take it—as he used to do, and holding you just a little bit too close, but not so close that you can be offended? Admit, ladies and gentlemen, that Amy was in a most trying predicament.

And Ray Lowrie was laughing. "Henry's just the same slow poke," he said, "but you—you're not the same, Amy. You're wonderful. And you're beautiful—more beautiful than ever. And this scarlet frock makes you look like—"

"Like a fire in a grate, I dare say," said Amy. "You're just the same, Ray. You say just the same things in just the same way."

He answered by stopping dancing and leading her out to the most secluded and shadowy corner of the veranda. Miss Henrietta Bird thrilled again to see them go. She turned to see how Henry took it, but Henry was dancing away gayly and apparently didn't see anything but his partner.

"Where have you been for so long?" demanded Ray, after he had put cushions at Amy's back. "I've been here since Saturday, and this is Thursday. That means Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and to-day—five perfectly good years of my life utterly wasted."

"I've been visiting Aunt Susanna," returned Amy shortly.

"What!" he cried. "Is that old termagant still alive? How she used to scowl at me when I'd come to call on you. I was always afraid of her."

"She's still alive and still disapproves of all young men," said Amy. "She says they're all bad, every one of 'em, tricky and worthless." She mimicked perfectly the old lady's rasping voice.

"Oh, Amy, Amy," laughed Ray. "How that takes me back! Do you remember the night I came for you to go canoeing?"

The night he came for her to go canoeing! In spite of herself, Amy felt her blood run a little faster. "Of course, I remember," she cried involuntarily. "That was the night—" She stopped and looked up at him. She had been about to say "that you kissed me." But she finished it instead—"that I ruined my only pair of white slippers. I *would* wear them."

RAY LOWRIE laid his hand gently on her wrist. "And do you remember what I used to call you—'West Wind'? That's what you were like, Amy; that's what you are like still—"

Henry loomed before them. "Going to drag Amy shrieking away," he announced cheerfully. "She's the only person who will endure my foxtrotting."

It effectually broke the spell of romance, past or present. For once Henry had been opportune. Even Amy realized that, and for the rest of the evening she was more than kind to him. Still, as they were leaving, Ray Lowrie separated them again for a moment. "I shall see you very soon," he said to Amy earnestly.



"You had it!" cried Ray. "Yes. Little West Wind breezed away with it, I fear"

She pulled at her scarf and eyed him over its scarlet transparency. "We'll have some tennis," she promised.

"And some golf," said Henry, adding himself to the group. He sounded exactly like a complacent husband of many years' standing, and Amy, in spite of herself, grinned at his tone. She caught Ray's eyes as he moved away and she could have sworn that he was thinking exactly the same thing that she was. As Henry let the car out a little on the way into town she smiled into the darkness.

"Ray's just the same," said Henry suddenly, breaking the silence. "I suppose he's well enough—in his way—but what makes all you women fall for him in the way you do? Honestly, what is it?"

Amy smiled again into the rushing dark. "Henry," she said sternly, "are you jealous?"

Henry gave a half groan. "I suppose I am," he admitted.

The car flew along. As it stopped under the Thompsons' porte-cochère, Amy caught up her scarlet ruffles. She poised herself on the step.

"Well, you'd *better* be jealous," she said—and ran into the house.

IMMEDIATELY thereafter a midsummer madness seemed to fall upon the three of them. They became, within the limits of convention, simply two males struggling for the possession of one female. A primeval, barefaced contest it was.

To begin with, Ray Lowrie bought a car, a big and powerful car that completely threw Henry's little old runabout in the shade. He had his car painted scarlet, to match the dress that Amy had worn the night of the dance, he told her. And the car and its owner were at Amy's disposal at any hour. By the fact that he had no office hours or business to consider Ray Lowrie could see Amy oftener than Henry. But Henry, though he attended faithfully to the affairs of the plane-and-sash company, nevertheless took a good bit of time off and hung on doggedly.

As for Amy, she enjoyed thoroughly the fact that she was the most courted, the most talked-of, and yet the most thoroughly blameless young lady in the whole of Greenfields. To be sensational without any dangling scandal is a fairly delightful occupation to a girl who is just on the verge of spinsterhood, whose friends are mostly married and with children who call her "aunty," and who has seen nothing before her but more spinsterhood or else marriage with a thoroughly good, uninteresting man.

Yet—was Henry so uninteresting? After playing tennis with Ray and straining every nerve to beat him—and not succeeding, for he played a brilliant, swift, and dangerous game—it was more and more delightful to have a steady, soothing round of golf with Henry.

However, Amy put off her decision and merely bought some more clothes. She could see no use in making up her mind before she was sure of it. She bloomed radiantly under the spell of her new desirability.

Greenfields had not been so stirred for years. In summer there is nowhere to go except the Country Club, and, equally of course, the verandas seethed with interested spectators of the Lowrie-Eaton rivalry. The late arrivals besieged the early birds with questions like this:

"Are they here yet?"

"Who'd she come with, Henry or Ray?"

"Tennis or golf to-day?"

The feminine contingent favored Ray's suit; the men stood solidly by Henry. Not that they didn't like Ray, but they knew him too well to think of him as a benedict in good and regular standing. The women, however, averred that he would, with a tactful, sensible girl like Amy, become a model husband. At which the men haw-hawed coarsely and sardonically. People even broke up bridge games discussing it. The atmosphere was downright feverish.

Between Henry and Ray there was ostensible, I might even say ostentatious, peace. They played golf together, Henry winning just often enough to make it interesting. Ray was a good golfer, though addicted to pressing. He preferred tennis—with Amy. Nothing tempted Henry on to the courts. Golf was his game. So Amy played tennis with Ray and golf with Henry and walked and talked and danced and teaed and motored with them both.

But, for all Henry's persistence and for all Ray's dash and urgency, the situation remained unchanged. Amy went on her way, dividing her favors as evenly as possible and with a perfect disregard of Greenfields comment.

It was Ray who broke over first. Not being accustomed to being denied what he wanted or thwarted in his pursuit, he made occasion for a tête-à-tête in the moonlight in the Thompson pergola.

"How much longer are you going to torture me?" he demanded.

"Don't talk like the hero of a melodrama," said Amy. "I'm not torturing you—you're torturing yourself, if there's any torture going on."

"You needn't ridicule me, at least," said Ray. "You know why I came back. It was only to see you, and you've kept me dangling and put me off until I'm almost out of my mind." He said it so fervently that he quite believed it.

"Then why dangle?" asked Amy pleasantly. "There's any number of younger, prettier girls in Greenfields than I. Have I asked you to dangle? On the contrary, I should say."

"Amy," reproached Ray. "You were not a bit like this when I went away."

"Certainly not," said Amy. "I was perfectly crazy about you then, you know. But you were away some time."

"And Henry stayed right here."

"Henry certainly stayed right here," admitted Amy.

There was a considerable silence—a meaning one.

"You'd *never* be happy with Henry," said Ray.

Amy kept discreetly and provokingly still. She felt sure that the hour of Ray's submission was at hand. Nor was she disappointed. His ardent voice and his romantic pose fitted in admirably with the moonlight and the fragrant, deserted garden about them. Doubtless he realized it.

"Listen," he said. "I've been all over this world and I've known women everywhere, but I've never cared for one of them as I care for you. I've always meant to come back to you—and here I am. I've always loved you, Amy. Don't you believe me? Don't you trust me?"

He waited—quite sure of her. But Amy waited too. And then she answered very thoughtfully.

"No, Ray—that's just it. I don't trust you. You're interesting and amusing and appealing, and you can make anyone care for you—"

"Can I?" broke in Ray. "Can I? Can I make you? I'll do nothing else, night and day, if that's true, but try to make you love me."

And when he went away a little later Amy owned to herself that perhaps—*perhaps*—he might succeed.

MISS HENRIETTA BIRD waylaid Amy a morning or so later as she passed, for once, alone. She waved at her from the upstairs gallery.

"Come in here, Amy, for goodness' sake," she called. She ran downstairs and drew the girl into the old-fashioned drawing room, with its ancient walnut furniture, its long unused harp, its rows of family portraits.

"Amy, my dear," began Miss Henrietta; "you'll say I'm nothing but a meddling, old woman, but I can't see this thing go on without saying my say to you."

. . .

Amy did not pretend to misunderstand. "You mean Ray and Henry, don't you, Miss Henrietta?" she asked sweetly. "I wish you would tell me what you think. Mother's disgusted with me and father thinks I'm crazy—and I can't talk to anyone else about it."

"You're a sweet child," exclaimed Miss Henrietta, jumping up and giving Amy a spontaneous hug, "and you've got plenty of sense, Amy. I don't blame you for wanting to lead both of them a dance, especially Ray, for he thinks he's such a fascinator, and so he is, the dear; but there's such a thing as overplaying your hand, you know, and if I were you I'd end the matter pretty soon. I'm saying everything in the most mixed-up way, but you know what I mean."

"Yes, I know what you mean," said Amy. "But I'll tell you, honestly, Miss Henrietta, I don't know what to decide."

"Ray's in earnest this time, isn't he?" asked Miss Henrietta, a little hesitantly.

Amy flushed. "Yes, he's in earnest," she said, "this time."

"And it's only fair for you to punish him a little, my dear, of course," went on Miss Henrietta garrulously. "But if you're going to take him, don't punish him too much. I can quite see how hard it is to decide. Life'd never be dull if you married Ray. But—life'd never be cruel if you married Henry."

Amy got up to go. "You've said it, Miss Henrietta," she said, "but—you haven't said which is preferable: dullness or cruelty."

Miss Henrietta stamped her foot. "Oh," she exclaimed, "if Henry only had a little of Ray's deviltry!"

Amy went away with those words ringing through her head. She was to go that very afternoon to play golf with Henry, and when he came for her she studied him impatiently. Why should he be so splendidly dependable, so fine, so good, and yet stodgy of spirit? Oh, for one gleam of— But Henry was speaking. He did not look at her.

"I heard to-day that you and Ray Lowrie are engaged," he said heavily. "Is that true?"

"It certainly is not true," said Amy. "Who said so?"

"Dick Long told me, and he said he'd asked Lowrie, and he as good as admitted it."

Amy felt natural wrath at this. "Well, he has his nerve," she exclaimed inelegantly but forcibly, "and I'm going to tell him so and Dick Long, too. I'm not engaged to him, and I'm not going—" she stopped.

"Perhaps he hasn't asked you," suggested Henry mildly.

Amy's indignation was lost in sudden mirth. "Wouldn't you like to know if he has?" she questioned Henry mockingly.

THE car gave a sudden jump forward. "You're acting like a silly child," said Henry, angry in his turn. "How much longer are you going to go on making a fool of me? How many times have I asked you to marry me? Do you know?"

"I never kept count," protested Amy, her eyes twinkling.

"I did. I've asked you to marry me thirty-nine times, counting this one."

"Oh, is this a proposal? I rather thought it was a preliminary to throwing me out on to the hard, hard road and telling me to walk home."

"I'd like to do it," said Henry. "If I thought it was any use, I would. But I can tell you this—I'm not going to stand this situation much longer. It cheapens me, and, what's a great deal worse, it cheapens you." He slowed the car. "You'd better marry me, dear. I know so much better what's good for you than you know yourself."

"Miss Henrietta Bird told me to-day," said Amy naughtily, "that if you only had a little of Ray's deviltry (I use Miss Henrietta's own words), you'd be all right."

An imperative honk-honk behind them stopped the conversation for a moment and Ray Lowrie's big red car dashed past. Henry looked after it vindictively. "Deviltry, is it?" he said. "That's your ideal, is it—yours and Miss Henrietta's? I suppose if I were to run around all the time talking fool nonsense to the women you'd think I was a dashing fellow—a lady-killer. Honestly, Amy, I thought you had better sense."

"I'm merely repeating what Miss Henrietta said," reproached Amy, drawing him on. "You see how you appear to the unprejudiced observer, Henry."

"You're hopeless," said Henry. "I give it up. If you won't be serious, I shan't be serious either. Only I do want you to realize that you're not giving me a square deal. Here's where I get off. I'm not going to ask you to marry me again." The car drew up before the Country Club. But Amy lingered a minute before she got out.

"Is that a threat or a promise?" she asked. And Henry, in spite of himself, laughed with her.

As Amy waited for Henry to get the clubs and the caddies, Ray Lowrie came up to her eagerly, and the watchers on the veranda fluttered with excitement.

"You're going to play tennis with me," he announced.

"I'm going to play golf with Henry," said Amy.

"Not at all. You're going to play tennis with me. Tennis is your game—not golf. Come along, 'West Wind.'" His eyes commanded and begged.

But she did not move. "I'm going to play golf with Henry," she said again as if it were a charm.

"Oh, no, you're not," reiterated Ray; "for here comes Henry minus clubs and frowning furiously."

"The caddies have (*Continued on page* 28)

THE BLACK EAGLE MYSTERY

BY GERALDINE BONNER

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Chapter Two—Jack Reddy's Narrative

Hollings Harland, a great corporation lawyer, in his forty-sixth year, crashed to his death from a window high up in the Black Eagle Building. The papers added that he had been caught in the copper pool, and a little earlier the same afternoon he had had a stormy interview with Johnston Barker—"financier." Curiously enough, no one saw Barker leave the building after the suicide; no one could locate him that night or on the following day. Gossip would have it that Barker had sold out on the crowd and decamped with twenty million dollars

THE appalling suicide of Hollings Harland, followed by the nonappearance of Johnston Barker, precipitated one of the most spectacular smashes Wall Street had seen since the day of the Northern Pacific corner. It began slowly, but as the day advanced and no news of Barker was forthcoming, it became a snowslide, for the rumor flew through the city that there had been a "welcher" in the pool and that the "welcher" was its head—Barker himself.

For years the man had loomed large in the public eye. He was between fifty and sixty, small, wiry, made of iron and steel, with a nerve nothing could shake. Like so many of our big capitalists, he had begun life in the mining camps of the far Northwest, had never married, and had kept his doors shut on the world that tried to force his seclusion. Among his rivals he was famed for his daring, his ruthless courage, and his almost uncanny foresight. He was a financial genius, the making of money his life. But as one coup after another jostled the Street the wiseacres wagged their heads and said: "Some day!" It *looked* now as if the day had come. But that such a man had double-crossed his associates and cleaned them out of twenty millions seemed incredible.

It was especially hard to believe—for us, I mean—as on the morning of January 15 he had been in the Whitney offices conferring with the chief on business. His manner was as cool and noncommittal as usual, his head full of plans that stretched out into the future. Nothing in his words or actions suggested the gambler concentrated on his last and most tremendous coup. Only as he left he made a remark that afterward struck us as significant. It was in answer to a query of the chief's about the copper pool: "There are developments ahead—maybe sensational. You'll see in a day or two."

It was the second day after the suicide, and in the afternoon, having a job to see to on the upper West Side, I decided to drop in on Molly Babbitts and have a word with her. I always drop in on Molly when I happen to be round her diggings. Three years ago, after the calamity which pretty nearly put a quietus on me for all time, Molly and I clasped hands on a friendship pact that, God willing, will last till the grass is growing over both of us. She's the straightest, biggest-hearted, bravest little being that walks, and once did me a good turn. But I needn't speak of that—it's a page I don't like to turn back. It's enough to say that whatever Molly asks me I've done and always will be as long as I've breath in my body.

As I swung up the long reach of Central Park West—she's a few blocks in from there on Eighty-eighth Street—my thoughts, circling round the Harland affair, brought up on Miss Whitehall, whose offices are just below those of the dead man. I wondered if she'd been there and hoped she hadn't—a nasty business for a woman to see. I'd met her several times—before she started the Azalea Woods Estates scheme—at the house of a friend near Longwood and been a good deal impressed, as any man would. She was one of the handsomest women I'd ever seen—dark and tall, twenty-five or six years of age, and a lady to her finger tips.



Molly was at home, and had to give me tea—and here were Soapy's cigars and there were Soapy's cigarettes. Blessed little jolly soul—she welcomes you as if you were Admiral Dewey returning from Manila Bay. Himself was at the Harland inquest, and maybe he and the boys would be in, as the inquest was to be held at Harland's house on Riverside Drive. So as we chatted she made ready for them—on the chance. That's Molly, too. As she ran in and out of the kitchen she told me of a visit she'd paid the day before to Miss Whitehall's office and let drop a fact that made me pause. While she was there a man had come with a note from some bank which, from her description, seemed to be protested. That was a surprise, but a greater surprise was that Harland had been the indorser. Out Longwood way there'd been a good deal of speculation as to how the Whitehalls had financed so pretentious a scheme. Men I knew there were of the opinion there had been a silent partner. If it was Harland—who had a finger in many pies—the enterprise was doomed.

Before I had time to question her further, the hall door opened and Babbitts came in with a trail of three reporters at his heels. I knew them all—Freddy Jasper of the "Sentinel," who three years ago had tried to fix the Hesketh murder on me and had taken twelve months to get over the agony of meeting me; Jones of the "Clarion," and Bill Yerrington, star reporter of a paper which, when it couldn't get its headlines big enough without crowding out the news, printed them in blood red.

THEY had come from the inquest and clamored for food and drink, crowding round the table and keeping Molly, for all her preparations, swinging like a pendulum between the kitchen and the dining room.

There'd been a bunch of witnesses—the janitor, the elevator boy, Harland's stenographer, who'd had hysterics, and Jerome, his head clerk, who'd identified the body and had revealed an odd fact not noticed at the time. The front-hall window of the twenty-fourth story—the window Harland was supposed to have jumped from—had been closed when Jerome ran out into the hall.

"Jerome's positive he opened it," said Babbitts. "He said he remembered jerking it up and leaning out to look at the crowd on the street."

"How do they account for that?" I asked. "Harland couldn't have stood on the sill and shut it behind him."

Jasper explained: "No—it wasn't that window. He went to the floor below, the twenty-third. The janitor, going up there an hour afterward, found the hall window on the twenty-third floor wide open."

"That's an odd thing," I said—"going down one story."

"You can't apply the ordinary rules of behavior

to men in Harland's state," said Jones. "They're way off the normal. I remember one of my first details was the suicide of a woman who killed herself by swallowing a key when she had a gun handy. They get wild and act wild."

Yerrington, who was famous for injecting a sinister note into the most commonplace happenings, spoke up.

"The window's easily explained. What *is* queer is the length of time that elapsed between his leaving the office and his fall to the street. That Franks girl, when she wasn't whooping like a siren in a fog, said it was 6.05 when he went out. At twenty-five to seven the body fell—half an hour later." He looked at me with a dark glance.

"Hy, you, Yerrington," cried Babbitts, "this isn't a case for posing as Burns on the Trail. What's the matter with him spending it in the twenty-third floor hall?"

Molly, who was sitting at the head of the table in a mess of cups and steaming pots, colored the picture.

"Pacing up and down, trying to get up his nerve. Oh, I can see him perfectly!"

"Strange," said Yerrington, looking somberly at the drop-light, "that no one saw him pacing there."

"A great deal stranger if they had," cut in Jones, "considering there was no one there to see. It was after six—the offices were empty."

They had the laugh on Yerrington, who muttered balefully, dipping into his glass.

"Do you suppose Mr. Barker had any idea he was going to do it when he left?" Molly asked.

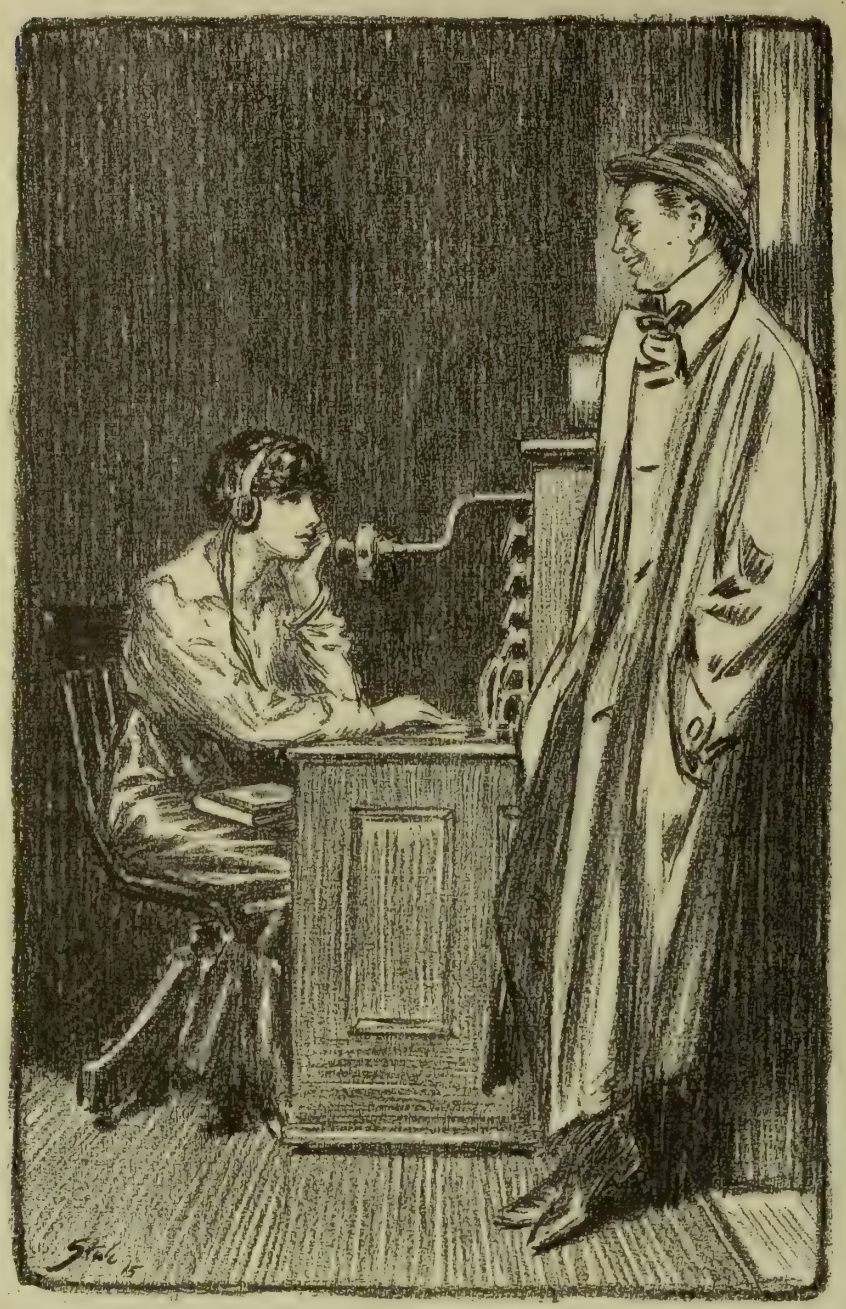
Babbitts laughed. "Ask us an easier one, Molly."

Jasper answered her, looking musingly at the smoke of his cigarette: "I guess Barker wasn't bothering much about anybody just then. His own getaway was occupying *his* thoughts."

"You're confident he's lit out?" said Jones.

"What else? Why, if he wasn't lying low in that back room, didn't he come out when he heard Miss Franks's screams? Why hasn't he showed up since? Where is he? That idea they got in his office that he may have had aphasia or been kidnaped is all tommyrot. They've got to say something and they say that. The time was ripe for his disappearance and things worked out right for him to make it then and there. If he didn't slip out while Miss Franks and Jerome were at the hall window, he did it after they'd gone down. It was nearly an hour before the police went up. He could have taken his time, quietly descended the side stairs, and picked up his auto, which was waiting in some place he'd designated."

"That's the dope," said Babbitts. "And it won't be many more 'sleeps,' as the Indians say, before that car is run to earth. You can't hide a man and a French limousine for long."



"Say," he said with a jolly laugh, "you're a live one, aren't you?"

HE WAS right. Johnston Barker's car was located the next day, and the public knew that the head of the copper pool had disappeared by design and intention.

On the morning of January 18 Heney, the chauffeur, turned up in the Newark court, telling a story that bore the stamp of truth. At four o'clock on the day of the suicide he had received a phone message in the garage from Barker. This message instructed him to take the limousine that evening at 8.15 to the corner of Twenty-second Street and Ninth Avenue. There he was to wait for his employer, but not wait in any ordinary way. The directions were explicit and, in the light of subsequent events, illuminating. He was not to stop, but to move about the locality, watching for Barker. When he saw him he was to run along the curb, slowing down sufficiently for the older man to enter the car.

From there he was to proceed to the Jersey ferry, cross, and continue on to Elizabeth. The objective point in Elizabeth was the railway depot, but instead of going straight to it, the car was to stop at the foot of the embankment on the Pennsylvania side, where Barker would alight. Further instructions were that Heney was to mention the matter to no one, and if asked on the following day of Barker's whereabouts, deny all knowledge of it. Pay for his discretion was promised.

At the corner of the two streets he saw no one, looped the block, and on his return made out a figure moving toward him that slowed up as he came in sight. He ran closer and, by the light of the lamp recognizing Barker, skirted the curb as he'd been ordered. With a nod and glance at him, Barker opened the car door and entered.

The run to Elizabeth was made without incident. Heney stopped the car at the Pennsylvania side of the culvert, above which the station lights shone. Barker alighted and, with a short "Good night," mounted the steps to the depot.

On the way home, going at high speed, Heney, rounding a corner, ran into a wagon and found himself face to face with a pair of angry farmers. They haled him before a magistrate, to whom he gave a false name, representing himself as a chauffeur joy riding in a borrowed car. He told this lie, hoping to be able to hush the matter up the next day.

When he read in the papers of his boss's disappearance he was uneasy, knowing discovery could not be long postponed. The number of the car—overlooked in the rush of bigger matters—was made public in the evening papers of the 17th. Then he knew the game was up, admitted his deception and the identity of his employer.

Inquiries at the Elizabeth depot confirmed his story. The Jersey Central and Pennsylvania tracks run side by side through the station. At 9.30 on the night of January 15 the ticket agent of the Pennsylvania line remembered selling a Philadelphia ticket to a man answering the description of Barker.

After this there was no more doubt as to Barker's flight. The papers announced it to an amazed public—shaken to its core by the downfall of one of its financial giants. The collapse of the copper pool was complete and Wall Street rocked in the last throes of panic. From the wreckage the voices of victims called down curses on the traitor, the man who had planned the ruin of his associates and got away with it.

They congregated in the Whitney office where the air was sulphurous with their fury. And from the Whitney office the Whitney detectives, Jerry O'Malley at their head, slipped away to Philadelphia with their noses to the trail. With his picture on the front page of every paper in the country it would be hard for Barker to elude them, but he had three days' start, and, as O'Malley summed it up: "It had only taken seven to make the world."

THE day after the Harland inquest [resumes Molly] I meant to go down and see Iola and find out if she'd heard anything from Miss Whitehall. But that day I got sidetracked some way or other and the next day it rained. Usually I don't mind rain, but this was the real wet, straight kind that would get in at you if you wore a diver's suit. As I stood at the parlor window, looking down at the street, all pools and puddles, with the walls shining under a thin glaze of water, and the umbrellas like wet black mushrooms, I got faint-hearted. I could just as well phone, and if anything had transpired (it was the business I was uneasy about), go down and help Iola through the fit of blind staggers she'd be bound to have.

So presently it was: "Hello, Iola, I was coming down to-day, but it's too moistuous."

Then Iola's voice, sort of groaning: "Oh, Molly, is that you? I *do* wish it had been fine and you'd have come."

"Why—anything wrong?"

"Oh, yes, everything. Miss Whitehall isn't back yet, and Mr. Ford's hardly been in at all and has such a gloom on him you wouldn't know him, and I'm awful discouraged."

"Have you tried to see Miss Whitehall?"

"No, I can't seem to get up enough spunk."

"Why don't you phone her?"

"Well, I don't know—I'm sort of scared of what I'll hear. I thought I'd better sit around and wait, and then I thought I ought to find out, and between the two— Oh, dear, *what's the use!*"

THAT was just like Iola. The only way you can be sure she's got a mind at all is the trouble she has making it up.

"Tell you what, girlie," I said, "you come up to-night and dine with me. Himself is going to be late and we two bandits will steal out after dinner and make a raid on Miss Whitehall's."

The rain held on all day and it was teeming when we started out. Miss Whitehall's flat was on the other side of town—the East Sixties—and we had to go round the park, crowding on and off cars, fighting our way through packs of people.

The entrance was round on the side, and, as we stood in the vestibule, dimly lit, with a line of letter boxes on each side, I couldn't help but whisper:

"You'd never think from her offices she'd live over a store."

The door clicked and we went up the stairs, one feeble little electric bulb furnishing the light. The door was opened by a young girl, very neat in a black dress and white apron. She was sure we couldn't speak to Miss Whitehall, but perhaps Mrs. Whitehall would see us, and she showed us up the tiny little hall into the dining room. I'd never have believed a room furnished so plain could be so elegant. There was a square of brown carpet on the floor and ecru linen curtains—no lace, just hemstitched—at the windows, and on the side table some silver—yet it had a refined, classy look. Two doors opened from it, one into the hall hung with a blue portière and double ones that I guessed led into the parlor. We could hear voices coming from there, low and murmuring.

By this time Iola was that nervous she was licking her lips with her tongue like a baby that's had a sugar stick. I was just edging round to give her a dig and whisper "Brace up" when the curtain into the hall was lifted and a lady came in.

As she was well along in years—near to fifty, I'd say—I knew she was Mrs. Whitehall. She was very dignified and gentle, with black hair turning gray and lots of lines on her forehead and round her eyes, which were dark like her hair and had a sad, weary expression. I guessed she'd been handsome once, but she looked as if she'd had her troubles, and when I heard her voice, low and so quiet, there was something in it that made me feel she was having them still.

I'd promised to be spokesman, and, not seeing any reason to waste time, I went straight to the point. Mrs. Whitehall stood listening, her hands clasped on the back of a chair, her eyes on the little fern plant in the center of the table.

"Perhaps it would be best," she said, in that soft, faded sort of voice, "if Miss Barry were to see my daughter. I hardly know what to say to her."

She turned and left the room by the hall door, and Iola gasped at me: "Oh, Molly, it's true!"

The double doors rolled back and Mrs. Whitehall stood between them. She looked at Iola.

"If you'll come in here, Miss Barry," she said, "my daughter will see you."

It was plain she didn't expect me, so I stood by the

table without moving. As Mrs. Whitehall drew back and before Iola got to the doorway, there was a moment when I saw into the room. What caught my eye was a couch just opposite the open door, on which a woman was lying.

There was a lamp on a stand beside her and its light fell full over her. If I hadn't known Carol Whitehall was there, I'd have guessed right off it was she from the likeness to her mother. She had just the same hair and deep, rich-looking eyes, except in her the hair was black as night and the eyes were young. She had a newspaper in her hand, and as the doors opened she'd looked up, intent and questioning, and I saw she was beautiful. She was like a picture, leaning forward with that inquiring expression, her features clear in the flood of soft light. I got an impression of her then that I've never forgotten—of force and strength. It didn't come from anything especial in her face, but from something in her general make-up, something vivid and warm, like she was alive straight through.

They stayed in the room some time while I sat waiting. I'd sized up everything in sight, especially two little glass lamps on the sideboard that I thought would be a nice present for Babbitts to give me on my next birthday, when the doors slid back and Iola came in. She didn't say anything and seemed in a hurry to be off. Mrs. Whitehall showed us out, very polite but depressed, and when the door shut on us and we stole down the stairs, I felt the worst had come. In the vestibule I looked at Iola and said: "Well?"

She was struggling with her umbrella, her face bent over it.

"Fired!" she answered in a husky voice.

Believe me, the water fell under Iola's umbrella pretty nearly as heavy as it did outside it. Miss Whitehall was broke. Mr. Harland *had* been her financial backer and now she was ruined and the business would close. The surprise and horror of the whole thing had prostrated her, and as soon as she was better she'd wind up the Azalea Woods Estates and try and sublet her offices, on which she had still a six months' lease.

"She was awful sweet," Iola sobbed. "She gave me a full month's salary and said she'd meant to keep me forever. Oh, Molly, why did it have to happen?"

I SQUEEZED her and said: "That's all right, dearie. We'll all hustle and get you another job. I got lots of money and what's mine's yours—the way it always is between good and true friends."

But Iola wouldn't be comforted.

"I can't take your money. I never took a cent yet. And I thought I was fixed for life. I thought even if the business didn't pan out big she'd marry Mr. Barker and get a place for me."

"Marry Mr. Barker!" I cried out, astonished.

"Yes—that's what I thought was coming."

Believe *me*, I was surprised. She'd never dropped a hint of it.

"Why didn't you tell me that before?" I asked.

"Because Tony Ford told me not to. He said I wasn't to tell anybody—that Barker being such a big bug it would get in the papers and that might break it all up."

"But are you *sure?* Did he act like he was in love with her?"

We were passing one of those arc lights on Park Avenue, and the scornful look she cast at me, tears and all, was plain:

"Wouldn't you think a man was in love—even if he was a magnate—who'd buy a house and lot just as an excuse to *see* a lady?"

"Did you ever *hear* him making love to her?"

"No—but I didn't need to. I've been made love to enough myself to know the signs without hearing. First it was all business. Then one day, when Mr. Ford was out, he came in and lingered round, making conversation. You know the way they do it, and for all he was a magnate Mr. Barker was just the same as the errand boy. He wanted to know about her home and the farm and before that— Oh, Indiana—a fine State, Indiana! It made me laugh to see him with his hook nose and gray hair handing out the same line of talk that Billy Dunn gave me when I was in the linen-envelope place."

"Did *she* seem to care for him?"

"Not at first. She was very formal—just a bow and then right off about the bungalow. But *he* had the symptoms from the start—looking at her like he couldn't take his eyes off and not caring whether the bungalow was as small as a hencoop or as big as the Waldorf.

"They went along that way for a while, then something happened—a fight, I guess, when Tony Ford and I weren't there. Anyhow after it she was so cold and distant you'd wonder he had the nerve to come. Then one afternoon he came in and asked her low—I heard him—if he could have a few words with her in the private office. She hesitated, but I guess she couldn't see her way to refusing, so in they went and had a long powwow. Whatever it was they said to each other it smoothed out all the wrinkles. After that she was as different to him as summer is to winter. In my own mind I thought they were engaged, for she'd brighten up when he came in and *smile*—I never saw her smile like that at anyone—and once when they thought I couldn't hear I heard him call her 'dear.' They'd go into the private office and talk—gee! how they talked!—and always low like they were afraid Tony Ford and I might overhear. And on the top of all *that* he disappears."

"Poor thing," I said, for I could see now what the lady lying on the couch had been up against.

Babbitts didn't get home till late that night, but I was so full of what Iola had said that I waited up for him. When he did come, he had but one kiss when I pulled away from him and told him.

"Doesn't it seem to you, Soapy," I said, "that that story ought to go back to Mr. Whitney?"

He looked at me sideways with a sly, questioning glance. "Why?" he said.

"Why, if Barker's in love with her, don't you think maybe he'll try and creep back or get in touch with her some way?"

He burst out laughing. "Oh, Morningdew, there's a lot of nice things about you, but one of the nicest is that you never disappoint a fellow. I was wondering if you'd see it. Go back to Mr. Whitney? It'll go back the first thing to-morrow and you'll take it."

THE next morning Babbitts and I started out for the offices of Whitney & Whitney. They're far downtown, near Wall Street—way up in the top of a skyscraper where the air is good even in summer.

We were shown right into Mr. Whitney's office, like we'd come with a million-dollar lawsuit, and when he saw me he got up and held out his big, white hand.

"Well, well, Molly—how's the smartest girl in New York?" Then he looked from me to Babbitts with a twinkle in his eyes. "She's looking fine, my boy. You've taken good care of her," and then back to me: "Treats you well, eh? If he *doesn't*—remember—Whitney & Whitney's services are yours to command."

That's the way he is: always glad to see you, always with his joke. But there's another side to him—a sort of terrible, fierce quiet—I've seen it, and—gee whiz! If he ever got after me the way I once saw him get after a man he thought was guilty, I'd crawl under the table and die right there on the carpet. He isn't a bit good-looking—a big, clumsy sort of man, stoop-shouldered, and with a head of rough gray hair and eyes set deep under bushy brows. When he questions you, those eyes look at you kind and pleasant—but *forget it!* There's not a thing they don't see.

His son George—he was there, and Jack Reddy, too—doesn't favor his father. He's an awful stylish chap, with blond hair sleeked down on his skull, and glasses set pert on the bridge of his nose. They say he's smart, but not as big as the old man, and he hasn't got the same genial, easy way. But he's always very cordial to us, and even if he wasn't his father's son and a close friend of Jack Reddy's, I guess I'd like him anyhow.

They were very interested in what I had to say, but with Mr. Whitney himself you never can guess what he thinks. He sits listening, slouched down in his armchair, with his shirt bosom crumpled, like an old bear ruminating—or hibernating, is it?—in a hollow tree. When I was through he stretched out his hand, took a cigar from a box on the table, and said:

"Just call up the Azalea Woods Estates, George, and find out how long Miss Whitehall expects to be there." Then as Mr. George left the room he turned to me and said: "Want to make some money?"

"I want to do whatever Whitney & Whitney asks," I said. "That's a privilege and you get pay for privileges."

He burst out laughing and said: "It's easily seen half of you's Irish, Molly. There *is* something you can do for me, and whether you want it or not, you'll be paid for your services just as O'Malley, my own detective, is. Here it is: That information you got from your little friend's valuable. As you were sharp enough to see, Barker may try to get in touch with Miss Whitehall. To my mind he'd be more inclined to try her office than her home, where there's a mother and a servant to overhear and ask questions. What would you think about going on the switchboard again?"

My old work, the one thing I *could* do!

"Bully!" I cried out, forgetting my language in my excitement.

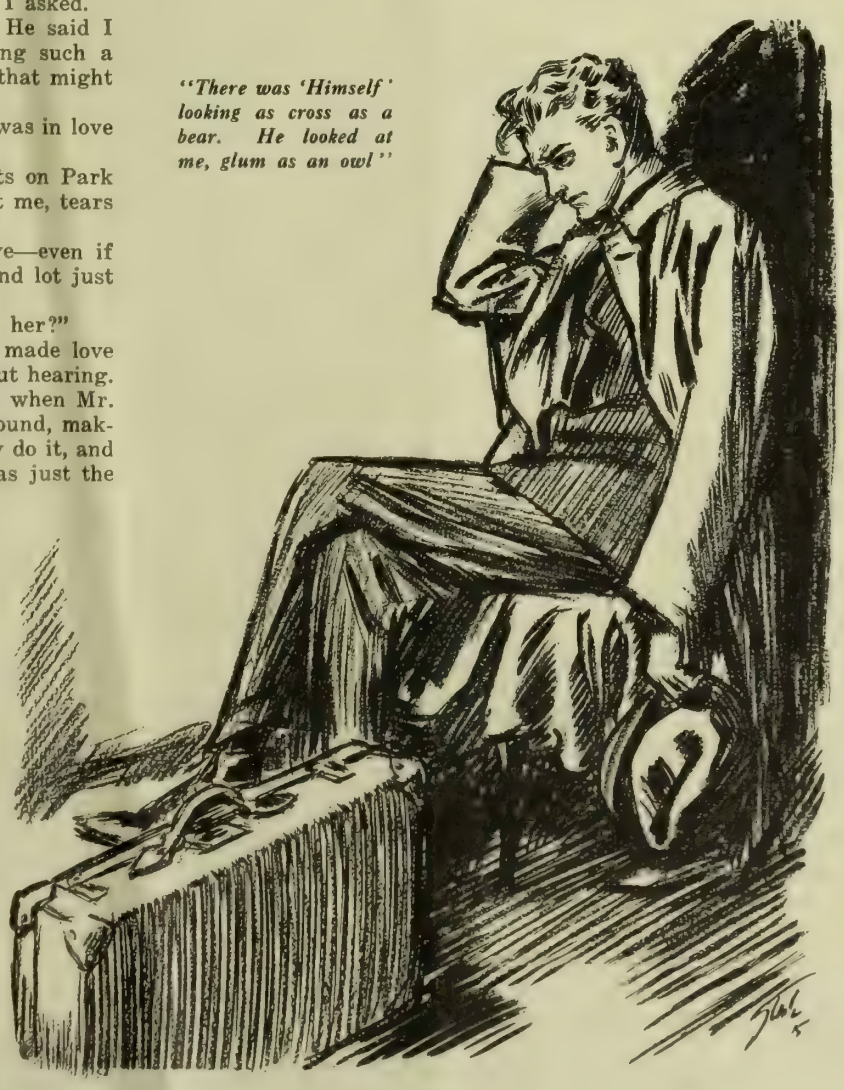
Mr. Whitney smiled. "Then we're agreed. As soon as I can arrange matters I'll let you know—probably this afternoon. I don't now know just where we'll put you, but I fancy in the Black Eagle's own central."

Just then Mr. George came back. He had got Tony Ford on the wire and heard from him that Miss Whitehall might be in her offices some time yet, as she was trying to sublet them.

Late that afternoon I had my instructions. The next morning I was to go to the Black Eagle Building and begin work as a hello girl. If questioned, I was to answer that all I knew was Miss McCalmont, the old girl, had been transferred and I was temporarily installed in her place. It was my business to listen to every phone message that went in to or out from the Azalea Woods Estates. I would be at liberty to give my full attention, as almost every office had its own wire. Miss Whitehall had had hers, but it had been disconnected since her failure, and she was only accessible through the building's central. The work was so easy it seemed a shame to take the money.

The first two days there was nothing doing and it was desperately dull. The telephone office was off the main hall to one side of the elevator, a bright little place on the street level. A good part of the time I sat at the desk looking out at the people passing like shadows across the ground glass of the windows. There were some calls for Miss Whitehall, all business. These, no matter what they were, I listened to, but got nothing. Sometimes she answered, sometimes Tony Ford.

My desk was set so I could see out through the doorway into the hall, and the first morning I was there I saw her pass. She looked better than she had that night in her own apartment, but her face had a grave, worried expression which you couldn't be surprised at, seeing how things stood with her.



"There was 'Himself' looking as cross as a bear. He looked at me, glum as an owl"

IT WAS the second evening, and I was thinking of getting ready to go—the building's exchange closed at half past six—when a tall fellow with a swagger in his walk and his shoulders held back like he thought a lot of his shape, stopped in the doorway and called out:

"Hello, Miss McCalmont. How goes the times?"

I looked up surprised, and when he saw it wasn't Miss McCalmont he looked surprised too, raising his eyebrows and opening his eyes with an exaggerated expression like he did it to make you laugh. He was a fine-looking chap, if size does it—over six feet and wide across the chest—but his face, broad and flat, with cheeks too large for his features, wasn't the kind I admire. Also I noticed that the good-natured look it had was contradicted by the gray, small eyes, sharp as a gimlet and hard and staring. I supposed he was some clerk from one of the offices come to ask Miss McCalmont to dinner—they're always (*Continued on page* 37)



A Famous Victory

LINERS *will not be sunk by our submarines without warning and without safety of the lives of noncombatants, provided that the liners do not try to escape or offer resistance.* This clause in Ambassador BERNSTORFF'S Berlin instructions, quoted in a memorandum addressed by BERNSTORFF to Secretary LANSING, justifies high hopes for the future. Americans have not wanted war with Germany. War with Germany has been regarded as a last resort—to be undertaken only if Germany could by no other instrument be brought to realize the oneness of the American people, the determination of our stand for humane and neutral rights. Now the menace of war with Germany is largely abated. That war remains a possibility—but, at this writing, it is no longer a probability. For this happy fact we may thank, above all, one man. WOODROW WILSON has been well served by his present Secretary of State, but he has had against him in all his negotiations the burblings of the jingoes, the foozlings of the Bryans, the cheap exertions of paid and unpaid agents of Kaiserism. In this German crisis the United States has been well served by Mr. LANSING and by Mr. WILSON.

Progress?

A COLLEGE PROFESSOR named L. P. JACKS writes in the "Atlantic Monthly":

> What is the cause of the terrible calamities which are now falling on the civilized world? Surely it lies in the fact that the economic development of mankind has outstripped the moral development. The nations of the world have grown richer without becoming wiser and juster in a corresponding degree. During the past fifty years the wealth of the world has gone ahead by leaps and bounds while the morality of the world has moved only at a snail's pace.

Nations are a good deal like folks. Also, at a time when the newspapers are full of happy editorials pointing out that America is the heir of the future, let's remember that America is, above all, the heir of future opportunities for attaining justice and a political morality.

Felicitations

EX-SENATOR ROOT owes something of a debt to Senator PENROSE—him of Pennsylvania. In pleading at Albany for the short ballot—and getting it incorporated in New York's constitutional program—Mr. ROOT earned the disapproval of the Philadelphian. We say "earned" inasmuch as Senator PENROSE'S disapproval is a by no means intangible asset for a Republican statesman. "Experience demonstrates," says PENROSE in attacking ROOT, "that human nature is frail enough to render it probable that in nearly every case this power will be abused." Senator PENROSE speaks, perhaps, of his own experience in Pennsylvania and at Washington. Otherwise his generalization would not hold water—and PENROSE'S faults don't include carelessness. In the past some thoughtless persons have put PENROSE and ROOT in the same class. That curse is now lifted, and ELIHU, remembering the Book of Job, can answer and say: "Let us choose to us judgment: let us know among ourselves what is good."

The Suffrage—Why Not?

FOUR OF OUR EXTREME EASTERN STATES—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts—will vote this fall on proposed constitutional amendments granting to women the right of suffrage. New Jersey's election will be held in October, the vote in the other States being cast at the regular November elections. It is perhaps too much to expect that these States will all vote in favor of suffrage, and yet there seems not much doubt of the final result. Many of those opposed to woman suffrage today are of that class which formerly opposed all suffrage except that based on property qualifications. When men come to realize that suffrage is not a natural but an acquired political right, and that women were formerly considered ineligible because they were unfitted to bear arms, and because in mental capacity and equipment women were considered inferior to men, they cannot longer consistently hesitate to allow them a share in political privileges. There are too many physical incompetents who are already voters, and the progress of women in all departments has long since laid the ghost of their intellectual incapacity. Politics is becoming more and more a matter of humanity and of civic and domestic economy, and the arguments against woman suffrage are becoming leaner and more archaic year by year. "No reason on earth," said the late Speaker REED, "can be given by those who claim suffrage as a right of manhood which does not make it a right of womanhood also." LINCOLN, GREELEY, PHILLIPS, CURTIS, BEECHER, and other leaders of their time were of like mind. It is merely a case of self-preservation when politicians expert in sordid politics are against the political activities of women—as they usually are. California was one of the last States to grant woman suffrage, and Governor JOHNSON says that, were the question to be again submitted, the vote in its favor would be overwhelming.

Frank's Case Again

A GOOD MANY FOLKS who read our recent editorial about the Frank outrage have been puzzled by our spirit toward the lynchers. These puzzled ones are typified by this reader in Sprague, Wash.:

> I want to take up just one minute of your valuable time to tell you that I want to have the pleasure of reading in your next issue one of the hottest editorials ever penned by man on the brutal, inhuman assassination of LEO M. FRANK and the overriding of the power of the State of Georgia.
>
> I am a constant reader and admirer of the editorials in COLLIER'S, and I believe that I am expressing the sentiment of all the honest-thinking people of the great State of Washington in my request to you.

Well, we could have written a hot editorial about it, but what would have been the use? Everybody else in the world has written hot editorials. Moreover, we felt that while the spirit of vengeance may be helped by heat the spirit of ultimate cure would be better helped by charity. Let there be no mistake. We feel strongly enough about what has happened. Our own emotions about the Frank case are expressed by the words of a Pittsburgh reader, Mrs. IVA JEWEL GEARY:

> There was not only no reason to convict FRANK, but there was no reason to suspect him. His persecution outdoes anything I have ever read in Russian history. The wanton cruelty of his murderers is the most heartbreaking glimpse into hell that I have ever known. I am not a Jewess, I am only a human being, the mother of a little boy. For three days and nights the consciousness of that cruelty has suffocated me. Is this humanity?
>
> I beg of you not to let the matter rest. It must not rest. I feel that LEO FRANK was a little comforted in his last agony by the thought of all the people who believed in him and had tried to help him. It might have been your son or your young brother caught in the hellish trap—it might some time be my son.

That's just it. It might have happened to any of us and it may happen to any of us in the future unless we stop it. And our idea of stopping it is not by piling vengeance on top of vengeance in an ever-increasing mass. Let us look very closely into it. Let us admit the very obvious fact that the men who lynched FRANK *thought* they were doing a right thing. Now let us try to find the thing that made them *think* wrong. That is ignorance, and let us deal with ignorance as ignorance ought always to be dealt with—not with a club, but with light and sympathy. What is here said in charity is said for the benefit of the men who lynched FRANK. *They* thought he was guilty. *They* thought they were doing a right thing. But are there men in Georgia among those who helped prosecute FRANK who *knew* he was innocent, but, notwithstanding, pushed the prosecution from motives of their own? If there are any such, for them there need be no charity. If any vials of vengeance are to be poured, let it be on these individuals. But for the lynchers and Georgia generally let us seek the only things that will cure, that is, sympathetic understanding—and education.

An Autumnal Pang

LIFE is full of vistas of wistful retrospection. But is there anything else quite so poignant as when some morning—vacation over—you dress for the daily round in the city's treadmill, to find in the turn-up of your trousers some sand acquired in that last day at the shore? A whole "In Memoriam" cannot express more vividly the sense of what was and is no more.

The Greater Problem

IN THIS FREER WORLD that is now beginning people must like what they have to do. In the country, for instance, we must not only get the betterments of science actively in use on the farms, but we must educate children so that they will become pleasantly aware of the interests, realities, and satisfactions of farm life. HERBERT QUICK has made this point everlastingly clear in his new book, "The Brown Mouse." It ought to be read and pondered over by most of those who have anything to do with rural education. It is idle to cry "back to the soil" to those who have been steadily trained away from it during eight or ten years of schooling. Note, too, that the farmer can ruin himself by doing a good job. If the wheat

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growers all took this sage advice about getting a European yield from each American acre, the price would probably go to 60 cents a bushel. The world-old war between the city dweller's cheap food and the farmer's profitable crops must be brought to some sort of a fair settlement. This problem has been wrangled over from either end, but it has not been clearly stated for solution. It will be necessary not only to have the farmers doing their most effective work for the rest of us, but also to make sure that in doing it they are not in danger of getting a less reward than like service would gain in other industries. The present market-controlled prices do not insure this result. Whatever is necessary in the way of joint action, Government regulation, etc., will some day have to be undertaken, and the generation which combines this statesmanship with proper rural education will very nearly settle the farming question.

In Full Accord

WE DON'T always agree with these minor poets, but when one so appropriately named as O. C. A. CHILD informs the New York "World" in perfect rime that

The mother only bears one first-born son,

we feel bound to say that he's right. No woman ever had more than one first-born son, and all history proves it.

Mental Looping-the-Loop

THE HOUR of the paradox is with us. Conversationally it is all the thing. Recently we heard an educated professional man holding forth in an enraptured circle to the effect that interest in religion is a sign of decadence. Also, that the only way in which women can prove themselves deserving of the ballot is by first achieving some of the things which they are unable to do without the ballot. Thirdly, that the only true morality is complete lack of morals. Thus, by the simple process of the clown at the circus—to wit, by putting his head where his heels ought to be—one may establish a reputation for cleverness and originality. And, incidentally, he may save himself the trouble of doing any real thinking. One of the handiest little labor savers going is this here paradox.

Cartoon Drawn by F. G. Cooper



Uncle Sam: *"What's the matter with my voice, Doc? I can't make myself heard as I should be in the Council of the Nations."*

Doc Time: *"Your Larynxus Army-Navycus is atrophied, due to too much pork. I predict more serious complaints!"*

A Rime for the Times

WITH THE FRIENDS OF PEACE barking in one ear, the defense societies yapping in the other, and the German-Americans ringing the rest of the welkin, just refresh your mind and foil the ragers with this epic by DON MARQUIS of the New York "Evening Sun":

A solemn thought comes to my mind;
I put it up to you—
Suppose your eyeteeth all went blind:
How could you see to chew?

The Unofficial Truth

EVERY WEEK we hear of the triumphs of German economy: horseflesh made palatable, nourishing meals furnished at eight cents each, etc., etc., closing always with the refrain: "Nothing is wasted in Germany—absolutely nothing." This is almost true. Nothing is wasted in Germany now—save human life, and that is poured out in floods to achieve the unknown ends of despotism.

The Man Who Made Money Out of It

LAWRENCE KEENAN had been a drinking man. Probably this was well known when he was released from the Deer Island House of Correction. In spite of his record he seems to have had no trouble buying whisky in the saloons of Charlestown, Mass. Some nights ago KEENAN got home about 2.30 a. m. First he awakened his wife and daughter by raining heavy blows upon them with a stick. Then he threw a lamp at their bed. This cut them, exploded, and set the bed afire. A passer-by in Main Street saw the blaze; firemen rescued the two women, covered with blood. After the house took fire KEENAN went down cellar, cut his throat with a butcher knife, and crawled into a corner to die. The Boston "Globe" reports his condition as "serious" and says "it may be necessary to determine his mental responsibility if he recovers from the slash in his neck." Now, this man was crazed with drink when he attacked his wife and MARY, his daughter. Probably LAWRENCE KEENAN loves his family when he is sober. Certainly he was not truly himself when he committed arson and came so near to committing these murders. And yet there is a bartender in Charlestown who filled KEENAN up with the maddening drink, a saloon keeper who stood behind the cash register and figured a profit on each glass of redeye that KEENAN poured down his throat. There is also a distiller who manufactures this bottled essence of murder, rape, and arson, and clears a profit even handsomer than the saloon keeper's. These men walk the streets free, and people call the saloon keeper by his first name, and find him a "good fellow." People take off their hats to the distiller, and he may even subscribe to the city charities of Baltimore or Peoria or Louisville. It is still a strange world—but how would you feel if you were the man who made money out of poor KEENAN'S crime?

Night and the Stars

WE ARE TOO MUCH INDOORS. Even when night comes we turn up the lamp and sit within its excluding circle to read what other indoor men have written, or we go out, hastily and under cover of the street lights, to get within other walls where folks are gathered to see or hear something of what others have done in films and plays and lectures. Or we sit on a shaded porch with trees about, so that the vast encircling night is only coolness and a breeze. The stars do not get much chance at us. Thus we keep the universe away from our souls. Such living makes for pettiness of the spirit. These scandalizing, gossiping little villages always live under roofs and behind blinds and curtains as if in ambush, that each inhabitant might lie in wait against the reputation of the other. Almost all of those who wrote the Bible lived in flat-roofed houses and went up on the housetop when day was done so that the wheeling planets and the whole host of the stars were their familiars. It was in that light that they thought of man and his destiny. In this modern confusion of change we need the eternal influences—the moon etching patterns on lake and roadway, the night gleaming of the rivers, the solemn beauty of the Milky Way, the steadfastness of the North Star. Night ought to free us from the littleness of the day's doings and lift the heart to the things that are above and beyond our days.



Forward to the German trenches! The Russian Poles have to dig for both sides in the great war and now it is their turn to dig in for the Teutons



GENERAL GRAVITY WORKS FOR THE FRENCH. These bearded Frenchmen in the Vosges mountain country are cleverly sliding big shells down hill by their home-made runway, thus supplying a battery posted on the wooded hillside below

Poland Pays the Piper

WHEN the tide of war rolled into Germany and Austria, Poland paid the heaviest price in suffering. When the Teutons checked the Russian invasion of Galicia, it was Poland that bled and burned—and Poles were serving on both sides: with the Austro-Germans and under the flag of the White Czar. As we write, Teutonic armies commanded by Field Marshals Von Hindenburg and Von Mackensen, Prince Leopold of Bavaria, and General Count von Bothmer are being stubbornly resisted in West Russia, where, however, fortress after fortress has fallen into their hands. The Russians are praying now for the autumn rains, which will tremendously impede their enemies. The Germans, in their August fighting, were more successful in capturing territory than in taking Russian guns: which last have been saved to Russia, say the Germans, by the reckless sacrifice of Russian infantry. Much of the earlier warfare, whether in Russia or in Austria, has taken place on the soil of the old-time kingdom of Poland. This has meant the destruction of the homes of many Poles and the breaking up of many families—but latterly there has been more and more talk of compensating the Poles by restoring them to their former dignity as a nation. Russia promises autonomy to her Polish provinces—when they shall be reconquered. Germany names Polish autonomy (along with "freedom of the seas" and the liberation of Russian Jews from their traditional disabilities) as one of the conditions upon which she will insist in making peace.

If a free Poland is established after the great war, that state will serve as something of a buffer between the empire of the Slavs and the great Teutonic Empire.

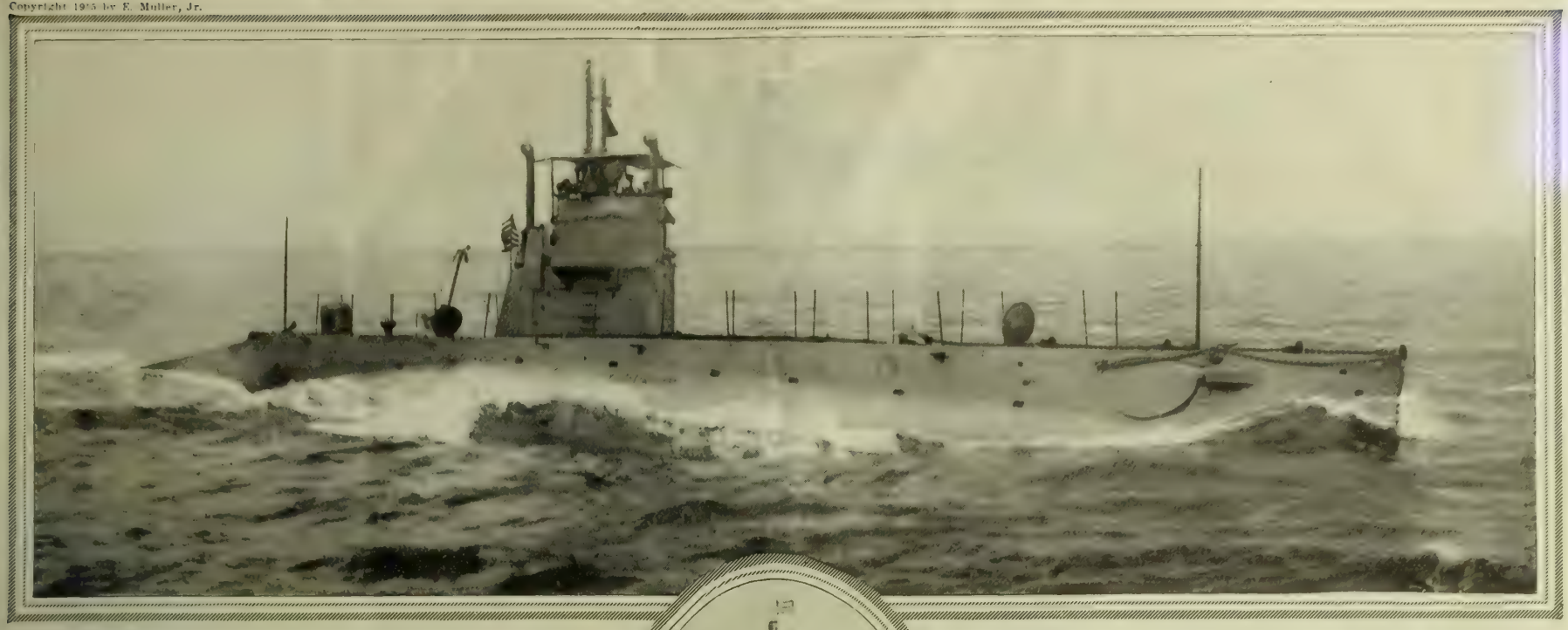


RUSSIA MENDS ROADS — FOR AUSTRIA. With native philosophy, Russians captured in Galicia make themselves useful to Austria as road menders in the rear. The Austro-Germans claim to have taken 1,100,000 Russian prisoners since May 1



WELCOME! These Italians have captured a town of the Austrian Tyrol. The population, largely Italian, hails the invaders as deliverers

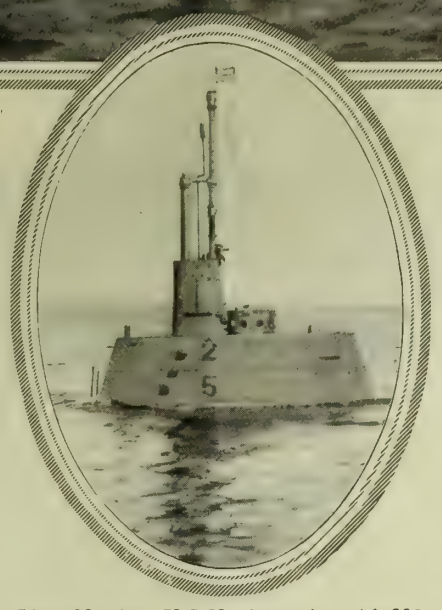
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Yankee Submarines and Destroyers—1915 Model

IS THE submarine more spectacular than effective? Its enthusiasts boast that if the war is not being won under water that is only because British shipyards have been as busy as German *Unterseeboten*. Certainly the submarine is as hard to find as a seagoing needle in a nautical haystack; but the true value of the German submarine will be better known when we know the number of them in service, the number already lost, and other essential facts. Submarine construction has lately passed through notable evolutions, and certain experts argue that had Germany possessed several hundred submarines like the one pictured above, it might have been possible really to blockade the British Isles—really to threaten England with starvation.

But America, as a temperamentally peaceful power, has a naval problem different from Germany. Were the United States at war, we should look to the submarine to defend our coasts against raiders, our seaports against battle cruisers and bombarding dreadnoughts. Hence the plea that we need more and better submarines. Fortunately new submarines are under construction, and some of the older submarines are being fitted up with Edison's latest batteries for generating current, and with various improvements conceived in the light of German war lessons. "K" submarines, like the *K-2* shown in the upper photograph, are larger as well as safer than the *F-4*, lost near Honolulu last March with its crew of twenty-two, and raised from the sea floor only last month. Such a submarine as the *K-2* can also cruise much farther than could the older craft, and can remain under water for a considerably longer period. In the smaller photograph, snapped during our latest summer maneuvers a submarine is caught in the act of submergement. But our navy is now building submarines of a type superior even to the *K-2*. It has been asserted that these newest submarines will be able to cross the Atlantic and return home without replenishing their fuel. The most dreaded enemy of the submarine is shown in the lower panel. Against an alert, fast-cruising destroyer the submarine poking its nose above the water line is as helpless as a leaky rowboat in an angry sea.



Lieut. Morrison, U. S. N., claims that with 300 of these we could stand off any invaders



A NEW AMERICAN DESTROYER—a 1,000-ton oil-burning racer, almost a third larger than its predecessors. Its thick screen of smoke is submarine insurance for the big ships of the fleet. We shall soon have twenty such destroyers in commission—but with twelve thousand miles of salt-water coast line the United States would in actual warfare need a much greater number

BY MOTOR TO THE FAIR

A TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO

BY EMILY POST

In this the final installment of her narrative the author describes how she fared forth from Colorado Springs into the Far West

WE MIGHT have been taking an unconscious part in some vast moving-picture production, or, more easily still, we could have supposed ourselves crossing the old trail in the days of the caravans and stage coaches, when roads were trails and bridges did not exist.

To Pueblo by way of Canon City (and over the Royal Gorge loop) we went through scenery far beyond any power of mine to describe. Through great defiles of gigantic mountains, overlooking endless plains, the splendidly built road twisted and looped, now hanging over chasms two or three thousand feet deep, now dipping down and down to the brink of the river tearing along the base of the cañon walls.

After Pueblo (which, by the way, was not in the least quaint or Indian as its name promised, but a smoky and industrious little Pittsburgh) we came out upon the plains—plains that looked as one imagined them, on which cattle and cowboys ranged, and prairie schooners came slowly over the horizon. A few miles beyond Pueblo, exactly like a scene in the moving pictures, we passed three of the white-topped wagons, their hoods rocking and gleaming in the sun and little burros, with saddles on them, trotting on either side. A man walked at the head of the caravan and two others walked behind. One wagon was driven by a woman, while a man slept, and two children peered out at us from within. A young man drove the second wagon and by his side was a young woman holding a baby. All that was needed to make a frontier drama was a band of befeathered Indians on the warpath.

A little way farther we saw a cowboy galloping over the plains swinging a lariat. He laughed when we came up to him, as though he had been caught doing something foolish. In the next few miles we passed another caravan and through a herd of cattle driven by three cowboys. Before leaving Colorado Springs we had planned to lunch with the Honourable Geoffrey—an Englishman. He, having taken the direct road, which was 63 miles shorter than ours, had agreed to select an attractive spot and wait for us. We had about decided that he had either been lost or overlooked when we saw a team coming toward us and behind it, being towed, his nice, new, little car. He had come to a ford through a wide, swift river, which he so mistrusted from the start that he made his valet wade across it first. But as the water came up only to the man's knees, and the bottom was reported to be firm and pebbly, the Honourable Geoffrey plunged in, and—*bang!*—she blew up! The water flooding his carburetor and sucked into the hot cylinders was changed so violently into steam that it blew off the cylinder heads.

Mixed with our very real sympathy with the Englishman was not a little doubt as to whether we had better risk a like fate. The driver of the team, seeing our doubt, explained: "The river's a mite high just now, but when you come to the bank, just go in slow and steady, and if the water comes up too high, stop your engine quick, and fire a revolver, see? I'll hear you and send some one to pull you through!"

The thought of luncheon had vanished. We parted with our unfortunate friend and approached with not a little trepidation the rushing waters that had wrecked him. The river looked formidable enough: wide, swift, bubbling, and opaque—like coffee with cream exactly. We remembered that it had a gravel bottom and that its greatest depth was very little over the futilely drenched valet's knees.

We went in very cautiously, very slowly; the water came up and up, almost to the floorboards. The rest of the story is perfectly tame and flat. Our car went through it like a duck!

Farther on we came to several fords, all small and shallow, and we splashed through them gleefully. We passed great herds of cattle and any number of cowboys, all friendly. I snapped a kodak and one of them grinned: "Say, friend, d'you think you've took a good likeness?" We saw hundreds of gophers, ran our wheels over two rattlesnakes, and escaped—one skunk.



"From Los Angeles to San Diego we drove along the edge of the Pacific Ocean"

"We Agreed with the Indians"

IN TRINIDAD we ran across our first companion motor tourists. "Kansas City to Los Angeles" was written in letters 6 inches high with an American pennant on one side and the name of a popular machine on the other. Another, announcing that it was bound from Lincoln, Neb., to San Francisco, had enough banners to decorate the room of a fourth-grade schoolboy. We shot past disdainfully.

We have all heard the story of the hare and the tortoise, and the old adage of "He who laughs last," etc. It was all very well as long as we remained in the State of Colorado! But the instant we crossed the Divide, our beautiful, great, long, powerful machine lay down perfectly flat on its stomach and would not budge until one of these ugly snub-nosed tin kettles, puffing uphill like an asthmatic King Charles spaniel, heaped coals of fire on our heads by kindly pulling us out. And, by the way, among the stories of this district none are more popular than those of Uncle Dick Wooten and his unprofitable tollgate. Having built the road over the Raton Divide out of his own pocket, he naturally charged for its use. The American traders paid the toll without a murmur, the Mexicans paid only at the point of a revolver, and the Indians would not pay at all. After going over the road, we agreed with the Indians.

The rest of our story all the way to Santa Fe is one long wail. But in justice to even such roads as those of New Mexico, it is necessary to go into some explanation of the wherefore of our particular difficulties. With a wheel base of 144 inches, our car had a center clearance of only 8 inches. Furthermore, we had a big steel exhaust pipe that slanted from 10 inches above the ground under the engine to 8½ inches above the ground, where it protruded behind the left rear wheel. Therefore, where shorter, higher cars could go with perfect ease, it required besides great skill no little ingenuity to keep clear of trouble. For instance, over deep, rutted roads we had to keep up on the ridges on either side, like walking a sort of double tight rope; if we slid down into the rut, we had to be jacked up and a bridge of stones put under to lift us out again. On the sharp winding turns of the mountain passes we had to back and fill two, and often four, times, but our real difficulties were all because of that everlasting exhaust. On the right side we could run in a rut fairly well, but to slip into the left one was fatal.

Out on the cattle ranches they built a great many queer little ditch crossings; two planks of wood with edges like troughs and a wheel width apart. They were our particular horror. Again, right wheels went over perfectly, but the only way we could get the left ones over was to build up the hollows with pieces of wood of our own, which we finally carried.

Another particular joy to us was sliding down into, and clambering out of, arroyos on the edge of which the car loved to make believe it was a seesaw. Our only good fortune was in having plenty of power, and the carburetor high enough not to be flooded by any streams we went through. Once, in order to find a bank that we could crawl up on, we had to wade up the stream (with the possibility of quicksand) for nearly a hundred yards.

After three days of this sort of thing, we winced at the very sight of ruts and rocks ahead, in exactly the same way one winces at the dentist's instruments.

Between Trinidad and Las Vegas, E. M. drove nine hours without taking his hand off the wheel. I fed him hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches as he drove. We were overtaken by a blizzard. It rained, hailed, and finally snowed, and we lost our way and wandered for miles across the prairie. Finally, at the end of about 20 miles, we saw an open wagon and two ranchmen resting under it, but they spoke only Spanish and we understood their directions so vaguely that when our road disappeared into hilly roadless prairie, and we came to a new bridge without any tracks leading to it, and apparently an uncrossable gulch between it and us, we were assuredly lost. As we stood wondering what to do next, two Indians on ponies appeared over the edge of a near-by hill.

Again we had no language in common. They, gravely motioning us to follow, led us through a labyrinth of hills to the mesa from which the bridge started. They accepted



What has this land lived through?
What sorrows have so terribly wasted New Mexico's desert?

a coin with alacrity; their faces were utterly unexpressive, and neither uttered a word nor smiled.

Leaving Las Vegas the next day, we had the same sort of weather: sun that was baking, then suddenly rain and snow. All about us we could see separate storm clouds, black smudges against an otherwise clear sky. As we drove beneath the black-covered area, we were deluged with rain, or hail, or snow, and through it came into sunny summer weather again!

As we approached a ford some Mexicans standing beside it motioned us to make a wide sweep; it landed us in deep soft sand up to our hubs. Whereupon they attached their horses to us and pulled us through.

"Do many motors have to be helped?" I asked, smiling significantly.

"Everyone, all same!" they said.

We had passed four cars, so I held up my fingers. "Four are coming!" I said.

They immediately broke into a broad grin.

I rather wonder do they make all cars drive in that large circle to *avoid* the sand pile?

Between Las Vegas and Santa Fe the going was the worst yet. Washed-out roads, arroyos, rocky stretches, and nubbly hills. We just about smashed everything. Cracked and broke the exhaust, lost bolts and screws, and scraped along on the pan all of the way.

And yet the dread Bajada Hill, in which we are to drop 900 feet in one mile and long cars are "warmed," etc., is still ahead of us. One thing; if it is worse than from the top of the Raton we might as well be prepared to leave all that is left of us scattered in odd pieces along the road.

The next time I motor through down the trail to Santa Fe it is going to be on the back of a little sure-footed burro!



Once out of Colorado we came to the natural roads of New Mexico

Our Little Sister of Yesterday

WITH straight, black Indian hair piled high under a lace mantilla, with necklaces of gold and silver and coral and turquoise as big as hens' eggs, with her modern American dress barely showing under her Indian blanket of holiest red, her head pillowed against the mountains of the North, and her little Pueblo feet in high-heeled Spanish slippers stretched out upon the plains of the South, Santa Fe sits dreaming in the golden sunlight.

Sometimes she dreams idly of her girlhood when she ran about the mountains barefooted, her hair done in two squash-blossom whorls on either side of her dusky head, so long ago that no white man had ever set foot on the western continent. Or perhaps, half shutting her unfathomable eyes, she remembers the heroes who fought and died for her, or the pomp of her marriage with her Spanish first lord, Don Juan de Oñate—noble in estates rather than character, though he brought her a wedding gift of white woolly animals, afterward called sheep, and, furthermore, dressed her in fine clothes, put her in a palace, and made a lady of her. Her little, bare feet were shod in scarlet slippers, and she had many skirts of silk and velvet (though never a bodice to one of them!), but her breast was strung with necklaces and her arms with bracelets, and she had shawls of silk and mantillas of lace to wrap most of her face and all of her bare brown shoulders in. The palace had walls six feet thick (some say the thick walls were to hide the true palace already built by her own Indian forefathers); all the same nobles in broadcloth embroidered in silver and gold crowded her audience room when the Island of Manhattan was a wilderness, and the wood of which the *Mayflower* was to be built was still growing in the forests of England.

But then the dream becomes a bad one: of injustice and cruelty of long, long miserable years under the oppression of a dissipated gambling tyrant who put her family to the sword, or made them slaves. Then came revolt and savage warfare; massacres that made her palace steps run red, vivid days of flame, black ones of darkness until— And this is her dream of dreams! She forgets it all happened in the long ago. The quick blood leaps again in her veins, her heart beats fast, her pulses quiver at the magic name of her hero, her conqueror, her lover, Don Diego de Vargas! Again she sees him, surrounded by his panoplied soldiers, lances flashing, banners waving; marching victorious across the plaza, and, planting his cross at her palace door in the name of the Virgin, demand her glad surrender!

"Ah, to love was to live!" says Santa Fe. "Yet in all the world there was only one De Vargas—and he has passed!" And she wraps herself in her Indian blanket and falls again to dreaming.

Her alliance with the American Republic is what one might call a marriage of arrangement. Foreign in race, in sentiment, in understanding, she has never adopted the customs or manners of her new lord, but lives tranquilly, uneventfully dreaming always of the long ago.

You might think yourself in the Orient, or in a city of old Spain transported upon a magic carpet, but nothing less like the United States can be imagined—an old-world town, oriental in color, in sunlight, and in queer, crooked, conglomerate streets. And even though Don Diego de Vargas has lain for two centuries in the grave of his forefathers, though Indians no longer go on the warpath, though the eight-horse wagons—mile-long caravans of the traders and travelers from the Far East beyond the Mississippi—no longer come clattering down over the mountains, to the excited and welcoming shouts of the populace of *"Los Americanos! La Caravana!"* crowding into the Plaza to receive them, if the streets of Santa Fe no longer riot in tumult and bloodshed, they at least still riot in color and picturesqueness, kaleidoscopic enough to vie with anything in Constantinople or Cairo! Along the slanting, crooked streets, dwellings hundreds of years old stand shoulder to shoulder with modern houses that have wedged themselves between. On the Plaza are little bazaars where the Indian silversmith hammers out his wares, or strings of turquoises. Down a zigzag lane one may see Indian women with white cotton shawls, li sheets, over their heads and balancing jars of water on their heads as in the biblical pictures of Rebecca.

Besides big modern automobiles you can see Indians leading little burros so loaded down with firewood that their meek little faces are all there is to be seen protruding in front, and little switching tails in the back, and the whole bundle supported by spindly tiny-footed legs; Indians wrapped in bright blankets; Indian youths in trousers of white cotton or khaki, with velvet shirts, silver belts, and bright red headbands; Mexicans in high-crowned wide-brimmed sombreros, brilliant-colored sashes, and gold braid on their trousers; cowboys in flannel shirts and vivid bandannas around their throats, more color in women's dresses, in flowers, in fruits, in awnings—color, color rioting everywhere. And over everything the sun bakes—just as it does in Spain or northern Africa, and the people all look as silent and dreamy as the town.

Only a few hundred miles away are typical striving American cities, shouting to anyone who will hear, and assailing the ears of those who won't: "Watch me grow, just watch me!" The big ones boom it, the little ones pipe it, but each and every one shouts to the earth at large: "Yesterday I had only shanties; to-day I have a dozen movie palaces; to-morrow—wait and you shall see!"

Yet their little Indian-Spanish sister in the center of a vast domain of buried cities, of unmined treasures, dozes in the sun, and cares not a bit how much the world outside may strive, or teem, or grow. Can anyone fancy her waking from her reverie, and dropping her indolent soft Spanish accent, and shouting in strident tones that she too will be a bustling, growing town? Sooner fancy the Sphinx shouting "Votes for Women!"

A Brief for Cave Dwelling

IMAGINE people living all their lives in Cairo never having seen the Pyramids, imagine anyone living in Italy never having been to Pompeii, yet we ourselves, to whom the antiquities and wonders of far countries are perfectly familiar, did not even know that the wonders of our Southwest existed! We thought that Pueblo had a nice Indian sound, that Santa Fe must be an important railroad terminal. Arizona we pictured as a wide desert like the Sahara, with the Grand Cañon at the top of it, and a place called Phoenix (appropriately named as the only thing that could survive the heat) and another place called Tombstone (also fittingly named) in the middle of a vast area of sizzling sand. California was, of course, a long, blooming garden, all of it. Probably some other seemingly intelligent New Yorkers are just as ignorant and benighted as we were.

Could anything less like a railroad center than Santa Fe be imagined? The main line of the railroad which has taken its name does not even go there. A little branch runs to the terminal city from a junction called Lamy (where, by the way, there is a Harvey hotel, which means, of course, a good one. This is a word of advice to the tourist who finds the one in Santa Fe poor). Still, in a city that is old and colorful and quaint, one hardly expects wonderful accommodations. The hotel in Biskra, Africa, is not much to boast about either.

Our cliff dwellings, like little bird holes along the face of solid rock in which cave men lived hundreds, maybe thousands of years ago, are marvelously interesting, but to the spoiled globe-trotter, looking for profuse evidences of bygone manners and customs and beauty, such as you find in Pompeii, there are none.

There is, however, an Arizona cave dwelling that has a mural decoration that can rival in interest the frescoes in Pompeii or the hieroglyphics of Egypt. It is merely the imprint of a cave baby's hand pressed thousands of years ago against the wall when the adobe



Across the lagoon, Fine Arts Palace: a Maxfield Parrish picture, a city gayly rising on sugar-loaf hills

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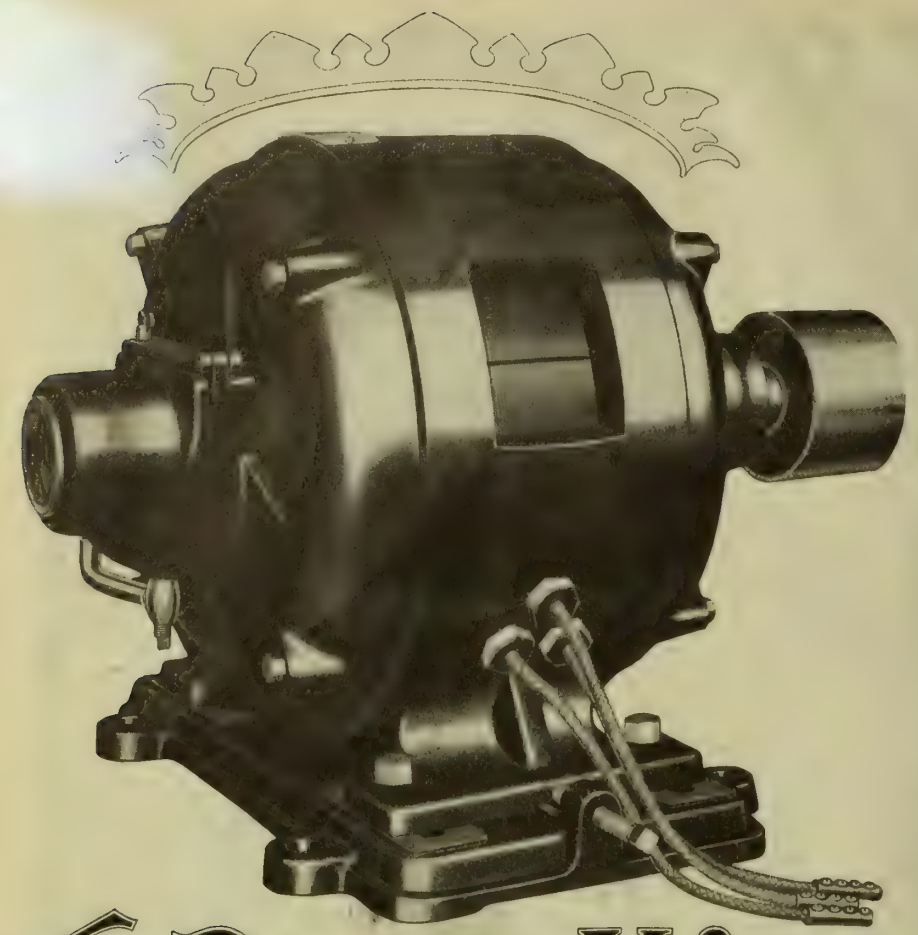
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was soft. You can also see cave dwellings of a pigmy people that lived in the Stone Age and wore feather ruching around their necks; enchanted pools that have no bottoms; a lava river with a surface so sharp, brittle, and splintered that nothing living can cross it and not be footless, actually, in the end.

At Harvey's

THE best commentary on the road between Santa Fe and Albuquerque is that it took us only an hour and a half to make the 66 miles, whereas the 73 from Las Vegas to Santa Fe took us nearly six. The Bajada Hill, which for days Celia and I dreaded so much that we did not dare speak of it for fear of making E. M. nervous, was magnificently built. It is a little exciting to make it in a long car, as you have to back and fill at corners where there is no railing. But the turns are all well banked, and you feel no tendency to plunge off. A short car with a good wheel cut-under would go down the dread Bajada as easily as through the driveways of a park!

Stopping at the various Harvey hotels of the Santa Fe system, yet not being travelers on the railroad, is very like being behind the scenes at a theater. The hotel people, curio sellers, and Indians are the actors, the travelers on the incoming trains are the audience. (Other people don't count.)

For instance, we enter a tranquilly ordered dining room. The head waitress attentively seats us, our own waitress quietly begins our first course, and starts toward the pantry for the second when suddenly a clerk appears and says "Twenty-six!" With the uniformity of a trained chorus every face turns toward the clock and the whole scene becomes a flurry of white-starched dresses running back and forth—back with empty trays and forth with buttered rolls, radishes, cups of soup, like a ballet of abundance. We wonder if no one is going to bring us any second course, but we might as well try to attract the attention of a hive of bees when they are swarming. Finally we descry our own waitress dealing slices of toast to imaginary diners at a far table. Then we hear the rumble of the train, the door leading to the platform opens and in come the passengers. And we, having no prospect of anything further to eat, watch the way the train supper is managed. Slices of toast and soup in cups are already at their places, then in files the white-aproned chorus with enormous platters of beefsteak, broiled chicken or potatoes, and gigantic pots of coffee, tea, or chocolate. All they have to do is to go from place to place, say "tea?" "coffee?" "chocolate?" and pour it out. "Will you have broiled chicken?" asks the faithless she at the next table, who went once upon a time to get some for us. Finally, when the train people are quite supplied, our speeding Hebe returns to us and apologizes sweetly: "I'm so sorry, but I had to help get train No. 7's supper. They've eaten all the broiled chicken that was cooked, but I'll order you some if you don't mind waiting twenty minutes?"

"Tain Cent!"

THE scene shifts to the railroad station at Albuquerque, where the long stone platform is colorless and deserted. Wait, though, until ten minutes before the California Limited is due. Out of the nowhere appear dozens of vividly costumed Indians, their blankets and long braids woven with red cloth; their headbands and beads and silver ornaments fill the platform with color like a flower display. Old squaws and a few young squat themselves in two rows, forming an aisle between the train and the station salesroom. Although we walk up and down between their forming lines, watching them arrange their display of baskets and pottery, they are silent until the first passengers alight, and then unendingly they chorus two words. "Tain cent!" "Tain cent!" The words sometimes sound like a question, sometimes a statement, but generally a monotonous drone. There is a nice old squaw (although I believe the Hopis don't call their women squaws) sitting at the end. I tripped and almost fell into her lap. She looked up, smiled, and by her inflection conveyed "Oh, my *dear*, did you hurt yourself?" but what she said was "Tain cent!"

Precisely as little boys run their velocipedes on a sidewalk, ding, ding, honk, honk! people throughout the west run their motors. They seem to consider every other motorist an opponent, to be passed a defeat. Little 8 and 10 horsepower cars nearly burst their engines trying to keep ahead of you instead of giving you room to pass. An expert mechanic from the East out here for his health shrugged his shoulders and laughed: "After all, I should worry! I get their new axles and springs to put in!"

Again we have countermanded our freight car and are going to try to go as far as Winslow—we, who nearly crumpled over the well-worn Santa Fe trail, are branching into the unbeaten byway of the desert! We have taken our battered exhaust pipe off and shipped it to Los Angeles, and our sensation without it is one of such freedom that we feel we can surmount all obstacles.

Into the Desert

WHAT has this land lived through? What sorrows have so terribly wasted, what cataclysms rent it, what courage exalted it! Stupendous in its desolation, sublime in its awfulness, it mystifies and dumfounds at every turn. Smooth plains fall into an abyss or rise in bleak rock spires. Firm, pebbled river beds shift suddenly to greedy quicksands; pools that look cool and limpid are boiling or poisonous alkali. It is like a statue conceived by an Olympian Rodin, splendidly and gigantically hewn and with all the mystery of things not brought to a finite shaping.

But to see this wonderful land intelligently or well one ought really to be equipped with a camping outfit and go through on horseback. However, if you are willing to turn away from the main travel and strike west from Albuquerque, you can get a few characteristic glimpses. (To get a snapshot view of the Indian cities, of Isleta and Laguna, you need only look out of a parlor-car window on the Santa Fe.)

Laguna is a city of earth-colored blocks, piled steeply one upon the other against a sun-baked yellow hill at the side of the railroad track. But to reach the enchanted mesa and the sky-built city of Acoma you must drive southward from Laguna across a prairie into a desert valley rimmed with distant cliffs like the walls of a vast garden. As you round a sand dune you come suddenly upon a gigantic round cake-shaped rock. Like Julian Street, who thought the Garden of the Gods a pink joke, we at first felt that we had driven through sandy stubble and *such* heat and dreariness to see merely a titanic pink tree stump, even though its flat-chopped top is a thousand feet clear above the surrounding plain. It is only after hearing of its history, of the great rock ladder that led to it having been washed away while the men were in the valley and the women and children left to starve on that dizzy height, that you are gripped by its appalling awe. Just beyond, however, crowned upon ramparts of fantastic perpendicular crags, arises Acoma, the sky-land citadel of enchantment.

You know you can't be in such prosy place as Here or within a thousand of years of Now. You are standing before the shadowy citadel of some ancient Assyrian king, or, more likely yet, you have journeyed into the land of fairy tales and have come to the castle of the King of the Iron Mountain. 'Way, 'way above you, you see tiny figures of the sky inhabitants inquisitively peering down. Several Indians, all solemn but friendly, come down from their soaring citadel and look you over. Finally one of them, very solemn and serious, motions: "Do you want to go up?"

You do, but how? There are only two paths, one hard and short, the other long and easy! The easy one is as close to mountain climbing as the ordinary person would want to undertake, though Indian mules and burros make it easily. (A burro and a mule and a mountain goat must spring from the same species.) You climb, therefore, by the easy road up a stiff, winding defile like the rock-paved causeway to Valhalla in a Metropolitan production of a Wagner opera, the trail narrowing as it ascends until finally it is nothing but a narrow shelf at a precipice edge, and if you are light-headed and none too sure-footed you clutch tightly to a stronger hand and turn your face cliffward for the last of the ascent.

But your reward on top is a prehistoric Aztec citadel of communal houses and occupied by people living to-day exactly as their ancestors lived hundreds of years ago. A communal

10 . . .



THE quickest way to get down stairs is to jump out of the window. But makin' haste slowly pays sometimes, especially in curin' tobacco.

Nowhar else on earth is thar such pipe tobacco grown as the Burley we grow in ole Kaintuck. Thar's a mildness an' richness about our Burley, a fragrance an' aroma no other tobacco has.

But they're 'way down deep!

To bring 'em out to the full, we just use Nature's own way—patient ageing.

You ought to see the care used in selectin' only the best of the Burley leaf for VELVET. Then, that tobacco has got to age not less than 2 years, mellowin' and maturin' all the time, to bring out the best that's in it.

That's VELVET, The Smoothest Smokin' Tobacco—with its aged-in-the-wood mellowness.

An' that's why VELVET don't bite. The rawness is *aged out* of it.

Velvet Joe



Panama-Pacific International Exposition's highest award—The Grand Prix—has been awarded to VELVET "for its superior quality."

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

pueblo apartment house is really a honeycomb of adobe boxes like a flight of gigantic steps, the row on top set back from the one below so that the roof of the first floor makes a terrace in front of the second, and the roof of the second a piazza in front of the third; against the roof of each lean the typical ladders by which the Hopi Indian always enters his house.

Instead of returning to Laguna you can skirt the lava river. But the story of motoring is one long tedious drive over the Divide to Gallup. Beyond Gallup you climb again until the altitude makes your breath short, but the little gasps of freshness are as delicious and reviving as an elixir of life. Then suddenly, as you round a yellow cliff, you see a veritable fairyland spread below you, an enchanted valley of castles and moats and battlements and towers like a fantastic city of the Orient: the swimming flood of light splashed with crimson and gold, its shadows indigo and purple, and an Indian with scarlet headband on a piebald pony silhouetted against the lavender sky—there was no color unused.

Arrived at Winslow we hailed our freight car with joy, put the motor on it, dropped into our chairs at the Harvey Hotel, and mentally rhapsodized over the supper they put before us. From there we came to the Grand Cañon by train, and from here we go to Los Angeles and continue motoring to San Diego and up the coast.

Meanwhile, comfortably lounging on the terrace overlooking the Grand Cañon, an old-timer is talking of the "good old days of Hance's camp before this highfaluting hotel was built."

And at his mere suggestion I become vividly aware that, after all, the way I like best to see anything is comfortably. Perhaps there might be an added awe if one stood alone at the brink of this yawning abyss, perhaps some of the gnarled roads and small clefts that seemed wonderful when we were crawling among them might have seemed dull little places from the terrace of a luxurious hotel—but being at heart (no matter how much I might pretend to be above the necessity of comfort) an effete Easterner, I very gratefully appreciate the genius of the man who built this hotel for such as I.

And So to San Diego

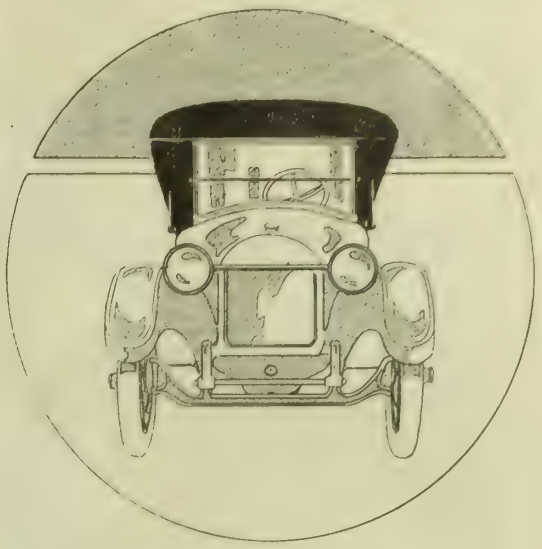
SAYS Los Angeles: "Whatever you do, don't call me Angy Lees!"

Laboriously I wrote her name as she herself pronounced it, "Loas Ang-hellless." With the piece of paper before me I can say it glibly enough, but in coming upon it unprepared my only hope is mentally to dive through it. First, get *hell* as the objective plunge fixed in mind, then start on *loas* (like a run-off) *Ang* (hit the springboard) *hell* (the dive) *less* (into the water).

I wonder is the cost of foodstuffs inordinately high? Are wages prohibitive? (I think I have heard they were.) Or is it merely its monopoly that allows the only good hotel in the place to charge hold-up prices? Nowhere before, in the United States or Europe, have I met with such soaring room rates. But the Mission Inn at Riverside is worth traveling miles to stop at; a hotel of pure delight in which the picturesqueness of an old mission, a most famous orange-groved country, is combined with modern comfort.

From Los Angeles to San Diego we drove along the edge of the ocean all the way. The coast was one long succession of big ocean-resort hotels (the Virginia at Long Beach especially inviting) on a boulevard that seemed too good to be true—we had forgotten that there could be such a heavenly smoothness to drive over.

The fair at San Diego is a little Exposition Beautiful! The composite impression of it is a garden of dense shiny green in great mass and profusion against low one-storied buildings of gray white, no color except gray and green until you come into the central plaza filled with pigeons as in St. Mark's in Venice, and see a blaze of orange-and-blue-striped awnings: stripes nearly a foot wide of blue the color of laundry blue, and orange the color of the most vivid fruit of that name that you can find! In curtains hanging behind the balustrade of another building just around a corner the same vivid sweep of blue repeats again. Far at one end was a climbing amber rose, and beyond some bougainvillea, that beautiful but most difficult vine to put anywhere. And Heavens! how things do grow out here! Some of the build-



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Here is a list of motor cars which exemplify the highest ideals of beauty, style and service. Of sure reputation, excellent in design and construction, they have added the crowning feature of high-grade equipment by using Neverleek Top Material.

Observe the tops on these cars wherever you see them. They are rich and handsome, harmonizing splendidly with the cars themselves, and their style and beauty are retained through long service.

These are the cars carrying Neverleek Top Material as standard equipment:

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Neverleek was the first material developed especially for motor car tops, to meet the new and severe requirements of automobile service. It has been strikingly successful and has more than justified the famous Neverleek Guarantee.

Best of all evidence of its worth is the fact that so many highest-grade cars are using it after severest laboratory and actual service tests.

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We have issued a little book, "The Automobile and Its Top," which is more than mere advertising. It is a thumb nail history of the motor car with some unusual pictures that you will want to see and keep. Write for it. Mailed free on request, along with actual samples of Neverleek.

If your old top needs recovering we shall be glad to give you the name of a nearby top-maker who will supply Neverleek material.

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Top Material

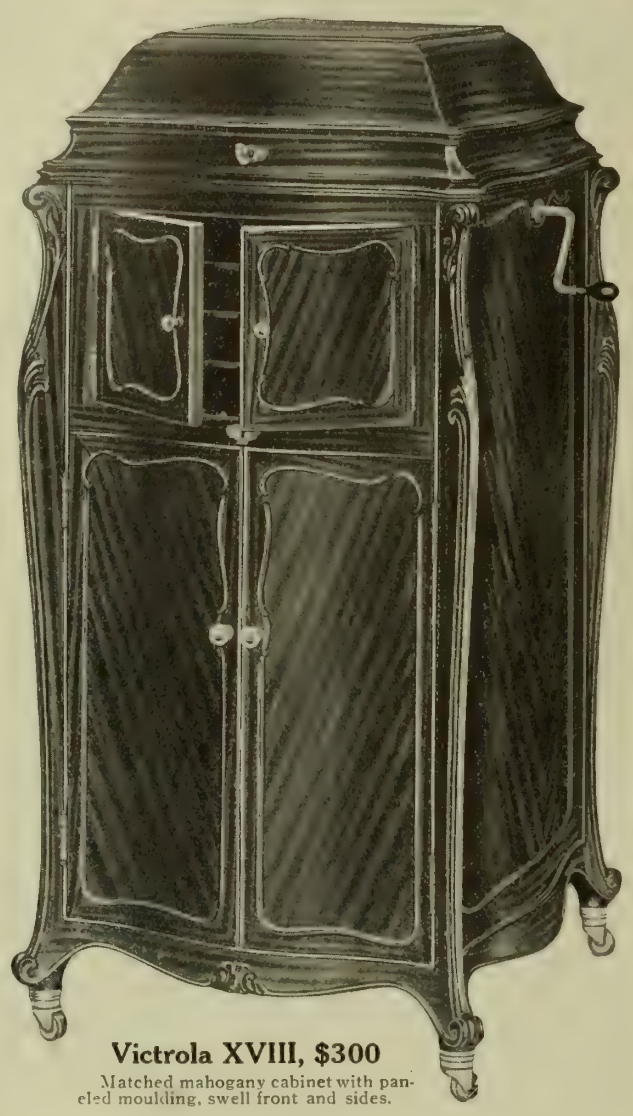
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Victrola

Three new styles



Victrola XVIII, $300

Matched mahogany cabinet with paneled moulding, swell front and sides.

The latest Victor achievement

Victrola XVIII	$300
Victrola XVIII electric	$350
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See and hear these new Victrolas. Any Victor dealer will gladly demonstrate them and play any music you wish to hear. Other styles of the Victor and Victrola $10 to $250.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
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Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles — *the combination*. There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.



New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

ings are already covered to their roofs with vines and shrubs that we treasure at home in little pots. There were gardens and gardens of flowers, but separated and grouped so that there was not a note of discord.

The San Diego Exposition was a pure delight. Its simplicity and faultless harmony of color brought out all its values startlingly. Against the unrelieved green and gray the one barbaric splash of blue and orange actually thrilled.

A farmer (I suppose they call him a rancher out here) said he thought it a "homy" exposition. I doubt if the sentiment could be better expressed. It was first and foremost designed to show what could be accomplished in our own land of the West. Instead of putting reapers and harvesters in a large machinery hall they demonstrated them on a model ranch, so that anyone likely to be interested in farm implements could see how they were used.

The Indian exhibits were very beautiful; they had a life-size model of the pueblo of Taos and innumerable miniature models of all of the famous pueblos; examples of their arts and crafts can really be better seen at San Diego than any traveler such as ourselves can see in going to the reservations.

Otherwise there was a general similarity about the exhibits; bottles of fruit in alcohol, sheaves of grain, arches of oranges, and school children's efforts in art.

The Kansas Building, of all, most appealed to me. The old Kansan (not that he was so old either!) in charge of it so loved his State and was so unaffectedly proud of it that we caught an infection of interest from him. We couldn't help it.

"Of course," he said, "I've only samples here, but there's nothing that can grow in the soil that we can't grow in Kansas! These people out here talk about beautiful California, the ever-blooming garden of California, and her mountain scenery, and what not. But for my taste give me a land that is as flat as the palm of your hand—give *me* Kansas!"

An old woman came in while we were there. She poked all around, sniffed at the kaffir corn, at every variety of grain that could be stored in glass-fronted bins or arched into sheaves.

"Land sakes!" she said, "y'ain't got nothin' in here but chickin feed. Ain't you got nothin' t'eat?" And out she switched again.

"I suppose that old woman'd like me to keep a nice crock of doughnuts ready to give her and a cup of tea mebbe. Chickin feed indeed! Well, when it comes to hens, I like the feathered kind; you can put them in a pot and boil 'em! Chickin feed! And it's mighty fine chickin feed, I tell you, that a man can grow in the State of Kansas!"

Coronado Beach, the famous winter resort, is across a bay and reached by ferry from San Diego. The chief diversion in San Diego seems to be moving pictures. The square on which the General Grant Hotel faces is lined with moving-picture palaces, two drug stores, and a funeral director's show window displaying the latest novelties in caskets. But the most striking feature of San Diego outside of her harbor is her school buildings, not Mission but Tudor in design, and very imposing.

When we left San Diego the weather was deliciously cool, but as we went inland it became hotter than anything I have ever imagined. It was a case of 116 in the shade, and there wasn't any shade!

"How can the orange trees remain so beautifully crisp?" I heard Celia muttering. I could actually see blisters forming on E. M.'s nose. Then we came to a big winding hill, a branch of the Coast Range of mountains, I suppose it was, and as we descended on the other side such a gush of cold sea air greeted us that in five minutes we, who had been gasping like dying fish, were wrapping our now shivering selves in coats! Besides the life-giving coolness of the sea air, never, never was there a more beautiful drive than the one to Santa Barbara. Mountains on one side, the ocean on the other, curving in and out of bays and on a road like linoleum. I should like to live where I could drive up and down that road forever!

The Land of Pleasure

LIGHT-HEARTED, happy, basking in the sunshine, her eyes not dreamily gazing into the past, nor avariciously staring into the future, but dancing with the joy of to-day, it is not only the sun of heaven shining upon California that makes her the garden land of the world, but the sun radiating from the hearts of her people. Golden she certainly is—land of golden fruit, land of golden plenty, daughter of the golden sun.

If you have millions and want to learn a million ways to spend them, if you are a social climber and want to scale the Western Hemisphere's most polished pinnacle, if you want to become worldly, cynical, effete, go to New York.

New York is the princess of impersonality, the queen of indifference. You can come or go, sink or swim, be wise, beautiful or clever—she cares not a whit. "How much are you going to amuse me?" she asks, bored even before she has finished asking the question.

"What are you ambitious to do?" asks Chicago. "What are you trying to be? And can I help you?"

"Welcome to the land of sunshine!" says smiling California. "If your heart is young, then stay with me and play!"

There are plenty of reasons why they liken Santa Barbara to Nice, Cannes, or Monte Carlo. When we arrived in our rooms at the Hotel Potter we could hardly believe we were not on the Riviera, not merely because of the white enamel and shadow chintz furnishings of our rooms looking out upon the palm-bordered esplanade to the ocean just beyond, but because only in Continental watering places do friends send —or could they possibly find for you— bouquets of welcome like that. Against the gray wall above the writing table a great sheaf bouquet of the big, pale pink roses that you associate with France, combined with silver violet thistles, gladioli in a chromatic scale of creams and corals, and in such profusion that they were standing in a tall vase on the floor. The third bouquet was of apricot-colored roses, heliotrope, and white lilies.

As a matter of fact, the Riviera bears the same resemblance to Santa Barbara that artificial flowers bear to the real. The spirit of one is essentially artificial, insidiously demoralizing. The spirit of the other is the essence of naturalness, inevitably rejuvenating.

Everywhere else the enthusiastic inhabitants speak of their State and of their city as a man speaks of his success in business or a woman speaks of her new house. Not only with pride in the thing accomplished, but with a satisfaction that comes from their personal effort toward its accomplishment.

The Chicagoans, for instance, in their pride in the Wheaton Country Club, seemed to feel that their planting and building and making a beauty spot out of a sand heap was the most wonderful thing about it.

The only parallel to the attitude of the Californians that I can think of is that of the Italians; living in their land is merely a great privilege that God has given them, and the beauty of it is a thing that has always been—a thing with which mere man has had little to do.

Where giantism, self-inflation, or personal ambition plays a prominent part in the characteristics of other States, the Californians are merely happy. Happy about everything, happy all the time. Their optimism is as unfailingly golden as their metal, their fruit, their grain, their poppies.

In a corner of the orange country lava poured over the soil. Were they down-hearted? Not a bit.

"For all we know," said they, "we may find we can grow something new in it that we've never tried before."

In Pasadena the heat was stifling. It required all the breath I could muster to ask weakly of a landowner:

"Do you think there is any likelihood of *more* of this weather?"

"Yes. Oh, yes, indeed," he beamed. "It is generally cool until the first of May, and then it gets pleasant just like this."

In San Francisco it rained all through May without ceasing. "Too wonderful!" they said. "The Eastern tourists will see the country so beautifully washed."

But we had heard that their gladness had one vulnerability. They could not bear to speak of earthquakes. Therefore, curious as I was to know something about them, I did not dare to ask. Drinking my coffee one morning in San Mateo, where we were stopping with the B——'s, my bed suddenly shook so that my coffee spilled. In a moment Mrs. B—— rushed into my room in joyful excitement.

"Did you feel the earthquake? Wasn't



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Announcing Hose of Luxite

Made of Luxite Synthetic Silk

Luxite —What It Is

The silk-worm creates a viscous fluid of known composition. It exudes that fluid in fine-spun threads, of which it builds a cocoon.

In Luxite that viscous fluid is made synthetically —by dissolving the vegetable fibre. Then that fluid is spun thru minute platinum tubes, as silk-worms exude silk.

Chemistry, as you know, can duplicate almost any natural substance. The man-made article is usually better than the nature-made, and purer. But it costs more in most cases.

But this man-made silk —this Luxite—costs less than natural silk. That is because silk-worms work slowly. Their culture is expensive. And the demand for silk exceeds supply, thus forcing up the price. Luxite is silk in substance, silk in gloss and texture, but not silk in price. It is man-made and man-spun. At twice the price you get a silk almost identical, but worm-made and worm-spun.

MAN-SPUN SILK

With Transcendent Lustre—at One-Half Worm-Spun Price

This is to hail a new creation, on which Chemistry and Invention have been occupied for years. A Man-Spun Silk—synthetic silk—called Luxite.

Not a cotton texture treated—made to look like silk. But a substance such as silk-worms make, spun about as silk-worms spin it when they wind cocoons.

A finer web, in some ways, than the silk-worm makes. A web with greater lustre. Yet the man-way cuts the cost one-half.

Men's 25c and 35c per pair; Women's 50c

Hose of Luxite looks like worm-spun silk. It has the fineness, the feel, the sheen and excellent wearing quality. It is practically identical in composition, for this is a synthetic silk. But the silk-worm works in a small way; Luxite is made in a big way. The result is a saving of half. Hose of Luxite, with all its gloss and beauty, costs like cotton hose. It's a hosiery revolution.

But be careful, please. Hose of Luxite is the *only* hose made of Luxite. It represents perfection in this man-made silk. But many a lesser texture has been made in reaching this perfection. This is a many-year development.

Don't judge Hose of Luxite by any other texture. Let no one convince you that other hose are like it.

Hose of Luxite is now sold in almost every city. Don't take a substitute and think you have this hose. If your dealer can't supply you, send direct to us. Or mail us his name on a postal and we'll forward our color-illustrated book—"The Gift of Science"—that tells you about this new-day hose. Address

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Ann O'Foyle's fingers paused on the keys of her comptometer

—writes Reynolds Knight in his story "Candles."

WHEN this realistic writer shows us an office girl in a great moment of decision, he shows her with her fingers on a *Comptometer*—just as earlier writers would have shown her with fingers on a typewriter.

But there are many typewriters. There is only one *Comptometer*.

Before a machine can appear in realistic fiction it must be so necessary and so human that it has become a common part of common life.

This is the position occupied by the

Comptometer

Adding and Calculating Machine

because it has extended the scope of the adding machine to cover the entire arithmetic of business.

It gives figure-facts for everything. It figures time tickets, payrolls, material costs, discounts. It extends invoices, computes inventories, does a hundred other things *all with the perfect precision of mechanical accuracy.*

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It is durable and convenient. It requires no stand and can be carried about like a book. It saves an enormous amount of labor because it not only adds and subtracts—it multiplies, divides, does all the things that an expert accountant must do.

It is the first resort in retrenchment, economy and progressive methods. Your waste-basket can tell you how much time is lost each day in useless figuring—often inaccurate. Look at the figure-covered slips thrown away—they can tell you why the Comptometer is necessary.

You must make decisions a thousand times each year. Often you must make them quickly. Always you must be sure that your figure-facts are accurate. Therefore—

Ask for your copy of "Better Methods of Accounting"

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50¢

The red-striped SHIRLEY ticket guarantees you satisfaction or money back

For seventeen years the choice of three million men who demand ease, comfort, style and service in suspenders; SHIRLEY Presidents are the real, original shoulder-ease suspenders. They help clothes fit, but simply *cannot* press or bind or chafe!

Like all supremely good things they are cleverly imitated now. You know that imitations are always inferior, so protect yourself—it's easy. Just look for SHIRLEY on the buckles, on the red-striped "satisfaction-or-money-back" ticket, on the box the dealer shows you. All you need to do is

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it a wonderful one? I was afraid you would go back to New York and never know what they are like!" All that day everyone we saw spoke of it in much the same way, as though some perfectly delightful happening had occurred for our especial benefit. Instead of shying away from the subject, they fairly reveled in it; advised us if ever we felt a severe one to run and stand in the door frame. Even if the whole house comes down the doorways, it seems, are perfectly safe. Then they drove us to a beautiful estate that was directly over a vault, and to prove what a *real* earthquake could do they showed us a stone wall that had been shifted four feet, and an orchard of trees that had been picked up bodily and planted elsewhere.

At the same time, "How terrible," exclaimed nearly everyone to us, "to live as *you* do in a country where they have thunderstorms!"

One New York woman who used to be too nervous to sit alone now sleeps out here on the porch with every door unlocked. We found another once extremely fastidious friend in solid boots, drill skirt, and flannel shirt cooking flapjacks at the camp fire.

He Looked Comatose

AN explosion shook the town, then came the fire engines. Everybody ran, and, of course, we ran too. We saw a big Colonial house in a blaze, then a second explosion! And a thick black mass of smoke blew off the roof. People ran hither and thither in wild excitement, a fireman dashed into the flames and carried out a dying girl; her face was bleeding and her clothes were in burnt shreds. More dying people were miraculously saved, then suddenly, like a huge screen, the whole house fell flat. It had no behind and no inside, and the whole scene was only the "movies." The injured face of the heroine was only red paint, and the house a property one built for the purpose.

"This is nothing," said a member of the company to me. "If you want to see something exciting go to the chalk cliffs just on the road to Santa Maria to-morrow morning. We're going to work on 'The Diamond from the Sky.' That's our star over there! You don't want to miss any pictures when he is in it."

I saw a young man leaning against a telegraph pole chewing a straw. He looked almost too lazy to be alive.

"He's always like that!" said the member of the company. "You wouldn't think there was an ounce of go in him! He's always whittling a stick or chewing a straw, and if he was to be killed he'd never move a muscle!"

"He looks kind of comatose, doesn't he?" said the manager, who overheard. "Well, you go out to the chalk cliffs at about eleven to-morrow if you think he's comatose, and see him come to."

Naturally we went. We found the place easily by the number of people gathered at the spot. A shelf road was cut on the face of the high chalk cliffs, above a seventy-foot sheer drop into the water. We saw the "comatose one," looking just as indifferent as ever, get into a car and start for the narrow road up on the edge of the cliff. Then another followed him. At a word from the director they raced across the high narrow shelf; the comatose one swerved to the very edge, toppled, and plunged over the abyss! No stopping the picture at the brink and putting a dummy in his place. A feeling of such nausea caught me I could not look to see him land. How he escaped with his life he alone knew. The car struck the rocks and smashed to pieces, but they say he threw himself like an eel clear of the wheel and safely into the water. They then fished him out, he got into another car just as he was, and started home as though nothing had happened. When we reached a railroad track where they were going to take another picture, the same actor was this time to drive so near the track that the locomotive might in the picture seem to hit the car. The camera man was ready to turn the crank of his camera, the locomotive was almost at the crossing, when dash went the devil driver toward the track. Stop? Nothing of the sort! He met it as a ram meets an enemy, head on. The locomotive carried his mangled self and wrecked machine up the track. The engineer, shaking as with the palsy, almost fell out of his cab. The company, and we too, rushed up to where the wrecked machine and injured man lay. Blood was streaming from his head, his arm was distortedly twisted under him, and he was writhing in pain, but when the camera man reached him all he said was:

"This'll be great stuff! Make a close-up quick!" They made the pictures and then he lost consciousness.

Although decorated with many bandages, he is up and about, looking as comatose as ever.

We went to a film rehearsal at the Flying A. In front of us sat the heroine, the hero, the villain, and all members of the company. The director read the words that would be printed between sections of the finished reel, and the pictures were shown in negative only. Every now and then the actors made a few remarks such as:

"That's a fine action, Steve." "Gee, Steve, that's great!" "I like Flora down by the brook." "Nice scene, Flora!" Finally the heroine died.

"Nobody can die with so much sob stuff as Flora," said our friend in a whisper.

Flora heard and answered: "Some time I'd like a part that I don't have to die in. That's the seventeenth time I've died this season."

Of the many moving-picture plants we saw, the Flying A was the smallest, but most interesting. The difference between the Universal City and Flying A studio is that between Barnum's Circus at the Madison Square Garden and the Little Theatre—or, better, the Grand Guignol in Paris. The Universal City is a gigantic organization that can produce anything from tiger hunting in the jungle to plays like "Quo Vadis."

But why, oh, why don't the moving-picture people have some one show them how the houses of the socially prominent really look? Where do they devise the manners, costumes, and nightmare interiors that could not be found outside of the society atmosphere of Dingy Dunk or Splashville except in the "movies"?

Just as it is often for their little tricks or failings that we love people best, so it is with San Francisco. You may find her beautiful as she rises tier on tier on her many hills above the dazzling waters of the bay; you must admire the resolution and courage with which, out of her annihilation, she has arisen more beautiful than before; but you love her for a lot of human, foolish, adorable personalities of her own, such as the guileless way she stuccos the front of her houses, leaving their wooden backs perfectly visible from behind or at the side—a pretense deliciously naive, as though she said: "I am putting a lovely front of concrete where you will see it first, because I think it will please you!" And it does.

A Dream in Color

WITH merely a phrase you can make a picture of the little fair at San Diego—cloisterlike gray buildings with clumps of dense green and a vivid stroke of blue and orange. But to visualize the Pan-American Exposition in a few sentences is almost impossible. You could begin its description from a hundred different points and miss the best one; you can say one thing about it and the next moment find you were quite wrong. See it in the shade or fog and it is a city of baked earth color, oxidized with any quantity of terra cotta; see it in the sun and it is deep cream glowing with light. Think of half the domes as brown and others as faded green, and the next they look like a bit of the sky itself, and the brown ones glimmer a dull yet living rose.

You could begin its description from a hundred different points and then fail to mention its chief one. You first think it is one thing and look again and see you have made a mistake.

Seeing it first from a distance, coming down upon it from the hill streets of San Francisco, you see a biscuit-colored city with terra-cotta roofs, green domes and blue. Beyond it the wide waters of a glorious bay rimmed with far gray-green mountains. But be sure to see it first when the sun is painting it for you (which is invariably unless there is a fog). Or else look down upon it at night when the scintillating central point, the Tower of Jewels, looks like a diamond-and-turquoise wedding cake, and behind it an aurora of prismatic-colored searchlights—the most thrilling illumination possible to imagine. Or, entering one of its many gates, you wander like an ant through bewildering chaos. Not that it lacks a plan; its architectural balance is one of the most noteworthy things about it. But there are so many courts, so much detail.

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$1.00 for the Ever-Ready with twelve 'Radio' blades, is the biggest shaving value of today.

Your dollar back instantly if a trial does not convince.

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Outfit with 12 *Radio Blades*

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will be found the smoothest, keenest, cleanest blades made. Try them in your razor. Will make it shave better.

6 for 30c 10 for 50c

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Much too trimmed is your first impression; if they would only take everything away and bring it back one at a time so you could see and appreciate it! Yet the next moment you are entranced with a detail of its greatest elaboration—the doors of the palaces on the esplanade, for instance. Gradually you get some vague idea of eight great exhibition palaces and a ninth, the Palace of the Fine Arts, like a half circle at the end. You know that the buildings of the individual States and foreign nations trail off like a suburb at one end and that the Zone is a straight street also by itself. Gradually, among the thousands of embellishments, you notice perhaps the lovely statues of Borglum's "Pioneer," Fraser's "End of the Trail," Daniel Chester French's "Genius of Creation," the adventurous Bowman on the top of the Column of Progress, nor can you miss the nations of the West and East, nor the figures of the rising and the setting sun.

The murals of Brangwyn no chair boy will let you miss. Each one pushes you in front, backs off to give you the proper distance, and declares that they cost $5,000 "each *one*."

We were admiring their vital animation, for they pulsate fairly with energy and life as well as color, when suddenly, from the sublime to the ridiculous, E. M. remarks: "The men have just taken their shirts off."

Then Celia and I wondered, too, why every male figure was brown as a berry as high as a shirt sleeve would roll up and white as a person always sheltered from the air over all the rest of his body.

We also wondered about the four women who cling to the corners of gigantic boxes on top of the beautiful Fine Arts colonnade. Each of the boxes suggests the coffin of a very fat Mormon and his four wives who are weeping for him. There is *something* hidden up there that the clinging women are afraid to take their eyes away from; but what it can be we have no idea. All of which levity reminds me that in Paris I watched two tourists as they hurried eagerly down the long gallery toward the "Venus de Milo." Arrived at its base, one of them leaned over the guard rail, stared at the marble, and exclaimed:

"Why, Gussie, she's all pock-marked!"

What's What at the Fair

MY criticism of a work as notable as the Pan-American Exposition is probably much like the above.

Everyone has read about the Ford cars that run on a conveyor, beginning at one end as pieces of metal and running off at the other under their own power. That is undoubtedly the most interesting exhibit to the public in general. But to a woman the Sperry Flour exhibit is quite as ingenious and, if anything, more interesting. They have a whole row of little booth kitchens to show how all the nations of the world use flour.

A camper tosses flapjacks over a camp fire, a colored mammy bakes Johnny cake and corn pone, a Mexican makes anchillades and tamales, a Swede, a Russian, a Chinaman, a Hindoo, and four or five others each make their national wafers and cakes (and give samples away!). In the center, at a bigger oven, is baked homemade American bread and cake and pies of such deliciousness that everyone who passes by looks as longingly as the proverbial ragamuffin at a baker's window.

The others that I remember vividly were the manufacture of white lead paint by the Fuller Company. In the transportation building a section (full sized) of an Atlantic steamer, showing different classes by staterooms, a model United States post office, with bridges crossing above, so people could look down and see all the details of sorting and distributing.

One thing you notice: nearly all San Franciscans are personally, or through some member of their family, interested in the fair. Everyone gives dinners on the Zone. Either on the balcony of the Chinese restaurant (that has nothing Chinese about it except its Chinese ornamentation on the front of the building) or at the Old Faithful Inn of the Yellowstone.

We also lunched at the Inside Inn, a hotel in the grounds. The Fairmount, the Palace, and the St. Francis are naturally much more luxurious in every way, but for those who have come out here to see the exposition, nothing could be better than to stop on the spot

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THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

THOUSANDS of smokers of 25 Cent brands have tried MURADS, adopted MURADS, and remained loyal to MURADS

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More MURADS are sold than any other 15 Cent cigarette, any 20 Cent cigarette, or all 25 Cent cigarettes, in America.

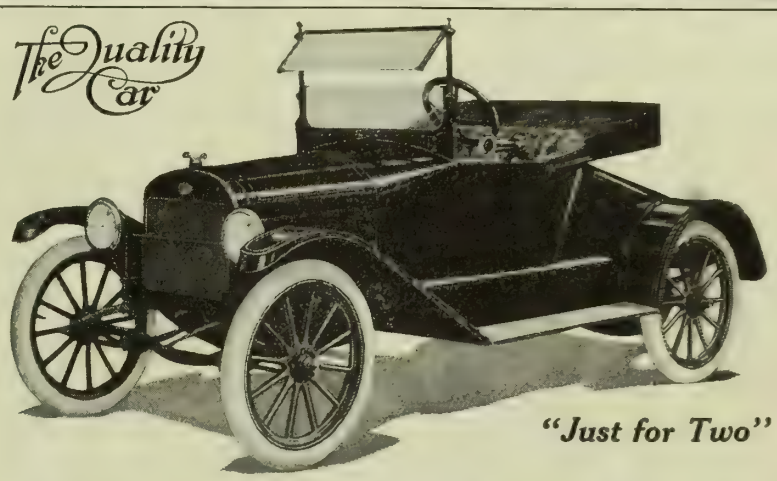


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FIFTEEN CENTS

The Quality Car



"Just for Two"

Metz "25" Roadster

1916 MODEL

$600 Completely Equipped, Including Electric Starter and Electric Lights

THIS new 1916 model of the Metz Roadster wins your admiration at a glance. It is delightfully pleasing and graceful in design, elegantly finished inside and out, and embodies all the leading features and up-to-date refinements which contribute so much to the pleasure and comfort of luxurious motoring.

Built on same chassis as the Metz Touring Car, with 108-inch wheel base, and identical equipment throughout, including electric starter and lights, rain vision built-in wind-shield, instant one-man top, 25 horse power motor, large wheels and tires, gasoline gauge, speedometer, signal horn, jack, tools, etc.

As a two-passenger pleasure car, this new 1916 model leaves nothing to be wished for; and there is nothing superior to it for the business or professional man who wants a thoroughly dependable, easily handled, stylish runabout. It is a wonderful hill climber, and for reliable road performance is unsurpassed.

NOTE.—Price of the Metz 1916 Touring Car, similarly equipped, is $600. For complete information regarding either of these models, write for new illustrated catalog "C."

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The Wellington

THE UNIVERSAL PIPE

Note the well in the bowl that keeps the tobacco dry. It's this true pipe principle that has made the Wellington the Universal Pipe among men. Get one. There's a shape for every face.

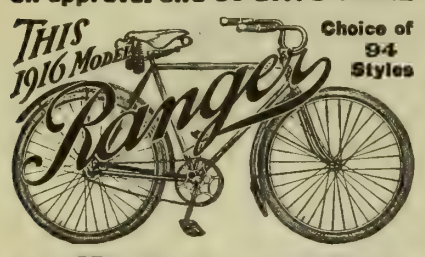


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The Mecca $300

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Fall building is starting. Let's get busy on your house *now*, while all conditions are favorable—lumber is lower now than it has been in years before. But first get the book. It is free to home builders. It has saved other people thousands of dollars—why not let it save *you* hundreds?

Write or wire for full information and big free building book.

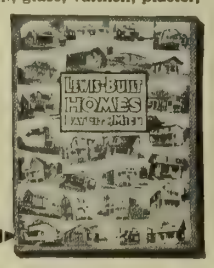
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and in a very nice hotel. It is the easiest exposition to get about in. Besides all the varieties of push chairs, bicycle, electric, and boy-walking chairs, the latter are the only ones allowed inside the buildings.

The illuminations at night are very soft and subdued. All the lanterns are turned dark side to the Concourse and light upon the buildings. Of course, not counting the Zone, which is a blaze of electric signs and gaudy pavilions. There are few new attractions, and fewer worth seeing outside of the Panama Canal, the Painted Desert, and Captain, the mind-reading horse; also a woman mind reader (who took turns with the horse) who was really remarkable. We went to hear her half a dozen times, but could make nothing of her system. Either it is genuine mind reading or she and her Asiatic partner have a code that is unlimitedly complicated in its apparent simplicity. She is blindfolded and her confederate repeats unvaryingly the same questions: "What is this lady thinking?" "What is the name?" "Come now, what is the number?" yet she answers numbers of six figures, long sentences on every subject under the sun. We tried her on every question that we could think of beforehand—she answered every one. Once the man merely pointed to a book in my hand, my earrings, my hair, a feather on a hat, and each time he said only "This?" She told what he was pointing at as fast as he could point.

A few months ago, in the midst of a daring flight, the wings of the famous Beachey's aeroplane crumpled and plunged into the sea. The aviator was strapped into his machine in such a way that (if he still lived) he could not free himself.

Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!

And the new king is Art Smith. At eleven o'clock at night the siren blows and thousands crowd about the open field to see him start. Up and up and up he goes until, at several hundred feet up, a torch suddenly burns at the back of the machine which sweeps the sky leaving a trail of fire like a comet's tail, then loops and double-loops and curves and twists and writes "ZONE" across the sky.

But really to see the feats of this aeronaut, who goes far beyond Beachey's daring, you must go to the Aviation Field on a day when he flies at five. You will see (if you are early enough to stand near the ropes of the enormous inclosure) a young boy apparently, very small but stockily built, walk casually out of the crowd standing back of the machine, wave good-by to a young girl (his wife), get on a sort of bicycle on the front of his biplane without any apparent strapping in except the handle of the steering wheel that he pulls close in front of him. Across the wide grass field he gradually rises, soars higher and higher, until at about a thousand feet or more he dips and swoops, then somersaults round and round and round in a whirling ball as the tumblers do in the circus; then drops nearly over your head and flies upside down; then rises higher, flying backward, sideways, falls, rises, dips—like a bird gone mad. At last he comes swooping down and alights at the end of the great green field.

They're Still Hill People

OF course you can't see the fair in a day or two days or three. And if you stay long in San Francisco you won't want to leave at all. Up and down and around the hills, you constantly see houses that you wish you could immediately go and live in. For in what other city can you sit on a hillside—only millionaires sit on hill*tops*—with a view of sea and mountains below and beyond you? Where else in the world, outside of a Maxfield Parrish picture, is there a city rising gayly on the top of sugar-loaf hills and filled with people whose attitude of mind exactly matches their hilltops?

In other cities people live in long, narrow cañons called streets, under a blanket of soot called greed, and they scurry around like ants carrying great loads ten times as big as they are up steep hills—only to tumble down with them again on the other side. The people of other cities are valley people, their perception bounded by the high walls of the skyscrapers they have themselves erected in the name of progress. The San Franciscans, though they, too, are building in the valley cañons of office buildings in which they work, are still hill people, and their horizon is rimmed by sea and sky.

I suppose the metamorphosis has come little by little all across our great wide spirit-awakening country; but I feel as though I had acquired from the great free West a more direct outlook, a simpler, less encumbered view of life. You can't live in contact with people anywhere without unconsciously absorbing a little of their habits, a tinge of their point of view, and in even a little time you find you have sloughed off the skin of Eastern hidebound dependence upon ease and luxury, and hitherto indispensable details dwindle to unimportance.

West Wind

(*Continued from page 11*)

struck," announced Henry. "They want 10 cents more an hour. The Green Committee's sitting in the case. But I'll carry your clubs. I didn't know, though, if you'd care to go round that way."

Amy looked at Henry and she looked at Ray. Suddenly she felt as she had not felt before the burning need of deciding between them that very instant. She felt tired and old and unutterably weary of the tension of the situation. But, womanlike, she temporized and shifted the responsibility. "Henry," she said very slowly, "I don't believe that I want to play around without a caddie. You know I'm always losing my ball. Suppose you and Ray play a round, and I'll go round with you. And suppose—suppose you—you two put up a bet on it (something really big, something you really *want*) just to make it more exciting—" She looked from one to the other, and nervously opened and shut her hands, hidden in the pockets of her sport coat.

Ray comprehended first. "I'm game for it," he declared boldly. "I think—I think it's a ripping good idea. And may the best man win."

Henry by this time sensed the stakes. He looked Amy square in the eyes. "I'm on," he announced. "And—as Ray so fittingly remarks—may the best man win."

They moved off without another word. Amy waited until they had got their clubs and then the three of them went out toward the cool greenness of the links. Ray teed up first.

"This is for one round only," he said, affirming rather than asking. The course was nine holes and he was wont to go off his game on the second round. Hence his desire for one round only.

"Just as you say," said Henry with apparent indifference. He usually was just getting warmed up with one round. But why contest the point?

Ray's drive was long and straight. Henry pulled his ever so little, but both were on the green in three. Ray made a neat and accurate putt, but Henry fell six inches short and it cost him five to drop into the cup.

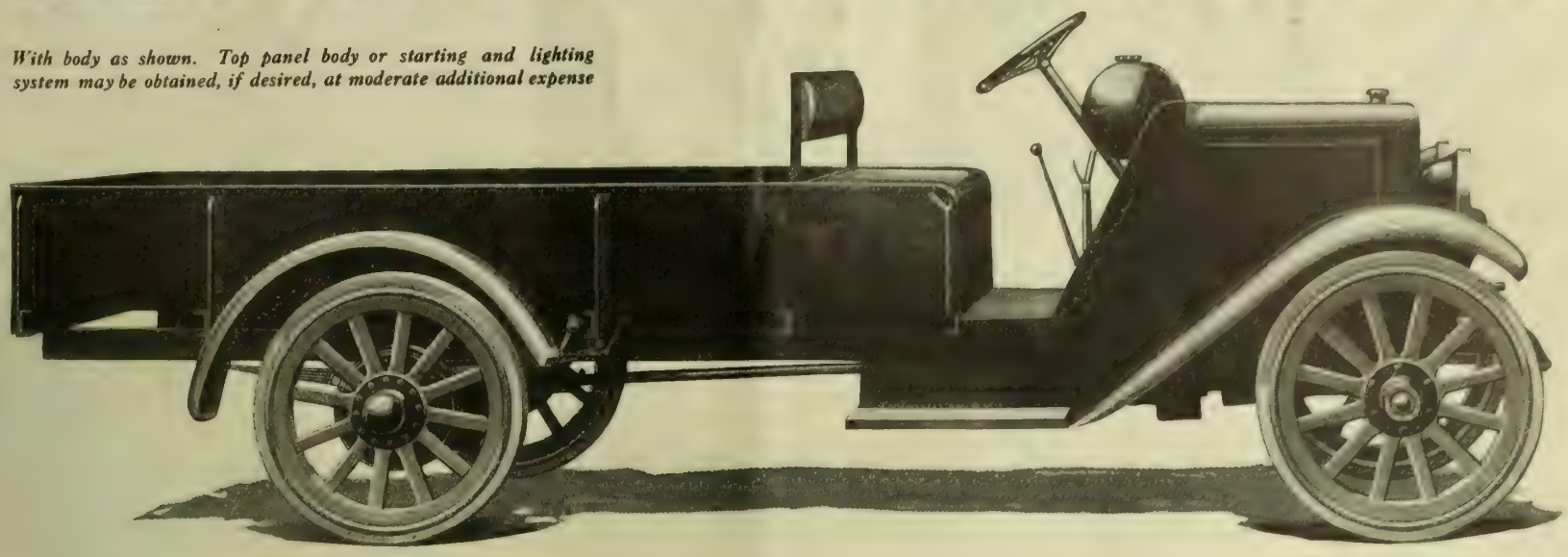
Ray drove, a beauty, landing only a short approach from the green. Henry followed ably, but his putting was again at fault. They halved the hole in six.

STILL no one spoke. Amy, watching the set faces of the two men, began to feel a little sick. The whole thing seemed so silly and yet was in such deadly earnest. She wondered frantically why she had been idiot enough to suggest any such thing. "Of all ridiculous situations," she scolded herself, "this is the most absurd I ever got myself in. It doesn't seem as though it can be real. Henry—Henry and Ray Lowrie playing golf with me for the stake. I'm a perfect fool, that's what I am. Oh-h-h!" The last was said aloud, for Ray drove from the third tee a perfect wonder of a drive, over the little silver pool in the valley of the links, over the clump of shrubbery that formed a dreadful hazard, well on the way to the third green. It was a long hole.

Henry sliced and fell short even of the pool—one of those piffling, uncertain drives that so exasperate the one who makes it. Henry said something very profane under his breath as he started off. And Ray was smiling. The smile, however, did not last, for he overapproached and took three to get on the green. Two putts were his portion also. They halved that hole as well as the

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With body as shown. Top panel body or starting and lighting system may be obtained, if desired, at moderate additional expense



$3000 In Rewards

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The course will cover one year from the date of entry and will consist of thirty-six lessons, issued at the rate of three a month. It will be divided into four quarterly periods. Students may enter at any time, and each one's work will receive individual attention.

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Only persons nominated by Denby owners are eligible. The training will be of exceptional value to every student.

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Denby merchandising and dealer co-operation on the entire Denby line are so thorough, so distinctive and so efficient that our representatives have been very successful.

We shall be glad to correspond with or see responsible dealers where there is now no local Denbyman.

Solving the Problem of "Making it Pay"

The development of ninety percent of the smaller business concerns of the country is sharply restricted by the limited field they are able to reach. To grow they must first widen their field of delivery—increase the size of the "neighborhood" they serve. Then they must be equipped to take advantage, in a sales sense, of the added possibilities for business.

To accomplish both these ends—to assure the owner that he can "make the truck pay"—we have inaugurated, in connection with the new light-delivery Denby, perhaps the most far-reaching plan that modern business conditions have produced—the

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This service—an outline of which is given in the adjoining column—is designed to train the student thoroughly in every branch of retail salesmanship and business-building.

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Denby trucks are produced by an organization of long experience, which has been identified with some of the few great successes of the industry.

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The internal-gear axle and Hotchkiss drive have been a feature of Denby trucks from the beginning. Modern engineering practice shows—and the lessons of the European war emphasize—that this is the ideal form of propulsion for trucks.

Many engineers of note will tell you that all other types will be superseded by it in the near future.

The unit power-plant, extra large springs, sturdy frame and cast tank radiator are other features which have helped, in little over a year, to place the Denby in the forefront of public appreciation.

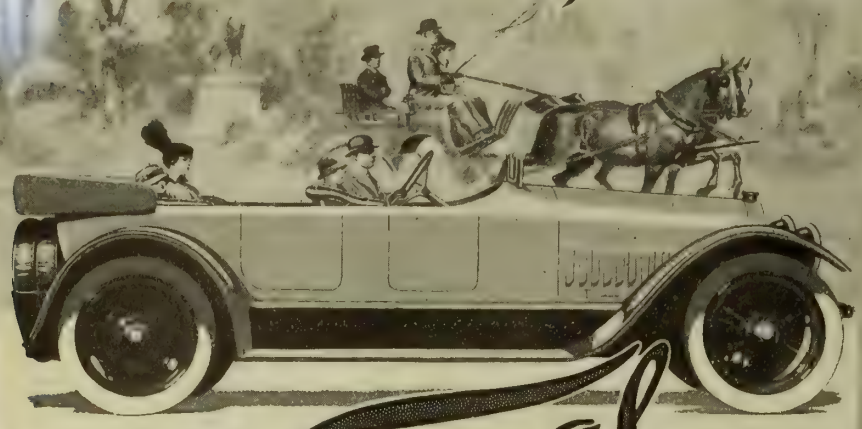
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National 12 HIGHWAY

WITH *National* "Highway" twelve cylinder car, you really drive a *team* of six cylinder motors. You then experience the exhilaration and pride formerly enjoyed by driving your spanking team of thoroughbreds.

The ease and smoothness with which this new "Highway Twelve" glides over the roads is beyond your conception until you have tried it. There is an abundance of power that swells or diminishes without shifting gears

Until you have held this wheel—felt the dominancy of its flexible power—until you have ridden with the serenity of sailing—until then you have not enjoyed the latest and maximum in motoring comfort and pleasure. Its performance eclipses its $1990 price.

National built the first American Sixes, and *National* Sixes of today are favorites among the owners of better grade cars. The Twelve is born of the Six, and the same factory, the same management, now offer "Highway" models in both six and twelve cylinder cars.

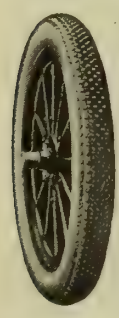
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Ask any *National* dealer or write direct for details of "Six" and "Twelve."

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Send for 1 lb. at our risk. Smoke ten pipefuls and if you like it send us the price, $1.50, within ten days—or return at our expense. Unless you send the money with order, please give bank or commercial reference.

Three blends—medium, mild and extra mild. Send 40c for ¼-lb. trial order without pipe; if not satisfactory money will be returned. Order today. Booklet on request.

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BASEBALL MAGAZINE

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Only magazine devoted to baseball—official organ of the Baseball Players' Fraternity—Fine pictorial section—the best *man's* magazine published.

Oct. issue tells ***"WHO WILL WIN THE PENNANTS".***
A Postal-card will bring you sample copy of *recent* issue.

The Baseball Magazine Company, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York

second. Both of them were getting warm, and both of them were getting nervous. Behind them trailed along Amy, warm and nervous and cold and nervous by turns, and with her sense of humor entirely out of working order.

Henry lost the fourth hole. They halved the fifth after some frightful putting by both.

On the sixth hole Henry rallied and made it in five to Ray's disgusted seven.

Ray's loss disconcerted him somewhat, and he drove wild. To be sure, Henry was not much better. They did some desperate iron work and halved the seventh, glaring at each other over it.

Henry gritted his teeth when he drove for the eighth. He gritted them to good purpose, too, for his drive was true. A short mashie, two accurate putts, and he was in. Ray was not so fortunate. His drive was mediocre, his approach fell short, and his putting was erratic. He lost the hole.

Amy's heart gave an excited bounce. She ran over the score mentally. Ray had won the first and fourth holes; Henry the sixth and eighth. They had halved the second, third, fifth, and seventh. Therefore the ninth hole would decide. As they teed up she summoned her self-possession and looked at them critically, gauging them and herself. They, on the other hand, did not look at her at all. They simply addressed themselves to the business in hand. But just before he drove Ray did turn and look at her—a very short and very searching glance (and she acknowledged it with a sudden, panicky thrill), a look of entire, satisfied possession. And that instant's glance decided her. She knew then that Henry had to win, that Henry *must* win, that if he did not win, that if he left her, she would be forever desolate. She knew that she hated Ray—that she had always hated and despised him.

HENRY drove first. He sliced. Amy speculated desperately that it meant two, perhaps three, to get on the green. She watched Ray drive with a horrible feeling of fatality. It was a better drive than Henry's, but he pulled slightly and his ball disappeared in the high grass near the hedge at the side of the hole (this was the boundary hedge of the links). Still, a niblick well played would land him on the green. With no very clear idea of what she was going to do, she followed Ray's ball.

"I'll help you find it," she said stupidly. He flung her a grateful but still conquering smile, and they walked over the smooth turf side by side. Henry was thirty feet away scuffling about with his iron.

"I think it went here," said Ray, and headed toward a place where the grass was thick and short. Amy stood still, but mechanically pushed the grass away before her. Before she realized it the ball was there under her foot. She looked up quickly. Ray was intent, his back toward her. She did not look at Henry. There was no need; Henry never saw anything anyway. She put her hand down and *picked up that ball and slid it into her pocket, all in one deft motion.* Then she went on brushing the grass about, ostensibly searching eagerly, carefully.

They beat over every inch of that grass for half a dozen yards. Henry came and helped. Ray got hotter and hotter and madder and madder and more desperate. Amy sought diligently.

At last Ray flung up his head. "I give it up. The ball's lost. It's your hole, Henry."

"And my round," suggested Henry mildly.

"Yes," exploded Ray.

Henry dropped his clubs and was at Amy's side in two bounds. He flung one mighty arm about her—the modest and scrupulous Henry who had never before ventured on such boldness! He was laughing.

"You didn't have your usual luck, Ray," he said, "but you'll have to abide by the result. Give him back his ball, Amy, you little cheat."

Amy obediently put her hand in her pocket and held out the ball to Ray, on the palm of her hand.

"You had it!" cried Ray, staring, unbelieving. He did not wear his conquering look now.

"Yes, she had it," said Henry. "Little West Wind breezed away with it, I fear."

Without another word Ray Lowrie turned and marched up the hill to the clubhouse. Henry watched him contentedly. "I guess that last touch would have satisfied even Miss Henrietta Bird," he said cheerfully. "What's the matter, Amy? You seem dazed." He tightened his arm about her. "Lord love you, honey. When I saw you pick up that ball and put it in your little coat pocket I could have turned three somersaults backward. And I wanted him to know that I knew—you don't begrudge me that bit of satisfaction, do you? You may as well give me a kiss," he went on, putting a finger under her chin and turning her face up to his, "for everyone on the club veranda is staring at us, and this'll save us the trouble of announcing our engagement."

A Doctor's Point of View

TRAUMA AND TUBERCULOSIS : By JOHN B. HUBER, M. D.

ONE of the manifold phases of tuberculosis is its relation to blows, hurts, and wounds; doctors call these latter traumata. In cases of tuberculosis, as in most other infections, there are two elements: the weakened bodily condition and the specific, essential germ. Predispositions—as starvation or exposure—are weakening factors that render the body a congenial soil for the germ to thrive in. As to the tubercle bacillus, probably none of us has ever been able to keep entirely clear of it; and the reason we do not all die of the disease lies in the virile constitutions of those who escape, whose bodies are infertile soil for the tubercle bacillus, which can multiply and spread its noisome influence only in vitiated, degenerated, debased tissues.

The fact is, most people have at one time or another had at least a touch of tuberculosis—to die, nevertheless, of some other malady. *Jeder Mensch hat am ende ein bischen Tuberculose* is a statement amply made good by autopsies, in which from 70 to 90 per cent of the bodies examined, of people who have succumbed to all sorts of diseases, besides those dying of old age, have shown traces at least of either healed or latent tuberculosis.

Now, Sir Thomas Oliver, the great English physician who edited that great book, to be found in most libraries, on "Dangerous Trades," has studied how traumata, incurred especially in occupational accidents, predispose to tuberculosis. Here is about the way of it: There is in most bodies a tuberculous focus which ordinarily lies latent and harmless. When a hurt is received the germs are carried from that focus by way of lymph or blood channels to the site of the injury. Resistance in the injured tissues has been lowered by the hurt, the tubercle bacillus gets a firm implantation in it, and local tuberculosis is set up. Such an inflammation frequently extends until it becomes generalized in the body, reaching in time the lungs.

Here are a few instances among all too many: A young girl, to all appearances perfectly healthy, was, while crossing a street, knocked down by a cab. Her chest was injured, but no bones were broken. An hour after the accident she spat blood; five months later she died of consumption. Again: A man who had never lost time through illness fell only six feet from a scaffolding, injuring his right hip and chest against a brick wall. He thought little of this until nine days after, when he spat blood. Six weeks after the accident he developed pleurisy and a few months after that consumption. Claiming in court that the lung disease resulted from the accident, he got full compensation from his employer, but he lived only two months after the verdict in his favor. A like fatal issue came upon a miner who, while emptying a freight car, fell over its side, bruising his chest. Again, a workingman previously believed to have been healthy strained himself lifting a heavy iron plate. He suffered severe and acute pain in the back. Next day he spat blood; and the bleeding recurred several times during the next four days. He returned to his employment and followed it some months; however, within a year of the strain, he died of consumption.



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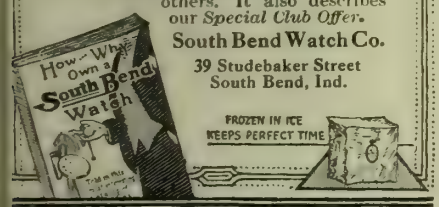
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Forty Years Hence

(*Continued from page 6*)

"From then on I could not move. I remained rooted on the sidewalk, my eyes hideously held by that name. At intervals the list would be taken off, then would reappear, changed. For a long time the name which was my fear remained untouched. Then they began to get at it too. Already it had been changed from A. D. Willard to A. T. Willard. Then it became A. T. Willar. Then A. T. Millar. It remained thus a long time, then finally blazed before my eyes, Mrs. A. T. Millar and child—and I was done."

AT this point the old man would sit on the grass, nursing his knee, and when after a moment he turned his eyes upward to the visitor they were blue and untroubled and held just a trace of childish eagerness.

"It's then," he would say, "that I got my idea and bought my little knife. No one would have known I had such an idea, I was so quiet. I waited patiently till the war was over and they had caught the Emperor; then I went to see *them*. I said: 'Please, now, give him to me!'

"They put me here to wait while it's being arranged. You see, it seems there has to be treaties. But they will let me do it soon. The knife is very sharp.

"They will take him from the island where they keep him, they will bring him to me; they will tie him to a stick, and then"—his voice became altogether small now—"and then, and then, and then I will cut him up all to little pieces, thus!"

He raised his knife, holding it delicately between thumb and forefinger, and sliced the air before him in long, slender strips.

"You see, I know how to do it. Very well. For I was a surgeon when young; I was a surgeon during the Great War."

Going out of the asylum, the visitor was apt to stop at the gate and to question its white-haired guard. "Why is it," the visitor would ask, "that you people have not told the old man? The old man with the knife and stone. Why is it you have not told him that the Emperor is dead, that he died thirty years ago on his desert isle?"

And the white-haired guard would always answer: "God bless you, we never tell him. We would never think of telling him. He's too happy, the dear, in his expectations!"

Safety First

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

I CANNOT endorse too strongly the splendid movement now carried on by our railways and traction companies for safeguarding in every possible way the life of the traveling public. I shudder to think what would happen if the traveling public was killed. Whenever I read over the instructions and rules of conduct now printed by our best railways for the promotion of safety I glow with pleasure. My only complaint is that there are not enough of them. I venture to propose a few additional ones as follows:

1. In alighting from a train do not attempt to throw yourself out of the window. It is a silly thing to do.

2. Do not alight, in fact do not even descend, until the train, or at least a considerable part of it, has stopped.

3. Do not try to stop a train by seizing it by the cowcatcher. It is mere madness.

4. Never lie down across the rails in front of an incoming train.

5. Never attempt to jump from the roof of a train to the roof of the depot.

6. Remember the danger of crossing a level crossing with a horse and buggy. Do not do it. Get the buggy over first, safely and quietly; then the horse—or mule as the case may be—last of all yourself.

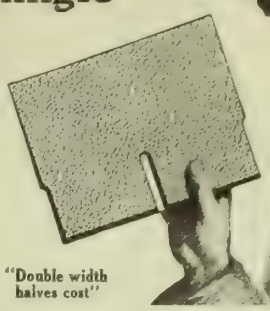
7. In a railway depot do not stick your head through the ticket wicket at the moment when the clerk is about to slam it down.

8. Do not heap dangerously heavy luggage in the rack over your head. Put it over somebody else.

9. There are a lot of other things too.



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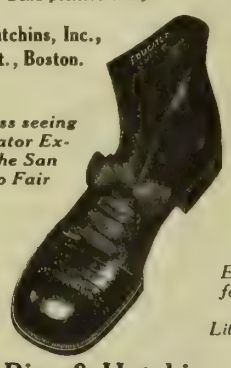
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Coaching College Athletes With Moving Pictures

BY SAMUEL CROWTHER

THE late Mike Murphy, the most famous of all athletic coaches, was the first man to realize that photographs of athletes in action were real aids in his work. Percy Haughton, the Harvard football coach, has gone Murphy one better in making use of the motion pictures to find out what his teams are really doing. Now the motion camera is a part of the athletic equipment at Cambridge, and it is expected that many hitherto unexplainable weaknesses may be found and corrected by a study of the films. It has also been found that the presence of the camera acts as a stimulus to the men on the field—in a way they feel that they are on dress parade; it may be possible to avoid the eye of the coach, but the lens is relentlessly sure.

Murphy had a way of "feeling" that a man might do better work; sometimes, after a careful study, he was at a loss for a recommendation—there was something that the man was doing which the eye could not detect.

In such case he brought in his camera and usually managed to find the trouble on the plate.

Many of the motions of an individual athlete are too fast for the eye. When it is realized that one-tenth of a second means about one yard in a hundred-yard dash, the importance of little things will be realized. The single faulty motion of the hurdler taking the bars makes all of the difference between the fast man and the slow one. There have been men that could not really run fast in a flat race who were very speedy over the hurdles simply because they wasted no motion or effort in leaping across the obstructions.

The task of watching eleven athletes in action in a football game is quite impossible for the human eye. It is equally important to have a man start fast in football as it is in sprinting—getting the "jump" on the other man is the difference between a gain and a loss. Coach Haughton is a theoretical as well as a practical coach, and he knew that, being only an active human being, he could not see everything that happened.

Therefore he took photographs of plays that were not going off quite right—that seemed to be perfect, but which failed in execution.

The difficulty that confronted him was human again; although the camera was fast enough, it had to have an operator, and no photographer could possibly tell the exact second when the bulb ought to be pressed. And, even if he did know the second, it was not possible to coordinate eye and hand. The movie camera offered the solution. With a film the whole play might be taken and then the defect discovered by a study of the various pictures.

The Movies at Harvard

A VERY considerable portion of the success of the Harvard elevens has been due to their machinelike play, and this mechanical perfection is due largely to the films, which demonstrate the faults. It was found that certain men shifted their poise just as the ball was being snapped, and thus lost their chance to start; that others relaxed their tension for just the fraction of a second before the play was on, and thus were late. Individual peculiarities of the hands—a thousand and one little things that even the keenest eye could not find—appeared on the screen when the negatives were studied one by one. The best part of the whole scheme, however, was the ability of the coach graphically to demonstrate the faults—for a great number of them were entirely unknown to the men themselves. The old adage that hitters are born and not made will receive a jolt if the camera plans work out. The men can see just why they did not hit the ball or why they always tipped or knocked fouls. Of course a "batting eye" will be as necessary as ever; there are, however, plenty of men who can see the ball, but who, because of some peculiarity, seldom hit fairly.

It is in track sports, however, that the greatest good is expected from the film—track performances are a matter of little things done perfectly. The day of great changes has passed; in the last fifteen years the style of athletes has been about universal, and there seems no chance that a man may come along with revolutionary changes, such as the "crouching" start in the sprints or the substitution of the stride for the jump over the hurdles or the approach in the high jump. In many events the limit of human endeavor is near at hand, and the lowering of records will depend upon the conservation of effort toward the end desired. Nearly every big event is now taken with the motion camera and is eagerly studied by coach and athlete to learn if the winner had any new or improved way.

Jumping à la Film

THE remarkable series of photographs of Alma Richards of Cornell making his record high jump of 6 feet 5 inches at the relay races of the University of Pennsylvania on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, on April 21 of the present year, illustrate the extraordinary feat of jumping over a bar much higher than the jumper's head. It used to be that the jumper approached the bar from an angle and tried to "sidle" over. That style is no more, and jumping is a question of style, strength, and "sand." Richards is shown approaching the bar at full speed; then he gives a mighty leap straight into the air, but as he rises he turns until the body is almost horizontal.

The secret of his jumping is to be found in the way that he manages to turn without weakening the force of the ascent.

The hurdle is another "style" event, as contrasted with the more natural performances. Kelly of the University of Southern California is the fastest man in the world over the 220-yard hurdles. He is the holder of the world's record and is the present Olympic champion. He has managed to solve the question of lost motion and is in the air scarcely more when taking a hurdle than when on the flat. His stride is so timed that the hurdle is taken without a change of pace or perceptible effort.

All our theories of athletic activity are likely to be revamped as a result of the film studies. The eye cannot be trusted to tell what it sees, for it is easily confused by rapid motion. The leading trainers all believe that considerable progress in every branch of athletic activity will come about as a result of the opportunity to make a laboratory study of the human body in motion.

To go back to the sprinting events where the film records are more complete—since it is an expensive and difficult matter to take the whole of a long race—it has been found that many men who are exceedingly fast for sixty or seventy yards start to "climb stairs" about that point in an effort to increase their speed to the approaching tape. "Climbing stairs" is an up-and-down motion of the legs without the necessary push forward; it is sometimes due to fatigue and sometimes to overeffort, and it is quite involuntary. A dash is over so quickly that a coach cannot always tell where the trouble starts or its exact cause; but here the film comes to the rescue with the views of the slight changes in stride which cut the speed.

And the Next Olympics

IT is the intention carefully to coach all of the members of the next Olympic teams by means of the movie camera in order that their natural abilities may be brought to the highest possible point. The physical directors at the universities are poring over little films with microscopes or throwing the pictures upon the screen in an effort to master the technique of sport. One great result of the study will be the spreading of exact athletic knowledge over the entire country. Until now only a "still" photograph or an explanation could be given of the best style in any particular sport or the best plays in football, but hereafter it will be possible to give the graphic demonstration which means so much more than words. This will permit the student in the remote college to know just what he must do to rival his fellows with greater advantages, and it is sure to result in a vast average increase of skill.



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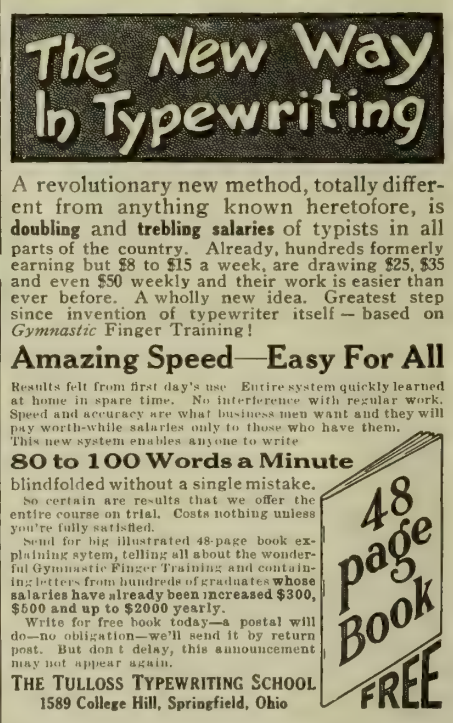
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Your Money

Mixing Investment and Speculation

BY ALBERT W. ATWOOD

I ONCE heard a man say that he would like to buy two shares each of four different stocks, and added that he wanted "reasonably safe stocks that would enhance in value rather than absolute safety with no prospect of a rise in value."

There are probably a great many people just like him; sensible people too. They don't want to gamble and yet they are looking for something just a little more exciting than a sure 5 per cent on their money.

It is said that two such different ways of using one's money as investment and speculation never mix. Well, it is pretty hard to get an unusual degree of both all wrapped up in the same package. But if a man is satisfied with a bit of speculation he can get a lot of solid investment worth in the same stock.

It is all a question of not wanting the earth.

When there is a boom on in any particular group of stocks people nearly always neglect others. Popularity comes high. The spotlight is expensive. So when war-order lightning strikes any particular group of manufacturing-company shares, close relatives even fail to receive much attention. War orders have sent dozens of "industrial" common shares skyrocketing, but in a number of cases the preferred stocks of the same companies have hardly been affected.

Now, it takes only a little knowledge of finance to realize that in most instances preferred stocks are limited as to dividends, whereas common stocks may pay as big dividends as the directors choose. This is the way most of our corporations are organized, the idea being that investors will be satisfied with, say, 7 per cent on the preferred because of the superior degree of safety over the common.

Why Prefer Preferred?

THE record of what are commonly known as industrial preferred stocks is a good one. Many of them have even paid dividends through thick and thin.

It has generally been more or less difficult for manufacturing companies to issue bonds, and as time has gone on their preferred stocks have taken on more and more the character of bonds. In fact the big concerns floated in the last few years have mostly made provisions for the annual retirement of part of their preferred shares, just as if they were dealing with bonds.

Usually it has been provided that the stock should be retired either in whole or in part at a price well above not only the original flotation figure, but also the probable market price for some years to come.

Such a war stock as Bethlehem Steel moved skyward in a spectacular and sensational manner for a considerable length of time without any very astonishing advance in the preferred, although the common has at no time paid dividends and comes after the preferred, which pays 7 per cent. Du Pont Powder common has gone up sensationally since the war started, and while in this case large dividends are paid they are not as yet enormous.

But of course there is no limit to the dividends which the directors *may* pay, whereas the preferred issue, considered a sound investment before the war was ever thought of, is limited to 5 per cent, and has risen but little since the hectic fever of war orders struck the company.

I mention Bethlehem Steel and Du Pont Powder preferred, not as examples of suggested investments with speculative possibilities at this time so much as good stocks to have bought a year ago. Both have risen considerably, Bethlehem somewhat higher than Du Pont, and both were and are perfectly safe.

There are other companies perhaps not so directly affected by war orders whose preferred shares still are desirable "buys"—at least they are as this article is written, although they may not have any remarkable advance.

Issues That Must Improve

THERE is General Motors. The common stock has reached 240½, although it is not paying dividends. In 1914 the company earned some 30 per cent or 40 per cent on its common stock and has rapidly been paying off an issue of notes which come ahead of the preferred.

Perhaps the common is not worth 240½, but when a common stock sells at that price without paying dividends it takes no genius or wizard of finance to perceive that a "melon" is in store for its holders. Surely the 7 per cent preferred stock, which comes ahead of the common, presents possibilities at its present price of 110⅛. Then there is Goodrich preferred, another regular 7 per center, selling at a little under the same price, 106, and while the common stock is not yet paying dividends it probably will within a year, and there is no question about the company making big profits. Studebaker and Willys-Overland are two more of the same character.

I don't want to pose as a prophet, but I think it is well within reason and moderation to expect all of these preferred stocks to sell at least five and some day ten points higher than they are at the present time, and continue to pay their dividends.

Of course there are others. This article only scratches the surface. The danger on this subject is to find a stopping point.

Efficiency for Defense

(*Continued from page 8*)

descended from second place among the navies of the nations to third place, and that the program adopted by Congress against all recommendations coming from any creditable source, will reduce our navy to fourth place.

Unfortunately, it must be added that the rank we hold, on paper statistics, must be further reduced by our lack of men and officers to man our ships, and the lack of munitions with which to make active our full fighting strength. We are a bad fifth in number of officers. We will soon need about 80,000 men for our fleets; we have not many more than 50,000. We have no naval reserve.

We have ten active dreadnoughts; we need nearly double the number *in activity.*

We have no battle cruiser; we need a small fleet of them.

We have forty destroyers; we need over a hundred.

We need thirty scout ships.

We have a baker's dozen of aeroplanes, some of which no wise aviator wishes to take aloft. Germany has a thousand and a half of them. We need over two hundred.

Seven out of twelve of our lame submarines broke down in last summer's war game.

Shortly before this *F-4* was lost with her entire crew.

We have one lone torpedo for each projector in the navy. We have two mine layers. We need seven at least. Germany had 20,000 mines when she entered war; a little while ago we had 336.

Finally, it must be emphasized again that the navy is our only coast defense and that a navy which can *almost* defeat any possible foe is a navy which it is a delusion and a heartless absurdity to maintain.

Your investigator is forced to the conclusion that efficiency in natural defense requires that the navy be considered as a 75 per cent factor in our problem; that, unless it meets the requirement of being unbeatable in defense, then our military defense at once becomes a 100 per cent factor.

We have no military defense.

We have men we could lose in an attempted defense—in a piece of inhuman folly.

But we have no military defense.



THIS GUARANTEE SAYS:

"Guaranteed to shoot any standard smokeless powder and never shoot loose. The coil, top lever, spring and main spring are guaranteed against breakage *for all time.*"

This quotes only part of the guarantee attached to the trigger guard of every FOX Gun, and constitutes the unequalled life-long agreement under which every FOX is sold.

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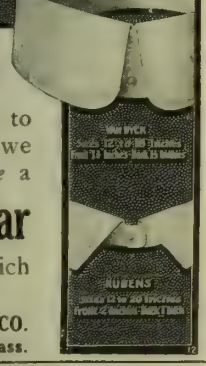
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We have an army of ninety odd thousand; only about one half are in the United States. Of this half, a third are required for harbor fortifications. Twenty-five or thirty thousand are left. Major General Leonard Wood says it would take a month to bring them together from their scattered posts.

We have an army reserve—less than twenty men.

We have State militia. It cannot be called out by Federal authority. On paper, it is a force of about 125,000 men. Military experts place its practical strength at about one-half that number. In 1913 more than half of our militia were unable to qualify even as third-class marksmen. About a third take no rifle practice. Twenty-five per cent of our militia are lacking the proper facilities for drill or target practice.

Even if the entire 60,000 available men of the militia were to volunteer for national service, it would require two months to put them in the field.

At the end of eight or ten weeks, if all went well, we might be able to bring together 90,000 men, more or less trained beforehand for service.

Where Are Those Guns?

AS a military problem, it is conceivable that during that time, our navy having been smashed, between 100,000 and 200,000 invaders would have been landed and equipped to crush the defensive force brought against them.

But these facts have not opened half the truth.

The *important* truth about our military preparedness concerns our equipment.

Battles and campaigns are now won principally by two factors—range and power of heavy mobile artillery, and rapidity of fire of devices which can be used to *spray* opponents. The side with the artillery can hold a position or with shrapnel and breaching projectiles can drive an enemy backward with great losses. The smaller arms—the rifles—are being supplanted in warfare by the *one-man* machine gun. Germany entered the war with 50,000 machine guns. The machine gun, once considered a *defensive* weapon, has evolved into an offensive weapon of terrible destructive power. An army provided with rifles only, and pitted against an effective enemy with long range, rapid-fire artillery, would never approach near enough to use their shoulder arms.

A hundred men with machine guns can fire 50,000 shots a minute; the magazine rifles would require 2,000 men to accomplish the same density of projectiles.

The 1914 appropriations for field artillery and ammunition were record appropriations. Suppose we continue at the same rate; over seven years will be necessary to provide an adequate defense equipment.

General Wood says that for an army of 150,000 going into service to-morrow a year would be required to supply the field artillery and ammunition necessary to combat, without suffering a crushing defeat, an enemy army provided with its quota of guns. Without this prime necessity of modern warfare our infantry, armed with rifles, might as well be provided with olive forks.

And Where's the Ammunition?

THE War Department has estimated that 500,000 trained men at the commencement of the war, followed at once by 300,000 more and later by 1,000,000 volunteers, would be required to defend against a first-class power. But no adequate ammunition would be available for even one-tenth that number. For the first year of war—and a year would probably see the ending of it—we could, from all sources, obtain an average of between 1,500 and 2,000 rounds of artillery ammunition a day. Eight, ten, or twelve guns in a day of ord nary battle would more than eat up this supply. General Wood points out that at the Battle of Mukden, lasting nine days, an average of over 25,000 rounds a day was fired by artillery; this average would consume in one day all the ammunition we could produce in fifteen days. Fighting with shoulder arms begins when fighting with artillery has brought about an opportunity. Without the shrapnel, the howitzers, and the rapid-fire field guns there is nothing but sentimental sacrifice of brave men, useless slaughter and a waste of everybody's time and energy.

No business man would come to the conclusion, that, if our army were to be

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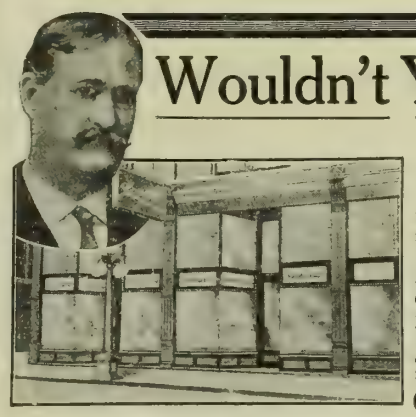
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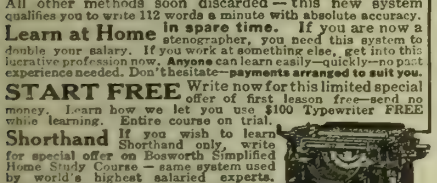
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our defense, it would be wise to send it into the action which a first-class power could bring against it. Any business man would recognize this as wholesale murder of our soldiers.

V. *Two Businesslike Policies.*

There is only one decision for the people of the United States to make. They can decide to disarm, or they can decide to prepare to *win*. Any halfway measure must appeal to any business man as inviting a foolish waste of money and unforgivable prodigality of the lives of those who attempt to be the country's defenders. Those who do not wish to see insult, invasion, and conquest invited, and yet who preach a doctrine of peace, may not like this advice. But there it is—any elevator boy can understand it. *And it will be present as long as it is a lie that it takes two to make war, and as long as it is a self-evident truth that it does take two to make peace.*

If it is decided by the people of the United States that they are to be prepared to *win*, if attacked, then, from the point of view of business efficiency, there are open three courses of action.

(A) To continue with the present organization, including Congress, which provides our defenses—and improve it.

(B) To modify that organization.

(C) To upset that organization, and provide another.

The first plan holds out nothing attractive to efficiency. Historically, it has been a dismal failure. Briefly described, it creates an eternal deadlock between efficiency and knowledge of the army and navy, and the bluster, elocution, ignorance and cheap political expediency of Congress. Responsibility is divided. It has produced wicked waste of money. It has produced no adequate defense. Only an avalanche of public opinion will force out of the present organization any efficiency, and to maintain this efficiency public opinion must go on year after year in a state of avalanche. This is impossible. No successful business man would tolerate in his enterprise for a moment the organization which provides us with our national security.

The second plan by which the present organization would be modified is based upon a diminishing of the power of Congress and an increase in the power of the President, and of the War and Navy Departments in the matter of appropriations—their amount and their disposition. The advantage of the centralized responsibility is clear.

The third plan is based upon the assumption that, acting upon the principles of efficiency, in developed American business, the people of the United States, taking the bull by the horns, will hew through precedents and overcome constitutional limitations, and create a *business of national security* of their own.

If this were done, efficiency principles would probably include in the recommendations made the following:

And Now Down to Business!

AN amalgamation of the Navy and War Department, because the policy of expenditure and the program of the one determines largely the necessities and the appropriations of the other.

Centralization of authority in a Secretary of National Security, appointed by the President, but only removable by a national recall at any presidential election.

Appointment by the Secretary of National Security of four advisory citizen boards (credit to Secretary Daniels acknowledged), including Finance, Invention, Manufacture and Purchase, and Sanitation.

Elimination from this department of all river and harbor matters except such as are actually concerned with military or naval necessity.

No increase in the regular army, but a national reserve, trained by moderate compulsory service, beginning in youth, modeled upon the system of the Swiss, and bringing with the advantages of an adequate defensive force vast benefits to the bodily health, to the spirit of democracy, to the social consciousness and to the character of restraint of our people.

The Black Eagle Mystery

(*Continued from page 13*)

doing that—and answered careless, fingering at the plugs:

"Miss McCalmont's been transferred."

"You don't say," says he, leaning easy against the doorpost. "Since when is that?"

"Since I came," I answered.

He wasn't fazed a little bit, but making himself comfortable against the doorpost, said:

"Going to stay on here?"

"The Central'll give you all the information you want," I answered, and wheeling round in my chair looked at the clock. "Ten minutes past six. How slow the time goes when you're dull."

He burst out laughing and he *did* have a jolly, infectious kind of laugh.

"Say," he said, "you're a live one, aren't you?"

"I wouldn't be long if I had to listen to all the guys that ain't got anything better to do than block up doorways and try to be fresh."

He laughed louder and lolled up against the woodwork.

"I like you fine," said he. "Are you a permanency or just a fleeting vision?"

"Talking of fleeting visions, ain't it about your dinner hour?"

"What do they call you, little one?"

It was all I could do to keep from laughing, but I crumpled up my forehead into a scowl and looked cross at him.

"What my name is you'll never know, and what yours is you needn't tell me, for I've guessed. I've met members of your tribe before—it's large and prominent—the ancient and honorable order of jackasses."

He made me a low bow.

"So flattered at this speedy recognition," he says, airy and smiling, "you may know the tribe, but not the individual. Permit me to introduce myself—Anthony Ford."

I gave a start and turned it into a stretch. So *this* was the wonderful Tony Ford—a slick customer all right.

"That don't convey anything to my mind," I answered. "A rose by any other name still has its thorns."

"For more data—I'm the managing clerk of the Azalea Woods Estates—see twenty-third floor, first door to your left."

"Ain't I heard you were closed up there?"

"We are. This may the last time you'll ever see me, so look well at me—Er—what did you say your name was?"

"One of the unemployed!" I said, falling back in my chair and rolling my eyes up at the ceiling. "Hangs round my switchboard and hasn't the price of a dinner in his jeans."

"I was too hasty," said he; "this isn't your first job."

"If your place is shut, what are you doing here—not at this present moment—the actions of fools are an old story to me—but in the building?"

"Closing up the business. Did you think I was nosing round for an unlocked door or an open safe? Does this fresh, innocent countenance look like the mug of a burglar?" He grinned and, thrusting a hand into his pocket, rattled the loose silver there. "Hear that? Has a sound like a dinner, hasn't it?"

That made me mad—the vain fool thinking he could flirt with me as he had with Iola. I slanted a side look at him, and his broad, shining face, with the eyes that didn't match it, gave me a feeling like I longed to slap it good and hard. Gee, I'd have loved to feel my hand come *whang* up against one of those fat cheeks! But it's the curse of being a perfect lady that you can't hit when you feel like it—except with your tongue.

"I ain't known many burglars," I answered, "but now that I look at you it *does* come over me that you've a family resemblance to those few I've met. Seeing which I'll decline the honor of your invitation. Safety first."

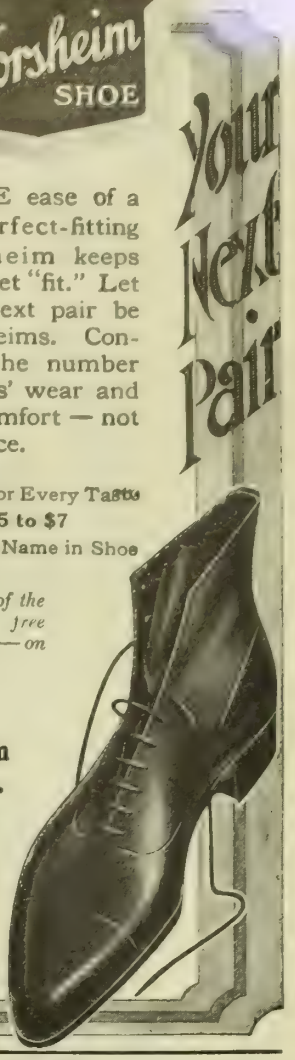
THAT riled him. He flushed up and a surly look passed over his face, making it ugly. Then he shrugged up his shoulders and leaned off the doorpost, giving a hitch to the front of his coat.

"I generally like a dash of tabasco in mine," says he, "but when it comes to the whole bottle spilled in the dish, it's too hot. Just make a note of that—against our next meeting. I don't like being disappointed twice. Good evening."

And off he went, swaggering down the hall.

On the way home I wondered what Soapy'd say when I told him; but when he came in Tony Ford went straight out

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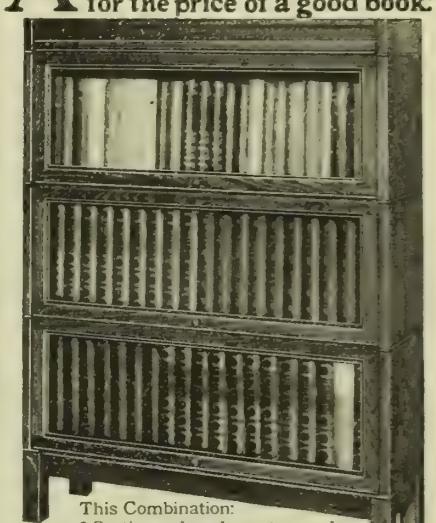
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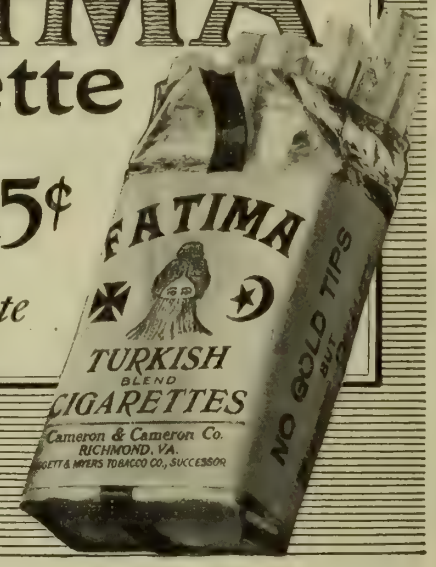
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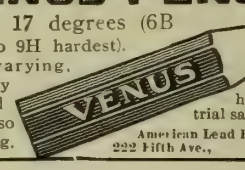


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of my head, for at last there was exciting news—Barker had been located in Philadelphia.

Two people had seen him there, one a man who knew him well and saw him the night before in a taxi; the other an Italian who kept a news stand. That same evening, between eight and nine, Barker had stopped at the stand and bought several New York papers. The Italian, who was quick-witted, recognized him from his pictures in the papers and reported to the police.

"He's evidently only going out after dark," said Babbitts. "But a man can't hide for long whose picture's spread broadcast over the country."

"And who's got a face like the American Eagle after it's grown a white mustache," I answered.

That was Thursday night. Friday morning I toddled down to my job, feeling there wasn't much in it, and that when I came home I'd hear Barker was landed and it would be domestic life again for little Molly.

THE day went by quiet and uneventful as the others had been. I read a novel and sewed at a tray cloth, and now and then jacked in for a call. It was getting on toward evening, and I was thinking about home and dinner when—*bang*—came two calls, one right after the other, that made me feel I was earning my money.

The first was at a quarter to five. Our Central came sharp and clear.

"Hello, Gramercy 3503—long distance—Philadelphia's calling you."

Philadelphia! Can you see me stiffening up, with my hand ready to raise the cam?

"All right—Gramercy 3503."

I could hear the girls in our Central, the hum and broken sounds—how well I knew it!—and a distant voice, brisk and businesslike: "Hello, Philadelphia waiting," then a pause and presently the whispering jar of the wires: "Here's your party. Gramercy 3503; all right for Philadelphia."

Running over those miles and miles, the voice, a man's, came clear as a bell:

"I want to speak to the Azalea Woods Estates."

I made the connection, softly lifted the cam, and listened in:

"Is this the office of the Azalea Woods Estates?"

A woman's voice answered, as close as if she was in the next room:

"Yes—who is it?"

"Is Mr. Anthony Ford there?"

"No, Mr. Ford has left my employment. I am Miss Whitehall; my business is closed."

There was a pause. My heart, which had hit up a lively gait, began to ease down. Only Tony Ford—Pshaw!

"Are you there?" said the woman.

"Yes," came the answer. "Could you give me his address?"

"Certainly. Hold the wire for a moment."

After a wait of a minute or two she was back with the address, which she gave him. He repeated it carefully, thanked her, and hung up.

Talk of false alarms! I was so disappointed, thinking I'd got something for Mr. Whitney, that I sat crumpled up in my chair sulking—and right in the middle of my sulks came the second call.

It was Long Distance again—Toronto.

"I wonder what Toronto wants with her?" I thought as I jacked in, and then, leaning my elbow on the desk, listened, not much interested. Three sentences hadn't passed before I was as still as a graven image, all my life gone into my ears.

"Is that you, Carol?" I could just hear it, a fine little thread of sound, as if it came from a ghost in the other world.

"Yes—who's speaking?"

"It's I—J. W. B."

Barker's initials! My heart gave a leap and then began to foxtrot. If I had any doubts her answer put an end to them. I could hear the gasp in her breath, the fright in her voice.

"You? What are you doing this for?"

"There's no danger. I'm careful. Did you get my letter?"

"Yes, this morning."

"Will you come?"

"Are you sure it's all right? Have you seen the papers here?"

"All of them. Don't be afraid. I'm taking no risks. Are you coming?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"I can leave to-night. There's a train at eight."

"Good. I'll meet you and explain everything. Do as I said in the letter. I'll be there."

"Very well—I understand. Please ring off. Good-by."

For a moment I sat thinking. She was going to Toronto to meet Barker by a train that left at eight, and it was now half past five. There was no use trying to trace the call—I knew enough for that, so I got Mr. Whitney's office and told him, careful, without names! He was awful pleased, handed me out some compliments that gave me the courage to ask for something I was crazy to get—the scoop for Babbitts. It would be a big story—Barker landed through the girl he was in love with. I knew they'd follow her, and could Babbitts go along? I don't have to tell you that he agreed, making only one condition—if they were unsuccessful, *silence*. O'Malley, who was up from Philadelphia, would go—Babbitts could join him at the Grand Central Station. I had to go down to the station with him, for neither he nor O'Malley knew her. I was desperately afraid she wouldn't come—get cold feet the way women do when they're eloping—but at a quarter of eight she showed up. She didn't look a bit nervous or rattled, and went about getting her ticket as quiet as if she was going for a week end to Long Island. O'Malley—he was a fat, red-faced man, looking more like a commercial traveler than a sleuth—was right behind her as she bought it. Then as she walked to the track entrance with her suit case in her hand, I saw them follow her, lounging along sort of neighborly and casual, till the three of them disappeared under the arch.

IT was late before I went to sleep that night. I came awake suddenly with that queer sensation you sometimes have that you're not alone.

And I wasn't. There sitting on a chair by the bedside, all hunched up in his overcoat, with his suit case at his feet, was Himself, looking as cross as a bear.

I sat up with a yelp as if he'd been a burglar.

"*You* here?" I cried.

He looked at me, glum as an owl, and nodded:

"Yes, it's I all right."

"Why—why—what's happened?"

"Nothing."

"You haven't been to Toronto and back in this time?"

"I've been to Rochester and back," he snapped. "She got out there, waited most of this infernal night and took the first return train."

"Came back?"

"Isn't that what I'm saying?" For Himself to speak that way to me showed he was riled something dreadful. "She got off at Rochester and stayed round in the depot—didn't see anyone or speak to anyone, or send a phone or a wire. She got a train back at three, we followed her and saw her go up the steps of her own apartment."

"Why—what do you make of it?"

He shrugged.

"Only one of two things. She either changed her mind or saw she was being shadowed."

(To be continued next week)

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Edward Penfield



Cummins of Iowa

SPY AND SUPERSPY By PERCEVAL GIBBON

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Jno J A Clark

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SPY AND SUPERSPY

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

"THEY'VE caught a spy!" A man by the roadside, who had glimpsed the prisoner walking among the slow-moving infantrymen who guarded him, called the news to his fellows among the field kitchens and fires of the bivouac; a straggle of them strolled forward to look. Of all the spectacles with which war strews the roads, from guns moving down to the front to ambulances returning from it, there was scarcely another that would have attracted them from their cooking; but a spy, the listener at the keyhole who has been caught eavesdropping, is always a sure draw.



The half dozen worn and muddy soldiers who escorted the prisoner came to a tired slouch along the interminable chaussée, straight as a ruler, which stretched in wet and monotonous perspective from one horizon to the other. An ashen-gray sky arched over them, sodden plains, flat and featureless, encompassed them, receding to the thin winter mists of the distance; they were dwarfed and antlike in that mournful immensity of landscape. Below their peaked caps their faces were dumb and lowering. A dozen paces behind them followed the lieutenant in charge of the escort.

They drew abreast of the bivouac, slow-footed and laborious, eyed the fires and the kitchens and all its comfortable disorder, and plodded past without speaking. The officer lifted a tired hand in response to the salutes of the onlookers. It was then that one had for some moments a clear view of the prisoner between the thick-set gray shoulders and the bristle of sloped bayonets that hemmed him in.

He had taken for a disguise and was still wearing the distinctive costume of a Polish Jew—a long coat of thin, black cloth, hanging to the heels and buttoned close about the body, and the small, black, flat-topped cap with a tiny peak lying close to the brow. I learned later that he had had a wig as well, but that had been taken from him, and the ugly cap was now too large for the fair, close-cropped head. In that garb he should have been able to wander unregarded among the squalid villages behind the front, mark what troops held the line and by what roads their supplies arrived. But before he could make his way back through the lines with the information he had gathered the Jewish Sabbath had come upon him; his ignorance of the Jewish observances had betrayed him, and the Jews, jealous of their character for loyalty, had themselves given him up to the authorities. For him the dreary road he trod among the soldiers ended at an open grave; the long black coat, that fitted his body like a sheath, was his winding sheet; he was to die in masquerade costume.

I saw his face as he went by—white with fatigue and the knowledge of what was to come, and drawn with the effort to hold the shape of composure under those indifferent and curious eyes. But no compulsion of the will could withhold the wildness and alarm of the flitting, uncertain eyes and their white gleam as they greeted earth and sky in their desperate instinctive search for a refuge, or any small hint of comfort or support. The wet, long road was empty before him; the chill sky was blank over him; the faces that regarded him were idle and strange. It was a dead man who went by between the bayonets; between him and the living there was already a gulf, sinister and impassable. One must love one's country, I think, with a singular devotion and self-suppression to be willing to die for it in just that fashion, obscurely, touched with the taint of dishonor that attaches to the work of a spy, and ridiculous in one's ineffective disguise. "Let us die, but do not let us be ridiculous," said one of Stevenson's characters; "but to die and be ridiculous both, to be comic in one's agony, to meet one's death as a clown—it is tragedy; it is horror!"



"To be comic, to meet one's death as a clown — it is tragedy; it is horror!"

I recall another spy capture on the fringe of the gruesome forest of Mogela, which the Russians, punning upon its name, have christened "The Place of Tombe." It happened upon a night when the war that flickered unceasingly up and down the line of the Rawka and Bsura had blazed into battle where the Twentieth Siberians held the trenches below the forest. Behind the forest, bellowing from their pits on the flat fields, the Russian batteries were at work, tossing their shells in screaming parabolas across the tree tops to the German positions beyond, while from the other side of the river the German big guns searched the night with steel and fire to find those batteries and silence them. In the forest itself bullets came whining up the long wood ways, smacking against trees; shells howled overhead; troops were moving down to the front in the utter darkness and wounded were straggling back to the rear. Fires here and there among the trees made patches of light in which moved figures painted in blackest black against their ruddy glamour; all was noise and the sense of death urgent at one's elbow and confused movement and baffling dark.

A big tent had been set up on the edge of the forest, where the wounded had their field dressings removed and received the first skilled attention. They came up on foot, staggering painfully through the confusion, perceived in the darkness just as a gleam of white bandage and a voice that cried warningly—very faintly sometimes—"Wounded! Wounded!" All made way for that cry; the bumping, clattering ammunition carts pulled aside; the pouring troops gave room; the *sanitaires* from the dressing station hurried to the call to find the man and direct him or help him to the tent.

Death of a Spy

THERE came one, feeling his way with groping hands through that hellish grotesqueness of war, who made no warning outcry—only a stricken mumble penetrated through the bandages that wrapped his jaws and the lower part of his face. A *sanitaire* found him and pointed the way to the tent. "Can you get there without help?" he demanded. From behind the stained bandages came a wordless mumble and the man nodded. There were other wounded who could not walk at all to see to, so the *sanitaire* left him and he plodded on, groaning, feeling his path through the tree trunks with outstretched hands, making his slow way toward the rear while all stood pityingly aside for him. And thus he came at last to the exit from the forest, where the tent, transparent with its lamps and showing shadow pictures of moving men within, stood ready to receive and aid him, and where also, farther back across the level, snow-filmed fields, the guns spouted fire into the night. There is nothing in life that does not balance precariously upon the edge of chance; that is the charm of life. It was some two to three hours later that the *sanitaire* who had accosted the face-bandaged man came across him again, not far from the tent. "Why!" he said, "what are you doing here? Didn't you understand where you had to go? Come along; I'll take you there."

He put his hand on the man's arm to draw him along; at that touch and the friendly compulsion of it the wounded man jerked back, dragging his arm free. His wound, it seemed, he could bear, but not hands laid upon him. He hesitated, as if he would move back into the wood. Next moment he stood in the light of the *sanitaire's* electric torch, his eyes, above his bandages and below his cap, battling and blinded by its glare.

"Ah!" The torch went out and the *sanitaire's* hands descended upon him, firmly now, in a grapple. "Help, here!" shouted the *sanitaire*, hanging to him while he fought to be free. "Help, here, brothers! Here's a German spy!"

I saw him first when the bandages had been taken from him—those bandages that had spared him the need of speaking Russian—laying bare his clean-shaven cheeks, which showed no wound, and the pert trimmed mustache on his upper lip. An officer, this one—a Prussian, with all the assumption and stern pride of his race and class. He had already been judged and condemned; life for him was at its end; he stood in the light of the lantern awaiting the firing party that was even now coming up, with his hands clasped behind his back in an attitude of serene and nonchalant ease. It cost him apparently no effort to hold the smooth and imperturbable calm of his features, to be and seem an officer and an aristocrat in the very Valley of the Shadow of Death. A Russian officer stepped forward and offered his cigarette case; the prisoner, with a nod of acknowledgment, took and lighted a cigarette. He drew at it, lifted it from his lips and blew a thin cloud of smoke, like a man who relishes it whole-heartedly.

Then the firing party, ten men and an officer, tramped up, halted with a jar and a clatter. The prisoner turned toward it, exchanging a salute with the officer in charge. The men, upon a curt order, closed about him; another order, and they marched off, taking him with them, courteously, with due military observance of his rank, to put him against a tree and carefully kill him. The lantern and a little crowd of onlookers streamed after them: that miracle—the only one of which man is capable—of turning a human being into carrion need never lack an audience; and presently, adding itself to the uproar of the near-by battle, where men were dying by hundreds with no formality at all, there came the noise of the volley.



"The vast shape of a great and smiling Jewess"

Enter the Superspy

I WAS told of that man that when he was searched during his brief trial it was discovered that he had carried his disguise so far as to wear a Russian soldier's shirt under his uniform. Some prisoner or possibly some corpse had been stripped to clothe him. But under the shirt his underclothing was of silk; his character of spy stopped before it touched his skin.

According to the usage of war, the spy who is captured has nothing to hope for, save that it may be more convenient to shoot him than to hang him; conventions, whether of Geneva or The Hague, leave him to the mercy of his captor; he is counted as one of the vermin of war, to be stamped out wherever he is found. And yet, by the very nature of his work, he must be a man of very high courage, a soldier with qualities of daring and intelligence, a better man on the face of it than the mere slashing, dashing, fighting man who is entitled to be taken prisoner and preserved alive.

The Germans, of whom it may be said that they invented no art or appliance of war but improved them all, have developed spies and spying as they developed their artillery. The occasional spy in Poland, during the long winter battle to the west of Warsaw, was a mere episode; he made no real difference to the course of events. It was only later, when Von Hindenburg, weary of vainly breaking his great attacking columns against the rocklike defense of the river line, made a lightning new concentration of forces for an invasion out of East Prussia, that there came into action the superspy, the spy magnified and brought up to date, bearing to the old-fashioned lurker in the night the same relation as the 42-centimeter howitzer which smashed Liege and Namur bore to the siege artillery of earlier wars. No wearer of disguises, this; no single soldier, balancing his life in his hand, adventuring forth by roads learned by heart from a map, but men of consideration and power rooted firm in the very foundations of the life of Russia, espionage and treachery pervading the country like an atmosphere. Hitherto the spy had been the expedient of a moment, a man serving an emergency; never before was there seen a whole phase of a great war in which the spy system was its chief feature and pivotal factor.

It was when the Rawka-Bsura battle was dying down, after three months and more of fevered and incessant action, and it was becoming patent that upon the river line, at any rate, no decision of any kind would be reached, that we—my campaign mate, John Bass of the Chicago "Daily News," and myself—struck north along the line of the railway from Warsaw on the trail of the new fighting which had already dislodged the Russians from their foothold in East Prussia, and arrived about noon of a wet and cheerless day in the foul and stenchful town of Grodno upon the Niemen. Now that it is past, and our mistakes have cost us nothing, I can laugh at the memory of the innocents we were, babes in a wood of utterly exotic trees. Bass's reputation as a war correspondent needs no trumpeter; he cannot be omitted from any list of the old campaigners; and I—though I say it as shouldn't—I have "lived," as the French say, a war or two. And we came, in worn foreign khaki, injecting ourselves into that spy-thronged front without introductions or any previous ground baiting of the situation.

There is no word of good to record of Grodno. A town of Oriental filth without the Oriental color and grace; a place whose main street is an offensive slum, whose slums are sewers. Through it the traffic of war surged and frothed. Thirty miles away villages were burning; the rumble of far guns was audible in the streets; the black-clad, black-whiskered Jews of its population stood in groups upon the narrow sidewalks and watched the batteries and battalions hastening through Grodno's zone of stink, hurrying up to the new and urgent front where Hindenburg's smoke-gray columns were thrusting and battering their way toward the crossings of the Niemen. Conceive the pair of us, then, launched upon the current of this urgency, adrift in a frail and ancient droshky, towed by a frail and ancient horse, seeking a hotel where we might concert a base of operations.

Baedeker, in whom we trusted, mentions several hotels in Grodno; to none of them does he accord approval and recommendation. We took them in order, I, as the linguist, descending at each in turn, to be encountered by a lean, unshaven man who replied that every room in the house was full of staff officers. In each case there was the same return to the decayed cab where Bass sat waiting, the same explanation, "Nothing doing here!" the same comment from Bass: "Well, try the next." And finally it came to consulting the cabman.



"'German spies!' The throngs needed only prompting to be ripe for lynching us!"

I forget the name of the mean and tumble-down speak-easy at which we were last refused; it was something grandiose and fallacious, like "Hôtel Magnifique" or "Hôtel de France et de l'Europe." Our driver turned sideways on his box and took us in with a shrewd eye—a great and splendid Jew he was, with a beard of blue black and hair of short, tight curls like a negro's. But, what I did not understand—and I am sensitive to shades of feeling—was something sympathetic and ironical in his regard, as if he knew more about us than we knew about ourselves.

"Yes," he said, "*I* can find you a place."

"Well, get on with it," we ordered.

He nodded, hit his skinny horse and steered out of the main street to a byway where the smells, the characteristic factor of Grodno, rose and smote one's senses like something solid. At each corner that he turned a new foulness astonished the nostrils; we floated between houses whose open doors revealed dark interiors of filth and bestial domesticity, where half-naked or wholly naked men, women, and children lived and were abominable under the sickened eyes of the passer-by. From time to time, as he rounded a fresh cape of squalor and headed up a new channel of abomination, our driver turned upon his seat to give us reassuring nods, always with that same understanding which we did not share and that amusement which was a mystery and an affront. I had myself the darkest suspicions of his purpose; Bass made no secret of his.

"This guy's headin' for the Tenderloin," he said with marked melancholy. "We ought to have brought our guns."

Our driver halted finally where a two-storied building, showing a Hebrew sign, stood upon a corner. As usual, I alighted; Bass, with the idea that I might need an ally, followed. The blistered door yielded to a push, opening upon steep stairs; we ascended.

There was—I recall it still—upon those stairs a smell, an odor, somehow suggestive of feather beds and sweat and stale bread; in any other town than Grodno it would have been remarkable, but there it was merely a variety of the general disgustfulness. At the head of the stairs, to receive us, there appeared the vast shape of a great and smiling Jewess.

Under Suspicion

I HAVE never understood the cast of mind that despised Jews. As I see it, the rôle of the Jew in modern civilization is to take the fashion of life which is current in the country of his adoption and serve it up afresh, salted with the pungency of his mental acuteness and artistic perception. She, the Jewess, stood at the head of that staircase to receive us; she was vast; her clothes gaped where they should have been buttoned; a Jew hater might have seen her as a mere bladder of greasy flesh in an envelope of clothes. But for me, what was salient about her was that she glowed; she was alive; there was the power of life and conception in the black gleam of her eyes and the wide red smile of her lips; she had force and significance.

"*Grusz!*" she said. "Greeting!"

We acknowledged that with suitable politeness. The big red smile discounted my laborious formalities. Yes, she had a room at our disposition—a fine room, a room with two beds, a room where we would have no disturbance. The noble gentlemen—*die edlen Herren*—yes, she understood they wanted a nice, a *quiet*, room—she could let us have such a one. She was fluent and infinitely obliging.

"Well, let's see the room!"

A door at the end of the narrow passage was flung open. "Here is the room. It overlooks the street."

A square compartment, fifteen feet by fifteen, hermetically sealed windows, two iron bedsteads with doubtful-looking bedding and the all-pervasive smell a little intensified!

Bass said "Hell!" and stood sniffing.

"It's this or the streets," I said.

He sampled the odor of the place in one more rending sniff, but the memory of the streets decided him.

"Oh, well!" he surrendered. "If those windows don't open, I guess we can break 'em. Ask her how much it is." He searched for his pocket to get out his passport, which has to be produced and sent to the police office at every Russian hotel.

I turned to our hostess, to encounter again that full, vivid smile of more than understanding and the too-comprehending gleam of those jet and shining eyes.

(*Continued on page* 28)

SANGUINARY JEREMIAH

BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED C. YOHN

"It ain't no use gettin' up early, tryin' to fool race-track folks. That's when they all get up. The way to fool 'em is not to go to bed."—The Sayings of Old Man Curry

IT WAS not yet dawn, but Old Man Curry was abroad; more than that, he was fully dressed. It was a tradition of the Jungle Circuit that he had never been seen in any other condition. The owner of the "Bible horses," in shirt sleeves and bareheaded, would have created a sensation among his competing brethren, some of whom pretended to believe that the patriarch slept in his clothes. Others, not so positive on this point, averred that Old Man Curry slept with one eye open and one ear cocked toward the O'Connor barn, where his enemies met to plot against him.

Summer and winter, heat and cold, there was never a change in the old man's raiment. The rusty frock coat—black where it was not green, gray along the seams, and raveled at the skirts—the broad-brimmed and battered slouch hat, and the frayed string tie had seen fat years and lean years on all the tracks of the Jungle Circuit, and no man could say when these things had been new or their wearer had been young. Old Man Curry was a fixture, as familiar a sight as the fence about the track, and his shabby attire was as much a part of his quaint personality as his habit of quoting the wise men of the Old Testament and borrowing the names of the prophets for his horses.

The first faint golden glow appeared in the east; the adjoining stables loomed dark in the half light; here and there lanterns moved, and close at hand rose the wail of a sleepy exercise boy, roused from slumber by a liberal application of rawhide. From the direction of the track came the muffled beat of hoofs, swelling to a crescendo, and diminishing to a thin tattoo as the thoroughbreds rounded the upper turn.

Old Man Curry squared his shoulders, turned his face toward the east, and saluted the dawn in characteristic fashion.

"'A time to get and a time to lose; a time to keep and a time to cast away,'" he quoted. "Solomon was framin' up a system for hossmen, I reckon. 'A time to get and a time to lose.' Only thing is, Solomon himself couldn't figure which was which with some of these rascals! *Oh, Mose!*"

"Yessuh, boss! Comin'!"

JOCKEY MOSEBY JONES emerged from the tackle room, rubbing his eyes with one hand and tugging at his sweater with the other. Later in the day he would be a butterfly of fashion and an offense to the eye in loud checks and conflicting colors; now he was only a very sleepy little darky in a dingy red sweater and disreputable trousers.

"Seem like to me I ain't had no sleep a-a-a-tall," complained Mose, swallowing a tremendous yawn. "This yer night work sutny got me goin' south for fair."

Shanghai, the hostler, appeared leading Elisha, the star of the Curry barn.

"Send him the full distance, Mose," said the aged owner, "and set him down hard for the half-mile pole home."

"*Hard*, boss?"

"As hard as he can go."

"But, boss—" There was a note of strong protest in the jockey's voice.

"You heard me," said Old Man Curry, already striding in the direction of the track. "Extend him and let's see what he's got."

"Extend him so's *eve'ybody* kin see whut he's got!" mumbled Mose rebelliously. "Huh!"

In the shadow of the paddock Old Man Curry came upon his friend, the Bald-faced Kid, a youth of many failings, frankly confessed. The Kid sat upon the fence, nursing an old-fashioned silver stop watch, for he was "clocking" the morning workouts.

"Morning, Frank," said Old Man Curry. "You're early."

"But not early enough for some of these birds," responded the Kid. "You galloping something, old-timer?"



"I give you my word, I never went near that betting ring but once to-day, and that was to bet on a real horse"

"'Lisha'll work in a minute or two."

"Uh-huh. I kind of figured you'd throw another work into him before to-morrow's race. Confound it! If I didn't know you pretty well, I'd say you ought to have your head examined! I'd say they ought to crawl your cupola for loose shingles!"

"And if you didn't know me at all, Frank, you'd say I was just plain crazy, eh?" Old Man Curry regarded his young friend with thoughtful gravity. Here were two wise men of the turf approaching truth from widely varying standpoints, yet able to meet on common ground and exchange convictions to mutual profit. "Spit it out, son," said Old Man Curry. "I'd sort of like to know how crazy I am."

"Fair enough!" said the Bald-faced Kid. "Elisha's a good horse—a cracking good horse—but to-morrow's the end of the meeting and you've gone and saved him up to slip him into the toughest race on the card—on a day when all the burglars at the track will be leveling for the get-away money! You could have found a softer spot for him to pick up a purse, and, take it from me, the winner's end is about all you'll get around here. The bookmakers lost a lot of confidence in human nature when you pulled that horsehair stunt on 'em, and they wouldn't give you a price now, not even if you started a nice motherly old cow against stake horses. As for Elisha—the bookies begin reaching for the erasers the minute they hear his name! You couldn't bet 'em diamonds against doughnuts on that horse. They've been stung too often."

"Maybe I wasn't aiming to bet on him," was the mild reply.

"Then why put him up against such a hard game?"

"Oh, it was a kind of a notion I had. I know it'll be a tough race. Engle is in there, and O'Connor and a lot more that have been under cover. 'Lisha is goin' a mile this morning. Better catch him when he breaks. He's off!"

Whatever Jockey Moseby Jones thought of his orders, he knew better than to disobey them. He sent Elisha the distance, driving him hard from the half-mile pole to the wire, and the Bald-faced Kid's astounded comments furnished a profane obbligato.

"Take a look at that!" said he, thrusting the watch under Old Man Curry's nose. "Pretty close to the track record for a mile, ain't it? And every clocker on the track got him too! If I was you I'd peel the hide off that nigger for showing a horse up like that!"

"No-o," said Old Man Curry, "I reckon I won't lick Mose—this time. You forgot that Jeremiah is goin' in the last race to-morrow, didn't you?"

"Jeremiah!" The Bald-faced Kid spoke with scorn. "Why, he bleeds every time out! It's a shame to start him!"

"Maybe he won't bleed to-morrow, Frank."

"He won't, eh?" The Bald-faced Kid drew out the leather-backed volume which was his constant companion, and began to thumb the leaves rapidly. "You're always heaving your friend Solomon at me. I'll give you a quotation I got out of the Fourth Reader at school—something about judging the future by the past. Look here: *'Jeremiah bled and was pulled up.' 'Jeremiah bled badly.'* Why, everybody around here knows that he's a bleeder!"

"There you go again," said Old Man Curry patiently. "You study them dad-burned dope sheets, and all you can see is what a hoss *has* done. You listen to me: it ain't what a hoss did last week or last month—it's what he's goin' to do to-day that counts."

"A quitter will quit and a bleeder will bleed," said the Kid sententiously.

"And Jeremiah says the leopard can't change his spots," said Old Man Curry. "Have it your own way, Frank."

EXACTLY twenty-four hours later the Bald-faced Kid, peering across the track to the back stretch, saw Old Man Curry lead a black horse to the quarter pole, exchange a few words with Mose, adjust the bit, and stand aside.

"What's that one, Kid?" The question was asked by Shine McManus, a professional clocker employed by a bookmaker to time the various workouts and make a report on them at noon.

"That's Jeremiah," said the Kid. "The old man hasn't worked him much lately."

"Good reason why," said Shine. "I wouldn't work a horse either if he bled every time he got out of a walk! There he goes!"

Jeremiah went to the half pole like the wind, slacked somewhat on the upper turn, and floundered heavily into the stretch.

"Bleeding, ain't he?" asked Shine.

"He acts like it—yes, you can see it now."

As Jeremiah neared the paddock he stopped to a choppy gallop, and the railbirds saw that blood was streaming from both nostrils and trickling from his mouth.

"Ain't that sickening? You wouldn't think that Old Man Curry would abuse a horse like that!"

The Bald-faced Kid went valiantly to the defense of his aged friend. He would criticize Old Man Curry if he saw fit, but no one else had that privilege.

"Aw, where do you get that abusing-a-horse stuff? It don't really *hurt* a horse any more'n it would hurt you to have a good nosebleed. It just chokes him up so't he can't get his breath, and he quits, that's all."

"Yes, but it looks bad, and it's a shame to start a horse in that condition."

The argument waxed long and loud, and in the end the Kid was vanquished, borne down by superior numbers. The popular verdict was that Old Man Curry ought to be ashamed of himself for owning and starting a confirmed bleeder like Jeremiah.

ON GET-AWAY day the speculative soul whose financial operations show a loss makes a determined effort to plunge a red-ink balance into a black one. On get-away day the honest owner has doubts and the dishonest owner has fears. On get-away day the bookmaker wears deep creases in his brow, for



"What ails it? It's good money. I got some of it from you"

few horses are "laid up" with him, and he wonders which dead one will come to life. On get-away day the tout redoubles his activities, hoping to be far away before his victims awake to a sense of injury. On get-away day the program boy bawls his loudest and the hot-dog purveyor pushes his fragrant wares with the utmost energy. On get-away day the judges are more than usually alert, scenting outward indications of a "job." On get-away day the betting ring boils and seethes and bubbles; the prices are short and arguments are long; strange stories are current and disquieting rumors hang in the very air.

"Now, if ever!" is the motto.

"Shoot 'em in the back and run!" is the spirit of the day, reduced to words.

In the midst of all this feverish excitement, Old Man Curry maintained his customary calm. He had seen many get-away days on many tracks. Elisha was entered in the fourth race, the feature event of the day, and promptly on the dot Elisha appeared in the paddock, steaming after a brisk gallop down the stretch.

SOON there came a wild rush from the betting ring; the prices were up and Elisha ruled the opening favorite at 7 to 5. Did Mr. Curry think that Elisha could win? Wasn't the price a little short? In case Mr. Curry had any doubts about Elisha, what other horse did he favor? The old man answered all questions patiently, courteously, and truthfully—and patience, courtesy, and truth seldom meet in the paddock.

We-ell, about 'Lisha, now, he was an honest hoss and he would try as hard to win at 7 to 5 as any other price. 'Lisha was trained not to look in the bettin' ring on the way to the post. Ye-es, 'Lisha had a chance; he always had a chance 'count of bein' honest and doin' the best he knowed how. The other owners? Well, now, it was this way: he couldn't really say what they was up to; he expected, though, they'd all be tryin'. Himself person'ly, he only bothered about his own hosses; they kept his hands full. Was Engle going to bet on Cornflower? Well, about Engle—hm-m-m. He's right over there, sonny; better ask him.

After Little Mose had been given his riding orders —briefly, they were to do the best he could and come home in front if possible—Old Man Curry turned Elisha over to Shanghai and went into the betting ring. Elisha's price was still 7 to 5. The old man paused in front of the first book, a thick wallet in his fingers. The bookmaker, a red-eyed, dyspeptic-looking person, glanced down, recognized the flowing white beard under the slouch hat, took note of the thick wallet, and with one swipe of his eraser sent Elisha to even money.

"That's it! Squawk before you're hurt!" grunted Elisha's owner, shouldering his way through the crowd to the next stand.

This bookmaker was an immensely fat gentleman with purplish jowls and piggy eyes which narrowed to slits as they rested upon the corpulent roll of bills which Old Man Curry was holding up to him.

"Don't want it," he wheezed.

"What ails it?" Old Man Curry's voice rose in a high, piping treble, shrill with wrath. "It's good money. I got some of it from you. Your slate says 6 to 5, 'Lisha."

"Don't want it," repeated the bookmaker, his eyes roving over the crowd. "Bet it next door."

"That's a fine howdy-do!" snapped the exasperated old man. "I can't bet on my own horse—at a short price, too!"

Word ran around the betting ring that Old Man Curry was trying to bet so much money on Elisha that the bookmakers refused his wagers, and there was an immediate stampede for the betting booths and a demand for Elisha at any figure.

The third bookmaker forestalled all argument by wiping out the prophet's price entirely, while the crowd jeered.

"Does a bet scare you that bad?" asked Old Man Curry with sarcasm.

"Any bet from you would scare me, professor. Any bet at all. Try the next store."

Old Man Curry worked his way around the circle, Elisha's price dropping before his advance. His very appearance in the ring had been enough to encourage play on the horse, and the large roll of bills which he carried so conspicuously added a powerful impetus to the rush on the favorite.

"Curry's betting a million!"

"Elisha's a cinch!"

"The old coot's got 'em scared!"

Elisha dropped to even money, then went to odds on. At 4 to 5 and even at 3 to 5 the crowd played him, and sheet and ticket writers were kept busy recording bets on the Curry horse.

Somewhere in the maelstrom Old Man Curry encountered the Bald-faced Kid plying his vocation. He was earnestly endeavoring to persuade a whiskered rustic to bet more money than he owned on Cornflower at 3 to 1. Though very busy, the young man was abreast of the situation and fully informed of events, as indeed he usually was. Retaining his interest in the rustic by the simple expedient of thrusting a forefinger through his buttonhole, the Kid leaned toward the old man.

"See what your little nigger did, riding that horse out yesterday morning? You might have got 2 or 3 to 1 on him if Mose hadn't tipped him off to every clocker at the track!"

Old Man Curry digested this remark in silence.

"I hear that Engle is sending the mare for a killing," whispered the Kid. "Know anything about it?"

"Everything is bein' sent for a killing to-day," said Old Man Curry. "Well, she'll have 'Lisha to beat, I reckon. And all he's runnin' for is the purse, Frank, like you said. I did my best to bet 'em until the price got too plumb ridiculous, but the children of Israel wouldn't take my money."

The Bald-faced Kid glanced at the roll of bills which the old man still held in his hand.

"Well, no wonder!" he snorted. "Don't you know that ain't any way to do? You come in here and wave a chunk like that under their noses, and —by golly, you ought to have your head examined!"



"Pretty close to the track record for a mile, ain't it?"

"I reckon you're right," said the old man apologetically. "All I ask is please don't have me yanked up before the Lunacy Board till after the last race, because—"

"Aw, rats! Beat it now till I land this sucker!"

"Frank," whispered the old man, "tell him to save a couple of dollars to bet on Jeremiah!"

IT WAS a great race. Cornflower, lightly weighted, able to set a pace or hold one, did not show in front until the homestretch was reached. Then the mare suddenly shot out of the ruck and flashed into the lead. But she soon had company. Honest old Elisha had been plugging along in the dust for the first half mile, but at that point he began to run, and the Curry colors moved up with great celerity. Merritt, glancing over his shoulders, shook out the last wrap on the mare just as Elisha thundered into second place. Gathering speed with every awkward bound, the big bay horse slowly closed the gap. At the paddock there was no longer daylight between them, and Old Man Curry stopped combing his beard. He knew what that meant. So did Jockey Merritt, plying whip and spur. So did Al Engle and those who had been given the quiet tip to play Cornflower for a killing. So did the Bald-faced Kid, edging away from the rustic who, with a Cornflower ticket clutched in his sweating palm, seemed to be trying to swallow the thyroid cartilage of his larynx. So did Jockey Moseby Jones, driving straight into the hurricane of cheers which beat down from the packed grand stand.

"Elisha! Elisha! Come on, you Elisha!"

Now the gaunt bay head was at the mare's flank, now at the saddle girth, now it blotted out the shoulder, now they were neck and neck; one more terrific bound, an ear-splitting yell from the grand stand, and Elisha's number went slowly to the top of the pole.

THE judges were examining the opening betting on the last race of the meeting.

"Ah, we have Old Man Curry with us again!" said the presiding judge. "Jeremiah. If the meeting had another two weeks to run I'd ask him not to start that horse again. I'm told he bled at his workout this morning. By the way, the old man acted sort of grouchy after the Elisha race. Did you notice it?"

"Yes, and I know why," said the associate judge. "He tried to bet a barrel of money and the bookmakers laughed at him. As a general thing he bets a few dollars in each book; this time he went at 'em too strong. The bookies are a little leary of that innocent old boy."

"Call him innocent if you want to. He's either the shrewdest horseman on this circuit—or the luckiest, and I be damned if I can tell which! Hm-m-m. Jeremiah, 20 to 1. If he bled this morning, he ought to be a thousand!"

So, also, thought the employer of Shine McManus, none other than the fat gentleman with the purple jowls, otherwise Izzy Marx, known to his friends as "Easy Marks." McManus was a not unimportant cog in the secret-service department maintained by the bookmaker.

"Listen, Mac!" wheezed Marx. "I want you to tail Old Man Curry from now until the barrier goes up, understand? Yes, yes, you *told* me the horse bled this morning, but that old fox has got the miracle habit; I'd hate to give him too long a price on a *dead* horse, understand, Mac? If Curry is going to bet a plugged nickel on this here Jeremiah, I'll hold him out and not take a cent on him. Stick around close and shoot me back word by Abie. The rest of these fellows have got 20 to 1 on him; he's 15 to 1 in this book until I hear from you. Hurry, now!"

There were ten horses entered in the final race of the meeting, and nine of them were strongly touted as "good things." The tenth was Jeremiah and the most reckless hustler at the track refused to consider the black horse as a contender for anything but sanguinary honors.

. . .

"Him? Nix! Didn't you hear about him? Why, he bled this morning in his workout! No chance!"

Of course there were those who did not believe this, so they asked Jeremiah's owner and Old Man Curry stamped up and down the paddock stall and complained querulously. They asked him if Jeremiah had a chance and he replied that Elisha was a good hoss, a crackin' good hoss, but they wouldn't let him bet his money. They asked him if Jeremiah was likely to bleed and he told them that a bookmaker who wouldn't take a bet when it was shoved under his nose ought to be run off the track. They asked him what the other owners were doing and were informed that he had a tarnation good mind to make a holler to the judges. Word of this condition of affairs soon reached Mr. Marx.

"The old nut is ravin' all over the place about how he couldn't get a bet down on Elisha. Says if he wasn't allowed to bet on the best horse in his barn he certainly ain't goin' to bet on the worst one. Oh, yes, and he's talkin' about makin' a holler to the judges!"

"Fat chance!" chuckled Marx, and Jeremiah went to 25 to 1.

Clear and high above the hum of the betting ring rose the notes of a bugle. The last field of the season was being called to the track and instead of the usual staccato summons the bugler blew "Taps."

"There she goes, boys!" bellowed the bookmakers. "That's good-by for a whole year, you know! Bet 'em fast! They're on the way to the post! Only a few minutes more!"

The final attack closed in around the stands. Men who had solemnly promised themselves not to make another bet caught the fever and hurled themselves into the jam, bent on exchanging coin of the realm for pasteboard tickets and hope of sudden prosperity. It was the last race of the season, wasn't it, and good-by to the bangtails for another year!

During this mad attack Abie squirmed through the mob and plucked at Marx's sleeve. It was his third report.

"The old bird is settin' out there in the corner of the stall all by himself, chewin' a straw. Says he's so disgusted he don't care if he sees the race or not. I started to kid him about bein' such a crab and, honest, I was afraid he'd bite me!"

Mr. Marx grinned and chalked up 40 to 1 on Jeremiah. "Now let him bleed!" said he.

The distance of the final event was three-quarters of a mile and the crowd in the betting ring continued to swarm about the stands until the clang of the gong warned them that the race was on. Then there was a wild rush for the lawn; even the fat Mr. Marx climbed down from his perch and waddled out into the sunshine, blinking as he turned his small eyes toward the back stretch.

NOW little Mose had been watching the starter carefully and had thrown his mount at the barrier just as it rose in the air, but there were other jockeys in the race who had done the same thing, and Jeremiah's was not the only early speed that sizzled down to the half-mile pole. At least four of the "good things" were away to a running start—Fireball, Sky Pilot, Harry Root, and Resolution. Jeremiah trailed the quartet, content to kick clods at the second division. On the upper turn Fireball and Harry Root found the pace too warm for them and dropped back. Jeremiah found himself in third place, coasting along easily under a strong pull. The presiding judge turned his binoculars upon the black horse and favored him with a searching scrutiny.

"Ah, hah!" said he, wagging his head. "I thought as much. Jeremiah may have bled this morning, but he ain't bleeding *now* and that little nigger is almost breaking his jaw to keep him from running over the two in front! . . . Old Man Curry again! Oh, but he's a cute rascal!"

"I'd rather see him get away with it than some of these other owners, at that," said the associate judge.

"So would I . . . I kind of like the old coot. . . . Now what on earth do you suppose he's done to that horse since this morning?"

A few thousand spectators were asking variations of the same question, but one spectator asked no questions at all. The Bald-faced Kid was reduced by stuttering degrees to dumb amazement. He had ignored Old Man Curry's kindly suggestion and had persuaded all and sundry to plunge heavily on Fireball.

It really was not much of a contest. Sky Pilot, on the rail, swung wide turning into the stretch and carried Resolution with him. Like a flash Little Mose shot the black horse through the opening and straightened away for the wire, an open length in the lead.

"Come git him, jocks!" shrilled Mose. "Come git ol' Jeremiah to-day!"

The most that can be said for the other jockeys is that they tried, but Little Mose hugged the rail and Jeremiah came booming down the home stretch alone, fighting for his head and hoping for some real competition which never quite arrived. The black horse won by three open lengths, won with wraps still on his jockey's wrists, and, as the form chart stated, "did not bleed and was never fully extended."

"Well, anyhow," said Mr. Marx, as he wheezed back to his place of business, "Curry won't get anything but the purse again and that'll help some. If he brought a dead horse around here in a wagon, the best he'd get from me would be 1 to 2!"

The judges, of course, were curious. They invited Old Man Curry into the (*Continued on page* 30)

THE FIERY HAND

FU-MANCHU & COMPANY—BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. COLL

IN LOOKING over my notes dealing with the second phase of Dr. Fu-Manchu's activities in England, during which it was my lot to experience things stranger and more acutely horrible than those which ordinarily fall to the lot of man, I find that one of the worst hours of my life was associated with the singular and seemingly inconsequent adventure of the fiery hand.

Inspector Weymouth called one morning and entered upon a surprising account of a visit to a house at Hampstead which enjoyed the sinister reputation of being uninhabitable.

"But in what way does the case enter into your province?" inquired Nayland Smith, idly tapping out his pipe on a bar of the grate.

We had not long finished breakfast, but from an early hour Smith had been at his eternal smoking, which only the advent of the meal had interrupted.

"Well," replied the inspector, who occupied a big armchair near the window, "I was sent to look into it, I suppose, because I had nothing better to do at the moment."

"Ah!" jerked Smith, glancing over his shoulder.

The ejaculation had a veiled significance, for our quest of Dr. Fu-Manchu had come to an abrupt termination by reason of the fact that all trace of that malignant genius and of the group surrounding him had vanished.

"The house is called the Gables," continued the Scotland Yard man, "and I knew I was on a wild-goose chase from the first—"

"Why?" snapped Smith.

"Because I was there before, six months ago or so—just before your present return to England—and I knew what to expect."

Smith looked up with some faint dawning of interest perceptible in his manner.

"I was unaware," he said with a slight smile, "that the cleaning up of haunted houses came within the province of New Scotland Yard. I am learning something."

"In the ordinary way," replied the big man good-humoredly, "it doesn't. But a sudden death always excites suspicion, and—"



"Don't touch it! Keep away, for your life!"

"A sudden death?" I said, glancing up. "You didn't explain that the ghost had killed anyone!"

"I'm afraid I'm a poor hand at yarn spinning, doctor," said Weymouth, turning his blue, twinkling eyes in my direction. "Two people have died at the Gables within the last six months."

"You begin to interest me," declared Smith, and there came something of the old, eager look into his gaunt face, as, having lighted his pipe, he tossed the match end into the hearth.

"I had hoped for some little excitement myself," confessed the inspector. "This dead end, with not a ghost of a clue to the whereabouts of the yellow fiend, has been getting on my nerves—"

Nayland Smith grunted sympathetically.

"Although Dr. Fu-Manchu has been in England for some months now," continued Weymouth, "I have never set eyes upon him; the house we raided in Museum Street proved to be empty; in a word, I am wasting my time. So that I volunteered to run up to Hampstead and look into the matter of the Gables, principally as a distraction. It's a queer business, and more in the Psychical Research Society's line than mine, I'm afraid. Still, if there were no Dr. Fu-Manchu, it might be of interest to you—and to you, Dr. Petrie—because it illustrates the fact that, given the right sort of subject, death can be brought about without any elaborate mechanism—such as our Chinese friends employ."

"You interest me more and more," declared Smith, stretching himself in the long white cane rest chair.

"Two men, both fairly sound, except that the first one had an asthmatic heart, have died at the Gables without anyone laying a little finger upon them. Oh! there was no jugglery! They weren't poisoned, or bitten by venomous insects, or suffocated, or anything like that. They just died of fear—stark fear."

WITH my elbows resting upon the table cover and my chin in my hands, I was listening attentively now, and Nayland Smith, a big cushion behind his head, was watching the speaker with a keen and speculative look in those steely eyes of his. "You imply that Dr. Fu-Manchu has something to learn from the Gables?" he jerked.

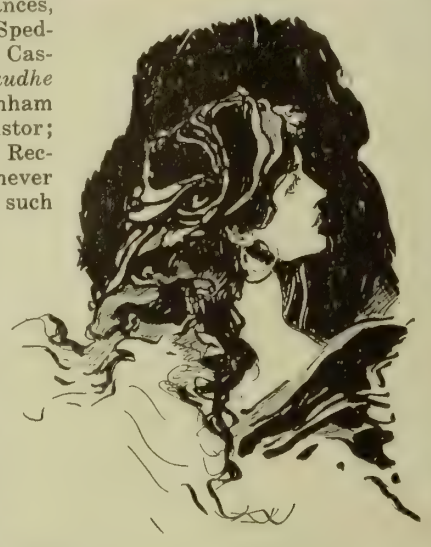
Weymouth nodded stolidly.

"I can't work up anything like amazement in these days," continued the latter; "every other case seems stale and hackneyed alongside *the* case. But I must confess that when the Gables came on the books of the Yard the second time I began to wonder. I thought there might be some tangible clue, some link connecting the two victims; perhaps some evidence of robbery or of revenge—of some sort of motive. In short, I hoped to find evidence of human agency at work, but, as before, I was disappointed.

"It's a legitimate case of a haunted house, then?" said Smith.

"Yes; we find them occasionally, these uninhabitable places, where there is *something*, something malignant and harmful to human life, but something that you cannot arrest, that you cannot hope to bring into court."

"Ah," replied Smith slowly, "I suppose you are right. There are historic instances, of course: Glamys Castle and Spedlins Tower in Scotland; Peel Castle, Isle of Man, with its *Maudhe Dhug;* the gray lady of Rainham Hall; the headless horses of Caistor; the Wesley ghost of Epworth Rectory, and others. But I have never come in personal contact with such a case, and if I did I should feel very humiliated to have to confess that there was *any* agency which could produce a *physical* result—death—but which was immune from physical retaliation."



Weymouth nodded his head again.

"I might feel a bit sour about it too," he replied, "if it were not that I haven't much pride left in these days, considering the show of physical retaliation I have made against Dr. Fu-Manchu."

"A home thrust, Weymouth!" snapped Nayland Smith with one of those rare boyish laughs of his. "We're children to that Chinese doctor, Inspector, to that weird product of a weird people who are as old in evil as the pyramids are old in mystery. But about the Gables?"

"Well, it's an uncanny place. You mentioned Glamys Castle a moment ago, and it's possible to understand an old stronghold like that being haunted; but the Gables was only built about 1870—it's quite a modern house. It was built for a wealthy Quaker family, and they occupied it, uninterruptedly and apparently without anything unusual occurring, for over forty years. Then it was sold to a Mr. Maddison—and Mr. Maddison died there six months ago."

"Maddison?" said Smith sharply, staring across at Weymouth. "What was he? Where did he come from?"

"He was a retired tea planter from Colombo," replied the inspector.

"Colombo?"

"There was a link with the East certainly if that's what you are thinking; and it was this fact which interested me at the time, and which led me to waste precious days and nights on the case. But there was no mortal connection between this liverish individual and the schemes of Dr. Fu-Manchu. I'm certain of that."

"And how did he die?" I asked interestedly.

"He just died in his chair one evening in the room which he used as a library. It was his custom to sit there every night, when there were no visitors, reading until twelve o'clock or later. He was a bachelor, and his household consisted of a cook, a housemaid, and a man who had been with him for thirty years I believe. At the time of Mr. Maddison's death his household had recently been deprived of two of its members. The cook and housemaid both resigned one morning, giving as their reason the fact that the place was haunted."

"In what way?"

"I interviewed the precious pair at the time, and they told me absurd and various tales about dark figures wandering along the corridors and bending over them in bed at night, whispering; but their chief trouble was a continuous ringing of bells about the house."

"Bells?"

"They said that it became unbearable. Night and day there were bells ringing all over the house. At any rate they went, and for three or four days the Gables was occupied only by Mr. Maddison and his man, whose name was Stevens. I interviewed the latter also, and he was an altogether more reliable witness, a decent, steady sort of man whose story impressed me very much at the time."

"Did he confirm the ringing?"

"He swore to it—a sort of jangle, sometimes up in the air, near the ceilings, and sometimes under the floor, like the shaking of silver bells."

Nayland Smith stood up abruptly and began to pace the room, leaving great trails of blue-gray smoke behind him.

"Your story is sufficiently interesting, Inspector," he declared, "even to divert my mind from the eternal contemplation of the Fu-Manchu problem. This would appear to be distinctly a case of an 'astral bell' such as we sometimes hear of in India."

"It was Stevens," continued Weymouth, "who found Mr. Maddison. He [Stevens] had been out on business connected with the household arrangements, and at about eleven o'clock he returned, letting himself in with a key. There was a light in the library, and getting no response to his knocking Stevens entered. He found his master sitting bolt upright in a chair, clutching the arms with rigid fingers and staring straight before him with a look of such frightful horror on his face that Stevens positively ran from the room and out of the house. Mr. Maddison was stone dead. When a doctor, who lives at no great distance away, came and examined him he could find no trace of violence whatever; he had apparently died of fright, to judge from the expression on his face."

"Anything else?"

"Only this: I learned indirectly that the last member of the Quaker family to occupy the house had apparently witnessed the apparition, which had led to his vacating the place. I got the story from the wife of a man who had been employed as gardener there at that time. The apparition—which he witnessed in the hallway, if I remember rightly—took the form of a sort of luminous hand clutching a long, curved knife."

"Oh, Heavens!" cried Smith, and laughed shortly; "that's quite in order!"

"This gentleman told no one of the occurrence until after he had left the house, no doubt in order that the place should not acquire an evil reputation. Most of the original furniture remained, and Mr. Maddison took the house furnished. I don't think there can be any doubt that what killed him was fear at seeing a repetition—"

"Of the fiery hand?" concluded Smith.

"Quite so. Well, I examined the Gables pretty closely, and with another Scotland Yard man spent a night in the empty house. We saw nothing; but once, very faintly, we heard the ringing of bells."

SMITH spun around upon him rapidly.

"You can swear to that?" he snapped.

"I can swear to it," declared Weymouth stolidly "It seemed to be over our heads. We were sitting in the dining room. Then it was gone, and we heard nothing more whatever of an unusual nature. Following the death of Mr. Maddison, the Gables remained empty until a year ago, when a French gentleman, named Lejay, leased it—"

"Furnished?"

"Yes; nothing was removed."

"Who kept the place in order?"

"A married couple living in the neighborhood undertook to do so. The man attended to the lawn and so forth, and the woman came once a week, I believe, to clean up the house."

"And Lejay?"

"He came in only last week, having leased the house for six months. His family were to have joined him in a day or two, and he, with the aid of the pair I have just mentioned, and assisted by a French servant he brought over with him, was putting the place in order. At about twelve o'clock on a Friday night this servant ran into a neighboring house screaming 'The fiery hand!' and when at last a constable arrived and a frightened group went up the avenue of the Gables, they found M. Lejay dead in the avenue, near the steps just outside the hall door! He had the same face of horror . . ."

"What a tale for the press!" snapped Smith.

"The owner has managed to keep it quiet so far, but this time I think it will leak into the press—yes."

There was a short silence, then: "And you have been down to the Gables again?"

"I was there on Saturday, but there's not a scrap of evidence. The man undoubtedly died of fright in the same way as Maddison. The place ought to be pulled down; it's unholy."

"Unholy is the word," I said. "I never heard anything like it. This M. Lejay had no enemies?—there could be no possible motive?"

"None whatever. He was a business man from Marseilles, and his affairs necessitated his remaining in or near to London for some considerable time; therefore he decided to make his headquarters here temporarily, and leased the Gables with that intention."

Nayland Smith was pacing the floor with increasing rapidity; he was tugging at the lobe of his left ear, and his pipe had long since gone out. . . .

I STARTED to my feet as a tall, bearded man swung open the door and hurled himself impetuously into my room. He wore a silk hat which fitted him very ill, and a black frock coat which did not fit him at all.

"It's all right, Petrie!" cried the apparition; "I've leased the Gables!"

It was Nayland Smith. I stared at him in amazement.

"The first time I have employed a disguise," continued my friend rapidly, "since the memorable episode of the false pigtail." He threw a small brown leather grip upon the floor. "In case you should care to visit the house, Petrie, I have brought these things. My tenancy commences to-night!"

Two days had elapsed, and I had entirely forgotten the strange story of the Gables which Inspector Weymouth had related to us; evidently it was otherwise with my friend, and, utterly at a loss for an explanation of his singular behavior, I stooped mechanically and opened the grip. It contained an odd assortment of garments, and among other things several gray wigs and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

Kneeling there with this strange litter about me, I looked up amazedly. Nayland Smith, with the unsuitable silk hat set right upon the back of his head, was pacing the room excitedly, his fuming pipe protruding from the tangle of factitious beard.

"You see, Petrie," he began again rapidly, "I did not entirely trust the agent. I've leased the house in the name of Professor Maxton . . ."

"But, Smith," I cried, "what possible reason can there be for disguise?"

"There's every reason," he snapped.

"Why should you interest yourself in the Gables?"

"Does no explanation occur to you?"

"None whatever; to me the whole thing smacks of stark lunacy."

"Then you won't come?"

"I've never stuck at anything, Smith," I replied, "however undignified, when it has seemed that my presence could be of the slightest use."

As I rose to my feet Smith stepped in front of me, and the steely gray eyes shone out strangely from the altered face. He clapped his hands upon my shoulders.

"If I assure you that your presence is necessary to my safety," he said, "that if you fail me I must seek another companion—will you come?"

Intuitively I knew that he was keeping something back, and I was conscious of some resentment, but, nevertheless, my reply was a foregone conclusion, and, with the borrowed appearance of an extremely untidy old man, I crept guiltily out of my house that evening and into the cab which Smith had waiting.

The Gables was a roomy and rambling place lying back a considerable distance from the road. A semicircular drive gave access to the door, and so densely wooded was the ground that for the most part the drive was practically a tunnel—a verdant tunnel. A high brick wall concealed the building from the point of view of anyone on the roadway, but either horn of the crescent drive terminated at a heavy, wrought-iron gateway.

Smith discharged the cab at the corner of the narrow and winding road upon which the Gables fronted. It was walled in on both sides; on the left the wall being broken by tradesmen's entrances to the houses fronting upon another street, and on the right following uninterruptedly the grounds of the Gables. As we came to the gate:

"Nothing now," said Smith, pointing into the darkness of the road before us, "except a couple of studios, until one comes to the Heath."

HE INSERTED the key in the lock of the gate and swung it creakingly open. I looked into the black arch of the avenue, thought of the haunted residence that lay hidden somewhere beyond, of those who had died in it—especially of the one who had died there under the trees—and found myself out of love with the business of the night.

"Come on!" said Nayland Smith briskly, holding the gate open; "there should be a fire in the library and refreshments if the charwoman has followed instructions."



I heard the great gate clang to behind us. Even had there been any moon (and there was none) I doubted if more than a patch or two of light could have penetrated there. The darkness was extraordinary. Nothing broke it, and I think Smith must have found his way by the aid of some sixth sense. At any rate, I saw nothing of the house until I stood some five paces from the steps leading up to the porch. A light was burning in the hallway, but dimly and inhospitably; of the façade of the building I could perceive little.

When we entered the hall and the door was closed behind us, I began wondering anew what object my friend hoped to serve by a vigil in this haunted place. There was a light in the library, the door of which was ajar, and on the large table were decanters, a siphon, and some biscuits and sandwiches. A large grip stood upon the floor also. For some reason, which was a mystery to me, Smith had decided that we must assume false names while under the roof of the

. . .

Gables; and: "Now, Pearce," he said, "a whisky and soda before we look around?"

The proposal was welcome enough, for I felt strangely dispirited, and, to tell the truth, in my strange disguise not a little ridiculous.

All my nerves, no doubt, were highly strung, and my sense of hearing unusually acute, for I went in momentary expectation of some uncanny happening. I had not long to wait. As I raised the glass to my lips and glanced across the table at my friend I heard the first faint sound heralding the coming of the bells.

It did not seem to proceed from anywhere within the library, but from some distant room, far away, overhead. A musical sound it was, but, breaking in upon the silence of that ill-omened house, its music was the music of terror. In a faint and very sweet cascade it rippled; a ringing as of tiny silver bells.

I set down my glass upon the table and, rising slowly from the chair in which I had been seated, stared fixedly at my companion, who was staring with equal fixity at me. I could see that I had not been deluded; Nayland Smith had heard the ringing too.

"The ghosts waste no time!" he said softly. "This is not new to me; I spent an hour here last night and heard the same sound . . ."

I glanced hastily around the room. It was furnished as a library and contained a considerable collection of works, principally novels. I was unable to judge of the outlook, for the two lofty windows were draped with heavy purple curtains, which were drawn close. A silk-shaded lamp swung from the center of the ceiling, and immediately over the table by which I stood. There was much shadow about the room; and now I glanced apprehensively about me, but especially toward the open door.

IN THAT breathless suspense of listening we stood a while; then:

"There it is again!" whispered Smith tensely.

The ringing of bells was repeated, and seemingly much nearer to us; in fact, it appeared to come from somewhere above, up near the ceiling of the room in which we stood. Simultaneously we looked up, then Smith laughed shortly.

"Instinctive, I suppose," he snapped; "but what do we expect to see in the air?"

The musical sound now grew in volume; the first tiny peal seemed to be reenforced by others, and by others again, until the air round about us was filled with the pealings of these invisible bell ringers.

Although, as I have said, the sound was rather musical than horrible, it was, on the other hand, so utterly unaccountable as to touch the supreme heights of the uncanny. I could not doubt that our presence had attracted these unseen ringers to the room in which we stood, and I knew quite well that I was growing pale. This was the room in which at least one unhappy occupant of the Gables had died of fear. I recognized the fact that if this mere overture were going to affect my nerves to such an extent I could not hope to survive the ordeal of the night; a great effort was called for. I emptied my glass at a gulp and stared across the table at Nayland Smith with a sort of defiance. He was standing very upright and motionless, but his eyes were turning right and left, searching every visible corner of the big room.

"Good!" he said in a very low voice. "The terrorizing power of the Unknown is boundless, but we must not get in the grip of panic, or we could not hope to remain in this house ten minutes."

I nodded without speaking. Then Smith, to my amazement, suddenly began to speak in a loud voice, a marked contrast to that, almost a whisper, in which he had spoken formerly.

"My dear Pearce," he cried, "do you hear the ringing of bells?"

Clearly the latter words were spoken for the benefit of the unseen intelligence controlling these manifestations; and, although I regarded such finesse as somewhat wasted, I followed my friend's lead and replied in a voice as loud as his own: "Distinctly, Professor!"

Silence followed my words, a silence in which both stood watchful and listening. Then, very faintly, I seemed to detect the silvern ringing receding away through distant rooms. Finally it became inaudible, and in the stillness of the Gables I could distinctly hear my companion breathing. For fully ten minutes we two remained thus, each momentarily expecting a repetition of the ringing or the coming of some new and more sinister manifestation. But we heard nothing and saw nothing.

"Hand me that grip and don't stir until I come back!" hissed Smith in my ear.

He turned and walked out of the library, his boots creaking very loudly in that awe-inspiring silence.

Standing beside the table, I watched the open door for his return, crushing down a dread that *another* form than his might suddenly appear there.

I could hear him moving from room to room, and presently, as I waited in hushed, tense watchfulness, he came in, depositing the grip upon the table. His eyes were gleaming feverishly.

"The house is haunted, Pearce!" he cried. "But no ghost ever frightened *me!* Come, I will show you your room."



"There it is again!" whispered Smith tensely

SMITH walked ahead of me upstairs; he had snapped up the light in the hallway, and now he turned and cried back loudly: "I fear we should never get servants to stay here."

Again I detected the appeal to a hidden audience; and there was something very uncanny in the idea. The house now was deathly still; the ringing had entirely subsided. In the upper corridor my companion, who seemed to be well acquainted with the position of the switches, again turned up all the lights, and, in pursuit of the strange comedy which he saw fit to enact, addressed me continuously in the loud and unnatural voice which he had adopted as part of his disguise.

We looked into a number of rooms, all well and comfortably furnished, but, although my imagination may have been responsible for the idea, they all seemed to possess a chilly and repellent atmosphere. I felt that to essay sleep in any one of them would be the merest farce, that the place to all intents and purposes was uninhabitable, that something incalculably evil presided over the house.

And through it all so obtuse was I that no glimmer of the truth entered my mind. Outside again in the long, brightly lighted corridor we stood for a moment as if a mutual anticipation of some new event pending had come to us. It was curious—that sudden pulling up and silent questioning of one another, because, although we acted thus, no sound had reached us. A few seconds later our anticipation was realized. From the direction of the stairs it came—a low wailing in a woman's voice; and the sweetness of the tones added to the terror of the sound. I clutched at Smith's arm convulsively while that uncanny cry rose and fell—rose and fell—and died away.

Neither of us moved immediately. My mind was working with feverish rapidity and seeking to run down a memory which the sound had stirred into faint quickness. My heart was still leaping wildly when the wailing began again, rising and falling in regular cadence. At that instant I identified it.

During the time Smith and I had spent together in Egypt two years before, searching for the slave girl Kâramanèh, I had found myself on one occasion in the neighborhood of a native cemetery near to Bedrasheen. Now the scene which I had witnessed there rose again vividly before me, and I seemed to see a little group of black-robed women clustered together about a native grave; for the wailing which now was dying away again in the Gables was the same, or almost the same, as the wailing of those Egyptian mourners.

The house was very silent again now. My forehead was damp with perspiration, and I became more and more convinced that the uncanny ordeal must prove too much for my nerves. Hitherto I had accorded little credence to tales of the supernatural, but face to face with such manifestations as these I realized that I would have faced rather a group of armed dacoits—nay, Dr. Fu-Manchu himself—than have remained another hour in that ill-omened house.

MY COMPANION must have read as much in my face. But he kept up the strange and, to me purposeless, comedy, when presently he spoke.

"I feel it to be incumbent upon me to suggest," he said, "that we spend the night at a hotel after all."

He walked rapidly downstairs and into the library, and began to strap up the grip.

"After all," he said, "there may be a natural explanation of what we've heard; for it is noteworthy that we have actually *seen* nothing. It might even be possible to get used to the ringing and the wailing after a time. Frankly, I am loath to go back on my bargain!"

While I stared at him in amazement he stood there indeterminate, as it seemed. Then:

"Come, Pearce!" he cried loudly, "I can see that you do not share my views; but for my own part I shall return to-morrow and devote further attention to the phenomena."

Extinguishing the light, he walked out into the hallway, carrying the grip in his hand. I was not far behind him. We walked toward the door together, and:

"Turn the light out, Pearce," directed Smith; "the switch is at your elbow. We can see our way to the door well enough now."

In order to carry out these instructions it became necessary for me to remain a few paces in the rear of my companion, and I think I have never experienced such a pang of nameless terror as pierced me at the moment of extinguishing the light, for Smith had not yet opened the door, and the utter darkness of the Gables was horrible beyond expression. Surely darkness is the most potent weapon of the Unknown. I know that at the moment my hand left the switch I made for the door, as though the hosts of hell pursued me. I collided violently with Smith. He was evidently facing toward me in the darkness, for at the moment of our collision he grasped my shoulder as in a vice.

"My God, Petrie, look behind you!" he whispered.

I was enabled to judge of the extent and reality of his fear by the fact that the strange subterfuge of addressing me always as Pearce was forgotten. I turned, in a flash . . .

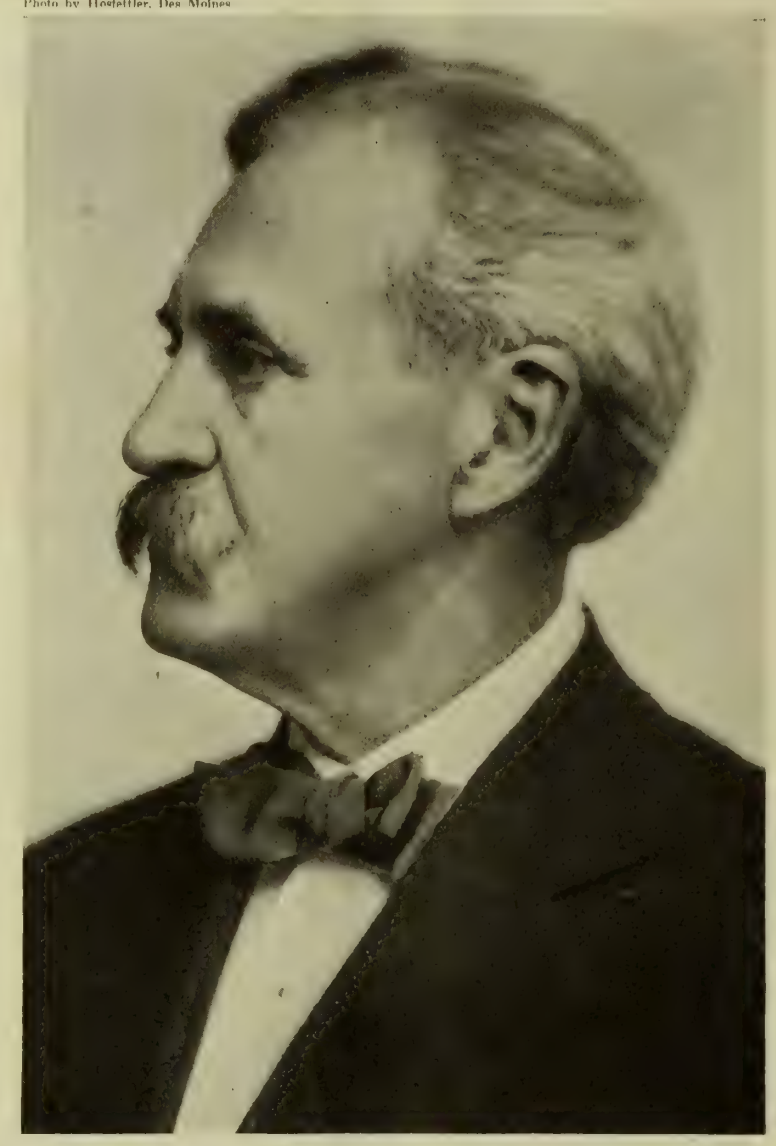
Never can I forget what I saw. Many strange and terrible memories are mine, memories stranger and more terrible than those of the average man; but this *thing*, which now moved slowly down upon us through the impenetrable gloom of that haunted place, was (if the term be understood) almost absurdly horrible. It was a medieval legend come to life in modern London; (*Continued on page* 26)

PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES

CUMMINS OF IOWA

BY FRED C. KELLY

Photo by Hostettler, Des Moines



Cummins has been a fighter, but he is calm about it. In court room, political campaign, or the United States Senate, he is courteous and self-contained

ON A CERTAIN morning a number of years ago a future United States Senator from Iowa stood in the waiting room of a Chicago railroad station, grip in hand, ready to keep a date with Destiny. His name was Albert Baird Cummins, his age twenty-three, and he was on his way, so he thought, to Denver. Not knowing anything about his appointment with Destiny, he attached no importance to being in the station just when he was. Such things as psychological moments were not in his thoughts. He was there, so far as he was able to appraise the situation, simply because he had come to Chicago to catch a train for Denver, and the first train available was about to leave. In Denver a job awaited him. He had just resigned a place as chief engineer of the Northern Central Michigan Railroad to take a similar position on the Denver & Rio Grande. The new place carried with it more salary than he had ever commanded before. Yet the young man in the station was not especially pleased over his prospects, for he was not enthusiastic over being a railroad man. All his life he had yearned to be a lawyer—to be a lawyer and take part in public affairs. But he did not have enough money to study law and had just finished making up his mind that a career as a lawyer and public man was not for him. When he accepted the railroad job in Denver he did it with the idea of forgetting all about his lifelong ambition and staking his future on an effort to reach the top in the railroad world. It appeared that he had passed the parting of the ways.

The train was announced and Cummins started for the gate. Then he bumped right into an old friend of his father's. There was, of course, talk, and Cummins explained that he was on his way to take a railroad job in Denver, Colo.

"I thought you were going to be a lawyer?" asked the old friend of his father's.

"That's what I've always wanted to be," replied young Cummins, "but I couldn't arrange it. I have no money to put me through law school or to keep me while I study. I must be at work. So I've decided on a railroad career as the next best thing."

"If you want to be a lawyer, I'm afraid you may always have regrets if you don't make a try at law," suggested the family friend. "How'd it do if I were to get you into a law office here? You could work a little and study as you go."

"That would be fine," Cummins told him, "but I've already got my ticket and taken a job in Denver, Colo."

In a minute it was all arranged. Cummins turned in his ticket, wired that he couldn't take the railroad job, and went to work in the offices of McClellan & Hodges in Chicago, where he was introduced by his friend. For two years Cummins earned his board and keep by working for the attorneys, and studied at night or at odd times during the day. At the end of the two years he knew the law, or, at any rate, he knew enough law to pass the Illinois bar examination.

Thus it was that Albert B. Cummins became a lawyer. For three years he practiced in Chicago. But all the while he had an idea that he would like to live in Iowa. He wanted to operate in a smaller field where he would be less inconspicuous than necessarily was his lot as a young lawyer in Chicago. He picked Des Moines, where he formed a partnership with his brother, J. C. Cummins. In Des Moines he came to be recognized as a really big lawyer—the biggest in the State. Every town has at least one lawyer who people will tell you is the best in the State or in the entire country. But there seems to be no question that Cummins was really about the best to be found in Iowa. He has a natural legal mind. Give him an elaborate tangle of legal facts and he can get right to the meat of the situation a good deal like a well-trained rabbit dog following a trail through dense underbrush.

A while ago one of Cummins's partners worked several days preparing a brief. It was a big, knotty, perplexing case and the partner wanted the Senator's opinion of it. Cummins glanced over the brief a few minutes and then, pointing his finger to one line, said:

"Right there is the point to your entire case." And events proved that he was exactly right.

All his life Cummins has been a toiler and a fighter. He was obliged to begin work when he was ten years old, and he has worked, mostly, ever since. Rarely has he had a holiday since he entered public life. In the fifteen years prior to the last few months it is doubtful if he has devoted one entire day to pleasure. Years ago Cummins made the discovery that one can often accomplish things by work which could not be gained in any other way. So, as I say, he has worked. Work with him has been almost a fetish. A few men in public life seem to struggle up to a certain point and then proceed largely on their reputations; but Cummins appears to have lacked the knack of climbing without fighting. His political record is not one of unbroken defeat or uninterrupted triumph. On three different occasions he made an unsuccessful dash for the United States Senate. But the point is that three defeats did not head him off.

Cummins and the Railroads

FOR years Cummins fought corporation control of affairs in Iowa. It was one of the funny little quirks of fate that though he spent part of his early years working for the railroads he was to devote a number of his later years to fighting them. Iowa was once dominated by railroad interests. The railroads made men United States Senators; they made an obscure country lawyer a cabinet officer. No man dared to fight them. Cummins's first show of independence of the railroads was when as a member of the General Assembly he supported an amendment to the Constitution adapted to prevent railroads from escaping liability for accidents to employees. Yet at that time Cummins was a railroad attorney. It was during the time Cummins was governor that Iowa not only shook off most of its railroad shackles, but became one of the first States of the Union to put on a complete antitrust program. Cummins got passed a 2-cent fare law, an antipass law, a primary-election law, a provision limiting the hours of work for railroad employees, a law to prevent corporations from contributing to campaign funds, a campaign-publicity law, a pure-food law, and a pure-seed law. He vetoed a bill removing the debt limit of corporations, a law which was drawn in the interest of certain railroads. The plan was to New Jerseyize Iowa. Cummins was urged by old friends to sign the bill—in fact, most of his more intimate associates both in and out of the legal profession favored it. But he refused.

There was naturally a complete break between Cummins and the railroads, whose fight was led by J. W. Blythe of Burlington, general solicitor for one of the big lines and regarded as the railroads' political agent in Iowa. The Blythe machine—known as "The Reservation," because of the completeness and strength of its organization—had the southern half of the State under its thumb so firmly that Cummins's first race for governor seemed well-nigh hopeless. Cummins's success in that campaign is still talked of in Iowa as one of the big feats in the political annals of the State. Then he was elected twice more, both times on a platform that was antipass, antirailroad, antilobby, for State-wide primaries and equal taxation. However, Blythe and his "Reservation" succeeded on two occasions in postponing Cummins's entrance into the United States Senate.

It was while governor that Cummins gained national attention as a leading exponent of the so-called "Iowa idea" for the revision of the tariff. He was, and is, regarded as the father of the Iowa idea, but as a matter of fact the propaganda is said to have been brought to Iowa from Washington in 1903 or 1904 by George Roberts, formerly of Fort Dodge, Iowa, later director of the mint, with headquarters in Washington, and now a banker in New York City. The Iowa idea was based on the proposition that there should be "no shelter to monopoly"—which phraseology later appeared in a Republican national platform. In a nutshell, the Iowa idea was that the tariff should equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, plus a reasonable margin for the protection of those employed in American industries; that the reasonable margin should not be sufficient to give protection to monopolistic interests. Cummins declared that while he was a Republican he was convinced that his party must revise the tariff downward if it intended to handle the trust question, for the tariff, he said, was the mother of trusts.

One of Cummins's biggest cases as a young lawyer was when he broke up the Barbed-Wire Trust. This was about thirty-five years ago when he was just beginning to be noticed. The Barbed-Wire Trust had a corner on barbed wire throughout the entire country. It was an important commodity in the West in those days, and the prices were exorbitant and constantly going higher. James Wilson, afterward Secretary of Agriculture; Henry Wallace, one of Iowa's prominent men, and a number of others got together to fight the trust which claimed patents on all devices for making barbed wire. They organized a company and started a barbed-wire factory. Immediately the trust started suit for patent infringement. The Iowans lost their first case. Then they looked about for another lawyer. They hit upon young Albert B. Cummins. And how do you suppose Cummins prepared for it?

He got himself a jumper and pair of overalls, went into the barbed-wire factory, and learned the business. He found out exactly how barbed wire was made and the mechanical principle of every machine used in the manufacturing process. When he got through there was practically nothing he did not know about barbed wire.

Then he went into court—and beat the trust.

Immediately thereafter the price of barbed wire

throughout the country dropped about one-half. The trust cut the price rather than have the country overrun with independent factories.

When Cummins fights he invariably does it calmly. Whether in a court room, in a heated political campaign, or in the United States Senate, he is calm, courteous, self-contained. He does not grow boisterous, rant, upset furniture, swing his arms like semaphores, or behave like a frightened horse. I have seldom heard him raise his voice in the Senate chamber above the ordinary conversational pitch. Lawyers who were just entering the profession at a time when Cummins was already prominent at the bar in Iowa declare that he showed them the same consideration and deference that he gave the older and more experienced attorneys. The result of this trait of courtesy is that Cummins has always maintained pleasant relations with most of the Senate leaders, even with those who are violently opposed to all that he stands for. Cummins has been able to accomplish much by courtesy that would have been impossible if he had resorted to the old-fashioned scheme of attacking men instead of methods.

Dignified—But Democratic

WHILE courteous, however, Cummins has a knack at spoiling the other fellow's argument by means of a few calm, pointed remarks. When he rises in the Senate he is characterized by an atmosphere of preparedness. He is the sort of person who listens patiently to what you have to say and then embarrasses you by inquiring: "Then if that is true, how do you reconcile the statement you made year before last?"

Or else he produces some entirely unexpected facts of a more or less incontrovertible nature calculated to harass and disturb one.

Besides being calm and collected, Cummins is dignified. There is a grand manner and a certain air about him. But his grand manner is not pompous like that of a head waiter. Rather it is the inoffensive, well-poised manner of one who really belongs. He is dignified without being strutty. Cummins looks the part of a United States Senator. The fact is, no matter what position of honor or trust he might be called upon to fill, Cummins would come reasonably close to looking the part. Some years ago when he was a candidate at the Republican State Convention, seeking the nomination for governor of Iowa, the opposition sought to discredit him by referring to him as "Handsome Albert" or "the Des Moines Apollo." There was a certain farmer delegate whom the opposition had counted on. But he voted for Cummins. His crowd went to him and demanded to know why he had decided to support Cummins.

"Well," the delegate declared, "the fellow *looks* like a governor!"

The Cummins dignity is a democratic kind of dignity. It has been an asset rather than an obstacle to him in his professional and political career. Years ago Cummins was one of the comparatively few persons in Des Moines who rode in closed carriages. In those days a closed carriage was a symbol of aristocracy. Cummins was aristocratic by nature—even though he had been reared in a plain, old-fashioned, poor-but-honest atmosphere—and so he had his closed carriage. He always rode in it—from his home to his office, to the courthouse, back home again—everywhere. And people liked him for his grandeur. Though he rode in a fine carriage, he knew everybody, spoke to everybody. He accorded to the humblest laborer the same attention that he did to a fellow member of the bar. It is related that on one occasion a gang of men were digging a big ditch along the road that Cummins took in going from his home to his office. He became acquainted with these ditch diggers, and when he spoke to them as he drove by all lifted their hats to him.

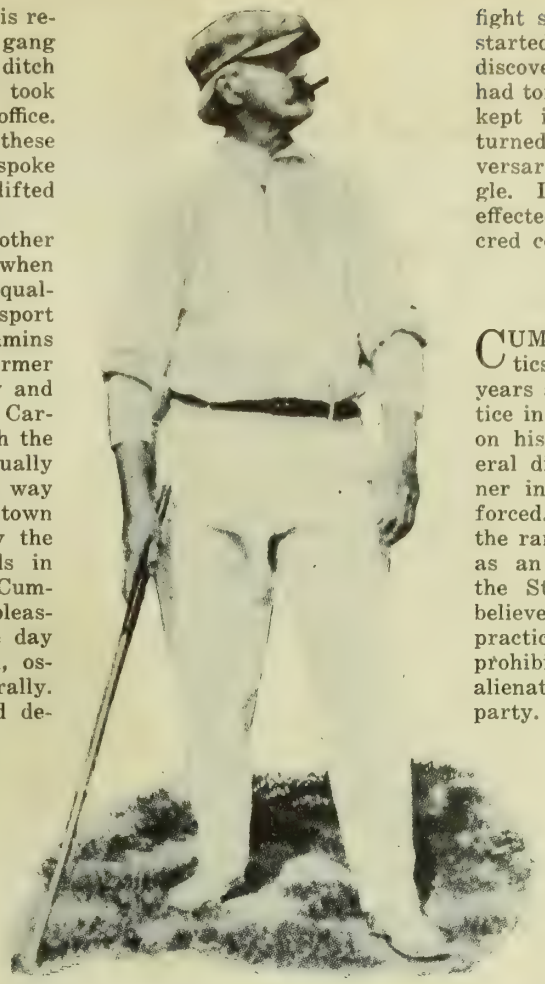
There were a number of other occasions in his early days when Cummins showed his fighting qualities. It was considered great sport in the community where Cummins was brought up for the farmer boys to hitch up on Saturday and drive to town—the town of Carmichaels, Pa.—for a fight with the city boys. A trip to town usually meant a fight not only on the way in but on the way out, for the town boys seemed to resent keenly the presence of the country lads in their thriving little center. Cummins derived a great deal of pleasure out of these fights. One day he and another boy went in, ostensibly to attend a political rally. A town bully walked up and demanded that they shout "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" Cummins and his friend saw no occasion for doing that and refused. The town boy, however, was insistent. He drew a revolver, lined the lads up on the street corner, and compelled them to shout "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" until they were hoarse.

Cummins never forgot that humiliation. When he got home he told his father that just as soon as he was big enough he hoped to meet that fellow again and give him a trouncing that he would remember. In after years, whenever he recalled the incident, he again swore to keep his boyish oath. Just a few years ago Senator Cummins did meet the Jeff Davis man at a point in Indiana. Cummins does not like to discuss what occurred.

"The man was in poor health," he says, "and I rather felt sorry for him."

At the time Cummins was fourteen years old long-tailed coats were the modish thing. Cummins yearned for a long-tailed coat. He could not afford to buy one. Even his everyday clothes were made at home by his mother. But he pined to be dressed in the prevailing fashion, and finally his mother humored him by getting some goods like his Sunday coat and adding a neat tail to it.

Cummins regarded his coat with the tail as an exceedingly attractive garment, and naturally he wished to go where it could be seen. He chased a horse over an 80-acre pasture until he had caught it, saddled up, and rode to town, three miles away. Now, on the way in something told Cummins that he would have trouble in town. But being a lad with an inborn fighting spirit, he did not scent trouble ahead with any great feeling of disrelish. He hitched his horse at a rack bordering the public square and walked bravely up the main street, all intent on exhibiting his fine clothes. There was in his manner that air of cockiness which comes with the absolute knowledge that one is irreproachably in vogue. Within less than a block he met five young city chaps, who almost immediately began to exhibit a pronounced antipathy toward Cummins and his coat tail. They seemed to feel that for a country jake—a hayseed, as they rudely called him—to appear publicly in a long-tailed coat was going just a wee bit too far. In a few moments there was a fight. Cummins was fairly well put up physically, and, considering that he was fighting five, he came out rather creditably. Still, he was badly battered when the others drew off, and he was willing to let the fight stop right there. But as he started away he made a horrible discovery! The attacking party had torn loose his coat tail and had kept it as a trophy. Cummins turned about, pursued his late adversaries, and renewed the struggle. It did not cease until he had effected the recapture of the sacred coat tail.



At sixty-five the Senator took up golf

The Booze Issue

CUMMINS'S entrance into politics was in 1887, about nine years after he began his law practice in Des Moines. He was away on his vacation. There was general dissatisfaction with the manner in which prohibition was enforced. Republicans bolted from the ranks and nominated Cummins as an independent candidate for the State Legislature. Cummins believed in high license as a more practical temperance measure than prohibition, and that for a time alienated him from many in his party. But subsequent legislation seemed to approve his judgment—at least in so far as Iowa was concerned—for local option and high license were the temperance policies of the State for many years. Cummins made the fight that was thrust upon him as an independent candidate, and won, though his running mate was defeated.

It is interesting to note in this connection that Cummins made his entrance into politics as an advocate of high license rather than prohibition, but that just recently, while a possible candidate for President, he declared himself in favor of national prohibition.

"Thirty years ago," he says, "I would have said prohibition was impractical. Under the conditions that existed then, it would have meant putting in the field two unregulated saloons to the one regulated saloon. But the world has marched along in these thirty years until now there is sentiment enough in the United States to abolish the saloon. The United States ought to abolish it, and it will."

Cummins served only one term in the Legislature. In 1894 he made his first attempt to reach the United States Senate. Three times Cummins was elected Governor of Iowa, the first time in 1901. Owing to a constitutional amendment, he served an extra year, making seven in all that he was governor. He sought the Republican nomination for the United States Senate against Senator Allison in 1908, but was defeated. Senator Allison died in August of that year and another primary was held in November when Cummins defeated John F. Lacey of Oskaloosa by 45,000 votes. Cummins was elected by the Legislature for the brief, unexpired term and later for the full term. Last year he was reelected.

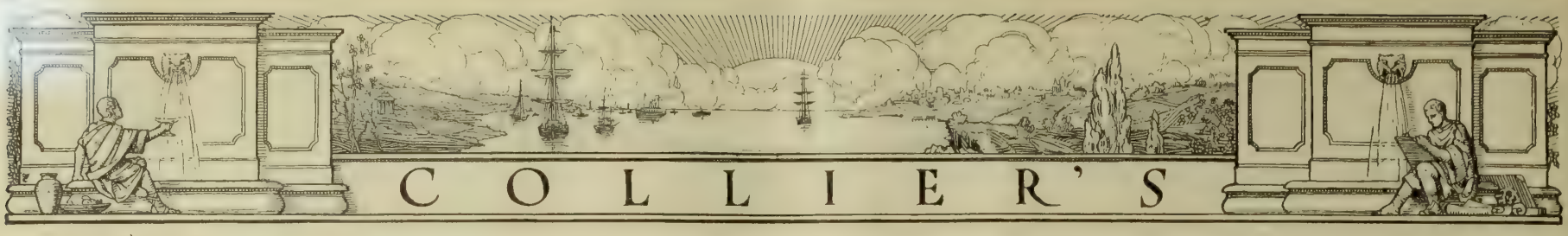
Senator Cummins was born near Carmichaels, Pa., February 15, 1850. His mother was Scotch-Irish and his father Scotch. On his mother's side he was descended from a great-grandfather who had signed the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence when North Carolina bolted British rule. But his ancestors were American-born since long before the Revolutionary War. Cummins's father, besides being of Scotch descent, was a Presbyterian and had the strict ideas of bringing up youth that seem to go with a parent who is both Scotch and Presbyterian. One of the things he was rigid about was the observance of the Sabbath. On Saturday night he saw to it that all books and papers were carefully placed under lock and key—all except the Bible and certain Presbyterian books on religious subjects. The children were packed off to church and Sunday school every service, and were forbidden even to sing. They could not even crack nuts on Sunday. One of the severest whippings Senator Cummins ever received was for absent-mindedly whistling on Sunday a couple of bars of a popular tune.

The elder Cummins held to almost equally well-defined notions with regard to work. He conducted a farm and yet worked at the carpenter trade besides. By the time Albert was twelve years old he was pounding nails alongside his father and earning rather good wages. He became a first-class carpenter and worked at his trade for eight years.

But during that time he went, off and on, to the country school and to the academy at Carmichaels. For a time he taught school. And he showed his capacity for work by completing the full four-year course at Waynesburg College in less than three years. That institution (*Continued on page* 27)



Senator and Mrs. Cummins and some young friends on the edge of Kilauea, Hawaii



A Scotch Scientist Speaks

THE FOLLOWING EDITORIAL is borrowed from a book, "Evolution and the War" by P. C. MITCHELL, a hard-shell Darwinian evolutionist of high standing, member of many learned bodies, and secretary of the Zoological Society of London:

"The moral law is as real and as external to man as the starry vault. It has no secure seat in any single man or in any single nation. It is the work of the blood and tears of long generations of men. It is not in man, inborn or innate, but is enshrined in his traditions, in his customs, in his literature and his religion. Its creation and sustenance are the crowning glory of man, and his consciousness of it puts him in a high place above the animal world. Men live and die, nations rise and fall, but the struggle of individual lives and of individual nations must be measured not by their immediate needs, but as they tend to the debasement or perfection of man's great achievement."

Henry Ford, Pacificist

FOR SOME TIME we have wondered whether Mr. HENRY FORD was a great man or merely a great manufacturer. The world is always rather quick to attribute greatness to those it likes, and the world likes Mr. FORD. It likes him for popularizing the automobile, for cutting down his own income to share profits with his workmen, for being honest and simple in spite of his riches, and for his fine sense of the brotherhood of man. And it may be that a large part of the world likes him also for his scorn of art and of college education. When Mr. FORD remarked to JULIAN STREET that he "would not give five cents for all the art in the world," we considered, somewhat mournfully, the lines of the Ford car, and knew he spoke the truth; and when he disparaged higher education we felt real regret—for thousands of persons are directly influenced by what a man like Mr. FORD chooses to say. We believe that the Ford car would be a better car for a sense of beauty in its maker, and we believe that HENRY FORD, admirable man that he is, would be a better man for a liberal education. Certainly no man so honest, so clear-headed as Mr. FORD could, if familiar with certain obvious lessons of history, give a thought (much less a million dollars) to peace propaganda in this country at this time.

Peace is not to be purchased by the propagandizing donations of amiable antimilitarist millionaires. It is not to be had for the asking. Not always is it to be insured even by pacifist treaties. Before the outbreak of the present war we had begun to hope, against our judgment, that there might, after all, be something in all the talk about disarmament and permanent world peace. When Dr. JORDAN said that there would be no more war in Europe we hoped that his vision was clearer than our own. We were eager to believe that civilization had increased to the point of overthrowing historical precedent. But, in the face of what is going on in Europe, how can anyone believe that now? What could be more obvious than that now, as in the time of WASHINGTON, peace may be had only by those who are strong, those who are willing and prepared to fight for it?

We do not like to see a man of HENRY FORD'S honesty, ability, and sincere humanitarianism deluded into an alliance with the rainbow chasers. With all our heart we wish that Mr. FORD were giving of his millions to the constructive pacificism of preparedness instead of to the promulgation of chimerical notions of peace which, by their altruistic intent, are rendered the more destructive.

An Earlier Example

THE GERMAN CRISIS is not the first nor yet the second complication which has threatened us with international difficulties under the present Administration. The Mexican fiasco still remains an evaded problem. Before that there was Japan. When we were having trouble with Japan over the questions raised in California, it was suddenly discovered that we might need coal for our ships in the Pacific. Then, as now, our preparedness was that of the grasshopper. Needing coal in the Pacific, the Government nevertheless feared to ship it there lest the act be construed as warlike by the Japanese.

New York State's Chance

THE EVERLASTING WAR between politics and government was fought to a bitter end in the New York Constitutional Convention, and the latter came out somewhat ahead. This encouraging result is due largely to the forceful and eloquent leadership of ELIHU ROOT as chairman of the convention. If the voters adopt the amendments to be submitted to them in November, New York State will have a Governor who really can govern. He will be in charge of the budget that makes the layout for raising and spending money, and he will be at the head of a simplified and reorganized State Government consisting of 17 departments instead of 152 miscellaneous bodies. The drawbacks are that he will have only two years to work; he will not have a standard system of accounts by which to measure results; and he will not have any hold (save perhaps as a party leader) over the Attorney General and Comptroller. These officials will be separately elected and will have their own patronage to parcel out, and the politicians are blamed glad of it. Invisible government will be crippled, but not killed. Social justice is promoted by providing that workmen are to be compensated when disabled by diseases due to the nature of their work, and that the Legislature is to have power to regulate or abolish the manufacturing in tenement homes which now disgraces the poorer quarters of New York's large cities. The attempt to get home rule for municipalities was balked of success, and the result is well described as "nobody home" rule. But the gains that were achieved were won over the bleeding bodies of BARNES, BRACKETT, and the other machine politicians. Their profit is in the divided helplessness of government and in the gratitude of successful privilege. They fought to the last ditch for a negative constitution and the old sacred confusions of method. The New York "Evening Post" sketched the course of things thus: "Mr. BARNES made an angry speech against the measure, which was adopted in the afternoon." The result is to give New York State a chance at better government, and if this indicates that the Republican party, which had a three-fourths majority in the convention, is disposed to give up Bourbonism and go ahead on constructive lines, it is a matter of national importance. Meanwhile it is up to the voters of New York State to study and adopt the amendments now submitted.

Woman's Education

"HOW TO LIVE COMPLETELY. This is the great thing which education has to teach." Thus HERBERT SPENCER is quoted by the prospectus of a school for women which aims "to fit them for life." The institution wisely considers that a number of elements go to make up that fitness. Hand in hand with the study, by theory, of philosophy, sociology, and political economy go the problems of motherhood and home life. Under the heading "Home Making: Domestic Engineering" are these subdivisions:

House construction and furnishing.	Nursery craft.
Household management.	Dietetics.
Cooking, sewing, millinery.	Sick-room cookery.
Personal adornment.	Home nursing.
Social amenities.	Music in the home.
Personal relations.	Recreation in the home.

Time was when woman's chief training in life was about summed up in the ability to droop her eyelashes and manipulate the spinning wheel, Priscilla-wise. But it is gradually coming to be recognized that fitting woman for life is something more than teaching her to do embroidery and telling her what to avoid. Women's education used to be negation; it has become positive.

How About Farm Labor?

THE PROBLEM OF FARM LABOR is ordinarily thought of as consisting in the difficulty of getting people to work on farms for what the farmers are able to pay. This notion gets a rude jolt when we find WALTER L. SEARS, the capable superintendent of the Public Employment Bureau in New York City, stating in his report for the month of August that:

> At the present time there are more than 10,000 competent farm hands—milkers, gardeners, and laborers—idle in this city whose services may be secured at from $15 to $30 per month upon reasonable notice. These men are willing to go any distance from the city provided transportation is advanced.

Here are 10,000 qualified workers who want to get "back to the soil" and earn reasonable wages, and they can't get there! If farm help is not needed along in August and September, when is it needed? Evidently there is a lot more to this land-and-labor problem than is ordinarily supposed. What's the answer?

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

If You Don't Like Onions, Skip This

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING—whether in Boston or Baltimore—is in the eating. Never was truer word uttered. But even the act of reading about the toothsome dish can titillate the appetite. The other day a well-thumbed cookbook happened to fall into our hands. We turned the pages with much the detached feeling we should have in perusing a work on pottery making or piano tuning. Suddenly we caught the words: "Beefsteak smothered in onions," and the mere look of those syllables set us to reading further:

> Cut one dozen onions into slices, fry a quarter pound of salt pork or bacon until all the fat is tried out, then take out the crackling; into this hot fat put the onions, fry and stir for twenty minutes over a good fire, then add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of black pepper, and one cup of boiling water. Place over a moderate fire to *simmer* for half an hour. By this time the water should have entirely evaporated and the onions should be a nice brown. Have ready a broiled steak, place it in the pan with the onions, cover it over the top with some of them, and stand in oven for five minutes. Then place the steak on a hot dish, heap the onions over and around, and serve.

Can any mention of turkey outdo the mouth-watering potentiality of this recipe? We vouch for no culinary accuracy, but in the mere flavor of the words there is an appetizing tang. The semitechnical p a t o i s of the kitchen has its allurements. The "smothering," the fat which is "tried out," the "crackling," the "dash of black pepper," the "simmering," and the onions which are heaped "over and around" t h e s t e a k — such phrases occur with real potency. The literature of cookery has its own individual charm. Normal man with a zest for his "victuals"—that good old word—should be able to smack his lips over such a dish, even in its type-set form.

Cartoon by Donahey, in Cleveland "Plain Dealer"



Rip Van Winkle Wakes Up

Speaking of Tennis

THE EASTERN SPORT WRITERS seem to have a lot of trouble accounting for McLOUGHLIN'S popularity throughout the country. To some bystanders it seems quite simple. When it came to the big show-down last year in the Davis Cup finals, the United States against the World, McLOUGHLIN was there. He did the impossible by defeating both BROOKES and WILDING in singles. The East admires technical success (millions, championships, etc.); the rest of the United States admires the fellow who in a pinch does better than his best. That's McLOUGHLIN and that's JOHNSTON too.

A Sure Cure

HALF THE WORLD complains of the gloom of the autumn. Poets set them the example. But did you ever realize that lack of zest in the fall is largely a matter of defective circulation? If everybody exercised and slept enough, the idea that autumn is the season of sadness would be drowned in peals of full-bodied laughter.

Poetry for the Way Up

WHEN NEXT YOU STEP OUT of the elevator, see how this fits the trip:

> For a moment it has borne
> Youth and Age, Love and Crime,
> Hearts of bliss, hearts forlorn;
> It has taken toll of Time
> With each potential deed
> That the Fates have decreed:
> Roses, stars, and the slime
> Of Baseness, all unseen,
> Have packed it to the doors
> As it streaked past the floors
> With the prince and the pauper,
> The shop girl and the queen.

There are five more stanzas as WILLIAM ROSE BENET wrote it in the New York "Evening Sun," but this one seems to have caught the eternal romance of a transient incident of every day. This is what poetry can do for us once in a while.

The Basis of Railroading

ONE OF THE RAILROADS had a bad collision recently. The conductor, engineer, and fireman of an extra train all forgot about a regular passenger train, the schedule of which they knew perfectly well, and ran into it from behind. After getting all the facts the superintendent of the division reported that the accident was caused by the chance assignment of three moral weaklings to the same crew. The conductor had been fired once before for causing a collision and was not a man of strong character. The engineer's record showed three previous suspensions, and he was known to indulge occasionally in gross immoralities. The fireman had been in trouble over a scandalous domestic difficulty. The superintendent summed up:

> Having in the service such men as these, the best way to frame up a collision is to get them together in the same crew.

The "Railway Age Gazette" comments on the gravity of this danger and the difficulty of forestalling it, and suggests that perhaps it would be a good rule "to make sure of at least one wholly trustworthy man on every train." The point is that in this particular railroading does not differ from any other human pursuit having to do with the h a r d facts of this world. The basis of them all is character, and l a c k of character means loss and peril and death.

Telegram to Authors

A WISE AND BUSY Englishman, WALTER BAGEHOT, once stated the whole craft of letters in these eleven words: "The secret of style is to write like a human being." Try this on your desk.

The Man with a Broom

SOMETIMES one is tempted to regard that man happiest who has fewest habits. Too often habits grow into positive tyrants. The man who must always have his eggs boiled exactly two minutes and a half and is made miserable for all day if one of them boils for three instead, the man who thinks himself dependent upon a certain brand of smoking tobacco (or, perhaps, any tobacco at all) is the victim of his habits almost as is the drug slave. Travel brings these points out, and the jolliest traveler is he who jauntily adjusts himself to changed conditions and new circumstance. Indeed, shaking us out of stale habits is perhaps travel's greatest merit of all. But habit is not a tyrant only—sometimes habit plays the rôle of savior. Many a man and woman is carried through difficulties by habit coming to the rescue and busying hands or mind till the crisis is past. EMILE VERHAEREN tells in his book, "Belgium's Agony," of one small village in the Teuton's blood trail—the village called Pervyse:

> The main street is like a great museum of prehistoric fauna. The house roofs, denuded of tiles and the joists left naked, have tilted forward on to the sidewalks, so that they hang in mid-air like giant vertebræ. . . . One house only of the whole village of Pervyse had been spared. Its owner has seen no reason for going away. He is a man of middle age. As he watches us pass without saying a word he holds in his hand an enormous broom. For it was Saturday, and this man, amidst the total ruin of his village, was punctually cleaning his window and the pavement before his door, because the following day was Sunday.

Such a habit as that of sweeping one's pavement is acquired, not instinctive—yet Nature knows best, and Nature bade this Belgian continue, by himself, in the routine which community life had imposed upon him. Sweeping his doorsill and paving stones, the man of Pervyse may perhaps have forgotten for a moment the desolation of his village, his loss of human comradeship. In due time men and women will recreate Pervyse, and the man with a broom will have neighbors once more. And habit will have helped to keep him sane.

Staging Germany's Greatest Invasion



WARSAW'S conqueror, Prince Leopold of Bavaria, is the central figure above. His staff is somewhat theatrically posed before Warsaw's gorgeous cathedral. But the taking of the Polish capital on the fourth attack marked Germany's most dramatic war triumph. Though the Russian army was not enveloped, the fall of the Czar's third-largest city counted enormously in prestige and made possible Germany's advance into the heart of Russia. By evacuating Warsaw, what was left of the Russian army was saved to fight another day, and the rich city itself escaped bombardment. In our center photograph a group of Poles are reading the first proclamation of their new Governor.

A month after losing Warsaw, the Czar dazed the world by assuming "personal" command of Russia's naval and military forces, displacing his second cousin, Grand Duke Nicholas. The Grand Duke (a past master of the most baffling of all military arts — retreat) has been appointed to the seemingly insignificant command of the Russian forces in the Caucasus facing the Turks.



THE EXODUS OF THE RUSS — Besides the garrison many of the inhabitants left Warsaw before the Russians blew up the Vistula bridges and abandoned the Polish capital

THE PESTIMUS

BY CEYLON HOLLINGSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

ELEVEN low cabins and Bud's poison bureau, all of logs, on the creek side of the trail, nine similar domiciles and Vesey's store mortised into the timbered steep of Old Tiptop on the other, a log town hall where the trail from Elk Park crosses the brawling stream, and Achepex is described.

A few months old, it teemed with dreams of opulence, in the deep remote end of a mighty cañon that splits the foothills within sight of Denver and climbs fifty tortuous miles right up into the throat of Jim's Peak. But Doc Colby and two gaunt, mother-eaten cayuses came to this infant gold camp from another direction. He journeyed over Rawlin's Pass from the Lord knows where in the wilds of Route County and descended confidently upon it and took possession as its leading citizen. And he did all this with the affability of divine right, for he had frontier history, experience, and biography behind him, and the brains of a rusty scholar, the brawn of a somewhat sawed-off Hercules, and the inherent majesty of sixty-five fearless years to back him up.

About all to be seen under his old and once-black sombrero were whiskers, and lots of them, bristling in untrimmed definition of every sturdy thing Doc stood for—a dense mass of kinky gray with a pugnacious, horizontal bulge and flare that necessitated his pressing them down with a hairy paw every time he expectorated. They recalled a serious leak in a hair mattress and lent piratical éclat to the twinkling blue eyes, deep and autocratic, and the sun-kissed bulb of a generous nose.

THE first man Doc saw on this initial August afternoon was a detailed incarnation of gloom and sapience victimized by fate and glad of it. As a dauntless optimist with the world by the tail on a downhill pull, Doc objected to him on sight. A number of prospectors waiting for the stage were standing in front of Vesey's, and this uncomely being loomed apart and alone like a vedette or adjutant bird, his hands spaded to the elbows in trousers pockets, the back of his stiff leather jumper sprouting out behind. His bullet head under a top-heavy winter cap gave rise to a large, bony, jib-shaped nose and a sprawling, long-horned mustache. This last was composed of yellow wire and had a vegetable semblance and seemed to be the termination of the ewe neck that sagged from shoulders rounded into a hump of self-satisfied dejection. His little, gray eyes were so heavy and pompous with overwhelming wisdom, and had fastened with an arraigning gravity on Doc that so plainly invited conversation and rebuked presumption, that Doc with a "whoa" at his pack animal pulled up beside him.

"Any room round here for another patient in need of a million?" inquired Doc jovially.

"Room?" repeated the man sarcastically, wigwagging his head slowly and momentously up and down. "Huh! Lots. Most room round yere I ever see."

Doc's face fell and in great curiosity he eyed the fellow. "You don't seem to be dangerously excited about this camp," he remarked.

"Not pertic'lar. I hain't seen nothun yet to get excited about."

"Why, the reports I've been hearin' about this district all the way from Hayden are calculated to set an asbestos man afire."

The man nodded in funereal emphasis and agreement. "Don't doubt it. Nozir! They're findin' mineral every which way and gettin' assays. Yezir! But I'm the 'pinion it's all on the surface and'll pinch out afore they're down any depth. It's my 'pinion we're too near the peak. It's my 'pinion these here fellers is all mistaken and gone clean crazy. It's my 'pinion from the fo'mation round yere—"

"Your ''pinion' seems to be a mighty big thing in your vicinity. It's a wonder it lets you stay up here."

"Stay?" And here the man contemplated the ground and swore in prayerful strains. Then he looked up. "I'm goin' stay right yere till I see 'em admit Mister Stummel's right and wisht they'd took his advice. I've been givin' folks my 'pinion right along—stiddy—but the derned fools go right ahead. Beats ennything I ever see. Calls me a pestimus." Here he swore again. "Calls me that for why? Jest because luck's allers agin me and I knows it and talks about it. Why shouldn't I? If I starts down fer Central, up gits the derned wind and blows *up* gulch like hell. And jest the minute I gits ready fer home and starts, ol' wind whizzes round every time and blows *down* gulch to skin rocks, gol twist it. Yezir! Never knowed it to fail. Now, 'fore I locates up yere, I jest feels in my bones I'd find out after locatin' claims and gittin' a cabin built and gittin' rooted down too dead to budge, that my dodrotted 'pinion would up and be agin me jest what it is. And that's what it done—jest as I figgered. Yezir! Beats ennything I ever see. Now"—he cleared his throat, enthusiastic with garrulity—"it's my 'pinion—"



The face was full of fright and despair. "Now, ma, y'lay down; there's a good soul. . . . Mister Colby, make you 'quainted with my mother, Misses Stummel"

"G'dap!" Doc's whiskers, like an open-palmed boxing glove, were suddenly aimed at the landscape above his broncho's ears. The horse started and as its hindquarters all but brushed the surprised Mister Stummel, Doc might have been seen to reach slyly back and dig a thumb into some waiting nerve, or other push button, in the animal's withers. The brute with a grunt lashed out in a twisting kick that fanned Stummel's mustache and nose. Stummel sprang backward, emitting a raspy yelp of affright and exploding indignation, whirled, lost his balance and fell, while Doc rode serenely onward, eyes and whiskers unflinchingly straight ahead.

Doc had held the boards from the time he had filed over the bald ridge at the head of the gulch, and the men about Vesey's and Bud's had witnessed the episode, to a man, and were awaiting him, grinning with liveliest appreciation and curiosity.

"H'are you, gentlemen?" was his cordial greeting as he reined up in front of Vesey's.

"Pretty close shave, that, pardner, you give our mascot," laughed one.

"Mascot?" echoed Doc with sarcastic incredulity, turning in his saddle and viewing in this new light the human talisman. Stummel was sitting on the ground, bending over his legs, holding a foot in both hands and glaring at the disrespectful mirth.

"Sure," laughed another. "We're as proud of him as a ranch of a two-headed calf. Wouldn't be another strike made in the district if he'd leave or go to boosting."

Doc's throat rumbled with a contemptuous chuckle and, eschewing the sight of Stummel, he frowned upon them in disapproval of the whole mascot idea as foolhardy trifling with Providence. He shook his head and tightened his lips.

"You're makin' a bad mistake," he declared with a quiet scolding conclusiveness. "That man does what? Waylays me, feeds me poison agin the camp, shoots you fellers full of holes and *you* hold him a mascot. Mascot, me eye! I consider a man like that the easy problem and the cancer politic of any camp. I've come here to locate and make this district my home and fight for its prosperity. You can do as you please, but from this hour on Mister Stummel shuts up. Understand?"

NO ONE answered him. He had made an impression. He had in reality inaugurated himself as leading citizen. With an official expectoration redolent with satisfaction, he turned and inspired himself with another inspection of the deposed fetish who now was essaying to hoist himself erect on one foot.

"I tell ye what I'd like to see done to a man like that, on general principles," he asserted, currying his whiskers energetically. "I'd like to see him slung across the apex of Jim's Peak, there, and tied down like a dead Injun over a pony. And then, yes, sir, I'd like to see Ol' Jim bite up agin the sky hard and grind. It would muss up the firmament consider'ble, but we could stand it for Stummel's sake, I reckon."

His hearers laughed. Nothing personally malignant was in the beard-thickened bass. And while they were still laughing, Doc included, they saw Stummel sink back to the ground, seize his foot and rock as if in pain.

"Hey!" called Stummel in a petulant fury. "Can't you help a feller? Can't y'see I've busted my foot, blank blank yuh!"

"He *is* hurt, I swear," exclaimed some one in startled solicitude. "I guess your nag fetched him all right."

"No, sir!" retorted Doc in dogmatic confidence as the men started for Stummel and he wheeled his horse. "Never touched him. I can shoot as close with this brute's heels as my gun."

Dropping the lariat of his pack animal, he cantered ahead and dismounted beside Stummel. "'Tain't possible this horse of mine reached ye, did it?" he demanded as he swung from the saddle. "Are you sure it's broke? Can't you bend it?"

"Bend blazes!" raged Stummel as Doc squatted down over the injured member. "Keep yer hands off that foot! I'll sue you fer dam'ges sure's I'm a foot high. Keep yer hand off that foot, d'ye hear? It wuz bust a foot or have yer ol' pile driver kick my head off."

"Pay no 'tention to him," exclaimed one of the

men who were now crowding around. "Get his boot off afore it commences to swell."

"Keep yer hands off that foot!" ordered Stummel furiously.

"Look here, Stummel," said Doc sternly, "I studied medicine in an early day and have a diploma back in Ohio, and forty years west the Missouri have kept me from forgettin' a whole lot. So I know my business and it's got to be done. Hol' still, now— Give him a drink, somebody."

"Nozir, by gad!" exploded Stummel. "Not a drop. Swore off eight year 19th last month and don't need none. But, by Jupe, y'handle that foot light or I'll land the other in them whiskers. Lord, how it hurts! Never see the beat the way things is agin me. An' now, I s'pose, even ol' coyote grubs like your'n there are commencin' to take whacks at me, and if they misses, why, an ol' foot ups and breaks, or a leg or back or somethun inside, prob'ly. Nuff, by Juniper, to make a man—" here he all but blubbered—"blow up and bust."

Assisted by the men Doc quickly and deftly removed the laced boot and released a torrent of profane agony. An examination then disclosed a severe sprain but no broken bones.

"Here," said Doc, holding a silver dollar up to one of the men, "skip down and bring something for



Stummel's face was the diagram of anguish and despair, and he rode along in silence, his head bowed

bandages and some of his very strongest mule liniment. This is *my* funeral and I *pays* the fiddler."

"Your funeral?" snorted Stummel. "Only wisht it wuz. How'm I goin' to get up the trail home? You'll take me home on that ornery ol' plug, that's what."

"Look here," said Doc, arising and drawing forth a plug of tobacco. He overhauled it for the best location for a bite. "I said these were *my* obsequies, didn't I?" He looked at the men inquiringly. "Any good show of mineral over his way? Good campin' ground? How far off's his shebang?" He buried the plug in his whiskers and gnawed luxuriously.

"Lots of it. Best part the district, gosh hang yuh!" groaned Stummel, writhing down over his naked foot with a recurring pang. The men sustained his statement and said he lived in Elk Park a mile over Arizona Hill.

"Gosh hang me, eh?" observed Doc grimly as he squatted down again over the foot. "Well, I'll do up this foot and cart ye home aboard this horse and see ye safe in port. But shet up! Understand? Between me and you it 'uld been a heap sight better job all round if you'd sprained that hole in your head 'stead of your foot. Any man takin' the view of things you do oughter have his head sprained clean off. A bottle of indigo stood alongside you would look like ketchup. Shet up! If y'indicate any intention of startin' that bazoo up agin I'll bandage your face."

Doc stiffened up above his heels and glared in despotic wrath at the mascot. But Stummel was not intimidated in the least, although he became silent so far as addressing the succoring squad was concerned. He communed with himself in ejaculations and mutterings and confined his anxious and despondent gaze to his inflamed ankle.

While waiting for the remedies Doc introduced himself by name and had the pleasure of finding several who had (*Continued on page* 31)

THE BLACK EAGLE MYSTERY

BY GERALDINE BONNER

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Chapter Three—Reddy's Narrative Again

Hollings Harland, a great corporation lawyer, in his forty-sixth year, crashed to his death from a window high up in the Black Eagle Building. The papers said he had been caught in the copper pool, and a little earlier the same afternoon had had a stormy interview with Johnston Barker—"financier." No one could locate Barker. It was said he had sold out on the crowd and decamped with twenty million dollars. He was first traced to Philadelphia. The reporter's wife (ex-telephone girl) who narrates this part, being installed as central operator of the Black Eagle, thought she heard Barker talking from Toronto to Miss Whitehall, promoter Miss Whitehall has been shadowed halfway to Toronto—and back to New York

THIS chapter in our composite story falls to me, not because I can write it better, but because I was present at that strange interview which changed the whole face of the Harland case.

It was the morning after the night ride of Babbitts and O'Malley, and I was late at the office. As I entered the building I ran into Babbitts, who was going to the Whitney offices to report on his failure and in the hope that some new lead might have cropped up. Drawing me to the side of the hall, he told me of their expedition. I listened with the greatest interest and surprise. It struck me as amazing and rather horrible, and until I heard it I had not believed the story of the typewriter girl—that Barker was in love with Miss Whitehall—but in the face of such evidence I had nothing to say.

We were both so engrossed that neither noticed a woman holding a child by the hand and moving uncertainly about our vicinity. Judging her too timid to ask her way and too unused to such surroundings—she looked poor and shabby—to consult the office directory on the wall, I stopped and asked her where she wanted to go.

She gave a start and said with a brogue as rich as butter: "It's to Mr. Whitney's office I'm bound, but where is it I don't know, and it's afeared I am to be demandin' the way with everyone runnin' by me like hares."

"I'm going there myself," I said. "I'll take you."

Her face was of the best Irish type—round, rosy, and honest. One of her hands clasped the child's, his little fingers crumpled inside her rough, red ones. She addressed him as "Dannie," and when passengers crowded in and out of the elevator, drew him up against her with a curious, soft tenderness that seemed instinctive.

He was a pale, thin little chap, eight or nine, with large, gray eyes that he'd lift to the faces round him with a solemn, searching look. I smiled down at him, but didn't get any response, and it struck me that both of them—woman and boy—were in a state of suppressed nervousness.

Inside the office Babbitts went up the hall to the old man's den and I tried to find out what she wanted. All I could get out of her was that she had something important to tell and she wouldn't tell it to anyone but "Lyar Whitney."

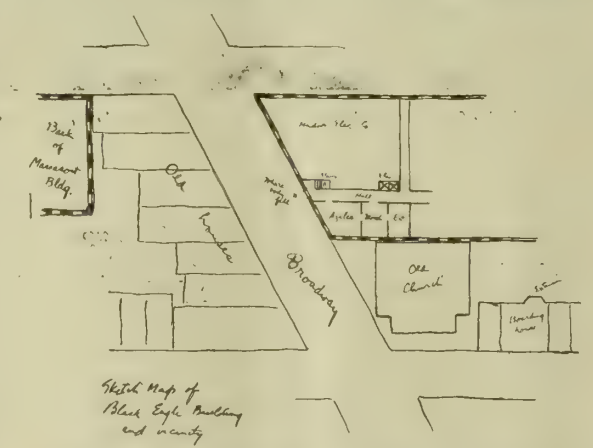
I went up to the private office where the old man and George were talking with Babbitts and told them.

"Bring her in," growled the chief, and as George disappeared he turned to Babbitts and said: "Wait here for a moment. I want to ask you a few more things about that girl last night."

Babbitts drew back to the window and I, taking a chair by the table, said, laughing: "She's probably been sued by her landlord and wants you to take the case."

"Maybe," said the old man quietly. "I'm curious to see."

Just then the woman came in, the child beside her, and George following. She looked at the chief with



Sketch map of the Black Eagle Building and vicinity

a steady, inquiring gaze, and he rose, as urbanely welcoming as if she were a star client.

"You want to see me, madam?"

"I do," she answered, "if you're Lyar Whitney. For it's to no one else I'll be going with what I'm bringing."

He assured her she'd found the right man and waved her to a chair. She sat down, drawing the boy against her knee, the chief opposite, leaning a little forward in his chair, all encouraging attention.

"Well, what is it?" he said.

"It's about the Harland suicide," she answered, "and it's my husband Dan Meagher, who drives a dray for the Panama Fruit Company, who's sent me here. 'Go to Lyar Whitney and tell him,' he says to me, 'and don't be sayin' a word to a soul, not your own mother if she was above the sod to hear yer.'"

George, who had been standing by the table with the sardonic smile he affects, suddenly became grave and dropped into a chair. The chief, nodding pleasantly, said: "The Harland suicide, Mrs. Meagher—that's very good. We'd like any information you can give us about it."

The woman fetched up a breath so deep it was almost a gasp. With her eyes on the old man she bent forward, her words, with their rich rolling r's, singularly impressive.

"It's an honest woman I am, your Honor, and what I'll be after tellin' you is God's truth for me and for Dannie here—who's never lied since the day he was born."

THE little boy looked up and spoke, his voice clear and piping, after the fuller tones of his mother: "I'm not lying."

"Let's hear this straight, Mrs. Meagher," said the chief; "I'm a little confused. Is it you or the boy here that knows something?"

"*Him*," she said, putting her hand on the child's shoulder; "he *seen* something. It's this way, your Honor—I'm one of the cleaners in the Massasoit Building. The three top floors is mine and I go on duty to red up the offices from five till eight. It's my habit to take Dannie with me, he bein', as maybe you can see, delicate since he had the typhoid, and not allowed to go to school yet or run on the street."

"I empty the trash baskets," piped up the little boy.

"Don't speak, Dannie, till your evidence is wanted," said she. "On the evening of the suicide, Lyar Whitney, I was doin' my chores on the twenty-third floor—in the Macauley, Blake Company's offices, they being, as you may know, at the back of the building. I was through with the outer room by a quarter past six, so I turned off the lights and went into the inner room, closing the door, as I had the window open and didn't want the cold air on the boy."

"You left him in the room that looks over the houses to the front of the Black Eagle Building?"

"By the window," spoke up the little boy. "I was leanin' there lookin' out."

"That's it," said she. "The office was dark, and as I shut the door I seen him by the sill peerin' over some books they had there." She took the little boy's hand and, fondling it in hers, said: "Now, Dan-

nie, tell his Honor what you saw, same as you tolt paw and me this day—" She turned to the chief: "It's no lie he'll be after sayin', Lyar Whitney; I'll swear that on the Book."

The little boy raised his big eyes to the old man's and spoke, clearly and slowly:

"I was lookin' acrost at the Black Eagle Buildin'—the windows opposite. On the floor right level with me they was all dark, 'cept the hall one. That was lit and I could see down into the hall, and there was no one in it. Suddent a door opened, the one nearest to the window, and a head come out and looked quick up and down and then acrost to our buildin'. Then it went in, and I was thinkin' how it couldn't see me because it was all dark where I was, when the door opened again—slow—and an awful sort of thing come out."

He stopped and turned to his mother, shrinking and scared. She put her arm round him and coaxed softly: "Don't be afeart, darlint. Go on now and tell it like you tolt it to me and paw at breakfast."

The old man was motionless, his face as void of expression as a stone mask. George was leaning forward, his elbows on the table, his eyes on the boy in a stony stare.

"What was it you saw, Dannie?" said the chief, his voice sounding deep as an organ after that moment of breathless hush. "Don't be afraid to tell us."

The boy spoke again, pressing back against his mother: "It was like an animal creepin' along, crouched down—"

"Show the gentlemen," said Mrs. Meagher; and without more urging the little chap slid down to the floor on his hands and knees and began padding about, bent as low as he could. It was a queer sight, believe me—the tiny figure creeping stealthily along the carpet, and we four men—all but the old man up on our feet—leaning forward to watch with faces of amazement.

"That way," he said, looking up sideways. "Just like that—awful quick from the door to the window." He rose and went back to his mother, cowering against her. "I thought it was some kind of bear, and I was terrible scairt—I was so scairt I couldn't raise a yell or make a break or nothing—I stood lookin' and I saw it was a man—" He stopped, terrified memory halting the words.

She had to coax again, her arm around him, her face close to his: "Go on, Dannie boy; you want the gintlemin to think you're the brave man that ye are. Go on now, lamb."

The boy went on, almost in a whisper: "He had another man on his back, still like he was dead, with his arms hangin' down; I could see the hands draggin' along the floor like they was bits of rope. And when he got to the window, quick—I never seen nothing so quick—the one that was creepin' slid the other on to the sill. He done it this way"—he crouched down on his knees with his hands raised over his head and made a forward, shoving motion—"pushing him out. Just for a second I could see the dead one, acrost the sill, with his head down, and then the other gave a big shove and he went over."

THERE was a moment of dead silence in which you could hear the tick of the clock on the mantel. I had an impression of Babbitts, his face full of horror, and George, bent across the table, biting on his underlip. Only the old man held his pose of bland stolidity.

"And what did the man—the one that was on his knees—do then, Dannie?" he asked gently.

"He got up and made a break for the door. Whisht"—he shot one palm across the other with a swift gesture—"like that and went in."

"Which door was that—which side?"

Dannie waved his right hand. "This one—the door he came out of—this side!"

"The Azalea Woods Estates," came from George.

The old man gave him a quick glance, a razor-sharp reproof, and, turning to Dannie, held out his hand. "Well, Dannie, that's a wonderful story and it's great the way you tell it. Let's shake on it." The little boy stepped forward and put his small, thin paw in the chief's big palm. "You've told it to all the fellers on the block, haven't you?"

Dannie shook his head. "I ain't told it to a soul till this mornin', when I couldn't hold it no more and let on to paw and maw—"

"Why didn't you tell?"

"I was scairt—I didn't want to—I kep' dreamin' of it at night and I didn't know what to do. And this mornin', when paw and maw was gassin' about the suicide, I just busted out. I—I—" His lips trembled and the tears welled into his eyes.

"It's thru what he says—every word," says Mrs. Meagher. "It's sick he's been ever sence and me crazy not knowin' what was eatin' into him. And this mornin' he breaks into a holler and out it comes."

AS SHE was speaking the old man patted the thin hand, eying the child with a deep, quiet kindliness.

"You're a wise boy, Dannie," said he. "And you want to keep on being a wise boy and not tell anyone. Will you answer a question or two—saying when you don't know or don't remember? I'll see that you get something pretty nice afterward if you do."

"Yes," says Dannie, "I'll answer."

"Could you see what the man looked like—the man that was alive?"

"No—I wasn't near enough. They was like—like—" He paused and then said, his eyes showing a troubled bewilderment: "Like shadows."

"He would have seen the figures in silhouette," George explained. "Black against the lit window."



"What was it you saw, Dannie?" "It was like an animal creepin' along, crouched down—"

"That's it." He turned eagerly to George. "And it was acrost the street and the houses on Broadway."

"Um," said the old man. "Too far for any detail. Well, this man, the one that went on his hands and knees, was he a fat man?"

The child shook his head. "No, sir. He—he was just like lots of men."

"Now look over these three gentlemen," said the chief, waving his hand at us. "Which of them looks most like him—not their faces, but their bodies."

Dannie looked at us critically and carefully. His eye passed quickly over Babbitts, medium height, broad and stocky, lingered on me, six feet two, with the longest reach in my class at Harvard, then brought up on George, who tips the beam at 140 pounds.

"Most like him," he said, pointing a little finger at the junior member of Whitney & Whitney. "Skinny like him—"

"Very well done, Dannie," said the old man; then turned to George: "Lightly built. He would have no means of judging height."

George took up the interrogation: "Could you see at all what kind of clothes he wore?"

"No—he went too quick."

"And he looked over at your building?"

"Yes—but he couldn't see anything. Maw's floors was all dark."

"Did you see him come out of the room again?"

"No. I was that scairt I crep' away back to where maw was."

"Come in to me like a specter," said Mrs. Meagher. "And not a word out of him only that he was cold."

"Well, Mrs. Meagher," said the chief, "this is a great service you've done us, and it's up to us to do something for you."

"Oh, your Honor," she answered, "it's not pay I'm wantin'. It was my dooty and I done it. Now, Dannie boy, it's time we was gettin' home."

"Wait a moment," said the old man; "you say your husband's a drayman. Tell him to come and see me—my home's the best place—this evening if possible. And tell him—and this applies as much to you"—his bushy brows came down over his eyes and his expression grew lowering—"not to mention one word of this. If you keep your mouths shut, your future's made. If you blab"—he raised a warning finger and shook it fiercely in her face—"God help you."

Mrs. Meagher looked terrified. She clutched Dannie and drew him against her skirts.

"No, not a word I'll be after saying, your Honor," she faltered. "I'll swear it before the priest."

"That's right. I'll see the priest about it." He suddenly changed, straightened up, and was the genial old gentleman who could put the shyest witness at his ease. "The little chap doesn't look strong. New York's no place for him. He ought to run wild in the country for a bit."

"Ah, don't be after sayin' it." She shook her head wistfully. "That's what the doctor tolt me. But what can a poor scrubwoman do?"

"Not as much, maybe, as a lawyer can. You leave that to me. I'll see he goes and you'll be along. All I ask in return is"—he put his finger on his lips—"just one word: Silence."

She tried to say something, but, laughing and pooh-poohing her attempts at thanks, he walked her to the door.

"A month on a farm and you won't know this boy. Good-by and good luck to you!"

As the door shut on her his whole expression and manner changed. He turned back to the room, his hands deep in his pockets, his shoulders hunched, his eyes, under the drooping thatch of his hair, looking from one to the other.

"Well, gentlemen?" he said.

"*Murder!*" came from George on a rising breath.

"Murder," repeated his father. "A fact that I've suspected since the inquest."

MURDER! [so exclaims Molly, resuming her narrative]. Will I ever forget that night when Babbitts told me; the two of us shut in our room! I can see his face now, thrust out toward me, all strained and staring, his voice almost a whisper. As for me—I guess I looked like the village idiot with my mouth dropped open and my eyes bulged so you could cut 'em off with a shingle.

The next day the same word went out to us that was given to Mrs. Meagher: *Silence!* Not a whisper, not a breath. Neither the public, nor the press, nor the police must get an inkling. All there was to go upon was the story of a child, and until this could be confirmed by other facts, the outside world was to know nothing. *If* corroborative evidence was found, it would be the biggest sensation the Whitney office had ever had. Babbitts was promised the scoop, but if he gave away a thing before the time was ripe it would be the end of us as far as Whitney & Whitney went.

Six shared the secret—the Whitneys, father and son; the Babbitts, husband and wife; Jack Reddy, and O'Malley. In twenty-four hours Mrs. Meagher and Dannie were spirited off to a farm up State and the old man had a séance with Meagher, the drayman, that shut his mouth tighter than a gag.

The six of us were organized into a sort of band to work on the case. It seemed to me we were like moles, tunneling along underground, not a soul on the surface knowing we were there, and if they'd found it out, not able to make a guess what we were after. O'Malley and I were

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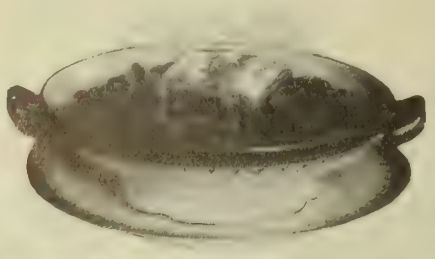
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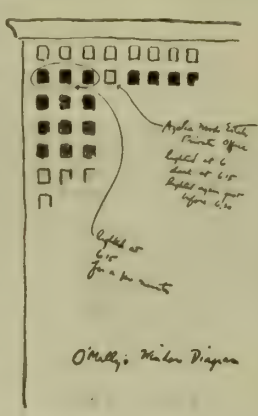
the only two that were put right on the scene of the crime. I was to stay on at the Black Eagle switchboard to pick up what I could from Troop, the elevator boy, about the people he had taken up to or down from the twenty-third floor that night. O'Malley was commissioned to examine the Azalea Woods Estates offices, and get next to Mrs. Hansen, cleaner of the top floors, and see if she had seen anything on the evening of January 15.

WHAT we ferreted out I'll put down as clearly and quickly as I can.

O'Malley got busy right off—quicker than I, but he knew better how to do it. The Azalea Woods Estates was vacated and *that* was easy. His search only gave up one thing, two dark spots on the floor of the private office close by the window. With a chisel he shaved off the wood on which they were; it was sent to a chemist who analyzed the spots as blood.

What he heard from Mrs. Hansen was even more important, and he did it well, worming it out of her in easy talk about the suicide.

On the night of January 15 she was at work on the twenty-third floor at half past five. Behind the elevator, round on the side corridor, where the service stairs go down, is a sink closet where the cleaners keep their brooms and dusters. Having finished with a rear office she went into this closet to empty and refill her pails, at a little before six. While in there she could hear nothing because of the running water, but when she turned it off she heard steps coming down the stairs on the Broadway side. She had moved out into the hall when the steps stopped, and rounding the corner by the elevator she saw Mr. Harland standing by the door of the Azalea Woods Estates offices.



Detective O'Malley's window diagram

He was in profile and didn't see her, and didn't hear her, she said, because she wore old soft shoes. Just as she caught sight of him she remembered she'd left her duster in the sink closet and went back for it. When she returned to the main corridor he was gone, and she went into the Hudson Electrical Company's offices, staying there till six-twenty—she noted the time by a nickel clock on one of the desks. She decided to do the Azalea Woods Estates rooms next, but on trying the door found it was locked. This didn't bother her as she had found it so once or twice before during the past month. She then went down the hall into a rear suite in which she was shut when the suicide occurred.

THIS fixed the fact that Harland had gone straight from his own office, down the stairs on the Broadway side, into the Azalea Woods Estates rooms, and that he or somebody in there had locked the door.

Who had let him in? What man had access to these offices? Can you see me as I sat listening to O'Malley and thinking of the fresh guy who'd wanted to take me out to dinner? Gee, I felt queer!

And I felt queerer, considerably queerer, when the day after that I got hold of Troop—*and* information—wait till I tell you:

Mr. Whitney had told me to take my time—there was no rush—and above all things not to raise the ghost of a suspicion in Troop's mind. So I went about it very foxy, lying low in my little den behind the elevator. But when I'd see Troop, lounging in the door of his car, I'd flash a smile at him and get a good-natured grin back.

The evening after O'Malley'd brought in his stuff I thought the time was ready to gather in mine. So after I'd put on my hat and coat I stood loitering by the desk, keeping one eye on the door. Troop came off duty at half past six regular; a few minutes after that I'd see him sprinting down the hall for the main entrance.

As he came in sight I took up my purse, and he, looking in as I knew he would, caught me just right. There I was staring distracted into it scrubbing round in the inside, pulling out handkerchiefs and samples and buttons and latchkeys.

"Hello," says he drawing up—"you look like you'd lost something."

"Oh, Mr. Troop," I answered, "how fortunate you happened along. I *have* lost something—my car fare. And I ain't got another cent but a ten-dollar bill. Will you come across with a nickel till to-morrow?"

"Sure, I will, and more too. Which way do you go?"

"Uptown," said I. Neither he nor anyone else in the building knew where I lived or who I was. Miss Morgenthau, temporarily in charge, was all they had on me.

"That's my direction—159th Street Subway."

Now I didn't see myself sleuthing as I hung from a strap in the Sub. But in this world you got to grab your chance when it comes.

"The Subway for mine," I said, speaking in a cheerful, unmarried voice.

It was in the thick of the rush hours and we were in the thick of the rush. Troop got hold of a strap and I got hold of Troop, and dangling together like a pair of chickens hung up to grow tender, I opened on the familiar subject of the Harland suicide.

"Where were you when it happened?" I said, getting a jujutsu grip on the front of his coat.

"In the car, halfway down—didn't know a thing till I got to the ground floor and saw the stampede."

"What did you do?"

"Ran for the street—forgot the car and made a break. Every passenger did the same—got us all same as a panic, all racin' and hollerin'. I was right behind Mr. Ford."

It was sooner than I'd expected. The jump I gave was lost in that crush, just as the look that started out on my face wouldn't be noticed, or, if it was, he set it down to a stamp on my toe

"Was he in the car with you?"

"Yes—I'd just gone up to the twenty-third floor for him."

"Then he must have been in the elevator when Harland jumped?"

"That's it. His ring brought me up to the twenty-third floor. He got in and it was while we was going down the body fell. Struck the street a few minutes before we reached the bottom."

We were whizzing through the blackness of the tunnel to Times Square. The overflow that had drained off at Grand Central had loosened things up a little. I unwrapped myself from around Troop, taking hold of the strap over his hand, and pigeonholing what he'd said. In that boiling pack of people I was cold and shivering down the spine!

"Did Mr. Ford run out in the street like the rest?"

"*Did* he? He done a Marathon. I couldn't make a dint on the crowd, but he showed through and when he came back he was all broke up. 'What do you make of that?' he said. 'There's a man committed suicide and they say it's Hollings Harland.'"

"Broke up—I shouldn't wonder! He was in the office late, wasn't he—till half past six?"

"He was that night—and he *had* been once or twice before this last month. Told me he was working overtime, though if you'd asked *me* I'd have said he wasn't the kind to do more than his salary called for."

"No," I said, thinking hard underneath, "seems sort of loaferish."

"Well, I wouldn't say that—but easy, good-humored—you know the sort. But lately he's been on the job—busy, I guess, gettin' ready for the collapse. The night of the suicide he left early—soon after Miss Barry—and a while after six—ten or fifteen minutes, maybe—he come bustling back sayin' he'd forgotten some papers and for me tc shoot him up quick."

WE slowed up for Seventy-second Street and two girls in the middle of the car began a fight for the door. It was a good excuse to be quiet, to get it straight in my head—Ford left early, came back, went into the place after Harland, left probably three or four minutes before the body was flung from the window.

"Now, that was real conscientious of him," I said, "coming back for papers he'd forgotten."

"It sure was," answered Troop—

10 . . .



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"Many a man would have let 'em wait."

"I suppose you waited for him?"

"Not me," said Troop. "That's the time I'm on the jump with all the offices emptying. Besides it wouldn't have been no use, for he was in there quite a while: It wasn't till nearly half past six he rang for the car."

"Pity he didn't wait a few minutes longer. Maybe if Mr. Harland had seen him he'd have given up the idea of suicide."

"I've thought of that myself, for, accordin' to the inquest, Harland was round that corridor for a half hour—like as not pacin' up and down while Ford was settin' in the office near by. Strange, ain't it, the way things happen in this world?"

It was—a great deal stranger than he thought.

FOR a moment I didn't say anything. I was kind of quivering in my insides with the excitement of it—O'Malley hadn't got anything to beat *this*.

The train began to slow up, white tiled walls glided past the windows, and the conductor opened the door and yelled "Ninety-sixth Street."

It had worked out just right. I had my information and here was where I got off. I thanked Troop for the ride I'd had off him, told him I'd give him his nickel to-morrow, and, forging to the door like the *Oregon* going round Cape Horn, scrambled out.

Himself wasn't at home to tell things to—it was one of his late nights—so I took a call for Mr. Whitney's house and told him I'd got the stuff for him—*real* stuff. He said to come down that evening at half past eight—they'd be all there—and after a glass of milk and a soda cracker—I hadn't time or appetite for more—away I lit as excited as if I was going to a six-reel movie.

I was late and ran panting up the steps of the big grand house in the West Fifties.

The butler wasn't on the job to-night: Mr. George opened the door for me and showed me into a room off the hall, with gold-mounted furniture and pale-colored rugs and lights in crystal bunches along the walls. A fire was burning in the grate, its red reflection leaping along the uncovered spaces of floor, polished and smooth as ice. On a center table, all gilt and glass, was a common student lamp, looking cheap and mean in that quiet, rich, glittering room, and beside it were some sheets of paper and several pencils. Old Mr. Whitney and George were there, also Jack Reddy, but O'Malley hadn't come yet.

I told them what Troop had said and they listened as silent as the grave, not batting an eye while I spoke. You didn't have to be told what they thought—it was in the air. The first real move had been made.

When I finished, Mr. George, who had been making notes on one of the bits of paper, threw down his pencil, and gave a long, soft whistle. The old man, sitting over by the fire looking into it, his hands clasped loosely together, the fingers moving round each other, which was a way he had when he was thinking, said very quietly:

"Thank you, Molly, you've done well."

"This puts Ford in the center of the stage," said Mr. George; then turning to his father: "Pretty conclusive, eh, governor?"

The old man grunted without looking up, his face in the firelight heavy and brooding.

JACK rose and leaning over Mr. George's shoulder looked at the scribbled notes.

"Left soon after the Barry girl and came back at about 6.15 and went to the Azalea Woods Estates offices. That would have been about fifteen to twenty minutes after Harland. Came out about half past six and was in the elevator when the body fell."

"Positive proof that he was in the rooms with Harland," said George—"and equally positive proof he was not the man seen by the Meagher child."

"Evidently two men," said Jack.

"Two men," echoed Mr. George, then turned to me. "Where was Miss Whitehall? Did this Troop fellow say anything about when she left?"

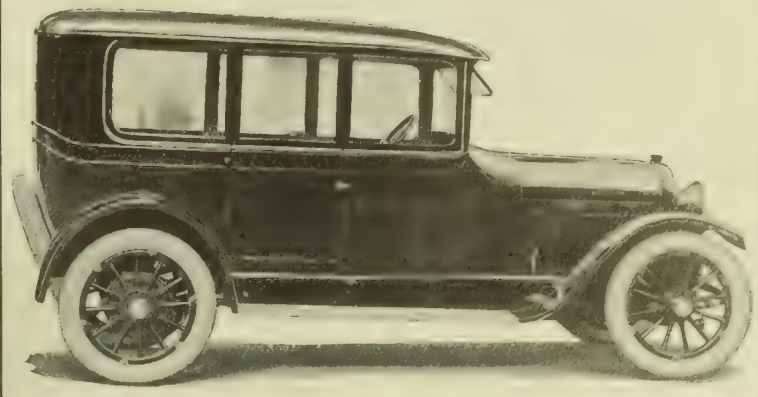
Jack looked up from the notes and cast a quick, sharp glance at me.

"She'd gone already, of course?" he said.

"Yes, she'd gone," I answered. "Anyway Iola Barry said she always went before six"—then in answer to Mr.

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George—"I didn't ask Troop anything about her. I didn't think there was any need and I was afraid I'd get him thinking if I wanted to know too much."

"Good girl," came from the old man in a rumbling growl.

At that moment there was a ring at the bell. With an exclamation of "O'Malley," Mr. George jumped up and went into the hall. It was O'Malley, red as a lobster and with an important roll to his walk. He stood in the doorway and looked at the old man in a triumphant way till you'd suppose he'd got the murderer outside chained to the door handle.

WHEN he heard my story some of the starch was taken out of him, but I will say he was so interested that, after the first shock, he forgot to be jealous, and was as keen as mustard.

"Two men, sure enough," he agreed, "and two men who operated together, one of them in that back room."

"How do you make that out?" asked Jack.

"I'll show you—I've been busy this afternoon." He looked round, selected a gold-legged chair and, pulling it to the table, sat down there, taking a fountain pen from his pocket and drew a sheet of paper toward him. "Right next to the church, as you may remember, there are three houses—dwellings. The one nearest the church is occupied by a private party; the two beyond have been thrown together and are run as a boarding house. The last of the two has a rear extension built out to the end of the lot. The day we examined the Azalea Woods Estates I saw that the windows of that extension commanded the side wall of the Black Eagle Building.

"This afternoon I went to the boarding house, said I was a writer looking for a quiet place to work, and asked if they had an empty room in the extension. They had one, not yet vacated, but to be in February. It was occupied by an old lady—Miss Darnley—who, being there, gave me permission to see it.

"Now here's where I get busy." He began marking the paper with long, straight lines and little squares. "Miss Darnley is a nice old lady and some talker. We got gassing, as natural as could be, on the horrible suicide of Mr. Harland, so close by. She took me to the window and showed me where his offices were, and told me how it was her habit, every evening as night fell, to sit in that window and watch the lights start up, especially in the Black Eagle Building. She sat there always till half past six, when the first gong sounded for dinner—and if I took the room I was to be sure and go down then—the food was better—she always did.

"By a little skillful jollying, mostly surprise at her powers of observation and memory, I got from her some significant facts about the lights on the twenty-third floor of the Black Eagle Building on the night of January 15. The Harland suite—she'd located it from the papers—was lit till she went down to dinner. Wonderful how she'd remembered. How was the floor below? Bet a hat she couldn't remember *that.* She could, and, proud as a peacock, gave a demonstration. All dark, as it usually was at six, then a light in the fourth window (Azalea Woods Estates' private office), then that goes out, and the three front windows are bright. Just before she goes down to dinner she notices that every window on the whole sweep of the twenty-third floor is dark except that fourth one."

HE stopped and pushed the paper he'd been drawing on across to George. Jack and Mr. George leaned down, studying the diagram, and Mr. Whitney slowly rose and, coming up behind them, looked at it over their shoulders. All their faces, clear in the lamplight, with O'Malley's red and proud, glancing sideways at the drawing, were intent and frowning.

"Let's see how the thing works out," said Mr. George, taking up a pencil and pulling a sheet of paper toward him. Mr. Whitney straightened up with a sort of tired snort and slouched back to his seat by the fire. Mr. George began figuring on the paper.

"The Azalea Woods Estates were cleared at six—all lights out. At a few minutes after Harland came down the stairs and entered them, going through to the private office and switching on the light or meeting some one there who switched it on as he came. Some ten or fifteen minutes later Ford came in. That's evidently the moment, according to your old lady, when the private office was dark and the other two lit up. Just before six-thirty—time when Ford left—the front rooms all dark again—good deal of a mess to me." He tilted back in his chair so that he could see his father. "What do you make of it, governor?"

"Let's hear what O'Malley has to say first," said Mr. Whitney. They couldn't see his face, which was turned to the fire, but I could, and it had a slight, amused smile on it.

O'Malley sprawled back in his chair with his chest thrown out.

"Well, I don't like to commit myself so early in the game, but there are a few things that seem pretty clear. Though the Azalea Woods Estates were dark when Harland came down, somebody was there."

"Who?" asked Jack.

O'Malley looked sort of pitiful at him.

"His murderer. This man didn't attempt the job—must have held Harland in talk in the private office—till later, when Tony Ford came in and helped, if he didn't do the actual killing. When *that* was over, Ford went, leaving the other man to carry out the sensational dénouement."

"What could have been Ford's motive?" said Mr. George. "Did he know Harland?"

O'Malley grinned.

"Oh, we'll find a motive all right. Wait till we've turned up the earth in his tracks. Wait a few days."

"This other man, O'Malley," said Mr. Whitney, "have you any ideas about him?"

"There, you got me stumped," said the detective. "Of course we don't know Harland's inner life—had he an enemy, and, if so, who? But—" he paused and let his glance move over the faces of the two young men—"if the thing hadn't been physically impossible, I'd have turned my searchlight eye on Johnston Barker."

"Barker!" exclaimed Mr. George. "But Barker was—"

O'Malley interrupted him with a wave of his hand.

"I *said* it was physically impossible."

The old man got up, shaking himself like a big, drowsy animal, and came forward into the lamplight.

"Nevertheless, gentlemen," he said quietly, "I'm convinced that it *was* Johnston Barker."

THEY all gaped at him—I think for the first moment they thought he had some information they hadn't heard, and waited open-mouthed for him to give it to them. But he stood there, smiling a little, his eyes moving from one to the other, sort of quizzical, as if their surprise amused him.

"Now, father," said Mr. George, "what's the sense of saying that when we know that Barker was on the floor above, unable to get out without being seen?"

"I know, George, I know," said his father mildly. "I'm perfectly willing to admit it. But in that room—on the floor above—there had been a quarrel between the two men. Since the disappearance of Barker there's been a good deal of speculation as to the nature of that quarrel—that is, the public has speculated; I have felt sure. After the disappearance, that quarrel, as far as I could see, had only one interpretation—the lawyer had discovered the perfidy of his associate and threatened exposure. And we all know that the only silent man is a dead man. We can speak with more authority when we've made a second examination of the Whitehall offices and a first one of the Harland suite. That's up to you, O'Malley—as soon as you can manage it. There's another important matter, but I can't see my way clear to getting it just yet—Ford's own explanation of his movements that evening. I'm curious to hear what he has to say. But that'll have to wait. And now, gentlemen, I think we'll end this little seance. Just look out, George, and see if the limousine's there for Molly."

I'd said good-by to the old man and was following them into the hall when he caught me by the arm and, drawing me back from the door, said very low: "You'll be on duty at the Black Eagle Building for a few days more. Try and get Troop again and ask him what time Miss Whitehall left that night. Don't say a word of what he tells you to anyone, but as soon as you get it let me know."

(To be continued next week)

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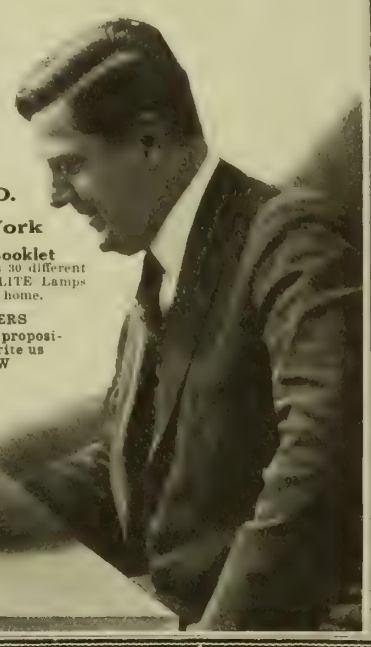
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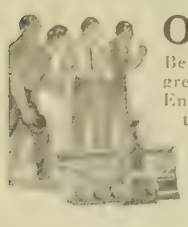
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THE TEN-PINNET COMPANY, 26 Van Buren St., INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

The Fiery Hand

(*Continued from page 11*)

it was as though some horrible chimera of the black and ignorant past was become create and potent in the present.

A luminous hand—a hand in the veins of which fire seemed to run so that the texture of the skin and the shape of the bones within were perceptible—in short, a hand of glowing, fiery flesh clutching a short knife or dagger, which also glowed with the same hellish, internal luminance, was advancing upon us where we stood—was not three paces removed!

What I did or how I came to do it I can never recall. In all my years I have experienced nothing to equal the stark panic which seized upon me then. I know that I uttered a loud and frenzied cry; I know that I tore myself like a madman from Smith's restraining grip.

"Don't touch it! Keep away, for your life!" I heard . . .

But dimly I recollect that, finding the thing approaching yet nearer, I lashed out with my fists—madly, blindly—and struck something palpable.

What was the result I cannot say. At that point my recollections merge into confusion. Something or some one (Smith, as I afterward discovered) was hauling me by main force through the darkness; I fell a considerable distance on to gravel which lacerated my hands and gashed my knees. Then, with the cool night air fanning my brow, I was running—running—my breath coming in hysterical sobs. Beside me fled another figure. And my definite recollections commence again at that point. For this companion of my flight from the Gables threw himself roughly against me to alter my course.

"Not that way! not that way!" came pantingly. "Not on to the Heath . . . we must keep to the roads . . ."

It was Nayland Smith. That healing realization came to me, bringing such a gladness as no words of mine can express nor convey. Still we ran on.

"There's a policeman's lantern," panted my companion. "They'll attempt nothing now!"

I GULPED down the stiff brandy and soda, then glanced across to where Nayland Smith lay extended in the long cane chair.

"Perhaps you will explain," I said, "for what purpose you submitted me to that ordeal. If you proposed to correct my skepticism concerning supernatural manifestations, you have succeeded."

"Yes," said my companion musingly, "they are devilishly clever, but we knew that already."

I stared at him fatuously.

"Have you ever known me to waste my time when there was important work to do?" he continued. "Do you seriously believe that my ghost hunting was undertaken for amusement? Really, Petrie, although you are very fond of assuring me that I need a holiday, I think the shoe is on the other foot!"

From the pocket of his dressing gown he took out a piece of silk fringe which had apparently been torn from a scarf, and, rolling it in a ball, tossed it across to me.

"Smell!" he snapped.

I did as he directed—and gave a great start. The silk exhaled a faint perfume, but its effect upon me was as though some one had cried aloud: "*Kâramanèh!*"

Beyond doubt the silken fragment had belonged to the beautiful servant of Dr. Fu-Manchu, to the dark-eyed, seductive Kâramanèh. Nayland Smith was watching me keenly.

"You recognize it—yes?"

I placed the piece of silk upon the table, slightly shrugging my shoulders.

"It was sufficient evidence in itself," continued my friend, "but I thought it better to seek confirmation, and the obvious way was to pose as a new lessee of the Gables."

"But, Smith—" I began.

"Let me explain, Petrie. The history of the Gables seemed to be susceptible of only one explanation; in short, it was fairly evident to me that the object of the manifestations was to insure the place being kept empty. This idea suggested another, and with them both in mind I set out to make my inquiries, first taking the precaution to disguise my identity. I posed as a stranger who had heard that the house was to let furnished. I had theories, as I have said, and when, having paid the deposit and secured possession of the keys, I was enabled to visit the place alone, I was fortunate enough to obtain evidence to show that my imagination had not misled me.

"You were very curious the other morning, I recall, respecting my object in borrowing a large brace and bit. My object, Petrie, was to bore a series of holes in the wainscoting of various rooms at the Gables."

"But, my dear Smith!" I cried, "you are merely adding to my mystification."

HE stood up and began to pace the room in his restless fashion.

"I had cross-examined Weymouth closely regarding the phenomenon of the bell ringing, and an exhaustive search of the premises led to the discovery that the house was in such excellent condition that from ground floor to attic there was not a solitary crevice large enough for a mouse."

I suppose I must have been staring very foolishly indeed, for Nayland Smith burst into a laugh.

"A mouse, I said, Petrie!" he cried. "With the brace and bit I rectified that matter. I made the holes I have mentioned, and before each I set a trap baited with a piece of succulent, toasted cheese. Just open that grip!"

The light at last was dawning upon my mental darkness, and I pounced upon the grip. From the grip I began to take *mousetraps!* Two or three of them were still set, but in the case of the greater number the catches had slipped. Nine I took out and placed upon the table, and all were empty. In the tenth there crouched, panting, its soft furry body dank with perspiration, a little white mouse!

"Only one capture!" cried my companion; "showing how well fed the creatures were. Examine his tail!"

But already I had perceived that to which Smith would draw my attention, and the mystery of the "astral bells" was a mystery no longer. Bound to the little creature's tail, close to the root, with fine soft wire such as is used for making up buttonholes, were three tiny silver bells. I looked across at my companion in speechless surprise.

"Almost childish, is it not?" he said. "Yet by means of this simple device the Gables has been emptied of occupant after occupant. There was small chance of the trick being detected, for, as I have said, there was absolutely no aperture from roof to basement by means of which one of them could have escaped into the building."

"Then—"

"They were admitted into the wall cavities and the rafters from some cellar underneath, Petrie, to which, after a brief scamper under the floors and over the ceilings, they instinctively returned for the food they were accustomed to receive, and for which, even had it been possible (which it was not), they had not occasion to forage."

I, too, stood up, for excitement was growing within me. I took up the piece of silk from the table.

"Where did you find this?" I asked, my eyes upon Smith's keen face.

"In a sort of wine cellar, Petrie," he replied, "under the stair. There is no cellar proper to the Gables—at least no such cellar appears in the plans."

"But—"

"But yes! It must be part of some older building which occupied the site before the Gables was built. The entrance to the subterranean portion of the building is in the wine cellar. Of this we have at least two evidences: the finding of the fragment of silk there and the fact that in one case at least—as I learned—the light was extinguished in the library unaccountably. This could only have been done in one way: by manipulating the main switch, which is also in the wine cellar."

"But, Smith!" I cried, "do you mean that *Fu-Manchu*—"

NAYLAND SMITH turned in his promenade of the floor and stared into my eyes.

"I mean that Dr. Fu-Manchu has had a hiding place under the Gables for an indefinite period!" he replied. "I always suspected that a man of his genius would have a second retreat prepared for him, anticipating the event of the first being discovered. Oh, I don't doubt it! The place probably is extensive, and I am almost certain—though the point has to be confirmed—that there

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is another entrance from the studio further along the road. We know now why our searchings in the East End have proved futile; he has been lying low in this burrow at Hampstead!"

"But the hand, Smith; the luminous hand—"

Nayland Smith laughed shortly.

"Your superstitious fears overcame you to such an extent, Petrie—and I don't wonder at it; the sight was a ghastly one—that probably you don't remember what occurred when you struck out at that same ghostly hand?"

"I seemed to hit something."

"That was why we ran. But I think our retreat had all the appearance of a rout, as I intended that it should. Pardon my playing upon your very natural fears, old man, but you could not have *simulated* panic half so naturally! And if they had suspected that the device was discovered we might never have quitted the Gables alive. It was touch and go for a moment."

"But—"

"Turn out the light!" snapped my companion.

Wondering greatly, I did as he desired. I turned out the light—and in the darkness of my own study I saw a fiery fist being shaken at me threateningly! The bones were distinctly visible, and the luminosity of the flesh was truly ghastly. "Turn on the light again!" cried Smith.

Deeply mystified, I did so—and my friend tossed a little electric pocket lamp on to the writing table.

"They used merely a small electric lamp fitted into the handle of a glass dagger," he said with a sort of contempt. "It was very effective, but the luminous hand is a phenomenon producible by anyone who possesses an electric torch."

"The Gables will be watched?"

"At last, Petrie, I think we have Fu-Manchu—in his own trap!"

Cummins of Iowa

(Continued from page 13

later conferred upon him the degrees of A.M. and LL.D. He earned enough during the vacation season at his trade or at teaching to pay his way through school for the year.

When he was nineteen and just out of college, Cummins was a slender stripling weighing scarcely one hundred pounds. He later grew seven more inches in height. About that time somebody told him that the State of Iowa was a land overflowing with opportunity for young men of pluck and energy. So Cummins went to Iowa. He borrowed $200 from his father. Cummins took the first $200 he could save from his earnings to pay back that loan. For two years he worked part of his time at the carpenter trade and the rest as a clerk in the express office at McGregor. Then he spent a short time as express messenger. After that he got an appointment as deputy county surveyor at Fort Wayne, Ind. Three months later he became a railroad builder. It was as chief engineer of the Northern Central Michigan Road that he met his wife, Miss Ida L. Gallery of Eaton Rapids, Mich.

Cummins caught on in Des Moines almost from the first. People liked him and respected him even though, for the purpose of hiding his comparative youthfulness, he had grown a really atrocious outfit of whiskers. The key to his success as a young lawyer was, of course, the simple but often overlooked expedient of work. He worked all the time. Yet he did not neglect his social duties. To oblige his wife he went to receptions, balls, and dinners. He would go in full dress, meet everybody, see everybody, and be seen by everybody—and then he would disappear. He would slip away and drive to the office. There, in evening dress, he would crowd in two or three hours of hard work. When he thought it was about time for the party to break up, he dropped in again. Few ever found out that he had been to his office.

And, no matter how late the party kept him up, he was always astir by seven the next morning. By 8.30 he was at his office. During the years he has been in Washington it has been a rare thing for him to reach his office later than nine in the morning.

For the last year Cummins has been less active in Senate legislation than theretofore. The reason is that his health has been below normal. He has kept steadily on the job—no Senator is more punctual in attendance than Cummins—but he has not been his real self.

Try It and Know for Yourself

What a Pure Soap Will Do For Your Skin



Have you ever considered that the soft, pink and white skin of childhood, which is the heart's desire of almost every woman, is but the ***natural, healthy condition?***

Its charm and loveliness need no cosmetic, because the delicate pores have not become clogged and enlarged—they throw off the impurities which are the chief cause of bad skin. Keeping these minute pores clear and free to do their work is the real secret; and the greatest help you possibly can have is pure soap.

Use a pure soap—Pears—freely, every day and plenty of hot water. Rub it well into the pores, rinsing thoroughly with warm water, with a final rinsing of cold—***the colder the better***—and you will have no need for artificial "aids to beauty."

Follow this simple treatment—***not spasmodically***—but faithfully every day; use only a soap that is known for its purity—use Pears' Soap, which is world famous for its quality—and you will be delighted with the improvement in your skin.

Pears' Soap

Pears is the very best and purest soap that it is possible to make and the most economical. Pears is all pure soap—not almost pure but absolutely pure, and it lasts twice as long as ordinary soap. You cannot buy a finer soap at any price, yet Pears' Unscented is sold everywhere at not over 15c a cake.

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

Largest manufacturers of high grade toilet soaps in the world.

Try It Now! In order that everyone may have an opportunity of trying this delightful soap, a generous trial cake of Pears' Unscented will be sent postpaid on receipt of four cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing. WALTER JANVIER, 425 C Canal St., New York

"All rights secured."





When "Palmolive" Was Young

3,000 years ago the women of ancient Egypt, skilled in toilet arts, learned the wonderful cleansing qualities of Palm and Olive oils.

While *their* "Palmolive" was necessarily a crude combination of these oils in their natural state, modern women, inheritors of this invaluable discovery, enjoy their combination in PALMOLIVE SOAP, made of the famous Palm and Olive oils.

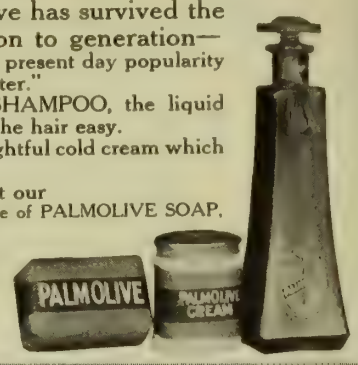
Thus the fame of the first Palmolive has survived the centuries, handed down from generation to generation—

From the time when Cleopatra ruled to the present day popularity of the "PALMOLIVE Doctrine of Soap and Water."

Next in popularity comes PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO, the liquid *Palmolive* prepared to make the proper care of the hair easy.

Ask, also, for PALMOLIVE CREAM, a delightful cold cream which softens and invigorates the skin.

To make the acquaintance of all three accept our **THREEFOLD SAMPLE OFFER.**—A miniature cake of PALMOLIVE SOAP, bottle of SHAMPOO and tube of CREAM, attractively packed, mailed on receipt of five 2-cent stamps. Address



B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., Inc.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Canadian Factory
155-157 George Street, Toronto, Ont.

THERMOS

You know this trade-mark through National Periodical Advertising

THE purpose of a trade-mark or trade name on goods is to identify them, so that the buyer may know the origin of the goods, may have a convenient means of getting the same goods a second time if he is pleased, or of fixing the responsibility for his disappointment, if he finds the goods to be inferior.

The purpose of national advertising is to make widely known the names and trade-marks of goods upon which the manufacturer places this stamp of his responsibility—this sign of his willingness to be judged by the quality of his goods. The trade-mark identifies the goods—advertising makes them known. The two things work together automatically for higher standards of quality.

It is obvious that when goods can be identified by the purchaser they are as easy to avoid a second time as they are to buy—therefore, second and subsequent sales will depend upon the satisfaction of the buyer with his first purchase.

Advertising reduces the cost of selling superior goods, because it introduces such goods to millions of new customers whose second and subsequent purchases more than pay for the cost of the introduction. Advertising is death to inferior goods, because inferior goods do not make permanent customers.

Trade-marks and national advertising are the two greatest public servants in business today. Their whole tendency is to raise qualities and standardize them, while reducing prices and stabilizing them.

5¢ a copy
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

MEMBER OF THE QUOIN CLUB
THE NATIONAL PERIODICAL ASSOCIATION

This is the Eighteenth of a Series of Trade-Mark Advertisements in Collier's.

This led him to look about for some form of exercise. Years ago he was a tennis enthusiast, but now at sixty-five he turned to golf. He had devoted himself almost exclusively to work for so many years that he seemed to approach a golf links almost with a sense of shame. He dislikes to be photographed on the links.

Just the same, Cummins has made golf his hobby. He plays golf rain or shine. He is the first man on the course in the afternoon and usually the last to leave. Once on the links, Cummins is a big boy. He casts aside dignity; he laughs and shouts.

Cummins is a genial person once he removes himself from the atmosphere of work. On a trip he is an excellent companion. He always wants to do the ordering and to pay for everything. Persons traveling with Cummins on a speaking trip have to resort to strategy to pay their share of the bills.

Like many other men who enter politics without the backing of wealth, Cummins has sacrificed much to remain in public life. His intimate friends say that aside from his home he has little or nothing laid aside as a competence for old age. As a leading lawyer of Iowa he could have amassed a comfortable fortune. But whatever he had when he was first drawn into politics has gradually disappeared during the fifteen years comprising the active part of his political career. For Cummins is a free spender.

After his arrival in Washington, Cummins almost immediately became one of the most prominent of the Insurgent Senators. Probably the most important thing he has done in the Senate was his work on the committee on Interstate Commerce in the winter of 1910-11 when the committee drafted an amendment to the railroad-rate law. Cummins had certain ideas as to what should be done to give the law teeth; it was his ideas that finally prevailed and made the law what it is to-day. Briefly, Cummins's plan was to place the burden of proof entirely on the railroads to show the reasonableness of any proposed rate increase.

There were numerous hearings before the committee, and at these Albert Baird Cummins not only showed the possession of a keen insight into the legal aspects involved, but also intimate knowledge of the intricate ways and habits of the so-called trusts. Cummins did a good deal of the examining of witnesses. On hand for the railroads were many of the foremost railroad attorneys of the country. All these went away favorably and deeply impressed with the preparedness and competence of Cummins to handle his end of the situation.

Cummins once played a part in the fight for rate regulation that seems to be little known about. In 1904 there was held in St. Louis an Interstate Commerce Law Reform Convention, backed by several hundred commercial organizations. It was the sense of the convention that the Interstate Commerce Commision should have the right to regulate rates. Three State governors, Cummins, La Follette, and Van Sant, were selected by the convention to call on President Roosevelt and ask him to include in his presidential message a paragraph on rate regulation. Roosevelt told them that he had already taken care of that point in his message. He showed them an outline.

"Mr. President," Cummins is reported to have said, "your message is all right as far as it goes, but I wish you could see your way clear to put in one additional line saying that no rates fixed by the railroads should become operative until approved by the commission."

And Roosevelt did put that line in.

COLLIER'S *for next week will contain, among other features, "The Last of the Golf Barons," by Grantland Rice, and "Merry England in War Time," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.*

Spy and Superspy

(Continued from page 6)

"We'll take the room," I said. "Please send up our bags. By the way, what is your charge for this room?"

Bass was making an examination of the double windows, preparatory to breaking a pane or so and letting in the outer stench. The big Jewess stepped nearer to me, her vivid smile reddening.

"Twenty rubles a day," she replied softly.

"What?" I said.

Twenty rubles is about ten dollars. The value of the room, as prices run in provincial Russia, was about a ruble a day; war emergencies might lift it to two rubles. But twenty rubles!

She came yet nearer; her smile confidential and full of a wily comprehension.

"It is a fine room," she said. "A quiet room—a very private room! The cabman—he is my son-in-law; no one will know you have come here"—this with a graphic glance that traveled over our foreign clothes of khaki and added up the completeness of our outward appearance like a sum in arithmetic—"and"—sinking the unctuous tones of her voice to a whisper—"your passports will not go to the police."

Her glittering and pregnant eye hypnotized me; it was with an effort that I evaded it to translate to Bass. Even then I had not completely understood. "She thinks we're crooks or something," I concluded.

What she really thought—she and the driver of our cab—was that we were German spies impudently and openly protruding ourselves into that foul town which circumstance had translated into the pivot of a campaign. We, who came by train, who wore clothes as different from those of a Russian soldier as is the costume of a Fijian from that of a New Yorker, who spoke their tongue haltingly but were fluent in German—we were guests to receive unquestioningly, to harbor in secret, to treasure and pillage. Our door, the door of the room that was charged to us at twenty rubles a day, was, I remember, at the end of the narrow and odorous corridor; to reach it, we passed many closed doors. I wonder now what cogwheels of conspiracy those shut doors withheld—what passports the police never saw!

That night—Grodno having proved barren—we boarded a train for Vilna, and by daylight we were prisoners, upon the charge of being German spies in disguise. There was no seat to be had in the train we had boarded; we were squatted upon our grips in the corridor of it. The bitterness of dawn, gray as ashen, when the slow train halted upon a wilderness of tracks a mile short of the depot, found a couple of infantrymen with fixed bayonets ready to receive us. The towns might be salted by the Germans with spies and traitors, but to be suspect upon the railway was to fall into the strong, impersonal hands of the army. Bass had papers—letters from Colonel Roosevelt, from Mr. Bryan, and so forth, each accompanied by a typewritten translation, vouched for by the seal of the United States Consulate at Warsaw: I had my British passport. They served for nothing.

No man can know Russia till he has been poor there and a prisoner there. To be poor is to be on an equality with more than 90 per cent of its people and thereby to command sympathy and aid at sight from everyone else who knows what it is to be without money. And to be a prisoner is to share the lot of a smaller but yet considerable percentage of the population. Upon this occasion we suffered detention only for a day; by evening we had bullied and brazened our way to a responsible officer and were set at liberty; but it was a wonderful day.

There is a new sensation to be gained by being marched through a crowd that snarls at the sight of one and closes in around one with cries and threats. "German spies!" The word ran before us and the station building spouted forth throngs of sightseers who needed only a prompting to be ripe for lynching us. Then—for we had demanded the right to drink tea before doing anything else—there was the great refreshment hall where we took nourishment under guard and under the eyes of the crowd that piled up ten feet away and stared with still eyes and a sheer deadweight of heavy curiosity. At a table close by, one officer, a huge man wrapped in yard upon yard of gray, gilt-buttoned greatcoat, creaked round upon his chair and sat like a monument, to all appearance hypnotized by our mere aspect. And next the march in procession to the gendarmerie, where we were delivered over into the practiced hands of the red-braided, big, serious men who do the political side of Russia's police work. Here our papers were called for, produced, examined, and rejected as insufficient; men with papers as sound as ours had proved them-



Announcing

Campbell Detachable Upholstery

Full Dress for Motor Cars!

WHAT a Paris frock does for a woman, Campbell Detachable Upholstery does for a motor car—*classes* it.

Over the shabby upholstery of last year's car, or the shining newness of this year's, it works a genuine transformation. At a stroke, it gives the interior trim a luxurious look, a soft warmth and *tone*, found only in the finest limousines.

There is a set specially designed for practically every model of every car. It fits over the regular upholstery like the upholstery itself, becoming in appearance an inherent part of the car body. Any one can install it—no alterations are necessary. With a snap of its fasteners you adjust each hand-tailored part over seats, backs, arms and doors. With equal ease you slip it off for cleaning.

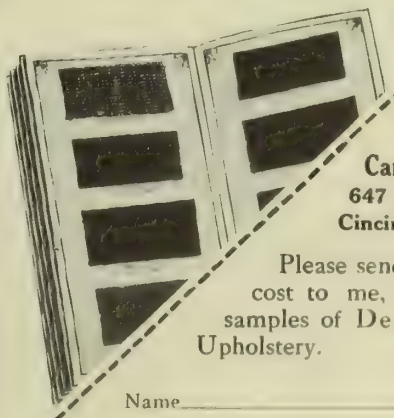
There is the same satisfaction in owning a car equipped with Campbell Detachable Upholstery that there is in being faultlessly dressed. There is an added comfort and a very practical satisfaction in the always cool, always clean seats. If you are buying a new car, ask to see it equipped in this latest style. If you want to make an old car look like new again, order its particular set of Campbell Detachable Upholstery from your dealer—today.

Write for folder of fabric samples

Campbell Detachable Upholstery is made in a variety of smart motor fabrics and linens, to harmonize with cars of every color. Send for folder, showing actual samples, and price list. With it we will send the name of the nearest dealer who can supply you. Address THE PERKINS-CAMPBELL CO., 647 Broadway, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Look for the name Campbell on the fasteners. It is the quality mark of genuine Campbell Detachable Upholstery

CAMPBELL



The Perkins-Campbell Co.
647 Broadway, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send, without cost to me, folder of samples of Detachable Upholstery.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

The Conklin Dealer will fit your hand



There is a Dealer in your town

If you do not know who he is, write us and we will send you free with our reply a useful writing novelty.

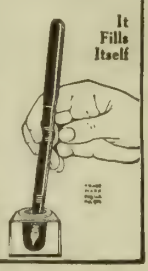
The Conklin Dealer is not only a merchant, he is an expert fitter of pens to hands. His Conklin stock contains a wide variety of pen points in all styles and sizes; he can furnish you with a pen that will exactly fit your handwriting expression.

Furthermore, he knows the *inside* mechanism of all self-filling pens and he will demonstrate to you the unique simplicity of

Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen
NON-LEAKABLE

He will show you that its filling device—the famous "Crescent-Filler"—is wholly devoid of anything delicate or intricate. No springs or hinges—no pivots or separate parts. He knows that the Conklin is not an experiment, but has been proven by seventeen years' use by over a million satisfied users—the *only* self-filler that has had the "acid test" of *time*.

The Conklin Dealer will gladly give you an ironclad guarantee on the "Crescent-Filler"—it is the filler that cannot wear out, break or get out of order, whether you use it twelve months or twelve years. Conklins are $2.50, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 and up, all self-filling; all non-leakable. The Conklin Dealer in your town may be a stationer, a jeweler or a druggist.



THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.
290 Conklin Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

BOSTON 59 Temple Place — *WINNIPEG, CAN.* 346 Donald Street
DENVER 700-720 E & C Bldg. — *SAN FRANCISCO* 579 Market Street

selves unsound within recent days. The detail of all that happened during that strange day has no place in this article. What was strange was the interpreter who was provided for us—a handsome blond gendarme from the neighborhood of Suvalki near the border, a man whose mother tongue was German, in which language we communicated with him, the whole of whose sympathies were German, who was anxious to aid and advise us just so long as he believed we were what we were accused of being—German spies. And late in the evening, after a searching examination by an officer of the staff, we were set at liberty.

"Do you call clothes like these a disguise?" we argued, during the inquiry. "Would spies go about like this?"

He was one of those men whose features and manners and mind all seemed clenched tight upon a single point of purpose. He gave us a hard quick look.

"They might," he answered. "No two spies are alike."

It was—we discovered it afterward—the open season for spies. From East Prussia a German army had smashed its way through Wirballen toward Kovno, cutting off a couple of divisions of retreating Russians and giving to a strategic withdrawal the momentary color of a disaster. There had been a concentration by the strategic railways on the German side of the frontier of which the Russian intelligence department should have been informed; it had not been so informed. The Germans had known too much, the Russians too little; a great web of treachery and espionage had enmeshed the whole situation, an elaborate organization which had its head in an office in Petrograd and its tentacles in every department and almost every rank of the army.

The whole truth of that conspiracy and the list of the conspirators are known only in the General Staff and in the ministeries; it will be wise to be discreet about names till they are vouched for by the official account. But the facts in the main are these:

The plot was originated in Stockholm, the metropolis of espionage in this war, by German agents who had viewed the possibility of turning to account the strong pro-German elements in the Russian bureaucracy and army which had survived the Grand Duke's vigorous surgery. These were still powerful; German culture, German capital and the driving power and pertinacity of the German character are the blood in the arteries of official and commercial Russia. Money was provided to the amount of four hundred thousand rubles ($200,000); and since, at such a time, a sum of this size needed an explanation, it was paid into the hands of a Petrograd firm of advertising agents for the ostensible purpose of buying up poster stations in the larger towns.

It bought, instead, men—of all sizes and values. Among the chief of them was one whose name is not in doubt one Miassoyedoff, a colonel of gendarmes at the frontier, holding local and temporary rank as a general. It was he that General Russki sent for one morning to his quarters at Kovno whither he had come to take in hand the new situation created by the too-facile German victory and advance. Miassoyedoff was a man of about fifty years of age, with a graying beard, stout, loudly peremptory—a noisy, important man and a traitor to the bone. Russki is slight, small, and sallow, with spectacles and a weedy mustache, a typical figure of the modern professor general. Upon the arrival of the other, he announced to him briefly that he proposed to give him leave of absence.

For Miassoyedoff it was a thunderbolt; he could not leave; he dared not; his hands held a hundred loose ends of the conspiracy in which he moved; to lay them down was disaster. He protested; he had not applied for leave and did not want it; Russki watched him through his glasses while he spoke.

Russki, I fancy, could never be very imposing or redoubtable; his power is of the mind rather than of the personality. But none the less, I think there must have been terror for Miassoyedoff in the quietude and scrutiny of the small, spectacled man who is Russia's greatest commander. And when Russki spoke again, he *knew*.

"Yes, I'm afraid you must go," said Russki, and signed to the waiting aide-de-camp to admit the men who were to march Miassoyedoff away.

During his trial, Miassoyedoff confessed—a full avowal such as a criminal of that type is prone to make under pressure, bidding for the mercy of his judges with the betrayal of his associates. It was an amazing story; the Germans had certainly got wonderful value for their $200,000. The advance and occupation of Wirballen had been facilitated by information from Miassoyedoff of the exact number and disposition of the Russian troops; a railway officer had been corrupted so to arrange matters that a large quantity of stores and an ambulance train, including the French ambulance and its personnel, had fallen into the enemy's hands. Plans existed for further betrayal; the traitors numbered scores, if not hundreds; every disloyal and bribable man in the huge Russian army seemed to be in it. There were designs for sending information to the enemy by dropping canisters of papers from aeroplanes, for communication by secret telephones, for furnishing false news to the intelligence department. The road was to be opened to Kovno, to Vilna, to the Niemen, for a great flank movement that should uncover Warsaw. I am told that the Miassoyedoff conspiracy was betrayed by a man who, having taken all he could get of the $200,000, departed immediately to the nearest staff officer and told him the whole story. The sum of the affair was that the Grand Duke was able to carry to completion his work of eradicating the German sympathizers in high office—and that, following the courts-martial, Miassoyedoff and a number of his confederates were duly hanged.

The war on the Russian front has divided itself into many phases. But two factors fight on, on the Russian side. Of these, the first is material; it is the quality of mere immensity of Russia's territory and resources. A land that can be invaded, but never occupied, an army which can suffer gigantic losses and replace them indefinitely—these compose a material strength that not even Germany's superb force can equal. The second is moral and less easy to estimate or express; it is the character of that Russia that remains when German influences and elements are removed, the great dumb spirit of a nation whose history is in the future.

Sanguinary Jeremiah

(*Continued from page 9*)

stand to ask him if he had bet on Jeremiah.

"Gentlemen," said he, removing his battered slouch hat, "I give you my word, I never went near that betting ring but once to-day, and that was to bet on a *real* hoss. 'Elisha!' I says, and I shoved it at 'em. Judges, they laughed at me. They wouldn't take a cent. Not a cent! And I was so mad—"

"Yes, yes," said the presiding judge, soothingly, "but how do you account for Jeremiah bleeding in his work this morning and running such a good race this afternoon?"

"Gentlemen," said Old Man Curry, "I don't account for it. Solomon was the smartest man that ever lived, I reckon, and there was a lot of things he never figured out. I reckon now, if he'd been in this business—"

"Good-by, Mr. Curry," said the presiding judge, "and good luck!"

The Bald-faced Kid might see miracles with his eyes, but there was that about him which demanded explanation. Chastened in spirit, utterly humble and cast down, he called upon Old Man Curry. He found him seated in his tackle room, reading the Old Testament by the light of a lantern.

"Come in, Frank. . . . Got the Lunacy Board with you?"

"Don't rub it in. And if you can spare the time, I wish you'd tell me what you've been up to with Jeremiah."

"Oh, Jeremiah. Well, now, he's a better hoss than some folks think. There wasn't anything wrong with him but just them little bleedin' spells. When I got him cured of those—"

"Cured! Was he cured this morning? Didn't I see him bleed all over the place?"

"You saw some blood, yes . . . Frank, I wish't you wouldn't interrupt me when I'm talkin'. . . . Well, about three weeks ago I met up with a man that claimed he had a remedy to cure bleeders. I let him try his hand on Jeremiah and he done a good job. Since then we've been workin' the black rascal at two in the mornin' when all you wise folks was in bed. . . . Of course, I didn't want any-



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Promote Better Health

Brush your teeth with
LISTERINE
(The Safe Antiseptic)
—then use diluted Listerine to rinse your mouth and spaces between your teeth.



Listerine, the liquid antiseptic, is a household necessity. It should be employed to prevent infection of cuts and wounds; its use after shaving is beneficial and agreeable.

Avoid substitutes; refuse imitations in ordinary medicine bottles. Demand the genuine Listerine in original package—round bottle—brown wrapper.

Sold Everywhere
Four Sizes:
15c, 25c, 50c, $1.00

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St. Louis, Missouri
Toronto, Canada



Is Bran Unpopular

In your home?

If so, change the bran food. Make bran inviting. You can't afford to omit it.

Pettijohn's is a breakfast dainty made of soft wheat flaked. In a luscious food it hides 25% of bran.

The bran is in flake form, which makes it efficient. It is soft and tender. Bran in this form is a welcome dish. It becomes a constant food, as it should be. Try it.

Pettijohn's
Rolled Wheat with Bran Flakes

Most grocers have it. Any grocer will get it. Per package, 15c.

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Piedmont Red Cedar Chests protect furs, woolens and plumes from moths, mice, dust and damp. Finest Xmas, birthday or wedding gift. 15 days free trial.
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NO wonder so many men wear PARIS GARTERS. They're mighty comfortable and serviceable; they last a long time

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Better look for the name on the back of the shield when you buy. That's an easy way to make sure that you're getting what you want.

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PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

$3 a Box The Smart Set



Send $3 and 15c for postage for three
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one of our handsome Ormolu Gold watch fobs as here shown with sea green leather strap and gold plated back.

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body to know it was Jeremiah I was figurin' on, so I gave 'em something else to think about. I started 'Lisha the same day and I tried to get as many folks interested in him as I could. I had the little nigger send him a mile so fast that a wayfarin' man and a fool couldn't help but see he was ready. And then I kind of distracted 'em some more by goin' into the bettin' ring with a big mess of one dollar bills with a fifty on the outside. I held the money up where everybody could see it and I carried on scandalous when the bookmakers wouldn't take it, I'd have carried on a lot worse if one of them children of Israel had called my bluff. And then I got so mad because they wouldn't let me bet on 'Lisha that they thought I'd lost interest in Jeremiah. . . . I've heard that Jeremiah wasn't played. He was played all over the ring, two dollars at a time and it was my money that played him. But of course those bookmakers knew I was sulkin' out in the paddock and took the sucker money. . . . Anything else you want to know?"

"Yes!" The Bald-faced Kid had reached the bursting point. "Was Jeremiah bleeding this morning or not?"

Old Man Curry stroked his beard thoughtfully.

"Well, it was real *blood*, if that's what you want to know," said he. "It took me some time to study that out. Last week Mose came around here squawkin' on one of them little toy balloons. I took it away from him for fear it would make the hosses nervous—and then I got to studying how it was made. Last night I done some shopping. I bought a nice, fat hen and a glass pumping arrangement from a drug store. . . . The hen, she passed away this mornin' about daybreak. She bled quite a lot, but I got most of it in that rubber bag, and when Jeremiah was ready for his gallop—"

"You put it in his mouth?"

Old Man Curry nodded.

"Oh, why didn't you tell me?" wailed the Bald-faced Kid. "I could have cleaned up!"

"I started in to tell you, son, and you said I ought to have my head examined. And then, I kind of like to surprise folks, Frank. I knew you wouldn't have the nerve to bet on a bleeder like Jeremiah, so I had some bettin' done for you." Old Man Curry fumbled in his pocket and produced a roll of bills "Solomon says there's a time to get, and I don't know of any better time than get-away day!"

The Pestimus

(*Continued from page 18*)

heard of him by reputation. He asked the usual first questions about vein character and trend and the depth to solid formation, and at once relegated Stummel to a low status of secondary consideration. The liniment came, the foot was swathed with a professional skill that caused no interruption in conversation, and in just twenty minutes Doc and his Red Cross cavalcade traversed the little log bridge near the town hall and assailed the Elk Park trail and its bleak church roof a mile up Arizona Hill. Doc walked ahead and led the horse which Stummel bestrode, while Stummel, grasping and humping over the pommel, held the lariat of the pack horse. Stummel's face was the diagram of anguish and despair and he rode along in silence, his head bowed.

Doc at first was highly disposed to be sore—disgruntled—and he tramped briskly along as if going after back rent. Had he hastened, he asked himself, by forced marches over mountain ranges and sagebush deserts to discover a fortune in the Achepex country, or just this thing roosting up here behind him? Instead of coming to an El Dorado, had he but landed where the woodbine twineth to act as nurse and Good Samaritan to a crippled nincompoop that, by all the theories of social economy, should have been inseparably decorated at a tender age with a ton of millstone and billeted in "the cradle of the deep"? But after a quarter-mile's climb his optimism revived and he accepted Stummel as Destiny's instrument in artfully piloting him to the hidden fissure of that million he had journeyed so far to acquire.

"I've run counter to pessimists in my time," he growled in thought, "but this feller gives 'em all smallpox."

"Ger-rate crackin' bobcats!" suddenly came an exclamation from behind in a wild insurrectionary torsion of the Stummel voice, "but this foot hurts.

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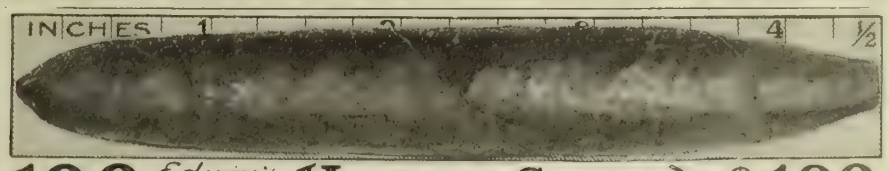
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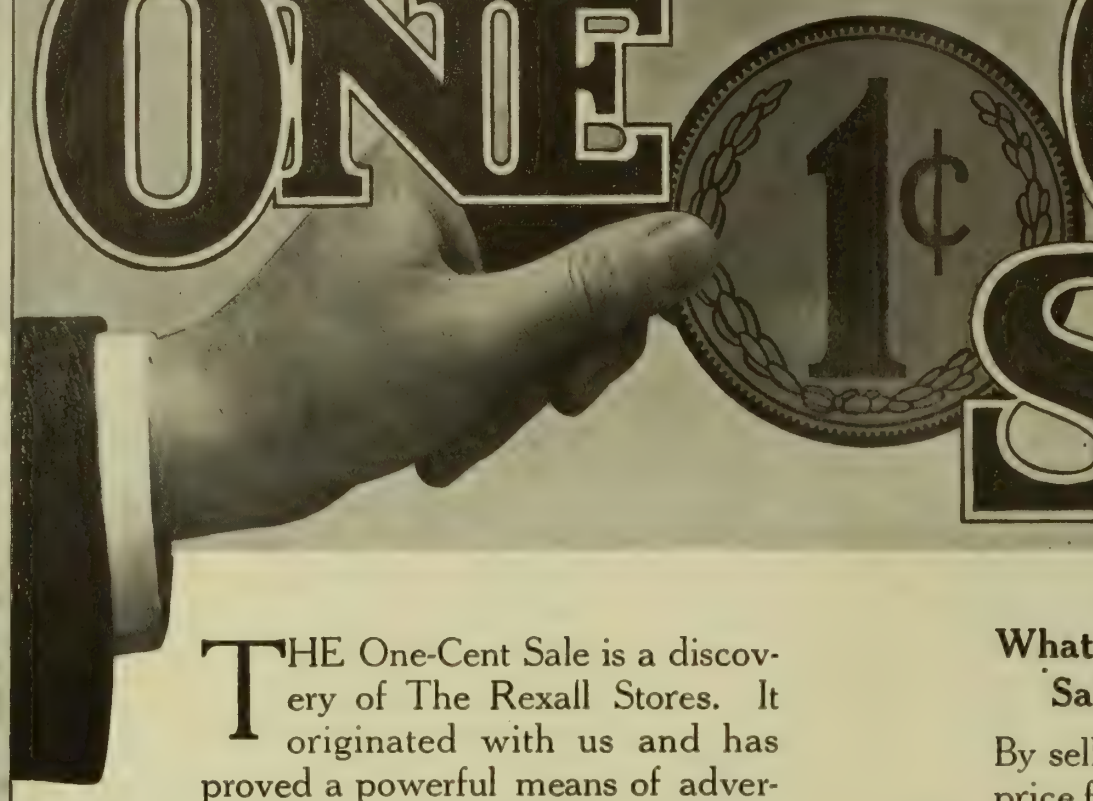
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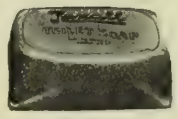


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"Now, see here," exclaimed Doc austerely violent, halting and turning in his tracks with forbidding deliberation. "I don't want to hear 'nuther word out your head—on the subject of the way things are agin ye, or on your ' 'pinion.' "

"Well, great Hollifants, can't a man talk when you're 'round, I wanter know? Can't he ease hisself cussin' his luck? If a feller's unlucky as I be—a busted ankle with all I've dependin' on me—everybody agin me—can't ease his feelin's, it's—"

DOC bit down on his quid inexorably, stopped the caravan, and strode menacingly back to Stummel. His eyes—his very whiskers—glared ferociously up at the truly astonished noncombatant. Doc struggled with a loss for words and tapped Stummel's thigh.

"I—say—did you understand me—when I spoke—understand what I say?"

"Well, sufferin' kraut!" Stummel glared back as if Doc was too unreasonable for any use.

"Now, I mean just what I'm sayin'," proclaimed Doc with a fervently ominous intonation. "Not another word. Understand? I'll make it easier to foller. Don't speak at all. Keep your mouth shet, altogether."

From Doc's eyes the lightnings of his wrath for a moment played over Stummel's perplexed and much-abused visage, and then he resigned himself again to the arduous ascent. The only sounds for some minutes were the click and clump and scuff of hoofs and boots and the squeak-squeak of the saddle. Stummel was again riding with head hanging and eyes on the pommel. But at last he raised his frowning, dismal gaze to the skyline of rocks so high away and his eyes whetted themselves angrily on what they discovered there. Doc was forgotten.

"Goshy t'gosh, gosh hang it to flinders!" he blurted with furor. "Now, lookee what's comin'! I honestly never see the beat. There comes a hail cloud like some galloot pushin' a feather bed out a winder—takin' a shot at us. It'll be down on us in just about ten jumps."

"Shet up!" roared Doc without deigning to look around.

"Well, gol twist it, there 'tis—right in plain sight. Take yer pick."

On they went, Doc taking long, slow strides and breathing in the loud, regular exhaust of a seasoned mountaineer. The feather bed of mist at last rolled around them, and the fine, cold rain sprayed their faces.

"O Lord, but this ankle hurts," wailed Stummel in a whining snarl. "It's got rheum'tiz beat to death. And I bet that's what I'm in fer—rheum'tiz—with this blank, blank rain. Hadn't thought of that afore now, either. Whenever I gets ennything it allers starts up somethun else. That's jest the way! Ankle starts up rheum'tiz, rheum'tiz gets my kidneys on the squeegee and they allers knocks my ol' liver and that allers gives me worst kind of indigestion, and when I gets that I can't sleep an'—an'— Well, it's all nuff to make a feller sut down and swear hisself inside out—the way luck's agin me—and everything, by Juniper!"

"Shet up! Shet up!" bawled Doc in a voice that was a tussle between a laugh and the desire to froth at the mouth. And, as if in comment on the futility of all human dissension, a brass muzzle somewhere near by in the cloud let go with a white flare and riving crash that made the horses and even Doc jump.

Stummel set up a strangled bay like a hound. "Hurry up!" he howled. "We're right on them Guinary veins of white iron and the lightnin' 'll git us sure's snakes. Hurry, y'ol' slow poke! Blank. blank sich luck! Now, it's the ol' lightnin' goin' to take a shy at me, and it'll git me sure. Oh, ma, what'll become—"

Doc whirled and jumped for him and grabbed his arm.

"What th' 'ell's the matter with yuh? Let me be!" jabbered Stummel in a shout.

"Get down off that horse! Get down!"

"Oh, please, pard, quit! I jest fergot myself with this dodblamed pain and what's on my mind. I'll shet up."

"Well—here I am—trampin' over this wind-rottin' trail just for who? For you. Show your 'preciation and keep still or I'll forget humanity and leave y'here to crawl home best you can."

"I promise to be still," exclaimed Stummel in a mixture of entreaty and defiance. "But if you had's much dependin' on you's I have you'd be derned near crazy, too, with a busted ankle that'll keep y'from walkin'—and rheum'tiz comin'—and everything—and the hull gosh-hanged works agin yuh—and—"

In a welter of anger Doc ripped out an oath and pounced again at Stummel's arm and began hauling him out of the saddle, or pretending to do so.

For the first time Stummel showed undeniable fight. He resisted with a blare of oaths. "Good God, pard, I'm not talkin' about my luck. It's *ma* that's on my mind. I jest gotter get over home quick. You'd be derned near crazy, too, with her to look after and yer foot busted so's y'can't walk."

Doc released his hold and stared at the man.

"Who's ma?" he demanded testily.

"Mine, goldern yuh! She's over there all 'lone—sick."

From Doc's expression he was minded to shake the fellow. "Well, why didn't ye say so, in the first place?" he expostulated with sympathetic disgust. "Are ye married?"

"Me? With her on my hands? These derned wives ain't safe to leave with sick mother-in-laws to take care of. Abuse 'em when yer back's turned, ginerally."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Kind of pral'sis—the doctors sez—comin' ten year next spring. Bedridden half the time. Has bad spells—has one now 'n' oughter be in bed—jest able t'move about."

Doc's gaze wandered gravely from Stummel's face and brooded in the white nothingness that mewed them up. "Well, we'd better be on the move, then," he exclaimed, arousing himself and starting the procession, but walking beside Stummel instead of in advance.

"And just you take care of her?" Doc's voice had mollified into an investigating tolerance.

"Yep," replied Stummel, scowling mournfully at the horse's mane. "I knows how better'n ennybody, and she's so derned used to me I don't believe she'd last long if ennybody else handled the job."

Doc ruminated pensively for some rods of steep trail and then human interest got the better of his discretion. He spoke.

"What the world are ye doin' with her up in a new wild prospect camp?"

"Well, sufferin' kraut, I had to have her with me, didn't I jest tell yuh?"

"Hain't you got a brother or sister or some rel'tives she could stay with while you're up here?"

"Nope. I'm all she's got. She thinks such a power of me, too, poor ol' girl, she wouldn't stay with none, ennyway. Seventy-four 'leventh next month. Pa, he died 12 year ago 29th last January. Left her fixed some—rent two houses. That keeps us goin'. Allers feels zif somethun's happened to her when I'm in this kind a fix and am so derned nervous I wants to get off and walk on ahead."

"We'll quit our gassin', then, and strike a gait," declared Doc with a gruff suspicion of kindliness.

THE nomadic storm cloud had passed on its way and was dragging its shreds of vapor over the crest of Arizona Hill when Doc halted there to drink in with a critical eye what might be the wild arena of his future combat with the hungry beasts of fortune. Elk Park, a square mile of mellow-green willow swamps, is pear shaped, and Doc rested 500 feet immediately above its stem where the spruce-clad world of Montana Hill sweeps away into the sky and forms Elk Gulch. He saw low rocky timber-spattered ridges girdling the park like the rim of a frying pan and, a few miles beyond, the stupendous silence of James Peak with the sun gone down and blazing behind it. It was a sanctuary of nature, the wilderness perfumed with the fragrance of the stars, and he loved it; and, as he loved, he browsed at his tobacco plug

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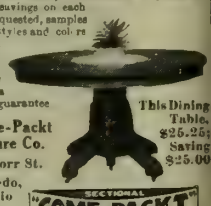
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and spied out the various impressions, geological and otherwise, awaiting his pleasure.

"That's my cabin," volunteered Stummel with pride and a groan. It stood on the green slope above the creek and at the foot of the short trail they were about to negotiate. At the sound of Stummel's voice Doc started as if goaded by fear of the "bazoo," and the expedition dipped, or plunged, into what he decided was about the steepest place ever touched by wagon wheels.

AS they picked and slipped down the precarious way, Stummel grew nervous. He fidgeted and jerked and twitched and evidently felt compelled to communicate something, yet lacked the courage to bring it forth. He would eye with acute uneasiness the cabin and claw and tug at his mustache and scratch and dig at his head until courage had been mustered to open out on Doc. But when his wildly yearning eyes had fastened desperately on the formidable stolidity of Doc's back and he had opened his mouth to begin, he would only gulp impotently and swallow and swear to himself and turn again to the cabin.

Doc was blessedly oblivious to all this. His mind and interest were concentrated on the mineral inducements and he missed not a yard along the trail, pausing often to pick up and examine specimens of float. But he was too precautious to ask any question and risk tapping the flood of Stummel verbiage.

He had forgiven him in a manner for the old woman's sake, but that was as far as he wished to involve himself. He was sorry for her; infinitely sorry for any wretched one, however fortified by health, who should have to endure the clouds and drizzle of Stummel's society.

At his first sight of the cabin he had noted with the satisfaction of a born craftsman that it was neatly and substantially built of squared logs and chinked and daubed to repletion, and so must be dry, thank Heaven, for the mother's sake. He saw near the cabin the very spot for his tent, level and well drained, while no better range than the pasturage of the little park could be desired for his stock. So he had determined to pitch permanent camp there, keep a charitable eye on Stummel until the poor fellow could navigate, inculcate him with optimistic doctrine in the old lady's behalf and take up the business of unearthing a million in dead earnest in his own.

At last they reached the bottom of the gulch and Doc headed down the green slope toward the cabin a few rods distant. Stummel, his face an agony of frantic anxiety, suddenly exclaimed "whoa!" in a guarded, desperate voice. Doc stopped and looked back in apprehensive inquiry.

"Say," stammered Stummel, "look yere a minute." With a backward jerk of his head he importuned Doc to come to him. Doc wavered and then after an elaborate expectoration that gave protest, he complied. "What is it?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Say, I gotter kind of fix things afore I lets ma see this fix I'm in," began Stummel in a confidential sweat. "Y'want to rec'lect she's sick and old and worries a lot and gets scart easy. When she sees this busted foot she'll have a fit and start cryin' and, by Jupe, y'can't blame her none, seein' 's I'm the only one to take care of her. Y'know how they are—mothers. So—say, pard—we'll p'tend this foot business don't 'mount to anything—and so on—and cheer her up like? We'll let on you jest happened to be comin' over this way, ennyway, y'know, and so give me a lift. And we won't let on I couldn't of walked over. Nozir! You jest give me a lift—and, you know? hey?"

DOC with his impetuous whiskers aiming upward eyed with a boring kind of narrowness the little favor-craving eyes as if he were gazing through his glass at a speck of gold in a random chunk of float. "All right," he declared. "I'll do it."

"George!" exclaimed Stummel with a delighted sigh. "That takes a load off my derned mind. I wuz—I wuz afraid, mebby, y'wouldn't stand fer no lyin' about things that way. And say, there's nuther thing, by Juniper, I'd like to ask you to do, if y'would. Can't take a long-handled shovel handle, can yuh, and fix me up a crutch?"

"Yes, sir, I'll do *that*—too," replied Doc, still steadily gazing at him.

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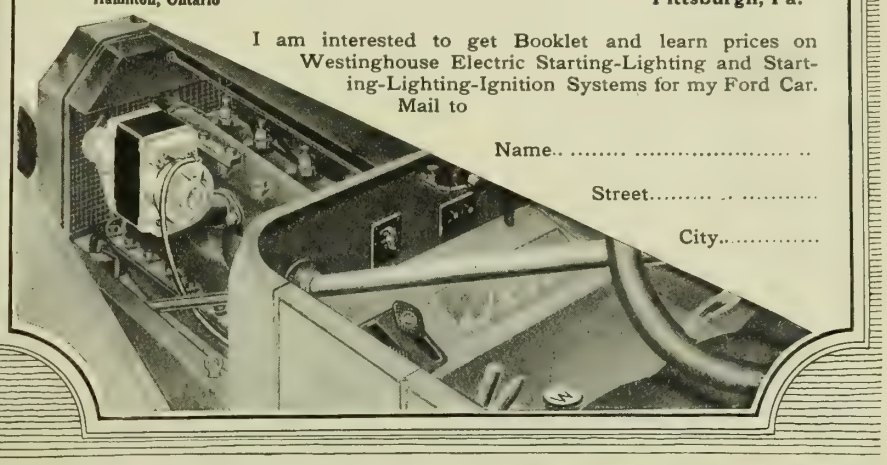
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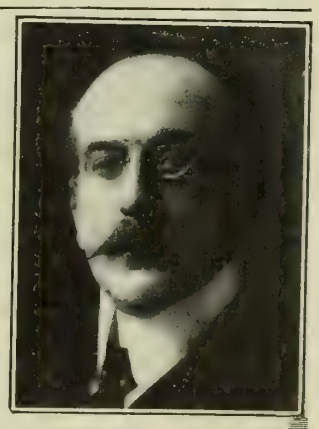
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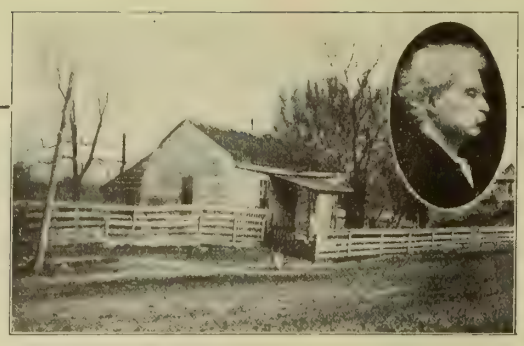
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"By gad, that's fine! And say, like to have y'stay fer supper. Dern it, yer welcome to stay all night, if y'can put up with accom'dations. I'll lay down beside ma so's to hear if she needs ennything and you can use my cot. When she gets the idee *I'm* sick she lays there and suffers fearin' she'll bother me and I've gotter watch her, dern it, like a hawk."

Doc pawed his whiskers and expectorated before he answered. "I'll cook supper for you, Mister Stummel," he finally replied.

"All right, let's move, then," proposed Stummel with a pulsing voice of gratitude and confidence. "By Georgetown, y'don't know what load you've took from my mind. I've been derned near crazy ever since I found I couldn't stand—over in Achepex."

Doc led the horse up to Stummel's door and assisted him to dismount.

"Jer-ree?" called an old woman's voice, cracked, tremulous, plaintive, from within. "Is that you?"

"Yes, ma, it's me," cried Stummel in a flurried attempt to be cheery.

"O—o, what's happened?" wailed the voice. "I seen you comin' through the window."

"There—gosh hang it!" raved Stummel in a groaning whisper as he hooked an arm over Doc's shoulder and balanced himself on the first step preparatory to hopping up on the next. "No more'n I 'spected." And then he raised his voice again. "Now, ma, I'm all right—quit yer worryin'—that's a good soul, ma." Here the two gave a heave and he landed on the next perch. "There ain't nothun wrong of any 'count, ma. I jest give my ankle a little twist and—" here they accomplished the top step and Doc opened the door—"Mister—Mister—what's yer—"

"Colby," prompted Doc.

"—Colby, here—wuz comin' over our way and give me a lift, 'cause he could's well as not and walkin' might of made me lame, and quit yer cryin', ma, 'cause there ain't nothun to cry over. *This* don't hinder me takin' care of yuh, a bit. Nozir!"

THEY entered with a stride and a hop while a piteous tremolo of lamentation arose from an iron bed in the corner opposite their right. The cabin contained but the one big room and was well ordered and as clean as inner bark. The little old lady, dressed in faded black with a gray shawl around her shoulders had been lying down covered with a couple of patchwork quilts, but now was sitting huddled on the edge of the bed with the quilts on the floor. She was straining forward, all ashake with palsy, and her drawn, old-ivory face was full of helpless fright and despair. Her thin yellow-white hair was parted in the middle and caught sleekly back by a fanlike comb in a roll on the top of her head; and as her faded, blue, tear-bleared eyes stared through her gold spectacles at the awful presence of calamity, her appeal to Doc was that of a sweet-spirited, old-fashioned, Christian mother who had come up out of much tribulation with her faith in heaven only strengthened and her intelligence still unimpaired.

"Now, ma, y'lay down, there's a good soul," urged Stummel with solicitous agitation, hopping, aided by Doc, up to her and patting her shoulder and grinning down at her. "Mister Colby, make you 'quainted with my mother, Misses Stummel," he added with a flourish of provincial etiquette, as he lowered himself to a seat beside her. Doc whipped off his sombrero and bending over beamed in a sympathetic smile and took the frail, vein-laced hand.

"Glad to know you, Misses Stummel," he said graciously and heartily. "And don't worry about the boy here. I'm goin' to locate in the park and'll stay with you till he's right as a trivet again."

"Yes, and he's a doctor, ma, so it happens, and mebby he can help yuh," said Stummel as an added comfort.

"Be ye?" she asked, brightening with the quickness of a child and lifting her eyes in new hope to Doc's.

"Yes, ma'am," was Doc's corroboration with some pride as he felt himself warming toward her, in the spirit of a true physician. "And I'll be only too glad to study your case. And, as a doctor, I order you to sit here and talk with your boy, or lie down, whichever feels best, while I attend to my stock. It won't take me long and then I'll come in and get supper for all of us."

A man's hearthstone is a private window to his soul. And Doc, as he watered his horses, fed them a nip of oats and picketed them for the night, did so with many abstracted pauses wherein he gazed through this window to Stummel's heart and pondered that fascinating contradiction, that perennial wonder of wonders and immortal enigma, a man, as always propounded afresh by the last man we meet.

And as the evening advanced and he exploited his culinary genius in soda biscuits, ham, eggs, coffee, and fried raw potatoes, he marveled to himself: Was this Stummel of the cabin the Stummel of Achepex and the trail? Not a word about his "'pinion," not an imputation against the district, did Doc hear from Stummel's mouth; nor a reference to the jinx that camped so vindictively upon his trail, nor a complaint about his ankle. He hopped about with an old staff and coddled and petted his mother and seemed to have forgotten his ankle and the whole world beyond the cabin door.

IT was moving along toward ten o'clock. The contented old lady had for some time been tucked in for the night and Stummel was stretched out on one side of her bed and propped against the head board. His crutch, which Doc had fashioned, was at hand and he was dressed in readiness for any call from his mother in the night. At his shoulder was a stand and on it the lamp and he was conversing in low tones with Doc, who sat smoking in the rocker near the foot of the bed.

"Only way I can thank yuh, dern it," Stummel was saying, "fer this night's work is give you a half interest in that tunnel I wuz tellin' yuh about, by Juniper. Derned glad to do it, too. It'll soon be in too far fer me to work it 'thout help and I can't afford to hire none. Derned glad. It's in fifty feet. Didn't tell you what last sample acrost the whole four-foot breast run, did I? Runs $37.41—yezir!"

"Good—LAC!" exclaimed Doc in astonishment. "And four feet wide?"

"Yes, but" (Stummel raised up and peered at his mother's face. Yes, she was evidently asleep and he could talk, at last)—"you know my 'pinion about this yere camp, by gad!"

Doc almost jumped. Was the Stummel of Achepex about to harry the peace of the evening? "Now, look here, Stummel," blustered Doc sternly in a whisper. "That'll do on your opinions. By gravy, there's just this about it," he affirmed with the inflexibility of laying down the law, "you're crazy on that subject—kerazy's a tumble bug—and I'll take my blankets and roll up outside if y'open your head again on that."

"Goshy to gosh!" whispered Stummel in a flame. "What's ailin' you, ennyway? Touchy? By hell, powder's nothun to yuh. I'm goin' to explain about this business, and you just sut there and listen, will yuh? Everything's been agin me all my life and I knows it. If I calls black black, derned when I come to look close the black hain't turned to white. Yezir! Never knowed it to fail. I've done nothun but team down in Denver since I growed up and I ain't got no edgication and I seen there was no hope atall for me to get rich by usin' my head or frenzied finance, or them ways. And I wants to be a millionaire, by Juniper! It'll take a power of money to take care of ma here the way I wants to see her kept. So I sees, when this district was first opened up, that the only hope fer me wuz minin'. Yezir! And as ma she wuz feelin' a lot better, up we comes and buys this cabin from a feller that has to go back East. And then I strikes it good in the tunnel and for the first time since I don't know when, by Juniper, I wuz the most hopeful feller y'ever see! Then I gets scart. The idee of havin' the million go back on me after comin' so close scart me stiff 'cause I knowed that wuz the way it's allers been. And then comes 'long my derned ol' 'pinion, jest as I knowed it would and—"

Doc raised his hand in solemn warning. He was too provoked for words. He pawed his whiskers and did not speak until he had chastised and controlled his feelings.

"Go on," he finally said, self-humbled.

"Isn't it nuff to make a man a pestimus?" demanded Stummel ardently. "I wants to make a million so's I can give her a good time. Dreams about it, I does, nights—all the time. Dress her up fine and have these here trained nurses day and night and high-priced speshulists to cure her. What? And a

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young woman all perked up and sweet to read to her when she wants it. Think I don't want her to have all them things? I sure does. Wants to send her to Californy so derned bad I can't see, and have her live in big hotels wherever she gosh-hanged pleases and go to New York and everywhere and travel on the ocean. Goltwist it, it's nuff to make any man sut down in a sweat and cuss hisself inside out and be wurse'n any pestimus, to want all them things fer her and—'stead—see her—jest yere. Poor ol' ma! The best mother, by God, a feller ever had. And I loves her. What? Y'might not believe it, but I does."

Stummel's face softened; and by its very crudeness, homeliness, and ignorance was the sincerity and love shining there sweetened and hallowed. He rolled over stealthily again to assure himself she was asleep. She was, it seemed, and after a moment's anxious compassionate gaze he returned his eyes to Doc. But Doc had been looking from time to time at the pinched, wrinkled countenance while Stummel was talking and he had seen something grow in the lashes of the sleeper that convinced him she was away from the land of Nod. It was a big tear. And as Stummel looked away from her, at last, Doc saw it break and trickle down along her nose. Ineffable pity for her boy, thought Doc, unspeakable joy for herself.

Doc, pawing his whiskers, suddenly arose and reached for his hat. "Stummel," he said in usual undertone, "if luck's always agin you, givin' you the lie, and your opinion of this camp is it's no good, why, y'can't get around it, luck's bound to make your opinion out a lie and this camp a pippin and your tunnel a bonanza—the richest in it. Say, is that why the fellers call you their mascot and let you talk agin everything free-handed?"

Stummel scowled introspectively with all his Achepex importance and sagacity. "Yes, dodrot 'em, I spects it is," he admitted reflectively. "But y'don't get me to say ennything like you did, even to myself. It's my 'pinion the dernd ol' luck's jest watchin' day and night fer the chanst to ketch me sayin' something like that, so's it can wallop me and make the camp no good fer certain. Nope. Holdin' to my 'pinions is the only hope I has. Now, it's my 'pinion—"

"Well, settle down for the night, now," said Doc hastily. "I'll get a sniff of fresh air afore I turn in." And he stole outside.

He stood near the steps and gazed at the stars over Arizona Hill and came to some gladdening conclusion. "Yes, sir," he muttered in high mettle, "this is my lead. I actually believes the feller's born lucky and probably has a million down in that tunnel for both of us, and I'll take him up. His talk'll strain my skull—and cross bones—but I'll have to fall in line and let him talk. But he's square—that's certain. I consider that tear the most influential affidavit to a man's character, pessimist or optimist, that ever was subscribed and sworn to by a woman's heart."

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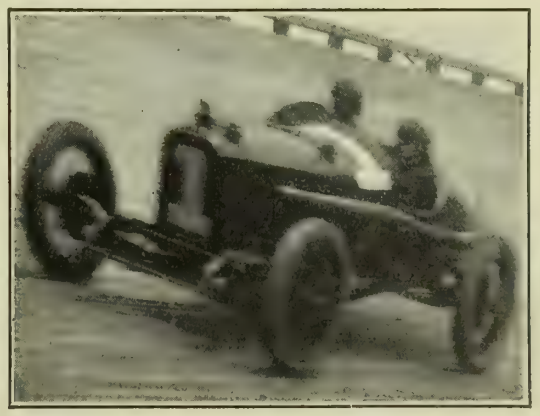
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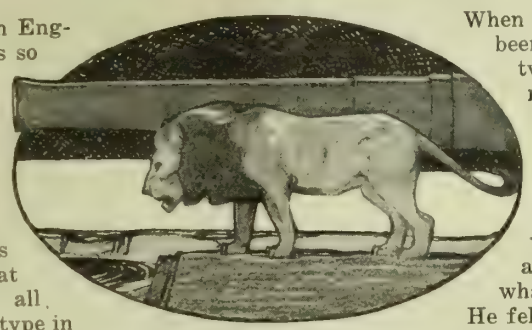
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MERRY ENGLAND IN WAR TIME

BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

I CAN well imagine that the day will come when our descendants will read with interest some details of how the war in this summer of 1915 affected the quiet country life of southern England—that life of immemorial placidity where time passes so sedately to the gentle murmur of the breeze among the grasses and the bees upon the clover. It is a life so mellow and so gently peaceful that it might well have seemed in this island home to be beyond any caprice of fate. And yet here we are stirred to our depths, every rule of conduct altered, every object of desire changed, with fiercer joys and sharper pains, and all our hearts in Flanders. It is good, no doubt, and it is very strange, though it has come upon us so gradually in these last eleven months that perhaps we hardly appreciate how topsy-turvy it has all become. One day set faithfully on record may serve as a type in years to come. Children must have a change once in a while, war or no war, and the heat has made the little faces white and weary of late. Whither shall we take them? Some one had mentioned Hayling Island. It is a hundred miles away, but my wife and I will be better for a complete break of thought. Too long have we been waiting for that which never comes, living during the night for the morning papers, living during the day for the evening one. It is a morbid state. One long day we shall have in the open to Hayling and back in search of rooms. The motor is ordered for twelve.



I am down at eight and walk among the flowers before breakfast. Hark to that sound breaking in upon the peace of this sweet summer morning! It is very faint and very far, and yet with a deep throb in it which tells of infinite power. There it is again, rising a little and then falling, like a thunderous surge upon a distant beach. There is no doubt at all about the sound. It is that of the guns in Flanders. It is a hundred and twenty miles as the crow flies, and it might well have appeared incredible, but you have also to remember that we are seven hundred feet high and that there is a very steady easterly wind. Some miracle has put those air currents just right, and we do actually hear the guns of the great long-drawn battle. For a week now, ever since the wind has been in that quarter, we have heard it. All this section of Sussex is talking of it. It brings it all very close, and when we volunteers muster of an evening for our drill, it helps to give actuality to the eternal "Upon the left form line of platoons!" or "Wheel to the right by sections!" when we hear the far-off roar of the whirlpool which has drawn in so much, and may yet draw in ourselves if we should be thought worthy. One can spring to attention with a sharper snap when the guns of Flanders are pulsing in one's ears.

Everybody is smiling this morning over a story that a Zeppelin was seen during the night near Tunbridge Wells. It is unlikely, but they all seem to believe it. These Zeppelin yarns have been a great boon to the country, bringing a little harmless excitement into the sleepy hollows. Here and there, no doubt, the machines have done a little damage, but if you put it all together it would not amount to that which is caused by a single large accident in peace time. Half a dozen able-bodied suffragettes would cause more damage to property than all the Zeppelins that have ever come out of Germany. When one considers, on the other hand, that several of them have been destroyed, and that in one case—that of Warneford—twenty-eight of the crew were dashed to pieces, it seems to me that Germany's air fleet has up to date made as bad a bargain as her water fleet did when it killed two hundred civilians in Hartlepool, Scarborough, and Whitby, but lost the *Blücher* with eight hundred men in endeavoring to repeat the glorious exploit. It is wiser as well as better to play the game. Another story has just come in at which no one will smile. One of our aviators has fallen at Cross-in-Hand, five miles to the south. The accident, whatever it may have been, occurred high above the clouds. He fell like a stone for two thousand feet or more. Ah, what a terrible, and yet, on second thought, what an enviable end! One can picture it—the sudden snap which showed that something had broken, the peremptory death call coming so quickly that the soul had hardly time for one flutter of apprehension. Then the long, swift, downward swoop with a gale roaring upward past one's falling body—and then painless oblivion. So merciful is Nature that when one has survived such an experience, not only is there no memory of pain, but even the events which led immediately up to it have been erased from the mind lest some brooding horror should survive. A huge switchback swoop ending in euthanasia. It is only terrible to the bystander who gathers the shattered frame. The man himself knows nothing.

Breakfast is over, and here comes the first task of the day—a curious example of topsy-turvydom, yet now accepted as a matter of course. For an hour and a half we are doing semaphore and Morse upon the common. Could there a year ago have been in this world a less likely thing than that I, a middle-aged civilian with no knowledge of such work, should be spending my morning with a magistrate, an architect, and another in sending messages from Outpost One to Outpost Two, whose frantic little flags are wagging away at the far end of the golf course? Collectively, we are the signal section of the local company. Our peace of mind is blighted by the trick of one of our distant senders, who will drop his semaphore flag on the A and the G until it is blended with the other flag which he holds between his legs. We flap reproaches at him, but he is incorrigible. Still, it is all good work, and every lesson counts. At twelve I am back at home, and the motor speeds upon its way.

In this little Sussex village we have ten thousand men—the First Lancashire Reserve Division of Territorials. Their khaki figures are everywhere—smallish men, as one would expect from the great manufacturing cities—but sharp and tough. They are Manchester for the most part, and they talk with a burr like a motorcycle. What a change this glorious countryside must be to them, and what visions of the heather-clad south they will bear back to the dark streets of the busy north! All their lives these days will come back to them in their dreams. Their comrades are in the Dardanelles, and they send constant drafts



to them. Many a Manchester lad has already laid down his life between Krithia and the sea in the desperate venture of the last crusade.

Great Britain is one huge barracks, or like an imperial military exhibition with samples strewn over the country. The oddest people are found in the oddest places. I remember at Edinburgh Castle seeing a hard-bitten regiment drilling admirably with "N. D." upon their shoulder straps. I was unable to fit them into any conceivable type of Northumberland men. They proved on inquiry to be Newfoundlanders, fishers off the cod banks many of them, who had taken up their rifles for the common cause. So here in the little village of Maresfield, just four miles on our way, one is aware of long, slab-sided fellows with Stetson hats, which give their nationality. They are Colonel Panet's Canadian Horse Artillery, eating their hearts out because the cavalry have gone and they have been held back. All the charms of the dear old rose-embowered village, with its Norman church and famous Shelley manor house, are as nothing to these fellows in their longing for the trenches of Flanders. Beside them are three regiments of English yeomanry of the home counties—all eagerly waiting. Uckfield, the next village, is full of sunburnt infantry, and so is Lewes. Outside the ancient gate of the Norman Castle there are swarms of them, and one can see them exercising on the long slope of the down where, just 650 years ago, Simon de Montfort drove the King's army headlong down into the town and gave young Edward his first bitter taste of war. One notes as one passes that outside the police stations are hung placards with types of aeroplanes upon them, that one may distinguish friend from foe. One would think that by their deeds one might know them.

We break away before we enter Brighton and take the back road, which proves to have every possible disadvantage — bad going, and most uninteresting and hideous. The monotony of the journey is broken only by a long wooden bridge, which assures us, upon a placard, that, while we have to pay sixpence to pass over, the authorities will not guarantee, or hold themselves responsible for, our safe arrival upon the other side. On the right is Lancing School, perched upon its height. The sight of it saddens us, for it reminds us of a brave lad fresh from it wounded in his first battle and killed in his second over yonder in Flanders. What have the public schools not done for Britain in this war! We have vamped up a great army—an army which surely is one of the wonders of the world, for every man is a pure volunteer without even the temptation of a bounty, and yet the total is greater than that of the armies of North and South together in the great American war. But one thing was vital and apparently impossible. Where were we to get the officers for millions of men? An officer is born, not made. In Prussia they had them in their thousands by hereditary caste. Where could we find them in our democratic country? And then in an instant they appeared, this endless stream of dear eager boys from the public schools, trained to unquestioning obedience upon the one side and to enforcing discipline upon the other. They came in hundreds and in thousands, these glorious lads, filling the gaps in the regulars and furnishing the subalterns for the new formations. "There never was such a grand chance for the public schools," wrote one of them, now lying burned in his trench at Ypres. In some schools I am told that more than 80 per cent of those available went to the front. They saved England, for they supplied what she sorely needed and could have found in no other way. The men loved them. "They would have followed them, singing, into hell." I will always carry in my remembrance a chance meeting and chat in a railway carriage with one of these boys—a boy with the hard, quick eyes of a man. He was in flannels, a straw hat with Free Forester ribbon upon his head, his arm in a sling, his cigarette in his left hand, his brown, earnest face thrust forward, and his talk of sandbags and saps, and above all of the splendor of his men. How often in the last twenty years have I contended that Britain is neither degenerate nor weakening, and that her history lies in the future rather than in the past. These youngsters will carry on the best that the race can give.



We have our lunch at Broadwater in one of those unpretentious English hostelries which are often so much better than they look. Then on through Arundel, with the glorious modern castle upon the right, and past Chichester, Emsworth, and Havant, until we reach Hayling about four o'clock in the afternoon. The war still pursues us. On the shingly beach a hundred young officers are having a course of musketry. The place resounds with words of command and the snapping of triggers. Out to sea we can see upon the right the forts of Spithead, and in front of us a low, squat, sea bully of a battleship, making her way eastward, with a lean torpedo boat gliding upon either quarter. It is a calm day, and we look anxiously over the smooth water for a periscope—the dorsal fin of the deadliest of sharks. I have seen, when I was in the Arctic, a creature which lived upon sharks. Is it possible that these sharks also have such a master? "Success of our submarines!" One sees the phrase in many of the ignorant German papers. May it, perhaps, be preserved as one of the grimmest and most sardonic jokes of history. Well, they were given the dirtiest task that ever fighting seamen undertook. If their own fate is sometimes hard, what about the North Sea fishermen whom they murdered in such cold blood with their shell fire? Such deeds were never done in war before. On land and sea the Germans have always fought foul—it is sad that such a reproach will forever rest upon a brave people.



"You Might Have Been Shot"

OUR business done, we are speeding back, taking the coast road this time. Submarines or no, one has only to glance seaward to be sure that our trade has not been seriously affected. This so-called blockade began on February 18. It is now July 10, and the Channel is still dotted with our merchant ships. There seem to me to be more than in peace time, but many of these are bound, no doubt, for Flanders. What risk and what expense would have been saved had we built our Channel tunnel in time! It transcends the story of the Suez Canal as an example of our national slow-wittedness. It is lucky that we have other qualities that atone. But our descendants will pay good hard cash for many a long year to atone for this particular piece of absurdity.

Here is a great sight as we approach Brighton. There is an aerodrome by the sea, and four great biplanes are swinging and swooping above it. May they soon be above Essen! There is the central ganglion of the whole German system. Paralyze that, and the huge fierce body lies inert. It is a long flight, no doubt—a good two hundred miles as I reckon it from the nearest friendly post—and yet surely it can be done. There are plenty of men who would go, even if they *knew* they would never come back. For it is the one operation of war which, if done on a sufficient scale, would indeed be final. Blast this infernal plague spot off the face of the earth! Perhaps even these biplanes may be units in that great fleet which may gather one day soon over the roaring furnaces and smoking chimneys of the great Westphalian death factory.

It is dark as we leave Brighton, for we have stopped there to dine, and as we start upon the 25-mile run which will bring us home we are warned that no lights of any kind are allowed along the front. This prohibition is in force in all the seaboard towns, and the object is supposed to be not only as a protection against possible Zeppelin raids, but as a means of preventing hostile submarines out at sea from taking their bearings. We crawl along a pitch-black front, with the shadowy form of other cars gliding past us. Every window is darkened. Who could believe that this is the Parade which only a year ago was the brightest and gayest promenade in England? It is good, for it brings the war home to the people, and as our folk have little imagination some tangible sign is needed. It impresses them more if it makes them uncomfortable, as the boys of old used to be whipped on the boundaries of the commons so that they would always carry them in their minds.

Once out of Brighton we switch on our lights, and are soon well upon our way. But, light or dark, the war is always with us. As we pass the level crossing of the railway at Uckfield a policeman holds us up, vigorously swinging a lantern.

"Why didn't you pull up when the sentry challenged you just now?"

"We heard no sentry."

"You might have been shot. He challenged and got no answer."

We expressed our regrets, and the big man faded away into the darkness, still shaking his head and his lantern in mute reproach.

Our next episode was a more extraordinary one. Again we were aware of a form in the middle of the road, and of a waving of hands. We were also vaguely conscious of a second figure which formed a blur upon the footpath. This time it was a business-like corporal of Military Police who had stopped us.

"I have a drunk prisoner here, sir, and I have to get him to Maresfield. Will you help me to do so?"

"Can you manage in the front seat?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right; come along."

It is some miles out of our way, but in war time one must do what one can. The corporal heaves and strains, and a minute later he is seated beside the chauffeur, his captive like a sawdust doll, lolling this way and that in fantastic angles as we fly upon our way. The rush of night air seems to rouse the rascal, and we hear vague remonstrance, with frantic pawing of hands, but the corporal is skilled at the game, and holds him in some weird jujutsu grip. I tremble for my wife's ears, and for my motor's wind screen, as the fellow becomes more lively. However, here we are at the entrance of an old English park, once the home of Shelley, the poet, and the car has pulled up at an outlying building converted into a guard-room. At a call a dozen men have appeared, and the corporal marches off with his prisoner. An instant later he is back.

"What are your charges, sir?" And then, sinking his voice and with the air of one who gives the straight tip: "Not out of my pocket, sir, but charged to the brigade."

Evidently he thinks that the chance of my life has come. The corporal clearly puts me down as a simpleton when I assure him that there is no money in the transaction. We turn the car, and speed on our way once more.

But even now our adventures of the night are not at an end. There is the glare of a great fire upon our right in the direction of Crowborough Camp. We are speculating as to its cause, when again we are held up by dark figures and dancing lanterns—an officer's patrol this time wanting to know who we are, whence we come, and what we are doing. It seems that there has been an incendiary fire, that there is reason to put it down to spies, and that all motor cars are under suspicion. Fortunately we are near home now, and our identity is easily proved. At eleven o'clock we reach our harbor once again.

But even now my war day is not ended. Our volunteers are holding a farmhouse with a line of sentries, and I have promised (*Continued on page* 35)



THE OTHER GIRL

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SNAPP

IT'S a long way from Memphis to Honolulu—even as from Clapham to Martaban—and part of the way is apt to be rough going, in either case. This is the story, therefore, of Lila McCreery, who left home in the bloom of her youth and went to stay with the friend of her heart in an army post in the middle of the Pacific—also of what happened, and why. Lila herself could tell it better, perhaps, but Lila never will. Her wedding cards were in the mail a year ago to-day.

At the time that she left what the ballad singers have indubitably canonized as her "home town," Lila was by odds the prettiest girl in Memphis. Her eyes stayed with you after a single meeting, and her hair lingered in the memory like a sunset. Her mouth had all the wistful innocence of a Romney's Lady Hamilton, but her smile inferred a delicate dignity—with good cause. Lila was in her third season and definitely engaged to the richest young man in town.

At a luncheon which was a tone poem in pink and silver the engagement had been announced. The wedding day was not yet set, but was to all appearances imminent. Then a letter came from Mary Kinkaid, who had married a First Lieutenant in the Engineers, and overnight, as you might say, Lila folded her tent and left for Honolulu.

Lila said, her mother said, and old Dr. Parks, the family physician, said that Lila was tired and wanted a good rest before the wedding. Also Lila said that she had promised Mary. The fact of her going remained, and the town laughed a little and presently forgot about it.

Marshall Jennings, the man she left behind her, neither laughed nor forgot. He had not wanted her to go, naturally, but he wanted Lila herself very much, and he felt that his claim was not yet secure enough to be rigidly enforced.

Only on the last night before she left he voiced a protest:

"If you want to go off and leave me *now*, why, maybe later—"

"Oh, no, I sha'n't," said Lila, sweetly in earnest. "After we're once married, Marsh, I sha'n't want to stir an inch away from you, ever. You'll have to have a special pocket made for me to sit in. But I think I'd like to go now—really."

Jennings let her go. He had small choice.

A month later Lila, sitting on a wind-swept veranda with Diamond Head stark behind her and the Pacific blue before her eyes, read his first letter. It said he missed her, and Lila put it to her lips. A little later she hid the letter away and went in to dress for dinner.

That night at a dance at the University Club she met Captain Nicholson. She met him between dances, and at the first she disliked him very thoroughly. He had—and bar some unbelievable convulsion of nature still has—the most supercilious smile in the world. His eyes were blue and cold as icicles; his lips were thin and much too well controlled. His hair was blond, very straight, and immaculately in order. He wore his white uniform and carried his bright work with an undeniable air. He might have been thirty, or thirty-five, or twenty-eight—he looked a certain age of the soul, but his body bore itself with imperishable and rather splendid youth.

When he first looked at Lila his smile was languid. He asked for a dance and was refused—asked for a second and received not too fervent regrets—asked for a third, somewhat stubbornly, and got it.

"Why didn't you want to dance with me?" he inquired curiously when the thing was under way.

Lila smiled and murmured something ineffectual.

"You have a mean disposition, haven't you?" said Captain Nicholson calmly.

It was the sort of thing a great many women forgave him and came back for.

"Not to those I care for," said Lila, flushing.

"Thank you," Captain Nicholson returned after an amused moment. "I get your meaning dimly. However, I could hardly expect you to care for me so soon. Are you always so abrupt in your likes?"

"And dislikes," said Lila steadily.

When the dance was over she was rather ashamed of herself. The incident seemed ugly, sordid even, and without reason. Till now all the world liked Lila and Lila liked all the world. Women put out their hands and men their hearts when she came by.



He put his arms about her—she lay in them quietly enough

She was accustomed to instant friendship, and not surprised by instant love. She parted from Nicholson uneasily and he stayed in her mind through succeeding dances.

Later in the evening he sought her out where she sat in triumphant seclusion, the natural center of a swarm of masculine eyes, and carried her off to look at the moon.

"Have a heart!" he told her lazily. "Three of those men were married and their wives were sulking in the corner. Confine your slaughter to the eligibles. What do you think of our Hawaiian scenery?"

LILA took the chair he found for her on the more or less deserted veranda and looked at the moon as she was bidden.

It was a large moon and very pale, in a sky swept clean of stars. There was about it, moreover, a touch of mysticism and unearthly passion that made it different, somehow, from the moons to which Lila was accustomed. A wild little wind whirled dust in ghostly spirals up to meet it.

"Dust under the moon!" said Captain Nicholson suddenly. He leaned against the balustrade and folded his arms across his chest. "Dust of lovers—and kings—and cabbages—dancing to the moon. She gets us all, doesn't she? I could come back from Gehenna, if the right one called me, on a white night—like this!"

Lila looked at him, frankly uncertain. The man's whole personality seemed new. All the little unpleasant superiorities of look and tone, the flippancy, the insolence almost, of his ordinary bearing fell away from him. An endearing, because an unsuspected, earnestness took its place.

"You don't like me, do you?" said Captain Nicholson.

"I didn't an hour ago, but I think I do now," said Lila, half laughing, a little perplexed. Her conclusions were ordinarily more simple.

"Thank you," said the man quietly, and put his hand over hers where it lay on the arm of her chair. Lila drew her hand away—without ostentation but definitely. They do many things in Memphis, but a man you have met two hours before does not as a rule take your hand to hold unrebuked. So Lila withdrew hers and thought of Marshall Jennings.

"Like all the rest of 'em," Captain Nicholson commented coolly. "You're afraid to be natural, aren't you? When I heard you were from the South, I thought you'd have a feeling for romance. I see you don't."

LILA stood up and leaned against the veranda rail beside him.

"I don't call that romance," she objected with a kind of soft dignity about her. "I call that—common."

Captain Nicholson laughed shortly.

"Life is common—and death—and love, then—"

"Not unless you are yourself."

"I'm afraid you have a small-town mind," he told her indulgently.

"I don't say it might not be different with some one I knew," said Lila suddenly in a little flare of resentment. "I feel the moon as much as you do—" She stopped with her fingers against her cheek.

"Go on. What do you feel under a moon like that?"

Lila lifted her face to the sky, the moonlight touched her softly. Her rosy gown gave out a fragrance when she stirred.

"Lonely," she said. She looked into Nicholson's cold blue eyes innocently and looked away again.

He whistled a scrap of a tune.

"'I'm here, you're here' lonely?"

"Well, that is what I feel," said Lila stubbornly.

"And yet," said Captain Nicholson, "you won't have me touch your hand, because you met me only an hour or so ago. You're so afraid of a lot of foolish little conventionalities that where the feel of a human touch might mean nothing under heaven but friendliness and liking—and naturalness—you won't have it—"

Her hand lay on the railing and encroaching fingers came over it gently.

"*Will* you?" persisted Captain Nicholson in an undertone that more than one woman of his acquaintance would have known on the tower of Babel—and answered.

Lila did not speak. She caught her breath imperceptibly. The encroaching fingers tightened the least in the world.

"You wouldn't be human if this offended you—does it?"

"I—I don't believe you mean it to offend me."

"You know very well I don't."

The silence was alive now and tingling. Out in the street the little gray dust devils dipped and swayed. Then the wind sank and the ardent moon looked on a breathless world.

"Lonely now?" asked Captain Nicholson. Three feet away you might not have known he spoke, but Lila heard.

"Not so—lonely—as I was—perhaps—"

Every nerve in her fingers quivered at the suddenness of his pressure. Then a step sounded behind

them. Her fingers were free. She lifted them to the little string of pearls about her throat. Music woke a world of shadows—and again she thought of Marshall Jennings.

Fate knows how to deal with her toys. That night in bed, in her room checkered with moonlight, Lila asked herself why she had come to Honolulu, and found the answer unconvincing. Then she asked herself why she, whose inaccessibility was a proverb in her own town, had stood unresisting while a man whom she had barely met touched and held her fingers. Then she asked herself what made his touch so different. Then she thought of that vivid, gentle contact, and shut her eyes and drifted. Last of all she thought of Marshall Jennings, and got out of bed and said her prayers, which she had somehow forgotten in the first place.

If you think that Lila McCreery was shallow or fickle or light, then I am telling this story badly, and you have missed the real inwardness of the matter. From the time that she was a little girl she had dreamed of a prince, and Marshall Jennings came as near to being that prince in the flesh as men commonly come to the dreams of the women who marry them. Lila's hope chest was full of monogrammed linen, and she had taken every stitch in it with clean fingers. She had had suitors aplenty, but with her engagement she had eliminated men at large. Then Mary's letter had come with its urgent reminder of an old promise. Lila fell asleep that night wondering at herself and wondering vaguely if she were to see Captain Nicholson again.

SHE might have spared herself the question. Two days later he came, at dusk, and they stood together upon the beach at the foot of Diamond Head where the waves come walking in like fine ladies in lacy petticoats, and the scattered beach poppies, pale and bloodless-looking, lose their petals to each careless puff of wind.

Captain Nicholson said he had wanted to come before.

"You like it here?" he added.

Lila related, with an indifference that surprised herself, the little details of her parties and the tale of her cavaliers. After one moment of nervousness she felt safe ground beneath her feet, and walked it, laughing. In the fading daylight Captain Nicholson was still inscrutable, still different, but he looked slightly older. He might now have been thirty—but by no means twenty-eight.

Lila observed his class ring with interest and the little lines about his eyes with an equal calm. When Mary, upon the return to the house, kept him to dinner, Lila was even pleased. She sat across the table from the mouth that controlled itself too well and regarded it pleasantly when it spoke, which was not often.

After dinner there was bridge and no chance of unsettling encounters. Lila had begun a little to laugh at herself, when the tide turned and all her alarms came back upon her freshly. In the cool shadows of the veranda, when he came to say good night, Captain Nicholson reasserted his importance. Lila's hand in his, even for the briefest and most conventional of leave-takings, knew the same unreasonable thrill. She felt the blood rising in her cheeks.

At that he said nothing of any personal significance.

"I'd like to drive you out to Haleiwa for dinner to-morrow night, Mrs. Kinkaid—you and Kink and Miss McCreery. Care to go?"

Mary said she should love it. She said Lila would be mad about it, and Captain Nicholson said: "Good," and that they would come back by moonlight.

Afterward Lila remembered very little of that long drive to Haleiwa and back—a composite impression of breath-taking gulches, cane fields that whispered in the moonlight, long stretches of velvet road, and a wind that came straight off the mountains and smote coolly on the cheek. One thing she remembered perfectly—the pressure of Nicholson's shoulder against her own as he sat at the wheel beside her.

It shamed her in a queer, helpless kind of way that he could speak to her so clearly through mere physical contact, and that he was aware of this. She resented his presumption even while she thrilled to it. In another but no less powerful fashion he drew her. There were moments, as on that first night at the University Club, when he dropped his casual manner abruptly, stood away from all his smiling cynicisms, and offered her an apparently vital sincerity, simple as a boy's.

In such moments as this Lila never knew how far he won her. She could no more resist him than a woman can resist the quiver of a baby's chin before it cries. Pride at having gotten under his guard sapped all her defenses. One day another woman said in her hearing that Stephen Nicholson had never learned the meaning of sincerity, and Lila dropped her eyelids to hide the softness of the triumph that she felt.

Between times she thought of Marshall Jennings.

She wrote weekly to Memphis and with every boat came Jennings's answers. He wrote for the most part of himself and her, crude with a lover's simplicity. He missed her unbelievably; the time dragged; he was counting the weeks to her return. That was the essence of the letters, and Lila warmed to them sweetly, carrying them around with her as they came and seeing from an enormous distance her monogrammed table linen, the plans of her house, even the laces and orchids of her wedding day. Then Captain Nicholson's voice asked for her over the wire, or his runabout came to a stop beside the green and gray bungalow at Diamond Head, and Lila's thoughts and plans and questions whirled about her like sparks on a high wind—dying as soon.

SHE knew she drifted, but something stronger than the girl whom Marshall Jennings had asked to marry him withheld her hand. Captain Nicholson knew she drifted too. Lila had sometimes a vague feeling of his finger on her pulse. She might, one supposes, have cut short her visit and gone back to Memphis, but she didn't. She might also have told him of Marshall Jennings, but neither did she do that. The moment seemed never ripe for confidences—of that especial sort.

Meantime it was a fancy of Captain Nicholson's to pretend that he and Lila played an equal game.

"You Southern girls," he said one night (Mary was having a party of sorts from which Lila and Captain Nicholson had stolen out to sit on the terrace that sloped to the beach), "are you ever too old to flirt? Do you ever play fair with a man?"

The star-scattered dark was warm, and the surf purred in from the reef. On the terrace behind Lila's head was an urn from which some small white flower spilled in garlands, honeysweet and heavy.

"*I* play fair," said Lila, before she thought of the man in Memphis. "As fair as I can," she added—which was no more than the naked truth.

"Do you? Are you playing fair with me? Or do you only want another scalp to string on your belt? How many men have asked you to marry them, Lilith?"

The name was his fancy, too.

"Do you want me to count them?"

"On your fingers," said Captain Nicholson lightly.

So Lila told off her past on warm little finger tips.

"There was Jem—the first summer I went away to visit (if I only tell you the first names you won't know who they are, so it's not at all mean of me, is it?). Then Dwight—he was that first summer, too—and Frank, after I came home. Aren't we silly?"

"Go on. I don't wonder you're blushing."

"Well, and Tommy—and Allen (he was Tommy's brother): that's five, isn't it?"

"Any more?" asked Captain Nicholson briefly.

"One or two," said Lila. She laughed, a soft little sound without malice. "Then there was Louis—the winter I came out in Memphis—and—and Mark and Stanwood and Thad—and Harris and—" She stopped abruptly, having remembered Marshall Jennings.

"What's the name you left out?" inquired the man beside her curiously.

IT WAS a moment obviously for confidences, but Lila clasped her hands in her lap and was silent.

"And not a one of the lot," said Captain Nicholson, "that you really cared for. You're pretty hard, aren't you?"

"Hard?" said poor Lila weakly.

"I'd like to think," he mused, "that one of 'em at least had *hurt* you. It would show you're capable of feeling. None of 'em ever did, eh?"

"No—none of those ever did."

"And you'd like to make it a round dozen with me, wouldn't you?"

There was a little edge of brutality to the low voice. The woman who said that Stephen Nicholson had never learned what sincerity meant would have recognized that inflection.

"You—you flatter yourself," said Lila. Her lips trembled.

"I wonder if I do," said Captain Nicholson.

This, however, was not the night on which he kissed her. That came later, after a few more windy days and star-sown dusks, and all this time Lila was watching herself with undiminished amazement, shrinking from the things she did and continuing to do them. She never thought of Marshall Jennings now if she could help it, except on mail days.

Mary, to whom the affair in Memphis was an open book, opened her eyes and shut her mouth like the wise children in the storybooks. One or two women laughed and spoke of Nicholson's latest. One or two others did not laugh, finding themselves unable. People in general put Captain Nicholson beside Lila at dinner parties or looked for them together at dances and gave the matter no further thought.

Then, returning from a dance at Fort Shafter, Captain Nicholson's runabout wheezed and expired at one o'clock of a mad May morning and Lila found herself climbing out into the road between dark, silent rocks on the one hand and a darker and yet more silent fall on the (*Continued on page* 32)



"I play fair," said Lila, before she thought of the man in Memphis. "As fair as I can," she added—which was no more than the naked truth

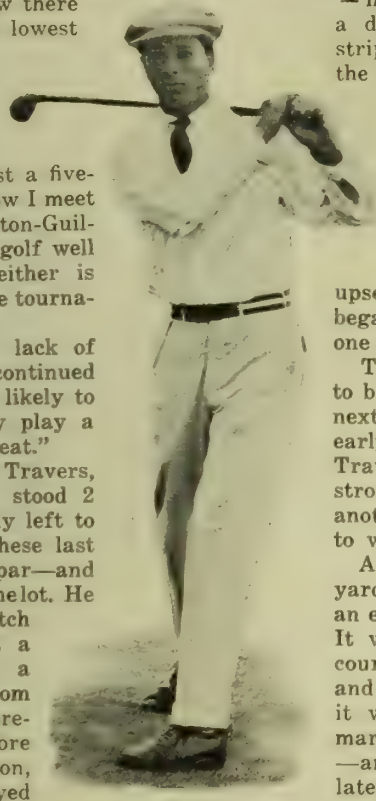
THE LAST OF THE GOLF BARONS

BY GRANTLAND RICE

ON THE first day of match play for the Amateur Golf Championship of the United States over the long, green-turfed course of the Country Club at Detroit, Jerome D. Travers, open champion, stood near by watching Max Marston and Jesse Guilford dropping their high pitches for the short seventh hole.

Travers had just won his first match by the extended margin of 14 up and 13 to play. All the optimism in the world should have been bubbling in his rare golfing soul. But Travers is one of the shrewdest calculators that golf has ever produced. And so it was no great surprise to hear him make this statement:

"The day has passed when any one or two men can rule the amateur field in American golf. The day of two or three favorites against the field is over. It is not only a matter of greatly improved golf by so many, but of greatly improved temperament for tournament play. I can remember for year after year when my opponents beat themselves as often as I beat them. But now there are eight or ten at the lowest estimate who have no fear of meeting any champion and who will tear into the leaders with as much confidence as they will show against a five-handicap man. To-morrow I meet the winner of this Marston-Guilford match, and I know golf well enough to know that either is likely to drop me from the tournament.



R. A. Gardner
The newest champion

"This isn't from any lack of confidence on my part," continued Travers. "But either is likely to go out and for one day play a round that no man can beat."

On the next afternoon Travers, having drawn Marston, stood 2 up with twelve holes only left to play. Travers played these last twelve holes in exact par—and there was no easy par in the lot. He traveled through the stretch without a slip—without a mistake — playing as a champion should play from tee to pin. And yet his prediction of the day before came true. For Marston, the Jersey champion, played five of the next six holes one under, and, in place of being 2 down, as he was at the twenty-fourth, stood 3 up at the thirty-first. In the stretch of that round he played golf that no man could beat—not even a Vardon or a Taylor or a Braid—and he made this finish under fire against the open golf champion of America.

If Travers had weakened at any stage of that concluding journey, this weakness might have been offered as evidence of Marston's strength. But, to carry out the point of Travers's argument, which will be elaborated upon further along, these figures for the last twelve holes of that Travers-Marston match will show now what any youngster is likely to do in future tournaments, even against the best in the field. Starting with the seventh hole, here are the par, distances, and rival scores to the finish:

Distance.....	144	515	401	307	535	365	380	216	364	532	415	185
Par.....	3	5	4	4	5	4	4	3	4	5	4	3
Marston.....	2	5	4	3	4	3	3	4	4	5	4	3
Travers.....	3	5	4	4	5	4	4	3	4	5	4	3

By a fairly intimate study of these scores and conditions, with the ground soft and each shot depending upon carry, you may conjecture just what Travers meant by going against "unbeatable golf."

Out from the Million

IN THE foregoing you have the substance of our plot. To-day there are a million golfers in the United States, and when a million young and old Americans take the field with wood and iron and with the determination to learn how and make good, which characterizes American sport, no two or three men are going to rule the realm for any lengthy while. The few stalwarts may still gather in their share of the spoils, but their day of near-certainty belongs back in another age. Out from this million there will come a greater number each season, tested in hard tournament play and buoyed up by the knowledge of their skill, to make each tournament harder to win until there will come a group from which no man dare pick any two or three—or any three, four, or five—as certain winners at the finish.

Baseball has its Ty Cobb, but there is a vast difference between leadership in baseball and golf, or between baseball and tennis. Cobb has a chance to extend his average and build up his leadership over six months' play. The golf champion must win his laurels in one week's play, and one week's play is too often a matter of being on or off one's game. During the week of the golf championship Cobb went to bat twenty-five times and made one hit. His batting average for that week was .040. Suppose that had been the one test week in batting leadership?

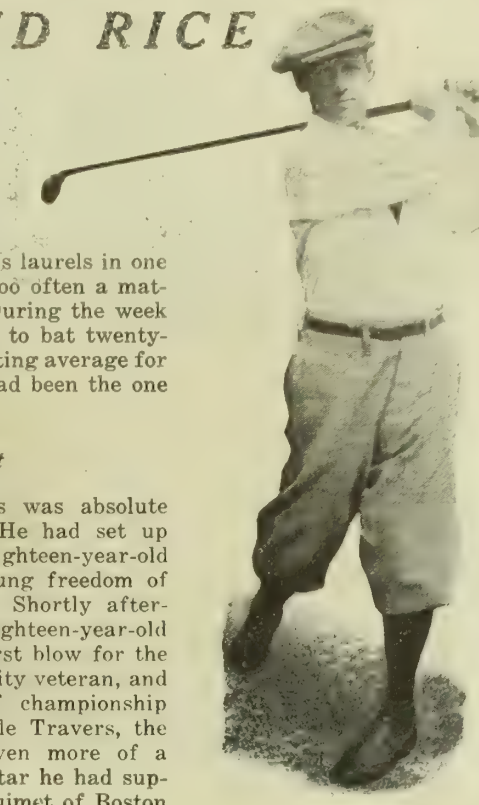
The Test at Detroit

TEN years ago Walter J. Travis was absolute master of the empire of golf. He had set up a despotism. Then Travers, an eighteen-year-old stripling, fired the first gun for young freedom of the game by beating the old star. Shortly afterward Bob Gardner, an eighteen-year-old Chicago star, delivered the first blow for the West by beating the Garden City veteran, and then the campaign for golf championship freedom was on. For a while Travers, the conqueror of Travis, was even more of a tournament despot than the star he had supplanted; but when Francis Ouimet of Boston upset Travers at Ekwanok a year ago, realization began to dribble in that golf at last was to have no one master for any extended reign.

There were many who believed this strongly enough to back their opinions with regular money when the next big test was made at the Country Club, Detroit, early in September. These took the field against Travers, Ouimet, and Evans, the so-called Big Three, strong in their belief that the tide was drifting another way—that some one else was good enough to win.

And Detroit had the test course; a course 6,615 yards in length, softened by recent rains to such an extent that very little run resulted from any shot. It was not, as Harry Vardon wrote, the greatest course in America, for no greatest course is built and completed within three years. But for all that it was a very fine course in very fine shape, a marvel for a three-year-old in the way of turf —and a course that could be made even greater later on. If there was one weakness, it was that a greater premium was put upon distance than direction, especially from the tees, where the wide green carpets of fairways extracted small penalty from a hook or a slice so long as the ball was hit upon the nose and mauled for long carries in the general direction of the pin. But, in spite of this, the Detroit course was not only a championship test of golfing skill, but also of stamina and endurance which have their places as well in championship play.

It was easy enough to see at the start that the golfer who won this tournament must not only be at the top of his game through the entire week, but, in addition to this, must also be in fine physical shape to stand the long marching and the continued slugging piled upon the mental strain of championship play.



John G. Anderson
Runner-up

It was generally conceded before this last championship started that the two best amateur golfers in America were Jerome D. Travers and Francis Ouimet, from the Atlantic seaboard. They were the only two amateurs who had ever won the open championship of their country. Travers had won the amateur title on four occasions and Ouimet had won it once. These two had, above all others, the combined skill and temperament—which latter is nothing but control of one's nervous system. It was also conceded that Chick Evans of Chicago was the finest shot maker of them all, lacking only that concentration which comes directly from control of nerves—the ability to bring both brain and muscle into the coordination needed against the test.

This is why so many picked the Big Three against the field. But here is the spot where those who so confidently backed the Big Three made their mistake—they overlooked not only the increased skill of many others, but also the very much increased development in temperament for tournament play. They forgot that such golfers as Bob Gardner, John G. Anderson, Max Marston, Jimmy Standish, Ned Sawyer, Jesse Guilford, the Sherman brothers, and one or two others would be just as likely in these golfing times to play their best against champions as against dubs.

They forgot that the old times of the field crumpling up before championship class had faded back into another year. They forgot that Bob Gardner or Ned Sawyer or Max Marston or Tom Sherman was very likely to put through a 72 or a 73 against either Travers or Ouimet or Evans.

They forgot also the amount of luck that is crowded into any championship week. You may figure that luck is a small factor. But it isn't. Skill and courage and stamina are required—but don't overlook the Fickle Goddess who plays one of the leading rôles.

The Luck of a Championship

HERE are a few instances: Chick Evans drew Ned Sawyer, a man he had beaten in three championships, for his first round. Sawyer went around



The Jerry Travers-Marston match moves on to the twelfth green. (Marston played this hole one under par)

in 72 and 73 for the thirty-six-hole distance. This stood as the best single day's work for the tournament. It would have eliminated any man upon the field. Evans, with a fine 74 in the forenoon, was beaten easily on the first day. Yet Sherrill Sherman, who played sound, steady golf minus any brilliancy, without a round below 76, went on to Friday's semifinals.

Sherrill Sherman averaged around 80 for his march on through the bulk of the week. But on the first day Tom Sherman, his brother, with a good round in the morning and a brilliant 72 in the afternoon, was beaten almost before the tournament was under way.

In the forenoon match Sherman, playing against Gardner, was stymied at the sixth hole, lost the seventh with a 2 against Gardner's 1, and was then stymied at the eighth. Yet he was only beaten 2 and 1 when Gardner finished in whirlwind style. It was Travers's luck to go up against the only 33 returned for the last nine holes, an incoming record—for the golf he played from the twenty-fourth hole on would have won nineteen matches out of twenty.

But this matter of luck is now all a part of the new growth of the game. A few years back the average good golfer, even reeking with luck, would never have beaten a Travers or a Ouimet for the title.



Evans, Travers, and Ouimet—the outclassed "Big Three"

Now there are at least ten golfers in this country who, given just a shade in the fortunes of war, will beat any two men you might pick.

More of the Unexpected

TO SHOW again how badly the dope or the form chart was upset, there was good and sufficient reason why no one picked either Gardner or Anderson to go very far. Gardner, being in business in Chicago, had played very little golf through the summer. He had entered but two medal-play tournaments, and it had been six years since he had made any exceptional showing in an amateur championship. He was known to be a very good golfer and one of exceptional courage—the Travers of the West, one might very well say in the matter of cool and unbroken nerve.

In the same way Johnny Anderson had not played a round since last June before reaching Detroit. But it so happened that both Gardner and Anderson had two of the main qualifications for this tournament which were passed by—bulldog spirit and fine physical fitness for the long, hard grind over the 6,600-yard course where brassy shots follow in quick succession.

The downfall of Ouimet showed still further the vicissitudes of American golf. Chick Evans had beaten Jimmy Standish of Detroit just a short while before in the Western Amateur. Ouimet had beaten Evans in the East-West team match at Detroit. Yet when Ouimet met young Standish he was toppled by the wide margin of 5 and 4. Ouimet was not at his best, but this detracts nothing from young Standish. who showed how far young America is (*Continued on page* 36)

THE BLACK EAGLE MYSTERY

BY GERALDINE BONNER

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Chapter Four—Molly's Narrative

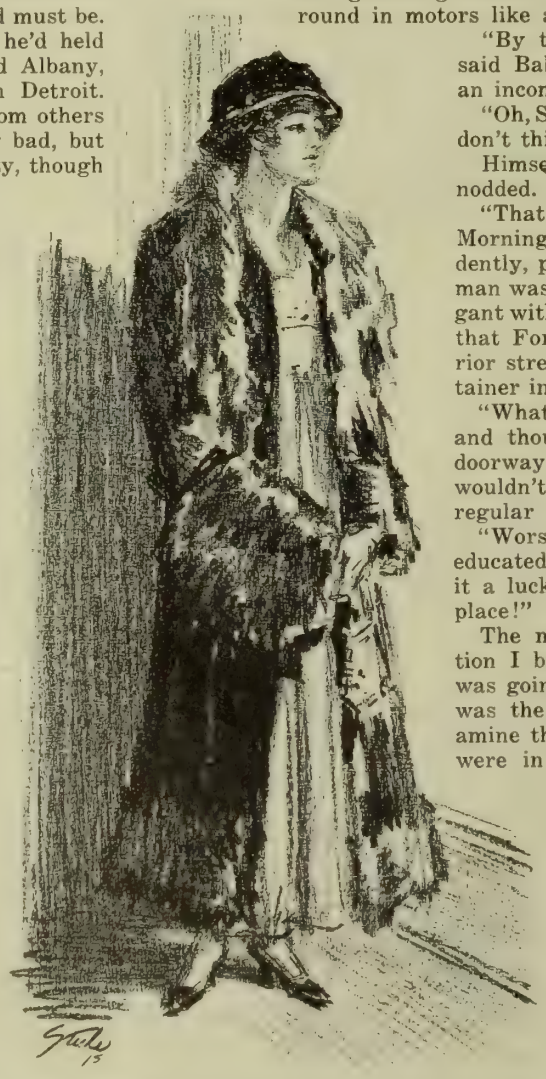
Hollings Harland crashed down from a window high up in the Black Eagle Building. The papers said he had been caught in the copper pool, and had had a stormy interview with Johnston Barker, "financier." Barker, it was said, had sold out on the crowd and decamped with twenty million dollars. He was first traced to Philadelphia. Molly (ex-telephone girl), being installed as central operator of the Black Eagle, thought she heard Barker talking from Toronto to Miss Whitehall, promoter. This clew fails. Little Dannie Meagher confesses that he saw a man push Harland's body over the window sill; the inference is that murder has been committed. Barker and Ford (Miss Whitehall's chief clerk) are suspected

FOR the next few days my moling was stopped — Troop was down with grippe and a substitute in his place. There was nothing to do but sit in my little hole by the elevator, passing the time with a novel and the tray cloth I was embroidering. At night, when Himself and I'd meet up, I'd hear from him how O'Malley was getting on in *his* tunnel. Babbitts kept in close touch with him, for he had the promise of being along when they made the inspection of the offices.

It took some days to arrange for that, and while O'Malley was laying his wires for a midnight search, his men were tracking back over Tony Ford's trail. It didn't take them long, and there was nothing much brought to light when you considered the kind of a man Tony Ford must be.

For the last three years he'd held clerkships in New York and Albany, and once for six months in Detroit. From some he'd resigned, from others been fired, not for anything bad, but because he was slack and lazy, though bright enough. The only thing they turned up that was shady was over two years before in Syracuse, when he'd been in a small real estate business with a partner and was said to have absconded with some of the funds. Nobody knew much of this, and the man he'd been in with couldn't be found. The detectives said it was so vague they didn't put much reliance in it—thought maybe it might be spite work.

Anyway, it wasn't the record of a desperado, and they'd have been sort of baffled to fit his past actions with his present if it hadn't been for one thing that, according to their experience, was very significant. In the last two months he'd spent a lot more money than his salary. As Miss Whitehall's managing clerk he had been paid sixty-five dollars a week, and he had been living at the rate of a man who has hundreds. It wasn't in his living place—that was simple enough, a back room in a lodging house—but he'd been a spender in the white lights of Broadway. At lobster palaces he'd become a familiar figure, the gambling houses knew him, and he'd ridden round in motors like a capitalist.



Miss Whitehall looked splendid, in a dark fur coat

"By the swath he's been cutting," said Babbitts, "you'd suppose he had an income in five figures."

"Oh, Soapy," I said, horrified. "They don't think he was *paid* for it?"

Himself looked solemn at me and nodded.

"That's exactly what they *do* think, Morningdew. He was paid and, evidently, paid high. Whoever the other man was he could afford to be extravagant with his accomplice. Their idea is that Ford was engaged for his superior strength, and demanded a big retainer in advance."

"What a terrible man," I murmured, and thought of him standing in the doorway smiling at me like butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. "He's a regular gunman."

"Worse than a gunman, for he's educated," said Babbitts. "Gee, wasn't it a lucky thing Iola got out of that place!"

The morning after that conversation I bid Babbitts good-by as if he was going to the South Pole, for that was the night they'd selected to examine the two offices. Three of them were in it—O'Malley, Babbitts, and one of O'Malley's men, a chap called Stevens. Himself would turn up for breakfast if he could, but if there was anything pressing at the paper or more developed than they expected, I wasn't to look for him till the evening of the next day.

I went down to my work and had a dull time, for Troop was still sick and there was nothing to do but now and then jack in for a call and sew on my tray cloth. No Babbitts that night and no Babbitts for breakfast, and me piling downtown for another eight hours in that dreary room, with Troop not yet back and not a soul to speak to.

If, when I came home that evening, I'd found Babbitts still away, I believe I'd have forgotten I was a lady sleuth and started a general alarm for him. But, thank goodness, I didn't need to. For there he was on the Davenport with his muddy boots on the best plush cushion, sound asleep.

I didn't intend to wake him, but creeping round to our room, looking at him as I crept, I ran into the Victrola with a crash, and up he sat, wide-awake, thanking me sarcastic for having roused him in such a delicate, tactful manner.

In a minute I was sitting on the edge of the Davenport—you'll know how I felt when I tell you I forgot his feet on the cushion—I squeezed up against him and stared into his face.

"Quick—go ahead. Did you find anything?"

"We did, Morningdew."

"Did you get any nearer who the other man is?"

"We got next. The chief was right. It's Johnston Barker!"

"*Barker!* But, Soapy—"

He raised a finger and pointed in my face.

"Don't begin with any buts till you know. Now if you'll be quiet and listen like a nice little girl, you'll see." This is what he told me as I sat pressed up against him, every now and then giving myself a hitch to keep from sliding off, too eager listening to rise up and get a chair.

THEY gained access into both offices without any trouble, O'Malley flashing his badge at the night man, whom he'd already seen and fixed with a story that he was after important papers for the copper pool men. They tried the Harland offices first, a cursory inspection showing nothing. It wasn't till O'Malley himself got busy in the rear room that they began to move forward. A mark on the window sill was what started him. It was a circular scrape about as big round as a butter plate and was made, he said, by the heel of a man's boot.

Then he turned his attention to the window casing, the ledge and the outside frame. He used matches, dropping them as they burned down and examining every inch of the surface. The first thing he lit upon was the cleat to which the awning rope is fastened in summer. It is always screwed securely down to the woodwork, and has to be strong and firm to hold the awnings in heavy winds, especially at that height. The cleat outside the window was loosened, and between its base and the wood were a few torn threads of rope that had caught in the head of the upper screw. These threads, carefully untangled and preserved, were from a new rope, clean and yellow, not the gray wind and weatherworn shreds that would have been left from the summer. Below the cleat

were scratches, some long and deep, some wide, zigzag scrapes. By the color of these he said they had been recently made.

From there they descended to the Whitehall offices. Here O'Malley wasted little time on the front rooms, but went direct to the rear office and began on the window. Babbitts and Stevens were ordered to search the floors and walls, which was easy, as the furniture was gone and the place was bare except for the radiator and the washstand. I may as well put here that their investigations produced nothing.

But O'Malley's did. He went to work just as he had on the floor above. This cleat was secure, but on the sill were more scratches, several long, deep ones, and on the stone ledge that same round, circular mark. But what he found there that was the vital thing was a button. It was lodged in a corner made by one of the small wooden rims that go up the window casing parallel with the window. Anyone could have overlooked it, hardly visible in this little angle where it might have been sent by the cleaner's duster as she flicked about the sill and the ledge. It was a metal button of the kind used on men's clothes to fasten their braces to, and it bore, round it in raised letters, the name of a fashionable tailor.

By the time they had done all this it was coming on for morning. They slipped out of the building and went to an all-night restaurant near by to wait for daylight, when O'Malley had decided to make an inspection of the roof of the church. He and Babbitts would do this while Stevens, as soon as the day was far enough advanced, was commissioned to go to the tailor whose name was on the button and find out when and for whom he had made any suits having that button upon them.

With a caution to Babbitts to stay where he was, O'Malley sauntered off to see about fixing things for getting on the roof of the church. Babbitts was left wondering whether they were going to be plumbers or tin workers or members of the congregation admiring the sacred edifice. But when O'Malley came back he'd got a new one on Soapy, for he'd depicted them to the sexton as an architect and builder from the West who were so struck by the dome they wanted to get up on the roof and study its proportions.

Fortunately it was a black, heavy day, the kind when the lights shine out in dark offices and people come to the windows and yank up the shades. If anyone did notice them they'd have looked like a couple of men searching for a leak, especially as they were busy in one spot—the space below the two windows marked by the burnt ends of the matches O'Malley had dropped.

And here—with the scattered matches all around it, caught in a ledge just above the gutter, they made the greatest find of all—a scarfpin. It was a star sapphire set in a twist of gold and platinum. An hour after they had it in their possession it was identified by George and Mr. Whitney as one they had seen on Johnston Barker the morning of January 15.

From the tailor came further testimony. He identified the button as made from a new mold, the first consignment of which he had received late in December. So far he had only used it on two suits—one for a mining man from Nevada and the other for Johnston Barker, a dark brown cheviot with a reddish line. This had been the suit Barker had on when he visited the Whitney office that morning.

When he came to the end of all this I was balanced on the edge of the sofa, with my feet braced on the floor to keep from sliding off and my eyes glued on my loving spouse.

"Do you mean he came *down* from one window to the other, Soapy?"

BABBITTS nodded. "Lowering himself by a rope fastened to the upper cleat which his weight loosened."

"But—my goodness!" I was aghast at the idea. "A man of Barker's age dangling down along the wall that you could see for miles!"

"You couldn't have seen him twenty feet off. The wall's dark and it was a black, dark night. If you'd been watching with a glass, you couldn't have made out anything at that height and at that hour."

"But the danger of it!"

"He was on a desperate job and had to take chances. Besides, it's not as risky as it sounds. The distance he had to drop was short—the ceilings are low in those office buildings—and the awning supports have to be unusually strong because of the summer storms. And then the man himself was small and light, and is known to have kept himself in the pink of condition. With a strong rope thrown over the cleat he could easily have swung himself to the story below, stood on the stone ledge which his feet scratched, and pushed up the window which Ford had probably left slightly raised."

"The whole thing was a plot?"

"A consummate plot—not a murder committed on the spur of the moment, but a murder carefully planned. Whitney thinks Barker had scented Harland's suspicions long before they broke out in the quarrel—in fact, that he had provoked it to give color to the suicide theory. When Barker went up that afternoon the rope was under his coat. When Ford left the Azalea Woods Estates early he knew every move he was to make from that time till he boarded the elevator. There were only two weak spots in it, the open window on the twenty-third floor and the length of time that Harland was supposed to have been in the corridor—the two points upon which Whitney based his suspicions."

I was silent a minute, turning it over in my mind; then I said slowly: "When Barker was coming down that way—it would have taken some time, wouldn't it?—Harland must have been in the front office."

"Yes, O'Malley's puzzled over that point. What kept him there?"

"Looks like he might have had a date with some one," I said, pondering.

"Ford, of course—but nobody can imagine what he wanted to see Ford about. Oh, there's a lot of broken links in the chain yet."

I looked on the floor, frowning and thoughtful.

"It's awful strange. I'd like to know what made him come down there—what was put up to him to lure him that way to his death."

WITH the fitting of the murder on Johnston Barker [resumes Jack Reddy], the office of Whitney & Whitney drew in its breath, took a cinch in its belt, and went at the work with a quiet, deadly zest.

I was as keen as the rest of them, but there was one feature of the secret investigations that I detested—the dragging in of Carol Whitehall's name. It couldn't be helped—the affair had taken place in her offices—but it was hateful to me to hear her mentioned in our conferences, even though it was merely as an outside figure—a person as ignorant of the true state of the case as Troop or Mrs. Hansen.

The tapped phone message and the subsequent trip to Rochester had given me no end of a jar. Up till then I couldn't imagine her as caring for Barker. Everybody admitted that his private life had been beyond reproach—entirely free from entanglements with women—but even so I couldn't picture the girl I'd met in New Jersey in love with him. He was between fifty and sixty, more than twice her age. George said it was his money, but George has lived among the fashionable rich—women who'd marry an octogenarian for a house on Fifth Avenue and a string of pearls. I would have staked my last dollar she wasn't that kind—proud and pure as Diana, only giving herself where her heart went first.

But if it had been hard to imagine her as fond of Barker the magnate, what was it now when he was Barker the murderer? It made me sick. All I could hope for was that we'd get him and save the unfortunate girl by showing her what he was. And while we were doing this it was up to us to keep her out of it, shield her and protect her in every possible way. She was a lady—the kind of woman that every man wants to keep aloof from anything sordid or brutal.

I was thinking this one morning a few days after our last séance, on my way to the office. I had been detained on work uptown and was late, entering upon a conference of the chief, George, and O'Malley. When I heard what they'd been evolving I didn't show the expected enthusiasm. Miss Whitehall was to be asked to come to Whitney & Whitney's that afternoon, the hope being to trap or beguile her into some information about Barker's whereabouts. It was the chief's plan—a poor one I thought and said so—but he was as enigmatic as usual, remarking that, whether it succeeded or not, he wanted to see her. It didn't add to my good humor to hear that, as I knew the girl, they'd selected me for their messenger.



She fixed her eyes on the chief and kept them there—black and unfathomable

NOT being able to strike straight at their subject, they'd framed up a story, one that would give them scope for questions and be a sufficiently plausible excuse to get her there. It seemed to me absurd, but the old man was satisfied with it. Everybody now knew that Harland had been her silent partner. Their story was that they'd heard Barker was also in the enterprise, she'd had a double backing, his visits to her office gave color to the rumor, and so forth and so on. I left the office while they were conning it over.

As I mounted the stairs to her apartment I felt a good deal of a cad. If it had been anyone else—or any other kind of woman—but that fine, high-spirited creature! A group of men trying to make a fool of her! Beastly. Why had I said I'd do it? And why the devil had she got mixed up in such an ugly business?

A servant opened the door and showed me up a hall into the parlor. She was there, sitting at a desk littered with papers, and rose with a faint, surprised smile when she saw me. As we sat down and I made my apologies for intruding I had a chance to observe her, and was struck by the change in her. It was less than a year since we'd last met, and she looked singularly different. Handsome, of course; she'd always be that—but another kind of woman. At first I thought it was because she was paler and thinner—she'd been a radiant, blooming Amazon in the country—but after a few minutes I saw it was something—how can I express it?—more of the spirit than the body. The joyousness and gayety had gone out of her—and the spontaneity, I noticed that especially. I could feel constraint in her composure as if she was on her dignity.

As I explained my mission—I couldn't say much and felt beastly uncomfortable while I was doing it—she listened with an expressionless, polite attention. When I had finished she made no comment, merely saying she would be only too happy to do anything for Mr. Whitney, then passed on to her own affairs, mentioning the failure of the Azalea Woods Estates, and that she thought

(*Continued on page* 24)

IF IT INTERFERES WITH BUSINESS

BY HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

IF MR. HORATIO BARING hadn't got out of the wrong side of bed that morning—subsequent to crawling into it on the same side the night before—the attitude of his first visitor and client would certainly have charmed him and renewed his confidence in the administration. The client was valiantly optimistic in a bear market. He said that the country was on the verge of prosperity which would set Henry Ford back to a rating of second credit and place the Bread Line on a level with the Draft Riots as an unpleasant fact in ancient history; and he declared further, as collateral evidence, that at the present state of affairs the bonds of Quito Copper at 112 were even as money found on the sidewalk, shouting for help. Since Mr. Baring knew personally the members of the firm which was floating those highly speculative bonds, and knew that just at this moment 110¼ and an oath of reciprocation were sufficient to bring them promptly across the counter to a friend like himself, there was apparently little reason for restraint. Nothing in the code of ethics of the Stock Exchange prevented him from smiling and bringing out the cigars and excusing himself to speak in a hushed voice over the wire.

But the smile of Mr. Baring had congealed since yesterday under the weathering of his frosty thought. This morning he regarded the world in his capacity of parent rather than that of banker; and as a parent he cherished a soul in revolt, and it hurt him.

For a synopsis: There was a certain young man who, in the early winter, had once taken the most accommodating of all trains from New York to call upon Miss Margaret Baring in the suburbs; and on that first occasion the parent had said: "Kenyon? Harry Kenyon? Why, we do a lot of business with his house, but he's a man I don't admire . . . he doesn't seem to have any sense of responsibility. Plays golf on week days . . . *golf!* Met him at a dance, I suppose? . . . Well, I should say a dancing broker is just about the sort of man I'd *expect* to play golf, come to think of it!"

The third time he had laughed shortly and said: "Kenyon again? What's he done—bought a commutation ticket? I tell you, a man who wastes the time *he* does couldn't get a job in *my* office! Crack amateur golfer! . . . A crack amateur golfer belongs in a golf club! . . . *I* want to do business with crack professional bankers!"

And the sixth time he had said: "What's he hanging around here for? Hasn't he any home?"

And last night he had stated flatly, and without the tact you might expect from one who lived on commissions: "Look here, Peggy, this thing has got to stop!" To which Miss Baring had rejoined gently: "I'm sorry if you don't like Harry, father . . . it's too bad, because I think we're going to be married before so *very* long."

He had stared at her in a species of icy indignation which astonished them equally. His daughter! . . . the daughter he had intended some time—oh, so *very* some time!—to marry a conservative, well-established, reputable member of the board, spoke mutinously and ever so ingenuously of allying herself with a wild Harvard graduate who still drew a salary and played good golf—tacit evidence of a misspent youth!

"Do you take me for an *idiot!*" he had gasped.

"Well," said Peggy, "I don't see what *that* has to do with it—"

So for two awful hours they had interrupted each other and dispatched hundreds of trains of thought which never reached their destination, and exchanged views on young men who slight commerce in favor of sport, and on middle-aged men who don't appreciate sport because they were grandfathers in temperament when they were born; and Mr. Baring had said that if Peggy truly loved him, she'd forget this cub who wasn't worthy of her; and Peggy had said in rebuttal that if Mr. Baring truly loved her, he wouldn't stand in the way of her happiness; and then they had kissed and inquired in the same breath if the other were convinced. It was about as conclusive as an argument between a suffragist and an anti—except that there was no tea.

Mr. Baring went to bed with a headache, indigestion, and the lassitude of anemia; and spent the major part of the night in wondering, in the manner of fathers taken by surprise in the presence of individuality, if Peggy would have been more docile if she had been spanked oftener when she was young.



"I am sorry if you don't like Harry, father . . . it's too bad, because I think we are going to be married before so very *long"*

So that even the potentiality of nearly two per cent for merely telephoning around the corner couldn't make Mr. Baring smile.

"If you can get 'em by eleven o'clock at 112 or below," said the improvident client, lighting one of his own cigars, "I'll take twenty-five—and if you can shade three-quarters, I'll take twenty thousand more for my wife."

"Just a minute," said Mr. Baring, looking the wraith of a thousand dollars full in the face and never batting an eye.

HE WENT to a booth in the outer office and called a number, then a name.

"Hello!" he said. "This Henshaw? This is Baring . . . How's Quito? . . . Oh, of course, twelve asked and ten and a half bid, but that was my bid! . . . how about forty-five to me direct? . . . forty-five thousand; that's right . . . well, you don't mean that Kenyon controls all the rest of the issue, do you? . . . on his own account? . . . Well, can I speak to him? . . . Well, when do you expect him? . . . I'll hold the wire." He leaned wearily against the frame of the booth and wondered what a heart-sick man could do with a thousand dollars out of the sky. Something for Peggy, most likely—he might add a bit to the windfall and present her with a trip to San Francisco or Japan—

"Hello! Yes . . . what? . . . *he won't be back today! He's out playing golf! . . . Where?*"

There was a pause. Mr. Baring drew a long breath, took the receiver carefully, hung it on the hook, and stepped out into the customer's room. A junior clerk glanced at him and hurried forward.

"Are you ill, sir? Can I do anything for you?"

"You call the Apawamis Golf Club and have 'em send Harry Kenyon in to talk to me—he's playing in some fool championship out there. Tell him it's real business—"

He drank a glass of water and dropped into a leather chair to await the answer. Suddenly he felt very old and lackadaisical; he told himself that there mustn't be any repetition of last night's performance; the loss of sleep told too heavily upon him. Besides, his nerves weren't what they once had been; his hands, he observed, were unsteady. Lately, too, he had known intervals of dizziness after breakfast. . . . Perhaps he might do well to appropriate that thousand dollars for a little vacation for himself and Peggy—in the Adirondacks—anywhere but in the confusion of the city. . . .

"I'm sorry, sir," deprecated the clerk; "they won't call him."

"They—won't *call* him?"

"No, sir. It's the qualifying round of the Metropolitan—he went out in 37—and he left word that he wouldn't take any messages at all during the day."

"I think," said Mr. Baring, turning that popular shade known as Russian green, "that you'd better—call somebody. . . . I don't feel—quite well." He smiled limply; it was his valediction to a thousand-dollar profit. "Golf," he added—"golf, Jimmy, is a—a damned—expensive—game—!"

Then darkness and the inevitable result of a moral shock after thirty years in Wall Street without a vacation.

At Rye, in the State of New York, young Mr. Kenyon sank a long putt for a par 4, and didn't remotely suspect how the course of true love was running.

THE Barings' touring car, Miss Baring at the wheel, turned from the Post Road and slipped quietly through the shaded avenue which led to the golf club. By her side Mr. Horatio Baring, frowning, peered at a solitary duffer practicing iron shots on the fairway. The duffer, hearing the purr of the motor, naturally began to exaggerate his swing so as to conform to the familiar bronze of Vardon, and naturally dubbed a few.

"There are times," said Mr. Baring gloomily, "when I believe what I've been told about graft in the medical profession. This is one of them." He inspected the façade of the clubhouse with the enthusiasm of one approaching Ossining for residence.

"Oh, the doctor was perfectly right," said Peggy cheerfully. "There isn't any other outdoor exercise you can take—now, *is* there?"

He disembarked in silence, and suffered himself to be led to the lobby and registered as a guest. Later, when he stood by the first tee behind a scratch foursome, he remarked loudly: "It's on the same principle as most medical advice—if I'd been a paying teller instead of a banker, he'd have told me to walk to work and buy a croquet set. Or eat some pills. Well—what do I do?"

"Sh-h-h!" said Miss Baring sharply.

One of the foursome hooked out of bounds, and looked first in sorrow at the face of his club and then in accusation at Mr. Baring.

"This is a fine game!" scorned the banker in a hoarse whisper. "I can imagine somebody saying *Sh-h-h!* at the Polo Grounds when Ty Cobb comes to the bat! Why don't you wear muzzles and put me on a leash? . . . Well, they're off—what do I do?"

"I thought you'd just walk around with me this afternoon," said Peggy, "to get an idea of the game. There's no use beginning until you know the object of it. Then to-morrow you can take a lesson. Now be still a second—I'm going to drive."

She took several practice swings, after each of which her father made a false start, and was deterred by the caddie; then sliced badly, hopping a bunker.

"Over the fence—good shot!" appreciated Mr. Baring. "What does that count?"

She explained while they searched for the ball in high grass and coerced it from the rough.

"Is this all there is to it?" demanded Mr. Baring as Peggy holed in eight. "What's the sense of lugging around all those overgrown dentist's tools?"

"Every hole is different—"

"Well, show me another," he requested patiently.

She did nothing remarkable on the second, but on the third she ran down a twenty-foot putt for a four, and turned innocently for the applause. To her amazement, her father was yawning.

"Why, *father!*" she chided. "That was an *awfully* good shot!"

"Was it?" he asked indifferently.

"Well, if you think it's so easy, let's see *you* try it!"

To humor her, he grasped the club she gave him and approximated the distance.

"I don't see how you can miss it," said Mr. Baring. He rapped the ball smartly, allowing not an inch for the undulations, or for a worm cast or two, and watched it disappear, with a satisfying rattle, into the cup. "There!" he said. "What's simpler?"

On the next tee Miss Baring, mightily pleased and only normally wicked, handed him a driver.

"I see," he admitted. "You use a little bat for the short ones and a heavy bat for the long ones. All right. Watch her sail!" He set himself, gritting his teeth, raised his whole body with the club, and sent a screaming drive straight down the course for two hundred and twenty yards. "What an elementary game!" he commented. "And that fool doctor calls this *exercise!* Why, I can knock it a mile!"

His daughter, slashing vigorously, came to even terms with him after her third shot.

"Want to try a brassy?" she asked.

"I'll try anything once—" He topped.

"Oh, too bad!" she sympathized.

"Now, look here!" said Mr. Baring with some asperity. "I know a little more about sports than you think I do! It doesn't make any difference whether you put a line drive over second or a grounder between third and short—they both count for safe hits! That was a grounder—it's rolling yet! All I need is a couple more like that, and I'll be right in the can."

"Hole," she groaned.

"Whatever you call it," he conceded pleasantly, "I'll be in it." Nevertheless, for the following ten minutes he was plowing diligently through the rough, so that he came to the green in double figures. "Oh, not so bad for a beginner," was his alibi. "I've had four safe ones out of twelve. That's what they'd call batting for .300 in the leagues. Where's the light stick?"

They were overtaken at this point by a mutual friend, who expressed joy at the meeting and astonishment at the geography of it. He himself, he alleged, was off his game—even sevens for the first two holes, and then completely to pieces. Might he join them?

"Come on in," invited the banker. "If I had some sticks of my own instead of this child's-size outfit, and if my shoes weren't so slippery, and I hadn't been down in that gully back there, and—"

"You're learning," grinned the friend. "I had a chance for a five on the third, and I'd have made it if I'd had my regular niblick."

"You missed something, not seeing my drive," Mr. Baring told him. "On the Polo Grounds it would have been out in the center-field bleachers. And if they'd only get some laborers to clear the rocks out—"

"I *always* get a five," insisted the friend. "But to-day—"

"Where's the next link? Say, isn't this club solvent? There's a half-acre of sand back there that ought to be grassed over. Is it my turn? What does it count if I hit the flagpole?"

He didn't. He hit a tree.

AT THE ninth hole Miss Baring professed weariness, and suggested a halt. Her father, however, was opposed.

"You'll blister your hands," she prophesied.

"That's all right! Wallace's got me only two to one, and two we tied—you let me take your sticks and I'll finish the game. If I only had a good, heavy Louisville slugger, *I'd* show you some hitting! You sit down and wait for us. Come on, Wallace!"

Accordingly, Miss Baring wandered into the clubhouse, where she encountered young Mr. Kenyon, and straightway wandered out again to a corner of the glassed-in veranda.

"Father's here," she said. "Isn't it funny?"

"*Playing?*"

"Yes; it's his first day. The doctors made him."

"That's great!" said Kenyon. "He needs it."

"Well, his breakdown frightened him more than he says. They ordered him to play golf—but he's made a terrible fuss about it. It's taken me two solid weeks to get him out here."

"Has he—changed his mind at all?"

"About you? No-o-o, I'm afraid he hasn't. You see, he was prejudiced in the first place, and then when he lost that commission because you were at Apawamis, he was perfectly furious—it wasn't the money, but the principle, you know—and it happened to come just when he was most upset anyway—"

"Obviously," said Kenyon, "he doesn't see *my* side of it. *I* didn't lose anything—in fact, I made money by not being in town that day. Twenty-four hours afterward we were getting 115—and I got up to the semifinals in the Metropolitan. I suppose that doesn't interest him."

"No, I don't think it does."

"But I wonder," said Kenyon thoughtfully, "if he'll change his point of view after he's played for a while—after he's caught the fever—"

"I'd thought of that—and I was tremendously pleased to see how excited he was to win a hole from Mr. Wallace. Of course I wouldn't dream of telling him that Mr. Wallace is ten strokes worse than the next worst player we have. You see, I don't remember that he's ever played any game before in his whole life. About once a month he goes to a baseball match, and that's as much of an athlete as he's been. He thinks games are childish. But if he once starts—if he gets the impulse of competition—"

"A hole in par," said Kenyon.

"Yes—it would be an awfully good thing for him and for us."

"If I could help him—"

"Don't! Please don't try! He wouldn't understand. And it *might* make him all the more furious to see you doing so well. There's nothing for us—except to wait—and plan."

WHILE waiting they planned with such absorption that it was heavy dusk before Miss Baring awoke to the consciousness of the hour.

"Perhaps," she said, a little anxiously, "I'd better go out after them."

"We'll go together," said Kenyon.

From the veranda of the club they could overlook the entire sweep of the eighteenth hole and party of the tricky seventeenth. Mr. Baring and his partner weren't in sight; so that the young people went over to the plateau of the sixteenth green and surveyed the landscape. A stone's throw to the south, in the almost impenetrable morass which penalizes a poor tee shot, they discerned two figures toiling in the gloom.

"This sort of job," came to them in Mr. Baring's voice, "is what made General Goethals famous!"

"Hush!" whispered Peggy. "Don't let them see us! Come back under the trees!"

"That's nine for you," boomed Wallace's voice, as his opponent dug viciously into the bed of the creek. "I'm over in twelve."

"That's *eight* for me—"

"It can't be. You were three getting off the tee; one back of the bushes; two in the mud; then a good out—"

"One in the mud," disputed Mr. Baring. "Only one, and the *next* was the good one—and I'll be hanged if I see how you're over in twelve! You said you were ten behind that rock—"

"Nine. And then I—"

"Please don't talk when I'm shooting!"

After a brief pause: "That's nine anyway," said Wallace complacently. "Ten . . . Eleven . . . Twelve . . . Thir— Oh, good out!"

"A corker," granted Mr. Baring. "I'll tell you just how I did it—"

"Never mind! I'll get this hole yet!"

"You'll have to shoot your head off! And if *I* get it, I'll be one ahead."

"Well, if I had my regular midiron—"

"Midiron! How can I play with a girl's clubs! And I'd be ahead now if you counted straight—"

"Well, if I had a decent sheepskin grip on my midiron, I wouldn't have been in the swamp at all!"

"No, you wouldn't! That's a joke—that is! You never drove over that swamp in your life!"

"I'll carry it nine times out of ten, on a bet—with my regular midiron!"

"Are you going to shoot, or are you going to stay here all night?"

"I'll shoot soon enough. You've played two more—"

"Two more than what? You? I certainly have *not!* We're even!"

"I'm twelve to here, and you're—"

"I'm twelve myself! Go ahead and play!—that's thirteen for you by your own count!"

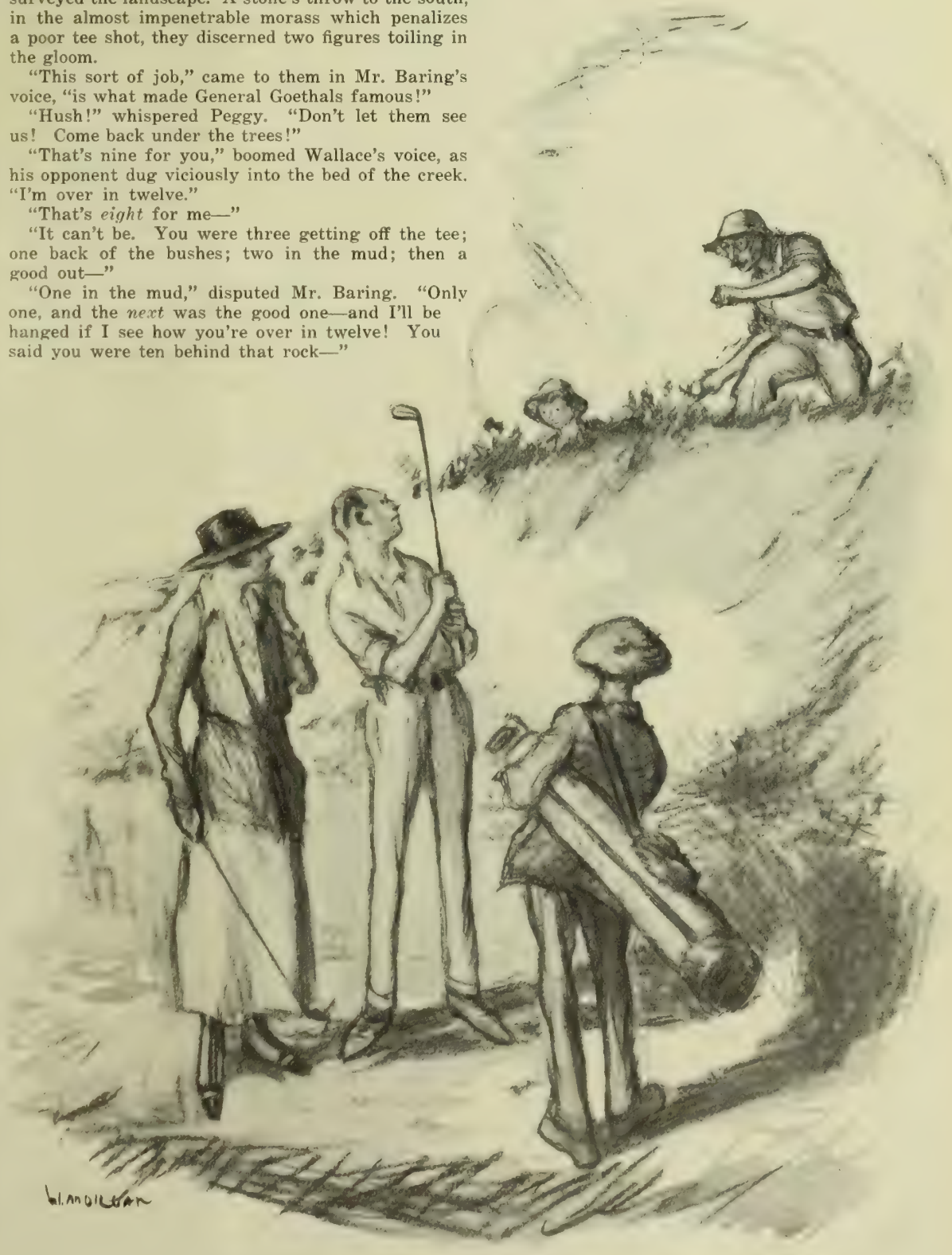
"How can I hit it when you yell at me just as I start to swing! . . . There! Look at that! Now *why* don't you say something funny?"

"You're in the pit! Now I'll show you a *good* shot!"

Another pause, followed by one imprecation and one gurgle of delight.

"You're in the pit, too! If I had my old niblick—the one I was telling you about—I could lay it right up to the pin. I can't do anything with this one—"

"Oh, tommyrot! The (*Continued on page* 26)



Kenyon, who was lecturing, looked up instinctively and saw the irate parent tottering on the summit of the worst bunker on the course, his face brick-red with anger

COLLIER'S

The Wizards of the Naval Board

WHEN SECRETARY DANIELS first proposed his Naval Advisory Board, composed of civilian scientists, we spoke of the matter to a very eminent man of science, a man whose achievements have been as great as those of any member of the board, with possibly two or three exceptions. He disapproved not so much of the idea as of placing too much dependence upon it. "What we should be doing," he said, "is building warships, drilling armies, and manufacturing ammunition. Americans are too fond of thinking that if war should come the inventors would step forward and invent some wonderful new instruments to confound the enemy. Inventors can doubtless help, but the surest way to stop an inventor is to say to him: 'Now go and invent something.' Inventions, like strong fleets and strong armies, are almost always the result of long and consistent effort. They can't be improvised." In an article on "Military Preparedness and Unpreparedness," published in the "Century Magazine" some sixteen years ago, THEODORE ROOSEVELT said something on this point. Speaking of the feeling of our people before the Spanish War, he says:

> Our pessimists feared that we had lost courage and fighting capacity; some of our optimists asserted that we needed neither, in view of our marvelous wealth and extraordinary inventiveness and mechanical skill. The national trait of "smartness," used in the Yankee sense of the word, has very good and very bad sides. Among the latter is its tendency to create the belief that we need not prepare for war, because somehow we shall be able to win by some novel patent device, some new trick or new invention developed on the spur of the moment by the ingenuity of our people. In this way it is hoped to provide a substitute for preparedness—that is, for years of patient and faithful attention to detail in advance. It is even sometimes said that these mechanical devices will be of so terrible a character as to nullify the courage which has always in the past been the prime factor in winning battles.

Mr. DANIELS'S board is most distinguished. We believe that the nation's thanks are due its members. The navy may very well be materially benefited by the board. We fear, however, that such a board may have the result of encouraging the people of the country to place reliance in haphazard hopes of marvelous devices to be suddenly invented rather than in the simple expedient of building ships and drilling and equipping soldiers. Furthermore, we have long suspected that Mr. DANIELS, a newspaper editor by profession, possesses not only certain traits of the sensational journalist, but of the sensational journalist's half brother, the press agent. Therefore, while we have a reasonable belief in his civilian board, we wish to put ourselves on record as expecting no miraculous devices to develop, as hoping that the new board will take an early opportunity to declare frankly and firmly in favor of extensive, normal naval preparation, and that the somewhat sensational quality of the Secretary's new device will not for a moment divert the public mind from the less picturesque need for a very considerable enlargement of the United States navy. Such an enlargement is not to be brought about by hand waving and incantations, but by the customary process of appropriating funds, designing ships and causing them to be built by the sweat of men's brows in shipyards—a lamentably slow and laborious process.

Dr. Dumba Has His Hat

IF ANY COMMENT on the late Dr. DÚMBA were necessary it has been abundantly furnished by the Bohemians, Croatians, Czechs, and Slovaks who have indignantly repudiated his sudden condescending interest in them. They came to "this free and glorious nation," as they call it, to get away from him and his sort of government, and have told him so in plain terms. They are Americans, not Austro-Americans, and owe no allegiance to the mishapsburgs. There are other diplomatic personages now resident here who are equally wrong-headed and could equally well be spared.

The Problem of Foreign Exchange

WHETHER the high protectionists like it or not, goods are paid for with goods. When Europe employs itself in war it has fewer things to send us and it wants to buy more. This condition impedes trade, causes a rise in the value of the means of payment, and the American seller gets somewhat less for his stuff. It then becomes necessary for our foreign customers to get some sort of credit here, just as it is necessary for a Nebraska farmer whose corn crop has failed to get credit at the bank. It is important for us that France and England get this credit established just as it is important for the storekeeper that the farmer be enabled to buy. The negotiations for a loan are very complicated, but the essential point is to help trade keep going. The amount ($1,000,000,000) talked of for the English-French loan to be placed in this country would just about pay for one year's peace exports to Europe (outside of Austria, Germany, and Turkey). Most of the money sought by the Allies here would properly be spent, not for powder and shells, but for foodstuffs and other everyday commodities. As to precedents for borrowings in war time, plenty of them exist, but perhaps some folks will best remember how Germany has raised $25,000,000 in this country since March.

How About Armenia?

GERMANY is the land of the Christmas tree, and WILHELM II has long been noted for his piety and sermons. Germany is in alliance with Turkey and the Kaiser's officers are in command of the forces there. One of the largest Christian elements in Turkey is the Armenian, and these people are being robbed and murdered with the most infernal cruelty. It is high time the German Government told the rest of the world what pressure is being brought to bear on Turkey to save these innocent and helpless people. They are just as good Christians as WILHELM'S Prussians.

Paying Taxes and Bearing Taxes

FRIEND JABEZ writes in objecting to a rather careless incidental reference to white men who pay the taxes in our Southern States and pointing out that taxes are shifted so that the whole community really "pays" them. This is true in many cases, but the incidence of taxation is a red-hot subject of economic argument and nowhere near settlement. We would like to make a distinction between paying and bearing taxes. The paying is done by those who must actually turn over the money to the governmental authorities, and the lengths to which they will go in trying to defeat new measures and to dodge old ones have been abundantly illustrated in the history of our income and tariff taxes. In any change these men are the ones that have to be considered, and they will be heard from no end when Congress gets together this winter and tries to raise the additional revenues that will be needed for the Federal Government. On the other hand, if a tax is clearly laid out and exactly enforced through a period of years, it becomes a fixed item of cost in the lines of business affected, and has to be borne by all who have any dealings, direct or indirect, with those businesses. Most taxes are paid by squealers and borne by consumers. The important thing, then, is to get the necessary revenue from the continuing wealth of the country, and to get it impartially and by the same methods year after year. This would be just taxation, but there will never be any end of the argument about it.

Charleston Changes

WHEN Miss ELSIE HILL, daughter of Congressman E. J. HILL of Connecticut, completed recently a series of suffrage speeches in Charleston—most of them from dry-goods boxes in Broad Street, the Wall Street of that Palmetto Paris—Miss SUSAN FROST, member of a patrician family and president of the local Equal Suffrage League, wrote thus to the Charleston "News and Courier":

> Charleston has the reputation, I think, of being the most conservative city in the whole United States, and when Miss HILL started her talks I heard vague rumblings, and some of them came to me personally, that we were lowering our cause by such methods. Looking back over last week's work, and in the light of the portentous results, I can truly say that, far from lowering our cause, we have elevated it to the highest heights.

One could wish that the "portentous results" were set forth in detail; but that they have been achieved can be taken for granted when it is remembered that twenty-five years ago it was just beginning to be permissible for a lady of Charleston, even in daylight, to enter the Broad Street business district without an escort. Not that it was disreputable or naughty, but solely because it was a place of business—the habitat of bankers, brokers, and lawyers. If Miss FROST had been born a generation earlier she probably would never have seen Broad Street except through the window of the family carriage.

The Man Who Made Money Out of It

BACK IN 1894 GEORGE W. CRAM was a skillful, hard-working carpenter with a good wife, a comfortable home, and five grown children just beginning to make their own way. Now the heart-throb journalists of New York City are wondering what he will do with the fag end of life that remains to him after having served twenty years and five months in the penitentiary. He

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

came home one October day at nine o'clock in the morning crazy drunk and at once murdered the wife with whom he had lived happily for over thirty years. CRAM was overpowered by his own son, tried, and sentenced to die. The sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, he was a model prisoner with a perfect record, and now Governor WHITMAN has pardoned the old man in his eighty-sixth year. What can he do? Well, it would be a good idea to put that up to the distillers! They rang up the profits on the whisky that drove CRAM to this crime of insane rage against his own wife. This man is a martyr to their alcoholic gospel of personal liberty, their false and pernicious doctrine of freedom to get crazy drunk. They ought to pension him, get him a quiet lodging in some shady side street of Peoria or Louisville or Baltimore. The old man could sign their testimonials as to the food and tonic "values" of their booze. His picture would be venerable evidence (to the whisky suckers) of the age of their seasoned output. Their cruel greed for gain and more gain was the bottom cause in the wreck of GEORGE W. CRAM'S life, and if there is any mercy or justice in the booze venders they will look after their victim. Some day we will have distillers' liability enforced.

What's Your Hurry?

A GREAT SURGEON told his students: "A man will bleed to death from a severed carotid artery in three minutes. You can tie this artery in two minutes *if you are not in a hurry.*"

On Choosing the Right Word

THAT PRACTICAL JOURNAL, the "Electrical World," points out that every successful public-service corporation must have an "adjustment division" or "efficiency bureau," and warns against the error of calling it a "complaint department." The latter title starts folks off on the wrong tack, makes them think the company is in the business or habit of breeding complaints, and time is wasted getting down to dots. It works better to make it a matter of efficiency or adjustment rather than complaint. When esthetes used to prattle about the *mot juste*, it was literature they were thinking of—FLAUBERT or STEVENSON or WALTER PATER. Now it is just business. Such is the power of words.

The Prison

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I went through a crowded city—
A city within my own—
Whose houses were of iron
And terrible gray stone.

I saw each awful doorway
With clanging lock and key,
And faces white behind them,
Most pitiful to me.

There was a patient silence
Within this town of tears,
That told me more than lips could
Of long, bleak, maddening years.

That silence—and those faces!
They haunt me all the while;
Yet why should dead men whisper,
And why should dead men smile?

Conundrum

WHY IS IT that the man who wages a campaign of perpetual nagging upon his wife—finding fault with the way she dresses, cooks, keeps house, and brings up the children—is always the one to lament most loudly the horrors of war?

For Hyphenates and All Others

SOME MONTHS AGO Professor JOHN ERSKINE of the College of the City of New York wrote a poem for a municipal anniversary. The last stanza is a very beautiful and complete summary of what our cities and our country mean and must always mean in the life of the world. In a time of doubt and strain like the present it is well for us all to read such lines as these and so test whether the United States is or is not the land of our true allegiance. This is the stanza:

> Flag of our fathers, out of our heritage woven,
> Flag for a city of hope, forever young,
> Fling to the winds of earth our ageless challenge,
> Skyward in you man's faith once more is flung—
> Still may the ships come riding home, thronged with alien faces
> That yearn with light disguised, that glow with unsuspected powers;
> Till our fortunate eyes, grown old, look up and see you waving
> Welcome to younger days and newer dreams than ours.

Think It Over

HAVE YOU WONDERED at the passing of the "Way Down East" type of play—the kind where the farmer is something of a joke? Maybe the answer is that he isn't the joke he used to be. We notice he drives the same kind of auto you do, and sometimes we suspect he has more money in the bank. These things make a big impression on town-fed playwrights.

Why Is This?

SPEAKING OF THE B'GOSH DRAMA, what ails it anyway? The best you can say about American plays of rural life is that they sometimes fill the house. Of course there have been exceptions. "Rip Van Winkle" was one; yet sometimes we wonder if the personal charm of JOE JEFFERSON was not responsible for more of "Rip Van Winkle's" appeal than anything very true or very fine in the play itself. "Rip Van Winkle" did differ from some American plays in having a background. Suggested by WASHINGTON IRVING'S story, that was founded on a legend of the Catskills, the play had a kind of dignity, even in its comedy, that set it off from other rural plays. "Children of Earth," by ALICE BROWN, that won a $10,000 prize last year, had some distinction, though not the dramatic impact of JAMES A. HERNE'S plays of a generation ago. Still, there was no mistaking the fact that the author had lived in New England, understood New Englanders, and could almost succeed in projecting her picture of life in a back eddy of civilization. The latest "Rube" play we have seen is called "The Road to Happiness." It has been on the road two years, and, thanks to WILLIAM HODGE and some well-trained live stock and a barn that even *smells* right, "The Road to Happiness" is, at any rate, the road to theatrical success. All the same, the play is barren of thought and as empty of observation as an interview on "What do you think of America?" given by some European traveler before his ship has reached its New York dock. We do not pretend to know how to write plays, but if we did we think we would tackle a play about life in a small town and the near-by countryside—a countryside that we knew something about. One trouble with the rural drama in America is that its types are stage types, not folks that observation has snapshotted or that live with us in loving recollection. Is the rural drama in our country flat and tasteless and stale as compared with that of France or England or Ireland because country life in America is so flat and stale? We know better.

The Fruitful Days

NOW COMES the season of accomplishment. Summer's light and heat have long ago suffused these buildings with which we wrap ourselves against the influences of the natural world and have laid up even in the feeblest of us some store of energy, some additional gift of life. Whether we see it or not we are ready now, if ever, against the darkness of winter when the tides of being are low and its wheels turn slowly. We have before us the example and inspiration of the earth's mighty harvest, the warning of these shorter days, and the spur of cooler weather. Those who teach know that the success of their year's work depends on the drive of the next four months. Those who direct the enterprises of trade and manufacture know that this is the time to realize what has long been planned. If you purpose to learn anything or do anything better than in the past, *now* is the hour for your beginning, the beneficent strength of things is on your side, and the course of the world runs with yours. The past is a help, not a hindrance, and the way is clear toward whatever good may be your goal.



Where the highway runs along the foot of a beautiful wooded mountain. There is a 45-mile stretch of new road like this running east from the city of Portland. The section from Portland to the sea, nearing completion, is equally picturesque



A tree-framed view of Columbia River. The Forest Service is planning a 14,000-acre park in this region

Oregon's Wonderful Scenic Highway

ON THIS page are photographs of only four of a hundred or more picturesque scenes which greet the eye along the new Columbia Highway in Oregon. The road, which skirts the Columbia River nearly all the way from Pendleton, in the northeast corner of the State, to the sea, a distance of 360 miles, affords the traveler a chance to see some of the most beautiful places on the continent. Long stretches of the thoroughfare run close to the water's edge, while at many points it is high up on the mountainsides. But the grades are not steep. At Bugbee Mountain, just east of the historic town of Astoria, near the Pacific Coast, it descends 650 feet on a 5 per cent grade. The descent includes four complete hairpin curves. Last year $930,000 was spent on the road, and $670,000 is being used this year. The $1,600,000 pays for 116 miles of new construction.



The lower part of Multnomah Falls, near Portland, as seen from a Columbia Highway bridge. The water pitches over a precipice more than 700 feet high. The bridge in the snapshot is for pedestrians only. There are many waterfalls along the route

Photos copyright by Webster Co.



A river scene from the highway

Castle Rock is in the background



MAKING FRENCHMEN OF THE KIDDIES.—Daudet's fine short story, "The Last Class," tells how the French schoolmaster said good-by to his Alsatian pupils in 1871. The French schoolmaster has followed the citizen-soldier into Alsace again, and is winning peaceful battles in the schoolroom



French seamstresses in the Vosges are happy mending their uniforms only twenty yards from the enemy lines

An Ireland by the Rhine

FRANCE'S "Lost Provinces" of Alsace and Lorraine, that other "most distressful land," have been the scene of some of the war's most sensational fighting—fighting in forest and highlands. One French official statement mentions taking near Barrenkopf "a German blockhouse with cemented walls ten feet thick, surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements." It was 10 days after the first attack that this stronghold fell into the hands of the French; "for 36 hours they repulsed counterattacks, all the while singing the 'Marseillaise' until reenforced." This capture included 250 yards of trenches and four blockhouses. On two days in August the French occupying this part of the line sustained a fire of 40,000 projectiles, but reported: "Our chasseurs now plainly see the Münster Valley, the Plain of Alsace, Türkheim, and Colmar."

During the fortnight ending September 12 the entire French line is estimated to have fired 2,000,000 shells. Attacks upon the French in Alsace and Lorraine were repulsed more readily than those made in the Argonne by the Crown Prince's army. Here the Germans used to effect their liquid fire. The French figure that this one German army lost 100,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners without gaining any material strategic positions—but this is doubtless an exaggeration. According to German prisoners, the Crown Prince went without sleep for three days and three nights at a stretch.

Though no other notable "new drive" is reported, the September fighting was brisker than that of the summer. The war cost France about $13,000,000 a day from the middle of June to the middle of September and new appropriations of $1,220,000,000 have been voted by the French Parliament—making a total of $5,638,800,000 since August 1, 1914.



General de Maud'huy, commanding the French army in Alsace, is caught greeting a visiting British officer





The owner of this war-scarred house, the only one standing in the town, refuses to leave it even under bombardment. The boys in the picture on the right are young Alsatians of the reconquered area playing that they too are soldiers of France. Although 85 per cent of the Alsatians speak German, Alsace has never been Germanized



"Look, girl." It was Lizzie Tulk at Glory's elbow again, pointing a skinny finger. "What d'ye s'pose they'll do, the men?"

THE SPELL

BY CHARLES TRETHEWEY

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY E. COWEN

THE boats had struggled in late the night before with a profitless catch from the grounds off Three Kettle Shoal. A contentious, masterful sea, egged on by a shrewish wind with a razor edge, had worried the fleet to the landing stages. When the men in their cumbersome oilskins swarmed ashore the sputtering lanterns had shown them sullen, body-fagged, and depressed.

It followed, too, that there had been no morning service in the shabby little meetinghouse that stared out like a lonesome sentry over the bleaching nets and the tide-racked sands. That the hardship of the sea might have its recompense the men of Saul Harbor had stretched their tired limbs, and snoozed, and stretched again till scandalously late in the day.

Wearied by the slow crawl of the dispiriting Sabbath afternoon, Glory Morris put aside her reading and found her way to the door. The girl's eyes lifted apprehensively to the ancient barometer that leered back at her from its peg near the vine-cluttered window. Her long-drawn sigh roused old man Morris from his lethargy upon the bench where he brooded over his pipe.

"Aye, more dirty weather, lass, if I ain't misjudgin'. I'd give a year o' life, somehow, to get at the meanin' of it all."

He hesitated, watching the shadow in the girl's comely face.

"Ye heard, maybe? They've set the old story floatin' ag'in."

HIS daughter poised quietly in the doorway. Tall, strong-limbed, full-bosomed, she looked very womanly as she stood there, with her best Sunday skirt of navy serge set off by the freshly ironed apron she wore knotted at her waist. Her eyes came back from the threatening sky before she moved. She bit a red underlip, glancing down from her place upon the step. "I know, father. Haven't I heard them at it? It's the old senseless babble about Roughwater Blake, you mean? A notion for children, it is, not for grown men. It's the same talk that was going the rounds before I went away to Uncle Stephen's, at St. John's." The girl's face mirrored a frown for an instant. "It's silly! They've whispered the thing back and forth till it's got to weighting them like a shroud." Her voice quivered slightly. "Why should Saul Harbor treat a shipwrecked sailor who's been thrown among us like a man with the smallpox or a vicious dog that bites? I hear even old "Parson" Penrose has been dubbing Blake the Devil's Helper, like all the rest."

Her father gave a half-hearted nod. He withdrew his pipe from his lips, glimmering up at his daughter frankly.

"I'd hate mortal to b'lieve thar was harm in the lad, somehow. Uncommon civil I've always found him, an' gentle as a maid, most ways. The men talked a bit ugly makin' home last night. Lem Peters was allowin' that Blake's got hold o' the same kind o' power as old Hannah Tobin that spoiled the fishin' three seasons hand-runnin', they say, at Thursday Cove. I dunno! I ain't arguin' overstrong for any such notions myself."

His daughter's face brightened.

"It's fine hearing, father. Oh, I couldn't bear to think you were no better than Lem Peters and the others. Why, it's been a beggarly season for half the Newf'un'land shore. And if our weather runs fair or foul, why, there's natural reasons for it all."

As she smoothed at her white expanse of apron the drone of near-by voices was borne to her ears. The girl inclined her head, listening a moment, then made her way quietly to the gate.

Here she had an unobstructed view of the straggling line of houses that made up the slanting village street, and the dark, embracing pine-clad hills that shut Saul Harbor in. Here, too, she could glimpse, if she wished, the sweep of the masterful water, the sharp-steepled little church perched high on the harbor shore, and the white-picketed churchyard behind that kept it company. In the quiet sands below a sprinkling of rude wooden crosses gleamed, as if they challenged one to tell the roll of all who were gathered there. But it was not all this that drew Glory's eyes to-day.

Fifty yards or more down the street, in front of Joe Tolliver's place, a knot of fishermen loafed in the waning afternoon sun. Lusty jersey-clad fellows, they were—men with great hulking, rounded shoulders, and hard, sea-bitten faces, who emphasized their calling in every unconscious gesture and nod.

Standing there, with half-parted lips, the girl studied the gathering shrewdly. A few of the men talked in subdued voices, while others sucked at their pipes as though their tobacco had somehow lost its solace and its flavor. Here and there one would draw aside for a moment to quirk an eye weatherwise upon the sea or upward at the altering sky.

Glory was quick to recognize a raw-boned, Puritanical face in the center of the crowd. Now she was conscious of Lem Peters's goading, insistent voice as he compelled the others about him to silence:

"Lads! What's the sense o' squanderin' more breath on a thing ye all know in your hearts is true? When bad luck carries on till it's past bein' natural, ye've got to figger thar's reasons. It's little use swappin' notions over when trouble took lodgin's in Saul Harbor first. That's easy answered, for most. If thar's a man here'll deny it wasn't the first hour we clapped eyes on Roughwater Blake, then he's blind as a brood o' bats. Now, with seven good seines, an' new at that, swept away in one week, off Three Kettle grounds, it's callin' for more than talk. I'm tellin' ye that luck'll just sit round sneerin' at us all, at the last mother's son of us, till he's gone. Aye, d'ye hear, men? Till Blake's gone, an' his devil's spell, or whatever it be, goes with him!"

There was much bobbing of heads as the speaker paused for a moment, and a murmur of approval seemed to filter through the crowd. Glory noted it with a little flush of shame. Though she knew Lem Peters to be a consistent believer in "signs and tokens" like the majority of the men, she realized that his disposition kept him from being a general favorite with the rest. A man always jealous of his prowess upon the waters of the harbor and among those who toiled like himself in the boats, he had apparently set the seal of his disapproval upon Blake from the beginning.

Now as he seemed about to go on with his harangue the girl saw one of the loiterers on the edge of the crowd turn suddenly and fling up a warning hand.

THE tall bulk of a man was silhouetted for a moment at the very top of the sloping street. Now it swung easily down the rise toward them. A stalwart, flaxen-headed figure, his gaze seemed riveted upon the rough sea boots he thrust before him as he walked. He wore no cap, and his shirt of dark-hued flannel, which gaped boldly open at the throat, appeared further to proclaim the man's defiance of wind and weather. His hands were buried carelessly in the pockets of a rough pilot's jacket which sagged outward from their weight as he strode along.

Glory's heart gave an extra beat at the sight. A slovenly, ferret-eyed woman in a red shawl, who was hurrying by, espied her at the gate and scuttled in beside her with a little quaver of alarm. The

girl recognized the newcomer as Lizzie Tulk, whose unfriendly tongue and propensity for gossip had gone unchallenged in Saul Harbor for years.

"Glory! It's you! Have you heard the men across at Joe Tolliver's, then? I listened as I came along. A pretty mood they be in for a Sunday. An' who's to blame? Look, girl! It brings the old sayin' true as Gospel, so it does. Speak o' the devil, an'—see! It's your Roughwater Blake paradin' yonder as bold as brass."

But Glory paid small heed to the breathless voice at her side. The girl saw that the man in the pea-jacket had looked up, as though he had caught for the first time the babel of sound ahead of him. Beyond a slight straightening of his shoulders, he made no sign, nor was there any perceptible slackening in his stride. Glory shifted her eyes to the group of scowling men in front of Joe Tolliver's cottage. With her quick intuition the girl sought to interpret their sullen faces. Other women had been attracted to the gates and doorways now, where they hung, fluttering and timidly expectant.

"Look, girl!"

It was Lizzie Tulk at Glory's elbow again, pointing a skinny finger.

"What d'ye s'pose they'll do, the men?"

Glory shrugged her shoulders. She did not turn her head. "They'll do very little, Lizzie, if you want my notion. They'll bluster a bit louder than usual, maybe, because the women are watching. But that'll be all."

She smiled perversely and went on, ignoring the other's angry protest:

"I'd say there isn't one of them that'll look Roughwater fair in the face, now that he's seen them."

Lizzie Tulk's laugh was malicious.

"'Taint reckoned no sign o' bravery, girl, to court the evil eye. An' speakin' o' eyes, why, the Devil's Helper's found another kind o' use for his own this time, I'm thinkin'."

GLORY'S cheeks reddened as she caught the meaning of the woman's words. The man in the pea-jacket had come nearly opposite the little gate. Now he had lifted his head again. He was gazing across at the girl as though some subtle wand had touched his consciousness and warned him of her presence. Glory was close enough to surprise the light that leaped into his face. His glance held bravely, with something of wistfulness, for a moment. The girl smiled and, leaning forward, waved her hand as if in mute encouragement. The man put his fingers to where his cap should have been, in an awkward salute. To the watching girl it seemed as if his shoulders pointed higher again as he swung onward.

For a tense moment the throng of men outside of Joe Tolliver's place displayed a hostile front. As Roughwater advanced, there were muttered threats that rose louder in volume, mingled with hisses from the bolder spirits in the crowd. This was augmented by a show of fists from the group where Lem Peters was standing. One stockily built fisherman in jack boots and a blue jersey made a defiant move as if to block Roughwater's passage. But there it ended. While each one looked to his neighbor for support the eyes of the man in the pea-jacket appeared to comprehend them all. It was as the girl had predicted. To an accompaniment of snarling and booing, Roughwater strode fearlessly through their ranks, and a moment later was lost down the grade in the direction of the shore.

GLORY drew back from the gate with a low cry of relief. She turned to discover the Tulk woman watching her malignantly.

"You're glad Roughwater saved his skin, my pretty?" The sallow face took on an ugly sneer. "Maybe you're due to meet him for a stroll on the shore? 'Twouldn't be the first time you've been seen consortin' down yonder, if folks says true."

Glory faced the woman, her soft eyes agleam.

"And if I have, there's no shame to it. I've had speech with the man but twice since I came home from St. John's. Always with Davy Wallace."

Lizzie Tulk tossed her head.

"I'd call it shame to flaunt the whole village. Blake's fastened his spell on the boy an' ye both. The lad comes to him like a dog, they tell me. If 'twasn't for you an' the cripple, there's plenty say Roughwater wouldn't 'a' darkened Saul Harbor so long."

"Nonsense, Lizzie!" The girl's cheeks flushed resentfully under the older woman's inquisitorial gaze. "Roughwater stays because he's got to live as well as the rest of us. To hear our people chatter you'd fancy they thought to see Blake turn into a frog as he walked or that he rode over Saul Harbor on a broomstick every night like a witch."

The other woman paled. Her gloomy eyes focused on the tossing waters of the harbor. She was following a screaming band of petrels that circled in the spray above the reefs of the Giant's Elbow. Now she wheeled, an angry shrill in her voice.

"You've gone daft, Glory Morris, with the schoolin' your uncle Stephen fed ye down at St. John's. Small credit it does ye to make mock o' your own people. Aye, we ought to recall that Friday he come as well as most."

Her tongue ran on while she straightened the tawdry ribbon in her hair:

"A bare mile beyond the Elbow they say he was when they found him. Sprawled in the bottom o' the same old green-painted yawl he's been usin' ever since. Aye, he was that nigh gone our men figgered they'd never fetch him round. They've lived to rue the day they did it, right enough."

"For shame, Lizzie!" the girl protested warmly. "The man had been drifting that way, in an open boat, for days. What is there strange about such a thing? His ship was a Maine trading schooner. She was cut down in a fog by a steamer off the Capes. I've had the story from Roughwater himself."

"Aye, an' you're easier baited than the rest o' Saul Harbor, to be caught with such a yarn. Our lads never swallowed it, not they."

"But why?" Glory insisted stubbornly.

"Why, ye simple!" The Tulk woman sniffed her scorn. "Because what Blake tells ain't in reason; that's why. Our men say a steam trawler couldn't 'a' stayed afloat in the gale we suffered those first two days, with every livin' thing runnin' for shelter. Small wonder Saul Harbor tacked Roughwater to his name. It fits him. There's no misdoubtin' that, none."

The woman's voice sank to a fearsome whisper. She flung out a skinny arm, with a little shiver, toward the dulling harbor reefs.

"What about the brood o' Mother Carey's chickens they found perched atop o' the man's yawl? Out there now they are—the five o' them. They've never left us since. Aye, tokens of evil, everyone."

"Five evil fiddlesticks!" Glory exploded. "A few harmless birds, as innocent as lame Davy Wallace's pigeons."

The other woman turned, her voice hard with rancor. "Tell me, girl, why things began to happen from the first, just like Lem Peters says. Answer me that. D'ye think our lads 'ud carry Blake to the fishin' grounds these days? Not for the finest catch o' cod from here to Grand Banks, they wouldn't. Not they."

Glory heaved a dispirited sigh. Deceived by her silence, the Tulk woman wagged a triumphant finger in a parting tirade.

But Glory had ceased to listen. Her eyes were fixed upon the rapidly changing sky, watching the scudding clouds as they herded now in ominous, leaden masses. Far out over the harbor reefs the dark, rallying shapes seemed to the girl to be more wraithlike and more fantastic still. Something of her old heritage, the strange, brooding mysticism of the sea, swept over her for a moment. Lizzie Tulk was following her look. The sallow jaws of the woman gaped.

"There, girl! Will ye deny it ain't a bit o' the spell workin', an' it before your very eyes!"

SHE laid trembling hands to her shawl as she spoke. Hugging it closer, she darted through the gate.

"Better be at meetin'house, my pretty. Old "Parson" Penrose'll have somethin' to say on the fishin'—an' your friend Roughwater, too—so I'm told."

Glory watched the woman fade in the twilight. She tarried a moment at the gate. Something came back to her mind as she hung there—a scrap of news that old Jonas Todd, the mail carrier, had dropped the afternoon before. The catch was reported to be improving at several of the far-flung line of stations along the shore. At Rossport and Sisters Cove already there had been a fair haul, so Jonas's story ran. A little heartened by the thought, Glory turned aside to prepare supper.

With the rumor afoot that old man Penrose, or "Parson" Penrose, as he was familiarly termed in the village, would take the weather and the fishing as

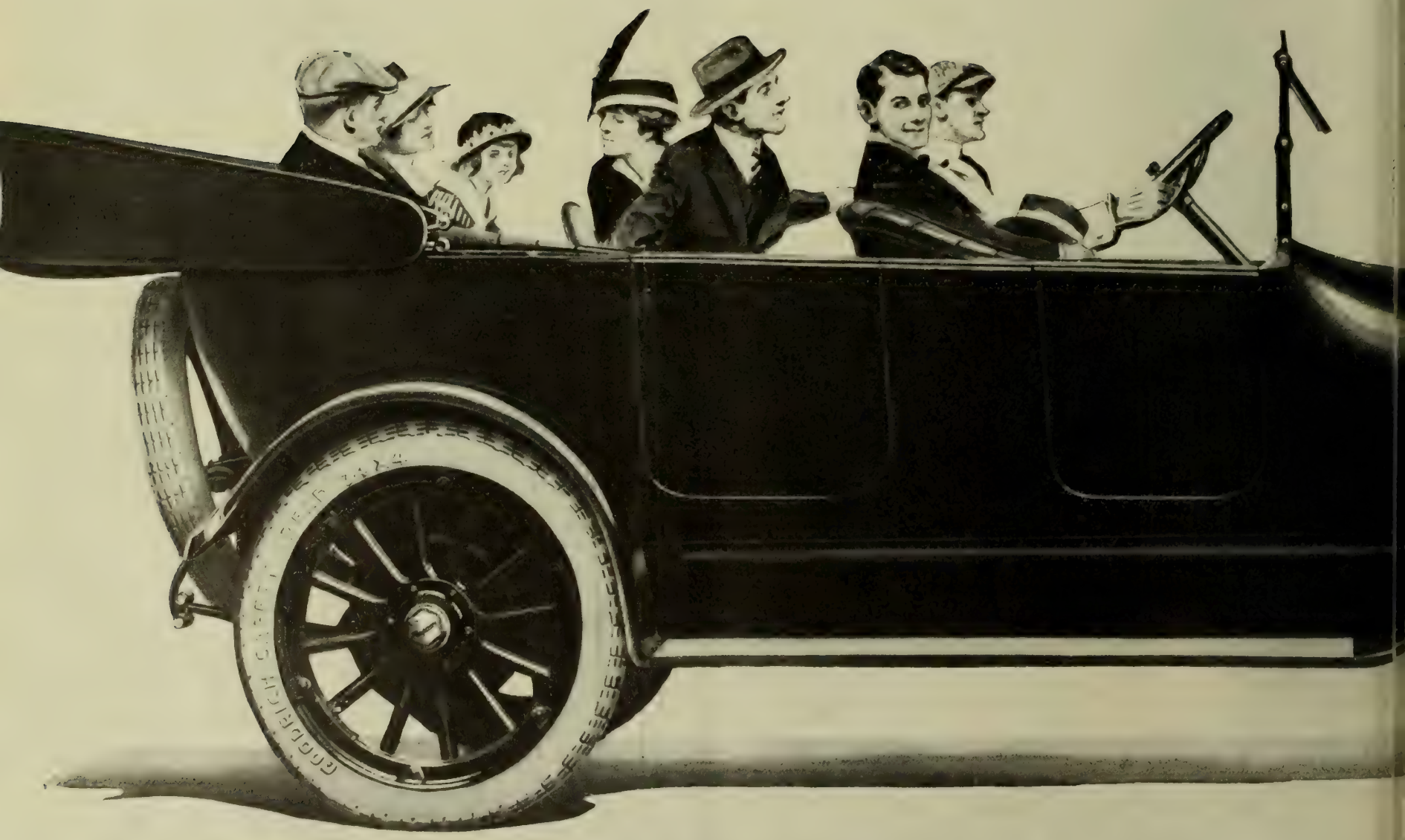


"He's done it! Beat the Elbow, he has! Did all Saul Harbor ever see that done afore? Look at him snatch her away from the breaker thar. Just enough, it was—just enough. Thar, three times he's fooled 'em! Watch him now! Can ye see him, Glory? Roughwater's a man for ye—a man afore ye all!"

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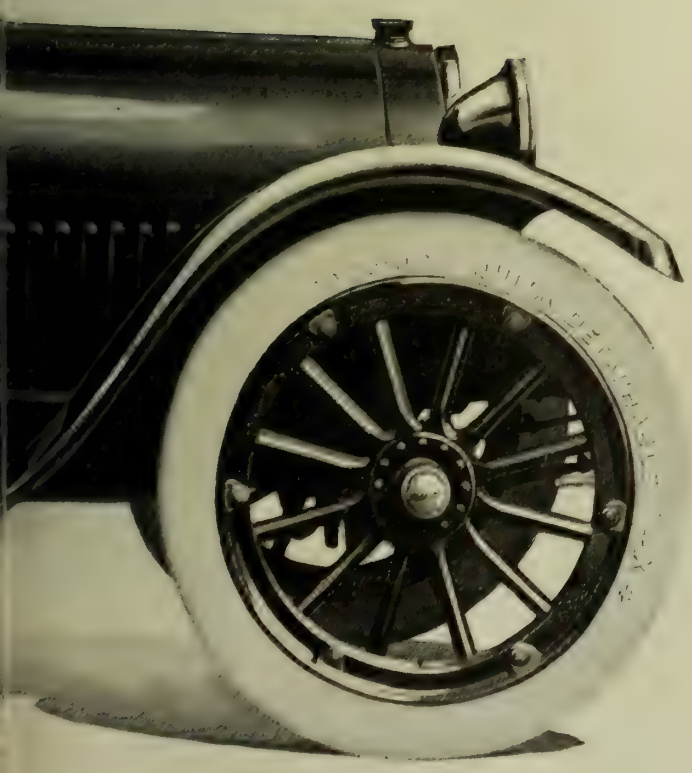
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F. O. B. Walkerville	

his topic, it was small wonder that the little meetinghouse on the shore drew a full complement of worshipers that evening. The wind had strengthened considerably, and a dull-girdled moon which had promised a struggling light for a space was thrusting now into murky clouds. Here and there a man as he paused to scrape his feet or to remove his hat at the door of the meetinghouse hung for a moment listening to the sound of the distant surf where it broke with the boom of muffled guns on the Giant's Elbow.

Clearly, plaintively, rose the strain of the opening hymn, pitched by Coombs, the carpenter, caught up and swept along by the robust voices of the younger worshipers, and touched and chastened by the riper tones of their elders—a homely strength and melody in it all, a concord born of simple faith and humble lives:

"Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near,"

they sang till the measured harmony, full-toned as an organ in its quavering sweetness, rolled forth to greet the night. From the white picketed churchyard at the rear a man stumbled out, closing the gate noiselessly behind him as he passed. Now, as he caught the lilt of the rising song borne full toward him through the half-opened windows of the meetinghouse, he stood a moment listening. Then with bowed head he turned aside in the gloom, drooping dejectedly upon the surface of a huge blackened bowlder that thrust itself high above the sands of the meetinghouse yard.

From where the man sat he could take in half the twinkling windows along one side of the crowded chapel. Through them he had a view of the flaring oil lamps that nestled in their little iron brackets against the opposite wall. Under these, too, he caught brief glimpses of the heads and shoulders of the worshipers, the bright variegated shawls of the women and the ruddy, serious faces of the men. Unconsciously, once or twice, he found himself mouthing over the simple words of the hymn after them as they sang. Then from somewhere across the sands a faint sound intruded on him and his mood. He held his breath easily a moment. As the thing came nearer, he peered boldly down into the shadows about him.

"That you, Davy, lad?"

THE tremulous voice of a boy piped in reply.

"Aye, it's Davy Wallace. I was fair certain I seen ye come out o' the churchyard a bit ago, Roughwater. I knowed ye wasn't far off."

"Wonderful spry them eyes o' yours are, Davy. Mortal useful they are, like a cat's, lad, in the dark. But rare, pleasant eyes in the daytime always. I reckon that's when they help others, lad, in the daytime."

"Did I scare ye, Roughwater?"

The big man on the rock chuckled hugely.

"Not to speak of, lad. Not so as to notice, son. Ye see, your sticks gave me decent warnin', like. But why ain't ye at the meetin', boy, along with the rest?"

There was a cheerful candor to the lad's answer:

"'Cause I come late, Roughwater. Thar was one Sunday night afore, when I went peggety-peg, peggety-peg up the aisle, that old man Penrose stopped an' scowled somethin' awful. I reckon them sticks o' mine are fair vexatious for noise, Roughwater, in a meetin'house."

The man made no reply. Instead he shot a giant hand downward through the darkness and drew the boy up safely on the rock beside him. A silence that seemed born of mutual understanding and comradeship enfolded the two for a space. The man spoke at last.

"A lonesome day it's been, lad." He cleared his throat softly. "Somehow, when I get to feelin' down in the mouth, it seems a bit of a change like to visit with 'em all, over thar."

He pointed a long arm to where the white palings of the churchyard showed luminous against the dusk.

"It's just as though I might 'a' got neighborly with 'em all, some way—an' 'em with me. Aye, but thar's one thing, lad, that's puzzled me some. It ain't quite clear somehow."

The boy snuggled closer. He shivered slightly.

"Ye see, it's 'em over yonder that ain't got the crosses, Davy. Don't they all get a show for 'em, lad? I was wonderin'."

The boy's voice came slowly. It broke in a hoarse whisper when he answered:

"Mostly, Roughwater. Thar's only one. She—she didn't get hers, Roughwater."

"Aye, why'd they hold it out on her, lad? It ain't seemin' a square deal, not in yonder."

THE boy hesitated as though he probed in his memory.

"Her? The one as ain't got hers? I ain't knowin' just for sure. I was littler then. She was a daughter o' Lem Peters, so Lizzie Tulk told me once, that was fair wild an' ran away. Then thar was one night she come back sick, an'—an' afterward they put her thar. I always felt, somehow, 'twas kind o' hard they didn't give Martha hers, Roughwater. They say Lem's wife wanted, but Lem, he wouldn't. Glory Morris allows she's goin' to give Martha one herself if Lem don't get a change o' heart some day soon."

Roughwater nodded his thoughtful approval.

"Aye, it ought to make it a bit less lonesome for the maid to be fixed up shipshape like the others, lad. A grievous thing is lonesomeness."

In the long silence that fell between the man and the boy there came to them all at once the drawling voice of old man Penrose as he brought his spectacles to bear upon the worn Bible before him.

"'An' when they had this done, they inclosed a great multitude o' fishes: an' thar net brake.'"

Davy found himself wishing that the wind wouldn't drop any more for a while. His boyish wits told him that the familiar words from St. Luke were the sort that usually carried old man Penrose very far afield. The lad didn't want Roughwater to hear him then.

Already the man at his elbow had stirred uneasily.

"Thar at the fishin' ag'in, in yonder, Davy. I had hopes 'twould be pickin' up soon along the shore." He sighed miserably. "But ye never believed in the spell, like a lot o' the others, nohow, did ye, son?"

The boy's fingers wormed softly into Roughwater's calloused palm.

"I—I did at first," he confessed weakly. "But I just naturally knowed thar wasn't no spell, Roughwater, ever since the time when—"

He stopped. His shy laugh came up to the big man in the darkness.

"Ye see, Roughwater, it was ever since the evenin' that Glory Morris an' me catched ye down at the shore afixin' up the plover's broken leg. I knowed straight off, some way, thar couldn't be no spell then—not when I seen ye adoin' that, Roughwater. But Glory? I guess she knowed always."

The man gripped the boy's shoulder till he winced.

"It's mighty good hearin' that, Davy. Mighty good hearin' that is, lad, from you an'—an' her. Aye, just for the helpin' it gives."

He stared abstractedly at the lights of the meetinghouse, till the boy, weary of listening to the boisterous swish of the wind, broke in on his mood once more. "Was ye thinkin', Roughwater?"

"Aye, after a fashion, son. 'Twould be what ye said about the plover's leg that set me goin', I reckon. That an' the folks in yonder." The man drew in a great lungful of the salt-tanged air and expelled it slowly. "Ye see, I was only ponderin' what a sight o' plover legs, son, what a power o' legs it 'ud take for the whole caboodle of 'em all."

A SHOUT from the meetinghouse broke in harshly on Roughwater's speech. Some one had rushed hurriedly into the place where everything was in confusion. With the service cut short, the people were draining excitedly from the place. Certain of the women made off up the village street. Those who remained gathered in little serious, animated groups. The men for the most part had scattered quickly in the direction of the lower sands.

Davy Wallace slid nimbly down from his perch. Seizing his crutches, he was off like a flash into the throng of chattering women. As Roughwater waited, the boy came panting back. "It's Sam Mavity's wife! She's needin' the doctor bad, they say! An' thar's the baby, that only come last Thursday!"

Roughwater sat still for an instant. Then he rose gravely from the rock.

"A slimmish chance, lad, it is, for the doctor, with matters shapin' as they are. I hear old Doc Trevor ain't been stayin' at Sisters Cove for days. They've got fever runnin' strong at Caribou Island, so I've heard. The little man's bound to be spendin' the week offshore. 'Twould mean ticklish work gettin' to the island an' back, as things look."

As he spoke he put up an arm in the darkness, seemingly to better gauge the temper of the wind.

"What are they figgerin' to do, Davy—the men?" he asked suddenly.

The boy flung out a crutch impatiently in the direction of the lower shore.

"Thar all down yonder now arguin' chances like a flock o' muttons!"

He watched the big man anxiously.

"Don't ye reckon thar ud mebbe be a show, Roughwater, for th' doctor, somehow? She's beggin' uncommon hard, the women say, is Jessie Mavity, 'count o' the baby."

Roughwater did not answer the lad at once. He had taken a step forward in the sand as if listening to the ominous grumble of the surf. He hung a moment, irresolutely, and turned back to the boy's side.

"We're goin' to find out, Davy, lad. Thar's a raft o' things left undone in the world sometimes because nobody ever gave 'em a decent try. But it's goin' to need daylight, mebbe, an' more than a grain o' luck, to run the Elbow in this breed o' weather."

He laid a kindly hand on the boy's shoulder. "Better spread sail for home, son. You're shiverin' a'ready, an' thar's keener wind afoot."

THE boy protested stoutly for a moment, only to move off reluctantly. Roughwater stood as if marshaling his wits. Then he strode away in the gloom toward the water.

There a swarm of the men of the village were peering dubiously seaward discussing the chances for taking a boat through the harbor reefs and down past Watchman's Point to Caribou Island with the wind as it was. One spoke his mind candidly.

"Thar's little sense to talk o' gropin' your way out through the Elbow, men, to-night, even if the wind slackens. Cruel hard Doc Trevor ain't at Sisters Cove, I call it. Fetchin' him off from the island is another sort o' business. It's black as a world o' sin out yonder now. Like to be a reg'lar all-hands-on-deck gale by daylight. Thar'll be no passin' the Elbow to-morrow, to my way o' thinkin'."

This view seemed to find universal assent among the others.

"Who was that went by thar a bit ago?" a man inquired suddenly. "Look! He's out thar potterin' about among the boats now!"

The men with one accord pressed forward, the wind tearing viciously at their backs.

In the partial security afforded by a sheltering line of cribs a man could be made out busily engaged by the light of a lantern in arranging the gear of a boat that lay rising and falling sluggishly on the undulating swell. At their approach the lone figure looked up, as though questioning their intentions for a moment. Then, swinging easily toward the top of the crib, it came on to meet them. Instinctively the men huddled closer in the uncertain light as they recognized Roughwater Blake.

"Lads!"

His voice flared at them like a trumpet against the hurry of the wind.

"Lads! Thar might be a show at dawn to put away for the doctor. He's the sort to come, all right, if we can pass the word to him over thar on the island. I was figgerin' on makin' a try when the first shave o' daylight comes. I'm not arguin' it won't be a bit ticklish, mebbe, to-morrow, 'specially the gettin' back. But it ain't seemin' a square deal, lads, lettin' Sam Mavity's folks snuff out up yonder an' never a man jack of us say we tried."

He hesitated, watching their dimly outlined shapes expectantly.

"Ye see, I was wonderin' if mebbe a—a single man 'ud take a chance along—just for the helpin' it 'ud be?"

No word came from the group in the darkness. Still Roughwater waited, soberly. The silence grew irksome presently. Here and there a man or two shuffled undeterminedly about in the sand. They were not cowards all—far from it. But they counted the thing as hopeless. Again the old element of mystery that encompassed Blake himself weighed now heavier than lead.

Lem Peters was the first among them to find his tongue.

"Well, it's this way, Roughwater, with me, an' I reckon we're all about o' one mind?"

The man turned for approval to those around him as he went on:

"With the signs like they are, we ain't none o' us countin' on no favors from the weather. The way it's behavin' now, thar's nothin'll float out yonder to-morrow. The long an' short o' it is, thar ain't no sense puttin' our lives in a job we wouldn't have the chance of a squirrel, mebbe, to pull through. Ain't that the marrow of it, men?"

"Aye! aye!" came in tones gruff but not unkindly from the rest of those gathered about the speaker.

"So be it, then, men." Roughwater nodded. "You've got your way to reason it, an' I'll not be denyin' the prospect ain't mebbe so very civil."

He crunched heavily on his heel and retraced his steps to where the flickering light bobbed lonesomely in the darkness. There he sat down in a sheltered spot and stared intently forth into the night.

AN hour passed. Up on the shore behind him the sound of contentious voices lessened and gradually faded out.

The first unpromising rift that marked the dawn found Roughwater alert and waiting. The growing light revealed a dangerous lop to the sea and a sky that was raw and sullen. Above him the wind-torn clouds drove low and black, with the promise of heavier weather. Yet the practiced eye of the man told him he might still dare the treacherous channel in the foam-swept harbor reefs.

Once, after he had put out, and while his boat leaned to the first quick smother of the wind, he turned his head a moment for a hasty glance at the blackened shore line. As he did so something very like a boy rose suddenly from the big rock in the meetinghouse yard—a slight figure, cold and shivering, that waved a cap perched high upon a crutch. There, too, it remained until the yawl was blotted from sight by the angry spray that leaped from the frowning sides of the Giant's Elbow.

In Saul Harbor a cheerless day crept leisurely in and dragged with leaden feet to noon. For a time during the later morning hours the wind slackened perceptibly, only to haul sharply around and rise with redoubled spleen. It was now almost dead inshore, hurling the breakers violently over the harbor sands. In her tidy cottage, halfway up the street, Jessie Mavity lay back against her pillows, wan and vacant-eyed, her babe snuggled close in the crook of her arm. One of her hands where it crossed the coverlet sought her husband's roughened palm, as though it drew assurance from the virile touch. The woman had rallied stubbornly; her fight could still be won.

Down on the wind-swept shore as the day advanced a crowd began to gather silently. It was now five hours till sunset. Had Blake succeeded in gaining Caribou Island? The more pessimistic shook their heads. Again, suppose the man had struggled through, it did not follow that Dr. Trevor, fearless as he was, would undertake the trip to the harbor in such a blow.

. . .

Three big pieces of fiction, "The Big Fellow," one of our prize stories by Captain Frank E. Evans, "Twice in the Same Place" by Wilbur Hall, and "The Charmed Life" by Perceval Gibbon, in next week's issue of Collier's

Another hour crept wearily away. It was then that Job Shively, more keen of sight than the rest, turned a startled face to those around.

"As I live, lads! It'll be Roughwater, out thar makin' back! Look, all o' ye! Raisin' the cleft in the Elbow, an' adrivin' straight on!"

As he spoke a hundred eyes at once caught the desperate rise and fall of a boat upon the ponderous swells. Steadily, with shortened canvas, she came on, battling like some game but crippled bird with the great waste of smothering sea. There were moments when the little patch of maroon-colored sail seemed to drop from sight, and a tense, feverish silence muzzled the watchers upon the beach. To the older men in the crowd it appeared simple madness for the yawl to attempt again the hazardous passage through the reefs, now nothing but a caldron of snarling waves.

In a momentary pause of the wind a voice sounded jarringly:

"Doc Trevor's along, men! He sits crouched low in the bow. Roughwater'll never make it—never!"

"That ought to be the Lord's business," another chided. The man added shamefacedly under his breath: "I'd feel better to know 'twas Him astandin' by now."

The wind came to them in great crying gusts. The heavy breakers that poured constantly shoreward appeared to the men to be straining severely the mast of the yawl. More than once the little craft wallowed dangerously in the trough of the sea. Still, she came on reeling, laved in foam, a sight to quicken the blood of all who gathered there. Closer and closer with every minute she drew inward toward the Gap.

Out in the forefront of the throng a boy with face ablaze was hobbling wildly up and down the line. He stopped a moment to pluck the arm of a girl who stood with troubled eyes watching the boat.

"See him, Glory! See him!" he shrilled.

Passionately he turned to the crowd. "He's a man! He's a man, I'm tellin' ye! Afore God, but ain't he a man? Deny it, now—I dare ye! I dare ye!"

Lem Peters, standing near, groaned brokenly. The face he thrust seaward was lined and ashen gray. Glory Morris, staring with tear-dimmed eyes, laid a gentle hand upon the boy's shoulder.

"Hush, Davy! We won't shame them. It isn't right—not before the women, lad."

Deaf to her entreaty, the boy kept on. Now his voice rose in urgent warning:

"Aye, look, all o' ye! Look, will ye, now! He's laid her dead on! See, he's fixin' to try the Gap!"

A fateful minute came when none dared breathe; when every man seemed to grip close the arm of his neighbor. It was the boy's hysterical treble that woke them again as from a trance:

"He's done it! I tell ye he's done it! Beat the Elbow, he has! Did all Saul Harbor ever see that done afore? Look at him snatch her away from the breaker thar. Just enough, it was—just enough. Thar, three times he's fooled 'em! Watch him now! Can ye see him, Glory?"

With a sob in his throat once more the boy was crying:

"Aye, Roughwater's a man for ye—a man afore ye all!"

Bringing into play a resourcefulness and daring that appeared little short of miraculous, Blake had driven his frail craft through the turbulent waters that warred incessantly about the jagged break in the reefs. The low murmur that greeted the man's bold achievement swelled irresistibly into a fierce, heartening cheer. It turned the next moment to a sharp note of alarm. The danger was not yet passed.

Well inside the Elbow, but caught in the embrace of one mountainous sea, the yawl fought bravely up. At the tiller Roughwater was seen striving desperately to lessen the strain. Bareheaded still, he stood out plainly to the crowd; with his face dogged and set, his shoulders swung alertly now to the right, now to the left, as he nursed the boat safely away from the challenging combers that time after time threatened to blot it from sight. Trick for trick, the man was pitting his nerve and skill against the tireless cunning of the sea.

BUT now a great stalking monster has leaped at him suddenly, invading the yawl and sweeping it from end to end. A groan wells up from the crowd. What they see is the tiller snatched from Roughwater's iron grip like a reed. Borne in on the wind comes the ominous sound of splintering wood, and the weakened mast, overthrown by its sodden weight of bellying sail, lurches heavily into the sea.

Blake has risen now in the flooded yawl. Stripped free of his coat, he has fought his way to where the doctor clings helplessly, forward. The next lustful wave wipes the boat clear. When it comes up both men have disappeared from view.

Somewhere in the crowd a woman covered her face with her apron, whimpering softly. For what seemed an interminable space it was the only sound. Then a man's voice croaked:

"Yonder's Blake! The doctor's gone, lads! No, God's mercy, I'm wrong! Roughwater's got him!"

Up, up on the breast of a masterful wave two figures mounted slowly into range again. Already they had been driven a considerable distance inward. Now it was seen that Blake, with his chin pointed high, had retained his grip of the other man, while he battled desperately with the clutching eddies that sought to drag them down.

Less than a thousand yards away, and being hurried rapidly in the direction of the beach, it was apparent that Roughwater was using every ounce of strength in the effort to win clear of a row of partially submerged rocks that sprang up full in the line of their shoreward sweep. They were swirling close upon them now. To the crowd, watching impotently, it seemed as if the dark, closely locked forms hung, grazing the reefs for a single instant, and then reeled safely by. At a hoarse, bellowed command from Sandy Morris the stoutest of the men threw themselves into a sinewy chain with eager, outstretched hands. Before they could act a shaggy, white-tufted comber racing inward split Roughwater and his companion asunder like straws. A great mother wave toppling close in its wake caught them up, and in a moment, while the awestruck crowd looked on, the two men were spewed like separate bits of driftwood upon the churning sands.

THERE was a thunder of feet, and the bodies were snatched to safety, followed by the clamor of excited voices as the crowd pressed in.

The doctor, a red-bearded, weather-pickled little man, showed early signs of returning consciousness. As they watched him his eyelids fluttered stubbornly. A moment later they opened, and he blinked upward into the ring of frightened faces that walled him in. He sat up weakly, the purple flooding his cheeks again as he coughed the water obstinately from his throat and lungs. He ended by staring forth dubiously at the buzzing throng.

"A-ah! A narrow squeak, my friends!"

He spat more brine from his mouth and essayed to drain the water from his flaming beard.

"Aye, so narrow, I doubt if the Lord'll give me closer till my time comes."

He passed an uncertain hand across his forehead like a man whose wits are slow in the mustering. Even as they gaped at him, he conquered the flesh and pitched swaying to his feet.

"And so," he coughed, "I understand there was some one—a woman—sick among you?"

He turned unsteadily. Davy Wallace was plucking hard at one of his dripping sleeves.

"If ye please, sir, Jessie Mavity's better—some. An'—an' Roughwater's here, please, sir."

As the throng parted silently before him, the doctor saw and understood.

A yard or so away Roughwater Blake lay stretched very still upon the sands. Glory Morris and her father were working over him, the girl attempting to check the flow of blood that trickled from a ragged wound in the man's head, just where the tawny hair crowned it thickest.

The doctor reeled to them, a vague apprehension in his eyes. In an instant he was on his knees by Glory's side.

"Eh! How came all this, lass?" A tender solicitude grew in his mottled face. "Aye, it's me, I'm thinking, that should answer that question best. If my wits say true, it's where the rocks yonder left their voucher."

He bent hurriedly, examining the wound. He frowned grimly.

"A nasty blow enough. It could have



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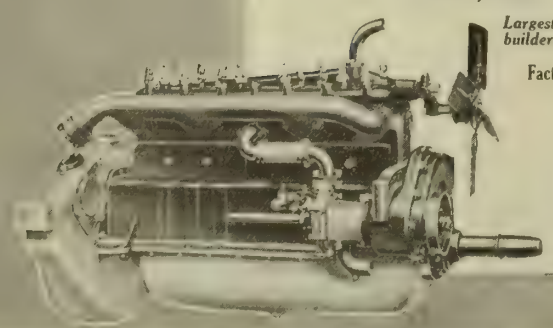
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done for an older man. Myself, for instance."

His lean, sympathetic fingers overhauled Roughwater's muscular frame with a trained surgeon's deftness before he looked up. His face showed relief.

"Two broken ribs for reknitting will be the worst. The toll of the rocks again. Aye, and apt to fret him longer than the buffet they gave him there in the head, I fancy."

He turned to the girl with a quick, reassuring nod.

"Faith, the man's heart has the kick of a piston, a'ready. A rare knack he's found, too, of barring water from his lungs."

A subtle thought struck fire in him suddenly. It was reflected now in his shrewd gray eyes. He squared his dripping shoulders and peered out from under his shaggy brows at the crowd.

"Men of Saul Harbor, I've a word for you all, and I'm minded to say it in season."

THERE was a crisp, steel-like ring to the little man's voice. The throng watched him silently.

"We've known each other, lads, through fair and foul, this many a year. There's been bitter days and worse nights that I've answered the call of your harbor, and gladly. Yet I'm only with you again in the flesh this minute, by the grace of God and this man here."

His glance swept over them all a moment darkly.

"Eh, but the puzzle I'm past understanding, lads, is this—how the Lord ever came to risk me in charge of a man that I hear Saul Harbor has no better name for than the Devil's Helper!"

The smoldering scorn died out on the doctor's tongue, and the harshness suddenly faded from his eyes. If he knew the ancient taint of the lonesome coast, he knew, better than most, the hearts of its people. The crowd watched him shamefacedly.

"For what you have seen this day, how many among you would offer this man brotherhood—the care that is his due?"

Fifty voices roared him answer. But the doctor heeded most the simple cry of Sandy Morris, close at his elbow.

"One here, an' ye please, sir!"

He turned at the words. Roughwater's eyes were open now. The doctor watched their dumb bewilderment as they wavered from himself to the girl who knelt there at his side.

"It's my notion," he answered Sandy at last. "There's none with facilities to serve him a tenth part as well."

He floundered to his feet like a dripping seal, looking down at himself ruefully. His face cleared as his fingers touched the small waterproof case that was still strapped to his side.

"So it's Sam Mavity's woman, poor body? She's mended some, you tell me?"

His resolute eyes explored the crowd again.

"First, there'll be need of volunteers. The sort to handle a man without adding more pain to his hurts. Are there any such among you?"

A momentary shuffling took place in the throng. It made Glory Morris raise her head with a little thrill of pleased surprise.

Lem Peters had answered the call. He was followed by Joe Tolliver and two others. All gave back the doctor's look a trifle sheepishly. Lem Peters acted as spokesman.

"If ye please, sir, we four of us 'ud like to try—if Roughwater thar wouldn't mind?" The man threw up his head boldly. "We be askin' it, just—just for the honor it 'ud be."

Halfway up the shore with Davy Wallace in the wake of the slow-moving procession, Glory Morris turned for an instant at a shrill commotion behind her.

Lizzie Tulk, surrounded by a cluster of staring women, was pointing eagerly seaward.

Oddly enough, all five of the screaming, eddying birds were gone from the frowning reef of the Giant's Elbow.

The Black Eagle Mystery

Continued from page 11

she and her mother would return to the country. I was on the verge of offering to finance her in a new deal and then remembered I was there as an emissary, not as a friend. It rattled me and the rattling wasn't helped when I met her eyes, brown and soft, but with something scrutinizing and watchful under their velvety darkness.

I stayed longer than I meant to—longer than I needed to. Someway or other our talk shifted round to Azalea and Longwood, to Firehill and the people we knew all through there. I forgot about the matter I'd come on, and she brightened up and there was a gleam of the girl I'd met a year ago. But when I rose to leave the other woman was back, the reserved, poised woman who seemed shut in a shell of conventional politeness. She said she'd come that afternoon about five—she had work to do that would keep her till then. In the doorway she suddenly smiled and held out her hand. The feel of it, soft and warm, was in mine when I got out into the street.

I went back to the office feeling meaner than a yellow dog. Thank Heaven I'd not have to do that again. They'd get all they could out of her, and that would be the last time Whitney & Whitney would want to see her. Later on—in a week or two maybe—I could call on her again. The ice was broken and anyway I did not see but that it was my duty. Some one ought to help her to get on her feet again, and as she'd no man in her own family the least I could do was to offer my services.

AT five the chief, George, and I were waiting for her. She was a little late and as she came in I noticed that she had more color than she'd had in the morning. She looked splendid, in a dark fur coat and some kind of a close-fitting hat with her black hair curling out below the edge. Her manner was cool and tranquil, not a hint about her of surprise or uneasiness, only that heightened color which I set down to the hurry she'd been in getting there.

The chief was as gracious as if he'd been welcoming her as a guest in his house, full of apologies, waving her to an armchair, suggesting she take off her coat as the room was warm. No outsider would ever have guessed what was going on in that astute and subtle mind. A feeling of indignant pity rose in me—she seemed so unsuspecting. But—no, it's better for me to describe the scene as it occurred, to try and make you see it as I did.

When the necessary politenesses were disposed of, the old man, very delicately with all his tact and finesse, started on the frame-up. He did it admirably, finishing on a sort of confidential note. As the attorney for the copper pool group it would facilitate matters if he knew of all Barker's activities—any information, the slightest, would be helpful.

SHE answered readily, without surprise, almost as if she might have heard the story before:

"You've been misinformed, Mr. Whitney. Mr. Barker had no interest in the Azalea Woods Estates. He had nothing to do with it."

The old man pursed out his lips and raised his brows.

"I see—one of those groundless rumors that gather about a sensational event. It probably started from the fact, mentioned in the papers, that Barker was in your office that afternoon."

"Probably. He came to see me about a house he was going to build in the tract. Of course that's all ended in nothing now."

He looked at her from under his bushy brows, a kind, fatherly glance.

"I was very sorry to hear, Miss Whitehall, that you were one of the sufferers in this double disaster."

"Oh, I!" she gave a slight shrug of her shoulders, "I'm wiped out."

"Ah!" he shook his head frowning and resentful. "These men can knife each other—pirates in a buccaneer warfare—but when it comes to dragging down women—I'd like to see them all strung up."

Her eyes gave a flash. It was like a spark struck from a flint, there and then gone. As if it had surprised her, and she was determined to guard against its return, the calm of her face intensified into an almost masklike quiet. She answered softly.

"I can't go as far as that, Mr. Whitney—I'm sure there's some explanation—as to Mr. Barker, I mean."

"I hope so," said the chief, "for your

sake if for no other. I hope he'll come back and make the restitution he owes his associates and discharge that obligation about the house and lot."

He looked at her smiling, a rallying smile that said as plainly as words he knew such hopes to be groundless. She did not smile back, simply raised her eyebrows and gave a slight nod. George, who was facing her, leaned forward and said as if he had just met her at a pink tea and was being gallantly sympathetic:

"It was rather hard on you, Miss Whitehall, having those two men in your place that day. The press must have made your life a burden."

"It wasn't so bad. Some reporters called me up, but when they found how little I knew they left me alone. I hadn't anything exciting to say. Both interviews were nothing but business."

"But let me ask you a question—not for publication this time, just as a thing I'm curious about. It was only a few hours after you saw him that Harland killed himself. Wasn't there anything unusual in his manner, anything to suggest that he was not himself?"

She looked down at the purse she was holding in her lap, and said, slowly, clasping and unclasping the catch:

"I didn't notice anything—unless perhaps he was a little irritable and nervous. I certainly never would have thought he was in the state of a man contemplating suicide."

"And you would have known," said the chief. He turned to George in explanation. "As Harland's partner, Miss Whitehall would have known him well enough to notice any marked change in him."

I was watching her closely and as the glances of the two men met I saw uneasiness well up through the quietude of her face. Then for the first time I suspected that she was not as composed as she seemed. Her words confirmed the suspicion—they came quickly in hurried denial.

"No—I didn't know him well. I saw him very seldom. We were not in the least—what—what you'd call friends or even close acquaintances. It was all purely business."

The chief nodded, a slight, Mandarin-like teetering of his head, which gave the impression of a polite agreement in a matter that didn't interest him.

"Purely business," he murmured, then again turned to George. "What Miss Whitehall says would bear out the general idea that it was that last interview which drove Harland to desperation."

As they spoke she looked from one to the other, a glance that passed over both faces as quick as a lightning flash. Before they could turn it was gone and her eyes had a dense, dead look as if she had dropped some inner veil over them. Then I *knew* that the brain behind that smooth white forehead was something more than alert—it was on its guard, wary and watchful.

THE knowledge made me suddenly speak. I wanted to see, I had to see, if that careful control would hold under a direct question about her lover.

"How about Barker? How did *he* act when you saw him that afternoon?"

She shifted slightly to see me better.

"Oh, perfectly natural. There was nothing in the least unusual about him."

"Barker was a man of iron," said the chief. "His mental disturbances didn't show on the outside. Besides" (he gave a wave of his hand toward her), "this young lady knew him only slightly" (he turned quickly to her); "I'm right, am I not?"

"Perfectly." She fixed her eyes on him and kept them there, black and unfathomable. "My acquaintance with him was simply that of an agent with a customer."

For a moment I couldn't look at her, got up and going to the window fumbled with the blind. The man she'd tried to run away with—and telling her lie with that smooth steadiness! It was only love could give such nerve. Behind me I heard the old man's voice.

"A horrible affair. It was fortunate for you you escaped the sight of it."

"Ah—" it was a sound of shuddering protest—"*that* would have been too much. I knew nothing of it till I saw the papers the next morning. It made me ill; I was at home for several days."

"Well," said he, "I'm in hopes we're going to straighten things out before long."

I turned from the window and moved back, wondering what he was going to say. She was looking again at her purse, snapping and unsnapping the clasp.

"How can you do that?" she asked.

"Haven't you read in the papers that Barker's been seen in Philadelphia?"

"Ah, yes," she murmured, her glance still on the purse. "But nobody's found him yet."

"Give us time—give us time. These vanishing gentlemen like a change of air. They don't stay long under our hospitable flag. Their goal is Canada."

For a moment she had no reply. You could see it, you could see the effort with which she held her statue-calm pose, but a deep breath lifted her breast and the edge of her teeth showed on her underlip.

"Canada," said the old man with a comfortable roll in his big chair, "is our modern American equivalent of the medieval sanctuary."

She'd got her nerve back—I never saw such grit. She gave him a smile, not jolly like his, but defiant.

"Of course—" she said. "A sort of Cave of Adullam," then rose and looking at him from under her eyelids added: "But if a man's clever enough to get to the Cave of Adullam I should think he'd be too clever to stay there."

SHE turned and took her coat from the chair back. George made a jump to help her and the old man heaved himself up, breaking out with renewed apologies for the trouble he'd given her. They were like people separating after a social function, he bland and courteous, she gracious and deprecating.

"If I could be of any service to you I'd be only too glad. But—" she gave that little shrug of her shoulders—"I'm so unimportant. A poor working woman whose orbit happened by chance to cross those of two great luminaries."

"There's nothing for anybody to do but for us," said George, standing behind her and holding out her coat. "And we'll do it. You'll see some morning in the paper that we've got our hands on Barker—the high-class sneak."

He and his father worked so well together that he told me afterward he knew the old man would be watching her. He was and so was I, and at those words I saw the rich color spread to her forehead and again that flash, like a leap of flame, shine in her eyes. She knew it too and dropped her lids over it, but the color she couldn't control and it glowed in crimson on her cheeks as she answered with a sort of soft tolerance:

"Oh, Mr. Whitney, hunting criminals has made you unjust," then as the coat slipped on she flashed a look at him over her shoulder. "But I don't think it's real! The profession requires a pose."

George was quite bowled over. He had no answer and she knew it, turning from him with a smile and moving toward the door. Halfway there the old man stopped her.

"Oh, by the way—one thing more that nearly slipped my memory. You no doubt saw in the papers that Harland is supposed to have spent the half hour before he jumped in the corridor of your floor. Did you see him there—as you left, I mean?"

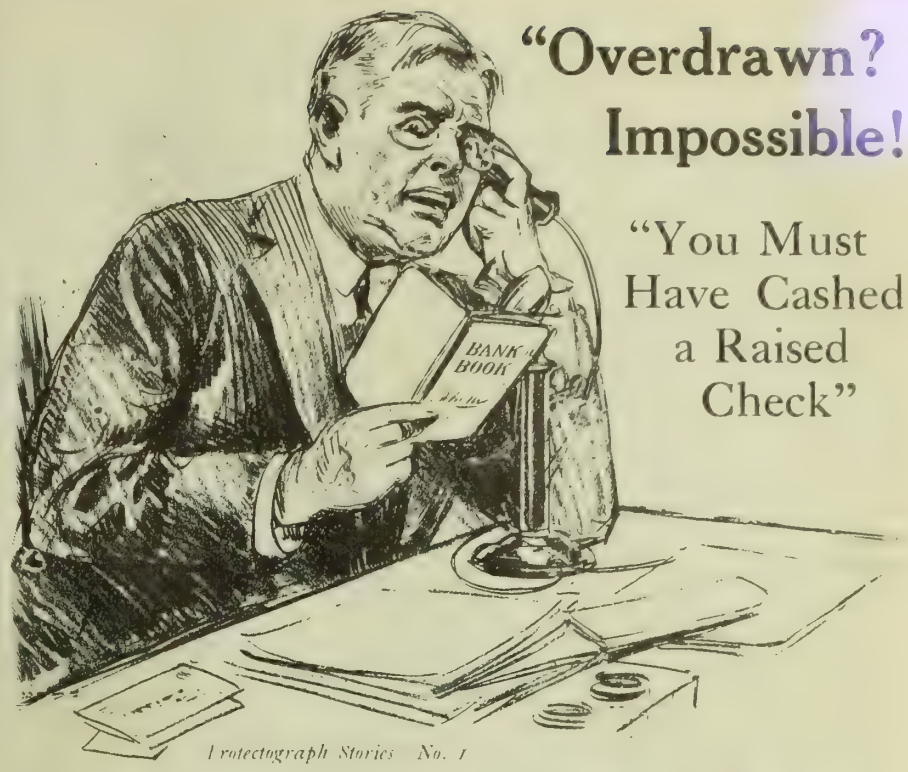
"I?" she raised her eyebrows in artless, surprised query. "No—I'd gone before he came down—I left about six—or maybe a little before."

"Um," he nodded, "you were probably in the elevator."

"Yes, probably—" her purse dropped from her hand to the floor. We all started forward to pick it up, but she was too quick for us and had it before any of us could reach it. As she righted herself from the sudden stoop her face was deeply flushed. "Yes, of course, I must have been in the elevator," she finished with a slight gasp as if the quick movement had impeded her breathing.

"I see, of course," agreed the chief moving beside her to the door. "It merely interested me as a student of morbid psychology—I'd like to have known how a man of Harland's type looked, moved, comported himself while such a struggle went on in his mind."

AT the door there were general good-bys—a very cordial parting all round. I slipped out behind her, to escort her through the hall to the elevator. As we brushed along side by side she said nothing and glimpsing down at her face, I saw it set in a still pondering pose—sphinxlike it seemed to me. I said a few civil commonplaces to which she made short conventional answers. Biting her lip, her eyes on the ground, she looked preoccupied, impatient, I thought, for the car to come. I wanted to ask her if I could see her again, but



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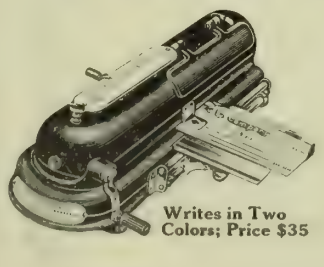
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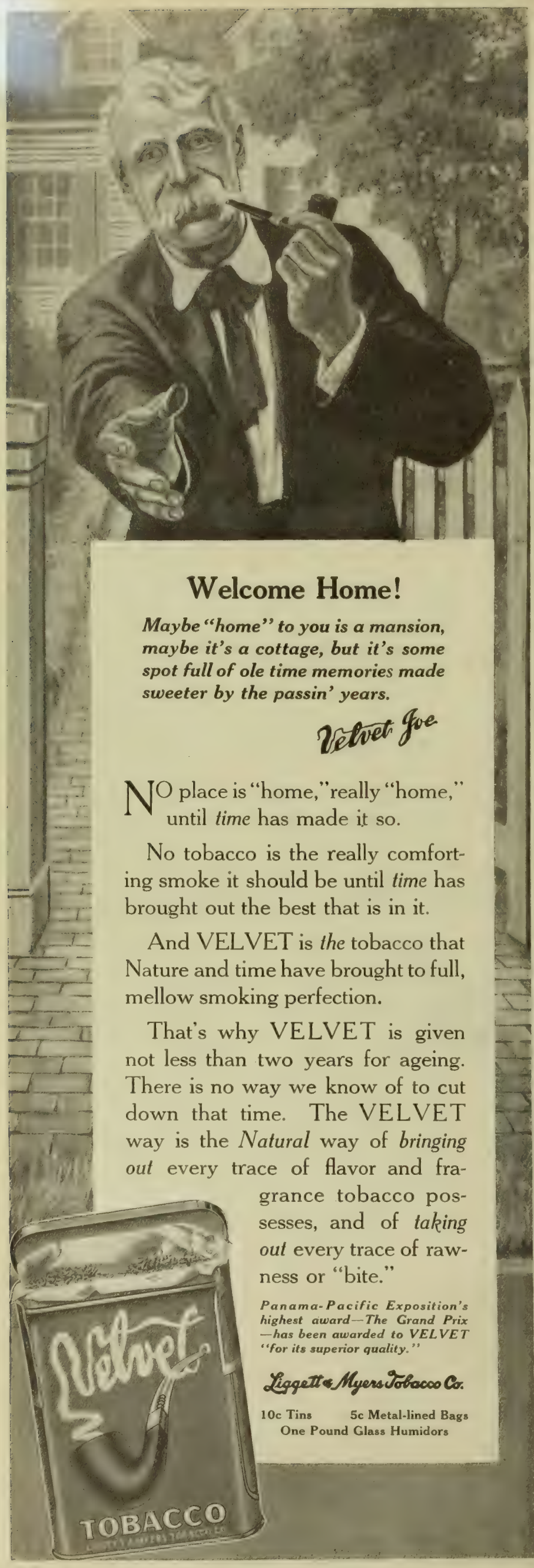
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I didn't dare—she seemed so indifferent, so shut away in her own brooding. But when she entered the elevator and the gate shut, I saw her through the grill work, looking at me from behind that iron barrier and the sight stirred me like a hand clasped on my heart.

IT wasn't only the expression of her face, which was sad, almost tragic, but it was a strange and eerie suggestion that it was like a face looking through the bars of a prison. The thought haunted me as I walked back.

In the office George and the chief were talking over the interview. They'd noted every tone of her voice, every change of her color. That she'd lied had not surprised them. She had to lie.

"Must love the old rascal to death," George commented.

The chief rose lumberingly and moved to his cigar box on the mantelpiece.

"I understand now why Barker, who never was known to care for a woman, finally fell. She's a splendid creature, brains and beauty."

"Both to burn," George agreed. "You couldn't get much out of her."

"All I wanted just now," said his father, striking a match. "The rest'll come in time."

I was just going to ask him what more he expected, when a clerk opened the door and said: "Mrs. Babbitts is outside to see Mr. Whitney."

The chief squared round like a flash, the lit match dropping to the hearth. His face, usually heavy and stolid, lit into an almost avid eagerness.

"Show her in," he ordered and the clerk disappeared.

"What are you expecting to get from Molly?" George asked. "Isn't she finished?"

"Not quite." The old man's eyes were on the door, his cigar unlit in his hand. I hadn't often seen him so openly on the *qui vive*. "Molly's had further orders."

"What?"

"You'll see," was the answer.

Molly entered with the cold of the night still around her. Her long coat was buttoned wrong, her hat on one side. Haste was written all over her, haste and that bright-eyed, jubilant exhilaration that took possession of her when things were moving her way. She was like a little game dog on the scent, and I'd often heard the old man say she'd make the best woman detective he'd ever known. He was awfully fond of her, and took a sort of paternal pride in her nerve and cleverness, just as he did in George's.

"Well, Molly," he said, "got that stuff for me?"

She nodded, her little body seeming to radiate a quivering energy.

"To-day at the lunch hour. I came the minute I got off."

"Go ahead. I said not to tell anybody till you told me first. Well, you're going to tell me first now."

Standing by the table, her eyes bright on the old man, she said slowly and clearly:

"Troop says he never took Miss Whitehall down from her offices on the night of January 15."

George gave a smothered ejaculation and started forward. I was transfixed, not believing my ears. Only the chief looked unmoved, leaning against the mantelpiece, holding Molly's glance with his. "Go on," he growled.

"He says that he was there later than usual, until eight, because of the accident. Before that he took down the two Azalea Woods Estates clerks, Iola Barry and Tony Ford, but not Miss Whitehall. After the accident he ran out into the street, and when he came back the people were on every landing ringing the bells and wild because the elevator didn't come. He went up and took them off—but Miss Whitehall wasn't among them. He said that he'd heard some of them got tired of waiting and went by the stairs."

"He thought Miss Whitehall went that way?"

"Yes, it was the only way she could have gone. He supposed she'd got impatient or hysterical and just rushed pellmell down."

"Did Troop or anyone else see her in the lower hall or leaving the building?"

"No, I questioned him careful about that. He thought she'd seen the excitement on Broadway and run down and maybe met some one who'd told her and not wanting to get in it she'd gone out the side door. Anyway he said she wasn't in the ground floor hall or out in the street with the others or he'd have seen her."

There was a pause. In that pause—like figures in a picture—I saw George, amazed, petrified, staring at his father Molly on the edge of the chair looking from one to the other, and the chief with his brows low down and his head drooped, gazing at the fire. In a moment they would burst into speech—the speech that was withheld while that astounding revelation found acceptance in their minds.

To hear what they said—to listen to what I couldn't believe and yet couldn't contradict—was more than I could stand just then. Without a word, unnoticed by any of them, I slipped out, fled down the hall, into the elevator and out to the street.

IT was cold—a sharp, frosty night, with a few stars shining in the deep-blue sky. Dark masses of men flowed out of the doors of skyscrapers and drained away down the subway entrances. I jostled through them, elbowing them right and left, instinctively turning my face uptown, deaf to the curses that followed me, blind to the lights that stretched in a spangled vista in front.

What did it mean? What *could* it mean? I'd understood the lie about Barker—but now those other lies? She had said she went down about six, in the elevator. I'd heard her, there was no getting away from it. Was that the reason the old man had wanted to see her? Suddenly I saw again his look of hungry expectation when Molly was announced and with a stifled sound I stopped short. As lightning plays upon a dark landscape, for a moment showing it plain, I had a clear glimpse of the line of thought he'd been pursuing. The horror of it held me rooted there, rigid as a dead man, in the midst of the hurrying crowd.

Incredible — hideous — unbelievable! Association with criminals had warped and diseased his judgment. And then like a sinister shadow, creeping on me dark and ominous, rose the memory of her guarded face, the flame of color she couldn't hide, the dropped purse. I started out again, fighting the shadow, but all I had to fight with was my belief in her. She couldn't—it was impossible, I'd die swearing it. And battering against that belief, came questions, insistent, maddening — why couldn't she speak out? Why didn't she admit the truth—say that Barker was her lover and have done with it? Why had she lied—about him, about the time she left, about everything she could frankly have admitted, if—if— When I got there I could go no further. Cursing under my breath I forged along, the air ice-cold on the sweat that was damp on my forehead.

(To be continued next week)

If It Interferes with Business

(Continued from page 13)

only way you could get out of that trench in one shot is with a load of dynamite!"

"Is that *so!*"

From the pit twin puffs, as of rifle smoke, rose and drifted away.

"Fourteen!" said Mr. Baring exultantly.

"Thirteen!" said Mr. Wallace stubbornly.

"You're *wrong!*" they said in chorus; and during the ensuing lull two more puffs rose and dissipated.

Miss Baring and Kenyon, ambushed in the orchard by the green, turned to each other and smiled.

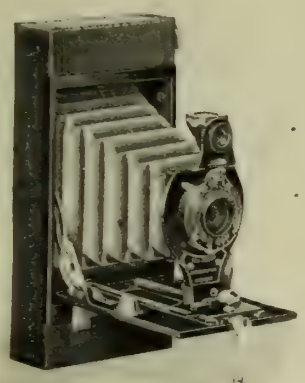
"I guess it's all right," murmured Peggy beatifically.

"He's inoculated," said Kenyon. His arm went around her, and in the twilight their lips met.

"Eighteen—and I'm in!" roared Mr. Baring. "Now I'm one ahead!—and it's the first day I ever had a club in my hands! Don't we call the game on account of darkness?"

"Two to play," said Mr. Wallace grimly. "Get out there, caddie, and mark the ball. The game's over when it's finished. There's a pond sixty yards ahead, Baring—take my advice and use a floater, and play short anyway. All right. One down and two to go. A dollar on the match?"

"Ten," said Mr. Baring rashly. "But if I only had the right kind of shoes—"



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By the first of August his case was serious. He owned a bag with so many patent clubs of base metal that only the older boys were physically able to caddie for him; and his theories were heavier than his irons. He took three lessons a week from the professional; and rehearsed by the hour the Singleton swing, with the right wrist relaxed and the hand well under the shaft; and went out on the course feeling like a Scotch internationalist at plus six; and he came limping back in the gloaming with a card full of 7's and 8's, and spoke hoarsely in the grillroom of what he should do to-morrow. Half an ounce of lead in his brassy, he thought, and a quarter inch removed from the shaft of his cleek, ought to mean ten strokes difference in his game. Or else it was a modification of the position of his left thumb.

He bought all of the forty-seven standard books on golf, and read them from cover to cover, propping them open at every illustration, and posturing according to the diagram. In this way he learned all about torsional strain and the least beneficial alternative, and slowly acquired a vocabulary. He tried every known make of ball and every fetish of stance and grip. He kept all his score cards—that is, all those which were within two strokes of his record; for when he was beyond that modest margin he said he was "off his game," and the day was spoiled. And he signed the petition to fill in the brook hazard on the fourteenth, because it was unfair to a long driver, although a proper penalty for a second shot. He signed it without conceit, for once he had hit the motor roller and bounded within thirty yards of the brook, so that he knew how the long drivers felt about it.

But in spite of his advancement and his ardor, he still remained adamant in his aversion to Kenyon.

Long since he had forbidden him the house; he would have also forbidden him the golf club if any original jurisdiction had been vested in him. Not even the result of the local championship tempered his determination; and the shattering of the amateur record moved him not at all.

YET it seems incredible that Mr. Baring could have enjoyed such continuing ignorance of the facts. For one thing, the steady improvement in Peggy's game should have warned him—the smooth wrist action which only Singleton and Harry Kenyon had mastered, or could impart; the snappy mashie pitch which is controlled by not more than one woman in a hundred—or one man, for that matter; the bold, deliberate running up of long putts—all these should have penetrated Mr. Baring's intelligence and informed him that Peggy was playing too often with Kenyon.

Instead, the revelation was sudden and shocking; he found them together playing cut shots out of a trap; and at the moment of discovery he was already four down to Wallace, and had broken a hollow-faced cleek in trying to pull off a wind cheater.

Furthermore, he had topped into the same trap.

Kenyon, who was lecturing, looked up instinctively and saw the irate parent tottering on the summit of the worst bunker on the course. The parent's face, already dyed with the carmine of vexation, went brick-red with anger; and he boiled with bitterness that a daughter of his was competent to make him feel so bitter. If he had obeyed the first demands of his fury, he would have slain Kenyon with a deep-faced mashie where he stood.

Miss Baring, impelled by the electric silence, also turned her head, and promptly wilted.

"*Well!*" said Mr. Baring.

"Is this your ball?" asked Kenyon, indicating.

"Yes," said the irate parent, shaking with emotion. "That is my ball—"

"Tough luck," said Kenyon. "But that's exactly the shot I'm teaching Peggy. Come on down and I'll show you how to play it."

"Young man," said Mr. Baring, stepping forward, "when I want advice, I go to an expert."

Here his feet slipped on the bunker's rim and he was unexpectedly standing in the trap, jarred to silence. Tears stood in his eyes; he coddled his tongue in anguish.

"Here," said Kenyon, requisitioning a club from Mr. Baring's caddie. "Take this!—stand ahead of it—much far-



WINCHESTER

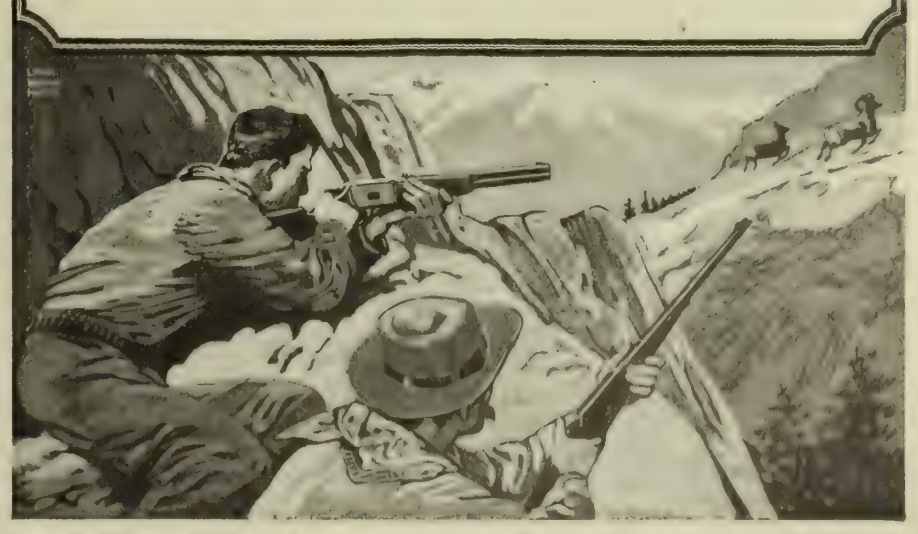
Repeating Rifles

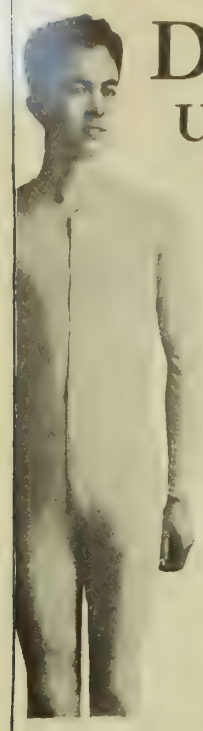
In choosing a rifle for any purpose, its reliability and accuracy should be carefully considered. Winchester rifles enjoy the highest reputation the world over for reliability, accuracy, strong shooting qualities and finish. They are made in all desirable calibers from .22 to .50, and in eleven different models. From these a Winchester can be selected that will meet any shooting requirement.

WINCHESTER CARTRIDGES shoot straight and hit hard. These two cardinal points of a good cartridge, and also that of reliability, are always found in Winchester ammunition. No matter what caliber cartridges you want or whether they are for use in a rifle, revolver or pistol you will get the best results by using Winchester *make*. Accept no substitute, but insist upon having the **W** brand.

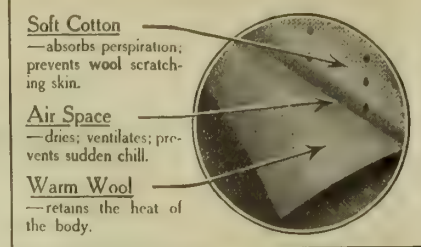
THE GRAND PRIX—the highest possible honor, was awarded to the entire Winchester line of Rifles, Shotguns, Metallic Cartridges and Loaded Shotgun Shells, etc., at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

EVERY GOOD GUN STORE IS A HEADQUARTERS FOR WINCHESTER GUNS AND AMMUNITION.





Duofold Underwear



maintains the natural heat of the body, giving perfect ventilation and comfort under all conditions.

Most colds come from getting overheated, underwear damp; then getting a chill.

The way to avoid such colds is to get underwear that doesn't overheat, doesn't get damp, but cools off and dries as fast as excessive heat and moisture are created.

Dr. Alfred Walton, the eminent physician and surgeon says:

"The ideal garment would be a thin absorbent fabric next to the skin, then a layer of air, and then a woolen fabric to turn the cold—a thin fabric drying quickly, with the heat of the body, driving the moisture into the wool."

That underwear is Duofold—a garment of two separate fabrics knitted together with air-space between. The inside fabric (soft light-weight knitted cotton) is comfortable to the skin and absorbs the moisture. The heat of the body drives this moisture through the air-space, partially drying it at the same time, into the wool, from which it gradually evaporates. The light-weight knitted wool keeps out the cold and keeps in the natural heat of the body. Both layers together—wool and cotton—are about half the weight of ordinary underwear.

All-cotton garments don't keep you warm, cool off too quickly, and produce sudden chills. All-wool garments irritate the skin, don't let the perspiration evaporate, are close and unwholesome.

Duofold gives you all the advantages of both cotton and wool, puts each where it belongs and does the most good.

No matter how sudden the change in temperature, Duofold keeps the skin dry and the body at its healthy, natural heat—comfortable and safe. There is no other underwear like Duofold.

Duofold is made in union and two-piece suits, in several weights for men, women and children.

Duofold does not shrink.

Get Duofold for the whole family. Write us for Free Sample of Duofold fabric, Book on Comfort and Health in Underwear, and the name of a Duofold dealer.

Duofold Health Underwear Company

75 Elizabeth Street
Mohawk, N. Y.



Makes Housecleaning Easy

From cellar to garret during housecleaning time there are hundreds of uses for 3-in-One Oil.

With 3-in-One you can easily and cheaply make your own polish-mops and dustless dusters. Your finest furniture and hardwood floors look like new after its use. Your cut-glass and mirrors sparkle with life if you put a few drops of 3-in-One in the water you wash them with. Stoves, locks, oil-cloth, sewing-machines, bathroom fixtures, chandeliers; almost everything is benefited by 3-in-One.

If you haven't 3-in-One Oil in the house, buy some NOW. Then look for the "Dictionary of Uses" enclosed with each bottle. Read it through and see how much easier and better you can housecleanwith 3-in-One than without it.

3-in-One is sold in hardware, drug, grocery, house-furnishing and general stores: 1 oz., 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz., (½ pt.) 50c. Also in patent Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz., 25c. If your dealer does not carry these cans, we will send one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One, for 30c.

FREE A generous sample and "Dictionary of Uses."

Three-in-One Oil Co.
42 ANH. Broadway New York

ther; farther yet—take it back with the right—cut across *here* when you come down—that's the idea! Now go for it!"

The banker, speechless, baffled, outraged, and just a trifle under the hypnotic influence—perhaps he had seen the revival of "Trilby" that week—played out of the trap. In fact, he got more distance out of the sand than he was in the habit of getting off the tee.

"Now, young man," he began ominously, "let me tell you—"

"Let me tell *you*," said Kenyon, "that if you get off half your shots with that same precision, you'll be playing around in the low 90's by October."

"Good digging," ventured Peggy.

Mr. Baring, perceiving that neither of the young people was alarmed, and, furthermore, that Wallace was wrestling desperately in a thicket, breathed less heavily.

"Do you—do you think it's honorable for you to come out here like this—after the conversation we had, Kenyon?"

"I certainly do, Mr. Baring. We're both over twenty-one."

Over in the hay field Wallace was playing seven.

"I'm glad to know that you think so—because at least that infers a clear conscience. But do you mean to say that you haven't deliberately taken advantage of me? Can you say that and expect me to believe it?"

"I can say it—I *do* say it. But I'm not responsible for what you think. Incidentally, we've never made an appointment to play together—if we've chanced to meet, we've gone out—"

"Is that true, Peggy?"

"Of course it is! Didn't he say so?"

"To that extent I credit you with good intentions," said Mr. Baring stiffly.

Over in the meadow Wallace had lost his ball.

"Don't you want to try another shot?" inquired Kenyon. "There's plenty of time."

After a moment the financier laughed.

"I'll also credit you with nerve, Kenyon."

"You need it in this game," said the younger man ambiguously.

"Let's play around with them," said Miss Baring. "I'm sure you could help father a lot."

"It's for you to say," hesitated Kenyon.

"If you understand that such a concession doesn't mean a retraction of anything I said three months ago," said Mr. Baring with dignity, "I have no objection to making up a foursome."

AS they moved away, Kenyon walked at his elbow.

"Mr. Baring," he said, "*why* should you have objected to my playing golf? You play yourself now—and you're out here oftener than I am; and you're in the same business—"

"*I*," responded the banker hastily, "am under the instructions of a physician."

"You're still angry about the Metropolitan?"

"I still think you showed negligence."

"Have you ever stopped to think that, even if I'd been in town that day, I might not have sold you at your figure?"

"The point isn't that I lost a profit—and, indirectly, a customer—but that your action was unbusinesslike and uncivil. You should have come to the telephone when I called you."

"Even though I made money by not coming?"

"I fail to see how that affects *me!*"

"Some men might see the connection."

"The case, as it stands—"

"The case, as it stands, represents that one of us had a chance to profit. I got there first."

"Now, look here," said Mr. Baring testily. "If you want to argue this out, you can come to my office in office hours and I'll give you a hearing. This isn't any place to talk family matters. I'm four down to here. If you can think out an excuse, I'll listen to it. What would you use—an iron?"

"Jigger," advised Kenyon. "Let me show you—" . . .

THE dramatics of commercial life are usually staged without rehearsal or due regard to climax. One morning in early September the senior partner of Kenyon's firm sent for him and delivered an ultimatum in these pleasant terms:

"Harry, they've cabled for one of our New York men in Yokohama—they're



Ten years before that memorable day in 1775, when at Concord Bridge

"* * * the embattl'd farmers stood
And fired the shot heard 'round the world"

this frame house was built as a parsonage for the Rev. Wm. Emerson. Later, Ralph Waldo Emerson lived and worked there. In 1842, it became the home of Hawthorne and his bride.

After 150 years of sun and storm "The Old Manse" is still well-kept, preserved by a weather-proof coat of

Dutch Boy White Lead

The paint that protects this landmark, rich in historical and literary associations, is the effective and economical paint for your house.

Ask your painter to use Dutch Boy White Lead and Dutch Boy Linseed Oil, mixed to suit the condition of your house and tinted to your taste.

Would you like to have materials for a paint test, together with booklet of practical suggestions and color schemes? Ask our nearest office for Painting Aids No. 37.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, Buffalo, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Louis, San Francisco
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co. Philadelphia)
(National Lead & Oil Co. Pittsburgh)



Visit our exhibit in the Home Builders' Permanent Exposition in the Craftsman Building, 6 East 39th Street, New York. An experienced decorator is in charge whom you may consult free of cost.

Don't Throw Away Your Worn Tires



For over three years European motorists have been getting from 10,000 to 15,000 miles out of their tires by "half soling" them with Steel Studded Treads.

In eight months over 20,000 American motorists have followed their example and are **saving $50 to $200 a year** in tire expense.

We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, **prepay express** and let you be the judge. **Durable Treads** double the life of your tires and are sold under a **signed guarantee for 5,000 miles without puncture.** Applied in your own garage in thirty minutes.

Special Discount offered to motorists in new territory on first shipment **direct from factory.** A postal will get full information and sample within a week. **State size of tires. Don't wait—write today.**

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11104 Woolworth Building, New York



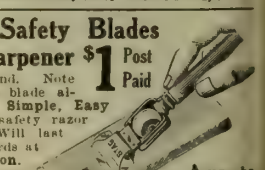
12 New Bulbs, 10c

Together with a Complete Treatise on the Culture of Hardy Bulbs both indoors and out, and our beautiful Catalogue—
1 Giant Calla, largest and finest.
2 Pink Freesia, exquisite new color.
3 Purity Freesia, big pure white.
3 Double Rosebud Oxalis, large as a half dollar, and fine as a Rose.
3 Oxalis G. Duchess, mixed colors.
All for 10 cts. postpaid.
Our Catalogue of Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Lilies, Hardy Plants and rare winter-blooming plants **free to all.**

John Lewis Childs, Inc., Floral Park, N. Y.

Sharpen Your Safety Blades With a Stag Sharpener $1 Post Paid

The only one of its kind. Note wheel in holder; Sets blade always at proper angle. **Simple, Easy** to use; Sharpens any safety razor blade. GUARANTEED. Will last a lifetime. Highest awards at **Panama-Pacific Exposition.** Complete nickel-plated holder, barber's hone and strop in neat case, $1.00. Money back if dissatisfied.



Agents and Dealers Wanted

The Stag Co., 40 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

BILLINGS & SPENCER TOOLS

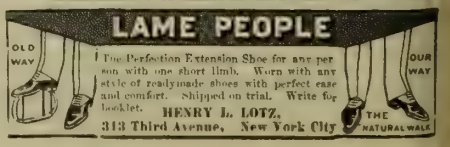
B TRADE MARK

When you "need them bad" you need them good.

HARTFORD, CT.

Wrenches
Pliers
Sc. Drivers
Hammers
Ratchets
Wrench Kits
Tool Kits

LAME PEOPLE



The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of ready-made shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. HENRY L. LOTZ, 313 Third Avenue, New York City

"No Edgeworth?"

A Hint for the Disappointed Pipe Smoker

We know something about how a man feels when he wants smoking tobacco.

If the kind he asks for isn't sold at the store he happens to enter, he always has a reserve brand in his memory that he falls back on

Now the last thing in the world that you are going to be asked to do is to "go somewhere else" if you ask for Edgeworth and the store you try fails to have it.

But we would like to have you bear in mind that a friendly word about Edgeworth to a tobacco dealer that you occasionally buy from will be appreciated ***by him.***

Your dealer honestly wants to carry the kind of tobacco that you want to buy. If he thinks that you are indifferent about what brand you smoke, he is not likely to go out of his way to order any special brand.



But if he thinks you really want Edgeworth—well, just tell him so and see how quickly he acts.

Any tobacco dealer, no matter where he is located, can quickly secure Edgeworth in any quantity from his jobber.

Most tobacconists sell Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco now. But few products are universally distributed.

It is not claimed by us that Edgeworth is the only good smoking tobacco in the world, but it has a quality that makes friends very quickly. Smoking your first pipe of Edgeworth is like shaking hands with the President: you realize that you are doing something out of the ordinary and you feel glad of the meeting.

Edgeworth comes in two forms, Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. It's the same tobacco in both forms, but Plug Slice is prepared for the pipe by the smoker, who "rubs it up" in the palms of his hands. A great many smokers like their tobacco in this form. Ready-Rubbed is, as the name suggests, all ready for the pipe. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed also goes well in a hand-made cigarette. It is slightly milder in a cigarette than in a pipe.

Perhaps you have never smoked Edgeworth.

We will make trying it very easy for you.

Your name on a post card and the name of the store where you buy most of your tobacco will bring several trial smokes of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin and $1.00 for handsome humidor package. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

For the samples write to Larus & Brother Co., 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

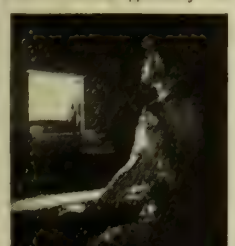
To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton, of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed, by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

Play in the Dark

A softly darkened room adds greatly to the beauty and enjoyment of music.

STARR-LIGHT
the wonderful exclusive feature of the

STARR
Player Piano



Buy Perforated Music Rolls Direct

THE STARR PIANO COMPANY, 10 So. 1st St., Richmond, Ind.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 3 free books; inventions wanted etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities. RICHARD B. OWEN, 17 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

up against it. It'll take not less than three months and not more than six. We've picked you. You'll have to catch the Wolverine this afternoon. I've wired for your accommodation on the Santa Fe right through; and you'll have eight hours in San Francisco before your boat sails. If you make good out there, I'm afraid we'll have to let you buy a partnership. If you can be ready by three o'clock, I'll meet you at the Belmont with all the data and some letters."

"How about expenses?"

"Same as usual."

"Suppose I want expenses for two?"

"What's the graft?"

"I might be married about noon. I'll let you know in a few minutes."

"That's all right—only you'll have to speed it up, old man!"

Whereupon Kenyon went back to his own room and called Miss Baring.

"Oh!" she cried. "*Japan!*"

"On a wedding trip," said Kenyon. "And there won't be time to stock up here—you'll have half a day in Chicago and half a day in San Francisco to buy clothes. Just take a kit bag, or something, and meet me—"

"But—but *father!*" she gasped.

"I'm going straight over to see him now."

"But if he—"

"I'll guarantee that he won't put any obstacles in our way—you leave that to me, Peggy! All you have to do is get to New York—I have an old running mate who's assistant minister at Grace Church—what train can you catch?"

"Oh, Harry!" she faltered. "If he *should* object—"

"He won't say a word," Kenyon assured her. "You let me handle that part of it. Will you come?"

"Y-yes, but—"

"What train?"

"There's one due at half past twelve—"

"I'll meet you. Can you pick out a ring in fifteen minutes?"

"Y-yes—but, *Harry*—it's so *sudden!*"

"Chestnut!" he laughed. "And it's just as sudden for me as it is for you—yes, I'll meet you!—*good-by!*"

ON his way to the street he poked his head into the senior partner's sanctum and stated: "Expenses for two!" Then he raced to the cab stand, jumped into the first car in line, and ordered a speedy journey around the corner.

Although it was ten-thirty of a weekday morning, Mr. Baring wasn't in. The switchboard operator said that he hadn't been in, and that she had no means of knowing when he would be in. On request she called his major club, his minor clubs, and the golf club. There was no trace of Mr. Baring.

"Try his house," urged Kenyon impatiently. "Ask if they know where I can find him!"

It appeared that he had breakfasted at seven and departed without leaving an itinerary.

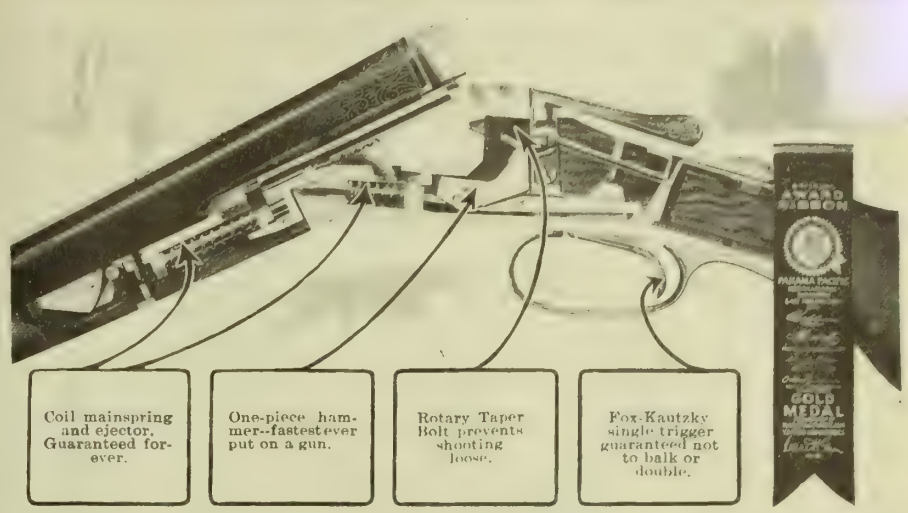
"Well," puzzled Kenyon, "where *would* he be?" The operator denied omniscience, and remarked that New York was a large and growing city. "Anyway," he directed, "call every place you can think of where he *might* be! This is important!"

He looked at his watch; it was already eleven o'clock. He had five hours in which to pack mobilia for a transcontinental journey, to soothe a parent and marry a daughter, to receive instructions, and to set forth. To any but a cosmopolitan it would have seemed quick action. Kenyon utilized the delay to catalogue the items he must pack and the telegrams he must send.

But at the end of twenty minutes he could wait no longer; so that he left minute directions with the operator, and compounded a misdemeanor by bribing the chauffeur to break all daytime records to the Harvard Club, to his bank, and finally to the Grand Central, where he arrived, panting, at the gates just as Miss Baring emerged into the ramp in company with a porter who bore every sort of baggage but a trunk.

"I can't locate him anywhere," he said rapidly. "But there's time yet—and I don't want him to feel that we went ahead without trying our best to get him. I'll leave you at the Biltmore—you have some lunch and wait for me. Don't be scared, no matter how late I am—we can arrange everything, license and all, in half an hour!"

He deposited her in the ladies' room



AGAIN the Fox reputation as "The Finest Gun in the World" has been justified, the Fox Gun having just been awarded the Panama-Pacific Exposition Gold Medal for double-barrel shot guns and single trigger.

This splendid tribute does not make the Fox Gun any better; it is only because it is so much better that such a tribute is possible.

This award does not make the Fox Gun any safer investment for the prospective buyer, for it has always been guaranteed for life, but this important, international, conclusive endorsement does make the Fox guarantee even more significant.

Every owner can feel additional pride in his Fox, and every one about to buy a gun can consider the Fox with unqualified confidence.

Throw a Fox to your shoulder! Feel its perfect balance! Cuddle the imported Circassian walnut stock against your cheek! Admire the rich engraving, then break her open. Inside you find the simplest lock mechanism ever put on a gun—and the quickest, too, bar none. The Fox one-piece direct striking hammer works as quick as thought. The coil mainspring is *guaranteed for life.* The patented Rotary Bolt is guaranteed *never* to shoot loose.

A Fox grade for every purse.

From $25 to $1000

All with the same Fox guarantee.

See the Fox at your dealer's and write us direct for complete catalogue with any special information or assistance you desire. Gun time is here Write us to-day.

A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY, 4702 North 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOX GUN



Smith & Wesson Automatic

Doubly Safe

Protection against intruders and unintentional discharge

Quick action and safety against intruders and surprise, when you need a pistol.

Safe against unintentional discharge at all times—safe to have in your home.

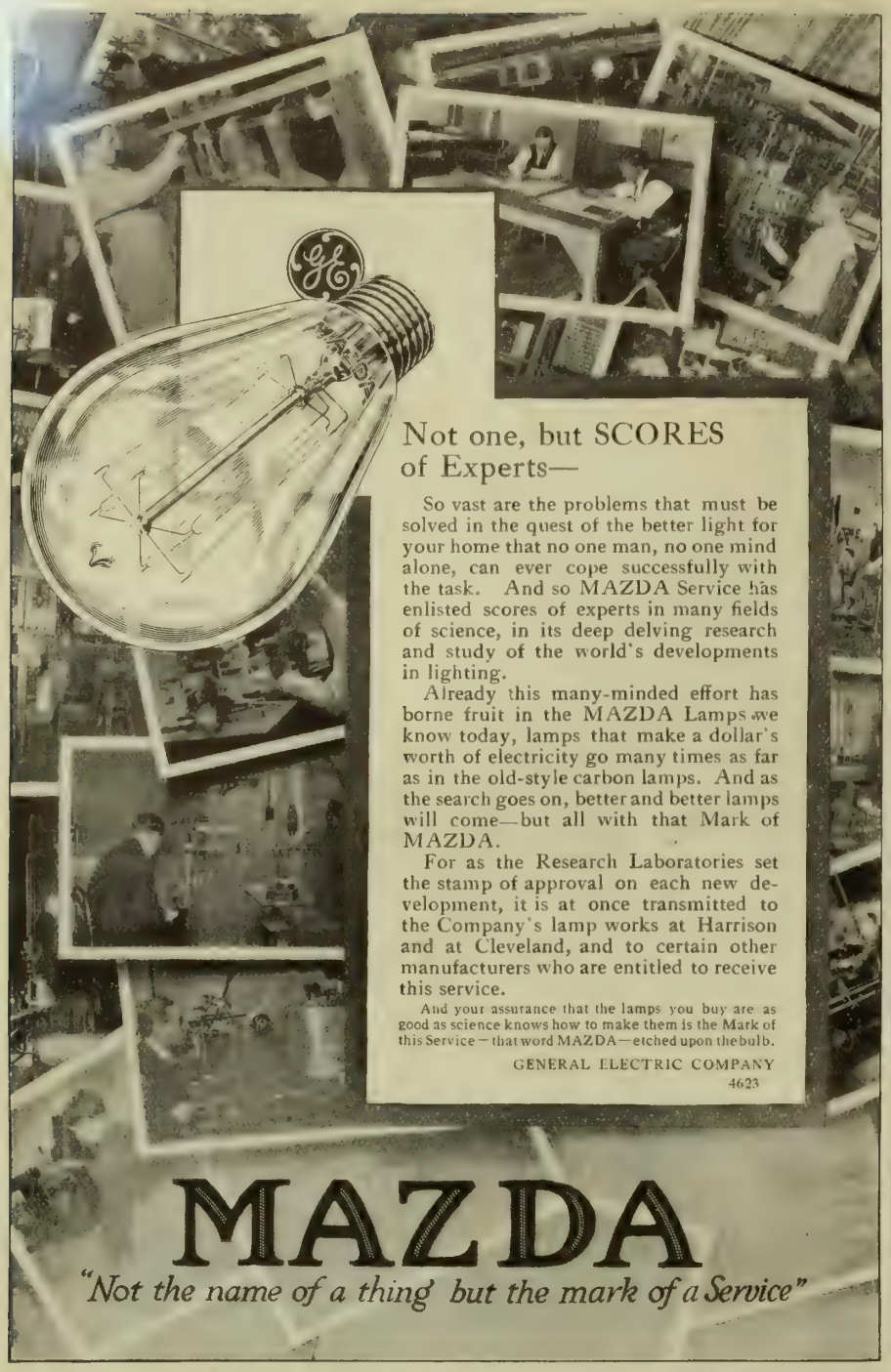
Built strong for endurance and accurately for precision—more safety—like other Smith & Wesson Pistols.

Easy to aim, easy to load, easy to clean.

Ask your dealer to show you the safety provisions and special features of the Smith & Wesson Automatic.

Or send the coupon for Booklet.

SMITH & WESSON
SPRINGFIELD MASS



Not one, but SCORES of Experts—

So vast are the problems that must be solved in the quest of the better light for your home that no one man, no one mind alone, can ever cope successfully with the task. And so MAZDA Service has enlisted scores of experts in many fields of science, in its deep delving research and study of the world's developments in lighting.

Already this many-minded effort has borne fruit in the MAZDA Lamps we know today, lamps that make a dollar's worth of electricity go many times as far as in the old-style carbon lamps. And as the search goes on, better and better lamps will come—but all with that Mark of MAZDA.

For as the Research Laboratories set the stamp of approval on each new development, it is at once transmitted to the Company's lamp works at Harrison and at Cleveland, and to certain other manufacturers who are entitled to receive this service.

And your assurance that the lamps you buy are as good as science knows how to make them is the Mark of this Service—that word MAZDA—etched upon the bulb.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
4623

MAZDA

"Not the name of a thing but the mark of a Service"



Rainy Day-Cough at Night

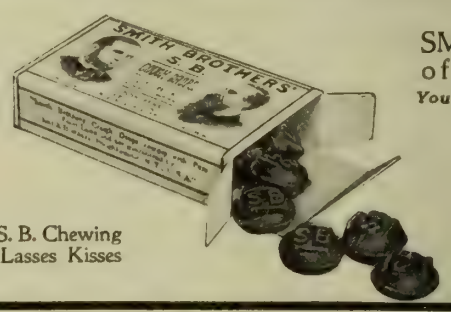
Never be without a box of S. B. Cough Drops during Fall and Winter—during damp, chilly weather when sore throats, coughs and hoarseness are so prevalent.

Take a few of these drops on your way home from the heated theatre, dancehall, office, etc. Far better than medicine—more pleasant, too. Good to take before "forty-winks"—they loosen the phlegm.

SMITH BROTHERS

S.B. COUGH DROPS

Containing Only Pure Medicinal Oils—No Glucose



SMITH BROTHERS
of Poughkeepsie
Your Grandpa Knows Us

5c a box

Makers of S. B. Chewing Gum and Lasses Kisses

LISTERINE Lysol Dioxogen

You know these trade-marks through National Periodical Advertising

OUR constantly expanding science of economics will have to be rewritten now to include those great social forces, national advertising and trade-marks, which hitherto have been left out of scientific discussions because we did not understand their relation to the modern theory and practice of distribution.

Trade-marks and national advertising are great social forces because they enable the manufacturer or the grower of a good product to sell it to the maximum number of people and thus to win the commercial reward which is due the man who invents, makes or grows a good product; and because they enable the maximum number of consumers to identify and buy the product which is good enough to warrant national distribution.

Without trade-marks and national advertising the good product would always be limited to local or intermittent distribution and would be sold at the high prices which must accompany partial distribution.

Without trade-marks and national advertising the consumer would lose the economy of prices based on quantity production and would lose the certainty of quality which attends trade-mark identification.

Trade-marks and national advertising are the two most valuable public servants in business today. Their whole tendency is to raise qualities and standardize them, while lowering prices and stabilizing them.

5¢ a copy
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

MEMBER OF THE QUOIN CLUB
THE NATIONAL PERIODICAL ASSOCIATION

This is the Nineteenth of a Series of Trade-Mark Advertisements in Collier's.

of the hotel, and ordered the taxicab to his apartment on Forty-fourth Street, where he prepared for Yokohama by emptying the greater part of his personal property on the floor and telling a trembling valet what to pick up. In a lucid interval he telephoned the Baring office and got no satisfaction. At half past one he was back at the Biltmore, where he found Peggy placidly reading a newspaper. As he entered the room she was perusing the modern woman's page, headed "Sports," and as he hurried across to her she started and sought to confirm her eyesight by the use of an incredulous forefinger on the type.

"I can't get so much as an idle rumor—"

"Harry!" she exclaimed. "Look at that!"

"We can't waste a moment, dear. He's gone somewhere—"

"The Seniors—at Montclair! He's entered!"

"What!" ejaculated Kenyon, seizing the paper. His eager eyes fell upon an announcement of a tournament on that day, a handicap tournament for players of fifty-five years or over; and among the entries was that of one Horatio Baring, sixty—age and handicap alike.

"He never said a *word* about it!" faltered Miss Baring. "It's his first tournament—he never said a word!"

"The old fox!" said Kenyon. "*Now* we'll get him!"

"If he's *only* doing well," she prayed.

"I want a Mr. Horatio Baring," he snapped. "He's playing out there in the Seniors tournament—have him come in as fast as he can make it! It's important!"

Watch in hand, he listened restively, drumming on the desk and tapping both feet rhythmically against the partitions. After an interminable hiatus: "Out for the second round!" he repeated. "Well, why didn't you *send* for him? This is Mr. Kenyon—tell him it's *vital!*"

Again he fretted and followed the hands of his watch to the hour of two and beyond. Mechanically he began to list the essentials of the afternoon—ring, license, church, appointment with Burgess; ring, license, church, Burgess; ring, license—

"What's that!" he said sharply. "*He won't come in!* . . . does he know who it is? . . . What was that he said? *He can't be bothered!* . . . He hasn't got my message? . . . Listen! You send another boy out there as fast as he can run! . . . Tell him . . . what? Are you *sure?* . . . Well, I don't care if he's refused to take a *thousand* messages this morning—this is different! . . . You try again, and tell him it's . . . I say, tell him it's Mr. Kenyon and his daughter—he'll understand *that!* . . . Well, you forget what *he* said: you listen to what *I* say. . . . Don't you understand that this is *important?* . . . *Why not?* . . . Well, isn't there *some one* there who isn't afraid of losing his job? . . . All right, *get* me the manager!" . . .

The time was twenty minutes past two: in a booth at the Hotel Biltmore young Mr. Kenyon pounded the desk with his fist and wrinkled his forehead and stamped nervously and kept his ear glued to the receiver.

FAR out at Montclair, in the State of New Jersey, four gray-haired gentlemen entered upon the eighteenth hole.

"All you've got to do is to keep steady, Mr. Baring," pleaded one of them. "You have a fighting chance yet."

"Well, that boy pretty nearly got my goat," said Mr. Baring. "No wonder I took a seven—the idea of thinking they could call a man two miles back to the clubhouse in a medal round! And I'd *told* them not to bother me—"

He drove, in the style of Singleton and Kenyon, a hundred and sixty yards on the line.

"Short, but straight, sir!"

"That's my game," explained Mr. Baring, as he had explained on each of the preceding holes.

"You're away, I think."

"Temporarily," he declared, and sent a brassy shot a hundred and fifty yards on the line.

"A hundred and forty net for the two rounds ought to win in Class C, don't you think?"

"I need a seven for 200 gross," said Mr. Baring frigidly. "That'll be 140 net, but—if you don't mind—we'll leave the bookkeeping until after the match. I never allow externals to interfere with my golf." He played a full cleek a hundred and twenty yards right on the flag.

"Four left for your seven, Mr. Baring!"

"That makes it unanimous. Stand still, boy!" He approached neatly and went down in the standard number of putts.

"A hundred and thirty-nine net!" he exclaimed. "*That's* not so bad!"

Around the score board half a hundred senior golfers jostled and pressed.

"Last foursome," said the marker. "All Class C? What's the net?—anything better than 141? Who has the 139? 139 wins first net in Class C!" He made the entries on the sheet: "Mr. —Horatio—Baring—Siwanoy—first net—Class C! The prizes are on the table in the dining room."

THE winner, concealing his emotion with difficulty, shook hands with a number of friends and got to the dining room as rapidly as he conveniently could.

On a large table were trophies, and on the trophies were placards; and that inscribed with the particular words which interested him hung from the handles of a silver loving cup.

As he gloated over the sterling prize, an attendant touched him on the arm.

"There are some telegrams for you, Mr. Baring, and several telephone messages—after what you said this morning, we didn't disturb you."

"Humph!" said Mr. Baring. "You should have had more sense in the first place!"

He tore open the first envelope and gestured to the nearest waiter.

"A—a Scotch highball!" he managed.

He ripped the second envelope and the third, and read the lengthy messages. One of them was dated at Harmon-on-the-Hudson, where the through trains change engines.

"No bad news, I hope?" asked his good friend and golfing enemy, Wallace.

"Peggy," said Mr. Baring hoarsely, "was married this afternoon to Harry Kenyon—"

"Congratulations!"

"More good luck?" inquired a mutual acquaintance, scenting greater enthusiasm than common over a simple trophy.

"Luck!" echoed Wallace. "Why, Baring's daughter's married Harry Kenyon—"

"Not *the* Kenyon? Semifinalist in the Met.?"

A dozen bystanders caught the name.

"Kenyon? Why, I know *him*—knew his father—I *do* congratulate you!"

"Good golf runs in the family, eh?"

"So *that's* where you picked up your style? I knew it was a Siwanoy swing—"

"You *are* in luck, Baring!"

"One of the finest young men downtown—plays as clean a game down there as he does golf!"

"Yes, and just about as well—"

"Handicap's three, isn't it?"

TO Mr. Baring's utter amazement, he was in the center of a little group which was palpably earnest and sincere in its felicitations. And now that the first shock had passed, and nothing could be done—and, after all, Kenyon was a gentleman—besides, the loving cup dangled in Baring's hand—

"Fill it up!" he said brusquely to a passing waiter.

"You certainly had your nerve with you on the last few holes," complimented the man next him. "We heard about it. That was *shooting!*"

"Oh, Baring's a wizard for a man in his first season!"

"His first season! Why, he's a whirlwind!"

"Phenomenon!"

"Oh, rubbish!" said Mr. Baring modestly. "I'm only beginning. But if you fellows who think you know something about golf want to see some real fireworks—why, once on the fourteenth hole at Siwanoy, where there's a brook intended to catch your *second* shot, I saw my son-in-law take a little Singleton special socket brassy against the wind—"

"What happened? Who was it?" inquired a man on the outskirts.

"*Zing!*" said Mr. Baring simply. "My son-in-law, Harry Kenyon. And, say, you ought to see that little demon putt—"

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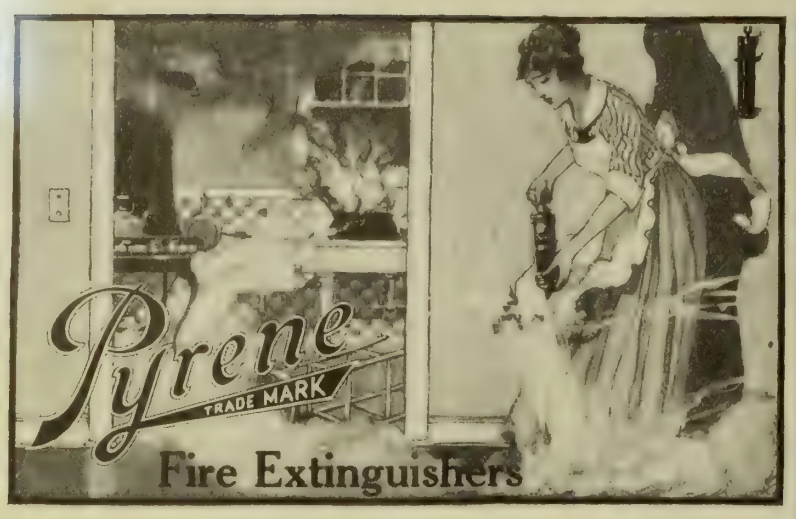
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The Other Girl

Continued from page 8

other. They were in Moana Lua Park and had only just passed the polo grounds.

"This," said Captain Nicholson when he had examined his engine, his gasoline tank, and his carburetor by the aid of a pocket torch and without avail, "is the devil and all. I'm sorry. Somebody'll come along in a minute and pick us up. Get back into the machine and sit down."

Lila said she preferred to stand in the road and wait, but nobody came along to pick them up.

It was an unpleasant, if interesting, situation.

"Mary will be frightened to death," said Lila at last.

Captain Nicholson, wiping his hands on a piece of waste, seemed not entirely concerned with Mary's alarm.

"She'll think we're still dancing," he said. "Are *you* frightened?"

"I'm tired," said Lila, "and sleepy—and sort of hungry—I don't know why."

She stood beside the runabout with her hand on the side of the seat and Captain Nicholson came and stood beside her. A little distance down the road there was a star—an electric light high overhead—but its light fell a scant few feet, and the rest of the world was dark, for all sight or sound, empty as upper air.

"It's rather weird, isn't it?" said Lila nervously.

Captain Nicholson put his arm around her and little quivering ripples spread to the tips of her fingers. Like the tormented soul in the poem, a voice in her ear cried "Follow!" and a voice in her ear cried "Back!"

Before she moved she felt his lips upon her cheek and an instant later upon her mouth.

The world was not void then nor silent. Flame and music informed the darkness while Lila stood, her face hidden against her arm, her eyes tight shut and burning.

He did not speak, neither did she.

Around the curve beyond them a motor horn called and long fingers of light probed sharply.

"Some one is coming," said Captain Nicholson. His voice was not altogether steady.

"I am so glad," said Lila, and hers all but broke.

THEY went home with the Jaspers, whose car the horn adorned and Lila said good night to Captain Nicholson without other speech between them.

Until very nearly dawn she lay awake, having once answered Mary's questions and gotten to bed, where the closing of her eyelids was powerless against the things she saw.

Girls have been kissed from time to time and no great ado about it; they have even been kissed in the dark, with sometimes themselves to blame—but Lila had not meant to be kissed and she suffered. Between sufferings she put the backs of her hands to her burning cheeks and remembered dizzily.

"This isn't me!" she wept to herself at the height of these memories. There was once an old woman, you will recall, whose own dog barked at her and who lifted up her voice in a like lament: "Lord, ha' mercy on us! This is none of I!"

As for Captain Nicholson, he stayed away from the bungalow at Diamond Head for a week. He had that much, or that little, grace about him; and when he came back it was as if that kiss in the dark had never been. He was, as of old, flippant, controlled, sophisticated, with occasional alluring gleams of a sincerity intended for Lila alone.

But you cannot wipe out a kiss like that. If the oldest woman in the world could be got to talk, she would tell you that between a man and a woman he has kissed stretches a thread that he cannot see and she cannot break. Forever some tiny part of a woman's soul belongs to any man who has kissed her, not against her will. If there are some ladies whose soul this divides into kaleidoscopic fragments, so much the sadder job for the ladies and so much the stiffer job for the Judgment angels who will be patching lost souls together on the final day.

Lila had feared to meet Captain Nicholson again, but she had not foreseen his silence. It left her more than ever helpless. You cannot, in delicacy, reproach a man for something of which he apparently has no memory. Is a lady to remind a gentleman that he has kissed her? The books on etiquette have no data on the subject—even the Pretty Girl Papers skirt it lightly.

So Lila, when a certain number of restless and unhappy days had come and gone, did what she should have done before. She wrote to Marshall Jennings that she was coming back to Memphis and engaged her passage on a Matson liner. Then she told Captain Nicholson and watched his eyes to see what, if any, difference the news made to him.

CAPTAIN NICHOLSON, however, had been trained to just such crises. Even while he frowned and his voice lowered to tenderness, the eyes were cold and steady.

"When?" he said briefly.

Lila named a sadly imminent day.

"I'll hate to see you go," said Captain Nicholson. That was all. Lila whipped her pride into line and said she had been homesick for a long time.

If she could, she would have kept away from him after that, but in the little whirl of parties that preceded her departure the two were thrown constantly together. Even Mary said indulgently:

"Whom do you want for your dinner partner—the night before you go? Captain Nicholson, of course? Good thing you're going home, Miss Lila!"

So on the last night before her sailing Captain Nicholson sat at Lila's elbow through six interminable courses and afterward danced with her on the wide *lanai* to the somewhat significant strains of "Oh, Tennessee, I hear you calling me!"

It was all very sad and a little funny, to the eye of a philosopher—which Lila was not.

Lila had dressed herself for the eternal farewell, and her pulse thundered in her ears. Her hair was like ruddy gold, and her gown of peacock blue made every other woman in the room look faded. There were flushes on her cheeks of an exquisite delicacy—fixed flushes, lest her heart betray her. But once her lips went white—that was when Captain Nicholson, under cover of stooping for a napkin, kissed her fingers.

Take it from any standpoint, there was a reckoning that had to come that night.

It came late—toward the end of the evening—when the dancing was maddest.

Lila, who had said to herself that she would be cold and hard and make her farewells in the eye of her hostess, found herself on the terrace, quite out of the light, with Captain Nicholson on the rustic seat beside her. Things were obviously as he had planned them.

"I hate to think of your going tomorrow," he said abruptly.

He took her hand and a little reckless fury sang in Lila's veins. She let it be as she had let it be with him so many times before.

"I know," he said slowly, "all this is nothing to you. You've been through it a dozen times already—I'm only a new scalp—"

LILA said nothing at all.

"But just the same," said Captain Nicholson. "I've gotten through to the real *you*. You've shown me *yourself*—once or twice—haven't you, Lilith?"

"Have I?" asked Lila carefully. That was as far as she could trust herself.

Even then she sheltered a mad notion that he might lose himself, might break suddenly from his own control and sweep her away with him—away from Memphis—away from—

"This has been a pretty good two months, hasn't it?" said Captain Nicholson softly. "How long will it take you to forget it?"

"All my life."

"Little Loveliness!"

His hand tightened on hers.

"You thought you'd make me the twelfth," he said. "Didn't you? And you very nearly did. Well—we both play a pretty good game—don't we? sha'n't forget you in a hurry."

Lila never knew just when she came to the breaking point. She remembered afterward that before she spoke she freed her hand, that Captain Nicholson tried to take it again, and that she locked it with its fellow in her lap.

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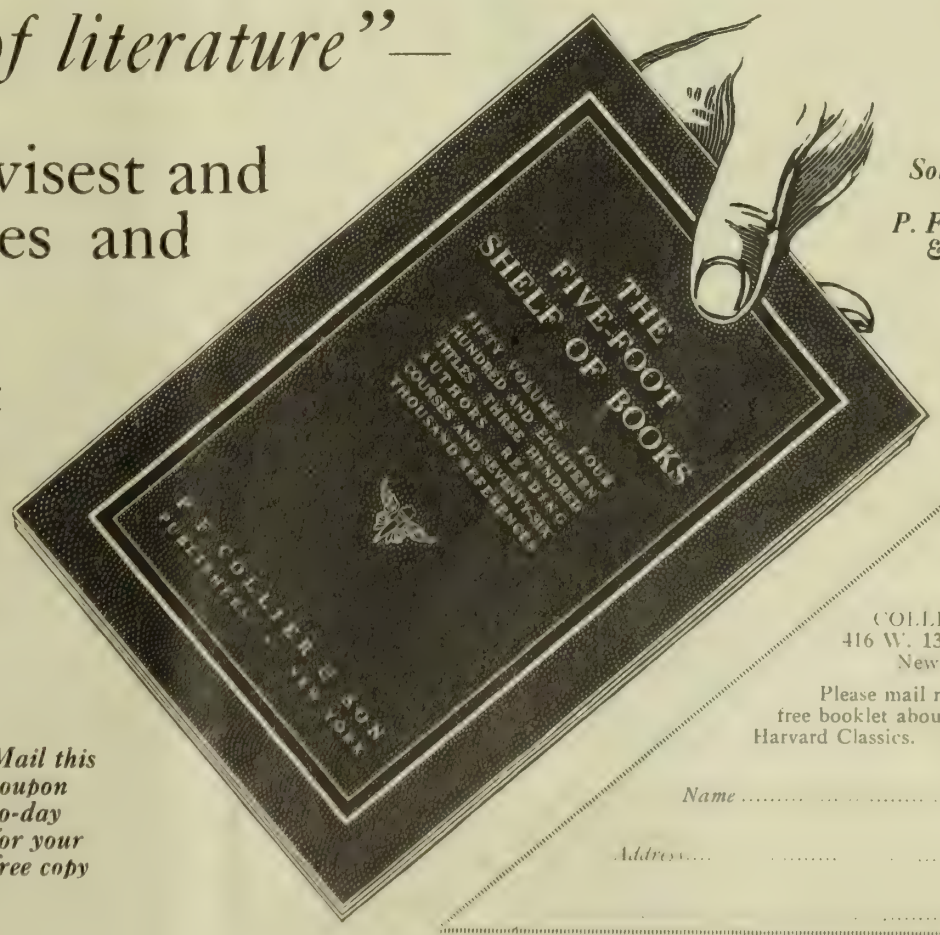
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of what you are saying," she told him. Her voice steadied as she went on. "Is it because you think you have hurt me? I mean, are you trying to give me something to cover my pride with? I don't want it—I am going to tell you the truth."

"Are you sure you want to?" he asked her, but his voice was eager in spite of him. The truth that women could not withhold was food and drink.

"It's not what you think," said Lila. "And please don't sound so gratified. It isn't nice telling for me."

She evaded his hand again. A queer, mad passion drove her on, although her cheeks were flaming.

"You think I've been playing," she said—"as *you've* been playing. Well—I haven't. Rather than let you think I'd be that sort of woman—easy to touch—easy to play with—easy to kiss—" She caught her breath sharply, but the man beside her did not move.

"Before I'd let you think *that*, I'll tell you—it wasn't play—it was all real to me—it has hurt me terribly—terribly—"

"Lila—" He had no time for pretty Liliths now.

"Don't!" said Lila. "Don't touch me— *Don't!*"

He took his compassionate hand away.

Lila went on, trembling:

"I never was like that before. You can believe it or not. I wasn't easy. I—people said I was proud. But that first night—the night you held my hand and talked nonsense about the little conventionalities—I knew it was nonsense—but I didn't stop you. I've been another girl—with you. Not myself. Nothing like myself. The—the touch of your hand—the sound of your voice—changes me. There is another girl in me, and I never knew it. She comes when you call her—and I hope to God that she will die when she cannot hear you any more."

"Lila!" said Captain Nicholson. He was either unspeakably shocked or unspeakably moved. He said her name huskily.

"It is the truth," said Lila McCreery.

The Hawaiian night lay dark and tender all about them. From the lighted house came the sound of dancing feet and the blare of a Victrola. The sea growled softly on the beach below.

THE man broke a painful silence. He had been breaking silences of one emotional sort or another since the razor first touched his chin. He knew in general how to deal with them. Now, however, the situation got a little away from him. He sounded not altogether master of himself.

"The Other Girl—" he said queerly. "This Other Girl, then—if I called her into life—she's mine. She belongs to me." Lila said nothing at all. She drew her breath as if she had been running hard, and her hands were cold.

"No matter whom you marry—or where you go—the Other Girl is *mine*," said Captain Nicholson. It was queer the morbid hold the phrase took on him. Women had sated him with favors too easily won; now this disembodied wraith gleamed with a springlike freshness on his sight. It was, as in a former instance, the attitude that Lila had least foreseen.

"Yes," she said, suddenly and recklessly—the Other Girl, it appeared, was still within call—"she's yours—because you made her. No matter whom I marry or where I go, the Other Girl is yours. No one else has ever known her. No one else ever will—she's yours—"

She stood up because her heart was choking her, and Captain Nicholson stood up as well. There in the dark, with the silly drums and trombones sounding from the house behind them and with the sea snarling on the beach before them, he put his arms about her—she lay in them quietly enough—and kissed her on the mouth.

Lila remembered that kiss on her wedding day.

She went back to Memphis, of course, and married Marshall Jennings. It has been a very happy marriage, as such things go, but Lila has never told him of the Other Girl or of Captain Nicholson. The Other Girl frightened her, perhaps—your own unsuspected possibilities are not always the happiest things to meet.

On the other hand, she possibly feels, and with justice, that there may be episodes in her husband's past—Jennings is a very average man—of which she knows nothing.

The Other Girl sleeps, therefore, waiting for the Judgment Angels.

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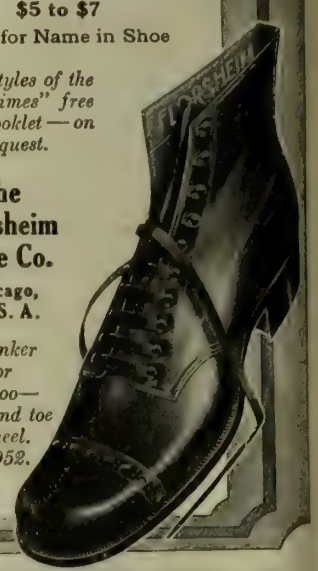
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Continued from page 6

to try and break through. It is not too late, as they are on duty till midnight. There is just time to get a black cloak and rubber-soled shoes, and there follows an hour of the most interesting of games, skulking in the shadow of hedges, creeping down the darker side of walls, waiting breathlessly while the sentry's dark figure passes, and then hurrying swiftly on to make ground before he turns upon his beat. No need to recount the successive stages of my venture, save that last one which found me discovered and challenged when I was but a few yards from the very heart of the defenses.

And so, long after midnight, to bed. The window of my bedroom is open, and as I take a last look out at the starry sky I hear far off the same dull throbbing roar with which the day began. It is the guns of Flanders, calling, calling, with their terrible voices, to me, to you, to all of us, to be up and ready for what the future may send.

Vaccination

BY JOHN B. HUBER, M. D.

BEFORE Jenner put vaccination on and showed how to take smallpox off the map of civilization, whole nations were decimated by this virulent infection, whole cities were depopulated, whole towns and villages wiped entirely out of existence. Public officials divided the people into those who had had, those having, and those going to have smallpox. One in four sufferers died; of the survivors many were hideously blinded. In Johnson's and his Boswell's time every other adult met on the thoroughfares was pock-marked; nor did this variola respect royalty and the quality any more than it did the common people. Such is the before-picture. Look now on the after-picture. For example, since Germany adopted compulsory vaccination she has during long periods not had a single smallpox case among her sixty-odd million of people; and Greater New York, which has a thoroughly efficient Health Department, had in 1913, despite its fifty-six or more varieties of immigrants, just one smallpox death. Ponderous tomes of statistics are to the same effect.

But cannot smallpox be avoided in any other way—isolation, notification, disinfection, and quarantine? Yes, these measures help; but a superabundance of fateful experience has shown that they will simply not take the place of vaccination.

Is vaccination dangerous? The dangers here are infinitesimal by comparison with what this measure shields us from. Anyone refusing to see this point lacks perspective and a sense of proportion. All surgery has elements of danger; so has a pin prick or a razor scratch. Walking along a country road these days is a thousandfold more dangerous than vaccination. Our doctors vaccinated three and a half million Filipinos without a single death or any postvaccinal complication. Practically all conceivable danger comes not with but after this slight operation: from uncleanliness and the lack of proper precautions. And it is not true, as has been maintained, that tetanus germs are to be or have been found in the virus used for vaccinations. Obey your doctor, or follow the rules of your health department (sent you on request), and there will be no danger.

But is vaccination needed nowadays when there is so little smallpox? There is now so little of this disease because our health departments, being eternally vigilant, are constantly demonstrating the efficacy of vaccination when epidemics threaten. Besides, one of the most gruesome facts about smallpox is its periodicity: it has had its lessened prevalence when the supply of the susceptible human material was exhausted, only to thrive anew with the fresh generations. Thus, from 1893 to 1897, smallpox killed off 346,520 in sixteen countries—275,000 in Russia alone—simply because vaccination was no longer deemed necessary. Let us, then, not be bold against an absent danger, nor despise the antidote while one has no painful experience of the bane.

When, at the reopening of public schools, the authorities require new pupils to be vaccinated, parents, for their own safety and that of their communities, should meet this salutary requirement without misgiving.



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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Second Awakening of Memphis

BY C. C. KIRKPATRICK

THE Business Men's Club of Memphis, Tenn., has begun a work fraught with big possibilities in city development.

A dozen years ago this same organization had a vision of a bigger, better Memphis. It raised money to advertise the city as a manufacturing and jobbing center. "Memphis Holds the Reins in Dixie" was its slogan. Then the sleepy old river town woke up and was transformed into a beautiful modern city. Naturally her population showed a big gain in the next decade, jumping from 64,495 in 1890 to 131,105 in 1910.

Meantime, no unusual efforts were being made to better the surrounding agricultural resources. The city factory was securing more attention and greater assistance than the farm factory, notwithstanding the fact that Memphis is located in the heart of the richest lands in Dixie.

Now behold the second awakening of Memphis. A new vision has come to the really big men of that city. Bankers and business men have evolved a new slogan: "Make the Farm Factory Pay Everywhere in our Trade Territory and Memphis Will Permanently Prosper." How to do it? "Why, we will raise a big fund just as we did a few years ago for industrial development," these men with a vision said. And in a fortnight it was done.

The next job was to get the right man to direct this important work. It was not an easy task, but, realizing that big jobs require big men, Memphis sent out committees of her business men in quest of light. They came to Chicago and at once sought out P. G. Holden, the man who had directed the big campaigns in Southern States during the past year, urging the South to "Feed Herself." With Holden's help the man was found.

The newly found man had both theory and practice, with years of experience as a practical farmer, as an agricultural-college professor, and as agricultural adviser of one of the great railroad systems of the West. It was said that Memphis could not pay him enough to get him away from his big railroad position, but after him they went and never let up until they landed Professor H. M. Cottrell, agricultural commissioner of the Rock Island Lines. So from September 1, 1915, Memphis has had as director of its newly created Farm Bureau a tried and successful man who commands the highest salary paid to any agriculturist in the South. Cottrell is a tireless worker and he understands the problems of both farmer and business man. The second awakening of Memphis promises to be even greater than the first.

The Last of the Golf Barons

(Continued from page 10

coming along in golf by eliminating the veteran campaigner and ex-Amateur Champion Bill Fownes on one day, and by playing cool, courageous, and intelligent golf against Ouimet the next.

It was a worthy tribute for the youngsters that the two leading golf barons should fall only five minutes apart, one cudgeled out by a young Easterner, the other by a young Westerner, with both on the short side of 22, who fought pluckily along when they were down to men conceded to be their masters in experience and skill.

To show again how the hitherto overlooked in American golf are coming forward in this last tournament, there were no less than five champions and ex-champions, starting with Byers, who won in 1906; Travers, who won in 1907, 1908, 1912, and 1913; Gardner, who won in 1909, Fownes, who won in 1910; and Ouimet, who won in 1914. Every winner for ten years was represented, and yet four of the five fell before three youngsters who had never been figured in the running, had never passed the first round in an amateur title match.

Gardner and the Veterans

IF we were called upon to mention the two best all-around tournament golfers in the land, our choice would still be Jerome D. Travers of Upper Montclair and Francis Ouimet of Woodland. Their general averages would award them this leadership. And yet Robert A. Gardner of Hinsdale, the new champion, must be ranked close upon a par with this pair, and he must also be entered as the Western member of the Big Three in golf—one of the barons to be ranged with Travers and Ouimet against the field next year. Gardner takes the place of Chick Evans, not because he is the better shot maker, but because he has won two championships where Chick has yet to win his first. If Gardner had the opportunity, he would be below no golfer in the country.

A comparison of these three, as shown by their work through various tournaments and at Detroit, makes for an interesting study in golf humanity.

Gardner is from 10 to 20 yards beyond either from the tee, and with that terrific leverage his old pole-vaulting days developed can get as far with a half iron as the other two get with a three-quarter wallop. He also gets his distance with less effort, which leaves him in better physical shape. He isn't quite as good at back spinning a high pitch to the green, and he isn't quite as steady a putter, but under fire he can hold his own.

All three have rare golfing temperaments, and yet all three are unlike. Ouimet, of the three, is the more placid, the less inclined to worry. Travers, while a trifle more high-strung than even Gardner, has more of the grim determination and unwavering concentration in his work. Gardner, up against a hard battle, has the old Yale spirit—the spirit developed in tradition by Hinkey, Butterworth, Shevlin, and many others, which acknowledges no defeat until the full returns are in and the scrap is over. Here is one test of Gardner's ability to meet the issue upon the edge of defeat. In his match against Max Marston he was 3 down and 5 to play. On these last five holes he had the following shots to play in turn, where a slip or a break at any one point would have meant defeat:

(1) A full iron to a well-trapped green 212 yards away. (2) A 12-foot putt across a fast, sloping green. (3) A high mashie niblick over a deep trap. (4) A full iron from the rough to a green 185 yards away. (5) A 4-foot approach putt over one of the most deceptive greens on the course. (6) A half iron to a pin placed within 10 feet of a deep trap where he was forced to take the chance, being 1 down and 1 to play.

The slightest quiver at any part here would have meant certain defeat. And yet, knowing this, fighting an uphill battle, the new title holder went the route through the stretch without the slightest sign of breaking. He was down all through the heartbreaking rally, but he hung on, waiting for the one slip that would give him his chance—and when it came his pluck and his skill had left him in position to dive headlong through the opening to victory.

The Great Four-Baller

THE Country Club at Detroit enjoyed another distinction apart from that of having conducted the most successful amateur golf championship ever held in America. To round out a complete winner, the keenness of Roy W. Chapin brought about our most interesting single-match study.

In this superclimax, which brought together Bob Gardner and Chick Evans, representing the West, against Jerry Travers and Francis Ouimet, upholding the East, American amateur golf was shown at its best. In this match it was again clearly proved that from the tee up to the green Chick Evans is beyond the field. Evans not only returned a 72 with the course at its hardest and its longest, four strokes beyond the next best man, but on shot after shot he was many feet closer to the pin on his second than the best of the other three. Even with a 72 he missed five putts at 6 feet or less, three of these being less than 4 feet away. Evans proved beyond a doubt that, while as good from the tee and as good as the best of the other three with the full iron, he was master of them all with the mashie or mashie niblick pitch up to the cup. This was shown not only in the results obtained, but in the better style, in the more perfect rhythm



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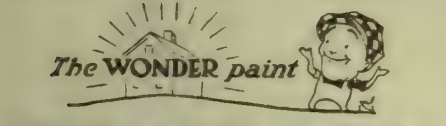
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A Future of Upsets

SO, judging by the results in both golf and tennis as displayed in the championship matches, we are now facing a future of upsets from year to year. This does not mean that no favorite will win again. But it means that each year one or two favorites will be dropped by some newcomer or by some youngster yet outside the championship border—and it also means the ultimate winner must have luck as well as skill and courage.

Just a few months ago there were only four names mentioned in any polite chitchat that took in golf and tennis. They were Travers and Ouimet, McLoughlin and Williams. Yet to-day two young Westerners, Johnston from California and Gardner from Illinois, overlooked in the buzz of summer conversation, sit alone in the high amateur places. Every year or two now will add new ex-champions to an already growing list, and the time is almost at hand when it will not be a matter of names, but of which man among a certain ten or twelve in either sport will be at the top of his game for the championship week.

As it stands the East, holding both championships, has lost both, which shows that the amazing development hasn't been located in one lone spot.

There are a million playing golf in this country, and there are a million or more playing tennis. And the average American who goes in for a game goes in head over heels, anxious to win and keen to get along. Also the average American makes a study of his specialty, and from these two vast fields of talent it requires no record prophecy to figure out a greatly increasing efficiency, even more so in a year or two than even Detroit and Forest Hills were able to show. And, according to the ruling barons of play—Travers, Ouimet, Evans, McLoughlin, and Williams—this increased efficiency over past years was quite enough for a starter. Quite enough with perhaps a bare inch or two to spare.

No golf leader knows now upon what day he will step out against some youngster—some Phil Carter or Max Marston or Jimmy Standish or Howard Lee—and find himself grappling with a 72 or a 73 or a 71—with a burden several strokes greater than he can carry. And, knowing this, the psychology that once favored the veterans has shifted in favor of the youngsters. Each youngster will now be out after a scalp, while each champion will be wondering whence the next rude blow will fall.

For the length of the road that leads to a championship height has been doubled in the last year or so, and it will get longer and harder and rockier.

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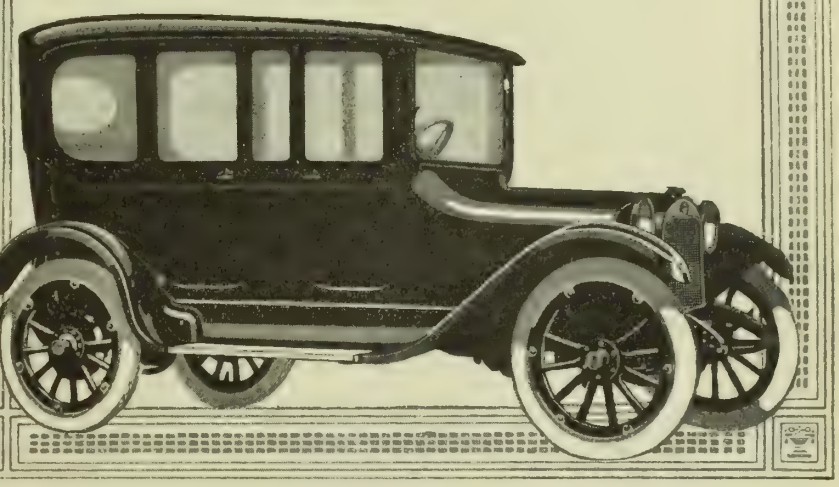
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THE BIG FELLOW

BY FRANK E. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

Captain Evans's "Big Fellow" won one of our Fiction Prizes some months ago. It is notable that all three of the judges — Miss Ida M. Tarbell, Mr. Roosevelt, and the editor — joined in voting for "The Big Fellow"

THE Big Fellow had learned to look upon a holiday as a thing to dread in his two years of prison life. Once one had followed on the laggard heels of a Sunday and he had seen his mates break under the cruel stress of inaction. In his tier of eight-foot cells a boy had dropped on his knees and prayed for death; a "lifer" had stretched his arms above his close-cropped head and blasphemed. In those days only the menace of armed guards and the black terrors of the "solitary" cells had held the Big Fellow and his pals in hollow square to watch the hangings in the prison yard. That was all before the Governor came, and baseball with him. This day of days the slimmest of white lines, marking the playing field, held them in patient order. This holiday was a thing to croon over for weeks in the steel cells.

The Big Fellow knew little else than baseball. Among the many things of which he was ignorant was the chance remark of the warden to the Governor a month before: "You've heard of 'Black Matty,' the negro pitcher down in the Federal prison at Atlanta, Governor?" the warden had asked.

The Governor had nodded assent: there was little about baseball that the Governor had not heard of.

"Well, the big chap you saw in the blacksmith shop to-day could outpitch him eight games out of ten. He's got everything. Since you've been letting the men play ball he's been standing them all on their heads. Who's leading the Tri-State League?"

"Harrisburg."

"Bring them up here and let the Big Fellow have a try at them. He'd pitch his arm off for you since you gave the men baseball. We're getting a bit tired hearing about 'Black Matty,' anyway."



"No more of this!" he blurted. "And no one outside knows!"

THE day had actually come, and the Big Fellow stood with blinking eyes fixed on the patch of turquoise overhead. The blue patch was bounded by forty-foot walls and the walls were gray with the dull drab of despair. An armed guard was patrolling along their top, and the silhouette of his shadow wavered slowly across the black and gray stripes and then on the upturned face. He blinked his eyes again and grinned amiably at the guard. His fingers rasped lovingly along the seams of a baseball and his nails fairly dug into the cover at the memory of a "prison wireless." Tap by tap, from tier to tier, from cell to cell, it had come to him and Red Clancy three months before. Many messages of the outside world had come in the same laborious way, but this one had fired in him a sudden, almost unbelievable, hope: "T-h-e n-e-w G-o-v-e-r-n-o-r i-n-s-p-e-c-t-s n-e-x-t w-e-e-k. H-e p-i-t-c-h-e-d f-o-r o-l-d P-o-p A-n-s-o-n-'-s C-h-i-c-a-g-o t-e-a-m."

He had even dared to broach his dream to his cell mate, and Red Clancy had looked at him pityingly and snapped: "Big Fellow, you're getting nutty. The new Guv' may have been on Pop Anson's team. That was back in the '90's. Now he's a darned politician. Baseball in this dump? We'll have fried chicken and ice cream twice a week when that happens."

Red was wrong as to the chicken and dessert, but baseball happened.

The long fingers that had mastered some of the toughest safes east of the Mississippi were fumbling at the strap of the catcher's mitt. In a minute it would be on and the cell mates warming up for the clash with the Tri-State leaders.

A gong clanged twice in the prison yard and a silence fell on the 1,200 men in stripes of black and gray massed behind the white lines of the foul boundaries. It was more than the trained quiet of regulars stiffening to the bugle call of "attention"! It was a silence born of the hush that broods at night in prison corridors. The Harrisburg men felt it and stood ill at ease, or fumbled unnecessarily at bat bags and belts. The Governor, stepping into the prison yard, felt its uncanny quality chill his giant body. He led the way for his party to an improvised stand, and the Big Fellow saw that he towered above every other man in the yard, save himself. The painful quiet held until the umpire stepped to the home plate and tossed the Governor a new ball. He caught it deftly and shot it back, hard and true, to the Big Fellow waiting in the pitcher's box. Where there had been silence came a riot: a riot of cheers from men who had not shouted in years, of laughter that had grown harsh from disuse. They had seen with their own eyes that the "wireless" had borne truth. When the storm of approval subsided they turned eagerly to watch the Big Fellow "shoot over" the regulation five balls before the first batter came up. He arched both arms easily above his shaven head, dropped them with a snap to his chest, and one striped arm swung away in a graceful half circle. There was a resounding whack in Red Clancy's big mitt. Each time the ball shot out faster. Each time the precision of his delivery approximated the lubricated motion of a steel piston. The last ball was but a streak of white in the sunlight, and Red Clancy yelled: "Now you've got steam up, Big Fellow; that last one would dent a safe. Show them what the 'home' team is good for."

FROM the start the home team was outfielded, but when its need was direct the cunning of the Big Fellow's arm was keenest. Batting rallies dwindled futilely before his reserve power, and the game went scoreless to the ninth inning. The first man up for the professionals was the heavy-hitting center fielder.

"We'll get him, Big Fellow," sang out Red; "he can't bust the fences in this park; burn it over!"

The Harrisburg man swung viciously at two tantalizing fadeaways and stood inert as the next ball shot over the plate with lightning speed.

"Now you're pitching, Big Fellow. They don't like that blacksmith arm. They can't hit 'em when they can't see 'em."

The next man rapped out a fluky hit. A pinch hitter stepped into the breach and the Big Fellow fielded his grounder to second for a double play.

Red Clancy was up for the "home" team. The prison barber had always failed to dim the flaming burgeon of his hair, cut as he might, and fight was written there and on his thin, eager face. He wrapped his long fingers vise-like about his bat, and patiently, silently, as though figuring out a safe combination, worked the harried pitcher for a pass.

Up on the stand the Governor cautioned the warden: "Look out for the 'hit-and-run'; the Big Fellow's up, and he's as natural a hitter as Lajoie himself."

"Sew up the game, Big Fellow; sew it up right now. Hit it out for the Governor!"

entreated Red Clancy, dancing off first with the abandon of a tango professor.

The amiable grin left the Big Fellow's face. It went white, beyond the pallor of the prison, his lip curled tightly upward from his gritted teeth, and from the corner of his mouth a thin stream of yellow trickled on his chin.

"Contraband tobacco. Wonder where he got it?" said the warden in an amused aside.

The Governor's right hand gripped the warden's knee. "The very trick," he muttered. "I've seen that but once before: the bared teeth and that grim snarl. If it wasn't for his white face, his shaved head, and those stripes, I'd give my bond that—yes, put him in a Cub uniform, and its 'Bugs'—"

At the instant that Red Clancy went down with the pitch the Big Fellow's bat met a swift inshoot with a wicked smash. The right fielder made a desperate try for the line-hit ball, knocked it down with his gloved hand, kicked it in his haste to pick it up, and relayed it to the infield. Red Clancy flashed over the plate a stride ahead of the ball and fell in a heap; every ounce of him "in." The Big Fellow pulled up at second and brazenly pulled a plug of tobacco out from his shirt, the grin back on his face.

THE Harrisburg team, chastened and mystified, was filing out of the big gate in civilian clothes when the Big Fellow passed in answer to a summons from the warden's office. The professionals looked at him curiously and the shortstop sang out: "Walter Johnson had nothing on you to-day, Big Fellow."

He waved his hand cheerily to the greeting; then the gates clanged shut and he stood, his shoulders stooped, staring.

"Come on, Big Fellow, shake a leg there," growled the guard.

In the warden's office sat the Governor, the warden, and the prison surgeon. The room was heavy with cigar smoke, and the Big Fellow sniffed hungrily at the bluish-gray rifts that eddied about his huge bulk. He stood before them mutely, a full measure of grace always in his repose. His arms, of abnormal length, hung easily at his sides, and the Governor saw that the tips of the fingers reached even to the knee. He saw also that his eyes were blue as the deepest of Irish lakes and unwavering in their glance as the flight of wild fowl.

The Governor spoke without preliminary.

"Redmond"—one hand went betrayingly to the Big Fellow's throat and his shoulders squared as though to receive a blow.

"Redmond"—this time more kindly—"do you know that the World Series will be fought out this fall between the Giants and the Athletics?"

The lips of the man standing before him moved, but no sound came from them.

"What do you think of the Athletics' chances?" The Big Fellow looked searchingly at the Governor and then stammered: "Outside of—of Bender and—Plank—they're too weak in the box."

He gulped painfully, but the Governor seemed not to notice it. "Exactly what I've been telling these gentlemen," the Governor assented. Two narrow lines had formed between his gray eyes and he flicked the ash slowly from his cigar.

"But John Coombs?"

"He's been sick too long; couldn't go the route." The Big Fellow had taken courage and the words rushed from him. "The rest of them are boys. They can't stand up to that attack of McGraw's; the Giants' bats would drive them to the showers in five innings at the most. If they had Walter Johnson or Nap Rucker, there would be nothing to it but the Athletics."

There was the finality of the man who knows in his verdict, and the Governor nodded gravely. Sinking back into his chair and looking at the Big Fellow through narrowed lids, he said slowly and deliberately: "Or 'Bugs' Redmond, the mainstay of the Cubs' machine three years ago?"

The shaven head dropped. It was neither sob nor moan that escaped him, but it was something between the two; the Governor was on his feet and one hand rested on the Big Fellow's shoulder.

"I haven't sent for you, Redmond, to play with you; I mean every word of it, man."

With the ease of habit his hand slipped down the rough, striped cloth, and the fingers closed on the throwing muscles of the shoulder. He smiled fondly, and the Big Fellow, raising his head, caught hope from the grasp. His right arm went slowly up to its great length and his fingers spread out as though he was taking a solemn pledge: "I'd be willing to come back here—yes, for life—if I could pitch in just one more World Series. I won it for the Cubs, you know."

"We know that."

Again the words rushed from him: "I've taken my medicine like a man, Governor. The warden knows that—yes, and the surgeon here. When you called me Redmond it was the first time I'd heard my name since I came in here two years ago. There isn't a man in the cells out there who knows, except Red Clancy. Why, if one of them knew it, and knew that I had brought disgrace to the game, and taunted me with it"—his eager speech slowed—"I'd—I'd have killed him."

They knew that he spoke the truth.

"I don't ask you, Governor, to believe that I was not guilty of trying to rob that bank. I was drunk, boiling drunk, and it's all a blank to me. Perhaps I did try to, but it would be the first crooked thing I ever did. But I've taken my medicine—yes, I've taken my medicine," he repeated doggedly.

"That will do, Redmond. The surgeon has something to say, and then I want to ask you just one question."

"Redmond," the surgeon took his cue, "you were struck with a piece of lead pipe by either the night watchman or the yeggman. The blow fell on an old injury, as shown by a scar."

"When I was a kid out in Milwaukee a bobsled hit me there." He raised his hand to a long scar above one ear.

"I see," said the surgeon, "and the second blow corrected a pressure on your brain that the first had left. An interesting case—very; as good an illustration of dual personality as I have met."

"What were you doing in Pittsburgh that night?" asked the Governor.

"It seems as though I heard a groan in a side street and I went back to see. I woke up in the hospital, and then—then I came here. Oh, I was no saint, Governor, and I was too drunk to know what happened. But that's a long ways from being a crook. All I had then was a pitching arm. I never had any sense, or why would they have called me 'Bugs'? I'd like to have another chance. I wouldn't even train then—wouldn't do anything that a man should, but just pitch when they put me in the box."



"Sew up the game, Big Fellow! Sew it up right now!"

"And make faces at Chief Meyers and Hans Wagner when you struck them out," chuckled the Governor.

"The State," the Governor went on, weighing his words as a judge would weigh his opinion, "has done you a wrong, unwittingly. The State will make such reparation as it can. I am satisfied that you went to the assistance of a man groaning, probably the night watchman, who was also badly hurt, and that the cracksmen found it advisable to handle you in the same manner. If your identity had been cleared up at the time, you might have escaped sentence, but the warden tells me that your refusal to tell your name only confirmed the police's suspicion. Now listen to me, Redmond. You walk out of here to-night. No man on the outside knows that you have been here. From what the warden tells me, and what the surgeon has just told us, I am satisfied that you have been a changed man since the lead-pipe blow corrected what the bobsled had done. You were a fine pitcher then. You ought to be a great one now. What have you been doing to keep in condition?"

"Swinging a blacksmith sledge. It's fine for the arm, sir."

"One last word." The Governor spoke with quick decision. "Connie Mack and his Athletics need you. The Giants—well, you've faced them before, and in those days there was no love lost between Giants and Cubs."

The Big Fellow's great hands opened and shut, opened and shut while the Governor talked. It was as though the flexing of his fingers was telegraphing to his brain, laboriously, patiently, like the tappings of the "prison wireless," the import of it all.

"God!" he blurted, "no more of this. No more nights in that cell with my face toward the wall, taking my medicine. I'll go with the Athletics, Governor. I'll give them the best I've got and a little more for you, Governor." There was a rare smile on his face. "And they don't know it outside. They don't know it outside."

They knew that the Big Fellow was absolving himself of the last timorous doubt, and, menlike, puffed with redoubled industry at their cigars.



Instinctively Redmond shot out his bare right hand

WONDERFUL days followed the signing of Connie Mack's contract—days crowded with sunshine and life on the diamond, nights of easy sleep. Redmond's unexpected return to the game in which he had been a unique figure gave the baseball writers rare material for speculation. Stories of his endless eccentricities, amusing escapades, and his uncanny skill when "going right," found their way back to print. They recalled his summary release in the spring following his greatest season and sketched his fall, swift as a falling plummet, from organized baseball. They smugly predicted that he would find the iron discipline of the House of Mack too galling (*Continued on page* 28)

THE PLATTSBURG IDEA

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

IF THE training camp at Plattsburg had forever gone out of existence, to read about it now would be superfluous. No one should have time to read post-mortems. Nor to write them. But the Plattsburg camp is still in being, and next summer it will repeat itself. Before that time in many cities and at different army posts it will be imitated. At least that is the earnest hope of both those who promoted and of those who attended the training camp, and who want to see this country "prepared," not to invite war, but to maintain peace.

This article is frank "propaganda." The writer believes in the values of the training camp, and he would like to persuade as many men as possible to enter it. To that end this article will try to describe the out-of-door school as the recruit will find it. It will try to make clear the spirit of the camp, its discipline, its efficiency, its method of instruction that eliminates the nonimportant and emphasizes the essential.

The credit of the training-camp movement belongs as surely to General Leonard Wood as the credit for the boy-scout movement belongs to Baden Powell. General Wood began what then was an experiment two years ago at Gettysburg with a camp for college students. The success of this was instantaneous, and in preparing for the next camp, held this summer at Plattsburg, General Wood had the support of Secretary of War Garrison and of many college presidents, notably of Henry S. Drinker of Lehigh.

For the army officers who were to direct what was called the Business Man's Camp these two student camps served as full-dress rehearsals. From them they found out what to insist upon, to hammer at, and, until the lesson was learned, to repeat and repeat. And they saw what could best be passed over quickly or cut out. The fact that the military post at Plattsburg is a camp of instruction for the regular army explains why for the amateurs it was ideally arranged. They merely succeeded to the plant, good will, and fixtures of the regulars. They inherited their rifle range, parade ground, their horses, trained for the maneuvers of cavalry or the guns, their cobblers' shops, and canteen. It was as though the Montclair Amateur Dramatic Club were privileged to rehearse on the stage of the Empire Theatre.

For an army post the Government reservation at Plattsburg is admirably adapted. It is thickly wooded, it has a grass-grown parade ground a mile long, and for the same distance its barracks, officers' quarters, and hospitals stretch along the beautiful bank of Lake Champlain. The camp of the amateurs was added to the reservation. It stood on a sloping hill, a half mile in length and some three hundred yards broad. On one side of it ran the State road out of Plattsburg to Albany, and on the other the lake, with many pretty islands, jutting points of pine and rock, and across the water the hills of Vermont. On this sloping ground was a village of khaki-colored tents inhabited by 1,400 raw recruits, their instructors, some forty officers of the regular army, and 200 camp followers; soldier cooks, soldier waiters, soldier cobblers, tailors, photographers, barbers, canteen attendants, and a splendid staff of workers, under Frank F. Smith, from the Plattsburg Y. M. C. A. Captain Halstead Dorey, Fourth Infantry, was camp commander; Captain Gordon Johnston, Eleventh Cavalry, was adjutant. The remainder of the forty officers were experts picked from every branch of the army: infantry, cavalry, the engineers, artillery, the machine guns, the signal and medical corps. The cavalry from Fort Ethan Allen, commanded by Captain Lincoln C. Andrews and consisting of six troops, were camped in a wood to the north of the training school. There were also officers of higher rank, some of whom had seen service in the Indian wars. Later during the maneuvers these acted as umpires, and with a sweep of the arm killed off entire battalions.



Many of the recruits knew nothing about a rifle save the fact that it shoots

Those Tired Business Men

THE official title of the provisional regiment was the "Military Training Camp for Business and Professional Men, 1915." But the officers called the 1,400 who composed it the "T. B. M.'s," meaning the tired business men. By the enlisted men, who were serving four years instead of one month, they were nicknamed "tourists." For the sake of brevity we will call them recruits.

Than the camp of instruction no school that ever existed was more democratic. When he entered it each recruit left his worldly goods, his "pull," his record of past performances at home. His few possessions were identical with those of every other recruit, his clothes were the same, and for his tutelage each paid the same sum—thirty dollars. No matter how big a boss he might be outside, no matter how gigantic his bank account, he came into camp stripped as bare as a novice entering a monastery. At Sing Sing an inmate can buy himself a necktie and a watch fob; the recruit could not. Nor could his money buy him any better "instruction," or obtain for him any different treatment from what every other man received for his dollar a day. There were no "extra" courses, and the officers played no favorites. To them, except that one recruit was taller than another, they all looked alike. They took nothing for granted. They were all from Missouri and they had to be shown. Because a man was the best steeplechase rider in America it did not follow that he knew even how to "prepare to mount." Because in the past a man had represented 90,000,000 people, or governed a province, a State, or city, or was a colonel of a militia regiment, the officers did not take it for granted that he could drill eight men. And, as it turned out, he could not. It was the apotheosis of the equality of man, and no one tried to dodge that condition. Those who later were raised to the rank of sergeant or lieutenant obtained promotion because they deserved it. And those who to the end remained privates were content, even the private who took orders from some of the 13,000 New York policemen over whom in less strenuous days he exercises supreme command.

The recruit was required to present himself for enrollment bearing the following articles:

Two pairs marching shoes, medium weight socks, one pair light shoes or sneakers, summer underwear, two pairs of olive-drab breeches (cotton), one pair leggings (regular pattern), two olive-drab shirts, one army blouse (cotton), one campaign hat and hat cord, toilet articles.

He paid for these himself, and the total cost was about twelve dollars.

Anyone who tried to bring with him any articles in addition to this list, except the clothes in which he was to return home, was foolish. In his tent, where every inch of space counted, they were only a burden, and on the march each extra ounce weighed a ton. Indeed, the best way to determine what are the real necessities of life is to carry them on your



The officers called the 1,400 training-camp recruits the "T. B. M.'s," meaning Tired Business Men. But the enlisted men nicknamed them "Tourists"

back. After one day's march, the number of necessary articles you will find you not only can do without, but that you never want to see again, is astonishing.

When the recruit arrived in camp he went first to the tent of the treasurer and paid in his thirty dollars. He then carried his receipt to the tent of the camp adjutant, and Captain Johnston enrolled him, assigned him to a company, and gave him a ticket and a number. For his ordnance stores he next went to the quartermaster's tent, where were issued to him a rifle and bayonet, a mess kit, consisting of an aluminum frying pan, with a cover and a folding handle, a water bottle that fitted into a cup, also with a folding handle, and in which could be cooked soup or coffee, and a hellish invention for carrying all of these things and others. This was a web pack that buckled around the waist and over the shoulders, and that clung to him like a devilfish or a poor relation. At another tent he was given three brown blankets, a comfortable brown sweater, half of a brown canvas "pup" tent, a tent pole jointed like a fishing rod and no longer than a walking stick, five aluminum tent pegs, a raincoat of the "poncho" style of architecture which exuded the odor of stale mucilage. Whether or not it kept off the rain I cannot testify, as I preferred risking a mere cold to dying from breathing asphyxiating gases. All of these articles were Government property, and if he lost any of them the recruit paid for it according to the price fixed by the War Department. The recruits found that the cheapest thing to lose was the spoon at eight cents, or a tent pin at three. Personally, I think losing the pack would have been cheap at any price. On the march there were moments when if I could have lost it I would have promised to pay the national debt. With all of these things in his arms the recruit reported to the officer commanding the company to which he had been assigned, and was placed in one of the two rows of tents that lined his company "street." In this tent were five other men. Each was supplied with a canvas cot, a mattress, and a pillow. Here the recruit stored his possessions, got into uniform, and, according to his height, was assigned to a squad. There are eight men in a squad, and from the moment the recruit joined it he ceased to be an individual, and became merely and solely one-eighth of a squad. When the squad marched, he marched; when the squad halted, he halted; when it dug sinks, carried water, picked cigarette stumps from the company street, fixed bayonets, or deployed as skirmishers, he played one-eighth of a part in those maneuvers. In a double quartette there is a tenor and a bass. In a squad everybody sings the air, and if he does not sing it exactly as the other seven are singing it, his corporal, who leads the squad, jumps on him. Squads grow into platoons, platoons into companies, companies into battalions, and battalions into the regiment. But the squad is the unit. And the recruit learns that for his one month of instruction, if he is to benefit by it, he must forget he is an individual and remember only to act, think, and obey as one of eight other men.



The rookies inherited the regulars' parade ground, horses, cobblers' shops, canteen—and rifle range

Get-Wise-Quick Soldiering

THE "course" at Plattsburg was divided into two parts. The first part was a period of instruction during which, while the recruits might by day be marched four or five miles from the camp, they were always returned to it by night. The second period was spent on the march, fighting battles in which we were supposed to put into practice what we were supposed to have learned. Each night we moved into a new camp.

As instructors each company had a regular army officer for its captain and first lieutenant, and men who had served in the militia as volunteers, or at a military school as second lieutenants, sergeants, and corporals. In the morning the course of instruction was to drill the recruits as infantry, and was the same for everyone; in the afternoon the recruit could specialize. The choice offered him was cavalry, artillery, map making, signaling, machine guns. At night we attended lectures by experts. The night the camp broke up General Wood told us they had tried to teach us in thirty days what they have laid down to teach the enlisted man of the regular army in four months and a half. So no one, either instructor or recruit, could afford to waste time. And though we may not have learned what they tried to teach us, it was not because either instructors or pupils drew an idle breath. We rose at 4.45 and were drilled at one thing or another until dinner at noon. At 1.15 we fell in for our elected study and were drilled at that until 4.30. We then cleaned up and paraded in blouse and belt at retreat. That gave us three-quarters of an hour of freedom, which most of the recruits spent in soaping themselves in Lake Champlain. At six we had supper. After supper we fell in and attended the lecture. After that those who were in the cavalry attended a second lecture at the cavalry camp. Those who were not "taking" the cavalry course drilled themselves in the lessons of the day. It was not at all unusual, but the rule, to see men who had been at work for twelve hours, and at hard labor, parading around by moonlight in squad formation perfecting themselves in the manual. It was like cramming for an examination. They told us once how they wanted a thing done, and it was for us to steal time to rehearse it. There was no time to "review" our lessons. There always was a new lesson. And while that one was being hammered into you, you could not turn back to make yourself letter perfect in the one before. Everything they taught us was leading up to and dependent upon something else. If in his wisdom the recruit thought what was being taught unimportant, the next day he found out his mistake. Nothing was taught us we did not need to know and nothing we should know was neglected. It was a "tabloid" course. It was a "get-wise-quick" course. It was like trying in three weeks to train eleven men who never had handled a football to defeat Yale. But for its purpose it was a course that was perfect. And as proof of the splendid efficiency of our army officers there is no better illustration. For the recruits it may be said that they also were intelligent, and what most of all helped them and their instructors was that they *wanted* to learn. Had they not wanted to learn they would not have been at Plattsburg. While the work was hard, it was extremely interesting, and, as there was no time to teach the same thing twice, it varied. In the first week we were instructed in the use of the rifle and drilled in the manual of arms. We were taught to march in step, to keep in line, to "guide left" and "guide right," to "oblique," to advance at the double, and, very infrequently, to "rest." We were shown how to strap the pack so that it would not fall apart or hit us in the back of the head, how to put up and take down the dog tent, how to clean a bayonet with ashes and swab out a gun barrel, how to twist the gun sling around the left arm in such a way as to entirely stop the circulation of the blood, balance on one knee and one toe, cease breathing, and, under those natural conditions, hit a bull's-eye at 300 yards. When we had learned this we were marched to the parade ground, and, before a cruel "gallery" of regulars and the open scorn of "Jimmie" Regan and the children of the other officers, were deployed as skirmishers. At this for hours we were driven in short rushes of fifty yards over a mile of parade ground. On our shoulders we carried the (censored word) packs, weighing thirty-five pounds, and in our hands the rifle, weighing ten. At the end of each rush we were instructed to throw ourselves violently at the ground like a runner stealing second. As you did this the rifle butt unfailingly hit you in the ribs and the pack kicked you. There was a macadam drive winding through the parade ground and so arranged that each rush ended just in the center of it. So that to the indignity of being bayoneted by your rear rank man and sandbagged by your pack, you were in constant danger of being run over by sight-seeing touring cars. The occupants of these were greatly interested in us. The sight of the tired business men hurling themselves head first at a macadam road greatly fascinated them, and they would run into us in order to ask *which* business men we were. Personally, I was always John Wanamaker, but my bunkie, "Jimmie" Lowell, being younger, was alternately Vincent Astor and Reggie Vanderbilt. In either rôle the people in the linen dusters were delighted to meet him.

After the preliminary work on the parade ground, which was to teach squad and platoon control, each company was marched outside the city and shown how to divide itself into supports, cossack posts, com-



Inoculating a recruit from Baltimore against typhoid



Left to right, Mr. Davis, Sergeant C. E. Warren, and H. W. Handy

bat patrols, advance and rear guards. The sergeants were sent out to represent the enemy and to conceal themselves, and the rest of the company, in squads, searched for them, keeping in touch with each other and the base, and learning to scout, to take cover, and to send messengers back with what information they had collected. The men liked and entered into this game with enthusiasm, even, for better concealment, covering themselves with leaves and branches. They were so successful at this that one morning when Captain James Regan, who was acting the part of the enemy, blew his whistle to recall his men, they rose from the grass on every side of him. Unseen they had crept up until they were not a hundred yards distant. To some of the recruits the use of the rushes over the golf links and the "play-acting" games among the pines and blueberries was not apparent. But later, near the Canadian border, while chasing a real army of our regulars, they very quickly found out the value of what they had learned at Plattsburg, and saw their officers, by putting it into practice, save the "ammunition train" and drive the "enemy" across the border.

The man who chose advanced cavalry for his elective course was accused, because the horse carried him, of enjoying occasional moments of complete rest. This injustice is easily explained. When a man has chosen map making because it sounds easy and, too late, learns that it includes digging trenches, and while so engaged sees another man riding by on a horse, he is not responsible for his thoughts or language. As a matter of fact, the cavalry course, though strenuous, was the most attractive. It gave us an opportunity to rest our blistered feet, our aching muscles, and to paint those few parts of our anatomy that the rifle and the pack had missed a deep purple. It also led us over soft turf instead of macadam roads, through pretty villages, and by the side of cool streams and the beautiful waters of Lake Champlain. That the recruits learned the cavalry drill much more quickly than the infantry drill was entirely due to the horse. The spoken commands of the infantry confuse a man, especially as each spoken command is "hup-ho-hup," but the signals never confused the horse. When Captain King or Lieutenant Duval three times swung his arm fully extended from front to rear in a vertical plane, terminating at the horizontal with hand pointing to the front, we might be excused if we did not know what the devil he meant. But the horse knew. All the horse asked of us was to keep in the saddle.

"If you only will sit still," my horse used to beg of me, "and leave the curb alone, I will carry you through these evolutions with credit. But if while at the gallop you try to decide whether the captain means right front into line or right forward fours right, I will throw you into a barb-wire fence." So I left it to the horse. With renewed acknowledgments to the horse, the recruits made a creditable showing. The past performances of some of the recruits might explain this. In my own squad, for example, were two fox-hunting squires from Maryland, a master of hounds, a gentleman jockey from Boston, and two steeplechase riders who divide between them about all the cups this country offers. One of the best days at Plattsburg was when, as cavalry, we rode seven miles beyond the city and camped for the night on the banks of the lake. There we were shown how to picket the horses, to unsaddle, water, feed, and groom them, to pitch our dog tents, and to cook our own suppers in our mess kits. For that night the rations consisted of two slices of bacon, a potato, an onion, two pieces of bread, and coffee and sugar mixed. The camp was on the side of a hill that sloped gently to the lake. Back of us was a forest of magnificent pines and overhead a harvest moon. When the work was done, and each man began to cook, and the hundreds of tiny fires burned red in the moonlight and were reflected in the lake, the picture was one of great beauty. Nor did the odors of frying bacon and steaming coffee in any degree spoil it.

In the regular army it is no longer the practice, as it was in Spanish-American War days, for each man to cook his own rations. Nowadays there are cooks for each company, and they prepare the food for everyone in it. At Plattsburg the recruits sat under a huge mess tent, at pine tables, and out of iron plates and cups ate very wholesome, clean, and well-cooked dishes. As we waited on ourselves the only objection to the dishes was that we spent less time in eating than in "passing" them to the next man. To hold the fork daintily in the right hand while with the left you balance a pitcher of coffee, a pan of beans, and a plate of pork chops fits a man less for the life of the soldier than for that of a tramp juggler in vaudeville.

On the march we abandoned the tables and iron dishes and sat on the grass and ate from the mess kits. The cooks stood in a row over huge caldrons, and the recruits approached in a line. Each recruit held his coffee cup in his left hand, his meat tin in his right, and wore his fork, spoon, and knife in his gaiters. The cooks were very stern with us. Any starving business man who begged for "more" than his share was picturesquely rebuked. But what he received was bountiful, and he received all of it at one time, the beans, prunes, apple butter, and dill pickles floating on a sea of Irish stew. If, after all were served, there still was enough of any dish to supply a second helping, our chief cook, in the official white cap of a chef and an undershirt, would announce the good news by shouting: "Seconds on beans and seconds on stew!" As the glad tidings rang out it was interesting to watch the editor of "Vanity Fair," the Collector of the Port of New York, and the diplomat who (*Continued on page* 31)

TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE

BY WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CONVERS WYETH

HIS mother named him John Calhoun Fanning, and thought he was going to grow up to be a statesman. Instead he became a brakeman on the Wheeling and Lake Erie, where the railroaders renamed him Tub. There was no denying it—he *was* fat, and the butt of all the practical jokers in the oil fields and along the line, but too good-natured and easy-going to resent the jokes, even when the last one cost him his job. One night, raining like blazes, Fanning was sent back to protect the rear of a string of empty "tankers" held by a spread rail. He had to go around a bend, and when the crew had the track repaired they went on without giving the brakeman the whistle, and left him there. It was only a mile or so to the yards where they'd lie up, and they thought he'd walk in, of course. Instead he waited about an hour, half frozen to death and wet to his insides, then he investigated, found what they'd done, and flagged a passenger. Fanning didn't know what it was—couldn't remember that any train was due behind them at this time of the night—but he didn't care either. Well, it was a special, taking four or five officials down to a junction in a hurry to catch a Washington flyer for some Congressional junket or other, and among them the super of that division, Charley Shirley. Shirley came out tearing his hair, and when he saw poor Tub Fanning he didn't wait to hear any excuses—just fired him on the spot, took his lantern and cap badge, and gave the conductor the high sign, leaving the poor freight brakeman standing there in the rain.

When Tub finally got into the town he went to the saloon where the crew usually finished off a run and found them there. Of course they were sorry for what they'd done then, and they offered to square Tub, but he wouldn't hear of it. "If it was anybody but Charley Shirley," he said, "I'd try to get back on. But he'd ought to have treated me better'n this—he and I was raised in the same town, and I used to pull the other fellows off him when he was in a fight, as he was most of the time. No, if Charley Shirley doesn't want me on this road, I don't want to be on it."

He wasn't mad, mind you—just sort of grieved. And he wouldn't listen to any argument about it.

"What you going to do, Tub?" somebody asked.

"Going to travel around a little and learn geography from the top of a freight string, then I'm going to get rich."

They laughed. "Just like that, eh?" they said.

"Yeh, just like that. I want enough so I can have a family of kids. And when I have a family of kids you can bet your last dollar those kids are going to have a good time. I got it all figured out."

"What you going to go in for, Tub?" the conductor wanted to know.

"Oh, a private car, and learning myself to talk private-car English, instead of this box-car variety I handle now, and so on."

The conductor shook his head. "No, I mean, how you going to get rich?"

Tub said: "Oil."

Then they laughed some more. Oil in Pennsylvania in those days was pretty much in the clutches of big companies, that were getting bigger every day, and there were mighty slim pickings for the little fellow. But Tub Fanning would have it that way. So they wished him luck, and that was the last they saw of him.

Fat and easy-going as he was, Fanning had a streak of persistency in him that made up for whatever he might have lacked in brains, and after he'd braked around the country, and taken out freights awhile, and even got as far as a passenger run or two, he had fifteen hundred dollars accumulated, a nice, jolly, loving little wife, one boy, and his original determination that had been kept in a good state of repair and that was oiled up and coaled and ready for orders at an hour's notice. Then he heard of the oil boom in California, and ten days later was in Los Angeles. With what he'd learned in Pennsylvania and from reading and talking to oil men, Fanning was prepared to fly to it, and he didn't waste any time.

The new place was oil crazy, and Fanning blundered around for four years and got in the way of several good things, and they rolled over him and left him with money in every pocket. About that time a prospect hole was "brought in" up in the Bakersfield country, and Fanning threw two shirts, a collar, a comb and brush, and his bank book at a valise, kissed his wife and the three babies, and caught the next train. And the first man he ran into in Bakersfield was Charley Shirley.

Fanning couldn't bear a grudge much longer than he could listen to grand opera or keep a good meal waiting. "Well, God bless my soul, if it isn't the super!" he cried, stopping square in front of the man who had fired him, and getting that gentleman's right hand into his own big warm paw.

Shirley was seedy and red-eyed and hollow-cheeked, and he looked as though he had forgotten which end of a barber's chair to put his feet on, but he hadn't lost his railroad official manner. "You've got the best of me, my friend," he said rather coldly.

FANNING laughed and kept up the Swedish movement on Shirley's right arm. "You don't mean you've forgot me? Say, that's rich!" He laughed some more, then he put the hand back for Shirley to nurse, and explained. And it was characteristic of him that he jumped clear over his old railroad days on the Wheeling and Lake Erie and went back to his youth, when he and Shirley had gone to school together in some little New York State bush town. "I'm John Calhoun Fanning—Fatty, they used to call me, or Tub. Now you remember."

Shirley took in Fanning's clothes, which were good, substantial, hand-me-downs without any Irish point lace or French knots on them, and he gave Fanning a smile that would scarcely have tipped the scales at all, and said: "Oh, so you're Fat Fanning? How are you? Glad I met you. May see you again some time."

But you couldn't shunt Fanning on to a sidetrack that way. He wheeled Shirley around by the arm, picked up his valise, and led the way. They went into the Southern Bar and before Shirley knew it he was telling Fanning his troubles. Seemed he'd gotten caught in a pinch in a reorganization of the railroad and let out. He'd drifted around from one big railroad office to another, but worry and probably hurt pride and so on had given him some pretty hard raps, and he'd fallen sick.

"Came out here to die, Fanning," he said wearily.

"Oh, shucks!" Fanning said heartily. "Die! Why, man, dying is the last thing we think of doing out here in southern California. You can't die here—isn't fashionable. Take deep breaths and sleep outdoors and in a year you'll be so young you'll be calling your own kids daddy. Have another and then we'll go over and grab a piece of food and I'll tell you what I'm up here for."

THE long and short of it was that in three weeks under Fanning's wing Shirley had bought and sold a couple of oil-land options, had a new suit of clothes, had redeemed his watch and a diamond stick pin, and was squinting his eyes around for a chance to make a killing. Now Charley Shirley's idea of a killing was one he'd accumulated in railroad offices, where he'd had some opportunity to see it done in a handsome, wholesale, land-office style, so that his immediate vicinity was an awfully dangerous place to be safe in, especially for a great, big-hearted, honest-minded blunderer like John C. Fanning. But there was no one there to warn Fanning, the first rule in booms of all kinds being: "Look out for Number One, and stand from under if you see anything falling on Number Two," and Fanning went ponderously along and signed documents without reading them. And there you are.

At the end of six months Fanning spent a bad day and night in the office of a Los Angeles lawyer and along about three or four o'clock in the morning he sat back and rubbed his eyes and fumbled with his watch chain.

"Cleaned me out, then, did they?" he asked.

"Looks that way, Mr. Fanning. I'm sorry."

Fanning stared at the ceiling a minute, and his



Tub Fanning traveled around a little and learned geography from the top of a freight string. In Pennsylvania there were but slim oil pickings for little fellows

mouth sagged and worked a little. When he spoke he had to clear his throat and make one or two false starts, but he got away finally with nothing more than a grieved tone and no particular note of complaint.

"Well," he said slowly, "it puts me back quite a ways, but I've learned something. I'm thinking about the kids mainly. I've had a sort of queer plan for them in the back of my head all these years—mind listening a minute? . . . Thanks. It'll get it off my mind better if I can talk a while.

"I came of poor folks and didn't have things to do with. Had to quit school when I was about into compound fractions and McGuffy's Fifth Reader, and went to work. Since then I've been studying figures checking up freight-car numbers, learning reading from rule books and a few Government reports, and studied geography from the tower of a caboose—just except the last four or five years, when I've been too busy trying to get a pile together for Charley Shirley and his crowd to separate away from me. But I'm going back at it so I can give those three kids of mine a proper education and some fun while they're kids. If they study reading, it'll be in regular books with bindings on 'em, and if they want to study geography, I'd like to fix it so they could study it from the observation platform of a private car. That's my ambition, and there's only two things I own that nobody can take away from me—a hundred and fifty pounds excess baggage on my bones, and that ambition."

The lawyer nodded agreeably. "I don't think of any reason why you can't connect, Mr. Fanning. You certainly know this oil game."

"You're right, Beardsley. I know all there is to it except hanging on to my share, and I think I'll savvy that better now." Quite suddenly he showed his first flash of resentment. "Doggone it all: I can't get over Charley Shirley doing it to me. He went to school where I did, back in New York State. He was always in rows, and I used to wade in and spatter a few of the gang that was on him, just to be going, I guess. But he don't seem to remember. I guess helping a boy out of a fix don't give you any claim to expect him to take care of you when he grows up and gets you into a corner with your hands up and your pocketbook sticking out, but Charley Shirley— Well, much obliged for listening. I'm going after 'em once more."

The lawyer rose and locked his desk. "Look out that you aren't caught again, Fanning," he said, with a friendly laugh. "Don't want to get it twice in the same place."

Fanning stopped in the act of pulling on his big worn overcoat. "Twice in the same place," he repeated, thoughtfully. "Say, that's an idea, too. No, you're right. Good night and much obliged."

So they parted and the lawyer slept all the next morning to make up for his overtime. But John Calhoun Fanning was up at six and off for the oil fields at seven.

"We're going to keep our shoulders up, mother," he said to the little woman at the door, with the three children at her skirts and a brave smile on her lips.

"Well, I should say we are," she answered cheerily. "Go on now—that's kissing enough for an old married couple. Scoot or you'll miss your train."

He didn't miss the train. "By Jupiter Johnson!" he said to himself, as it began to roll out from the station, "it's no time now for me to be missing anything. Twice in the same place, eh? Well, I wonder!"

ROUGHLY speaking, there are four ways to make money in a new oil field, not counting earning it. One is to lease ground, hire a contractor, and drill for oil. In a rich territory the odds are about four to one that you'll lose, but the profits are generous if you win. The second way is to lease ground, organize a company, sell stock to the public, and drill. This method lessens the profits and the risks, too. The third system is to organize a company and sell stock to the public. This is a sure shot, as oil is the last thing you have to worry about, but it has its disadvantages, as several men in California and Oklahoma penitentiaries will tell you if you write and ask them. The fourth program is to buy options on land where there is a prospect that oil may be found, and sell the options to those who think they'd like to take a whirl at one of the first three methods. This way is as exciting as a horse race, doesn't require much capital, keeps you awake nights figuring, and ends you in the poorhouse with the rest of the straight-out professional gamblers of earth unless you happen to be calm, good-natured, likable, trustworthy, and willing to take long chances cheerfully.

This information is furnished free with this story, so don't mention it!

Now John Calhoun Fanning had tried the second method above outlined and would have "cleaned up," as they say vulgarly in the oil fields, if he had remembered to read all documents before signing. The Portola Oil Company had gone with a bang from the start, its first two wells had been brought in at shallow depths, and were paying handsomely, with more holes going down and everything hunky-dory. President Charles B. Shirley owned most of the stock—his own and John Fanning's, y'understand—and he was secretly maneuvering to gather in some more.

But now J. C. made up his mind to become a broker in options. In his year in the new field he had made a wide circle of acquaintances and many friends. He had a smiling mouth, a twinkling eye, a direct manner of speech, and a hopelessly old-fashioned idea of business morality. He always told the other fellow exactly how risky all oil speculation is, answered with painstaking exactness when asked what indications there were that oil would be found under the option he was offering or the land he was selling, and occasionally went back the next day to add a statement or so because he had gone away with an uneasy feeling that his client had misunderstood something that had been said. Honesty of that variety may be the best policy or it may be an inborn prejudice. Fanning was certainly the most prejudiced—in that direction—of any oil-land broker in the Bakersfield territory.

This forthrightness and plain-spokenness of John C. Fanning proved a great asset to him, because it gave him standing where slicker men and shrewder men and more up-to-the-latest-wrinkle men fell down. It gave him the friendship and confidence of the landowners themselves, who, at the end of a year in the new field, were pretty generally masters of the situation, sitting on their own front porches and turning down their thumbs at offers that two years before would have sent them to bed with apoplexy. These landowners who had been wise enough to refuse offers from lessors until the field was fairly well developed took a risk, of course, because the field might go sweeping away from their particular half section or section, and leave them high and dry, as, in some cases, it did. But the West Side field was a wide and long one, and at the end of this first year there were large numbers of owners who were in a position to dictate terms and who were in the mood to dictate 'em sky-high.

As before remarked, John Fanning was the sort of individual who could deal with these people, and he proceeded to do it. He talked reasonably with them, undertook to treat them squarely, made them promises that they thought he would keep, and that he did keep scrupulously, and either got them the prices they asked or convinced them that the prices were too high. He dealt on narrow margins of profit for himself at first, but as the owners came more and more to trust him and confide their interests to his care, he gained a position where he could make the buyer pay more for his services, and in a few months the big companies woke up to discover that when they wanted a lease they had to go down on their knees and ask John Calhoun Fanning for it. And the knees stuff didn't get them anywhere unless they had capital in their kick either, you may be assured of that.

One evening, driving into Bakersfield in the ancient two-cylinder tug which he had acquired, Fanning sighted a railroad crossing ahead and a freight approaching in the middle distance. The motorist calculated with his eye and decided to wait, which he could do safely, his automobile having a varied aggregation of moods, and being not entirely dependable at crucial moments. About ten minutes later the freight began to crawl by, and Fanning, ex-brakeman and in reminiscent spirit, contemplated the dragging trail of heavily loaded black-smudged oil tankers with friendly gaze. Car after car went clackety-clacking over the rail joints on the crossing, then came a second engine, sandwiched between, then more tank cars.

FANNING waved cheerily at a trainman lounging on the platform of one of the cars and swinging his feet, and at that identical moment the broker got a tail hold on an inspiration. It staggered him. He leaned back in his machine, opened his mouth, laughed aloud, and kicked the dashboard. The caboose, whipsawing along after the third and final engine, spun a cloud of dust over him, and he waved his big paw at it again and smote his leg.

"Do it! Well, Jupiter Joshua Johnson, I should say yes!"

Forgetting the thirty miles of rutty road between his erratic auto and the Southern Hotel, and totally oblivious to the warning rays of the sun that shot aslant the dust clouds and blazed full on him under the weather-beaten top, John Calhoun Fanning sa

enthralled by inspiration. Time, space, weak inner tubes, supper, and the much-coveted option reposing in his hip pocket—all these were naught to him. Genius burned within, and the fact that he had only two gallons of gas in his tank troubled him no whit. So has it always been when the creative molecule, dormant somewhere in every human being, stirs suddenly to life, lifting the soul to a place among supermen and thrilling the heart with—

Hang it all! just at that point the rear tire blew out, or that sentence might have been finished. Just as well, though, because the figure was getting a little metagarbolized, and John Fanning might have sat there all night and caught pneumonia and died without getting on with the idea. Fanning climbed down instead, rendered first aid to the punctured, and went on to Bakersfield, smiling to himself.

That same night, no later, he dropped in on Ben Tingley, rancher, whose holdings had been square in the path of the oil development, most of whose leases Fanning had handled, and who was rolling in new-found wealth as a result, and Tingley welcomed him with pleasure and gave him the best chair.

"Ben," quoth Fanning of the great idea, "why hasn't somebody thought of an oil pipe line from the field to the coast?"

Tingley stared. "Joking?" he asked.

"No. It would beat the freight haul a lot."

"Oh, yes. I suppose so. Probably." The rancher lighted his pipe, a puff between each remark. "Don't feel weak in the head or feverish or anything, do you, Fanning?" he asked.

Fanning laughed. "Not hardly. I know it sounds that way. First man that ever heard of soap probably thought it wouldn't sell real good. But it did. Let me tell you about this pipe line. By way of the Tejon it's probably a hundred and twenty-five miles to Los Angeles—say twenty-five more to the water at San Pedro. We'd have to run two pipes, and have pumping stations to keep the stuff warm and moving."

"We?" Tingley interrupted.

"Well, the company. Suppose the whole thing cost four millions, which it wouldn't. We could buy oil here for thirty-five a barrel and sell it on board a ship or to a refinery at seventy-five or eighty. Cost about twenty cents to move it. Handle two hundred thousand barrels a month. This is all rough — but near enough. Now don't say anything till you've counted ten by fives, at least."

Tingley figured on an old envelope for a moment. "Sure about that cost of moving it?" he asked.

Fanning nodded. "The Pennsylvania lines do it for less, but they haven't got our mountain ranges. Make it twenty-five cents a barrel, if you want to. Just calculate it. And remember that we'd tie the field up with long-time contracts and sell the same way."

The rancher wanted to believe his own figures and Fanning's, but he just couldn't. They talked it up, down, and crossways. Tingley was interested. If the pipe-line scheme was feasible, it would be better than gambling in stock or buying real estate, or even loaning money. Finally Fanning said: "Let's let this guessing business go a minute and work out a sort of plan for going in. We can capitalize at four million and take half the stock right here in Bakersfield and the West Side. Pick our own men, you know. And while somebody here that understands that end of it is handling it, I'll get out with a few hundred in my pocket and buy a right of way."

"Yes," Tingley said slowly. "If you could get a right of way for anything under ten thousand dollars, that alone would protect us, because, if what you say is true, some of these big fellows will come along with a pipe line pretty soon anyhow."

"Exactly. Sell the right of way, if we can't swing the deal."

"Who'll you take in, Fanning?"

"Oh, the people here—neighbors and all. The Pearsons and Bradford and Jim Satterwhite, and Collins, over at Taft."

"I see. And you'd head the company?"

"No, you, Tingley. I'll go in for all I'm worth, but working is my line—I'll let somebody else sign the checks."

They discussed other details; then, as Fanning made a move to go, Tingley stopped him. "Look here, Fanning, you've got me kind of hypnotized with this scheme of yours. Tell you what I'll do; to-morrow I'll chip in a few hundred to start with and you hike out and go over the line. You won't need an engineer the first trip—just size up the country and see if we could put a pair of pipes through. If there's any points where you think a right of way would be safe—say in the Pass, or up at the Summit where there's no way to go but that way—just take an option on an easement, if you can get it on the quiet. Let's sew this thing up, anyhow. What do you think?"

"Sounds good," Fanning said. "Sounds reasonable. I'll take Maud S. and hit the road in the morning."

AND with Maud S. groaning and rattling and complaining, but chug-chugging steadily southward, Fanning and the great inspiration hit the road as per schedule and went south and came back in three weeks slightly the worse for wear, but with outright easements over four strategic points that barred the way for a rival pipe-line company. Tingley called in half a dozen of his business associates and old-time friends, all of whom had profited from the oil boom of the previous two years, and together they heard Fanning's report and his further outline of the scheme. In the end they undertook to mingle with Fanning and Tingley for a few days until they could get the thing incubated, and, at Fanning's suggestion, agreed to say nothing to anyone until the enterprise was ready to launch.

Big business projects move slowly, of course, and Fanning worked night and day for several weeks before he had accomplished the first important preliminaries. Enough money had been furnished for a reconnoissance survey, and this was made. Without instructions the engineers ran their rough lines, and Fanning was duly gratified to find that both the tentative routes they proposed passed through the pieces of land he had taken under option as being vital to the success of the scheme.

A week after the engineers had reported they were ready with a very rough approximation of the cost of construction. Their estimate was three millions and a half.

Then Fanning went to Los Angeles. He told Tingley of his errand, but only they knew. Ostensibly Fanning had private affairs to attend to and was going to see his wife and the kids. That was not the whole truth, but he *did* spend seven rapturous, rollicking, uproarious evenings with those same sturdy youngsters. And on each of those seven evenings they had their favorite story, which concerned a family of model children to whom a fairy granted a wish, and who therefore wished that they might travel around the country in a private car, all glass and nickel plate, and a pantry attached, and a nigger boy, all dressed up in white, who was "Johnny-at-the-rat-hole" whenever any of the party wanted ice cream, or pumpkin pie, or a chocolate cream puff that "squashed" when you ate it, and so on, for an hour at a time.

"And," Sam, the cherubic six-year-old, would add, "look out the windows till they can tell whether it's Kansas or Missouri, too, daddy; 'member that."

And daddy always remembered, with chagrin over having forgotten, and mother, straightening up from the long, black stocking, or the funny little trousers spread on her knee, would take off the glasses she had to wear now whenever she sewed, and wipe her eyes, and tap her teeth with her thimble a minute, and then go on, without interrupting. So big, amiable, persistent, busy John Fanning *did* go home to see the folks.

All day long, during that week, including the last day, which was Sunday, John Fanning was closeted in the offices of the general manager of the Universal Oil Company, and met there certain bald-headed, elderly gentlemen, who grumbled when they walked, and who sat back listening, most of the time smoking fat, black cigars, while this fellow Fanning went over his scheme with the general manager. Sunday noon, though, they talked quite a good deal, with Fanning, somewhat white-faced and anxious, sitting in an outer office, and at one o'clock the general manager walked out, handed Fanning a document, and said one word: "Yes."

Then Fanning went back to Bakersfield, but not until he had whispered to his wife that the fairy was on her way with the private car, and that it was "all over now but the black coffee." Mrs. Fanning understood the expression, so it doesn't matter whether the rest of us do or not.

CHARLES B. SHIRLEY, president of the Portola Oil Company, the Mid-California Oil and Development Company, the Grace Oil Company, the Number Four Lease Oil Company, and director of several other concerns, some of them real producers of oil and others producers of nothing more oily than attractive booklets and advertisements designed to catch the eye of the innocent bystander with money, sat in his private office in Bakersfield with the door closed. Opposite him was a very uncomfortable person named Mitchell Hornaday, who had reason to suspect that President Shirley knew too much. And apparently he was not mistaken.

"Now, here, Hornaday," the great man began, in a jealously guarded voice, "I want you to get just what I tell you and not to get anything I don't tell you. You know me and I know you and your connection with the Midas Company stock sales that had the Post Office Department all stirred up a while back. You get me, eh?"

Hornaday affected a sickly smile. "You can depend on me, Mr. Shirley," he said.

"I thought so. I'll pay you well, but I want one thing definitely understood from the first—you're deaf, dumb, and blind. See? All right, then."

He took from his desk a map for which he had secretly paid a draftsman a fat price and spread it out. It was a duplicate of the map which had been furnished certain parties, to the draftsman unknown, by his employer, an engineer, and it showed two tentative routes for a pipe line between Bakersfield and the Los Angeles harbor. Shirley did not tell Hornaday this. He said merely:

"I've been figuring, on the quiet, on an electric power line from this region to Los Angeles, and I have a customer. I want you to get a right of way. I don't want you to ask or answer questions. And I want the easements for this right of way to be for a line on, over, above, (*Continued on page* 29)



In the ancient two-cylinder tug which he had acquired Fanning waved cheerily at a trainman, and at that identical moment the broker got a tail hold on an inspiration

THE CHARMED LIFE



BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

CAPTAIN STAHL of the reserve, and junior partner of the firm of Levin & Stahl, music publishers of Moscow, came with a sort of hesitating deliberation through the cheerful, low-voiced groups in the hall of the great war hospital, seeking among the white-coifed, nunlike Polish nurses and big orderlies for one who would direct him. A girl with sleeves turned back from forearms of ripe roundness and ends of hair showing below her brow band looked up at him.

"Lieutenant Levin?" inquired the junior partner. "Three Hundred and Third Infantry. He wrote me that he was here."

"Yes," said the nurse. "Ward Four, the officers' ward." She surveyed Stahl's tall figure and his fastidious bearded face with a newly born interest. "We all know him," she added. "You, perhaps, are his partner?"

"His junior partner," answered Stahl, smiling, aware of her glance at the epaulets which indicated his superior rank. "Therefore, when he sends for me, I have to come very promptly. And here I am."

"But—" The girl paused, realizing that the tall young Russian was not serious. She was Polish, and defensive again at once. "It is Ward Four," she said. "Upstairs; you will find him in the corner by the window."

Stahl saluted and turned to the stairs, smiling as he went with that smile of his which was more of the eyes than of the mouth.

"'We all know him,'" he repeated to himself with relish. "And he's only been here two days. That's Levin!"

The ward he sought opened from the landing upon the first floor, a great room with a rank of high, blindless windows giving upon the roofs and chimneys of a Warsaw by-street. Within, as he paused in the doorway, the rows of beds showed little and toylike in the great chamber's vastness; bleak, pallid winter light streamed over them from the tall windows. The faces of the wounded men on the pillows, with the tan of the weather still clinging to them and the hair rough about the temples and cigarette smoke making a faint vagueness of mist over them, showed vigorous and abrupt against their pale environment.

Across the intervening beds a head more lively than the others lifted itself vivaciously; Stahl, gazing toward it, beheld the man whom he had come to see—an effect of hair, brown and tumbled from shifting upon the pillow, a beard long and pointed, and between the two a thin face that seemed to twinkle. He went across.

"Ha!" A nightshirt-clad arm shot out at him, a long hand, bony as a claw but strong and nervous, gripped Stahl's hand. The face that twinkled lit strongly. It was the face of a man of forty or thereabout, through the thin screen of which the uneasy spirit, surging like a flame in the wind, seemed to show as through the glass of a lantern, a man vivid and delicate as a plant grown in a hothouse.

"So you have actually come to see me! Wonders will never cease. Sit down! My *dear*, dear old chap!"

Stahl smiled, gripping the thin hand that clung to his. Between him and his partner there existed a relationship which was dear to both. War, which is prone to cut rocks with razors, had snatched the pair of them from their well-upholstered niche in life and set them down far apart, Stahl to do duty as a railway officer, Levin to feed his gift of lambent humor and his appetite for mere life in the frozen trenches above the tragic river Rawka. To Stahl, in his little office beside a thunderous freight yard, there had come letters, pencil scrawls on sheets torn from a notebook; they had been witty about bitter weather and night attacks and the trench raked with shrapnel; but they had not revealed to him anything of Levin as he had now become, with his velvet jacket exchanged for a gray uniform greatcoat and a sword belted at his side. He had been a little afraid; the razor that cuts rocks is apt to become blunted; but now he saw the man himself and was reassured. It would need more than a world war to change Levin.

THEY talked for a while as friends talk who have been too long parted, feeling their way back to the old ease and sympathy bridging the interval of their separation. Levin had been shot in the hip by a sniper; he told of it in his characteristic fashion.

"And you?" he asked, presently. "You look like a bridegroom; there is actually a glaze upon you. What have you been doing?"

"Well," said Stahl, "to-day I have been sitting on a court-martial—man who had laid his hand across the muzzle of his rifle and blown off two of his most useful fingers. Wanted to get home, it appeared."

"Oho!" Levin, sitting up in bed, nodded with a wry face. "Girl, of course," he said. "Poor devil! What did you do to him? Not—"

"Yes," said Stahl. "Sentenced to death; it was a clear case. But there wasn't a girl. The man produced a letter from his wife saying that their cow was sick. He wanted to get back to doctor the cow."

Levin made a grimace. "There are people who would consider that comical," he said. "That man's world was his patch of land, his house, his wife, and his cow; and he dies in trying to save them. It is such men who save nations."

"And if, instead of a cow, it had been a girl?" suggested Stahl.

"A girl! Well—" Levin paused. He reached behind him and adjusted his pillow against the handrail of his bed so that he could lean back against it. "As to that, you are not the only person who sits in judgment! I can tell you of a case where it *was* a girl and not a mere cow. Did you ever, by chance, among your freight cars and signal boxes, hear the name of Orloff?"

Orloff is one of the commonest Russian names; it is like Smith in England or Dubois in France. Stahl nodded calmly.

"It is my servant's name," he answered. "Also my colonel's. Which of them are you going to slander?"

"Pooh! I do not concern myself with railway people; I am talking of soldiers," retorted Levin. "*This* Orloff was a hero, a real one, with three crosses of St. George pinned on his tunic to prove it, and, what is much more, the authentic look and flavor of a hero. He was attached to us after his own regiment had been exterminated almost to a man in the fighting round Augustowo; he was the only surviving officer of it. What do you think of that?"

"I can see in your eye that you are going to tell the story," replied Stahl. "You abuse your privileges as a wounded man. However, proceed!"

"This applause—it is overwhelming," murmured Levin. "I resume. You've seen heroes, of course; every regiment abounds with them nowadays. They are called forth on parade to be decorated; they stride forward, each one with his senses visibly embalmed in complacency, and each an obviously rather unusual man. In the tow-haired regiments it is the black-haired man who wins the cross and vice versa; among the Cossacks it is the man who has worked in a circus or been a cabman. Your hero, my friend, is in general an abnormality, a bit of a freak. That is where Orloff was different. You could have lost him in any large group of infantry subalterns, he was so much a type of the big, young, healthy lieutenant; twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, around about six feet in height, large and compact at once, with a black, close-cropped bullet head, a friendly and boyishly arrogant face, and in general all that physical power and spiritual insignificance which mark the mere man of action. The little white crosses hung in a row on his breast, the story of his prowess was fine hearing; but the man himself—I was interested, you know; I considered him with attention, seeking in him some trace of that rare and sublime character which stood forth upon the face of his record; I never found it.

"I recall the day upon which he joined us. We were holding a trench upon the south of that tragic and war-scorched village of Gumin; my company and two others lay in reserve and were to relieve the trench that night. It was late in December; the winter in its frankness was overdue; instead of clean snow and stinging, dry cold we had bitter rain, a disgustful season of mud, and a damp, nerve-searching chill. At dusk, when those dreary Polish flats

became for a moment mist-ridden and strange with dimness, I and three or four other officers went back to the dugout in which our staff abode for a final glass of tea. Behind us, as we walked, there was a distant, intermittent din of shooting, where the comrades whom we were soon to relieve snarled across their parapet at the Germans and the Germans snarled back at them. Somewhere to the south, and far away, guns were at work; they toned in a dull staccato of noise. For me the climate and voices of war have never became stale; as I went I had a sense of the utter grotesqueness of that hour, with its crawling mists moving on the stagnant levels, the heads of the poplars that lined the roads peering over them, and the muffled noise of war beating unevenly like the heart of the fevered world. There was the knowledge, too, that before midnight I would be in the trench, less than two hundred yards from the enemy, and that I held my life upon a moment's tenure. I am not a hero; such knowledge preoccupies me; it furnished a color to my impressions as I went back toward the dugout of the staff. And then—

"You know what a dugout is like? A pit in the ground, four or five feet deep, with a roof of timbers upon which the excavated earth is piled. Within, a floor deep in straw, a candle that lights the place, an orderly, motionless and huddled like a dead man, crouching in a corner with the telephone receiver at his ear, and large, unbuttoned officers leaning upon one elbow in the straw! A sack hangs before the door; you squat and shove it aside, and pass in a moment from the great, haunted out-of-doors to the intimate and comfortable presence of men.

"The night was deepening about me; the vagueness of the mists became opaque and stood around me like a black wall; the little wind that mourned across those flats was suddenly edged with a sharper chill. My mood that darkened the night and whetted the wind to a keener edge was settling itself to a steady depression; the mound of the dugout's roof was close at hand; when suddenly I heard—laughter! No—not laughter; laughter is a pleasant word. What I heard was actually a laugh, what the English call a horse laugh, a great tearing bray of insensate noise that tore the shuddering dusk as a maniac tears at a throat. It made me jump, it was so violent; it had so strongly a quality of mere bestial gusto and relish."

LEVIN'S thin face was vivid and hectic as he spoke; his long hands, upon which the knuckles showed white and energetic, moved in swift spasmodic gestures. Captain Stahl considered him suspiciously.

"If you're making this up, you're doing it pretty thoroughly," he said.

Levin waved him to silence. "You have no delicacy of perception," he cried. "Man, can't you feel it when I describe it to you? The man who walked beside me was the Stabs-Kapitän commanding my company, a man with none of your pretensions to intelligence—forsooth!—but even he exclaimed at that vociferous indecency of brutal mirth. *'Chort!'* he swore. 'What have they got in there? A hyena?' I was at the door by this time, crouching on all fours in the narrow ditch by which one approached it. I put aside the portière of sacking, moved forward, and was within, with the steady mellow candlelight shining on the faces of the inmates.

"They were all there—the old colonel, with his face of an old woman, the spectacled adjutant, the commandant with his hands serenely folded on his great and noble paunch, the senior captain, who was growing a beard very slowly and looked as if he had been partly tarred and feathered. And with them, leaning back against the wall, with his long legs lying apart among the straw, was a stranger. It was he who had laughed; his face was still foolish with mirth; his eyes were empty and idiotic with silly amusement. And on his tunic, visible where his greatcoat fell open, was a little bar of white crosses.

"The old colonel, with his sweet piping voice, introduced us, presenting me to him, for he was my senior, having regular rank against my rank in the reserve. 'Lieutenant Orloff!' was the name he mentioned—'of whom we have heard so much. You will be comrades.' Orloff heaved himself up to salute and took my hand in a great rasping paw with a vigor that might easily have passed—and commonly did pass—for heartiness. He said something correct and meaningless in acknowledgment of the introduction; he said the same thing to each of the others who followed me in. Then he squatted back in his place, and his face fell to its usual shape of a fatuous smile. The adjutant told me later that he had been describing to them a farce he had seen in the theatre at Warsaw, with a comedian who sustained the rôle of a drunken man. All that outrageous laughter had been simply for that. And yet, one of the stories that had come to us about him was of a night when the Germans mined his trench and blew it to ruins, and how he had led the remains of his company in a rush into the still smoking crater and organized a rifle fire that drove back the enemy who were racing up to seize the position."



LEVIN paused and looked about him vaguely. Stahl, who knew his ways, picked a cigarette from the box that lay open on the bedside table and handed it to him. He lit it, blew a thin blast of smoke from pursed lips and sighed deeply. Stahl laughed.

"Oh, I was only thinking," he explained, answering the eye which Levin cocked at him, "that Orloff's account of his meeting with you would probably be quite as amusing as your first impression of him."

"Yes," agreed Levin blandly. "You and he would have understood one another perfectly."

He smoked thoughtfully for some moments, sinking back against the crumpled pillow, with the expression of one who seeks and selects among his memories. Stahl, on his uncomfortable chair beside his bed, crossed one booted leg over the other and waited.

"This quality of bravery," mused Levin aloud; "there are men who achieve it with sweat and flogging of their nerves; there are others who attain to it as drunkards attain to wit, in a delirium of the senses. But Orloff had it as naturally as his skin. It was to my company that he was appointed; he went forward with us that night to that dreary gutter, the first-line trench, where we were put to work forthwith to repair the barbed-wire entanglement in front of our parapet.

"You know that is queer work. In the trench one has only to keep one's head down and one is nearly as safe as one is here. To crouch, to move bowed, to keep always the parapet between one's head and the German riflemen, becomes an instinct. But for this work one must crawl forward into the open, with no screen save the dark against the bullets that come twittering up; one feels, in leaving the shelter of the parapet, as though one had stripped off a garment and come forth naked. And upon that night, too, there was more light than was merely needful—a rag of a moon that brooded through a haze of thin clouds, making a miserable twilight upon the earth. I went with my man at a crawling shuffle to where our work lay.

"We were scarcely across the breastwork when behind me I heard Orloff's voice. 'Come on, you men!' he cried, in loud, encouraging tones; then sharply and more loudly still: 'Roll those reels of wire over, will you!' I heard, too, the scramble of his climb across and the clank of his scabbard, and there he was, standing upright in the faint moonlight, enormous against the sky, rasping his orders openly in his rough parade voice. The Germans were less than two hundred yards away; already it seemed to me that the bullets were coming more thickly.

"'Can't you keep down?' I called to him.

"He answered something, I didn't hear what, and continued to order and harass his men.

"You know, it was like working in a nightmare. We trundled the reels of wire out to where the posts of the entanglement staggered and leaned as the day's gunfire had left them, and got to work to wrap them in a web of spikes and barbs. One works kneeling, lying, sitting, in any position that keeps one close to the ground; the wire tears one's hands and clothes; the bullets come droning in like hornets; a man or two is hit and cries out or threshes around on the earth in agony. At any time it is a breathless and gruesome business; but upon that night, while we squatted and labored in an urgency of speed and silence, there was Orloff, stamping around bolt upright, directing and swearing in a voice that seemed to me positively to reverberate in the arch of heaven.

"'Make a double loop. No, you fool, pull it tight before you loop it. Here, where are the wire cutters? Give 'em to me!'

"I could cheerfully have murdered him. The man at my side rose suddenly from his knees with a small noise as of exasperation. 'Down!' I ordered him sharply. But intsead of obeying or replying he leaned forward slowly and pitched face first into the tangle of the wires, and lay among them sprawling. *Pfui!* I remember the noise of tearing cloth as the others pulled the body clear.

"THE job was done at last. 'Now, all back into the trench!' cried Orloff, in his hearty way.

"The men scuttled back quickly enough; Orloff ranged alongside of me. If I had been a hero too, I would have continued to proceed on hands and knees, in the manner of decent precaution; but flesh and blood could not endure to crawl while Orloff stalked and conversed down at me from six feet above. So I rose, no doubt stiffly.

"'Oh, I wanted to ask you something,' he said casually. He slipped his hand into my elbow; he proposed, it was plain, to be conversational and chatty, twenty feet in front of the parapet. A bullet that went by seemed to lean aside as it passed and jeer in my very ear. I disengaged my arm with decision.

"'Certainly,' I said. 'Come on and ask it,' and I moved swiftly and resolutely to the comfortable and cheering slush of the trench.

"I imagined, and without any resentment, that after that the creature would view me with a certain contempt; but when, later in the night, he cornered me on my way to my dugout behind the trench, he was still intent upon conversation. He loomed up in the narrow cutting that led to the rear with a queer effect of having lain there in wait for me.

"'Hullo!' he said. 'There was something I was going to ask you?'

"'Yes, I remember there was,' I replied politely. 'I was in a hurry just then.'

"He let that pass. 'You know this bit of country pretty well, I suppose?' he inquired. 'There's a village back there, with a big château and a feeding station.'

"'That is Guzow,' I told him. 'The château belongs to Count Alexander Sobansky and is now a hospital. The feeding station was established by the Deputy Pourreskievitch, who gives hospitality to all comers. That is what you wished to know?'

"'M'm!' he grunted; I waited. His rather prominent eyes glinted at me in the gloom; he had the air of taking my measure before proceeding further.

"'I stayed there last night,' he said; 'at the feeding station, I mean. There was—' He paused. 'Ever notice the nurses at that hospital?' he asked abruptly.

"I thought then that I perceived his trend. These young men who have newly discovered woman can keep their discovery to themselves no more than other discoverers.

"I replied austerely: 'No, I am not greatly interested in women.'"

"Good Lord!" murmured Stahl.

"Silence!" (*Continued on page* 33)



"I would give you a cross with pleasure, but we're not allowed to part with them"



Those Idiotic Yankees

AN EDITORIAL WRITER who has been working night and day to bring life back to the ancient "Tribune" of New York had this to remark one day last month:

> The "Tribune" has at all times been willing to support a Democratic national administration honestly and honorably defending American rights. . . . But the "Tribune" is not prepared to support any administration, Republican or Democratic, in provoking a wanton and wicked war, wholly unnecessarily. . . . It is not now willing to see this country fight because Mr. WILSON and his Administration have so bungled the handling of the German affair and so deserved the censure and contempt of the country that they can find no escape now but to go to war.

Strong language, this. Anyone reading it (and nothing else) might get the opinion that the United States would be at war within a few hours at latest. Five days later, however, we were still at peace, and the "Tribune" expanded its ideas, at length, to this effect:

> To have gone to war after the *Lusitania* was to have gone to war honorably. . . . But to go to war after the *Arabic* was to fight like a rat in a corner, after six months of trying had failed to disclose a way of escape. It was to fight after all the respect of the world, German and anti-German, had been sacrificed to concerns of domestic politics.

Now this is *not* what we call strong language. It is weak language because it is futile and because it must impress most readers as insincere and untrue. It is based upon the assumption that it has been ignoble for the President of the United States to avoid war, and the further assumption that the President has played politics instead of consulting the best interests of the United States. No evidence is offered by the "Tribune" in the five columns of editorials from which we have quoted, no evidence supporting either of these contentions. According to the "Tribune" the people are much more anxious for warlike action against Germany than the President, and the President has been holding back against the best advice and wishes of his impatient people. This is not the truth. Speaking broadly, public opinion in this country has been pacific to a fault. To state the contrary is as absurd as to charge the President with being pro-German, as some folks still do. Words are cheap.

Also words eat words. On the one hand the "Tribune" calls the President's attitude toward Germany and Austria "weak, shifty, evasive, and timorous." On the other hand the "Tribune" prints in the same issue one of DUMBA'S letters addressed to Baron VON BURIAN at Vienna, noting "the self-willed temperament of the President" and his ability at any time to influence the House of Representatives or the Senate in favor of his policies, and stating the uselessness of reopening the question of munitions in view of the President's firmness and power.

When Captain VON PAPEN of the German Embassy at Washington sent his letter home by his messenger, ARCHIBALD, he wrote: "I always say to these idiotic Yankees (*blödsinnige Yankees*) that they had better hold their tongues." Of whom was he thinking? Some editors?

Also Common Sense

"NATIONAL PREPAREDNESS" is a six-syllabled and somewhat lumbering way of expressing a worthy ideal. Maybe more folks would get the point if it were put in those three incisive syllables—*Safety First.*

One German Answers Another

WRITING in the New York "Times" on "The Impeachment of German-Americans," Professor HUGO MÜNSTERBERG of Harvard University tries to interpret German ideals to us. His method is simple: say nothing about Belgium, the *Lusitania,* and the innumerable rat-hole activities of the hyphenated in the United States, and claim for Germany all betterments in sanitation, city building, conservation, art, drama, politics, etc., etc. Germany has given all these things and Germany is a land of freedom. The nub of the political argument is the assertion: "Yes, the German nation governs itself just as much as the American." Is this true? Back in 1914, before the breaking out of the war, HANS DELBRÜCK, professor of history in the University of Berlin and Vice Chancellor of the German Empire, wrote a book called "Government and the Will of the People." In this he points out that the Reichstag, which comes nearer than any other German institution to representing the nation, is far from controlling national affairs, and was created by BISMARCK to strengthen the Government and to support its policies. This is just the opposite of conditions in England, France, and the United States, where the parliamentary or representative idea still holds. DELBRÜCK shows that the Kaiser, the Bavarian King, and the other German princes exert their power "by the grace of GOD" and rule by means of the army officers and the civil officials. The foundation of the German political system is the direct personal loyalty of these two bodies to the monarch. MÜNSTERBERG can call this "full freedom and mature self-government" if he likes, but this German system of statecraft is the same old system of self-centered monarchical power from which the English and French peoples fought themselves free during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. DELBRÜCK knows this and gives the facts boldly. MÜNSTERBERG had better go talk to him.

Prices in Impossible Trade

A CUSTOMER asked a German butcher for the price on Hamburger steak.

"Twenty-five cents a poundt," was the reply.

"But," said the customer, "down at CALLAGHAN'S the price is only twenty a pound."

"Vell," queried SCHWARTZ, "vy you don't buy of CALLAGHAN?"

"He didn't have any," answered the customer.

"Oh, vell," replied SCHWARTZ, "ven I don't haf 'em I sell 'em for ten cents."

Senator HOKE SMITH of Georgia has received an aerogram from Berlin via the Sayville wireless offering fifteen cents a pound for a million bales of cotton—delivered. If the cotton could be delivered via Sayville perhaps the price would be somewhat scaled down.

Modernizing New England

IN THE OLD DAYS when political muckraking was the most joyous pastime of a good many writers, Rhode Island was always held up as the worst example of all. Now comes the news that, under the leadership of the present Governor, R. LIVINGSTON BEEKMAN, Rhode Island has adopted a Workmen's Compensation Law which at the time of its passage was considered by social workers to be the best of its kind. Also, Rhode Island now has a Juvenile Court, Governor BEEKMAN having started the movement when he was State Senator and pushed it through when he became Governor. Legal procedure in the State has been made more modern, and if Governor BEEKMAN'S plans go through, Rhode Island will be brought up abreast of the other manufacturing States in the protection of women and children through the legal limitation of their hours of labor and other legislation for their welfare.

Gangrene and Penn's Woods

FROM the Seattle (Wash.) "Post-Intelligencer":

> Under the Pennsylvania law voters must register under the name of the political party with which they are affiliated. The Philadelphia newspapers report that so far 79 per cent of the registered announce themselves as Republicans. The Republican party in Pennsylvania is split like a man who has had a toe amputated.

All the same there is a disease called gangrene; sometimes a bad toe will give one that or even lockjaw. Our idea of lockjaw for WILLIAM PENN would be electing TOM SMITH Mayor of Philadelphia. What's yours?

A Walker Who Knows

WALKING AND WALKING TRIPS are the subject of a letter in this morning's mail from W. F. CLEAVER. We are sorry that we haven't space to quote it entire, for the writer speaks with authority, having explored thoroughly sixteen counties in four States—including, no doubt, his own State, Pennsylvania. And he is full of such sound advice as limiting the day's tramp to twenty miles and wearing heavy boot soles. Mr. CLEAVER understands, too, that Nature needs no verbal footnotes. "When you are on a mountain top with a wonderful panorama below," says he, "you want no comments, fool or otherwise." Not for this Pennsylvanian is COWPER'S stanza:

> I like the Frenchman; his remark was shrewd:
> "How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!"
> But give me still some friend in my retreat
> Whom I may whisper: "Solitude is sweet."

It is Mr. CLEAVER'S notion that when the walker feels the need of human society he should let the region through which he is tramping supply it:

> If you are able to get right in touch with people, you will find that romance, tragedy, happiness, and despair are not peculiar to cities. The views of the farmer, railroader, lumberjack, and village blacksmith are worthy of consideration. I have spent many a night in homes far up in the mountains and enjoyed a rare hospitality. Have eaten in big houses, little houses, log cabins, lumber

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camps—and found interesting people. Just be free, easy, and your natural self. Meet people on an *equal* plane, neither above nor below. Then you will learn people.

Thank you, Friend CLEAVER, for your letter. You say you are far removed from STEVENSON, HAZLITT, and MARK TWAIN—all of whom have been quoted on this theme of walking tours right here in COLLIER'S. Be that as it may. You are close to life and understand how to taste its richness and its joy.

A Passing Fashion

A FASHION IN JOURNALISM which seems to be going out in some localities decreed that every newspaper should have a column of sidelights on the odds and ends of news, little paragraphs of Elia-like musings, brief notes on queer sights about town. These columns are often just the right word to take the curse off of the array of woe and catastrophe contained in the rest of the paper. That is why we are glad to see the Paris (Mo.) "Mercury" still keeping up TOM BODINE'S "Scrap Bag." TOM'S piece on Miss SALLIE FLOOD the other day is typical of his strain. Miss SALLIE was an old-maid schoolma'am who taught in the public schools of Columbia, Mo., for twenty-five years. When she died, former pupils got together a fund to erect a monument over her grave. Just to give a taste of TOM'S quality, here's how he leads off:

> Back in most of our lives somewhere abides a Miss SALLIE, and ever and anon, when we begin to look at things crookedwise and our steering gear goes wrong, memory re-forms her picture, and straightway things clear up and we take to the straight road again—just because she expected good of us and told us so. She is typical, and stands at the very center of the American public-school system, illumining life, radiating love, giving hope, zest, inspiration. What was taught us from books was trifling compared to the faith and courage Miss SALLIE imparted from the abundance that was always hers. We haven't found life to be just as Miss SALLIE pictured it when she told us her heart would follow us to the end and her expectations never dim; the closer view has revealed ugly places that Miss SALLIE, looking over her nose glasses, and from a sheltered seclusion, necessarily could not see; but, nevertheless, we have tried to make it what Miss SALLIE thought it was, and have tried to be what she wanted us to be—have failed, of course, but have come a little nearer for all that to the mark and goal of a high calling.

When fame hunts TOM BODINE out we hope he will tell it to chase itself. Stick to Paris and the old Paris fashions, and let city papers and metropolitan jobs go hang!

Just Business

AN ORGAN OF THE BREWERS professes to see comfort for "the trade" in the "new" attitude toward the liquor question. We don't believe this comfort amounts to very much after all. It is true that there is more science and less rhetoric in the modern temperance speech. That is because our people can be reached through reason. Booze mongers have of late bought newspaper "space" to explain that our Western civilization is rooted in alcohol. The "drys," too, no doubt spend some cash on publicity; but their best publicity is neither bought nor paid for. You find it in the news. Here's a dispatch from Bisbee, Ariz., to the El Paso (Tex.) "Herald":

MINE OFFICIAL SAYS "DRY" MINERS BEST

J. P. HODGSON, mine superintendent for the Copper Queen Consolidated Mining Company here, declares prohibition has proved a decided advantage to the company and to its employees.

He has made calculations showing that there has been three and one-quarter times less loss of time per 1,000 shifts in 1915 than in 1914. From the standpoint of accidents, the results also preponderantly favor 1915. While the accident ratio of 1914 was 2.6 per 1,000 shifts, for 1915 it is 45-100ths, or less than half of 1 per cent.

This is a business proposition, and that is why there's no answer.

Cartoon Drawn by F. G. Cooper



World Series—1915

A Sermon from India

THE YOUNG NATIONS OF EUROPE *have to learn the truth that real happiness consists rather in reducing necessaries to a minimum than in increasing them and endeavoring to gratify every desire. When a craving for one thing is satisfied, a desire springs up for something else, and when that is gained there is a hunger for something still different. . . . After Europe has enjoyed prosperity sufficiently long, the time is bound to come in the natural course when it will realize the truth of the teaching of the Upanishads on this subject.*

What Is Truth?

THE AUTHOR of the paragraph printed above has a somewhat difficult name: MEHERBAN NARAYANRAS BABASAHEB, chief of Ichalkaranji, Bombay Presidency. In 1913 this distinguished gentleman visited the Western world for the first time, and a year later registered his "Impressions of British Life and Character"—the book from which we have quoted. Hardly a new truth, but hear EMERSON: "Truth is very old, but the merit of seers is not to invent but to dispose objects in their right places."

Midas

IF MIDAS is captain of your soul—stop, look, and listen: MIDAS, it often happens, slips in when one is least suspicious and gains the battle without striking a blow. That "sick giant," THOMAS CARLYLE, got ahead of the chief of the Ichalkaranji (though not of the Upanishads) in preaching this sermon on simplicity:

> Many men eat fine cookery, drink dearer liquors—with what advantage they can report, and their doctors can: but in the heart of them, if we go out of the dyspeptic stomach, what increase of blessedness is there? Are they better, beautifuller, stronger, braver? Are they even what they call "happier"? Do they look with satisfaction on more things and human faces in this GOD'S earth; do more things and human faces look with satisfaction on them?

An ancient truth; but for every young man forming his ideals and ambitions, every slightly older young man beginning to attain a vision of "success"—for every woman interested, as mother or wife or sweetheart, in his progress, the ancient truth must never grow dusty or dim. For each of us there is somewhere a road's end: and what shall we find there? Even if we are, frankly, pilgrims of happiness, let us recall that happiness is invariably denied to those who greedily clutch for it; the bluebird is easily frightened, and was never long caged. This is a world for children and for those whose spirit is as that of a little child. The true satisfactions of life are simple: they are given by GOD in sound sleep and the dawning of a new day; in the warmth of sunlight and resilience of an earthy path through the woods; in the bodily fatigue that follows physical toil manfully done or other work accomplished according to our powers; in lightening some other toiler's too heavy burden; in the love of man and woman and child—yes, and of the brute creation. The multiplication of "things"—creature comforts, rich foods, potent drafts, all that money can buy—are mere substitutes for true satisfaction. He is a happy man for whom the world is still full of freshness and wonder; whose needs are commonplace, not numerous; who has given few hostages to fortune; whose present is laying no *dead hand*, no "mortgage," on the future. It is one of the unrealities of our city life that those things which cost men most are the things which yield the smallest return in real satisfaction—that men's dearest purchases are made, not because they make them happy, but because of the impression they make or may presumably make upon some one else for whom they have no love. Social life is at best a compromise; but let us sturdily refuse to compromise our joy in living simply—for to live simply is the only way ever discovered by which we may live well.



The plank paving in the foreground of this view of Times Square (the heart of the "Great White Way") is the floor of a dry-land bridge. The floor was carried on a framework of steel girders, elevated three feet above the street level; and swarms of subway diggers labored day and night beneath the rumbling planks. Two new subways will here join an old one

Completing the World's Greatest Urban Railway

AT a cost almost as great as the total thus far expended upon the Panama Canal, New York City is completing what soon will be famous as the world's greatest urban rapid transit system. The existing mileage of subways and elevated lines is being doubled, and the carrying capacity increased from 800,000,000 passengers a year to 3,000,000,000. In single track, the completed system (620.9 miles) would stretch from Manhattan Island into eastern Tennessee. The cost, $330,000,000, gives a hint of the numerous and varied engineering difficulties involved, one of the greatest of which is to lay subways in crowded city streets without disturbing the traffic

Photographs by Charles Phelps Cushing



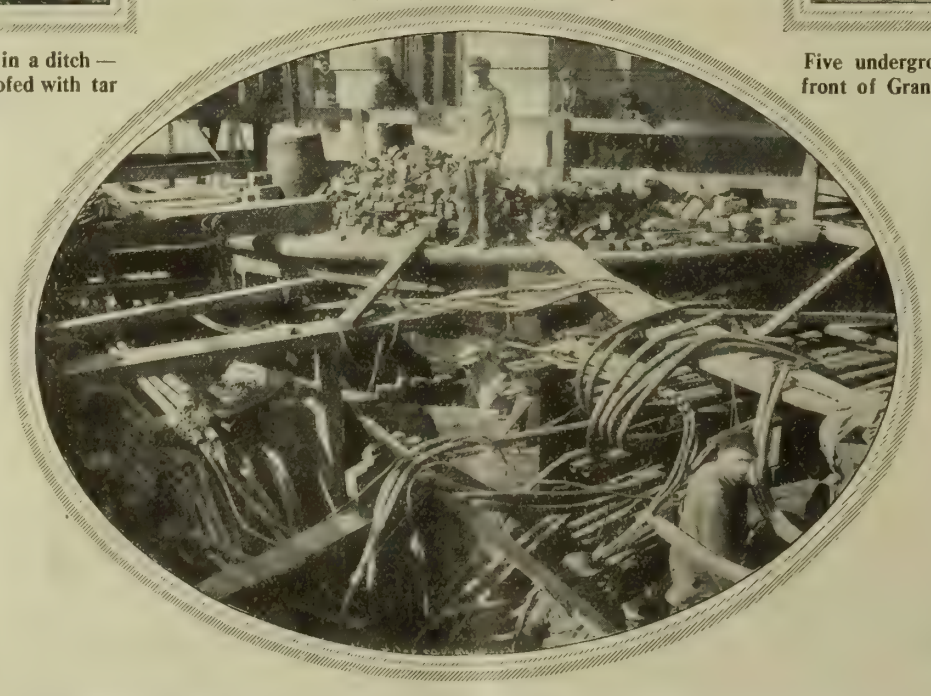
The typical subway is not a tunnel but a box in a ditch — a long box of steel and concrete waterproofed with tar



Five underground levels will honeycomb the street in front of Grand Central station. This shows the "mine"



Lexington Avenue at Seventy-fourth Street is being double-decked underground. This shows the bottom level



The subways occupy the space just below the street level. Thousands of pipes have to be relaid. Another item is relocating sewers — the bill for which will be more than $6,000,000. One of the largest of these diverted sewers is being rebuilt at a cost of $500,000



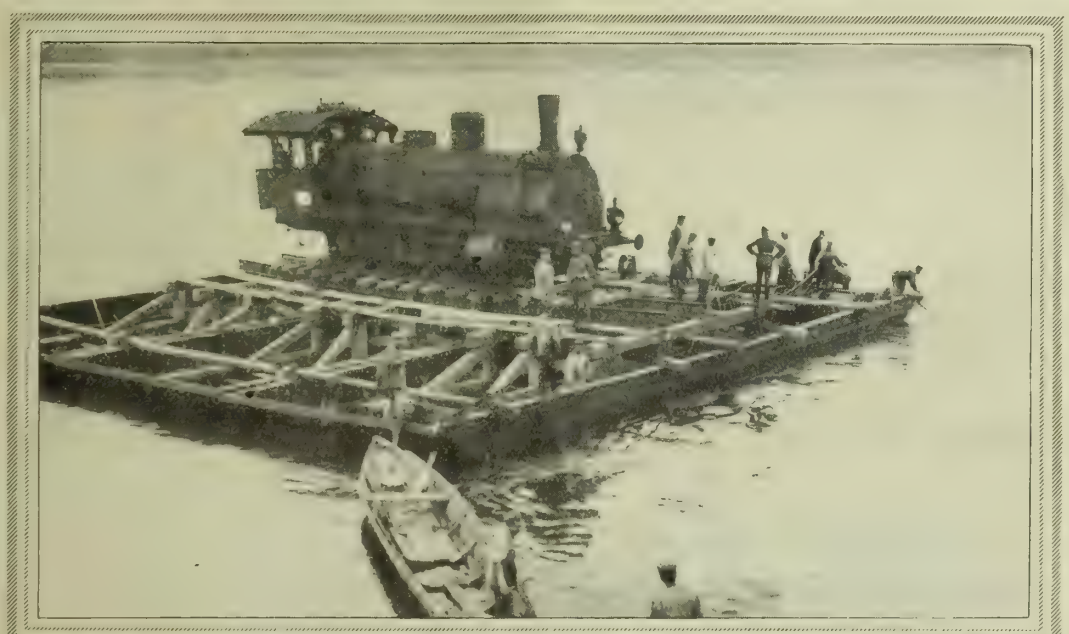
In adding new tracks to the elevated lines, double-decking like this is necessary in cramped quarters



Russian women in the Vilna region helping their civilian menfolk dig trenches for the Czar's retreating army to fall back to. Military engineers are directing the work

Dodging Another Teuton Bear Trap

THE capture of Vilna was the most notable Teuton success since the taking of Warsaw. It not only means the loss to the Slavs of one of their most important railway centers, but also marks, in the larger sense, the carrying of the war upon the Czar into Russia proper. But the Germans failed to achieve their main ambition. They were unable to clamp the jaws of their trap together in time to envelop General Rusky's army of 250,000 and thereby open a wide gap in the Russian front. It was one of their numerous unsuccessful attempts to round up a whole Russian army. They have been setting traps ever since Von Hindenburg captured upward of 100,000 at Tannenberg, East Prussia, and the Bear has always got away. The failure of the Austro-German forces to engage the Russians in a decisive battle has not been due to any particular mistakes in German strategy. The armies of Von Hindenburg, Von Mackensen, and the less distinguished Teuton commanders have made many desperate efforts to strike a knockout blow, and have been outrun by the Russians. What the fall and winter campaign against the Czar will amount to cannot be foretold, but it is likely that the Germans will have to dig into the ground not far from their present lines and remain there until next spring; in which case Russia will have time to prepare her armies for a grand offensive.



Germans in the drive toward Vilna taking a locomotive across a river on a pontoon ferry



German soldiers at Brest-Litovsk saving grain from a warehouse set afire by the fleeing Russians in an attempt to destroy it before the invaders took possession

THE BLACK EAGLE MYSTERY

BY GERALDINE BONNER

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Chapter Five—Ford's Adventures

Hollings Harland crashed down from a window high up in the Black Eagle Building. The papers said he had been caught in the copper pool, and had had a stormy interview with Johnston Barker, "financier." Barker, it was said, had sold out on the crowd and decamped with twenty million dollars. He was first traced to Philadelphia. Molly (ex-telephone girl), being installed as central operator of the Black Eagle, thought she heard Barker talking from Toronto to Miss Whitehall, promoter. This clew fails. Little Dannie Meagher confesses that he saw a man push Harland's body over the window sill. Barker and Ford (Miss Whitehall's chief clerk) are now murder suspects. Miss Whitehall baffles Chief Whitney

FRIDAY night [resumes Molly] I brought the information from Troop in to Mr. Whitney, and knew then for the first time why he wanted it.

Gee, it was an awful thought!

As I sat there between him and Mr. George—Jack Reddy went away, I don't know why—with neither of them saying a word, I saw, like it was a vision, the Harland case spreading out black and dreadful. It made me think of ink spilled on a map, running slow but sure over places that were bright and clean, trickling away in directions no one ever thought it would take. I left soon after Jack. I could see they wanted to get rid of me. Before I went the old man said to try and get a line on the Whitehalls' servant. I might work it through Iola, and find out what time Miss Whitehall came home the night of January 15. If I couldn't manage it, I was to let him know and it could be passed on to O'Malley, but he thought I had the best chances. That, as far as he knew now, was the last he'd need of me.

MY WORK at the Black Eagle was done. The next day would be my last one there. Say nothing to anyone about it—simply drop out. The reappearance of Miss McCalmont was his affair.

In the next twenty-four hours things came swift, as they do in these cases. You'll have a long spell with the wires dead, then suddenly they'll begin to hum. And you've got to be ready when it happens—jump quick.

The first chance came that night—was sitting in the parlor when I reached home—Iola. She had the hope of a new job, a good one, and wanted a recommend letter from Miss Whitehall, and naturally, being Iola, couldn't go unless I came along and held the sponge. It was so pat you'd think Fate had fixed it, and it worked out as pat as it began. While Iola was in the parlor getting her letter I stayed in the kitchen, very meek and humble, and when the servant came back—Delia was her name—started in to help her with the dishes. We grew neighborly over the work, she washing and I wiping, and what was more natural than that we'd work around to the affairs of the ladies? They'd lost all their money and Delia was going to leave. How did that happen now? Sure—it's the feller that killed himself done it—didn't I know? I only had to let her talk—she was the chatterbox kind. Here are the facts as they went into Whitney & Whitney the next day:

Miss Whitehall was generally very punctual—always getting home about half past six. On the night of January 15 she didn't get back till a quarter to eight. Such a delay was evidently not expected, as Mrs. Whitehall became extremely nervous—couldn't keep still or settle to anything. At a quarter to eight, hearing the key inserted in the door, Delia had gone into the hall and seen Miss Whitehall enter. She was very pale and agitated. Delia had never seen her look so upset. She walked up the passage, met her mother, and without a word they went into a bedroom and shut the door.

At dinner she ate nothing and hardly spoke at all. Looked and acted as if she was sick. The next morning when she read of the Harland suicide in the paper she nearly fainted, and after that was in bed for three days—prostrated by the shock, she told Delia.

I guessed this would be my last piece of work on the Harland case, and I wasn't sorry. But it wasn't—not by a long shot. I was in deeper than I knew; so deep—but that comes later. I'll go on now to tell what happened that last night I was in the Black Eagle Building.

It was coming on for closing time and I was making ready to go. I'd cleared up all my little belongings and was standing by the switchboard pressing the tray cloth careful into my satchel, when I heard a step stop at the door and a cheerful voice sing out: "Just in the nick of time. Spreading her wings for flight!"

There in the doorway, filling it up with his big shape, was Tony Ford. For the first moment I got a sort of setback—mightn't anyone, thinking of home and husband and finding oneself face to face with a gunman?

"It just came to me a few moments ago, as I was passing by, that the prettiest and smartest hello girl in New York mightn't have gone home yet," he said.

"Well," I answered, "here I am. What of it?"

"First of it," he said, "is how long are you going to be there?"

"Till I get this satchel closed," I said, and pressed hard on the catch till it snapped shut.

"And second of it," he went on, "is where are you going afterward?"

My first thought was that I was going to get away from *him* as fast as the Interborough System could take me—and then I had a second thought. Why had Tony Ford dropped in so opportune at my closing hour? To ask me to dinner? And why couldn't I, hired to do work for Whitney & Whitney, do a little extra for good measure? I knew they wanted to hear Ford's own account of what he did the evening of January 15, but that they couldn't get it. What was the matter with me, Molly Babbitts, getting it for them?

"Going home, eh?" said he. "It's a long, cold ride home."

"That's the first truth you've said," I answered. "And for showing me you can do it I'll offer you my grateful thanks."

I began to put on my gloves, he standing in the doorway watching.

"To break the journey with a little bite of dinner might be a good idea."

"It might," I said, "if anybody had it."

"I have it. I've had it all day."

"What's the good of having it if you haven't got the price?" I picked up my satchel and looked cool and pitying at him. "Unless you're calculating to take me to the bread line."

"There you wrong me," he answered. "Nothing but the best for you." And, putting his hand into his vest pocket, he drew out a roll of bills, folding them back one by one and giving each a name: "Canvasback, terrapin, champagne, oyster crabs, alligator pears, anything the lady calls for."

THOSE greenbacks, flirted over so careless by his strong, brown fingers, gave me the horrors. Blood money! I drew back. If he hadn't been blocking up the entrance, I think I'd have given up and made a break for the open. He glanced up and saw my face, and I guess it looked queer.

"What are you staring so for? They're not counterfeit."

"I was calculating how much of it I could eat," I said. "My folks don't like me to dine out, so when I do I try to catch up with all the times I've refused."

"Come along, then," he said, stepping back. "I know a bully little joint not far from here. You can catch up there if you've been refusing dinners since the first telephone was installed."

So off we trotted into the night—I and the murderer!

Can you see into my mind? It was boiling with thoughts like a boiler with steam. What would Soapy say? He'd be raging, but after all he couldn't do anything more than rage. You can't divorce a woman for dining with a murderer, especially if she only does it once. Mr. Whitney'd be all right.

The restaurant was one of those quiet, foreign ones, in an old dwelling house, sandwiched in among shops and offices. It was a decent place—I'd been there for lunch with Iola—in the daytime full of business people and at night having the sort of crowd that gathers where boarding houses and downtown apartments and hotels for foreigners give up their dead.

We found a table in a corner of the front room, with the wall to one side of us and the long curtains of the window behind me. There were a lot of people and a few waiters, one of whom Mr. Ford summoned with a haughty jerk of his head. Then he sprawled grandly in his chair with menus and wine lists, telling the waiter how to serve things that were hot and ice things that were cold till you'd suppose he'd been a chef along with all his other jobs.

AS HE was doing this I took off my veil and gloves, careful to peel off my wedding ring—I wasn't going to have that sidetracking him—and thinking how I'd begin. We were through the soup and on the fish when I decided the time was ripe to ring the bell and start. I did it quietly.

"I guess you've got a new job?"

"No, I'm still one of the unemployed. Don't I act like it?" He grinned a patronizing smirk, pleased he'd got the hello girl guessing.

"You act to me like the young millionaire cutting his teeth on Broadway."

He lifted his glass of white wine and sipped it.

"I inherited some money this winter



Molly went up a narrow flight of stairs till she reached a landing, and flattened back against the dentist's door

from an uncle up-State. You're not drinking your wine? Don't you like it?"

In his tone, and shifting of his eyes to the next table, I caught a suggestion of something uneasy, put on. Maybe if you hadn't known what I did you wouldn't have noticed what was plain to me—he didn't like the subject.

"No, I never touch wine," I answered. "I don't want to speak unfeeling, but it was mighty convenient your uncle died just as your business failed. Wasn't it too bad about Miss Whitehall?"

"Very unfortunate, poor girl! Bad for me, but worse for her."

"She had no idea it was coming, I suppose?"

He looked at me sudden and sharp. "*What* was coming?"

His small gray eyes sent a piercing glance into mine, full of a quick, arrested attention.

"Why—why—the ruin of Mr. Harland."

"Oh, *that!*" He was easy again. "I thought you meant the suicide. I don't know whether she knew or not. Waiter!"—he turned and made one of those grand-stand plays to the waiter—"take this away and bring on the next."

"She'd have known that night as soon as she heard he was dead, but I guess she was so paralyzed she didn't think of herself."

"I don't know what she thought of. She wasn't in the office."

I dropped my eyes to my plate. Eliza crossing on the ice didn't have anything on me in the way she picked her steps. "Oh, she'd gone before it happened?"

"Yes. I left early myself that night—before she did. I was halfway home when I remembered some papers I'd said I'd go over and had to hike back for them. She was gone when I got there. And just think how gruesome it was—when I was going down in the elevator Harland jumped, struck the street a few minutes before I reached the bottom."

Tony Ford, leaning across his plate, tapped on the cloth with his knife handle to emphasize his words.

"He must have been up that side corridor waiting. When he heard the gate shut and the car go down, he came out, walked to the hall window and jumped. Ugh!"—he gave a wriggling movement with his broad shoulders—"that takes nerve!"

I SUPPOSE sometimes in crowds you pass murderers, but you don't know them for what they are. I had a vision of telling my grandchildren how once, when I was young, I talked with one of the blackest criminals of his day on the subject of the murder he'd helped commit.

"It's a fortunate thing he left no family." It was something to say, and I had to keep him moving along the same line. "You'd suppose he'd have married again, being wealthy and handsome."

Mr. Ford, who was lighting a cigarette, smiled to himself and said: "So you would."

"And I guess he could have had his pick. Maybe he cared for some one who didn't reciprocate."

He threw away the match and lolled back in his chair. "Maybe," he said with a meaning, secret air.

It wouldn't have taken a girl just landed at Ellis Island to see that he wanted to be questioned. It was out on him like a rash. So, not to disappoint him and also being curious, I asked: "*Was* he in love with some one?"

He said nothing, but blew a smoke ring into the air, staring at it as it floated away. I waited while he blew another ring, the look on his face as conscious as an actor's when he has the middle of the stage. Then he spoke in a weighty tone: "Harland was in love—madly in love. Nobody had an idea of it—nobody but me. I knew Harland better than many who considered themselves his friends."

"*You* knew him." It came out of me before I thought, or I'd never have put the accent on the "you" that way.

"I knew him well. He'd—er—taken rather a fancy to me."

I couldn't say anything—the man he'd killed! Fortunately he didn't notice me. The wine he'd taken was beginning to make him less sharp. Not that he was under the influence, but he was not so clear-headed and his natural vanity was coming up plainer every minute. He went on:

"I met him quite casually in the Black Eagle Building and then—well, something about me attracted him. Anyway we grew friendly—and—er—that's how I stumbled on his secret."

"His love?"

He inclined his head majestically. "You can see how it was possible when I tell you the lady was Miss Whitehall."

Believe *me*, I got a thrill! There was a second when I had to bite on my underlip to keep an exclamation from bursting out. *This* was something—something that no one had had an inkling of,



Molly was careful to peel off her wedding ring

something that might lead—I couldn't follow it then—that time what I had to do was to find out everything he knew.

"Are you sure?" I breathed out incredulous.

"Perfectly. He was daffy about her."

"He tried to keep it a secret?"

"Oh, he tried, and I guess he did except from Little Tony."

"How did she feel—Miss Whitehall—about him?"

"Not the way he did."

"Perhaps there was some one else?"

A meaning look came over his face and he said softly: "Perhaps there was."

"Who?"

I don't know whether it was an interest that stole into my voice without my knowledge or some instinct that warned him, but suddenly he pulled himself up.

"How should I know?" he exclaimed. "I don't know anything about Miss Whitehall. Just happening to be round in the office I caught on to Harland's infatuation. Here, lively—my bill. Don't keep us waiting all night."

The waiter, who'd been hovering round watching us eating through those layers of food, darted off like a dog freed from the leash.

My gloves were buttoned and my veil down. Mr. Ford, leaning his elbows on the table, was looking at me with what he thought was a romantic gaze, long and deep. What was engaging me was how I could shake him without telling him who I was or where I lived. If you ever dine with a murderer, take my advice—when you start in lay your pipes for getting out.

"Have you enjoyed your dinner, little one?" said he, soft and slushy.

"Fine!" I answered, pulling my coat off the chair back.

"We've got to be good friends, haven't we?"

"Pals," I said.

"Don't you think we know each other well enough for you to tell me your name?"

"They say there's a great charm about the unknown," I answered. "And I want to be as charming as it's possible with the restrictions nature's put upon me."

THE waiter brought the bill with murmurings that it was to be paid at the desk. We rose, Mr. Ford feeling in his pocket, the waiter trying to look listless, as if money was no treat to him. I moved across the room and reconnoitered. The desk, with a fat, gray-haired woman sitting behind it, was close by the door that led into the hall. Several people were out there putting on coats and hats and jabbering together in a foreign lingo. I sauntered carelessly through the doorway, seeing out of the tail of my eye Mr. Ford put down a twenty-dollar bill on the counter. The gray-haired woman began to pull out little drawers and make change. One of the people in the hall opened the front door and they began filing out. I went with them slow on their heels at first, then fast, dodging between them, then like a streak down the steps to the sidewalk and up the street.

It was an awful place to hide in—all lights and show windows; a fish might as well try to conceal itself in a parlor aquarium. Suddenly I saw a narrow flight of stairs with a large set of teeth hanging out over them, and up that I went, stumbling on my skirt, till I reached a landing and flattened back against the dentist's door.

After a while I ventured down, took a look out and stole away, dodging along dark side streets and round corners with my muff up against my face, till I struck a cab stand. Not a word came out of me till I was safe inside a taxi, and then I almost whispered my address to the chauffeur.

As we sped along I quieted down and began to think. I saw it plainer and plainer, as if one veil after another was being lifted. Harland was in love with her—she'd not gone down in the elevator—she'd stayed there! She'd been there! She'd— The whole thing was as clear as daylight. *She'd* been the lure that brought him to the Azalea Woods Estates; *she'd* been the person that kept him in the front office while Barker came down from the story above!

THE account of Molly's dinner with Tony Ford was given Sunday morning by Molly herself to George and the chief in the Whitney home. [So states Jack Reddy, resuming his part of the narrative.] I went there in the afternoon—dread of possible developments drew me like a magnet—and heard the news. It was more ominous than even I, steeled and primed for ill tidings, had expected.

George was going to call somewhere on Fifth Avenue and I walked up with him, for the pleasure of his company, he supposed; in reality to hear in detail how he and the chief had pieced into logical sequence the broken bits of information.

"It was one of the most ingenious plots I've ever come up against," he said. "A master mind conceived it and must have been days perfecting it. Think of the skill with which every detail was developed, and those two alibis—Ford's and Barker's—how carefully they were carried out. That afternoon visit of Harland to Miss Whitehall was planned. Barker followed it and heard that all was ready—the trap set and the quarry coming. Then he went up to the floor above, establishing his presence there, and knowing when Harland left that the girl was waiting below to meet and hold him in the front room.

"Then comes Tony Ford, finds Harland and Miss Whitehall, apologizes, and goes through to the private office where Barker is lying low. That the murder was committed there is proved by the two blood spots. Ford establishes his alibi by leaving; Barker's is already established—he is in the room above, unable to get out without being seen. Even if a crime *had* been discovered they were both as safe from suspicion as if they'd been in their own homes.

"Miss Whitehall and Barker stay in the Azalea Woods Estates office till the excitement in the street subsides. They're perfectly safe there; the police, when they come, are going to go to the floor above. When the crowd disperses they leave by the service stairs, she first, Barker a short while afterward. The building and the street are deserted; but even if he *is* seen nobody knows enough at that time to question his movements. After that it all goes without a hitch; even the arrest of the chauffeur was all to the good, as it delayed the search for two days.

"When it's known that he has voluntarily disappeared, what's the explanation? He's welshed on his associates and found it best to take to the tall timber. At this moment he's probably congratulating himself on his success. There's just one thing that so far he hasn't been able to accomplish—get his girl."

I walked along, not answering. It was pretty sickening to hear how straight they had it. But there was one weak spot—at least I thought it was weak.

"Just why do you think a girl like Miss Whitehall—a woman without a spot or stain on her—would lend herself to an affair like that?"

"Perfectly simple," he answered; "she expects to marry Barker. Whether she loves him or his money, her actions prove that she is ready to join him whenever he sends for her—ready to do what he tells her. He's a tremendous personality—stronger than she—and he's bent her to his will."

"Oh, rot!" I said, "you can't bend a perfectly straight woman to help in such a crime unless she's bent that way by nature—and *she* isn't."

He grinned in a complacent, maddening way.

"I guess Barker could. He's as subtle as the serpent in Eden. Besides, how can you be so sure of what kind of a girl (*Continued on page* 25)



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ANOTHER WORLD SERIES

BY GRANTLAND RICE

FOR many seasons past there has always been one sure sign of spring—a sign as sure as the apple blossoms of April or the red blooms of May; a sign as sure and certain as the dogwood blooms that flutter in white clusters against the green hills.

This annual spring sign, denoting that April and May had at last arrived, was nothing more nor less than the Phillies dashing madly to the front of the National League race, closely pursued by the Brooklyn Dodgers. The first advance notices of June were brought by the Brooklyn club settling swiftly into sixth place with something closely akin to a thud, to be followed shortly by the Phillies. This double event having taken place, it was fairly certain that spring was over and that summer was well out in the sultry open.



Alexander the Great—"one of the greatest of all time"

So this last April, when the Phillies, under the new leadership of Pat Moran, rushed again to the front and packed away eleven of their twelve games, merry laughter bubbled around the land when some one suggested that Phillie, after all, might be the dark horse of the race.

The trouble with those indulging in this merry laughter arose from the fact that they had overlooked the important point that the Reign of the Barons or the rule of any small group in American sport was over.

They had only remembered that from 1900 to 1914 but three cities had won National League flags—New York, Chicago, and Pittsburgh. They still figured the 1914 exploit or escapade of the Boston Braves as a fluke—or one of those things that every once in a rare while crop up in sport.

They forgot that newcomers had already come forward in golf and tennis to start the first overthrow of the Old Guard—and that tradition in American sport was upon the verge of a large and healthy jolt.

The Case of the Phillies

BUT the merry laughter attached to the case of the Phillies and Dodgers soon began to fade away. For only second to the highly miraculous dash of the Braves from last place to first last summer stands the unique case of Pat Moran's Philadelphia Nationals.

How could a ball club like this ever make a pennant fight—ever set pace through nearly the entire race?

From the old Philadelphia guard that worked under Charlie Dooin, Moran had lost Tom Seaton and Ad Brennan, two of his star pitchers; Dooin, one of the leading catchers; Otto Knabe, Mike Doolan, and Hans Lobert, three-fourths of the infield; and Sherwood Magee, the leading outfield batsman.

Here were six stars gone from a club that two years before had made a desperate effort to finish first and had lost by ten games.

With what stars had Moran replaced this one-time formidable machine? He still retained Killifer, a young catcher. In the box he still had Grover Cleveland Alexander, Mathewson's successor, at the top, with Mayer and Rixey, two fair performers who at best had never set the circuit ablaze. To these he added Al Demaree and George Chalmers, cast off by the Giants. He still had Luderus at first, but for the rest of the infield he had Byrne, an old Pirate castoff; Niehoff, turned adrift by the Cincinnati Reds, and Bancroft, a Pacific Coast débutant.

He got Whitted from the Braves to take Magee's place, and with Cravath, Becker, and Paskert the new Phillie leader went into battle. On copy paper it was a motley-looking crew. But on the ball field, to the astonishment of the experts and others, it began to win ball games with startling regularity.

Not only that: after the club had once slipped and dropped back as other Phillie clubs had done before, this motley machine caught its balance again, scrambled on back to the top, and through the rest of the summer and through September held the pace.

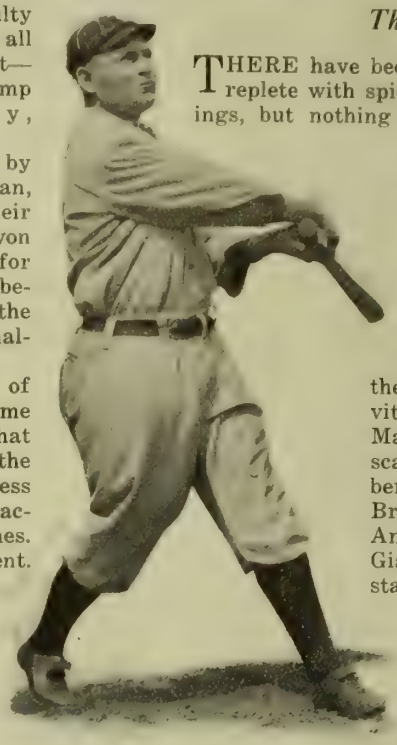
The Answer

THERE were any number of vital factors which held the Phillies out in front so long. In Pat Moran, a veteran catcher who had been over all the hurdles of the game, they had a leader who again proved that the development of machine morale was above all the stars that ever were. Moran, a quiet, nonmilitant type, liked and respected by all, had the rare faculty of developing and holding his club's ambition. He had the rare faculty of keeping his club alert at all times, of holding its spirit intact—of keeping every man on the jump without a semblance of rowdy, umpire-baiting tactics.

A rare contrast was offered by the systems employed by Moran, Stallings, and McGraw in their pennant conquests. McGraw won by driving his men at top speed for three years—by driving them beyond their natural stride through the force of a rugged, aggressive personality chock-full of baseball knowledge.

Stallings won by using a portion of McGraw's system, and at the same time by inserting a certain inspiration that made his club the fighting wonder of the game by implanting an aggressiveness that frequently went too far, but that accomplished its purpose in winning games.

Moran's system was quite different. It bordered upon the Connie Mack type of leadership in that it pruned away all overaggressiveness and umpire baiting. But it went beyond the Mack type in planting a certain additional touch of what is known in baseball as the Old Pep, meaning hustle and life upon the field.



Gabby Cravath—"a mighty mauler of the good, old-fashioned sort"

The Phillies, relegated to about fifth place by most of the critics who followed the dope, opened the season chattering and hustling for every point. And when they were collared and stopped for a spell, to the wonder of all others concerned or unconcerned, the friendly chattering and the eternal hustle were still kept up. They let the umpires alone, but they played all the ball they knew how to play and used up their energies fighting rival machines.

But there was something more than team spirit. Among other good men Moran had two stars of abiding magnitude. One was a star on defense—the other on offense. In Grover Alexander the Phillies had the greatest pitcher of the year—one of the greatest of all time. In Alexander they had a man who could check any slump—who was good enough to beat any club three starts out of four. And linked with Alexander was Gabby Cravath, a mighty mauler of the good, old-fashioned sort. Cravath had a batting eye full of two-base hits and a bludgeon loaded with home runs, and between Alexander and Cravath opposing clubs were as between two crushers operating at one and the same time.

Also the Dodgers

AND while the Phillies were persistently refusing to crack, to the further astonishment of the bystanders the club that first gave chase and then hung on was none other than the Brooklyn Dodgers, who before had always played the Phillies' accompaniments to the tune of Hitting the Soapy Chute.

The Dodgers, mainly through the weird and uncanny propensity of Wilbert Robinson to develop star pitchers from anything that wore a right or left arm, swung out after their old slumping mates of other days, and with the assistance of the battered Braves kept the National League from going to seed by August. The Braves, with Evers and Bill James out of harness most of the season, broken up by accidents and by suspensions levied on account of their umpire troubles, made a far better fight through the stretch than anyone believed possible against such odds.

The Year of Years

THERE have been years before in baseball, years replete with spicy incident and untoward happenings, but nothing like that of 1915 with Phillies, Dodgers, and Braves fighting for the leadership of one race, while far down the stretch, back of both fields and hidden in the dust which they once made, came John J. McGraw and Connie Mack. A season that finds McGraw and Mack taking all the dust there is to take—trailing far behind those they once crushed—shows what a vital change has come over the game. Mack, with his once great machine scattered to the winds, had a club bereft of spirit and power after the Braves ripped it up last October. And McGraw suddenly found his Giants were worn out, his pitching staff smashed with the slump of Mathewson and the swift descent of the once mighty Marquard. In the pitching cave-in came the bulk of McGraw's disaster. He had nothing in the box to keep the other fellows from making more runs, which is quite a weakness in the trade or profession of winning games.

Where the elastic dope was blown apart in the National, in the American it ran true to form. The prophecy of March and April was that Boston should lead the field, closely followed by Detroit and Chicago. And these three clubs from the start took charge of the race. They not only took charge through superior ability at the opening, but also by purchasing most of the star talent from other clubs that needed said talent a good bit worse.

Boston purchased Jack Barry from Philadelphia. Chicago, with Collins already bagged, purchased Jackson and Liebold (*Continued on page* 24)



"There have been years before in baseball—but nothing like 1915"

Tris Speaker and Manager Eddie Carrigan of the Red Sox; Manager Robinson of the Brooklyn Dodgers; Pat Moran of the Phillies; Ty Cobb of the Tygers

Riley and the Kids

BY EDMUND H. EITEL

Indiana is honoring a living poet — Indiana's poet. On October 7, his birthday, James Whitcomb Riley is the guest of honor at a musical festival in the afternoon and at a great banquet in the evening, both of them at Indianapolis. October 7, 1915, has been proclaimed as *Riley Day* by Governor Ralston of Indiana, but perhaps the poet is even better pleased by the tribute of little children than by any official honors imaginable

An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rimes
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers therselves!
An', wite by the pump in our pasture lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, or 'Lizabuth Ann!
Er Ma er Pa er the Raggedy Man!
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!
—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A LITTLE child wrote to James Whitcomb Riley not long ago and said: "I'll tell you what, Mr. Riley, I was glad to learn that you was living, because I thought all poets was dead."

It is with such an artless note of glad surprise, or of curiosity, or of love, or of confidence, that children write to Mr. Riley. In one letter a little boy asked: "Mr. Riley, did you ever think where the little boy went in the gobblins'll git you ef you don't watch out?" On his last birthday a little girl wrote: "I hope you have a happy day; I think it will pay both you and me to keep up your writing of good poetry." And in other letters lonely children will sometimes confide to the poet that people won't listen and don't seem to understand.



Mr. Riley at sixty-two

Surely the chief delight of being a child's poet lies in reading these letters from the little admirers. Mr. Riley gets them by the hundred, especially on birthdays and holidays. On one Christmas, when he was known to be very ill, the children sent him five thousand messages which the letter carrier came dragging in a Government mail bag as big as Santy's pack. You can imagine the neat penmanship of some of these letters and the wabbliness of others. One was made of those a-b-c's or anagrams of the "1B" grade, pasted on a public-school tablet, and another was a sheet stamped with many raised dots—a letter in braille from a school for the blind.

Of the poems most frequently mentioned—"Little Orphant Annie," "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," "The Bear Story," and "The Happy Little Cripple"—the one that inspires the happiest comment of all is "The Raggedy Man." This is the little boy's rime beginning:

O the Raggedy Man! He works for Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

Here are several of the letters showing appreciation of this poem:

DEAR MR. POET—I have thought ever since I was a little tot that I would write to you, but never had a chance until now. I am eleven years old and almost a man. I like the poem you wrote about the Raggedy Man because at the last it said about the Raggedy, Raggedy, Raggedy Man. I have always wondered what was the "Squidgicum-Squees that swallers themselves."

I live on a farm and every day I have to help feed the cattle. Some day I hope to have a whole set of your books. I have a dog and his name is Dick. We had a big collie by the name of Duke, but he died.

I got a fountain pen for Christmas and thought that I would use it on you.

This is about all I have to write now, and I wish you a happy New Year. Write me a long letter saying about the "Squidgicum-Squees." From

CHARLIE ——.

DEAR MR. RILEY—I never heard so many beautiful poems as you wrote.

I have fourteen books of your poems and the one I like best is the poem about "The Raggedy Man." The reason I like it is because he is so kind, he gets apples for the little boy, and milks the cow for 'Lizabuth Ann.

I will sit down now and read some of your poems. Affectionately yours,

ANNA MAY ——.

DEAR POET—I have never saw you, and you have never saw me, but I do wish I will see you some time. My birthday is October the 9th. We are almost twins, ain't we? I have two brothers. One of their names are Felix. He is nine years old. The other one's name is William. He is two years old. He is the badest of all. We have a old nanny goat. She is out in the country. We boys have some of the cutest little bantams.

I have heard very many of your poems. We are learning "Little Orphant Annie" and "The Raggedy Man" at school. Every one of your poems I hear I like to learn. I hope you get this letter on your birthday. I guess I will have to close.

Your friend, HARRY ——.

P. S.—The teacher asted Felix are they Raggety Mens now. He said no, I said yes, heaps of them. Is they?

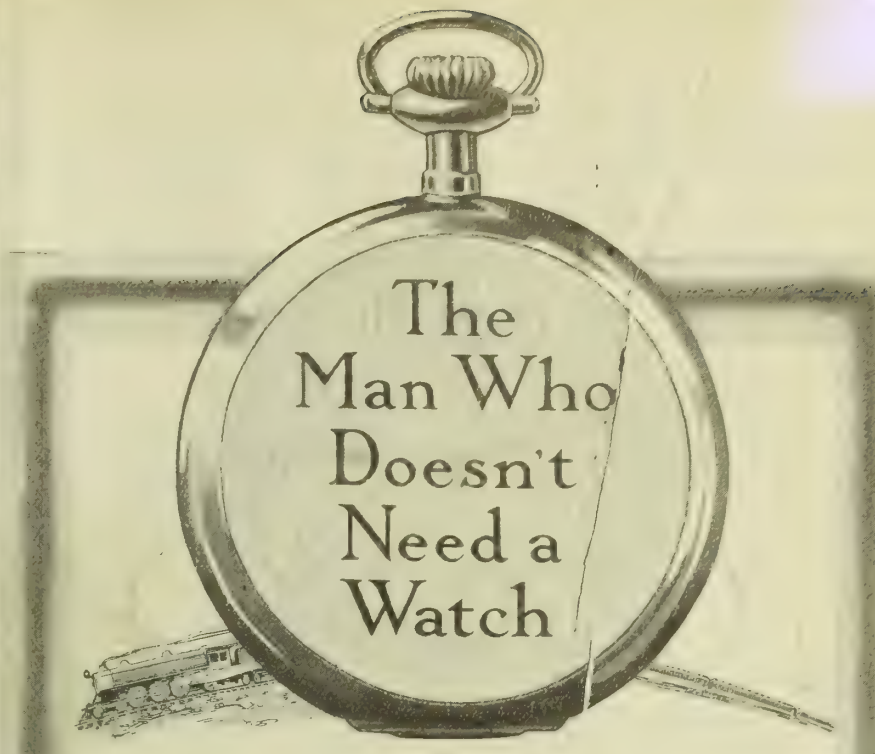
Some of the children call Mr. Riley "Uncle Jim"; others refer to him as the favorite children's uncle of his verse, as does this little boy:

DEAR UNCLE SIDNEY—Our teacher reads us a great many of your poems in school. I wish I had been with you when you went out to "Old Aunt Mary's" house. It was great, I know, because of the way you talk. I like the poem best called "The Raggedy Man" because he was such a good fellow. Yes, when the Raggedy Man drove out that old Wobbely Calf, I bet he was an awfully old calf. I like the part best where he clumb clene up in our tree and shooked an apple down fer me. Was they a "Raggedy Man" for sure? Please write me a long letter. Your true friend,

GEORGE ——.

The best thing about Mr. Riley's poetry is that it is all true—more or less; and so there *must* have been a real Raggedy Man. But Mr. Riley says the real Raggedy Man was not *one* man at all, but the whole flock of men-of-all-work who were engaged about the Riley home from time to time. Once in dreaming about his boyhood and those who made it so happy, Mr. Riley got to thinking of these hired men, and how he used to love to watch them and hear their yarns; and then he realized that these simple fellows had much in common, all the way from great *seeming* importance to genuine love of children. And so he fused them all into one character, the kindly hired man of a country town, to whom the little boy speaks his eulogy.

Such was the real Raggedy Man. His forbears, so to say, who worked at the Riley home, these "hired hands," were "ist so good," they "split the kindlin'



THIS is the man who never goes anywhere, or does anything, or meets any people who do. If owning no watch at all is a handicap, how much do you help matters by carrying one that is usually wrong?

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Ask your jeweler what is his most accurate watch and his reply will be, "The Hamilton."

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—or you get new hose free

Six pairs of cotton Holeproof Hose for men, women and children are guaranteed to wear without holes for six months. Three pairs of silk Holeproofs for men and women are guaranteed for three months.

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Thus these hose make endless darning unnecessary—they save money, time and trouble.

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For Men, Women and Children

Go try them. Learn where Holeproofs excel. See how these hose prove their value.

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. Write for the dealers' names. We ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

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FACTS?

Then Listen:—MURADS have not jumped in a day or a year to the national prominence they occupy. It has taken them more than a dozen years—each year showing a substantial increase in sales, in popularity, in reputation. The reason is that MURADS depend on no passing fad or fancy. They do have those

LASTING QUALITIES

that become more satisfying the longer one knows them. Could there be a more GLORIOUS HISTORY for any brand of cigarettes?

S. Anargyros
A CORPORATION
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World.



Everywhere—Why?

and chopped the wood," spaded the garden, mowed the lawn, fed the horses, and, if charmed by the hired girl, even milked the cow for her in token of affection. In those days eight dollars a month and "keep" was the big recompense such a man received. So it is almost unnecessary to say that he wore no "fine clothes," but patched and ragged garments, and was a true *raggedy* man. The children liked him, first of all, because he was different from other people, and then for the very patches on his clothes which made them feel sorry for him. "Yet he was not so ragged," says Mr. Riley, "as many people think nowadays. He was not a tramp, but a young fellow from a neighboring farm, and an 'eligible' man in the community.

"But the best thing about a Raggedy Man," adds Mr. Riley, "was that he understood and loved us children. He loved us better than his work, I fear, and he enjoyed nothing better than telling us stories. I can see him very plainly now, sitting in the haymow and spinning yarns for us when he should have been splitting the kindling, and I remember the kindly, cheery face and the twinkle of his eyes beneath his old battered hat and towsled head as he solemnly lighted his pipe and began some outrageous story. He told bigger yarns than Baron Munchausen ever fancied, and spoke much about dwarfs and giants in a singularly original vein. We children heard him with delight."

Mr. Riley remembers he was once a child himself and is particular to answer the questions asked. And so the little child who asked, "What is a Raggedy Man?" received a reply like this:

"I am glad you said you like the Raggedy Man best because I like him best, too. And I like him so much that I want *you* to know just what kind of a fellow he was. First of all, he wasn't one of those silly men who are always trying to make you laugh by doing foolish things and grinning. They make me feel awfully uncomfortable, too, and one feels quite sorry for them, since they seem so weak-minded. The Raggedy Man didn't laugh so very much. He just sort of smiled seriously at you, and when you lost your knife through a crack in the floor, or dropped a doll down the hay chute into the horses' feed, or got your bean bag stuck in a tree, he got it for you. Then he played with you—played horse—oh, so much better than we knew how to play it. He would make us real little bridles out of strings, and sometimes would let us hitch him up and drive him, prancing, shying, and loping with his head 'way high in the air. And my, oh! when he 'ran away' it would just take all the breath out of you holding tight and simply flying over the road, until I'd almost have to let go several times before I stopped him! And the popcorn he would pop, how large and flaky and snowy, and—oomh—how good! Then the stories he would tell us—the funniest things and the strangest—but the strangest fact about them was that he had seen everything he told us himself, and knew all about it first-hand!"

In spirit, James Whitcomb Riley is *himself* a Raggedy Man. And he says from his heart with the little child of his poem what all the rest of us who love children join him in saying, in the praise of affection and joy and understanding of children:

I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

Another World Series

(Continued from page 22)

from Cleveland, and Murphy from Mack. Detroit took over James and Lowdermilk from St. Louis, and the battle began to prove that the dollar is mightier than the bat and that the kale ever surpasses the pitching arm.

But mere money, after all, can't buy a fighting heart or club spirit, so the White Sox faltered and fell, leaving the race to Red Sox and Tigers.

Jennings had as good a machine in every other respect, save only the pitching, and it was here that Boston carved out a lead and set the September pace.

The Red Sox presented all year one of the best pitching staffs of baseball. They had Smoky Joe Wood at only rare intervals; but while he was working Wood was a big winner. But one or two sore arms, even when worn by a Wood and by a Gregg, were no great handicap to a club that had Ruth, Shore, Foster, Leonard, and Collins.

Of the Red Sox who won a world championship in 1912, Boston still had left the entire outfield in Speaker, Lewis, and Hopper; Carrigan and Cady back of the bat; Gardner at third, and Wood and Collins in the box. The Red Sox and Tigers at the finish were far and away the best machines in the game.

Comparative Strength

As the Phillies and the Red Sox in their respective circuits took the leading drive together through September, it might be interesting to see just how these two clubs compare.

Killifer and Thomas back of the bat are upon a par. Both are first-class backstops, batting a shade below .250, but Killifer did slightly better work.

There could be no comparison in pitching staffs for a full season's run with Shore, Foster, Leonard, Ruth, Wood, Collins, and Gregg against Alexander, Mayer, Chalmers, Demaree, and Rixey. Boston has the advantage by a margin as wide as the outposts of a Siberian frontier. Nearly every Bostonian mentioned is a star. But for all that neither Boston nor any other club had a Grover Cleveland Alexander, and in a short series, with Alexander given the chance, the Phillie star would be a match for any two rivals. Alexander in control of that low ball of his is next to unbeatable—or unbeatable nine times out of ten starts. But where Alexander would have a hard battle at every start, pitching against a harder-hitting club, the rest of the Phillie staff would hardly stack up against such people as Ruth, Foster, Leonard, and Shore. The Red Sox looked better around the infield than the Phillies—with a better outfield in more ways than one.

Granting that the two leagues are fairly even, which partisans of neither league will grant, the Red Sox played much the better ball through the year. Granting that the American League was slightly stronger, which it was, the Red Sox margin grows. The tip off here is that Boston was able to win ten or twelve more games in the American League than Philadelphia was able to win in the National. The Red Sox, with better pitching and slightly better fielding strength, finished with a batting average of .265 against .250 for the Phillies.

Which is proof enough that the above statement is correct—that the Red Sox stand out as the best club in the game.

But in any short series one great pitching star like Alexander wipes out copious quantities of the dope as amassed in other departments of play. Walsh and Mathewson have proved this when at their best, although Walter Johnson never had the chance. Ten years ago, facing the Athletics, Mathewson could have won the World Series alone, with a bat boy sandwiched in on odd days. He worked in three shutouts and would have been easily good for a fourth victory if the series hadn't ended with such abruptness.

Alexander, like Mathewson, is a big, powerful type—a pitcher with a big frame, a fine arm, a keen brain, and a stout heart. He has been able to go far and to go fast and at no time this season has the heavy burden dragged him downhill.

Through the season just completed the American League made the fatal mistake of strengthening its strong clubs at the expense of its weaker ones. Philadelphia, Cleveland, and St. Louis suffered that Chicago, Boston, and Detroit might gain. But no man can dope out baseball, and it may be that some club will rise in the younger league next season as the Phillies rose in the National this year, a better club with certain stars displaced by hard workers and hustlers fighting for the common good.

The Phillies proved that with six men cast adrift by other clubs. The Dodgers, through the keen leadership of Robinson, or, rather, through his encouragement and companionship, proved that stars are not needed. There were fewer stars on the Red Sox than upon either Tigers or White Sox, but this didn't prevent the Red Sox from beating both rivals consistently through the year.

Baseball, all the way, was carded for a rocky season. The game was supposed to be losing its once great grip upon the American public. And yet 1915 was like most other years in this respect—the pennant contenders

drew big crowds at every important series, and those floundering around in the second division enticed but very few after August.

Those who figured baseball as a dead issue began to change their minds after the Boston-Detroit series late in September: 23,000 saw the first game of this series, 24,000 reported for the second, and the third found 38,000 jammed and packed, raving and roaring, within Fenway Park. Boston, one of the greatest of old-time ball towns, drew her two largest crowds this season—44,000 at a certain Brave battle in August and 38,000 at American League headquarters.

This doesn't indicate the promise of any early death. For a corpse the old pastime is still making a few lively gestures. Which doesn't mean that 1915 failed to prove that many changes are needed or to prove that the game is passing through a shift that will make for better days later on.

For one thing a reduction in big salaries is coming, and with this reduction will come a lowering of the admission price. Not down to the 10-cent admissions attempted by the Federal League, for 10 cents is below the price needed to maintain a first-class sport in a first-class way. But good bleacher seats for 25 cents, with grandstand seats at 50 and 75 cents, must be the new order, and these prices, with many big salaries cut down, will put the game upon a popular and normal basis.

An All-Star Club

WHO were the main stars of 1915? It is even harder this season than in other years to pick an all-star array, due to the passing of so many star fixtures who have held their places through one season after another.

But here is one pick that fits in with the records and with the judgment of those who have watched the year's work:

Catchers—Snyder, St. Louis National; Schalk, Chicago American.

Pitchers—Alexander, Philadelphia National; Mamaux, Pittsburgh National; Johnson, Washington American.

First base—Saier, Chicago National.

Second base—Collins, Chicago American.

Shortstop—Herzog, Cincinnati National.

Third base—Maisel, New York American.

Outfield—Cobb, Detroit American; Speaker, Boston American; Cravath, Philadelphia National.

The two outstanding stars of the year were Ty Cobb and Alexander.

The Black Eagle Mystery

Continued from page 19

she is? Who knows anything of these Whitehalls? They came from the West two years ago and settled on a farm—quiet, ladylike women—but not a soul has any real information about them or their antecedents."

We'd reached the place he was bound for and I was glad to break away. I wanted to think, and the more I thought the more wild and fantastic and incredible it seemed.

Two days after that a chain of events began that put an end to all inaction and plunged the Harland case deeper than ever into sinister mystery. I will write them down in the order in which they occurred.

The first was on Tuesday—the Tuesday night following Molly's dinner with Tony Ford. That night an unknown man attacked Ford in his room, leaving him for dead.

For some years Ford had lived in a lodging house on the East Side near Stuyvesant Park. The place was decent and quiet, run by a widow and her daughter, the inmates of the shabby-genteel class—rather an odd corner for a man of Ford's proclivities to house himself. It was one of those old-fashioned, brownstone fronts, set back from the street behind a little square of garden, a short flagged path leading to the front door.

On the evening of the attack Ford had come in about half past eight, and after a few words with his landlady, who was sitting in the reception room, had gone upstairs. A little after ten, as they were closing up for the night, there was a ring at the bell and the door was opened by the servant, a Swede. The widow was as economical with her gas as lodging-house keepers usually are, and the Swede said she could only dimly see the figure of a man in the vestibule. He asked for Mr. Anthony Ford, and she told him Mr. Ford was in and directed him to the room on the third floor back. Without more words he entered and went up the stairs. After locking the door she followed him, being on her way to bed. When she reached the third floor he was standing at Ford's door, and as she ascended to the fourth she heard his knock and Ford's voice from the inside call out: "Hello, who's that?"

WHEN the police asked her about the man's appearance her description was meager. He had worn the collar of his overcoat turned up and kept on his hat. All that she could make out in the brief moment when he crossed the hall to the stairs was that his eyes looked bright and dark, that he wore glasses, and that he had a large aquiline nose. She thought he had a white mustache, but on this point she was uncertain, as the upturned collar hid the lower part of his face.

Babbitts, who reported the affair for the "Dispatch"—and for the Whitney office on the side—questioned the girl carefully. She was stupid—not long winded—and could only be sure of the nose and the glasses. But one thing he elicited from her was an important touch in this impressionist picture—the man was small. When he passed her in the hall she noticed that he was not as tall as she was, and he moved quickly and lightly as he went up the stairs.

On the third floor front were two rooms, one vacant, one occupied by a boy named Salinger, a clerk in a near-by publishing house. Salinger came in at half past ten, and as he passed Ford's door heard in the room men's voices, one loud, one low. A sentence in the raised voice—it did not sound like Ford's—caught his ear. The tone denoted anger, likewise the words: "I've come for something more than talk. I've had enough of that."

Knowing Ford was out of work, he supposed he was having a row with a dun, and passed on to his own room, where he went to bed and read a novel. He was so engrossed in this that he said he would not have heard anyone come or go in the hall; but the landlady, who with her daughter occupied the parlor on the ground floor, at a little before eleven heard steps descending the stairs and the front door open and close.

IT wasn't till nearly two in the morning that Salinger was wakened by a feeble knocking. He jumped up, and before he could reach the door heard a heavy fall in the passage. There, prostrate by the sill, lay Ford, unconscious, his head laid open by a deep wound.

Salinger dragged him back to his room, then roused the landlady, who sent for a doctor. He told Babbitts that the place gave no evidence of a struggle, a drop-light was burning, a chair drawn close to it, and a book lying face down on the table as if Ford had been reading when the stranger interrupted him. On the floor near a desk standing between the two windows a trickle of blood showed where Ford had fallen, suggesting that the attack had been made from behind as he stood over the desk. The doctor pronounced the injury serious. The blow had been delivered on the back of the head, and Ford's condition was critical.

When the police turned up they could find nothing to give them a clue to the assailant—no finger prints, no footmarks, no weapon or implement. Ford had been stricken down by one violent blow, falling on him suddenly and evidently unexpected. He was taken to the hospital unconscious, no one knowing whether he would die before they could get a statement out of him.

The cause of the assault was at first puzzling. Robbery seemed improbable, as a man in Ford's position was not likely to have much money, and as his gold watch and chain were found in full view on the table. But when the first excitement quieted down one of the women in the house came forward with the story that a few days before Ford had told her he had recently been left a legacy by an uncle up-State, and, in proof of his newly acquired wealth, had showed her two fifty-dollar bills. This put a different face on the matter. If Ford had carried such sums on him,

Big Ben



For Those Dark Mornings

A frosty tang in the morning air makes you snuggle the bedclothes tight. A lazy sun makes the night stay late, so it's easy to sleep on through.

Big Ben's right there with a tuneful call to tell you it's morning time. The hearty cheer of his "Come on, pal!" sticks with you the whole day long.

He'll be right there with his mellow chime whatever hour you set. He'll ease your eyes open with ten gentle, half-minute rings, thirty seconds apart, or he'll rouse you with one vigorous five-minute signal. Once you're awake a touch of a switch stops him short in either call.

Big Ben is seven inches tall, slender, well built, handsome; business-like, efficient, accurate. Judge him on performance—he'll more than fulfill his promise.

He's waiting for you at your jeweler's. His price anywhere in the United States is $2 50; in Canada, $3.00. If your dealer doesn't stock him money order addressed to *"Westclox, La Salle, Illinois,"* will bring him to your door postpaid.

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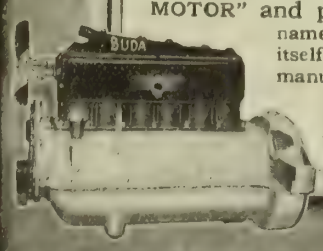
The Long Life MOTOR

Do you know what that means?

It means, first of all, driving comfort due to BUDA power, silence, smoothness, absolute reliability—the mental comfort which comes from being able to forget the motor entirely. It means that the BUDA MOTOR will continue to seem new when old—and the MOTOR means the CAR—IS the car, almost.

For nothing brings out weaknesses as time does. If they are there, Old Father Time will find them. Long life means —EVERYTHING.

So we are proud to have the BUDA MOTOR known as the "LONG LIFE MOTOR" and proud to put upon it the name of the Buda Company which itself has stood the test of 35 years, manufacturing NOTHING BUT THE BEST.



When you buy a car or truck see that it is BUDA MOTORED.

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Complete Outfit *with* 12 Blades $1.00

HERE'S the standard EVER-READY dollar outfit with its one dozen (12) keen, smooth shaving RADIO blades the marvel of the shaving world in value and efficiency.

No matter what razor you have been using, you cannot feel that you are securing the smoothest, easiest shave possible, unless you are an EVER-READY enthusiast.

Buy an EVER-READY today. Druggists, hardware, jewelry and general stores sell the EVER-READY with 12 RADIO blades, complete for $1.00.

Refuse substitutes with less blades

Extra RADIO blades, 6 for 30c, 10 for 50c

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Insist on This Label when you buy roofing



Roofing quality cannot be determined in advance by any kind of tests, no matter how scientific, and in order to protect you from taking such risks we attach this label of quality to every roll of our highest quality Roofing, giving the purchaser a definite guaranteed service, backed by the largest Roofing and Building Paper Mills in the World. You get this label only when you buy

Certain-teed

Roofing

1-ply guaranteed 5 years
2-ply guaranteed 10 years
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Many cheap roofings bear labels that were formerly put on better goods—some manufacturers and some jobbers cannot meet keen competition, so cut the quality, but use the same label. Such labels often mean little or are misleading.

Certain-teed Roofing has made good on the roof for many years. Every fifth roll of Roofing made in the United States and Canada bears the *Certain-teed* label. By reason of our large volume we can make the best Roofing and sell it at prices that were formerly charged for roofings of lower quality.

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Oliver Standard



Price for a Short Time $56

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We can sell you this typewriter at this price if you act quick. We guarantee the machine for life, but we guarantee the price for only a few days. The return of good business conditions stimulates the full price typewriter market and **cuts down our supply**, so that we are sure of only a limited number of machines.

If you write at once that you are in the market for a Standard Oliver at our low price we will reserve a machine for you to be shipped subject to your approval after you get our literature with details of offer. Your letter will obligate you in no way—no salesman will call. Our terms are nothing down, free trial and a year to pay if you wish. The machine has all the modern improvements and equipment that you would have to pay $100 for anywhere else. Write at once. Offer may be withdrawn any day.

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CALOX THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Makes your teeth feel clean

ALL DRUGGISTS 25 cents

Sample free if you mention your druggist.

McKESSON & ROBBINS 91 Fulton St N.Y.

it was probable the fact had become known, and burglary been the motive of the attack.

The police looked over the papers in his wallet and desk, but found nothing that threw any light on the mystery. Babbitts was present at this search and found three letters—tossed aside by the city detectives as having no bearing on the subject—that he knew must be seen by Whitney & Whitney. He and the precinct captain had hobnobbed together over many cases, and a few sentences in the hall resulted in the transfer of the papers to Babbitts's breast pocket with a promise to return them the next day.

I'll give these letters a little later.

IN the hospital Ford came back to consciousness long enough to make an ante-mortem statement. It was short and explicit, satisfying the authorities who didn't know that the victim himself was a criminal with matters in his own life to hide. Here it is, copied from the evening paper:

I don't know who the man was. I never saw him before. He had some story that he knew me, and asked for money. I tried to stand him off, but when he got threatening, not wanting him to make a row in the house, I went to the desk where I had a few loose bills in a drawer. It was while I was standing there with my back to him that he struck me. I don't know what he did it with—something he had under his coat. When I came to myself later I got to Salinger's door. That's all I know. A week ago I'd had some money on me—part of a small legacy—but I'd banked it a few days before. He must have heard of it some way and was after it.

That settled the question as far as the police and the general public went. There was not a detective or reporter in New York who connected that half-seen figure, stealing by night into a cheap lodging house, with the financier whose disappearance had been the nine days' wonder of the season.

On Wednesday evening Babbitts brought the letters to the Whitney office. We were all there but Molly, and we sat round the table passing the papers from hand to hand.

One was on a sheet of Harland's business stationery and was in Harland's writing, which both George and the chief knew. It was dated January 2, and ran as follows:

DEAR FORD—*Excellent. If possible I'll try to see you to-morrow. I'll be going down to lunch about one.*

Yours, H. H.

As a document in the case it had no especial value beyond confirming the fact that Ford was—as he had told Molly—on friendly terms with the lawyer.

The others were of vital significance. They were on small oblongs of white paper, the finely nicked upper edge indicating they had been attached to a writing tablet. Both were in ink and in the same hand, rapid and scratchy, the words trailing off into scrawls. Neither had any address, but both bore dates—one December 27 and the other January 10.

Here is the first:

DECEMBER 27.

DEAR GIRL—*Thanks for your note. Things begin to look more encouraging. That I must stand back and let you do so much—win our way by your cleverness and persuasion—is a trial to my patience. But my time will come later.*

J. W. B.

The signature was a hurried scratch. Babbitts said the police had glanced at the letter, set it down as the copy of a note Ford had written to some girl and thrown it aside. Those half-formed initials might have been anything to the casual, uninterested eye.

The second, dated January 10, was a little longer:

DEAREST CAROL—*I hoped to see you to-day, but couldn't make it. So our end seems to be in sight—at last approaching after our planning and waiting. What a sensation we're going to make! But it won't touch us. We're strong enough to dare anything when our happiness is the stake.* J. W. B.

We agreed with O'Malley when he sized these letters up as copies in Ford's hand—he had samples of it—of notes written by Barker to Carol Whitehall. The reason for Ford's taking them was not hard to guess with our knowledge of the gunman's character.

"It shows him up as a pretty tough specimen," said the detective astride on a chair with a big black cigar in the corner of his mouth. "He wasn't going to lose a trick. While she was working for Barker he was gathering all the evidence against his employer that his position in the Whitehall office gave him access to."

"Laying his plans for blackmail," said George.

"Do you suppose Barker was on to it and decided to get him out of the way before he had a chance to use them?" said Babbitts.

"No, I don't see it that way. There was no indication in the room of a search. I guess Barker acted on the principle that the fewer people share a secret the easier it is to keep."

"Looks to me," said George, "as if Ford *had* made some move that scared the old man—coming back that way into a house full of people. Considering the circumstances, he took a mighty big risk."

"Not as big a one as having Ford at large," answered O'Malley. "You've got to remember that not one of the three knows the murder has been discovered. They think they're as safe as bugs in a rug. With Ford out of it, the only menace to Barker's safety is removed. I look at this as a last perfecting touch, the coping stone on the edifice."

The chief, who had been silently pacing back and forth across the end of the room, came slouching to the table and picked up the longer of the two letters. Holding it to the light, he read it over murmuringly, then dropped it and said: "Curious that a man who had conceived such a plot would allude to it in writing."

I spoke up: what seemed to me the first rational words of the meeting gave me my cue:

"What makes you so sure the thing alluded to in those letters *is* the murder?"

"Oh, Lord, Jack, you're nutty," said George. "We know Barker and Miss Whitehall were in love, and we know Barker committed the murder, and we know she helped. That was enough to occupy their minds without going off on side mysteries."

Nature has cursed me with a violent temper. I've thought it was conquered—a leashed beast of which I was the master. Now, suddenly, it rose, pulling at its chain. I heard my voice husky but steady as I said: "It's your evidence against the woman that you're twisting and coloring to match your preconceived theories. There's not an attempt been made to reconcile her previous record with the villainous act of which you accuse her. There's a gulf there you can't bridge. Why don't you go down into the foundations of the thing instead of putting your attention on surface indications? Why don't you go into the psychology of it, build on that, not the material evidences that a child could see?"

I DON'T believe one of them guessed the state I was in—took my vehemence as an enthusiasm for impartial justice. But a few minutes more of it and the old fury would have broken loose. I saw O'Malley's face, red through a red mist; saw he was mad, mad straight through, enraged at the aspersions on his ability. He got up, ready to answer, and Lord knows what would have happened—a rough and tumble round the room probably—if the door hadn't opened and a clerk put in his head with the announcement: "A gentleman on the phone wants Mr. O'Malley."

The words transformed the detective; his anger vanished as if it never had been. Quick as a wink he made for the door, flinging back over his shoulder: "I told them at the office if anything turned up I'd be here. There's something doing."

A hush fell on the rest of us—the tense quiet of expectancy. The fire in me fell like a flame when a bellows is dropped. News—any news—might bring help for her, exonerate her, wipe away the stain of the suspicions that no one but us six would ever know.

The door opened and O'Malley entered. His face was illuminated, shining with an irrepressible triumph, his movements quick and instinctively stealthy. Pushing the door to behind him, he said as softly as if the walls had ears: "They've got Barker in Philadelphia."

(To be continued next week)

Here!



the 7-point gum

PEPPERMINT—RED WRAPPER
CINNAMON—BLUE WRAPPER

HERE'S the new, cheery package that's taken up residence in towns and villages from coast to coast. When you see it in *Red* you know there's cool, refreshing *Peppermint* Sterling Gum within. When *Blue*, the flavor is a lasting, spicy *Cinnamon*.

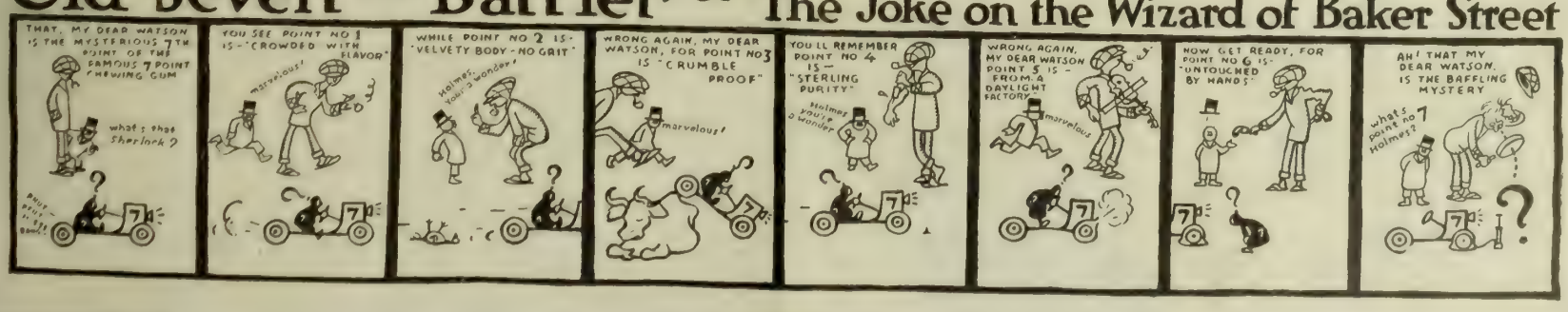
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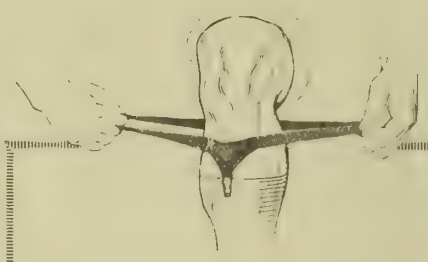


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The Big Fellow

(Continued from page 6)

for his uncurbed spirit; they hinted that dissipation had wrecked his old mastery of pitching. Connie Mack alone knew the story of the past two years, and he was, as usual, voluble as the Sphinx itself. A fanciful story of prospecting in Death Valley began the rounds, and it not only appealed to the curious, but seemed eminently fitting as a new chapter in the career of the meteoric "Bugs" Redmond. The rumors of an accident in a mine shaft were as readily accepted for the marked pallor, the shaven head, and the scar that showed so vividly. At the end of a fortnight his return was accepted without further speculation. The pennants of the respective leagues were by this time conceded to the old rivals.

IT was at this stage of the season when Redmond, "working out" in practice, saw the Governor and Mack come down the runway of the grand stand and take their seats on the bench in the "dugout" reserved for visiting teams. Schang was catching him, and the ball shuttled back and forth with increasing speed. He was even a bit bronzed, and when his arm shot out from the graceful wind-up the feel of the old irresistible power was in it. He knew that the Governor was watching him critically, and knew also that the Governor had read that morning of the game he had pitched against Detroit—and lost.

"He's a puzzle, Governor," Mack was saying. "His speed is blinding and his control is grand. Yesterday, in his first game, he made monkeys out of Detroit—Cobb and Crawford and the rest of them—for six innings. Then he 'blew' without the slightest warning. I never saw a worse bombardment. What is it? Is he yellow, that big giant?"

Redmond could have told him. It was all due to a remark of Hughey Jennings, delivered without intended significance. Cobb had stepped up to the plate swinging three bats, aching for a hit to redeem two strike-outs on his former visits to the plate. On the third-base line, Hughey Jennings, capering and plucking little tufts of grass, had sung out:

"Now, Ty, over the wall. It's bread and water and double irons for you if you strike out again. Put this big fellow where he belongs. He ought to swing a sledge in a village blacksmith shop."

The crowd, confident of victory, had laughed at the sally, but into Redmond's brain had wormed a sudden fear—fear of exposure, conviction that his prison life was known to Jennings. Cobb, tossing two bats behind him, tapping the turf from his cleats with the other, had driven the first ball over the wall.

The Governor, innocent of all this, hit close to the mark: "Connie, don't forget his two years behind stone walls. The taint of prison life, the fear of exposure, do not wear off easily. The glimpse of a face in a crowd, an idle remark, may have brought the fear to Redmond yesterday. You say he's shy, doesn't mix with the squad? Take him out with you at night, make him mix with men, get him away from himself. You've got to have him in the series to win. He'll have to face 40,000 yelling lunatics then and not dare to think whether there is a man in the 40,000 who knows where he spent the last two years."

"Do you think for a moment," reflected Mack, "that McGraw may have had detectives on the job to look up what he had been doing after he left the Cubs and disappeared from the game?"

"Nonsense! John McGraw does not overlook many tricks, but he'd never think of that."

MACK unwrapped one long leg from the other, and the Governor knew that his advice had won. From that day Mack and his big pitcher were inseparable. Men pointed them out proudly in the business district and hotel lobbies. There was hardly a boxing bout staged in the City of Brotherly Love without the two close to the ringside, and they became slaves to the motion-picture habit. Redmond began to take his part in the rollicking half hours after morning practice and to spin yarns of the famous old Cub machine. The treatment showed on the field, too, for the White Sox went hitless before him. Philadelphia, awakening to the significance of his invincible form, went suddenly into a berserker frenzy of insane joy.

That night he and Mack went to see the "movies." His laugh boomed out over an amusing comedy and Mack chuckled softly, his face lined with wrinkles of mirth. The next film danced on the screen. From a huddle of drab buildings filed a line of dots. The dots marched nearer and the snakelike line resolved into a double line of men. Their clothes were striped, their caps were square-visored, and their wrists were chained. Guards marched ahead and in rear, and the line stopped jerkily when one man turned to shake his fist at the receding buildings. Another seemed to stumble, the line checked, and a dozen men stooped. The line moved on, a dozen arms shot forward, and stones flew about the heads of the leading guards.

"The Sing Sing mutineers being transferred to Auburn." Mack read the legend in level tones. "Poor devils!"

"Connie, let's go. I've seen enough," whispered Redmond.

Four days later Mack uncrossed his legs and looked keenly down the bench. "Redmond, you work to-day."

For three innings Cleveland, once contenders, tried vainly to push forward their attack. Then—the sudden bombardment, and a youngster went to the slab to take up Redmond's lost game. Mack, temperate of speech, tried to find words bitter enough in condemnation of the "movies," and gave it up. The next morning Redmond shamefacedly turned over the sporting page of his paper without a glimpse at it. A date line on the following page caught his eye and baseball was forgotten. Red Clancy had broken jail and posses were scouring the countryside for him.

"Good old Red; I hope he makes a getaway," he muttered.

For a week he read every page in his paper, a procedure that carried mystification to the squad, and each day he found a fierce solace in the absence of further news of his old cell mate. Then came the World Series and he went back to the sporting page alone.

He saw, helpless and apparently forgotten on the bench in the dugout, the swift attack of the Giants carry his team before it for the first two games. Bender, with a day's rest, stopped the impending rout on the third day. Shawkey, the brilliant Baltimore recruit, held the Giants in check on the fourth day and the savage batting of the Athletics evened up the series. It was a costly victory, however, for a smashing line drive through the box by the last man up shattered the recruit's bare right hand. Plank and Marquard were pitted against each other for the fifth game, and, for the second time in the series, the bats of the Giants drove Plank from the mound. There was but one game between the Giants and the World Series. The next day he watched Mack furtively, his blue eyes hungry for his signal, his hands flexing nervously for the feel of the new, white ball in the umpire's pocket.

THE imperturbable Mack uncrossed his long legs, glanced keenly down the bench, and rushed Bender into the breach. A home-run drive by Danny Murphy broke the tie in the twelfth and snatched the forlorn hope from defeat. Still Redmond nursed slim hope for the call in the final game. Plank, the hero of many battles, had failed signally in his two trials, he knew. Shawkey and Coombs were on the hospital list. Bender had borne the brunt so far, and Redmond knew that the Indian, despite his lack of rest, was the logical choice. Grimly he faced his bitter disappointment. The Governor, he knew, and, yes, Red Clancy, would share it with him, but his laconic summary remained: "Nothing doing."

There were more than 40,000 clamoring lunatics banked about the green field of the Polo Grounds for the final game. The official count was closer to 60,000, and the Governor was one of the army, the lust of the game strong within him. The official announcer stepped to the plate as the final gong sent the Athletics scurrying out to their defenses and poised his megaphone toward the row of press boxes.

"Batteries for New York—Mathewson—and Meyers," he bawled in his most raucous accents. The Polo Grounds rang with the triumphant battle cry of the New Yorkers. Then came an attentive quiet, as though a giant hand had palsied their collective throats. Redmond dug his thumbs deep into his

padded flannels and held his breath. "For Philadelphia—Redmond—and Schang."

The tumult sounded no louder in his ears than the droning of a bee, but it equaled the outburst of the enemy. There was a defiant undertone in it, and it was shot through with catcalls and jibes, and a dozen fights started between resentful Quakers and jeering New Yorkers. Baker, his first time up, drove the ball into deep center for the circuit of the bases. Redmond glowed with the thrill of it and swore to himself that one run was all he needed to hold the Giants in check. Then followed air-tight pitching and sharp fielding and not another run stormed across the plate. To the Giants' half of the ninth inning the game went, palpitant with the keen seesaw of the struggle. Both pitchers were working flawlessly, tirelessly.

LIKE the swift rush of fire in dry grass came the break in the compelling stress. An easy grounder slipped through Collins, set for the throw, and Snodgrass hooked his cleated shoe into second base by daring base running. Chief Meyers, the heaviest hitter in the Giants' batting order, was up with no one out. McGraw, a past master of baseball psychology, raced from the coaching box at third and frantically called Meyers and Mathewson to him. Redmond grinned comfortably at the three heads bowed in conference. He had taken Meyers's measure in a pinch before and the enforced rest of his arm had left it equal to the task of odd innings.

The strategy outlined, Meyers strolled back to the plate, swinging his bat in curious, unorthodox fashion. Mathewson, awaiting his turn, did the same. Back in the coaching box McGraw smiled sardonically at Redmond and held his clenched hands, one on the other, above his head. Then, as Redmond lowered at him, he swung them downward in the same hammering stroke. Over on the first-base line Coach Robinson took up the motion. On the Giants' bench the squad, in quick obedience to his exhortation, were on their feet, swinging sweaters and bats.

Facing first to one side, then the other, Redmond waited and raged. It could be nothing else, he knew, than the swinging strokes of a blacksmith's sledge that met his eyes, turn where he would. He faced McGraw in one last glare of defiance. The burly leader was pacing back and forth in the confines of his coaching box, in mocking pantomime of the lockstep. Redmond dug his brass toe plate into the soil of the box, and a blind rage shook him. Every ounce of his reserve power went into the first ball. It shot straight at the batter, and Meyers saved himself by flinging his arm up to protect his head. The ball glanced off, and Meyers trotted to first, wincing with pain.

The flail-like pantomime redoubled, and the base runners beat the air with swinging blows as they danced along the paths. The crowd, caught by the novelty of it, was on its feet, shouting monotonously, drunkenly, like delegates in a stampeded convention, swinging their arms in curious imitations of the Giants. Mathewson let four wild ones go by, and three Giants—Snodgrass, Meyers, and Mathewson—filled the pathways to victory. The shouting, spent by its fury, dimmed from a riot of frenzy to a hoarse, booming chant. Bender loped out to warm up, and the racket soared again to the top of its pitch. Burns fairly sprinted to the plate to face the demoralized Redmond, and the tumult sunk to a dead silence. The crisis of the World Series had come.

White as the new ball that had begun the game, Redmond faced him, and Mack saw from the bench that he was trembling like a palsied man. He raised his hand in signal to Bender. Out of the moment's truce of silence came a shrill yell.

"Sew up the game, Big Fellow. Sew it up right now. Strike him out for the Governor!"

Redmond alone of all the thousands knew that shrill voice, knew it for that of Red Clancy, the jail breaker. His great fingers tightened about the seams of the ball like hooks of steel. His lip curled backward from his clenched teeth. From the corner of his mouth a thin stream of tobacco juice trickled down his jaw, a salient jaw now with fight written deep in it. The flawless delivery started, and, with the smack of the ball in Schang's mitt, the umpire's thumb arched back jerkily.

"Strrr-ike one!"

Two more followed with the regularity of a saluting battery, and the shrill voice pealed out:

"Now you're pitching, Big Fellow. They can't hit 'em when they can't see 'em!"

The Governor turned in his box and swung his hat joyously at the pale, red-haired man with the thin, eager face and the shrill battle cry. Unabashed, Red Clancy swung his in answer. Shafer stepped jauntily to the plate and McInnis gathered in his weak foul along first-base line with all the care and solicitude of a lepidopterist snaring a rare butterfly. From the Giants' bench walked McCormick, mightiest of pinch hitters in any league. An outburst of approval in which a turret gun's bellow would have been smothered greeted McGraw's strategy.

Redmond faced him quietly. He would give him his best, the blending of rare control and every ounce of his speed. Then, the game won and the World Series snatched from McGraw's very palm, he would silence forever those arms that still swung, sledgelike, over McGraw's head. His arms arched easily upward, dropped with a snap to his chest, and McCormick met the ball squarely. Instinctively Redmond shot out his bare right hand. With the movement came the stinging impact of the ball, and the big chap reeled. The great hand closed on it viselike, as it ached to close on McGraw's neck. He had won his game, robbed McGraw of his heart's desire, and he turned to find him before the crowd should come swarming over the field.

Mack and Bender were at his side, yelling in his unhearing ears, pounding his broad back. His eyes sought McGraw, but the whirlpool of humanity that circled about the cleat-marked turf had swallowed him up. In the passageway under the grand stand that led to the clubhouse they sought relief from hero worshipers. The Governor, with Red Clancy at his heels, found him there.

"Red, old man, how did you ever do it?" asked Redmond, his eyes gone soft again at the sight of the little man.

"I broke jail, begging the Governor's pardon, for two things: One was to see you cop the series, which you did; the other was to travel around a bit in me old haunts and find out who did pull off that Pittsburgh job. From the way it was bungled I always suspected 'One-Eyed' Hogan. It was him."

HE turned to face the Governor, and his battered hat came off, revealing the flame of his hair that had for two weeks outwitted the prison barber.

"Governor, this Big Fellow can't even talk like a crook. He don't know the alphabet of a yeggman. The cops can get Mr. Hogan whenever you say the word. I've nothing against him, but I want to see the Big Fellow here pitch a game without his prison life being thrown at him again."

"And what next?" The Governor smiled down at the eager little man.

"I'm going back. It's not so bad there now as it was before you came, and the baseball season is over."

He was off like a flash, and the Big Fellow turned to the Governor. "Ask the warden to go easy on the little man, Governor. We'll win another series for you next fall, me with my arm and the little man with his spirit." He was pleading with the fervor of an Irish lad with a maid. "I knew you would, sir. John McGraw can swing his arms at me till they drop off before he gets my goat again. Connie, I'd like to take the 'movies' in to-night."

Twice in the Same Place

[Continued from page 11]

or under the property along these routes. I want you to buy cheap if you can, but I want you to buy. Understand?"

"Any price in reason?" Hornaday suggested.

"Any price in reason. I'll put five thousand to your credit now—more when you need it. And the main thing is to hurry."

"I got that," Hornaday said. "But if you want it for a power line, why should I get the right to pass under—"

Shirley snarled. "There you go, right off the reel! I told you I wasn't hiring you to jaw. You follow orders. Do you catch that?"

"Oh," Hornaday said, somewhat ruefully; "yes, I have that. Is that all?"

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If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

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So Hornaday hustled.

Three weeks later Shirley recalled him, and Hornaday reported that he had secured the right of way for some sixty miles of line, but that he had still the mountain districts to make. Shirley eyed him.

"Haven't been through the Tejon yet, eh?"

"No. Pretty rainy through there just now."

"All right. We've got enough for now. I'll let you hear from me."

Three days later John C. Fanning, busily engaged in perfecting the pipe-line company organization and in attending to preliminary work before starting an engineer out for a first complete survey, received the following telegram:

JOHN C. FANNING, *Hotel Southern, Bakersfield.*

Charles Shirley, Bakersfield, here today offering us right of way over your route. We have caught him before in small deals and find him a crook. Are you on to him? ANDREW SEWARD.

Manager Universal Oil Co., Los Angeles.

Fanning returned an immediate answer, which the Los Angeles man read with a smile:

ANDREW SEWARD, *Universal Oil Building, Los Angeles.*

Yes, thanks. Next time Shirley calls better lock safe. JOHN FANNING.

And that afternoon President Charles B. Shirley was notified that John C. Fanning was in the outer office of the sumptuous suite fitted up by the president for the Portola Oil Company and that he desired to see the personage. Shirley thought a minute, puzzled, and then ordered Mr. Fanning admitted.

Fanning rolled in grinning. "Hello, Charley," he said guilelessly; "haven't seen you for so long, thought I'd drop in."

Shirley grunted, not certain of his ground. "Sit down."

"Thanks." The big ex-brakeman fumbled his hat. "Portola's doing pretty well lately, isn't she, Charley? I thought so. Haven't got any loose stock floating around, have you? I was careless about my interest in the company once, and I've been thinking I might get back in."

President Shirley appraised his man coolly. It was just as he had figured: Fat Fanning didn't have a lick of sense and never would have in this incarnation. If ever there was a sucker born to be hooked twice in the same place, he said to himself, Fanning was his last name and John Calhoun the rest of it. And a brilliant and inspired idea came to the promoter.

"Nothing doing, Fanning," he said carelessly. "Not a share for sale. Got some money?"

"A little, Shirley."

"Want to pick up something good?"

"Rather have Portola common than anything," Fanning said stubbornly.

"Well, we'll see what we can do for you a little later. But I'm glad you came in. I've got a ripe melon to be cut, and if you want to look at it while you're waiting—"

"What is it?"

SHIRLEY unrolled a wall map, took up a pencil, drew a long straight line between Bakersfield and Los Angeles harbor, and began to talk. It seemed that he had for months been figuring on an oil pipe-line scheme. He had the plan well started—in fact, had the right of way for the line, but he was short of ready cash and needed a partner to help with the preliminary expenses. In a month, or two months at the outside, they could sell out to one of the big corporations—say the Universal Oil Company, which had already made an offer—and clean up. Now he would part with a one-third interest for the pitifully small sum of twenty thousand. Could Fanning see it?

Fanning thought he might, if he had some more details. "Did you say you had a right of way, Charley?" he asked.

"Every foot of the way," Shirley answered briskly.

"Um-m-m," said John Fanning.

"Well?" the promoter asked encouragingly.

Fanning spoke hesitatingly. "Twenty thousand—cash—you know. Charley—that's quite a little cold money. But I've got a friend that might go in with me—"

"I didn't want to take in the whole Democratic party," Shirley demurred. "But if you keep it close, and your friend can do as much, I think we could fix it."

Fanning thought he might. He'd like a chance to try. And Shirley somewhat grudgingly gave him three days.

That night Fanning and good old Ben Tingley spent four hours in earnest conversation; on the second day thereafter they met Shirley by appointment in Fanning's office, in two hours had threshed the matter out, and by that evening had put twenty thousand dollars in trust in the Oil Producers' National Bank, subject, according to a contract signed, sealed, and delivered by Charles B. Shirley, to Shirley's order on his delivery to them of a one-third interest in an oil pipe-line enterprise, together with "a right of way for said oil pipe line, between Bakersfield and Los Angeles harbor, and all and sundry rights, appurtenances, surveys, data, and good will, now owned by the said party of the first part, Charles B. Shirley." The delivery was to be made in twenty days, when, as the promoter put it, he could close with one or two property owners whom he hadn't yet located.

SHIRLEY went to his office with what he would have called a smile on his thin lips. Old Ben Tingley was a farmer, and rich as Crœsus. Apparently John Fanning had come back with a vengeance and stumbled on a considerable sum of cash himself. With the hook firmly caught, Shirley knew of a dozen ways by which he could land the two suckers. And he proposed to play them until he landed them for all he could get. Therefore he abandoned his original plan of selling out from under them on the right-of-way project, and determined to carry the thing through for a bigger haul later. To that end he sent Hornaday out to gather in hastily the remaining pieces of right of way.

Hornaday went cheerfully and returned two weeks later hastily and in poor order. Shirley shut the private office door with a bang. "Well?" he snapped.

"We're stung," the agent said briefly. "The right-of-way easements at both ends of the Tejon and over on the other side of the mountains—the only places that you can get through with any sort of a line—have been sold already."

"Sold?" Shirley gasped. "How long ago?"

"A month or so."

"Who to?"

"John Fanning."

Shirley dived at the land agent and seized him by the shoulder. "What are you trying to pull off?" he shrilled angrily. "Do you think you can come in here and play horse with me?"

Hornaday groveled. "Honest to Henry, Mr. Shirley. I can't help it. It ain't my fault. They're sold, and the easements are recorded. I went and looked 'em up. That's all there is to it."

Shirley went back to his chair and sat down heavily. Hornaday, frightened and anxious, began to plead again. "It ain't my fault," he began.

The promoter turned on him. "Get out!" he screamed. "Get away from me! Tell your troubles down on the street—and go now!"

Hornaday went, wondering what would happen next.

Shirley, staring at the desk before him, was wondering the same thing. He tried to convince himself that John Fanning was still the big, fat, innocent sheep waiting for the shearer, but somewhere in the distance he seemed to hear the insistent bark of a wolf. To refresh his memory he went to a private file and drew out his duplicate of the contract he had signed with Fanning and Ben Tingley. It afforded him small comfort. It was ironclad, steel-riveted, and fitted with a time lock. Twenty days! At the end of twenty days from the date of the document, which would be one week hence, he was bound to deliver a one-third interest in a right of way which he, "said party of the first part," owned and held and possessed. And John Fanning had recorded easements over the four strategic points on this line!

Late that evening, having verified Hornaday's statement at the county recorder's office, Shirley telephoned to the Southern and asked for Fanning. Mr. Fanning was in Los Angeles. When would he return? The clerk didn't know. Shirley called the Tingley residence. Mr. Tingley was in Los An-

geles. When would he return? The family didn't know.

Charles B. Shirley said a word and put his aching head in his hands. It looked as though he might be in a tight box.

He was, and he stayed there for four days, unable to see an answer to the problem of how to get out. Then his stenographer came into his mahogany-furnished private office and announced callers: Mr. Fanning and another gentleman.

"Let 'em in," said Shirley, and they came in.

FANNING was calm, serene, and smiling. He introduced Mr. John Beardsley, a Los Angeles attorney. "Sit down," Shirley said nervously.

Fanning spoke. "Thanks, Charley. We thought you'd be interested in the news, and, besides, I've come to see if you'll be sure to have that right of way on time. Tingley and I have sold our share in it."

Shirley's lips moved, but he made no sound. Fanning nodded cheerfully. "Yes, we've sold it. In fact, sold the whole pipe-line scheme."

Shirley lost his temper and, paradoxically, thereby regained his voice. "Look here, Fanning," he bawled, suddenly and violently, "you've put up some kind of a shell game on me, but I want to warn you right now not to go too far. You can't sell an interest in something you haven't got, and as long as I own two-thirds of that right of way—"

"Oh, do you?" Fanning asked innocently. "Well, we only sold our one-third. So don't let that worry you. You'll have our share ready day after to-morrow, I suppose?"

Shirley was purple with wrath and he spluttered, but his words were incoherent. He stood up at his desk and struck it savagely. Then, without warning, he slumped down again, the color leaving his face and one hand dropping loosely at his side. He wet his lips.

"Quit playing, Fanning," he said huskily. "You've got your lawyer here. What are you going to do with me?"

Fanning cleared his throat. "That's better," he said slowly. "That's better, Shirley. I'll tell you what we're going to do with you. You caught me once and caught me good and plenty. You forgot about us being kids together and about me piling the other fellows off you when they got too thick for you. You forgot about firing me off the old Lake Erie line and leaving me standing in the middle of the track in the rain when I had only followed the rules of the road. You forgot about my giving you a new start here in this field. You gouged me good. And two weeks ago you thought you'd gouge me again. You thought you could hit me twice in the same place. That's right, isn't it?"

Shirley looked at his big glass-topped desk a minute. "Business is business," he began apologetically.

"Yes," Fanning replied sharply, "business is business—but business isn't getting the other fellow down and going through his pockets—not twice in succession, anyhow. I'll make it easy for you, though. If you're a good dog, you can get off light."

"What do you want me to do?"

"You undertook to sell us something you didn't have, and Mr. Beardsley here will tell you just what sort of a penitentiary offense that is. We're here willing to compound the felony, as Beardsley calls it. I want you to release Ben Tingley's money at the Producers' National. We want you to turn over what little right of way you own. We've found out just how much that is. And that let's Mr. Tingley out. But I've got some more."

Shirley nodded. "Portola, eh?" he asked.

"Portola," Fanning replied. "You can turn back to me what you took away from me two years ago. You can resign from the presidency and from the board of directors. I've been buying a little Portola lately, and with what you make over to me I can elect myself. I like these offices, and I'm going to sit in 'em, and give the Portola a square deal. And although I don't insist on it, my recommendation to you is to get out of your other companies as soon as you can and move somewhere where you ain't known. Because this story is bound to get out. Bound to."

He said it meaningly, and Shirley caught the meaning. He rang a bell, and his stenographer appeared. "Bring me my Portola Oil stock from the vault," he growled.

It was brought and laid before him. When he had signed the certificates he passed them to Fanning. "Is that right?"

Fanning handed them to his attorney. "That's correct," the lawyer said.

Shirley drew a sheet of note paper to him and scrawled a message on it with shaking fingers. "There's my resignation," he said.

Fanning pocketed it. "All right, Shirley," he said. "Now the release on that right-of-way deal and we're through."

Shirley wrote the release. Then, as he was handing that over, he burst out abruptly. "You got me dead to rights, Fanning," he said. "I knew when you came in here that you meant business. If I hadn't remembered that you took me up when I came to Bakersfield, that you gave me my start, and that I trimmed you a year afterward, I'd have fought you out on this proposition. But you had my nerve. There's one thing I'd like to know. How'd you hook me? How'd you bait the trap?"

Fanning grinned. "It was the only crooked thing I've ever done in my life, Shirley," he said. "I hired a draftsman named Tommie Pierce to offer you our right-of-way map."

THAT night the door bell of the John Calhoun Fanning home in Los Angeles rang at ten minutes past twelve. Mrs. Fanning pulled a robe around her and answered it, three little figures, like steps, following timorously in her wake, avid for adventure. It might be a burglar, or a birthday present for Sam, or oh-h-h, it might be the fairy!

It was a telegram. Mrs. Fanning signed for it, passed the boy's book to him through a narrow crack, closed the door and turned on a stronger electric light. And read this to the adventurers:

Have ordered private car, as per request of fairy. We leave September first. Don't let the kids celebrate with a pillow fight—unless they want to. God bless you all! JOHN.

The "kids" had their pillow fight.

The Plattsburg Idea

Continued from page 9

made Huerta famous leap from the ground and race each other to the cook tent.

The "Big Hike," as it was called, lasted nine days. That the men also lasted that long is remarkable. The difficulty was entirely a question of feet. Napoleon says an army marches on its stomach. He was a good general and he ought to know, but that is only partly right. In other days, when I was a pampered war correspondent and before I was promoted to be a private, I have ridden for days with armies that marched on empty stomachs. It was their feet that troubled them. And it is not the marching that affects the feet, but the weight on them of the pack, rifle, and ammunition. Even those men who by long tramps had hardened their feet for the month in camp found this was true. A recruit thinks he carries the weight of his pack on his back and of his rifle on his shoulder. He thinks so because his aching muscles tell him so. But he really is carrying that added weight on his pedal extremities. If he is in good physical shape and his shoes are comfortable, a man should be able without distress to march twenty miles a day. But when he puts upon his feet an extra burden of forty pounds they protest. To your feet it makes no difference whether you shift your rifle from the raw places on your right shoulder to the raw spot on the left. All they know is that they are supporting ten pounds more than they were asked to carry the day before. So they spread, and the shoe pinches them and they blister. There were recruits to whom the marches must have been actual torture. For such strenuous exercise a few were too old, many were too fat. No one knew that better than they, but they would not give up. The other recruits pleaded and remonstrated with them, abused and cursed them, but they would keep on. The officers devised a plan to tactfully give them rest. During the battles they arranged that, to

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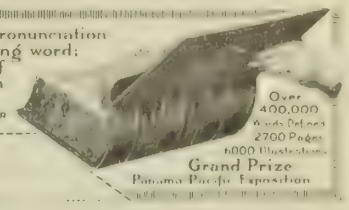
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THROUGH THE SOUTH FOR COLLIER'S

Julian Street, writer, and Wallace Morgan, artist, will start within a few weeks upon a trip through the South for Collier's. They will begin at Baltimore and wind up somewhere South and West —perhaps at Galveston.

The trip will occupy them several months and the resultant articles will be published in Collier's during the coming year under the general title "American Adventures."

When Mr. Street and Mr. Morgan made their trip through the West a year ago to write their "Abroad at Home", they were much helped by letters from our readers telling them of things they ought to see and things they ought to write about.

So now we should like to ask our friends in the South to write and make suggestions.

There must be many persons who have ideas as to what is most worth seeing in the South; what will most benefit the South through being written about, and where the richest Southern "atmosphere" is to be found. If such persons will write to us, giving us the benefit of their ideas, we shall be grateful. Address

Adventure Editor
Collier's, 416 W. 13th St., New York City

represent losses in killed and wounded, a certain number of men should fall out. And to mark these men as out of action they proposed to decorate them with a badge. But when as "casualties" they tried to decorate the men with blistered feet, the men over age, the men whose muscles had been rudely aroused from luxurious beds of fat, those men refused to be "tagged." They considered they had been insulted. They considered having a "casualty" badge attached to them with much the same favor as a dog enjoys a tin can tied to his tail. They were not "too proud to fight," but much too proud to be seen in an ambulance.

An "Accurate Imitation"

THE days on the hike were strenuous, but full of excitement. We fought our way to Canada, some, not knowing the significance of the red fence, even into Canada, and we fought our way back to Plattsburg. Some days we were on the jump from five in the morning until late in the afternoon. In daily battles we attacked the regulars or they attacked us, and for hours we dodged behind stone walls and through cornfields, waded streams and swamps, ate the dust of the road until our insides seemed stuffed with flour, shot off many rounds of blanks, and charged yelling with the bayonet. These charges naturally always came late in the action, and as by that time we were very hot, weary, and thirsty, and as you always feared some excited friend might stick you in the back, bayonet charges were not popular. We had read somewhere that in Europe, in order to make the soldiers engage in bayonet charges, their officers first make them intoxicated. We all agreed it was a splendid idea.

So far as it was possible, with the bullets and shells left out, the "hike" gave the recruits a very accurate imitation of nine days of war. Those who never had seen an army on the march, in action, and in bivouac could not know how very similar were the conditions existing on the hike to the real thing. As the American woman in Henry James's novel says after one glance at the frocks of her visitors: "They will not even know how well dressed I am." But should the recruits ever form part of an army in the field, thanks to the hike, they will feel at home. It was no junket, no picnic, no street parade. The recruits were surrounded night and day by four thousand regulars of every arm of the service. And for the regular there is only one way to do anything, whether it be to fold a blanket or to cross a swamp under fire. And that is the right way. And if the recruit kept his eyes open he learned nothing that later he must unlearn. On an armory floor or from a book he cannot learn to take cover, to scout, to select a camp, to dig traverses, to direct rushes under a covering fire, to place outguards, sentry squads, and cossack posts. But if in the field he has actually performed those duties, for him the textbook will be illustrated with living pictures and will become as easy to understand as his morning paper.

The camp at Plattsburg has been variously described. It has been called a picnic. If it was a picnic it was the first one I ever attended at which any of the picnickers lost fifteen pounds.

It has been called a training school for officers. That is ridiculous. You cannot make an officer in a month. You cannot make a private. It was proposed that after the encampment the recruits should march down Fifth Avenue. The idea was to show that in thirty days any citizen can be turned into a soldier. It was a foolish and even dangerous proposal. The man in the street thinks soldiers are those who keep step and hold guns at the same angle. That is not a difficult achievement. Julien Mitchell in two rehearsals can teach chorus girls to perform the same trick. Had the recruits marched down Fifth Avenue those on the sidewalks would have seen fourteen hundred men who had been whipped into fine physical condition, marching in unison, and carrying their rifles at nearly the same angle. And they would have cried: "Look at the soldiers! If we should go to war, in one month we can produce a million soldiers."

Peace Insurance

IF the men at Plattsburg learned anything they learned that that is not true. What they did learn was how much they still had to learn, how unprepared they were; how utterly unfit they are to protect themselves, their homes and their country. They learned to admire with a most whole-souled admiration the efficiency, the knowledge, and spirit of the officers of our army. Henry Ford of Detroit has been quoted as saying that any man who chooses to be a soldier is either lazy or crazy and should be placed in an asylum. He rejoices over the fact that of his twenty thousand employees only ten belong to the National Guard. And yet, should war come, Ford may be among the first to run shrieking to those lazy and crazy officers to protect his life and his millions.

As a business man, Ford is, I understand, counted successful, but the business men who to my mind are really successful are those who left office and home, if for only a month, to carry a pack and to sleep on the ground at Plattsburg. They enrolled, not because they are crazy for war, but to prepare against war, to assist our Government in preparing against it, to make war impossible, to insure peace.

The Charmed Life

(Continued from page 13)

commanded Levin. 'I am not greatly interested in women,' I said, and made to pass on.

"The communication trench was narrow; Orloff, standing in it, blocked it. He put his hand on my arm with a kind of eagerness.

"'Neither am I,' he said quickly. 'Pretty poor creatures, most of 'em. They haven't a man's sense of honor, you know; you can't trust 'em. But—well—'

"He broke off. I waited for him. 'There are exceptions?' I suggested.

"'Ah, you're right!' he cried. 'Exceptions—that's it! A good woman, a pure woman—there's not a finer thing on God's earth. It makes a man ashamed of his coarseness and his—his beastliness to look into the eyes of—'

"HE maundered on; I surveyed him with astonishment; I had not guessed that he was so callow as this came to. He said things that he must have read somewhere, about treading lilies into the mire and about souls white as driven snow. To listen to him was like standing under a shower bath of skim milk. He must have been on the verge of bursting for lack of a confidant.

"'And you met her last night at Guzow?' I asked when at last he paused.

"'Yes,' he said and caught himself. 'Met whom?' he demanded then. 'What are you talking about?'

"'Go on,' I said. 'Get it over. Tell me all about her. She is a nurse—yes?'"

"These heroes—if they could only talk or be quite dumb! This one was at once voluble and inarticulate. He floundered; he was bogged to the waist in words. But he was ever so ready to tell me—or anybody—how wonderfully she had come down the steps from the château, with what a flower-like grace and benignity she had given him her hand when an army surgeon had introduced them and how her face was softly radiant in the frame of her great white coif. He did not use those words; if I remember aright he kept repeating that she was as sweet as the devil; but what was mainly clear was that the apparition of this nubile female had smitten Orloff like a bludgeon. Consider what a wasteful thing is life that spends all this emotion upon the mere function of mating; consider how Nature—"

"I won't," interrupted Stahl. "Nature be blowed! Get on with your story."

"*Mon capitaine*, I hear and obey. I was very interested, not so much in the lover as in her.

"'You'll see her again, of course?' I inquired. 'Guzow isn't far, you know.'

"'Yes,' he replied dejectedly. 'I'll see her again, of course—unless, perhaps, I get a bullet first. In this war—one never knows!'

"I laughed at that—and slapped him on the shoulder. 'A bullet—you?' I cried. 'Why, by what we hear, bullets shy from you. You walk about and shout around the wire entanglement, and the bullet that should silence you kills somebody else. You're the pet child of good luck.'

"'One never knows,' he sighed. 'One never knows.'

"He shifted as he spoke and I edged

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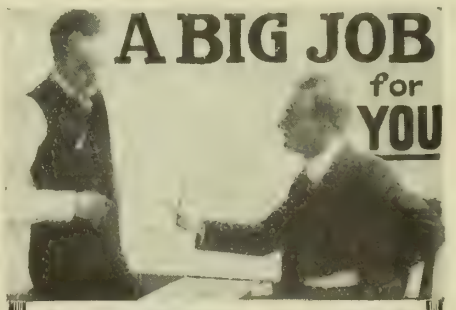
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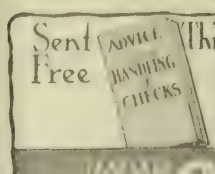
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past him. But I paused before leaving him.

"'Tell me one thing,' I said. 'When there are bullets about, when the air is full of them, sounding like a *balalaika*—aren't you ever afraid?'

"He looked at me with obvious surprise. 'Afraid!' he replied. 'No! Are you?'

"'Certainly not,' I answered firmly and passed on to my dugout and my lukewarm tea.

"I saw the girl later, having gone back to the château to get something warm to eat after an awful night of wind and icy rain. When there was no more to eat I commandeered a cigar and moved forth from the officers' mess tent to the graveled courtyard behind the château. A thin drizzle of rain filled the air; the great white château shone through it like a *decor de théâtre;* field kitchens and empty gun caissons were packed all across the ruins of its gardens. To get out of the rain I went across to the white stone steps that ascended to the piazza. There the big double doors stood open, showing within the entrance hall; and in that hall, oblivious of me or whoever else might look in, were Orloff and his paragon of womankind. She was on the stairs, a step or two up, with a hand upon the balustrade, leaning and looking down. He was below, looking up at her with his back to me. Even in his back one read the tensity that gripped the man, that passion, so banal to us scoffers but so humanly real, that held him and shook him. I tell you there showed in the mere attitude of his shoulders, through the big gray uniform greatcoat, an eager humility that moved one. After all, three crosses of St. George, you know; they do not come to poltroons.

"The cold, rain-tempered light of the day flooded in at the big doors; I saw the girl as a painter sees his model, posed under his north light, in her actuality. And I recall that at the view of her I was first angry and then sad. All that power of worship, all that deference of a man who was at the least a superb animal, wasted thus! She leaned upon the balustrade, one long, pale, large-knuckled hand resting upon the rail; the very posture had a falsity, a reek of the stage, that jarred one like a chord with a false note. He had spoken of her slenderness—'frail as a flower,' he had said; poor devil, she was bloodless as a vegetable, a case of anemia that shouted to the eye. Bone-white, chinless as a rabbit, with a meaningless prettiness of feature like a marionette, with a simper like a Berlin doll with eyes like a rat—she stood for death, for barrenness, for the decay of the race; she answered his strident masculinity with a femininity that had petered out and run to seed. Yes; it is fine to be twenty-three and blinded with love; but it is good, too, to be forty-three and wide-awake, to see without illusion and to hate without mercy those lusts that lead to the grave.

"After a minute or so, during which, cigar in hand, I watched them, the girl lifted her eyes and saw me, and Orloff, following her look, turned. The quick red flooded up in his face splendidly.

"'Oh, Levin!' he cried and came across. 'Let me present you,' he said. 'I would—I would like you to know each other.'

"There was both anxiety and challenge in his eyes. 'Charmed!' I answered, of course. The girl, upon his introduction, gave me a hand that was clammy and inert and a momentary shrewd look of estimate, keen and critical as a slave dealer's; then she relapsed against the balustrade and was again a floppy effect of feebleness and frailty.

"'Lieutenant Orloff has spoken to me about you,' she said in her clipped tinkle of a voice.

"'And to me, mademoiselle, of you,' I answered; 'so that, though I see you now for the first time, I think I knew what to expect.'

"Poor Orloff, standing to one side, seemed to preside fatuously and amiably over our meeting. It was evident that he had promoted me to the rôle of the confidential friend and that this introduction ranked as a ceremony.

"And afterward, going down the road toward the front, I had to tell him what I thought of her. *That* was difficult! And besides—I confess it—I was wearying a little of my pose. It is too easy to be superior and jocose regarding the vital affairs of others; one feels a need in the end to be sincere and interested.

"But he—it was pathetic. He had not a doubt in the world about the woman. Only one thing troubled him. 'You know,' he said to me—we were still walking up that dreary road between the clay-brown fields—'you know, an affair like this carries a responsibility. It isn't as if she were just a chance-met girl; as you've seen, she's different. And after this I mean to take care of myself.'

"'Yes? How will you do that?' I inquired.

"'Oh, just be careful and keep my head down more and all that, as you do,' he replied. 'I've been thinking, and, after all, though I've never been hit yet, one can never be certain that some chance shot won't put an end to one.' He waggled his bullet head in ponderous wisdom. 'At any rate,' he added with an air of being very reasonable, 'there *is* a certain risk!'

"'There certainly is,' I agreed with fervor.

"He nodded. 'Till now,' he went on, 'it hasn't mattered. One takes the risk; that is what a soldier is for; and one trusts to one's luck. But to get shot *now*—to be snuffed out all in a moment and to lose *her* just for the want of a little common prudence—it would be mad, it would be a crime!'

"He mused on it, frowning, marching in the mud with downcast face and squared shoulders, as if in the throes of registering an invincible resolution.

"'Just fancy!' he broke out suddenly. 'To walk down the road like this, to go into the trench, to pass a loophole just as a bullet sailed in through it—and never to see her again!'

"He halted abruptly, looking at me with a dazed expression in which there was an uneasiness like the birth of fear.

"'Hang it!' I said. 'That's not the only possibility. You might just be handsomely wounded and carried back to be nursed by her. Come on!'

"'No,' he said, 'I must go back. There's—there's something I forgot to say to her. I'll come along again presently.'

"And back he went, hastening with great unwearied strides between the leafless gaunt poplars that bordered the road, with his back to the battle front upon which he had earned his fame and the three white crosses pinned above his heart.

"I think I had not much faith in his resolution to be more respectful of our little friends the bullets; a man is a hero or a coward by constitution, not by choice; I fancied that he would not learn in a minute to crawl and cower and whisper. Those things come to me naturally; I have a genius for them. By virtue of it I am here with a bullet in the ham instead of in the brisket. But Orloff—he would be worth watching.

"THEN came the night—you must have read of it in the papers—when the monotone of war waxed in a great crescendo of battle and the German thrust toward Guzow culminated in an attempt to tread us under by the sheer momentum of their numbers. The day had spent itself in a dreary thunder of cannonading while they shelled our trenches and crowded the air with their shrapnel. It was the usual preface to an attack; its purpose was to shake us and unnerve us for the moment when the storming columns would come swaying onward toward us for the assault. We had been sent up to the trench the night before to reenforce the companies that held it, and all day we had crouched behind our parapet, where the rifles lay ready in the loopholes, watching the shells smash into smoke balls overhead and the bullets flick up the mud. Evening came, darkening in gray melancholy over those immense blind flats; night came crawling out of the east; the sun went down in a watery welter of pale blood. The great stage was clearing for the violent drama that was to come.

"The roll of the companies was called; the senior captain who commanded in the trench passed down its length, speaking to the men, bidding them be ready and cheering them up. There were a few hurrahs, and then we settled down to wait. I was to act as aid-de-camp and general utility man to the commander, and when he passed back to the dugout and the telephone I found myself next to Orloff, where he stood at the flank of his men.

"'Well,' I said, 'it seems, according to headquarters, that we're to expect the attack fairly early.'

"'That's good,' he replied nonchalantly.

"I turned to look at him by what light there was. He seemed to be, as

Conscious Evolution

By Donald Richardson

THE simple fact that the human body is built up of billions of cells, all resulting from the evolution of one original cell, is in itself interesting, but little more to the average person. The further declaration that health, life and pleasures of the body depend upon the condition of each individual cell compels notice.

When, however, along comes an individual who combines intimate scientific knowledge of the human cell with the discovery of the means to insure its health and develop unusual energy and potency—who by reason of study, experience and a certain genius, shows us how without inconvenience, apparatus, drugs, study or loss of time, we can put unusual health and uncommon life into every one of our vast multitude of cells, thus giving the human body and mind the maximum of health, pleasure and power, and do this in a perfectly natural, easy and practical way—then we are all attention.

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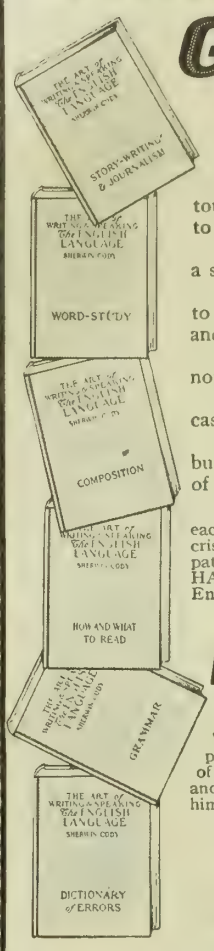
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usual, entirely at his ease, envisaging the fight with his common equanimity and indifference. As he drew at his cigarette the glow of it showed his ruddy, blunt face and rather arrogant eyes in a momentary distinctness.

"'You haven't forgotten that you're going to be careful of yourself?' I suggested. 'No inviting bullets, you know; you're going to act like any ordinary sane man.'

"'M'm!' It was a noise of assent. He took the cigarette from his lips and brushed the ash from its tip fastidiously. 'I haven't forgotten,' he said. 'But there'll be nothing to worry about unless we counterattack.'

"'And then?' I inquired.

"It was a moment before he replied. 'I'm not going to be killed if I can help it,' he said in a low voice as though he were speaking half to himself. 'To be killed and never to see her again after—after everything—it would be two deaths at once. It's—it's not good enough, I tell you. Levin—you're my friend—I don't mean to be killed!'

"'That's right,' I said as heartily as I could; but already I was doubtful. To let that bloodless rat of a woman make a coward of him was going too far. 'One should live, of course; but still there are worse things than death.'

"He resumed his cigarette. As he raised his arm the open bosom of his coat bulged back and showed the blur of white, the three crosses on his breast.

"'Not for me,' he answered shortly.

"Shrapnel was still coming up, heralded by the hoarse howl of the shell that mounted till it blazed and smashed in the explosion. From the German trench there rose at intervals rockets, slow green luminaries that soared and sank in a deliberate parabola, shedding the while a vague nightmare illumination. Somewhere beyond our parapet our vedettes crouched and watched for the first signs of the attack. Within the trench the backs of the men, bulky in their greatcoats, each hooded in his *bashlik*, receded along the line of loopholes where they stood ready.

"I will not tell you now of the tension, amounting to pain, of those hours of waiting while the great machine of the attack, with all its possible surprises and its lavishness of force and hate, is preparing to roll down on you. It shakes and enfeebles one more than all the noise and fireworks of the shrapnel; there is relief and healing in the moment when the vedettes come tumbling back across the parapet and the word runs along the trench: 'They are coming! This is it!'

"I was in the machine-gun redoubt when it began—a bay of excavation that jutted a little beyond the line of the trench where the little fat gun peered out through a wide window. The big sergeant who worked it leaned to the breech, grasping its twin handles; behind him the two others of its crew had a lantern on the ground and were busy with boxes of belting for the gun. I bent and gazed across the sergeant's great shoulder into the barren mirk.

"'There they are!' he said suddenly, and at once, as if everyone had seen them at the same time, the trench from end to end woke to a tearing crash of rifle fire. The sergeant braced his feet and loosed the little gun in a deafening stammer. One of our rockets went up close by and for some seconds made all grotesque with its white magnesium glare; and then I, too, saw.

"THEY were coming across the German trench, a bare two hundred yards away, so near that the metal of their accouterments sparkled and glinted in the blaze of the rocket. It was the first real attack in force which I had seen; and, do you know, those great columns, that hammer-headed apparatus of assault and destruction—at the view of them my first emotion was disappointment. 'Is *that* all?' I asked myself. I had been prepared for something stupendous, a spectacle majestic and overwhelming; what I saw was a throng of men, bowed, seeming to creep hesitatingly forward hunched in groups, halting, giving back, lurching on again, little, abject, doomed in the thrash and roar of our fire. The big sergeant swayed as he swung the gun backward and forward, spraying their front with slaughter. I saw them fall and lie in little black heaps and gaps open in their line; the affair, to my innocence, looked like a *battue*, a mere extermination. Then the rocket burned out. There was a while of darkness, lit only by the winking of the shrapnel that roared over us and burst in the air and by the dancing flicker of the rifles; noise, the great jarring uproar of battle, ruled the night. The machine gun in front of me ceased suddenly; the men leaped to it with a fresh belt; and it was then that, strangely through all that mighty tumult, I heard voices out there to our front. Not words, but mere voices, a confusion of shouting, a scream. They were as near as all that!

"'Anything wrong with that gun?' It was the captain in command shoving in behind me. The sergeant and his men were wrenching and swearing. 'All right now, your honor!' grunted the sergeant, and again the little gun started its hammering. The commander shouted in my ear.

"'There's a battery coming into action behind us,' he cried. 'Watch their shells and telephone if the range is bad.'

"Then the next rocket flared aloft, and I could see again. I almost cried out. God, they were near enough to throw stones at! Before they had still been, as it were, out of reach; now they were at the wire entanglement. Our officers were shouting; the fire had steadied to great crashing volley chords. Were Germans bullet proof then? No; they were dying in platoons, agonizing to death in a tangle of barbed wire, filling the web of it with their writhing and struggling bodies. Beyond the entanglement they showed in a crouching, heaving mass, a crowd bowed under the lash of the fire, convulsive, seeming to struggle laboriously and with dragging effort ever forward toward us. I beheld them in mere amazement; it was not like looking at men. I saw no faces—only the dim inhuman mass effect, the body of them that moved and shuddered and threatened like the body of a single great beast.

"THE rockets went up now two or three at a time, and the promised battery in our rear got to work with a sudden fine completeness. 'Bump-bump-bump!' Three guns swiftly one after the other; then three more; and their shells came raving over to splash in flame in the very face of the attack. I detached a corner of my mind for my duty of noting particulars, the fine regular length of the shells, their neat and murderous bursting at the right height, and so forth. But with all the rest of me I was looking—just looking, hypnotized by that strange and violent picture as our fire and the hail of shells beat in the front of the attack, smashed it as a club smashes a skull, broke it and scattered it into a litter of prone bodies and stumbling, flying men. Our rifles broke again into their ragged roar of independent shooting as we set death at their heels like a hound to hunt them back to earth.

"The machine gun ceased; the two men leaped on it with a fresh belt; the big sergeant stood upright to ease his cramped muscles. It was to him I spoke.

"'That settled them!' I said.

"He looked down at me. The lantern on the ground shone up at his strong, bearded face with its look of competence and patient good humor. He seemed to look at me without any contempt, but with indulgence, in kindness and superior wisdom.

"'Ye-es,' he said. 'That's the first act.'

"'The first act!' I repeated stupidly. It seemed to me that what I had seen must be the very apex and extreme of war, its high, culminating point. 'You don't mean to say—'

"I got no further. The sergeant was looking down at me, smiling a little in his beard. I heard a noise—it was like a single clap of the hands, or as if some one had smacked him sharply in the face; he leaned toward me, and in a moment had fallen against me, sending me staggering back, and tumbling full length at my feet.

"The men at the gun looked round from their work. One of them knelt beside the body and examined it.

"'He's got it!' he said, and rose and returned to his work.

"It was needful, for a few minutes later the Germans delivered their second attack and the gun was wanted.

"There were five attacks that night that rolled up to the entanglement, and were there shattered and beaten back, and then, as the sixth formed itself, we delivered our counterattack and met them in the open and put an end to it. It was after the fifth attack that I passed along the trench, bearing the order to be ready to rush them. We had lost considerably: there were dead bodies stretched all along the rear of the trench, lying on their backs as their comrades had laid them, with quiet faces upturned, seeming to watch

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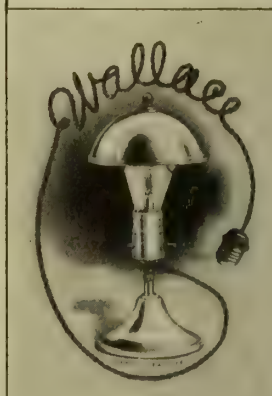
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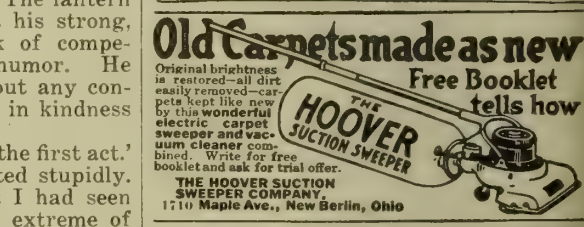
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me meditatively as I went by. As I came where Orloff stood he stepped back and spoke to me.

"'We are going to counterattack?' he demanded in a whisper.

"'The orders are to be ready,' I told him. 'If they come again, we're to go and meet them. Are you all right so far?'

"He was leaning against the rear of the trench. 'Yes,' he answered, 'so far.'

"I had to get on with my orders and then report by telephone. 'Well,' I said, 'you're going to be careful. No need to tell you not to be too careful. Good luck!'

"He made some indistinct answer and I left him, to warn the rest of the company commanders. One, however, was dead and another was sitting in the bottom of the trench nursing an arm broken by a bullet and swearing monotonously in an undertone. Another gave me a letter to post for him if he should be killed; I posted it next day. Finally I came back along the trench to go to the telephone and tell headquarters that all was ready.

"The dugout was behind the trench, connected with it by a narrow, curving rut in the earth; I turned in to it. There was still a lot of desultory shooting along the line, a broken tattoo of shots, as the men searched the German parapet for heads. Therefore no one was surprised but me when, in the path to the dugout, a single rifle went off suddenly. To those in the trench it would seem just one shot among many; but it was so close to me that I started and ducked.

"'Who the devil is shooting from here?' I called. I heard a stir and a chink of metal; the cutting was as dark as the inside of a camel; I went quickly around the curve and ran into the shooter almost before I saw him. His rifle fell with a clatter and he caught hold of me to steady himself.

"'Careful!' he warned. 'It's you, Levin? Help me, will you? I'm wounded!'

"'Orloff!' I cried.

"He seemed to be balancing on one leg, holding to me, swaying and trembling a little. I took him by the arms and put him back against the wall of the cutting. I was filled with emotions that jarred and warred with one another—anger, a startled contempt, wonder, and a very real pity.

"I could not see his face, but he went on talking, nervously, hastily, as though to mask what must have shown in it. 'I'm bleeding like a pig; I can feel it running. I'd just come along here to see if you were back, and plunk! it was into me. Often wondered what it felt like to be wounded; now—'

"I couldn't bear it; I knew what he had done, and it seemed to me that that was already enough of a sacrifice to the rat face of the woman at Guzow without all this further degradation of lies.

"'Shut up!' I said. He was silent. I could not see him, but I knew he was startled. 'Where have you shot yourself?'

"'Hush!' There was fright in his voice. 'For God's sake, don't speak so loud! Levin—I had to. I tell you, I couldn't—after all, it isn't as if I hadn't done my share. Ever since the war began—and now—'

"'Where have you shot yourself?' I insisted.

"'Through the foot,' he answered. 'I'm standing in a mess of blood. Levin, you're not going to tell anybody?'

"I wanted to think, but I was able to answer that offhand. 'No,' I said. 'Are you?'

"'No,' he replied, wonderingly. 'Of course I'm not.'

"'Not—the girl you did it for?'

"I think he smiled patiently at my foolishness. 'Certainly not,' he said.

"'Then come on to the dugout,' I bade him. 'Put your arm round my shoulders and I'll help you. You've made your own hell and you must burn in it, my hero!'

"The stretcher bearers came up just before the dawn. We had returned from the counterattack; the trench was like a market with the commerce in spiked helmets, infantry boots, and various spoils. I returned to the dugout in time to see Orloff carted away. He lay in his stretcher with his foot hugely bandaged, with a touch of yellow pallor under his tan from the blood he had lost, and smiled at me. He wanted to give me his cigarette case to remember him by.

"'No,' I said. 'You'll want that, and I've got one of my own. But there is something I'd like, Orloff.'

"'Yes? What?'

"His greatcoat was open. I touched with my forefinger the white crosses of St. George on his tunic, those little blazons of valor and soldierly faith and simple honor. 'One of these!'

"He shook his head. 'I would give you one with pleasure,' he said. 'But we're not allowed to part with them, you know.'

"The stretcher bearers carried him off and I watched them go, treading carefully with their burden down the approach trench, toward Guzow and its doctors and its shoddy, barren goddess of dishonor."

CAPTAIN STAHL pursed his lips. "Ugly story," he said. "You don't know what became of him, I suppose?"

"Yes. I came across his traces when I was similarly packed up and carried out on a stretcher," answered Levin. "I was two days in hospital at Guzow before they shifted me, and the rat-faced woman was my nurse. We conversed about Orloff with much formality and a simply smothering politeness, for Rat Face hated me so much that she could not keep away from me. I learned that Orloff had been duly removed to the great hospital at Zyrardow, and thither I went in my turn likewise.

"There was a surgeon there, a great fat man with the jowl of a swine and the hands of a violinist and the heart and head of an archangel, who extracted my bullet and rearranged my wounded anatomy. He had a relish, too, for talk with a flavor to it: he would come and sit on my bed and fence and exchange shots on life and art and the use and abuse of women. The hospital was in the factory there, a building as great as a considerable town; the shafting that drove the looms ran along the ceiling of the ward in which I lay.

"It was of him that I asked news of Orloff. 'Lieutenant Orloff—three crosses of St. George; you must remember him?'

"He was sitting as usual on the foot of my bed. He smiled his fat, *bon enfant* smile.

"'Do you think I know their names or what crosses they wear?' he said. 'Yesterday I did five major operations and twenty-two minor ones. I remember a perforation and laceration when I should forget a grand duke himself. What was your man's injury?'

"I told him and described Orloff to him. I went so far as to suggest that the wound was a curious one to have contracted in a trench. And at last he nodded.

"'*Now* you're talking!' he said. 'Of course I remember him—most interesting. Shot through a muddy boot—yes, that's the man. If, instead of prattling about Orloff and St. George, you'd mentioned tetanus—'

"'What?' I shouted.

"He regarded me benevolently. 'Worst case in my experience. Tetanus—what *you* call lockjaw; the wound was full of mud from his boot; he was dead in three days,' he said."

Levin paused, groping for another cigarette. Stahl gave it him. He lit it, inhaled, and sighed again.

"Well?" he said. "What do you think of it?"

"The railway service for me!" said Stahl with decision. "We don't get the cross, but then we aren't nailed on it either!"

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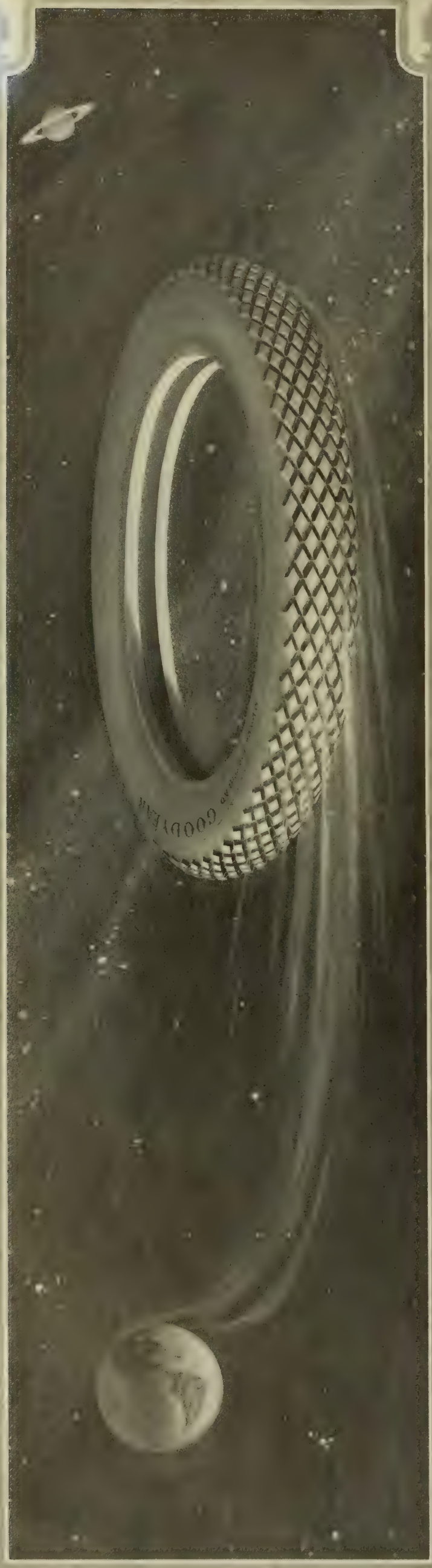
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

An Interview with General Joffre

By Owen Johnson



Edward Penfield

THE TIDE BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE



"EMPTY, BY HECK!"

Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

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JOFFRE

THE LEADER OF A REPUBLICAN ARMY

BY OWEN JOHNSON

MY VISIT to General Joffre fortunately did not come until the end of my visit to France. During my two trips to the front I had had abundant opportunity to study the morale of the armies of the Republic. The experience had been a revelation. The French army impressed me as a battleship stripped for action—everything sacrificed and thrown overboard, so that nothing now would count except the final issue. I found the French army organized in accordance with the most modern and scientific business methods. Every man must count; every uniform must serve its utmost capability; every economy in barracks and construction, short of military necessity, must be made with the one idea that the war is a test of economic forces and that therefore, beyond holding the sunken maze of fortified trenches securely, another result must be sought—to hold it with the least expense. A veteran of our Civil War, seeing a regiment pass returning from the front, might believe himself face to face with the army of Grant or Lee—the same shaggy beards, the same uncouth, grimy, patched, and ragged uniforms, the same lack of the jingle and sparkle of military parade lost in the grim business of war. The valetlike etiquette of peace, with the boot polishing and the trimness of parade (details insisted on in the belief that they are requisites of discipline), have disappeared before a higher morale—the discipline of loyal and proud free men who, consecrated to the task of ridding their country of an invader, have, in the spirit of equality and fraternity, cast away all trivial forms. Of the almost fanatical love of their officers by the men, and the almost religious sense of fellowship of the leader toward his children of the spirit, I had had a hundred intimate personal testimonies. An intimate friend, Baron d'H—— (a lovable, charming idler in peace, turned into a grim and simple crusader by the miracle of purification and sanctification which had swept over France), who had distinguished himself as a lieutenant in the storm-swept battle before Soissons, was twice mentioned in general orders and offered a captaincy. But this meant a transfer to another regiment. He wrote, declining:

"I have lived with these men through eight long months. They belong to me and I belong to them. I wish either to die with them at our post of duty or to return to Paris victorious at their head."

Remembering such personal instances, I understood the fervor of a returned veteran of the trenches haranguing a knot of new levies advancing to their post of danger, who, breathless and trembling with emotion, was crying:

"I tell you that our officers are the finest men ever put on the earth. It's a privilege—I tell you, a privilege—to die with them."

Through the long corridors of the Val-de-Grâce Hospital, back in Paris; in the meager, hasty shelters of the *écloppés*, where the exhausted and slightly wounded were recovering their spent breath, as it were, preparatory to a speedy return; in the exalted atmosphere of the little underground fort at Bétheny, where the *chasseurs-à-pied* had vowed to hold what they had conquered until the end, scorning to be relieved; in the riddled trenches, among the refuse at Blangy, twenty yards from the German fortifications; over the Notre Dame slopes, where the frightfulness of destruction seems beyond the power of human imagination to comprehend; in the storm-ridden village of Ablain Saint-Nazaire, with the wounded arriving from the raging conflict itself—everywhere I had looked with reverent eyes on the glorious spectacle of civilized men (Republicans, loving the same ideal of liberty as ourselves) exalted in a war of noble ideals, united in unmilitaristic obedience: a great-hearted, simple family.

Through these manifold grim channels it seemed to me that the figure of the "Great Father," General Joffre, had come gradually closer. When the simple soldiers had spoken of him, it had been with a reverent faith in some superior, kindly wisdom. If they still held only the approximate line of the winter, it was because he knew best—because in his humanity as a simple republican citizen he was asking them for patience and steady nerves rather than the hazardous sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of lives for a spectacular plunge. Critics might grumble and fret—they, the simple soldiers, held their faith unshaken.

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Citizen Joseph Jacques Césaire Joffre—commander of France's armies and Mme. Joffre

The Savior of Europe

IT WAS with these gathered, thronging impressions that I went to this interview as the crowning experience of a privileged exploration into the souls of a great-hearted people. In company with Commander C—— of the War Department I left Paris in the early afternoon for the long run forward to our destination, to the heart of the great military machine, for the unique privilege of conversing face to face with the man to whom a united France has given the absolute direction of four million of her soldiers, in perfect faith in his genius and citizenship, untormented by personal ambitions—the colossal courage that from Charleroi to the Marne reorganized an army in retreat, freed militant France from political tampering, broke general after general, division commanders and colonels by the hundred, personal friends, old comrades (brilliant minds faltering for a moment in face of the actual test); purged the French army of the necessarily attendant weaknesses and errors of democracy—not in the easy space of months, as during our Civil War, but in a few agonizing weeks, with the hot breath of the victorious German sweep on the retreating flanks; and, once his task accomplished, turned at the Marne, and, from Belfort to Paris, at every point checked or drove back the great German military machine and saved democratic civilization, as Charles Martel rolled back Saracen invasion and kept Europe undefiled.

We arrived, by well-guarded roads and past vigilant sentinels, at X——.

before a modest, three-story country house with a meager garden. Once there an air of simplicity pervaded everything. No sentries were without, no bustle of officers thronging the garden. We went into the inner hall before we met an orderly—a powerful, leonine figure of a mountaineer, rather a concierge than a guard. No one else was in the outer hall—absolute quiet and calm throughout the house, unbroken save for the low, continual murmur of officers at the telephone in an opposite room, the center of prodigious activity, where at every instant, from Switzerland to the coast, messages poured in from every sector of embattled trench.

I had but a short five minutes to wait. I remember Lieutenant S—— saying to me:

"Remember the look in his eyes—the eyes especially are extraordinary."

The next moment I was signaled, and, entering a library in the back, found myself in the presence of General Joffre.

I had at once the impression of meeting the simplest and most approachable of men. Many years before I had met President Cleveland, and I still remember the impression that he made upon me as he came into the room, in slippered feet, talking to me as naturally as though he were the humblest and most undistinguished of citizens. Yet this unconscious, direct serenity, completely devoid of the dramatic magnetism and conscious authority one expects to find in greatness, left a memory still clear; I was awed, even unaccountably embarrassed, in the presence of this simple, great man, utterly unconscious of producing an effect.

The similarity between Joffre and Cleveland struck me immediately, not only in the massive quality of the man's physical force—something implanted and immovable about the attitudes of the body—but particularly in his quiet loftiness of vision, which seemed to have lifted him so high in the temple of the nation's sanctified heroism as to have left him forgetful of self This man had not two attitudes, one for his family and his intimate friends and one to astound and electrify the multitude. I found myself in the presence of a republican, of a Cincinnatus, a man of the type of Grant and Lincoln, sobered by responsibility, haunted by the nation's sorrows—a type of republican such as nations sometimes find in the purity of their youthful strength, rarely in the middle age of their achievement. I do not intend to idolize him—that would be a most offensive thing to him. History will judge later the qualities of his genius. What was elevating to me in this interview was the fact that he appeared to me to be the product of the nation itself. There was nothing of the war lord about him—of the dramatic wielder of destinies that sweeps ahead the easily tricked popular imagination. He was not the great man as the people dramatically imagine greatness. He impressed me as a man made great by circumstances and the capacity of a nation to engender great men in its times of need—a man who had grown and would grow in vision, as Lincoln grew. I felt immediately the calm, untroubled by personal considerations, which possessed him. When he spoke of great events and great sacrifices there was a reverence in his face toward the responsibility he bore which one sees on the face of a child approaching religious mysteries. I should say that he was above all a man of deep reflection and unshaken decision; a man so possessed with the one result sought as to be able to surround himself with a cabinet of brilliant, audacious spirits as well as those who build slowly and without risk — to hear and weigh each conflicting opinion, to appreciate each, and to take his decision unemotionally. He struck me as the supreme court of common sense. Conversing with him, you received the feeling that he would never risk all on the cast of a die or put his faith in sudden inspiration. He is out to win, to risk nothing; absolutely relentless, seeing war tactics not as a conflict of genius but as an irresistible acceleration of the momentum of great bodies.

His full-face, traditional photograph is fairly characteristic. The head is capacious and set with the massiveness of a block; the eyebrows and gray mustache heavy and overhanging. The eyes are indeed remarkable, the left eyelid slightly drooping, conveying thereby a sense of the oppressed imagination before the daily spectacle of a nation's sorrow. He looks at you steadily and with kindness, yet there is in the look something detached, a sort of spiritual disembodiment, the soaring gaze of one who feels himself called to perform a staggering task—the look, I imagine, that might have been in the eyes of the inspired and simple child of the soil, the Maid of Orléans. The shoulders are strong, the chest thick, and the body inclined to corpulence. Large as these proportions are, the head seems larger in comparison. The impression is one of massive and silent strength. There is nothing of the traditional Latin type: eloquent, mentally rapid and impassioned, emotionally mercurial. He is neither nervous nor electric. It is the mind, divorced from the tongue, that is ceaselessly at work.



Joffre — "a Cincinnatus, a man of the type of Grant and Lincoln," strong, massive, humane—directs his "nibbling" at the invader

Need of Military Service in America

RELYING on erroneous reports, I said: "I am glad you speak English."

He shook his head. "No, I can read a few words with difficulty, that's all; though I passed through your country over thirty years ago on my return from Indo-China."

Fortunately, as I had gone to school in France, I could converse with him in his own language—a fact which he received with pleasure.

The first subject which we discussed was the ever-present one in my mind, democracy—fortunately for me, for it was an opening which found an instant response.

"General Joffre," I said, "in my country we stand to-day divided into two distinct groups, despite all the ominous warnings of this conflict. First, there is an awakened group which has peace as its ultimate ideal of the progress of civilization, but which, face to face with the realities of modern history, is seeking to arouse the country to the necessity of military preparation; second, a group of convinced idealists who believe that the establishment of an army—in fact, the very confidence of military preparation—is a constant incitement to war. Their opposition to a program of defense is based on the principle that the discipline of military organization undermines the spirit of democracy. Many a time I have wished that the peace propagandists could have been here to see what I have seen—the democracy, undiminished and unimpaired, in the French army."

"That is our great moral resource," he said instantly. (When he speaks, he speaks slowly, rather seeking his words than carried away by the sound of his own words.) "Where a nation is truly republican, I do not think there is any danger to the spirit of democracy in military preparation."

He stopped for a moment and added:

"It is not simply the need of preparation for war, but the need of self-discipline. In a republic where the spirit of individual liberty is always strong, military service gives the citizen a quality of self-discipline which he perhaps needs to respect the rights of others as well as to be able to act in organized bodies. If you have the dread of military service in America, it may be because you are looking at the German ideal rather than at the French. The art of war is practically the same everywhere; the same general principles are taught everywhere. The distinction between the French army and the German is a difference in the conception of the rôle of the soldier. The theory of the Germans is to make of the soldier a machine. They do not wish him to think for himself. By their discipline of fear they rob him of initiative and make his movements absolutely mechanical, entirely subject to the will of his officer. That is why they must attack in close formation. To carry out this theory, the officer class has been made into a Brahmin caste. To perpetuate this kind of feudal supremacy, the officer does not converse directly with the privates, but transmits his orders through the agency of an intermediary class—sergeants and corporals. You have been to the front, in the trenches and in the camps. You must have seen how different it is with us."

"Nothing has impressed me more," I answered, "than your spirit of fraternity. In fact, if I had not seen its practical working out, I might believe, as many hasty observers must, that it could be subversive of discipline."

"No, no," he took up warningly, "that is not so. Our discipline is not the discipline of fear. We do everything that we can to impress the necessity of this spirit of fraternity. Our soldiers are treated as intelligent human beings, capable of thinking for themselves in great crises. Every day men come from the ranks into leadership. The private soldier is an inexhaustible store from which at necessity we can replenish our staff of officers. They, in turn, are taught that their soldiers are their children; nothing that their private soldiers need or desire must be indifferent to them; they watch over their comforts and necessities, share their food with them and endure the same hardships. They live together as a great family. When we make a charge, the officer leads his men always—no one has to tell him that—and he does not need to look around to see if he is followed."

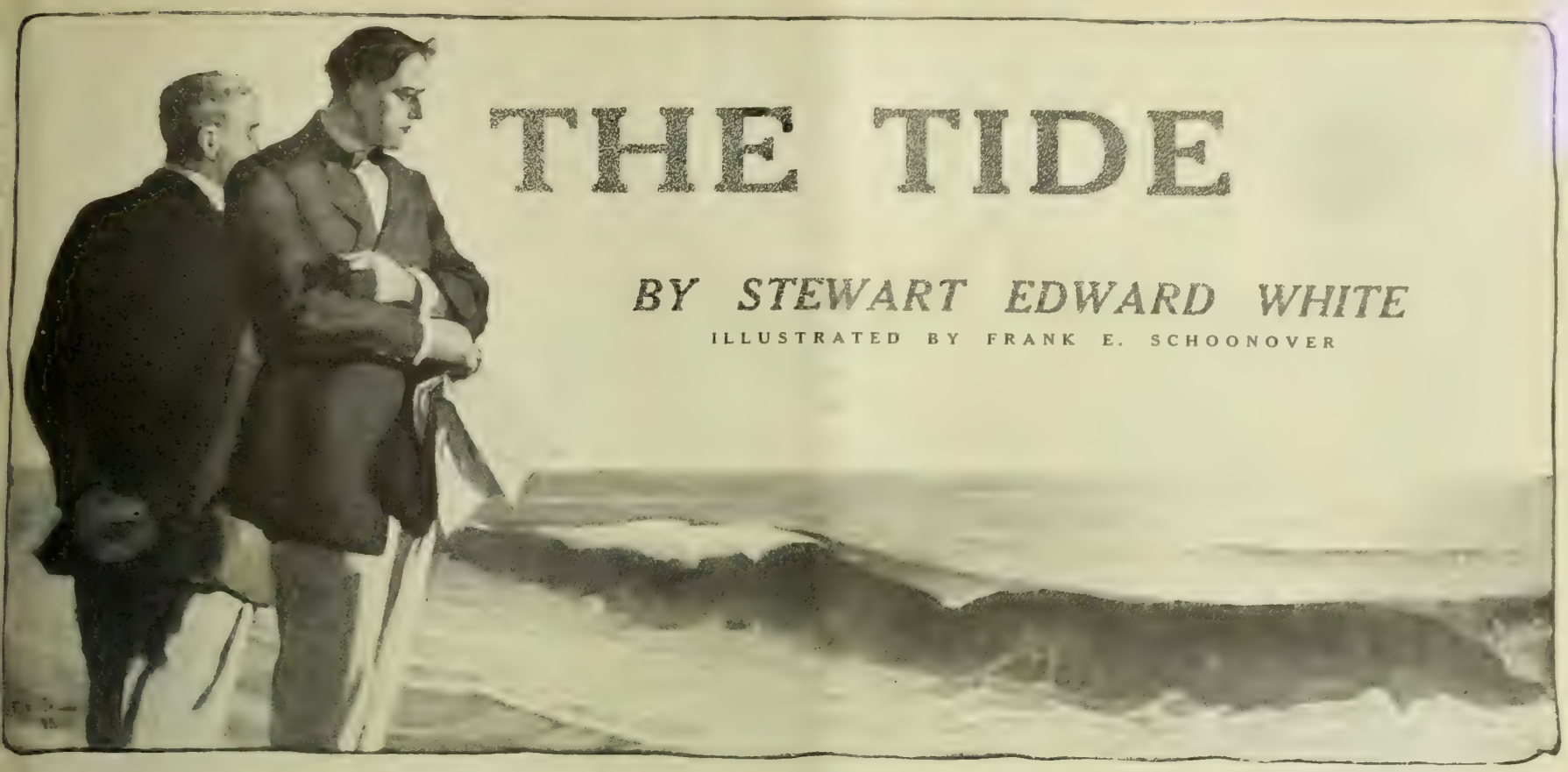
I interrupted, to cite to him the incident of my

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Kitchener with the French in Flanders—(Left to right) M. Millerand, Lord Kitchener, Generals Joffre and De Cary



THE TIDE

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

A SHORT story, say the writers of textbooks and the teachers of sophomores, should deal with but a single episode. That dictum is probably true; but it admits of wider interpretation than is generally given it. The teller of tales, anxious to escape from restriction, but not avid of being cast into the outer darkness of the taboo, can in self-justification become as technical as any lawyer. The phrase "a single episode" is loosely worded. The rule does not specify an episode in one man's life; it might be in the life of a family, or a State, or even of a whole people. In that case the action might cover many lives. It is a way out for those who have a story to tell, a limit to tell it within, but who do not wish to embroil themselves too seriously with the august makers of the rules.

THE time was 1850, the place that long, soft, hot dry stretch of blasted desolation known as the Humboldt Sink. The sun stared, the heat rose in waves, the mirage shimmered, the dust devils of choking alkali whirled aloft or sank in suffocation on the hot earth. Thus it had been since in remote ages the last drop of the inland sea had risen into a brazen sky.

But this year had brought something new. A track now led across the desert. It had sunk deep into the alkali, and the soft edges had closed over it like snow, so that the wheel marks and the hoof marks and the prints of men's feet looked old. Almost in a straight line it led to the West. Its perspective, dwindling to nothingness, corrected the deceit of the clear air. Without it the cool, tall mountains looked very near. But when the eye followed the trail to its vanishing, then, as though by magic, the ranges drew back, and before them defiled dreadful forces of toil, thirst, exhaustion, and despair. For the trail was marked. If the wheel ruts had been obliterated, it could still have been easily followed. Abandoned goods, furniture, stores; broken-down wagons; bloated carcasses of oxen or horses; bones bleached white; rattling mummies of dried skin; and an almost unbroken line of marked and unmarked graves—like the rout of an army—like the spent wash of a wave that had rolled westward—these in double rank defined the road.

The buzzards sailing aloft looked down on the Humboldt Sink as we would look upon a relief map. Near the center of the map a tiny cloud of white dust crawled slowly forward. The buzzards stooped to poise above it.

Two ox wagons plodded along. A squirrel—were such a creature possible—would have stirred disproportionately the light alkali dust; the two heavy wagons and the shuffling feet of the beasts raised a cloud. The fitful furnace draft carried this along at the slow pace of the caravan, which could be seen only dimly, as through a dense fog.

The oxen were in distress. Evidently weakened by starvation, they were proceeding only with the greatest difficulty. Their tongues were out, their legs spread, spasmodically their eyes rolled back to show the whites, from time to time one or another of them uttered a strangled moaning bellow. They were white with the powdery dust, as were their yokes, the wagons, and the men who plodded doggedly alongside. Finally they stopped. The dust eddied by; and the blasting sun fell upon them.

The driver of the leading team motioned to the other. They huddled in the scanty shade alongside the first wagon. Their red-rimmed, inflamed eyes looked out as though from masks.

The one who had been bringing up the rear looked despairingly toward the mountains.

"We'll never get there!" he cried.

"Not the way we are now," replied the other. "But I intend to get there."

"How?"

"Leave your wagon, Jim; it's the heaviest. Put your team on here."

"But my wagon is all I've got in the world!" cried the other, "and we've got near a keg of water yet! We can make it! The oxen are pulling all right!"

His companion turned away with a shrug, then thought better of it, and turned back.

"We've thrown out all we owned except bare necessities," he explained patiently. "Your wagon is too heavy. The time to change is while the beasts can still pull."

"But I refuse!" cried the other; "I won't do it. Go ahead with your wagon. I'll get mine in. John Gates, you can't bulldoze me."

Gates stared him in the eye.

"Get the pail," he requested mildly.

He drew water from one of the kegs slung underneath the wagon's body. The oxen, smelling it, strained weakly, bellowing. Gates slowly and carefully swabbed out their mouths, permitted them each a few swallows, rubbed them pityingly between the horns. Then he proceeded to unyoke the four beasts from the other man's wagon and yoked them to his own. Jim started to say something. Gates faced him. Nothing was said.

"Get your kit," Gates commanded briefly after a few moments. He parted the hanging canvas and looked into the wagon. Built to transport much freight, it was nearly empty. A young woman lay on a bed spread along the wagon bottom. She seemed very weak.

"All right, honey?" asked Gates gently.

She stirred, and achieved a faint smile.

"It's terribly hot. The sun strikes through," she replied. "Can't we let some air in?"

"The dust would smother you."

"Are we nearly there?"

"Getting on farther every minute," he replied cheerfully.

Again the smothering alkali rose and the dust cloud crawled.

Four hours later the traveler called Jim collapsed, face downward. The oxen stopped. Gates lifted the man by the shoulders. So exhausted was he that he had not the strength or energy to spit forth the alkali with which his fall had caked his open mouth. Gates had recourse to the water keg. After a little he hoisted his companion to the front seat. At intervals thereafter the lone human figure spoke the single word that brought his team to an instantaneous dead stop. His first care was then the woman, next the man clinging to the front seat, then the oxen. Before starting he clambered to the top of the wagon and cast a long, calculating look across the desolation ahead. Twice he even further reduced the meager contents of the wagon, appraising each article long and doubtfully before discarding it. About mid-afternoon he said abruptly:

"Jim, you've got to walk."

The man demurred weakly, with a touch of panic.

"Every ounce counts. It's going to be a close shave. You can hang on to the tail of the wagon."

Yet an hour later Jim, for the fourth time, fell face downward, but now did not rise. Gates, going to him, laid his hand on his head, pushed back one of his eyelids, then knelt for a full half minute, staring straight ahead. Once he made a tentative motion toward the nearly empty water keg, once he started to raise the man's shoulders. The movements were inhibited. A brief agony cracked the mask of alkali on his countenance. Then stolidly, wearily he arose. The wagon lurched forward. After it had gone a hundred yards and was well under way in its painful forward crawl, Gates, his red-rimmed, bloodshot eyes fixed and glazed, drew the revolver from its holster and went back.

At sundown he began to use the gad. The oxen were trying to lie down. If one of them succeeded, it would never again arise. Gates knew this. He plied the long, heavy whip in both hands. Where the lash fell it bit out strips of hide. It was characteristic of the man that though heretofore he had not in all this day inflicted a single blow on the suffering animals, though his nostrils widened and his terrible red eyes looked for pity toward the skies, yet now he swung mercilessly with all his strength.

Dusk fell, but the hot earth still radiated, the powder dust rose and choked. The desert dragged at their feet; and in the twilight John Gates thought to hear mutterings and the soft sound of wings overhead as the dread spirits of the wastes stooped low. He had not stopped for nearly two hours. This was the last push; he must go straight through or fail.

And when the gleam of the river answered the gleam of the starlight he had again to rouse his drained energies. By the brake, by directing the wagon into an obstruction, by voice and whip he fought the frantic beasts back to a moaning standstill. Then pail by pail he fed them the water until the danger of overdrinking was past. He parted the curtains. In spite of the noise outside, the woman, soothed by the breath of cooler air, had fallen asleep.

Sometime later he again parted the curtains.

"We're here, honey," he said; "good water, good grass, shade. The desert is past. Wake up and take a little coffee."

She smiled at him.

"I'm so tired."

"We're going to rest here a spell."

She drank the coffee, ate some of the food he brought her, thrust back her hair, breathed deep of the cooling night.

"Where's Jim?" she asked at last.

"Jim got very tired," he said. "Jim's asleep."

THREE months later. The western slant of the Sierras just where the cañon clefts begin to spread into foothills. On a flat near—too near—the stream bed was a typical placer-mining camp of the day. That is, three or four large rough buildings in a row, twenty or thirty log cabins scattered without order, and as many tents.

The whole population was gathered interestedly in the largest structure, which was primarily a dance hall. Ninety-five per cent were men, of whom the majority were young men. A year ago the percentage would have been nearer one hundred, but now a certain small coterie of women had drifted in, most of them with a keen eye for prosperity. The red or

blue shirt, the nondescript hat and the high, mud-caked boots of the miner preponderated. Here and there in the crowd, however, stood a man dressed in the height of fashion. There seemed no middle ground. These latter were either the professional gamblers, the lawyers or the promoters.

A trial was in progress, to which all paid deep attention. Two men disputed the ownership of a certain claim. Their causes were represented by ornate individuals whose evident zest in the legal battle was not measured by prospective fees. Nowhere in the domain and at no time in the history of the law has technicality been so valued, has the game of the courts possessed such intellectual interest, has substantial justice been so uncertain as in the California of the early fifties. The lawyer could spread himself unhampered; and these were so doing.

In the height of the proceedings a man entered from outside and took his position leaning against the rail of the jury box. That he was a stranger was evident from the glances of curiosity cast in his direction. He was tall, strong, young, bearded, with a roving, humorous, bold eye.

The last word was spoken. A rather bewildered-looking jury filed out. Ensued a wait. The jury came back. It could not agree; it wanted information. Both lawyers supplied it in abundance. The foreman, who happened to be next the rail against which the newcomer was leaning, cast on him a quizzical eye.

"Stranger," said he, "mout you be able to make head er tail of all that air?"

The other shook his head.

"I'm plumb distracted to know what to do; and dear knows we all want to git shet of this job. Thar's a badger fight—"

"Where is this claim anyway?"

"Right adown the road. Location notice is on the first white oak you come to. Cain't miss her."

"If I were you," said the stranger after a pause, "I'd just declare the claim vacant. Then neither side would win."

AT THIS moment the jury rose to retire again. The stranger unobtrusively gained the attention of the clerk and from him begged a sheet of paper. On this he wrote rapidly; then folded it, and moved to the outer door, against the jamb of which he took his position. After another and shorter wait, the jury returned.

"Have you agreed on your verdict, gentlemen?" inquired the judge.

"We have," replied the lank foreman. "We award that the claim belongs to neither and be declared vacant."

At the words the stranger in the doorway disappeared. Two minutes later the advance guard of the rush that had comprehended the true meaning of the verdict found the white oak tree in possession of a competent individual with a revolving pistol and a humorous eye.

"My location notice, gentlemen," he said, calling attention to a paper freshly attached by wooden pegs.

" 'Honey-bug claim,' " they read, " 'John Gates'," and the usual phraseology.

"But this is a swindle, an outrage!" cried one of the erstwhile owners.

"If so it was perpetrated by your own courts," said Gates crisply. "I am within my rights, and I propose to defend them."

Thus John Gates and his wife, now strong and hearty, became members of this community. His intention had been to proceed to Sacramento. An incident stopped him here.

The Honey-bug claim might or might not be a good placer mine—time would show; but it was certainly a wonderful location. Below the sloping bench on which it stood the country fell away into the brown heat haze of the lowlands, a curtain that could lift before a north wind to reveal a landscape magnificent as a kingdom. Spreading white oaks gave shade, a spring sang from the side hill on which grew lofty pines, and back to the east rose the dark or glittering Sierras. The meadow behind was gay with mariposa lilies, melodious with bees and birds, aromatic with the mingled essences of tarweed, lad's-love, and the pines. At this happy elevation the sun lay warm and caressing, but the air tasted cool.

"I could love this," said the woman.

"You'll have a chance," said John Gates, "for when we've made our pile, we'll always keep this to come back to."

At first they lived in the wagon, which they drew up under one of the trees, while the oxen recuperated and grew fat on the abundant grasses. Then in spare moments John Gates began the construction of a house. He was a man of tremendous energy, but also of many activities. The days were not long enough for him. In him was the true ferment of constructive civilization. Instinctively he reached out to modify his surroundings. A house; then a picket fence, split from the living trees; an irrigation ditch; a garden spot; fruit trees; vines over the porch; better stables; more fences; the gradual shaping from the wilderness of a home—these absorbed his surplus. As a matter of business he worked with pick and shovel until he had proved the Honey-bug hopeless, then he started a store on credit. Therein he sold everything from hats to .42-caliber whisky. To it he brought the same overflowing play spirit that had fashioned his home.

"I'm making a very good living," he answered a question, "that is, if I'm not particular how well I live," and he laughed his huge laugh.

HE WAS very popular. Presently they elected him sheriff. He gained this high office fundamentally of course by reason of his courage and decision of character; but the immediate and visible causes were the Episode of the Frazzled Mule, and the Episode of the Frying Pan. The one inspired respect; the other amusement.

The freight company used many pack and draft animals. One day one of its mules died. The *mozo* in charge of the corrals dragged the carcass to the superintendent's office. That individual cursed twice; once at the mule for dying, and once at the *mozo* for being a fool. At nightfall another mule died. This time the *mozo*, mindful of his berating, did not deliver the body, but conducted the superintendent to see the sad remains.

"Bury it," ordered the superintendent disgustedly. Two mules at $350—quite a loss.

But next morning another had died; fairly an epidemic among mules. This carcass also was ordered buried. And at noon a fourth. The superintendent on his way to view the defunct ran across John Gates.

"Look here, John," queried he, "do you know anything about mules?"

"Considerable," admitted Gates.

"Well, come see if you can tell me what's killing ours off."

They contemplated the latest victim of the epidemic.

"Seems to be something that swells them up," ventured the superintendent after a while.

John Gates said nothing for some time. Then suddenly he snatched his pistol and leveled it at the shrinking *mozo*.

"Produce those three mules!" he roared, "*mucho pronto*, too!" To the bewildered superintendent he explained. "Don't you see? This is the same old original mule. He ain't never been buried at all. They've been stealing (*Continued on page* 23)



"We'll never get there!" cried Jim, looking despairingly toward the mountains. "Not the way we are now," replied Gates. "But I intend to get there"

RUNNING A MODERN TOWN

BY HENRY J. ALLEN

I WENT to Dayton to see a new thing—an American city run by a business manager under a board of citizen directors.

My curiosity to see the general manager of a city was deep. I wondered what sort of a man this pioneer in the new American profession — general manager of cities—would be. How closely had Dayton's board hewn to the purpose? Had they got a manager or had they hired a politician? Would I be greeted by the good-fellow type, with a fine breast for badges and a taste for postprandial achievement, or would he be thinking about business? He occupied a position new in American life: a man who could sit in a city hall in an ambitious city and say to a policeman "Go!" and know that he went; who could fire a sewer inspector without even asking what ward he had been selected from; who could discharge the chief of police, the superintendent of waterworks, the engineer, the treasurer; who was, in fact, the head of the government, as free to act as though he had been managing a railroad or an automobile factory; who did not have to answer to any ward organization or any political party.



Folks called the new plan "un-American" and "undemocratic," but City Manager Waite (the man standing in the center of the picture) and the Dayton Commissioners believe that the city-manager plan has passed the experimental stage

When I entered the door bearing the black letters "City Manager," I found an outer room full of clerical activity. No one was loafing. A young man left his desk and came briskly to ask what I wanted. He moved rapidly, like one whose work is cut out for the day. He had the courtesy of one trained in civilized business manners. After suitable cross-examination he said I could see the city manager for a very brief period in about twenty minutes. Then he went back to work. It was a businesslike atmosphere. There were no loafers, no hangers-on, no cuspidors with indifferent marksmen making a record all over the place. The atmosphere was not tainted by the reckless use of disinfectant, that last refuge of the lazy, unregulated janitor whose job depends upon his cunning at the polls.

In twenty minutes I was talking to a lean, sharp-eyed man, City Manager H. M. Waite. I had seen his type before. I had seen men like him looking over blue prints of steel engineers in construction camps or, dressed in khaki, lugging engineers' links across desert lands, or directing the construction of bridges across mountain chasms or straightening a railroad or opening a mine. But it was the first time I had run across that type bossing a job which is usually held by a politician. Manager Waite has none of the political *savoir-faire*. He isn't a "mixer." He didn't wring my hand or massage my elbow, and he showed the well-restrained but consuming anxiety of a busy man to get rid of me.

When he began talking about his work he warmed up. It is his second political job. He is about forty years old and has been, among other things, a civil engineer and a railroad division superintendent. One of his recent positions was as managing expert of a great mine in Virginia. Then a friend of his was elected to a responsible position in Cincinnati. He wanted some one to help straighten out the engineering difficulties of that city and Mr. Waite accepted the task. In a few months he discovered that he wasn't going to be free to work out the things that he desired, because he could not control the personnel of his organization. He could not hire his own assistants—politics had to be considered.

Dayton Is Making Good

MR. WAITE was getting ready to go back to work for a corporation when the Dayton opportunity arrived. He already had seen far enough into public work to realize what a wonderful chance for improvement belonged to the man who could go to work for a city and be allowed a free hand to apply to public work the standard demanded by business life. He was so attracted by the idea of pioneering this effort that he sold his services to Dayton for $12,500 a year, although he might have had $15,000 in private life. And thus he started upon the uncharted sea of municipal managership. After eighteen months of it he believes that a city government planned by efficiency experts and conducted along modern business lines will endure, and Dayton's business men agree that this fact has been abundantly established.

And the big thing is not in the fact that within the first eighteen months of the new system Dayton decreased her debt $71,045 and increased her assets $407,324, without increasing her taxation; it is in the fact that she has in addition to these financial advances doubled her public service, without increasing her budget over that in vogue under the old system. She has done this by doubling the purchasing power of dollars expended by the city government.

Before the devastating Ohio River flood came to Dayton in 1913 there had been some movement in the direction of the city-manager plan, but sentiment was not aroused. The effort was in its propagative stage when the flood arrived and disclosed the fact that Dayton's city government was largely "without form and void." Its archaic system had pursued its expensive way to the complete satisfaction of the political officeholders, experts in gaining election but proficient in nothing else.

Dayton's was the usual type of American city government where men who had no particular qualification in any line, and whom no business corporation would have employed on a basis of merit, were elected by the political-ward system to run the intricate affairs of the city.

When the flood came the so-called government broke down at every point of strain. The fierce problems of the hour found no administrative capacity at the City Hall. The head of department of public safety was helpless. These officeholders knew how to manage a political campaign, how to build out of public patronage apparently an unbreakable machine for the perpetuation in office of practical politicians, but they could not manage a flood.

When the situation was at a crisis Mr. Patterson, the head of a great Dayton factory, volunteered to take charge of the relief work. He turned loose upon the situation a force trained in efficiency methods. The practical politician stepped back. It wasn't his game. The men trained to get big results without waste by use of brains and energy organized the work, brought order out of chaos, saved human life, protected the sick and injured in hospitals which were hastily but efficiently established, brought salvage to property, and, under the dire spur of the hour's need, accomplished results that were regarded as miraculous.

Then the people said: "Why can't we have this sort of efficiency in our city government every day?"

It was an hour that shook the Dayton citizen out of the ordinary inertia that had made municipal government such a picnic for the practical politicians. The demand for businesslike methods, accentuated by the calamity, sidetracked the politician. The plan to go into the market of the world's capable men and employ a manager for Dayton, just as Dayton's biggest corporations do for themselves, was stated boldly. The politician who raised his hitherto compelling voice to yell: "What? Go out of town to get some one to run us? What are *we* here for?" received no attention. His prestige was gone—buried with other wreckage of the flood.

So Dayton sent a committee abroad to study municipal government. In a few months she had adopted a report and was writing a charter which provided for "a competent, experienced, trained, and capable person, selected on account of his peculiar fitness and ability to handle the affairs of the city."

This man was to be chosen by a board of five citizens elected at large by the people. Then this grim thing was tossed as a challenge to the poli-





There are prizes for the child gardeners, and Dayton's Manager sets apart for them a market curb where they can sell their vegetables undisturbed by grown-up competitors

ticians who had been wont to regard Dayton as their personal snap: "Party politics are eliminated; no party designations will appear on the ballot."

To correct any accidents of popular will the charter commission provided that a recall election might be held on any or all members of the commission or on the city manager, upon a petition of 25 per cent of the registered voters.

There it was. Just as simple and clean-cut as a modern business proposition.

The commission was not to be limited in the amount it should pay the city manager. The members were told to get the right man and pay the price, and turn over to him the job of managing Dayton. Their powers over him were to be similar to those of the ordinary board of directors over a general manager. They were to give whatever time should be necessary to receive his reports, canvass the situation with him, and adopt needed ordinances.

As a matter of fact, they spend about a half day each week looking after the duties of their trusteeship as commissioners of the city of Dayton. They are all high-class men, who could not have been secured to give their full time to Dayton's business, but who are willing to give sufficient time to serve on the board and to shoulder the responsibility of government.

The city gets the benefit of high-class business judgment at a nominal salary of $1,200 for each commissioner, except the one who receives the largest vote. By virtue of this he is called the mayor and has the ornamental duties of that formal title and an addition of $300 to his salary.

The whole city, shocked out of the usual mass indifference to community welfare by a common calamity, adopted the new charter without delay. To all the frantic and specious pleading that such a proceeding was "un-American" and "undemocratic," the real expert students who had written the charter replied with careful logic that since the source of power still rested with the electorate, there was no perversion of the real principles of democracy. They pointed out that the Dayton people had been depriving themselves of the actual substance of free government by allowing a lot of self-seeking politicians to misuse the functions of democracy and to unload on Dayton a system that had produced a minimum result at a maximum cost, and that had failed utterly in an hour which demanded strong government.

The propaganda of the writers of this charter was astonishingly able and conclusive, but the American thing that won was not the studied logic of the efficiency experts. It was the determination of the awakened people of Dayton to secure a government that would fulfill honestly and without economic waste the reconstruction duties that followed the flood. They knew the old haphazard political system would not do it. It was a great American community rising above political confusion and false prejudice to modern method. It was an indication of what the people might do for themselves always if they could keep awake.

The Voice of a New Generation

WITHOUT the flood Dayton doubtless would not have risen to the new system, but after eighteen or more months of trial a majority of Dayton's business men declare that even at that the new government is worth the price.

In talking to Manager Waite, and later to some of the members of the commission, I was struck by an entirely new quality in public life. They did not use any political rhetoric on me. Not once during the several hours I spent with various members of the new government did one of them rhapsodize about his duty to the "peepul." Not one of them volunteered the information that he was honest. Not one of them indulged in political ecstasy of any sort, but they displayed a technical mastery of municipal problems. They took it for granted that they were going to be given credit for good intentions and were entitled to no especial credit for being honest.

It was as a new generation speaking—a generation accustomed to scientific method. They are hampered by no political complications and do not talk as crusaders. They are not seeking to do showy things. Manager Waite creates the impression that no temporary reaction of public sentiment will drive him to cover. He will go straight on managing the affairs of Dayton with business proficiency and with the courage of inconspicuous effort so long as he is kept on the job.

Not only Mr. Waite but the five commissioners believe that the city-manager plan has passed the experimental stage in Dayton. While effort will be made—in fact, some effort already has been made—to go back to the old system, so long as he can keep the community interested in the experiment the community will indorse the new system.

If the voters of the community lose interest in their government to the extent that they are willing to allow practical politicians again to run the city, the splendid efficiency of the present hour will greatly decrease, because no system of government, however capable of good results, can work itself.

Bad men or incapable men will make bad government out of any system. However, the city-manager plan discourages political organization. Its direct-primary nomination, prohibition of party politics, its recall, its recognition of the principle of the initiative and referendum, all rob the political-boss system of any guarantee of permanency, such as was possible under the old method.

The city manager's organization is divided into five departments and he is responsible for the selection of the heads of these departments. He may employ and discharge at will. The control which he exercises over all these departments is absolute so far as the selection of officials and employees goes. The commission is (*Continued on page* 28)

THE BETRAYAL

BY JAMES HAY, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY D. C. HUTCHISON

THE big man's bulk filled suddenly the yard door of the lean-to, where the thin man and his daughter were having their supper. There was a great fear in the big man's eyes, and his heavy, mobile lips worked now and then as if they held back tremendous things. His coat hung open, and his shirt, unbuttoned at the top, dragged apart as if, under the pressure of the great, stooping shoulders, some part of his hairy chest had fallen away.

The thin man glanced toward his own coat hanging on a nail on the wall, as if he felt that, in the presence of a guest, he should sup more fully clad with his daughter.

"Nevah mind," said the big man, and sat down heavily in the chair which he drew with a scraping noise across the rough board floor to the side of the table.

The thin man's daughter rose to bring him a plate.

"Nevah mind, Maria," he said again dully.

The thin man and his daughter realized that their guest had come on business bigger than that of eating.

"Zeb," said the giant, leaning his elbows on the table so that it creaked, "they've got me."

The little man looked at him inquiringly. Zeb had sparse, ashy-colored hair, and neither his face nor his eyes showed richness of coloring.

"What you mean, Ben?" he asked.

"They've got it on me foh the Piggott killing," answered the other.

He spoke as if according to program, doing something on which he had decided beforehand. Only, when he mentioned the murder, he took a little deeper breath than usual.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Maria, who was such a duplicate of her father that anybody hearing her would have known that her emotion went no deeper than her throat.

Zeb poised a piece of liver, draped with onions, on his knife midway between his plate and his mouth.

"What you talking about?" he asked in his nasal tone.

THE big man struck the table with his right fist so that even Maria blinked her eyes.

"I mean jus' what I say," he declared in the same cut-and-dried following of his schedule. "They've got it on me foh the murdah of Fred Piggott. And you and I been good neighbors all our lives. We've done things foh each other. Ain't we?"

"I reckon you've done more foh me than I foh you," said Zeb.

"Then," continued the big man, "now's the time to even up. I want you to drive me to the station. I've got to git away. It's twenty-one miles, and you know my horse ain't good foh any such work over these roads. We've got four hours to make it."

The little man put down his knife with its liver and onions, pushed away his plate, and thought a few moments. Finally he inquired:

"Ben Dixon, did you kill Fred Piggott?"

Dixon's eyes blazed and his whole great form became rigid.

"No, I didn't!" he said roughly.

The little man smiled.

"'Course," he observed wisely, "you'd say that anyway."

Dixon's shoulders sagged again.

"Mebbe I would," he agreed.

"And you want me to drive you to the station—to help you git away—to git myself mixed up in this?" inquired Zeb, as if he asked the price of cattle.

The big man struck the table a second time.

"You got to!" he said. "You got to take me that twenty-one miles! There's my wife and the three children. You got to!"

The little man deliberated. Maria rose and went out to the front part of the house.

"Tell me about it," Zeb directed.

It was an evening in early spring. The sun had fallen below the rim of the mountains, and the air in the lean-to was chilly. He went over to the wall and took down his coat and put it on. Dixon regarded him silently. He resumed his place at the table.

"Go ahead," he directed again.

"Somebody killed Fred Piggott at two o'clock this aftahnoon," the big man took up the story in his methodical tone. "It was down at his cidah mill in the orchard. He and whoever killed him had been drinking cidah and whisky. He was shot—with my gun."

The little man betrayed his first real emotion since Dixon had come in. He began to look a trifle unsympathetic.

"And they found an old hat of mine there," pursued Dixon—"an old hat with my name wrote on it—an old hat that I ain't wore since last summah."

He paused and let his burning eyes play on the hard eyes of the little man.

"Now," he concluded desperately, "don't that beat thundah?"

"If you didn't kill him," said Zeb with a judicial air, "who did?"

"I don't know, and I don't care!" replied Dixon quickly. "Somebody killed him, and killed him so as to lay it on me. And the thing that makes me run is that I can't tell 'em where I was at two o'clock this aftahnoon. I can tell 'em, but they won't believe it. I was tired out, and I was asleep in my barn. They wouldn't believe that—would they?"

"No," agreed the other slowly; "I don't reckon they would."

The big man sighed heavily.

"Then I've got to go," he concluded, "and you've got to take me. Your two horses can make it."

Zeb got up and went to the window, where he stood, his back to Dixon, looking out at the black shadows of the mountains.

"Will you do it?" asked Dixon.

Zeb did not answer.

"We been awful good neighbors," the other took it up again; "and you jus' said I'd done a lot mo'e foh you than you evah did foh me."

THE little man still stared at the blackness of the mountains. The big man slipped a revolver out of his hip pocket and laid it on the table before him.

"Zeb Sparkman," he said in a new tone, "turn around and look here."

Zeb turned. When he saw the revolver, his nostrils distended once.

"Will you do it?" the big man repeated.

The little man licked his lips and swallowed hard.

"I ain't afraid of your pistol, Ben," he said, "but we been good neighbors all our lives." He looked the big man in the eyes one brief moment, and ended: "And I reckon I'll do it."

"All right," said Dixon, his hand on the revolver. "Go down to the barn and hitch up."

Instead of going out by the yard door, Sparkman started toward the door leading to the front part of the house.

"All right," he said. "I want to give Maria some excuse foh going away."

Something—it was either the flat tone of the man's voice, or something about the twist of his head, or the alacrity with which he stepped through the door—convinced Dixon that he was to be betrayed. When Sparkman came back, he stepped against the end of the revolver.

"Bring Maria here!" Dixon commanded.

Sparkman obeyed without a word.

"Now, Zeb," pursued Dixon, "you tell Maria we need her help. They may be aftah me now. They are aftah me. But they don't know I come here. I'm going down to the barn with you. Maria can watch from the front porch, and, if anybody comes walking

. . .

or riding up the road, she'll have time to slip down to the barn and tell us."

"That's all right, Ben," agreed Sparkman. "You understand, don't you, Maria?"

"I'll do it jus' that way," the girl answered, and, without a word, turned and went back to the front of the house.

But the fear of betrayal had gotten into Dixon to stay. When they arrived at the barn he grasped Sparkman roughly by the arm.

"By Gad, Zeb!" he said fiercely. "I don't trust you. I nevah have trusted you. Come to think of it, I nevah knew a man with that kind of a face that I did trust. But I'll tell you this: if those fellows git here before we git started, and you give me away, they'll git me all right, but I'll shoot you first. You understand that! If they git me, I'll git you first. *Do* you understand?"

The little man shook off the other's grasp and answered in a hurt tone:

"There ain't any use in talking that way, Ben. I'm your friend, ain't I? I wouldn't be doing this if I warn't your friend, would I?"

Ben looked at him searchingly.

"You might be doing it because you're scared — scared of me," he said grimly.

"I ain't scared of you, nor of no man living," replied the little man sturdily.

Dixon laughed, a scornful, mirthless laugh.

"You were scared when you were born," he said brutally. "Now, let's hitch up."

They had their hands on the horses' halters when Maria appeared in the stable door.

"There's five men coming up the road riding," she said coolly.

SHE turned back to the house. Sparkman's hands fell from the halter he had touched. Dixon was galvanized into action.

"Maria!" he called.

She came back slowly, apparently oblivious to the danger to a man's life, and entered the stable.

"You stay here, Maria," Dixon instructed. "It will look bettah foh you to be down here helping your fathah hook up. If any questions are asked, you and he are going ovah to the camp meeting at Zaneburg, and you're going to git dressed aftah you hook up."

The girl looked at her father in inquiry.

"That's all right," he assented without looking at Dixon.

"Now," said the big man, his foot on the first rung of the ladder leading into the loft, "I'm going up here and git right down to the bottom of this hay. You ain't seen me. That's all you got to say. You jus' ain't seen me. Does that go?"

"You bet it goes, Ben," replied Sparkman. "I said I'd do this, and I will."

Ned Crisler, leading the posse, brought his four followers down to the barn when Sparkman's cry answered his call.

"I'm heading this posse," was his abrupt greeting, "looking for the man that shot Fred Piggott. You heard about it, didn't you?"

Sparkman was chewing a long straw.

"Yes," he said dryly, "I heard it down to the store late this afternoon."

Crisler was a tall man with wide shoulders and a thin chest. He had an evil-looking face, with a heavy jaw and thick, bushy eyebrows that met and made a black blotch above his nose. For some inexplicable reason—one which he was never able afterward to analyze—it occurred to the man buried in the hay in the loft that Crisler was the real murderer. Hearing the voice, he could see his face and rehearse mentally the entire tragedy.

"Have you seen him?" Crisler's raucous voice went on.

"Seen who?" asked Sparkman.

"Ben Dixon."

"Ben Dixon! Is he the man that did it?"

There was something akin to real amazement in the little man's tone. It frightened Dixon and made his hand go mechanically toward his revolver.

"He's the fellow," informed Crisler, "and, what's more, he's a friend of yours."

"He was," corrected the other.

"And you ain't seen him?" persisted Crisler.

The other four men shifted in their saddles simultaneously as if moved by the same impulse.

"No, I ain't," said Sparkman.

Crisler turned from the speaker to his four followers.

"All right, boys," he directed. "Search the house while I look through the barn. Maria," he added, "go with 'em up to the house."

That was the thing Dixon had feared. Naturally, if Sparkman meant to hand him over, it would be done through Maria. While Crisler's heavy boots stumbled clumsily over the hay, passing even directly above where he lay successfully hidden, the picture was always before him of Maria whispering to one of the four that he, Dixon, the murderer, was hidden in the barn. He made up his mind that, if eventually they found him, he would "git" Sparkman anyway. He went further than that. He decided that, if he and Sparkman started on the long drive—it could hardly be called a dash, because of the terrific road—and the posse overtook him, he would wreak his vengeance just the same.



Dixon cried: "Here's your man!" and grasped the little man by the throat

THERE was in him a savage determination to get away. Was he not an innocent man? Had he not thrown himself upon Sparkman's mercy so that his wife and children might be left to live on the farm which he at last had paid for? He had argued it briefly with his wife. He was past fifty years of age.

The evidence was all against him. If they caught him, he was done. There was nothing left but to get away, to leave his family the means of livelihood and to run the chance of being able to get work somewhere far away and to send them money from time to time.

The posse was gone at last, empty-handed. The four had come back from the house and reported failure. Crisler had discovered nothing. To all appearances, Sparkman had run true to his promise to the fugitive.

"I'm glad I told him I'd kill him," Dixon said to himself. "That's all that saved me."

After a very long time he crawled up through the hay and made his way cautiously to the top of the ladder. Zeb and Maria were sitting on the sill of the stable door. They had said nothing since the posse had left. There was no sound save the occasional tramping of the horses' feet in the stalls.

"Zeb!" he called softly. "You and Maria hook up. I won't come down till we're ready to start."

When he had taken his seat in the buggy, it was quite dark, but he noticed that Sparkman, with the reins in his hand, was in his shirt sleeves, while his coat, forgotten, was flung across a plow handle near by.

"You'd bettah put on your coat, Zeb," he suggested. "It's cold now, and it'll be a lot coldah on this drive."

"Give me my coat, Maria," said Sparkman, and, when the girl had handed it to him, put it on as he spoke to the horses and started out of the stable yard.

The big man gave always the impression that he had mapped out everything ahead. In his own thought there loomed very big the belief that Sparkman was not to be trusted.

He was not afraid at all of the crude plan he had mapped out for his escape. The thing he did fear was the little soul of the man at his side.

"We got only three hours now," he said in his methodical way. "Can we make it?"

"It's a turrible road foh the firs' eight miles," answered Sparkman. "You know that. But I b'lieve we can do it."

"I said twenty-one miles to the station," explained Dixon, "because I wanted to git that train at Somersburg. In case they've sent over and telephoned, they've thought I'd try to git it at Zeno. That's one place I'll fool 'em, but I don't reckon they'll think I'd try to git to a train."

"I reckon not," assented the other.

THE road had been described correctly. It was the worst kind of Virginia mountain road, full of sharp turns and unexpected holes, with rocks that were like bowlders every few rods. It was impossible to put the horses to a trot except once or twice every half hour. For the most part the two men sat in silence.

Once Dixon said:

"Darned if I don't think I hear horses behind us!"

The little man clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

"'Tain't nothing," he said dryly.

Some time later Dixon burst forth impatiently:

"Let me do the driving, Zeb! I can git mo'e out of a horse than you can!"

"They're my horses! And I know what they can do and where they can do it," answered the other surlily.

Dixon could find no fault with him on that score. He made the best speed possible, the wheels creaking as they went against the big rocks, the springs cracking together as the buggy dropped into some unexpected gully. At last, passing through cold blankets of fog and catching occasional glimpses of the moon that hung like a red shield just above the mountain tops, they were over the worst part of the road.

"What made you do it?" asked Sparkman, breaking a long silence.

He could feel the lines of the other man's figure stiffen before the reply came:

"I tell you, I didn't do it!"

"What's the use of saying that to me?" he asked slyly.

"I'll tell you why!" Dixon said sharply. "Whoever murdered Fred Piggott done it foh his money. He had in his pocket five hund'ed dollahs in twenty-dollah bills, a nice little package of 'em with a rubbah band around 'em. He showed 'em to me this morning."

"Well?"

"I've got jus' twenty-eight dollahs in my pocket right now," Dixon continued, "and it's all I've got."

He paused and added (*Continued on page* 34)

MARRYING MAUDE

BY GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AT THE moment this story opens candor compels the admission that Mr. Haskell was massaging his bald dollar while he waited for his wife to begin. But I also wish to say (without any fooling) that an unsuspected tragedy had entered his life, to say nothing of the life of Mrs. Haskell.

Not only that, but at the moment this story opens Mr. Haskell had a peaceful appearance, though somewhat worried on account of the increasing size of his bald dollar, and somewhat apprehensive because he wasn't sure how his wife was going to begin. But no matter how peaceful he looked you will presently see that his home was threatening to become the scene of gladiatorial combat, and even though (with his wife's connivance) he was about to turn one of their rooms into a so-called "Cupid's Bower," it would have been more appropriate if they had named it the "Lion's Den": all of which, and a great deal more, is about to be unfolded unto you.

Whereupon I cease to thunder such a thundering long peal in the index, and, starting in the manner of the realistics, I repeat that Mr. Haskell was massaging his bald dollar while he waited for his wife to begin. And that (I think) is the last time we ought to call him "mister," because everybody else called him Bill. In the first place, he had lived all his life in Granby, and, in the second place, his hair (with the exception of that bald spot, about as big as a silver dollar) was black and curly. Wherefore all Granby called him by his first name, even though he was nearly forty-five and had a daughter who was taller than himself.

(*Her* name was Maude, and she is the one who is mentioned in the title of this our tale. But there I start gossiping again like a garrulous old grandam at a wedding. So now, for the third and last time, I will get me started on my story and leave digressions alone.)

Bill Haskell was massaging—you know what—and waiting for his wife to speak those things which were on her mind, though every married man will understand me when I say that she hadn't *told* Bill she had anything on her mind. But Bill hadn't been married over twenty years for nothing. He knew the Signs.

Upstairs, Maude was dressing to go out, and, for the benefit of those who have never seen a young girl dressing to go out, I will tell you in the most categorical detail just what Maude was doing.

As soon as she had finished drying the dishes Maude had gone upstairs with a lamp in her hand. This lamp she set down on the bureau, meanwhile studying her features in the mirror. This careful scrutiny being completed, she placed the tip of her finger on the bridge of her nose, and by exerting an upward pressure on her finger increased the "pug" of her nose to a remarkable degree. Maude studied this new angle both full face and profile, and then, suddenly letting her nose spring back to normal, compared the relative effects. This done, she pulled her hair down over her forehead, first on one side and then on the other, and, not being at all convinced which way looked the better, sighed with deep feeling.

RUMMAGING next in her bureau drawer, she found a lace jabot, and, draping this upon her bosom, studied the *tout ensemble* both with and without that extra pug to her nose. Then back into the drawer went the jabot and out came an orange-colored ribbon which had originally been tied around a bunch of birthday cigars. This ribbon she bound around her forehead, after the fashion originated by certain Greek maids of antiquity and later revived by Mrs. Castle of these our times. The ribbon looked well against her hair, but it didn't look so well against her forehead. Having arrived at this conclusion, Maude dropped the ribbon in an absent-minded manner and stood transfixed in thought. Turning quickly at last, she pulled a cardboard box from under the bed. Out of this box she drew a straw shape, a piece of red velvet, and a white wing which in its time had often flapped as prelude and postlude to the loud, triumphant strains of "Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o!"

For nearly ten minutes Maude tried variations of these millinery materials, interrupting herself once to examine a tiny red spot on her nose, and interrupting herself a second time to friz the hair over her ears. How did she do this? By seizing the short strands one by one, pulling them out until they were taut, and rapidly working a moistened thumb and finger up and down the tightened strands. And how did she moisten her thumb and finger? By delicately applying thereto the tip of her tongue. So now you know. At half past seven she heard the kitchen clock downstairs strike "Ting!" and, as though this were a signal, she slapped the millinery back into its box, pinned a pretty little bonnet on her pretty little head, smoothed her hips, preened her waist, drew on an Empire model jacket with large pearl buttons, gave one last lingering look in the mirror, picked up the lamp, and went downstairs, looking quite as innocent as Little Nell and twice as good a looker.

"You won't be late, Maude?" asked ma.

"About half past nine. Going over to the library."

They heard her footsteps tripping along the hall. They heard her stop in front of the mirror in the hall rack. They heard the front door open and shut. And then—

Well, to be perfectly truthful about it, Mrs. Haskell let out the two bottom clasps of her corsets, sighed "Ah-a-h!" with great relief, threw herself back in the easy chair, set Bill with her eye, frowned to herself as she mentally phrased her opening sentence, and then—

Why, then she began.

"WILL," she began, "I don't think we're doing the right thing by Maude at all. It's been worrying me a lot lately, and don't you think it hasn't!"

And, having hurled this bomb with great precision, she sat up straight in her chair to watch the effect. The effect was instantaneous.

"What do you mean—not doing the right thing by Maude?" demanded Bill, staring at her quite goggle-eyed with amazement.

"I mean just what I say!" she declared, and she looked at him with a certain air of primness which should be explained at once. Mrs. Haskell had been a school-teacher just five months to a day when she had led Bill to the altar, and always after that she had regarded him as her scholar. Now, as all the world knows, in every class there is a favorite scholar, a naughty scholar, and a dunce. So, as time and circumstance demanded, Bill took all these parts, but more particularly he took the third.

"What's the matter with Maude?" asked Bill. "Doesn't she like her job down at the coal yard?"

"Coal yard!" sniffed ma. "For Heaven's sake, William, haven't you got a mind that can rise higher than a coal yard?" And, following up this connubial hot shot, she added with increasing spirit: "We've got to give our Maude a proper place to receive her company, or she'll have no chance at all."

"Company?" uttered Bill. "What company?"

"You know as well as I do what company! Young gentlemen callers! Beaus, if you want to call 'em beaus! Land o' goodness, William, you don't expect our Maude to be keeping books in a coal yard all her life, do you?"

"But, Minnie! Hold on! Our Maude's nothing but a kid yet—"

"Our Maude's twenty next birthday—older than I was when I was married. And I want to tell you again, we've simply got to give that girl a place where she can receive her callers, or she'll have no chance at all!"

"Has she got one, then?" asked Bill, immensely interested.

"One what?"

"One young man, of course," said Bill in an irritated voice. "What do you suppose I meant? One fried egg?"

"Don't you begin to shout at me!"

"I'm not shouting! It's you who are shouting!"

"There! That's always the way when I try to talk to you!" But, checking the note of lamentation in her voice, she added, almost fiercely: "Will Haskell, I tell you, once for all, we've simply got to give our Maude a place where she can receive her callers, or that poor girl will live and die an old maid!"

"But, Minnie! Be reasonable! She has a place—"

"I tell you she hasn't!"

"But, Minnie! She has—"

"I tell you again she hasn't!"

"All right, then, she hasn't! But, all the same, I don't see anything to keep her from receiving her callers right here in this room."

"Oh, you don't! Oh, no! And, of course, it's very sweet and romantic for any young man to call on Maude and see you sitting there smoking, in your stocking feet, one slipper off, one slipper on! Yes! And when young Arthur King *did* call on Maude last winter, what happened?" Bill looked guilty. "You started talking baseball with him!" cried ma triumphantly, "and you ended up by playing checkers! And Maude got mad, and went to bed, and threw her shoes down on the ceiling, clumpety-clump! Do you remember that?"

Whereupon, as every married man will understand, Bill struck his colors and hoisted the white flag. "Well, she can have the front room, can't she?" he demanded, speaking in a large voice, as husbands do when they capitulate.

"That's just what I've been thinking," nodded ma, her eyes sparkling at the success of her first attack. And, instantly launching another, she continued: "But first, of course, we've got to have that room fixed up. Oh, yes! I know what you're going to say! But I want to tell you, William Haskell, that your Aunt Mary has been dead a good many years and times have changed since she fixed that room. Have you seen it lately? Then just you wait! We'll have a look at it."



Maude, increasing the "pug" of her nose remarkably, studied this new angle

SHE handed him a lamp from the shelf and, after a sharp tussle, opened a sliding door in the east wall. The door creaked on its rollers as though in remonstrance, and a damp, chilly breath came out of the unused room. Bill was standing behind his wife holding the lamp, and whether or not that cold breath of air cleared his perception I cannot tell

you, but for the first time he became conscious of the tragedy, previously mentioned, which had crept unnoticed into his life, to say nothing of the life of Mrs. Haskell. For the first time his eyes took stock of the cheap rat in his wife's hair, of the switch that didn't match, of the ridge across her back which marked the top line of her dollar corsets, of her wrinkled belt and knubbly elbows. And, seeing all these things, Bill suddenly realized that, so far as he and Minnie were concerned, Love had finished his visit, picked up his arrows, and flown away long, long ago.

"Fat—and bossy," reflected Bill, swallowing hard, as a reluctant patient will sometimes swallow a draft of camomile; and, though he tried to put these thoughts behind him, they kept popping up in his mind like the little red devil in a Punch and Judy show.



"Minnie," said Bill, "you've been deceiving me. You haven't grown old at all." "You behave yourself," said ma

"There!" said Minnie, advancing into the room with the lamp held high. "What do you think of that?"

The white glare of the lamp shone on her face with merciless insistence. On her lip was a fever blister, and the shine of her nose was like the pale glow of a calcium light. Bill put his hands in his pocket and turned away quickly to look around the room.

"Hang it, I'm getting bald myself," he thought, and a mean little ache began to knock on his heart. A mean little ache, yes, and a nasty little ache, and a painful little ache. But though it was little, it threatened to knock as a mule can kick, and in the meantime it knocked on the door of poor Bill's heart like a cruel creditor come to collect a bill.

"WELL," said Minnie, speaking with asperity, "what do you think of it?"

"Some room," said Bill, and, ashamed of the thoughts which were passing through his mind, he grinned in a sheepish manner and jingled the keys in his pocket.

"You *bet* it's some room! No wonder your Aunt Mary never got married! Still, perhaps it's just as well she didn't, or she mightn't have left the house to us."

It was, indeed, an old-fashioned room, and for the benefit of future generations I will briefly describe this old-fashioned room, so they will know what our forefathers suffered in the days when the waltz was considered immodest and when a woman's character would have been irretrievably lost if she had ever been discovered crossing her knees in public.

The chief article of furniture was a square piano, hidden under a gray waterproof cover which was lined with cotton flannel. This cover was thrown back far enough to disclose the yellow keys, and the whole effect reminded one of a very old spinster in an alarming state of décolleté.

On the piano were two glass vases, quicksilvered to look like metal and adorned with hand-painted flowers. Each vase contained a small sheaf of wheat tied with narrow white ribbon. This wheat had the miraculous power to shed about a bushel of chaff a week, so that no matter how often the top of the piano was dusted the vases were always surrounded by husks like two extinct volcanoes grandly rising from their circle of ashes.

A Franklin stove was installed in front of the mantel. On the mantelshelf were two glass covers, such as are sometimes seen in railway restaurants to keep hostile flies from the pie. But in this old-fashioned room which we are describing one of the glass covers was placed over a large bouquet of wax flowers and the other shielded a squirrel which had been stuffed in the highly original attitude of eating a nut.

By the side of the Franklin stove was a rush-bottomed chair that Lafayette had sat in. The other chairs had walnut frames and horsehair seats which sloped from the back to the front. When sitting in one of these chairs it behooved the operator to keep his feet firmly braced against the carpet. Otherwise, smiling a sickly smile, one shot the chutes.

Nor is that all. Two oil paintings embellished the wall. One showed an angry sea beating against a lighthouse beneath a flock of sea gulls and a new moon. The other picture (you have probably guessed it) was "Sheep in a Snowstorm"—the poor things!

"And look at that wall paper!" said Minnie in a voice which registered suffering. "William Haskell, I *ask* you to look at that wall paper!"

Thus invited, Bill looked at it and, truth to tell, it was well worth seeing. The background was a dark, moody green, a color which seemed to be always brooding over the past. And at close intervals upon this background were huge, brown medallions, each medallion framing the picture of a stag with three young does behind him.

"There's no use talking," began Minnie again, "we've simply got to fix this room up so that our Maude can receive her callers in it. Either that or—" She made that vague but unmistakable gesture which every parent of a growing girl understands.

"All right. All right," hurriedly interrupted Bill. "But have you any young man in mind? Or are you trusting to luck?"

"Trusting to luck! If that isn't you all over! There are dozens of young men—yes, dozens!—who would be simply delighted to call here if our Maude only had a decent place. Don't you worry about that part of it!" And, with the least touch of anxiety in her voice, she added: "Don't *you* know anybody that we could invite, Will?"

"Of course there's Arthur King. We could always get him. But he's too lackadaisical. If our Maude has one fault, she's too easy-going. So we ought to pick a young man who is full of fire and spirit, and then they'd make a good pair."

"The trouble is, you never can tell," objected ma. "I've seen so many young men start out like a house afire, but after a few years they take things just as easy as they can."

"Yes, that's so," acknowledged Bill, uneasily wondering whether this was a masked shot at himself. "But I'll tell you one class of young men who'll hustle as long as they live."

"Well, go on!"

"Redheads!" cried Bill in triumph, and when he gave this truly interesting bit of philosophy to the world he wore a far-away resemblance to the lamented Mr. Pickwick elucidating his theory regarding prehistoric stones.

"Redheads?" muttered ma.

"Yes, redheads! You just think of all the redheads you know, and tell me whether there's a lazy one among the lot. No! And never will be! I've noticed it all my life. It's because a redhead has a lot of ginger in him, I guess. Anyhow, they're always strong characters, and, if we can find a nice young red-headed man for our Maude, you can bet your life he'll be a hustler and a good provider."

"Well, there may be something in that," said Minnie thoughtfully, and to herself she added: "Young Joe Wilbur has red hair. So that's what we'll do, Will," she continued aloud. "We'll fix the room up and keep it a secret from Maude till it's done. This room's never opened anyhow. And when we've got the room ready we'll find some nice young fellow, *with* red hair if we can, to come and have tea with us some evening. And then—"

Again she made a vague but unmistakable gesture, only this time it had a happy ending, and a minute later Bill was hurrying to Rood, the paper hanger's. He came back with two books of samples, and when Maude returned home at half past nine she found her parents looking as bright-eyed and briskly important as a pair of robins in the spring. Bill was hiding the sample books by the immemorial method of sitting upon them, and ma was concealing a furniture catalogue in just the same way.

"We'll call it Cupid's Bower," whispered Bill (while Maude was putting the cat out), and for the first time in many moons he winked one eye at Minnie.

THE embellishment of Cupid's Bower took the better part of a month, inasmuch as the work could be done only by starts and snatches, in order to keep it a secret from Maude. Ma kept the room locked, under pretense of having mislaid the key (Fie, ma!), but if I were to tell you the exciting moments which she and Bill passed through that month, and how many times Maude nearly surprised their secret, this story would be so breathless it would have to be read in gasps, and nervous persons, or those with weak hearts, wouldn't be able to read this chapter at all.

For the wall paper they selected a design of small tea roses, and the only thing which disappointed Bill was that they couldn't find a border of those dimpled little dancers (with nothing much to wear) which are so generally associated with the tender passion. The walnut-stained woodwork was enameled white, and the only thing which disappointed Bill was that he couldn't touch the paint up with gold-leaf eggs and darts after the well-known manner of salons.

They traded the piano to a dealer in antiques and received in exchange a renovated Wilton rug, three pairs of so-called Cluny curtains, and a tea table. And I wish to say that, when that rug was down and the curtains were up and the table was in, the only thing which disappointed Bill was that he couldn't immediately round up the eligible redheads in those parts and show them the treat in store.

The Franklin stove was moved up into the attic, and so were the wax flowers and that squirrel which had been stuffed in the highly original attitude of eating a nut. In the middle of the mantelshelf Minnie put the little bronze clock from her bureau. To the right she placed a cut-glass bonbon dish which cost her a bookful of stamps at the Blue Stamp Trading Store. To balance this bonbon dish, Bill fetched an ash receiver which some one had given him for a Christmas present the year before the Spanish War. It was an artistic ash receiver, cleverly lined with cigar bands, and when he stepped back to see how that mantelshelf looked the only thing which disappointed Bill was that he had to voice his admiration in hoarse whispers because Maude might have been out on the veranda listening. "Some room! Some room!" hoarsely whispered Bill, and the rest he expressed by facial contortions.

Next morning Minnie stopped the Ten-Cent Package Express and over to the Ladies' Exchange she sent the chair that Lafayette had sat in. Before night it had been sold to Mrs. Lucius Smith, who was trying to join the D. A. R. The ten dollars so acquired were used to buy four pictures, entitled respectively "The Kiss," "Partners for Life," "Developing and Printing," and "Two's Company; Three's None." And when those pictures were finally hung where they showed to the best advantage the only thing which disappointed Bill was the fact that they didn't have a footstool that Washington had rested his Number Tens upon, so they could have bought "Love's Awakening," "When Ignorance Is Bliss," "Two Hearts That

(*Continued on page* 30)

COLLIER'S

An Enterprise of the Human Spirit

THIS NATION *was from the beginning a spiritual enterprise, and you have seen the spirits of the two once-divided sections of this country absolutely united. . . . Some wars are to be regretted, some wars mar the annals of history, but some wars show that the spirit of man springs to great enterprises that are even greater than his own mind had conceived.*

You set the nation free for that great career of development which the world has witnessed since the Civil War. But, for my part, I would not be proud of the extraordinary physical development of this country, of its extraordinary development in material wealth and financial power, did I not believe that the people of the United States wish all of this power devoted to ideal ends. The United States were founded, not to provide free homes, but to assert human rights.—From the President's address to the Civil War Veterans at Washington on September 28, 1915.

'Twas Music to the Ear

WHEN WE ENVY FOLKS it is not their possessions we envy them, but some talent that is conspicuously theirs. Thus we frankly acknowledge that we envy EDWARD SANFORD MARTIN his ability to make personal remarks and make them very frankly and forcefully, and yet in such a way that no sane person can take offense. When Harvard College was so fortunate as to have LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS as dean, there was a college rime to the effect that when he expelled an unruly undergraduate

> . . . he did it so politely
> That 'twas music to the ear.

So with Dean BRIGGS'S pupil—the genial and unexpelled MARTIN. Mr. MARTIN has lately delivered a curtain lecture to Mr. HENRY FORD. We can't do better than reproduce it from "Life"; we wish our own recent Ford editorial had been half so mellow:

HENRY FORD says he has $10,000,000 to spend if necessary to persuade this country that peace is always the best plan. . . . He thinks people have a false idea of war that ought to be educated out of them. He imagines that they are fooled by the glory and glamour of it. . . . He wants the people to be persuaded that preparedness for war creates war.

HENRY does not seem to realize that several times $10,000,000 is being spent every day, and has been spent every day for fourteen months, to persuade mankind that peace is the best plan and that excess in preparation for war is about as dangerous as no preparation at all. Our newspapers and movie shows are telling the truth about war nowadays in so far as they can get it. They represent it as a terrible job. The glory and the glamour of it go for nothing. It is all tragedy, the purge of the passions; tragedy, destruction, and waste. HENRY'S ten millions would be a mere scratch on the slate compared with the daily picture of war that we have been getting this last year.

Have patience, HENRY. This is a war against war. Folks who survive it are going to be gun shy for some time. You have done a great deal to make life attractive. That is your great service to peace, because the pleasanter life is the less people want to die. But war, HENRY, brings a much greater lesson than that—the lesson of self-sacrifice. Nobody is much good who has not in him some idea, some ideal, that he cares more for than he does for life, even though it is life alleviated by the Ford motor. You help to make life pleasant, but war, HENRY, helps to make it noble, and if it is not noble it does not matter a damn, HENRY, whether it is pleasant or not. That is the old lesson of Calvary repeated at Mons and Ypres and Liege and Namur. Whether there are more people in the world or less, whether they are fat or lean, whether there are Fords or oxen, makes no vital difference, but whether men shall be willing to die for what they believe in makes all the difference between a pigsty and Paradise. Not by bread alone, HENRY, shall men live.

As for military preparedness, enough is good and salutary; too much is militarism, and that is bad, bad, bad, as the Germans are teaching us. They are the great teachers of peace, and, be sure, HENRY, they shall learn that lesson themselves down to the last line. Leave peace propaganda to them; but you, if you have ten millions to spare, put it into Ford ambulances for France.

Kulture and Killings

NEW YORK ARMENIANS say that 300,000 of their compatriots have been butchered and twice as many driven into the desert since the Sultan became an ally of WILHELM II. From Washington comes a dispatch about all this. "Germany," runs the dispatch, "may be asked to use her good offices to stop the massacres. . . . It was learned that the President was considering making a plea to Germany on humanitarian grounds." Probably "humanitarian grounds" end at the water's edge; otherwise we can imagine the Sultan smiling somewhat sardonically at WILHELM and asking him to remember the *Lusitania*. Belgium, to be sure, is on land; but maybe "humanitarian grounds" don't extend so far west as Belgium. Turkey is seemingly bent upon making an end of the "Armenian problem" by making an end of the Armenians; and why shouldn't WILHELM'S allies perpetrate their murders according to the most approved methods of the German General Staff? This tale of a "protest" may be intended by the Washington correspondents as a joke—but we find it a joke in questionable taste.

A Busy Little Sentence

SAYS S. B. in the New York "Tribune":

The President, with the least natural general all-round ability of any President who has occupied the White House since our Civil War, has been the luckiest in that it is for the ordinary man in the street not an easy task to recognize his all-round weakness.

Exactly.

Tip for Certain Candidates

THESE BACKWARD-LOOKING and trough-steering nominees who want to get into office on the medieval Republican party platform of making prosperity by hocusing import duties will do well to ponder the Philadelphia "Record's" remark that:

The expansion of business refuses to wait till the Republicans can make a new tariff.

Learning About Foreign Trade

WE NOW HAVE A CHANCE to see just how their foreign trade has been backed up by the governments of the various European countries. Germany forbids the export of certain essential chemicals to Sweden unless the Swedish traders return articles considered important for German military purposes. The Kaiser's Government wants the United States to insist on certain modifications of the British blockade, and Teutonic mercantile interests offer 15 cents per pound for a million bales of our cotton (delivered at Bremen!). England backs up her control of the seas by organized refusal to furnish British raw materials, such as rubber and wool, etc., to any American manufacturer who will not bind himself to keep the resulting products from getting into Germany. The same sort of thing is done by other countries. Modern foreign trade is carried on along national lines by great combinations of interests acting under the supervision and protection of government. It seems fairly certain that this centralized control and direction will persist after the war in order to get the best possible results from the great economic readjustments which will then take place. It is perfectly certain that the scale of foreign trade has changed so it cannot be successfully carried on by small competitive traders. One recognition of this truth in the United States is evident in the much-needed dye manufacture. This industry has been promoted directly by technical experts of the Federal Government, and the factory end is being taken up by the Standard Oil people, who have the size and weight that are requisite if the dye business is to hold its own when the war is over. Much will depend on the attitude of Congress and on the views held by the Federal Trade Commission, but it seems clear that if we want foreign trade we will have to go after it with modern weapons. This does not mean pork, but it does mean cooperation and large-scale units.

Mine Own and Mine Owning

IF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., had been born a son of the general storekeeper at Oskaloosa he would probably have worked up by now to be cashier of the First National Bank. He would be the same model husband and father, a great man for lodge meetings and Sunday-school picnics, and a very respectable delegate to Republican county or State conventions, and he would not be bothered by problems too large for him. On the left of the picture here we have A. DENNISON, grievance representative of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company's miners at Frederick, Colo. On the right we have JOHN D., JR., his face adorned with the genuine tourist's smile, his passage through life bought and paid for. He has been flirting with the grim realities of Colorado industrialism, "exposing" himself to the perils amid which other men work, shaking hands with them, dancing with their wives and daughters, and showing an interest in their home



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life. That smile has never failed, and probably young ROCKEFELLER can't help it being condescending. The New York dailies admire all this quite complacently, and the "Tribune" headlines it:

JOHN D., JR., GRINS IN GREASY GARB

Did the make-up man get this straight or should it be Garbs in Greasy Grin? The test will come soon enough. When JOHN D., JR., sets his expensive lawyers to studying the labor laws of Colorado, and replaces the rancid Tories who have tyrannized over his mining camps with men who will observe those laws whether it is to the company's interest or not, and announces that he and his will obey the law—*then* we will know that JOHN D., JR., is starting something. Until then all this friendly slumming is just a by-product of that smug tourist's smile and means nothing whatever for the establishment of justice in Colorado.

Rich Men's Sons

WHAT OF THE NEW GENERATION of our rich men's sons descended from the pioneers? STEWART EDWARD WHITE'S "The Tide," published in this week's COLLIER'S, is a story that poses this question and supplies material for the answer. "We do not," says Mr. WHITE in a letter, "yet know how such a third generation, as a class, is going to take its place in the world. Each reader can answer that for himself or he perhaps can await the outcome in American civilization." In short, the story will not only entertain, but will also make the reader think—a type of story which we like to print in COLLIER'S.

The Puritan Fallacy Again

THE WRONG SORT OF BETTERMENT is neatly hit off by the Detroit "Free Press" in these lines:

"How's he succeeding as a reformer?"

"Great. He's got the whole neighborhood feeling miserable about their pleasures."

That's the kind of uplift to fight shy of.

Free Speech and Free Spite

ACCORDING to an authority on such things (the New York "Tribune"), a St. Louis (Mo.) lawyer named KURT VON REPPERT has been venting a lot of measly talk ("ignorant or a crook," etc.) about President WILSON. Herr VON REPPERT defiled himself thus because of his virulent enthusiasm for Germany. As a lawyer he knows that in Germany such conduct would have earned him a jail sentence of good duration. The total imprisonments inflicted in Germany during the reign of WILHELM II for disrespectful criticism of the Government (*lèse-majesté*) aggregate some thirty thousand years. Over there they take their Von Repperts seriously; we don't.

Poetry or Prophecy?

ELEVEN OR TWELVE YEARS AGO G. K. CHESTERTON finished his "Napoleon of Notting Hill" and prefaced it with some dedicatory verses to another man of letters, HILAIRE BELLOC. In these CHESTERTON reiterated his faith in romance, his belief that heroic things shall not end, that devotion and sacrifice are the true life of the human race and not economic progress. Those who care for such coincidences may note how the third and fourth stanzas read like an anticipation of the present war:

This did not end by NELSON'S urn
Where an immortal England sits—
Nor where your tall young men in turn
Drank death like wine at Austerlitz.
And when the pedants bade us mark
What cold mechanic happenings
Must come, our souls said in the dark:
'Belike, but there are likelier things."

Likelier across these flats afar,
These sulky levels, smooth and free
The drums shall crash a waltz of war
And Death shall dance with Liberty;
Likelier the barricades shall blare
Slaughter below and smoke above,
And death and hate and hell declare
That men have found a thing to love.

Those who speak of peace as the one true ideal of humanity have in mind a peace that never yet has come to pass. For many men now engaged in it the present struggle in Europe is a far sublimer thing than they thought life could afford. To that extent CHESTERTON'S verses are a prophecy.

Unwise Passiveness?

A NEAT COMMENT on current news is that made by DON MARQUIS in the New York "Evening Sun":

"Passively, I may be considered a candidate for the Presidency," says former Senator BURTON.

Which is calculated to interest many people, passively.

The U. S. A. does not hold passivity to be a Presidential quality.

Dr. Johnson on Arnold Bennett

ARNOLD BENNETT once kept a journal, and, acting in strict conformity with his principle of putting everyone of his minuscular talents to use, he has, of course, had it printed. BENNETT uses the third person and writes of himself:

The peril he most dreaded was idleness and the sin of thinking without writing.

Sometimes we wish we had lived in the days of one Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON. But we can pretty well imagine what URSA MAJOR would have said to BOSWELL had JOHNSON and BENNETT and BOZZY been contemporaries, and had the latter read him BENNETT'S dictum. Probably it would have been recorded for us in the best of anecdotal biographies something like this:

Sir, that man is a fool, and in his way a dangerous fool. Idleness is, as I have well proved to myself, a costly indulgence; but naming it a "peril" is a penny-a-liner's kind of humor—spoiling an excellent word by misapplying it. I warrant this BENNETT has discovered in his day, and on his own account, worse perils than idleness, for idleness and leisure are sisters, and without leisure there were no civilization. As for "the sin of thinking without writing," why, there may well be two opinions on that; it greatly depends on who does the thinking. Half that this Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT holds to be thinking is at best but a kind of talking aloud about trifles, a kind of crochet work out of worn-out threads. Shoddy stuff, sir, shoddy stuff; I marvel that you can abandon yourself to reading it.

Airing a Fact

FOLKS who keep their bedroom windows closed because they don't believe in breathing the night air will do well to recall the wise lady who remarked that, after all, night air is the only sort of air there is at night.

To Raise That Boy

HARRISBURG, PA., rang up San Francisco the other day for one of these official transcontinental telephone demonstrations, and, by using over 3,400 miles of wire, Attorney General FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN of Pennsylvania gave this advice: "Remember, son, what I've told you: listen to what I say, but do what your mother tells you." This rather stands out from the official banalities of the occasion. Our pun expert says the Attorney General seems to have shunked some of his responsibilities on to the other side of the house. No doubt it is the American method. How does it strike you?

Utopian America

A DELIGHTFUL BOOK is ST. JOHN DE CRÈVECŒUR'S "Letters from an American Farmer." CRÈVECŒUR was French before he was American, and appreciated the blessings of his new country because he contrasted them with conditions in Europe. "Here are no aristocratical families," wrote the naturalized farmer in his quaint eighteenth-century style; "no courts, no kings. . . . The rich and the poor are not so far removed from each other as they are in Europe. Some few towns excepted, we are all tillers of the earth, from Nova Scotia to West Florida. . . ." What most surprised and delighted him was the prevailing spirit of religious tolerance:

When any considerable number of a particular sect happen to dwell contiguous to each other, they immediately erect a temple, and there worship the Divinity agreeable to their own peculiar ideas. Nobody disturbs them. . . . In this house to the right, lives a Catholic, who prays to GOD as he has been taught, and believes in transubstantiation; he works and raises wheat, he has a large family of children, all hale and robust; his belief, his prayers, offend nobody. About one mile farther on the same road, his next neighbour may be a good honest plodding German Lutheran, who addresses himself to the same GOD, the GOD of all, agreeably to the modes he has been educated in, and believes in consubstantiation; by so doing he scandalizes nobody; he also works in his fields, embellishes the earth, clears swamps, etc. What has the world to do with his Lutheran principles? He persecutes nobody, and nobody persecutes him; he visits his neighbours, and his neighbours visit him. . . . Again lives a Low Dutchman, who implicitly believes the rules laid down by the Synod of Dort. . . . The fury of making Proselytes is unknown here. Thus all sects are mixed as well as all nations.

Could a modern CRÈVECŒUR write to-day so enthusiastically of our liberty of spirit, our tolerance of one another's religions, our application of religious standards to our own lives rather than to our neighbors? Tolerance is one of man's last-achieved virtues, but likewise one of the greatest. The Old World has been the battle ground of creeds as well as races. It is a reassuring thought that if the idyllic conditions pictured by CREVECŒUR five generations ago are not in all ways the conditions of 1915, yet for every loud-mouthed zealot, every organizer of bigotry, there are in our America a thousand quiet-living neighbors like CRÈVECŒUR'S German Lutheran—who persecuted no one and whom no one persecuted.

The Hurricane of Iron in France

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French soldiers in a desperate house-to-house charge in the Lens-Arras district, the scene of the Anglo-French attack

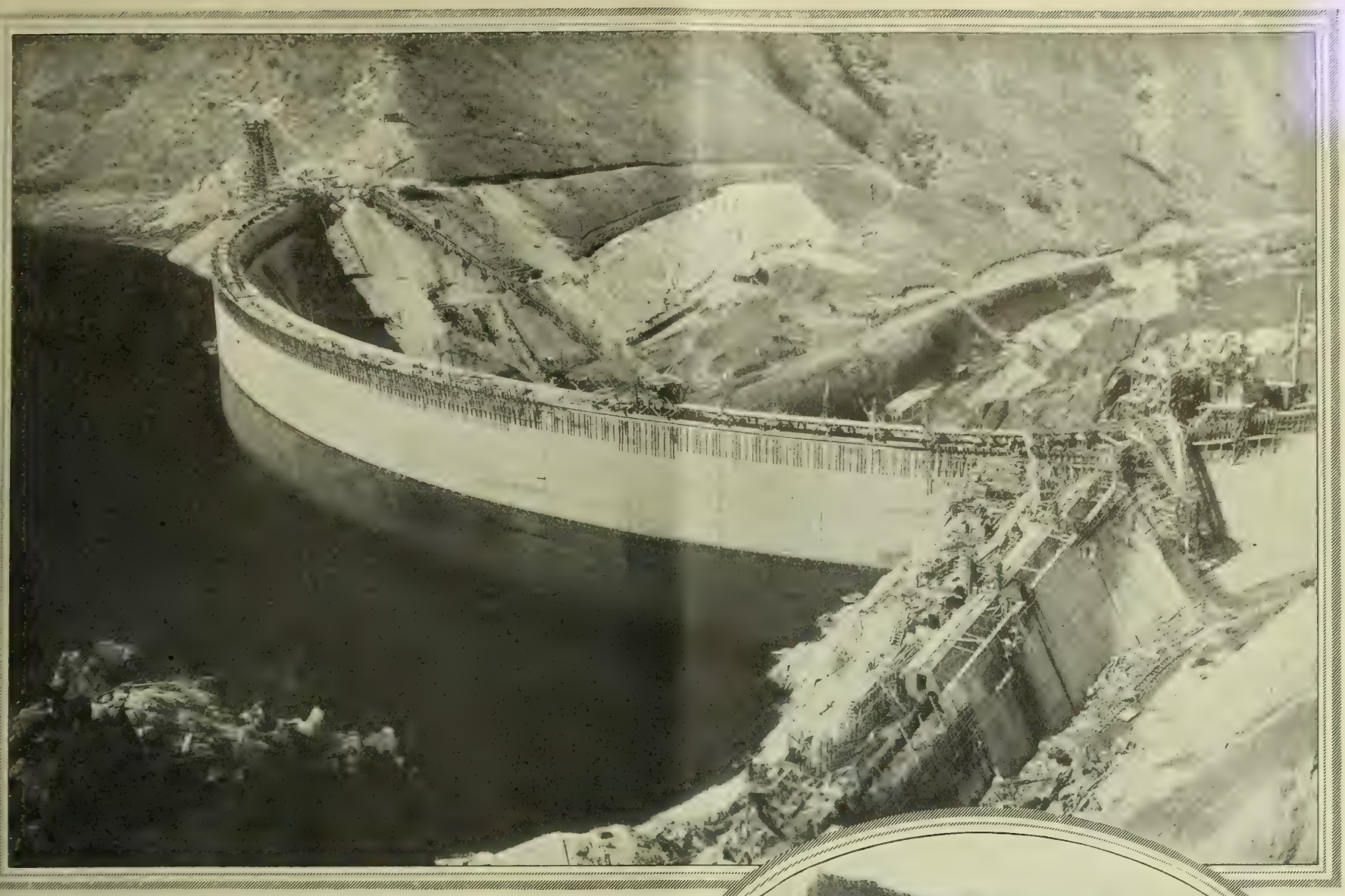


MORE significant than the mileage gained by the smashing blows struck by the French and British in front of Lens and by the French in Champagne is the new situation demonstrated by the Allies' advance. The British and the French, to the surprise of the outside world, proved confident enough to deliver a big attack much sooner than had been expected. Still more important is the fact that the thrusts exposed the vulnerability of the German positions. It had been generally believed that France and England would need from four to six months longer to get guns and ammunition enough to tear up the Kaiser's earthworks. Just how many big attacks will be made before bad weather sets in remains to be seen, but there is no longer any doubt about the ability of the French and British to beat the invaders, provided they have plenty of ammunition. In the snapshot above are the Duke of Westminster (left) and the Duke of Marlborough, subordinate officers under General French in the Lens district.

Copyright by Paul Thompson



GERMANS INTRENCHED INSIDE A HOUSE. In their unsuccessful defense of the village of Loos, near Lens, hundreds of Germans concealed themselves in buildings. One Englishman captured thirty in a cellar. Several parties of Germans refused to surrender and were killed to the last man. After the battle many basements were full of dead Teutons



The Highest Dam in the World

THE new Arrowrock Dam, built in a cañon in the vicinity of Boise, Idaho, for the purpose of conserving irrigation water for 250,000 acres of desert land, is the highest structure of its kind in the world. The concrete wall, seen in the photograph above, rises 351 feet from bedrock, and is 23 feet higher than the Shoshone Dam in Wyoming and 67 feet higher than the Roosevelt Dam in Arizona. The dam's curved crest is 1,060 feet long, and the masonry rests on an acre of bedrock. The project cost $5,000,000. Before beginning the work three years ago the Government had to build a railroad twenty miles up the cañon. This road has been operated at a net profit of $62,334, charges being made against the work the same as for any private freight or passenger traffic.

Razing Hills with Water

HARLAN K. WHITNEY, a civil engineer, was smiled at by real-estate experts when, two years ago, he invested a small sum of money in twenty acres of marshes and sandy hills in the outskirts of Battle Creek, Mich. The ground had been regarded as useless ever since the city was founded, but Mr. Whitney had an idea. He dug a deep well, installed a pump and hose, and set a small crew of men to work sluicing the hills into the low places, as in the snapshot at the right. Now Mr. Whitney has six blocks of land that is worth a fair-sized fortune.



Cutting down a 25-foot hill with a 2-inch stream of water



A 4,000-BUSHEL PEACH CROP GONE TO WASTE. This pile of fruit, grown in a single orchard near Guthrie, Okla., was allowed to rot because the owner could not get enough for it to pay marketing expenses. Similar losses occurred throughout Oklahoma, which grew 3,000 carloads of peaches this year, and in many other States as well. Yet in the cities peaches have been retailing all summer and fall at from two cents to five cents apiece. Even in the bulk they have been out of reach of hundreds of thousands of people. This year millions of dollars' worth of food has perished on the farms. Better distribution facilities for farm products are one of the nation's biggest economic problems

THE BLACK EAGLE MYSTERY

BY GERALDINE BONNER

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Chapter Six—Jack Reddy's Heart

Babbitts, reporter, and his wife, Molly, ex-telephone girl, are startled at the news that Harland has committed suicide by throwing himself from the Black Eagle Building, following the collapse of the copper pool and after a stormy interview with Johnston Barker, "financier." Barker is identified in Philadelphia, but Molly thinks she hears him telephoning from Toronto to Miss Carol Whitehall, promoter. Little Dannie Meagher saw a man throw the body from the window sill, so Barker and Ford, Miss Whitehall's chief clerk, become murder suspects. Miss Whitehall baffles Chief Whitney; Ford is murderously assaulted. (The story is told alternately by Molly and Jack Reddy of Whitney's office)

INSIDE of an hour O'Malley, Babbitts, and I [Jack Reddy] were on our way to Philadelphia. All friction was forgotten—a bigger issue had extinguished the sparks that had come near bursting into flames. A mutual desire united us—the finding of Barker.

One of O'Malley's men had got a lead on Barker through a vender of newspapers, from whom the capitalist twice in the last week had purchased the big New York dailies. It had taken several days to locate his place of hiding — a quiet boarding house far removed from the center of the city — which was now under surveillance. At the station O'Malley's man met us and the four of us piled into a taxi, and started on a run across town. It was moonlight, and going down those quiet streets, lined with big houses and then with little houses—dwindling vistas sleeping in the silver radiance—seemed to me the longest drive I'd ever taken in my life. As we sped the detective gave us further particulars. By his instructions the newsstand man, who left the morning papers at the boarding house, had got into communication with the servant—a colored girl. From her he had learned that Barker—he passed under the name of Joseph Sammis—had been away for twenty-four hours and had come back that morning so ill that a doctor had been called in. The doctor had said the man's heart was weak, and that his condition looked like the result of a strain or shock. Questioned further the girl had said he was "a pleasant, civil-spoken old gentleman," giving no trouble to anybody. He went out very little, sitting in his room most of the time reading the papers. He received no mail there, but that he did get letters she had found out, as she had seen one on his table addressed to the General Delivery.

The house was on a street quiet and deserted at this early hour, one of a row all built alike. As we climbed out of the taxi the moon was bright, the shadows lying like black velvet across the lonely roadway. On the opposite side, loitering slow, was a man, who, raising a hand to his hat, passed on into the darkness along the area railings. Though it was only a little after nine many of the houses showed the blankness of unlit windows, but in the place where we had stopped a fanlight over the door glowed in a yellow semicircle.

As the taxi moved off we three—O'Malley's detective slipped away into the shadow like a ghost—walked up a little path to the front door where I pulled on an old-fashioned bell handle. I could hear the sound go jingling through the hall, loud and cracked, and then steps, languid and dragging, come from somewhere in the rear. I was to act as spokesman, my cue being to ask for Mr. Sammis on a matter of urgent business.

The door was opened by the colored girl, who looked at us stupidly and then said she'd call Miss Graves, the landlady, as she didn't think anyone could see Mr. Sammis.

STANDING back from the door, she let us into a hall with a hatrack on one side and a flight of stairs going up at the back. The light was dim, coming from a globe held aloft by a figure that crowned the newel post. The paper on the walls, some dark and striped pattern, seemed to absorb what little radiance there was and the whole place smelled musty and was as quiet as a church.

The colored girl had disappeared down a long passage and presently a door opened back there and a woman came out, tall and thin, in a skimpy black dress. She approached us as we stood in a group by the hatrack, leaning forward near-sightedly and blinking at us through silver-rimmed spectacles. "My maid says you want to see Mr. Sammis," she said, in an unamiable voice.

"Yes," I answered, "we've come from New York and it's imperative we see him this evening."

"But you can't," she snapped. "He's sick. The doctor says he mustn't be disturbed."

"I'm sorry, but it's absolutely necessary that we transact our business with him now."

She gave a shrug as much as to say: "Well, this is your affair!" and drawing back pointed to the stairs.

"He's up there—fourth floor front—second door to your left."

To each of us the suspicion that she was in with Barker had grown with every minute. The idea once lodged in our minds possessed them, and we went up those stairs, slow at first, and then, as we got out of earshot, faster and faster. It was a run on the second flight and a gallop on the third. On this landing there was no gas lit, but a window at the end of the passage let in a square of moonlight that lay bright on the floor and showed us the hall's dim length and the outlines of closed doors.

IT WAS the second of these, on the left-hand side, and creeping toward it we stood for a second getting our wind. The place was very cold, as if a window was open, and there was not a sound. Standing by the door, O'Malley knocked softly. There was no answer.

In that half-lit passage, chilled with the icy breath of the winter night and held in a strange stillness, I was seized by a grisly sense of impending horror.

O'Malley knocked again and again, there was no answer.

"Try it," I whispered, and the detective turned the handle.

"Locked," he breathed back, then— "Stand away there. I'm going to break it. There's something wrong here."

He turned sideways bracing his shoulder against the door. There was a cracking sound, and the lock, embedded in old soft wood, gave way, the door swinging in with O'Malley hanging to the handle.

The room was unlit but for the silver moonlight that came from the window, uncurtained and open. At that sight the same thought seized the three of us—the man was gone—and O'Malley, fumbling in his pocket for matches, broke into furious profanity.

I had a box and as I dug round for it took a look about, and saw the shapes of a chair with garments hanging over it, an open desk, and, against the opposite wall, the bed. It was only a pale oblong, and looked irregular, as if the clothes were heaped on it as the man had thrown them back. I could have joined O'Malley in his swearing. Gone—when our fingers were closing on him! Then I found the matches and the gaslight burst out over our heads.

My eyes were on the bed and O'Malley's must have been, for simultaneously I gave an exclamation and he leaped forward. There, asleep, under the covers lay a man. Quick as a flash of lightning the detective was beside him, bending to look close at the face, then he drew back with an exclamation—a cry of amazement, disbelief — and pulling off the bedclothes laid his hand on the sleeper's chest.

"God in heaven!" he gasped, turning to us, "he's dead!"

Babbitts and I made a rush for the bed, I to the head, where I leaned low to make sure—staring into the gray, pale face with its prominent nose and sunken eyes. Then it was my turn to cry out, to stagger back, looking from one man to the other, aghast at what I'd seen—

"It's not Barker at all!"

For a moment we stared at one another, jaws fallen, eyes stony. Not a word came from one of us, the silence broken by the hissing rush of the gas turned up full cock in a sputtering ribbon of flame. I came to myself first, turning from them back to the dead face, its marble calm in strange contrast to the stunned consternation of the living faces.

"It's not he," I repeated; "I've often seen him. It's *not* the man."

"Well—well"—stammered O'Malley, coming out of his stupor. "Who in blazes is it?"

"How do I know?—Sammis, I suppose. It's like Barker—the nose, the eyes and the eyebrows, and the mustache. But—" I looked at them, gazing like two stupefied animals at the head on the pillow—"it's *not* Johnston Barker."

O'Malley, with a groan of baffled desperation, fell into a chair, his hands hanging over the arms, his feet limp on the floor before him. Babbitts stood paralyzed, leaning on the foot of the bed.

Then suddenly another and more distant sound broke up our stupefaction. Some one was coming up the stairs. It jerked us back to life, and I made a run for the door, O'Malley's whisper hissing after me—

"If it's that woman, keep her away for a while. I want to go over the room."

It was Miss Graves, ascending slowly with the help of the balustrade. I caught her on the landing and told her what we'd found. She was not greatly surprised—the doctor had warned her. I explained the broken door by telling her we had been alarmed by the silence and had forced our way in. That too she took quietly and turned away, gliding shadowlike down the stairs to send out the servant for the doctor.

When I reentered the room its aspect was changed. A sheet covered the dead man, and O'Malley and Babbitts, with all the burners in the chandelier blazing, had started looking over the room. The detective was already at work on the papers in the desk, Babbitts going through the clothes over the chair and the few others that hung in the cupboard.

"Hustle and get busy," said O'Malley as he heard me come in. "If this isn't Johnston Barker, it's the man we've been trailing and I'm pretty sure it's the one that attacked Ford."

There was a table by the bedside with a reading lamp and some books on it. Moving these, I came upon two newspaper clippings relating to the suicide of Harland. In both Anthony Ford was mentioned; the reporters had evidently spoken to him that night on the street, gleaning any fragments of information they could. One alluded to the fact that he was employed in the offices below Harland's—the Azalea Woods Estates. These words were heavily underlined in pencil.

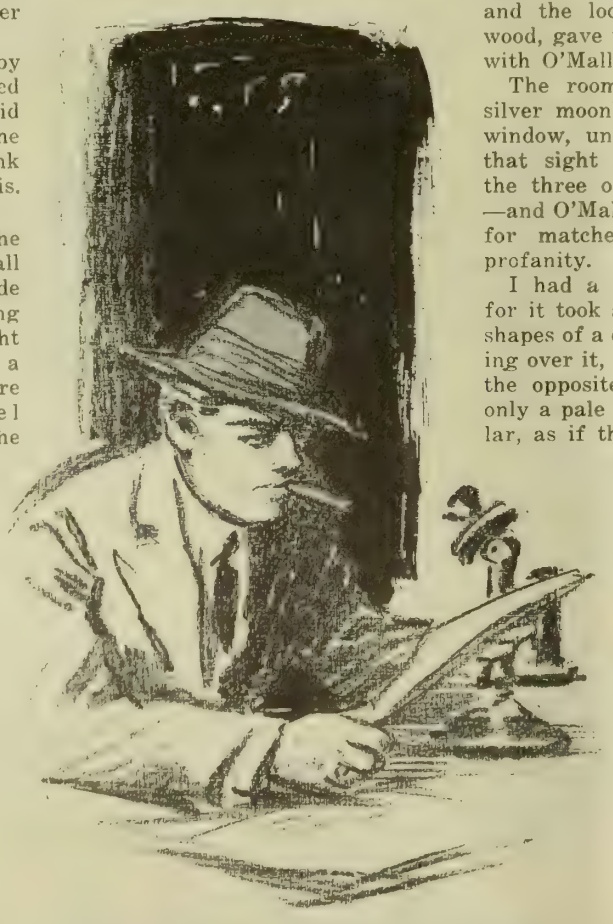
"Looks like it from this," I said, showing the clipping to O'Malley.

HE GLANCED at it and grunted, going back to his inspection of a sheaf of papers he had found in one of the desk pigeonholes.

Meantime Babbitts had found in the coat that hung over the chair a wallet containing a hundred dollars, a tailor's bill for a suit and coat, receipted and bearing a New York address, and Tony Ford's house and street number written in pencil on a neatly folded sheet of note paper. Besides these there was one letter, dated January 13, typed and bearing no signature. Its contents were as follows: "Enclosed please find one hundred dollars in two bills of fifty. Will send same amount on same date next month if work should be still delayed. Will communicate further later." The envelope, also addressed in typewriting, was directed to Joseph Sammis, General Delivery, Philadelphia, and bore a New York postmark.

We were working too quickly for much comment, but Babbitts held out the paper with Ford's address on it toward O'Malley.

"This bears it out too," he said.



Detective O'Malley feverishly smoking big black cigars

O'Malley looked at it and snapped the elastic back on the documents he'd been going over.

"From what I've seen here," he said, "Sammis was the man Ford was with in the real-estate business. These are all contracts, bills and some correspondence—the records of a small venture that went to smash" (he pushed the roll back in its pigeonhole) —"not another thing."

"There's not another thing in the room," I answered, "except two novels and a stack of New York papers on the floor there by the bureau. Hist! —quiet!"

There were feet coming up the stairs. In a twinkling everything was as it had been, Babbitts and O'Malley withdrew to the window and I went out to see who was coming. It was Miss Graves and the doctor.

I explained the situation and found the doctor brusquely businesslike and matter of fact. It was what might have been expected. When he had been called in that morning he had found Mr. Sammis a very sick man, suffering from angina pectoris and in a general condition of debility and exhaustion. He had asked Sammis if he had been subjected to any recent exertion or strain, but been told no other than a trip the day before to Washington.

It was close on midnight when we left and there being no vehicle in sight we walked up the street. The moon was as bright as day, and, swinging along between those two lines of black houses, with here and there a light shining yellow in an upper window, we were silent, each occupied by his own thoughts.

I could guess those of the other two—Babbitts's chagrin at once again losing his big story, O'Malley's sullen indignation at having followed a clue that led to such a blind alley. But their disappointment and bitterness were nothing to mine. All my hopes gone again—and this last puzzle helping in no way, in no way as I then counted help.

TO SAY that the expectant Whitney office got a jolt is putting it mildly. On the threshold of success to meet such a setback enraged George and made even the chief grouchy. The new developments added new complications that upset their carefully elaborated theories. There had to be a readjustment. Whoever Sammis was and whatever his motive could have been it was undoubtedly he who had attacked Tony Ford.

It was inexplicable and mysterious. The chief had an idea that there was a connection between Sammis and Barker, that the man now dead might have been "planted" in Philadelphia to divert the search from the live man, who had stolen to safety after a rise to the surface in Toronto. George scouted it—an accidental likeness had fooled them and made them waste valuable time. The devil was on the side of Barker, taking care of his own.

It did look that way. Investigation of the few clues we had led to nothing. The tailor whose bill was found in Sammis's pocket remembered selling a suit and overcoat to a man called Sammis on January 10. He was a quiet, polite old man who looked poor and shabby but bought good clothes and paid spot cash for them. The typewritten letter indicated that Sammis had been sent to Philadelphia and well paid for some work that had not yet started.

We were in constant communication with the hospital and on Thursday received word that Ford would recover. That lifted us up from the smash of Wednesday night. When he was able to speak we would hear something—everything if he could be scared into a full confession. The hospital authorities refused to let anyone see him till he was perfectly fit, a matter of several days yet.

After the news from the hospital the temperature of the office fell to an enforced normal. O'Malley went back to his burrow and Babbitts to his paper with his big story still in the air. That night in my own place, I measured off the sitting room from eight till twelve—five strides from the bookcase to the window, seven from the fire to the folding doors.

If *I* could only induce her to speak, if she herself would only clear up the points that were against her, there was still a chance of getting her out of it before Ford opened up. That she had something to hide, some mystery in connection with her movements that night, some secret understanding with Barker, even I had to admit. But whatever it was it would be better to reveal it than to go on into the fierce white light that would break over the Harland case within a week.

When I went to the office on Friday morning the chief asked me to go to Buffalo that night to look up some witnesses in the Lytton case. It would take me all Saturday and I could get back by Sunday night or at the latest Monday morning. A phone message sent to the hospital before I came in had drawn the information that Tony Ford would not be able to see the Philadelphia detectives (O'Malley and Babbitts posed in these rôles) till Monday. That settled it—better to be at work out of town than hanging about cursing the slowness of the hours.

But the questions of the night before haunted me. Why, anyway, couldn't I go to see her? Wasn't it up to me, whether I succeeded or not, to make the effort to break through her silence—the silence that was liable to do her such deadly damage? I *had* to see her—I couldn't keep away from her. At lunch time I called her up and asked her if I could come. She said yes and named four that afternoon. On the stroke I was in the vestibule, pushing the button below her name, and with my heart thumping against my ribs like a steel hammer.

She opened the door and as I followed her up the little hall told me the servant had been sent away and her mother was out. As on that former visit she seated herself at the desk, motioning me to a chair opposite. The blinds were raised, the room flooded with the last warm light of the afternoon. By its brightness I saw that she was even paler and more worn than she had been that other time—obviously a woman harassed and preyed upon by some inner trouble.

SHE began to talk quickly—it seemed to me nervously—telling me how the owner of their old farm on the Azalea Woods Estates had offered them a cottage there, to which they would move next week. It was small, but comfortable, originally occupied by a laborer's family which had gone away. The people were very kind, would take no rent, and she and her mother could live for almost nothing till she found work. I sympathized with the idea: she'd get away from the wear and tear of the city, have time to rest and recuperate after her recent worry. She dropped her eyes to a paper on the desk and said: "Yes, I'm tired—everything was so sudden and unexpected. I once thought I was strong enough to stand anything—but all this—"

She stopped and picking up a pencil began making little drawings on the paper, designs of squares and circles.

"It's worn you out," I said, looking at her sad and colorless face. Like the thrust of a sword a pang shot through me—love of a man, hidden and disgraced, had blighted that once blooming beauty.

She nodded without looking up.

"It's not the business only—there have been other—other—anxieties."

That was more of an opening than anything I'd ever heard her say. I could feel the smothering beat of my heart as I answered, as quietly as I could:

"Can't you tell them to me? Perhaps I can help you."

One of those sudden waves of color I'd seen before passed across her face. As if to hide it she drooped her head lower over the paper, touching up the marks she was making. Her voice came soft and controlled:

"That's very kind of you, Mr. Reddy, but I know you're kind. I knew it when I first met you a year ago in the country. No, I can't tell you."

I leaned nearer to her. If I had a chance to make her speak, it was now or never.

"Miss Whitehall," I said, trying to inject a simple, casual friendliness into my voice, "you're almost alone in the world, you've no one—no man, I mean—to look after you or your interests. You don't know how much help I might be able to give you."

"In what way?" she asked, with her eyes still on the paper. For a moment I was nonplused. I couldn't tell her what I knew; I couldn't go back on my office. I was tied hand and foot; all I could do with honesty was to try and force the truth from her. Like a fool I stammered out:

"In advice—in—in—a larger knowledge of the world than you can have."

She gave a slight, bitter smile and, tilting her head backward, looked critically at her drawings.

"My knowledge of the world is larger than you think—maybe larger than yours. There's only one thing you can do for me, but there *is* one."

I LEANED nearer, my voice gone a little hoarse. "What is it?"

She turned her head and looked into my eyes. Her expression chilled me, cold, challenging, defiant.

"Tell me if the Whitney office has found Johnston Barker yet?"

For a second our eyes held, and in that second I saw the defiance die out of hers and only question, a desperate question, take its place.

"No," I heard myself say. "They have not found him."

"Thank you," she murmured, and went back to her play with the pencil.

I drew myself to the edge of my chair and laid a hand on the corner of the desk.

"You've asked me a question and I've answered it. Now let *me* ask one. Why are you so interested in the movements of Johnston Barker?"

She stiffened, I could see her body grow rigid under its thin silk covering. The hand holding the pencil began to tremble.

"Wouldn't anyone be interested in such a sensational event? Isn't it natural? Perhaps knowing Mr. Barker personally—as I told you in Mr. Whitney's office—I'm more curious than the rest of the world, that's all."

The trembling of her hand made it impossible for her to continue drawing. She threw down the pencil and locked her fingers together, outstretched on the paper, a breath, deep taken and sudden, lifting her breast. It was pitiful, her lonely fight. I was going to say something—anything, to make her think I didn't see, when she spoke again.

"Do any of you—you men who are hunting him—ever think that he may not be *able* to come back?"

"Able?" I exclaimed excitedly, for now again I thought something was coming. "What do you mean by able?" (*Continued on page* 35)



"God in heaven!" he gasped; "he's dead!" I staggered back aghast, crying out: "It's not Barker at all!"



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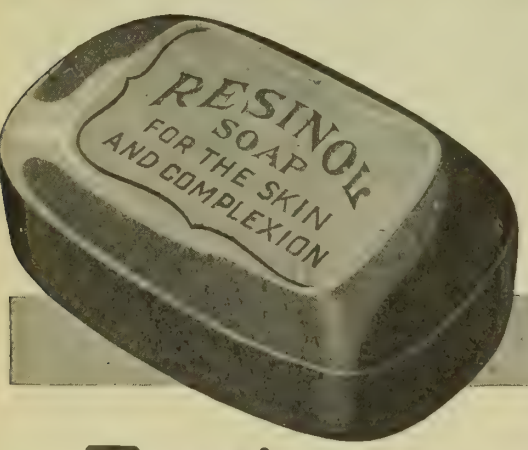
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Joffre

(*Continued from page 6*)

friend, Lieutenant d'H——, and his refusal to leave the men he had fought with to accept promotion in another regiment. General Joffre's face lit up with a characteristic touch of pleasure and kindness, almost the pride of a father. He may have no nerves, but he has extreme sensibility. He nodded:

"Yes, that happens all the time. Our officers cannot be separated from the men with whom they have fought. You understand, then, why 'Mes Poilus' will follow such officers anywhere."

"In the final crisis," I suggested, "I should think this loyalty might be a determining factor."

The affectionate smile disappeared in a sudden seriousness.

"It will. Whatever happens, the French army will never crack. It did not in the first unequal weeks; it never will. When the day comes that the German army must retreat in the face of defeat, it is quite possible that when their theory of discipline—the discipline of fear—is placed to that final test, the result may be a rout."

What Terrorism Means

I THEN put to him the question that had been uppermost in the minds of Americans from the beginning:

"General Joffre, was the destruction and desolation wrought in Belgium and the north of France simply the work of individuals or the result of a fixed policy?"

"A fixed policy," he said instantly. "The policy of terrorism was as coldly and calmly determined upon as the decision to violate the neutrality and break the national word of honor, in the invasion of Belgium. It is the German military theory of invasion, decided upon by the German military leaders, that the way to break down the resistance of the country you are invading is to devastate it, burn its villages, shoot civilians on trumped-up pretexts, or drive them before your own troops to stop the fire of the enemy, as they did in numerous cases with us, in the belief that human beings can be terrorized to the extent that they will prefer to surrender rather than risk the horrible results of resisting the invader."

He stopped for a moment, and added soberly:

"The proof that it was a settled policy of military tactics is that from the moment they realized that they might lose—that is, say, after the Battle of the Marne—they stopped it."

What he said only confirmed the testimony of twenty men, leaders in politics and public opinion—a characteristically generous French opinion that distinguishes between the German nation and the conscience-oppressing military caste which places no consideration of humanity in its textbook of military necessity.

"And the question of peace," I asked —"if it is not indiscreet?" Then, as I saw him hesitate, I added quickly: "I ask that because there are many well-meaning but unfortunately misinformed persons in America who believe that the cause of humanity is best served at the present moment by seeking an immediate peace."

"Peace To-day Would Be a Crime"

HE answered with more solemnity and earnestness, with a flash of the strong, underlying mental stubbornness for the right which is characteristic:

"Peace to-day would be a crime toward posterity. It would only be an armistice in which every nation would continue feverishly to prepare for war. The French nation is too intelligent to deceive itself or to be deceived. We are not fighting a nation with the same ideas as our own, but a nation drunk with the idea of imperial domination, a nation which believes that in the progress of the world there is no place for little nations. The decision as to whether Europe will continue as free and individual will be made in this war alone. Either we win the right now to continue democratic and peaceful, or we surrender Europe to the imposition of an imperial idea. You will find, wherever you go, that the French people know this. You will find them absolutely of one opinion. They are prepared for anything, and they know what the issue is. We do not need to lie to our soldiers. No matter how long the war lasts, it will be fought out until we have conquered the right to leave a heritage of peace to our children."

"Of course, another winter's campaign," I suggested, "will never be as frightful as the last one."

"No," he said, "it will be very different."

Into his face again came that look of affectionate solicitude, as though the needs of the humblest soldier were the first concern of the great commander of organization and tactics—a look that made me understand why the army adores him.

"That is one thing we have been working on for months. It will be very different. We are prepared now for many things. One thing especially we will try to avoid — the standing in water and ice for days and weeks."

I changed to another subject:

"General Joffre, with us we consider that the sinking of the *Lusitania* was above all things a moral and spiritual tragedy for the German race: a frightful unmasking of the extent to which a military despotism had crushed the instincts of the individual conscience. We cannot conceive that an officer could be found to obey such an order. We say freely that were it conceivable that an American commander should receive such an order he would prefer to blow out his brains rather than to have his name soiled for all time with the memory of such assassination."

The answer he gave me was substantially the answer I had received from every public man in France:

"No French government would impose such an order, knowing that it could not be obeyed. We cannot give inhuman commands to human beings. With us the army is not the master but the servant of the nation, and the nation reposes on a public conscience which is the sum of the consciences of its soldiers; and our responsibility to that conscience is higher than any military necessity. No such order could ever be given by a French commander" —he stopped and added significantly— "nor many other orders."

"Simply One Citizen"

UNDERNEATH the great working head of the multiplied military activity the citizen of the Republic had shone forth — the idealist for whom honor, humanity, and moral pride were not simply figments of peace, but the inspiring, ennobling incitements to heroism in war.

Several times in this long interview, parts of which cannot be reproduced, General Joffre stopped to recite individual traits of heroism, his expression changing instantly to one of tender pride, as though in a constant contemplation of the growing hideousness of war's realism these flights of the soul above the selfishness and egoism of the day were the inspiration in which to find strength and hope.

I repeated to him the answer a little working woman had given me in one of the crowded workrooms of Paris—a woman who had lost one son and a brother already—who, answering my question as to whether her courage was still as strong as ever, had replied proudly:

"We women must keep up our courage, monsieur, for we are the ones who must give courage to our men."

He looked away a moment, profoundly touched, and then said, with great feeling:

"Oh, our women! They are sublime! No one ever knew how heroic they could be—not even themselves. There will be no flinching there. Even the mothers who have lost their sons, their only sons, will not permit us to stop now. They have made their sacrifice without complaint—only it must not be a useless sacrifice."

When it came time to end the interview, and I had obtained his consent to publish it, which I did only with the greatest difficulty, there came on his face for the first time a look of sudden timidity.

"I don't like interviews," he said, a little shyly, as though this were a region of which he understood nothing. "I am afraid of them. It must be on one condition—in what you write, don't make me too prominent. What France is doing is too big; I do not want people to talk about me any more than the others; I am simply one citizen of the Republic."

10 . . .

The Tide

Continued from page 8

your animals, pretending they died, and using this one over and over as proof!"

This proved to be the case; but John Gates was clever enough never to tell how he surmised the truth.

"That mule looked to me pretty frazzled," was all he would say.

The frying-pan episode was the sequence of a quarrel. Gates was bringing home a new frying pan. At the proper point in the discussion he used his great strength to smash the implement over his opponent's head so vigorously that it came down around his neck like a jagged collar! Gates clung to the handle, however, and by it led his man all around camp, to the huge delight of the populace.

As sheriff he was effective, but at times peculiar in his administration. No man could have been more zealous in performing his duty; yet he never would mix in the affairs of foreigners. Invariably in such cases he made out the warrants in blank, swore in the complaining parties themselves as deputies, and told them blandly to do their own arresting! Nor at times did he fail to temper his duty with a little substantial justice of his own. Thus he was once called upon to execute a judgment for $30 against a poor family. Gates went down to the premises, looked over the situation, talked to the man—a poverty-stricken, discouraged, ague-shaken creature—and marched back to the offices of the plaintiffs in the case.

"Here," said he calmly, laying a paper and a small bag of gold dust on their table, "is $30 and a receipt in full."

The complainant reached for the sack. Gates placed his hand over it.

"Sign the receipt," he commanded. "Now," he went on after the ink had been sanded, "there's your $30. It's yours legally; and you can take it if you want to. But I want to warn you that a thousand-dollar licking goes with it!"

The money—from Gates's own pocket—eventually found its way to the poor family!

They had three children, a girl and two boys, one of whom died.

IN five years the placers began to play out. One by one the more energetic of the miners dropped away. The nature of the community changed. Small hill ranches or fruit farms took the place of the mines. The camp became a country village. Old-time excitement calmed, the pace of life slowed, the horizon narrowed.

John Gates, clear-eyed, energetic, keen-brained, saw this tendency before it became a fact.

"This camp is busted," he told himself.

It was the hour to fulfill the purpose of the long, terrible journey across the plains, to carry out the original intention, to descend from the Sierras to the golden valleys, to follow the struggle.

"Reckon it's time to be moving," he told his wife.

But now his own great labors asserted their claim. He had put four years of his life into making this farm out of nothing, four years of incredible toil, energy, and young enthusiasm. He had a good dwelling, and spacious corrals, an orchard started, a truck garden, a barley field, a pasture, cattle, sheep, chickens, horses—all his creation from nothing. One evening at sundown he found his wife in the garden weeping softly.

"What is it, honey?" he asked.

"I was just thinking how we'd miss the garden," she replied.

He looked about at the bright, cheerful flowers, the vine-hung picket fence, the cool veranda, the shady fig tree already of some size. Everything was neat and trim, just as he liked it. And the tinkle of pleasant waters, the song of a meadow lark, the distant mellow lowing of cows came to his ears; the smell of tarweed and of pines mingled in his nostrils.

"It's a good place for children," he said vaguely.

Neither knew it, but that little speech marked the ebb of the wave that had lifted him from his eastern home, had urged him across the plains, had flung him in the almost insolent triumph of his youth high toward the sun. Now the wash receded.

It was indeed a good place for children. Charley and Alice Gates grew tall and strong, big-boned, magnificent, typical California products. They went to the district school, rode in the mountains, helped handle the wild cattle. At the age of twelve Charley began to accompany the summer incursions into the high Sierras in search of feed. At the age of sixteen he was intrusted with a bunch of cattle. In these summers he learned the wonder of the high, glittering peaks, the blueness of the skies in high altitudes, the multitude of the stars, the flower-gemmed, secret meadows, the dark, murmuring forests. He fished in the streams, and hunted on the ridges. His camp was pitched within a corral of heavy logs. It was very simple. Utensils depending from trees, beds beneath canvas tarpaulins on pine needles, saddlery, riatas, branding irons scattered about. No shelter but the sky. A wonderful roving life.

IT developed taciturnity and individualism. Charley Gates felt no necessity for expression as yet; and as his work required little cooperation from his fellow creatures he acknowledged as little responsibility toward them. Thus far he was the typical mountaineer.

But other influences came to him; as, indeed, they come to all. But young Charley was more susceptible than most, and this—or the impulse of the next tide resurgent—saved him from his type. He liked to read; he did not scorn utterly and boisterously the unfortunate young man who taught the school; and, better than all, he possessed just the questioning mind that refuses to accept on their own asseveration only the conventions of life or the opinions of neighbors. If he were to drink, it would be because he wanted to; not because his companions considered it manly. If he were to enter the sheep war, it would be because he really considered sheep harmful to the range; not because of the overwhelming—and contagious—prejudice.

In one thing only did he follow blindly his sense of loyalty. He hated the Hydraulic Company.

Years after the placers failed, some one discovered that the wholesale use of hydraulic "giants" produced gold in paying quantities. Huge streams of water under high pressure were directed against the hills, which melted like snow under the spring sun. The earth in suspension was run over artificial riffles, against which the heavier gold collected. One such stream could accomplish in a few hours what would have cost hand miners the better part of a season.

But the débris must go somewhere. A rushing mud and bowlder-filled torrent tore down stream beds adapted to a tenth of their volume. It wrecked much of the country below, ripping out the good soil, covering the bottom lands many feet deep with coarse rubble, clay mud, and even big rocks and bowlders. The farmers situated below such operations suffered cruelly. Even to this day the devastating results may be seen above Colfax or Sacramento.

John Gates suffered with the rest. His was not the nature to submit tamely, nor to compromise. He had made his farm with his own hands, and he did not propose to see it destroyed. Much money he expended through the courts; indeed, the profits of his business were eaten by a never-ending, inconclusive suit. The Hydraulic Company securely intrenched behind the barriers of special privilege could laugh at his frontal attacks. It was useless to think of force. The feud degenerated into a bitter legal battle, and much petty guerrilla warfare on both sides.

TO this quarrel Charley had been bred up in a consuming hate of the Hydraulic Company, all its works, officers, bosses, and employees. Every human being in anyway connected with it wore horns, hoofs, and a tail. In company with the wild youths of the neighborhood he perpetrated many a raid on the company's property. Beginning with boyish openings of corrals to permit stock to stray, these raids progressed with the years until they had nearly arrived at the dignity of armed deputies and bench warrants.

The next day of significance to our story was October 15, 1872. On that date fire started near Flour Gold and

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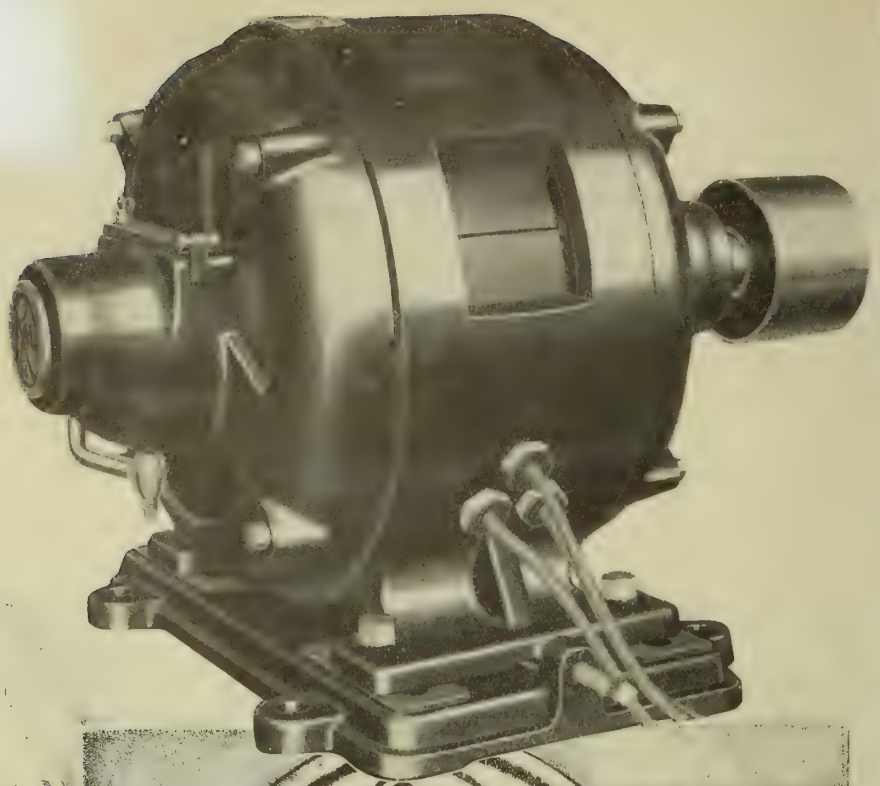
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swept upward. October is always a bad time of year for fires in foothill California—between the rains, the heat of the year, everything crisp and brown and brittle. This threatened the whole valley and watershed. The Gateses turned out, and all their neighbors, with hoe, mattock, ax, and sacking, trying to beat, cut, or scrape a "break" wide enough to check the flames. It was cruel work. The sun blazed overhead and the earth underfoot. The air quivered as from a furnace. Men gasped at it with straining lungs. The sweat pouring from their bodies, combined with the parching of the superheated air, induced a raging thirst. No water was to be had save what was brought to them. Young boys and women rode along the line carrying canteens, water bottles and food. The fire fighters snatched hastily at these, for the attack of the fire permitted no respite. Twice they cut the wide swath across country; but twice before it was completed the fire crept through and roared into triumph behind them. The third time the line held, and this was well into the second day.

Charley Gates had fought doggedly. He had summoned the splendid resources of youth and heritage, and they had responded. Next line to his right had been a stranger. This latter was a slender clean-cut youth, at first glance seemingly of delicate physique. Charley had looked upon him with the pitying contempt of strong youth for weak youth. He considered that the stranger's hands were soft and effeminate, he disliked his little trimmed mustache, and especially the cool, mocking, appraising glance of his eyes. But as the day, and the night, and the day following wore away, Charley revised his opinion. The slender body possessed unexpected reserve, the long lean hands plied the tools unweariedly, the sensitive face had become drawn and tired, but the spirit behind the mocking eyes had not lost the flash of its defiance. In the heat of the struggle was opportunity for only the briefest exchanges. Once when Charley despairingly shook his empty canteen, the stranger offered him a swallow from his own. And the next time exigency crowded them together Charley croaked:

"Reckon we'll hold her."

Toward evening of the second day the westerly breeze died, and shortly there breathed a gentle air from the mountains. The danger was past.

Charley and the stranger took long pulls from their recently replenished canteens. Then they sank down where they were, and fell instantly asleep. The projecting root of a buckthorn stuck squarely into Charley's ribs, but he did not know it; a column of marching ants, led by a nonadaptable commander, climbed up and over the recumbent form of the stranger, but he did not care.

THEY came to life in the shiver of gray dawn, wearied, stiffened, their eyes swelled, their mouths dry.

"You're a sweet sight, stranger," observed Charley.

"Same to you and more of 'em," rejoined the other.

Charley arose painfully.

"There's a little water in my canteen yet," he proffered. "What might you call yourself? I don't seem to know you in these parts."

"Thanks," replied the other. "My name's Cathcart; I'm from just above."

He drank, and lowered the canteen to look into the flaming, bloodshot eyes of his companion.

"Are you the low-lived skunk that's running the Hydraulic Company?" demanded Charley Gates.

The stranger laid down the canteen and scrambled painfully to his feet.

"I am employed by the company," he replied curtly, "but please to understand, I don't permit you to call me names."

"Permit!" sneered Charley.

"Permit," repeated Cathcart.

So, not having had enough exercise in the past two days, these young gamecocks went at each other. Charley was much the stronger rough-and-tumble fighter; but Cathcart possessed some boxing skill. Result was that, in their weakened condition, they speedily fought themselves to a standstill without serious damage to either side.

"Now perhaps you'll tell me who the devil you think you are!" panted Cathcart fiercely.

At just beyond arms' length they discussed the situation, at first belligerently with much recrimination, then more calmly, at last with a modicum of mutual understanding. Neither seceded from his basic opinion. Charley Gates maintained that the company had no earthly business ruining his property, but admitted that with all that good gold lying there, it was a pity not to get it out. Cathcart stoutly defended a man's perfect right to do as he pleased with his own belongings, but conceded that something really ought to be done about overflow waters.

"What are you doing down here fighting fire, anyway!" demanded Charley suddenly. "It couldn't hurt your property. You could turn the 'giants' on it, if it ever came up your way."

"I don't know. I just thought I ought to help out a little," said Cathcart simply.

FOR three years more Charley ran his father's cattle in the hills. Then he announced his intention of going away. John Gates was thunderstruck. By now he was stranded high and dry above the tide, fitting perfectly his surroundings. Vaguely he had felt that his son would stay with him always. But the wave was again surging upward. Charley had talked with Cathcart.

"This is no country to draw a salary in," the latter had told him, "nor to play with farming or cows. It's too big, too new, there are too many opportunities. I'll resign and you leave, and we'll make our fortunes."

"How?" asked Charley.

"Timber," said Cathcart.

They conferred on this point. Cathcart had the experience of business ways; Charley Gates the intimate knowledge of the country; there only needed a third member to furnish some money. Charley broke the news to his family, packed his few belongings, and the two of them went to San Francisco.

Charley had never seen a big city. He was very funny about it, but not overwhelmed. While willing, even avid, to go the rounds and meet the sporting element, he declined to drink. When pressed and badgered by his new acquaintances, he grinned amiably.

"I never play the other fellow's game," he said. "When it gets to be my game, I'll join you."

The new partners had difficulty in getting even a hearing.

"It's a small business," said capitalists, "and will be. The demand for lumber here is limited, and it is well taken care of by small concerns near at hand."

"The State will grow and I am counting on the outside market," argued Cathcart.

But this was too absurd! The forests of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota were inexhaustible! As for the State growing to that extent, of course they all believed it, but when it came to investing good money in the belief—

At length they came upon one of the new millionaires created by the bonanzas of Virginia City.

"I don't know a dom thing about your timber, byes," said he, "but I like your looks. I'll go in wid ye. Have a seegar; they cost me a dollar apiece."

The sum invested was quite absurdly small.

"It'll have to spread as thin as it can," said Cathcart.

They spent the entire season camping in the mountains. By the end of the summer they knew what they wanted and immediately took steps to acquire it. Under the homestead laws each was entitled to but a small tract of Government land. However they hired men to exercise their privileges in this respect, to take up each his allotted portion, and then to convey his rights to Cathcart and Gates. It was slow business, for the show of compliance with Government regulations had to be made. But in this manner the sum of money at their disposal was indeed spread out very thin.

For many years the small nibbling lumbering operations their limited capital permitted supplied only a little more than a bare living and the taxes. But every available cent went back into the business. It grew. Band saws replaced the old circulars; the new mills delivered their product into flumes that carried it forty miles to the railroad. The construction of these flumes was a tremendous undertaking, but by now the firm could borrow on its timber. To get the water necessary to keep the flume in operation the partners—again by means of "dummies"—filed on the



water rights of certain streams. To take up the water directly was without the law; but a show of mineral stain was held to justify a "mineral claim," so patents were obtained under that ruling. Then Charley had a bright idea.

"Look here, Cliff," he said to Cathcart. "I know something about farming; I was brought up on one. This country will grow anything anywhere if it has water. That lower country they call a desert; but that's only because it hasn't any rainfall. We're going to have a lot of water at the end of that flume—"

They bought the desert land at fifty cents an acre; scraped ditches and checks; planted a model orchard and went into the real-estate business. In time a community grew up. When hydroelectric power came into its own Cathcart & Gates from their various water rights furnished light for themselves, and gradually for the towns and villages roundabout. Thus their affairs spread and became complicated. Before they knew it they were wealthy, very wealthy. Their wives—for in due course each had his romance—began to talk of San Francisco.

ALL this had not come about easily. At first they had to fight tooth and nail. The conditions of the times were crude, the code merciless. As soon as the firm showed its head above the financial horizon, it was swooped upon. Business was predatory. They had to fight for what they got; had to fight harder to hold it. Cathcart was involved continually in a maze of intricate banking transactions; Gates resisted aggression within and without, often with his own two fists. They learned to trust no man, but they learned also to hate no man. It was all part of the game. More sensitive temperaments would have failed; these succeeded. Cathcart became shrewd, incisive, direct, cold, a little hard; Charley Gates was burly, hearty, a trifle bullying. Both were in all circumstances quite unruffled and in some circumstances ruthless.

About 1900 the entire holdings of the company were capitalized, and a stock company was formed. The actual management of the lumbering, the conduct of the farms and ranches, the running of the hydroelectric systems of light and transportation were placed in the hands of active young men. Charley Gates and his partner exercised over these activities only the slightest supervision; auditing accounts, making an occasional trip of inspection. Affairs would quite well have gone on without them; though they would have disbelieved and resented that statement.

The great central offices in San Francisco were very busy—all but the inner rooms where stood the partners' desks. One day Cathcart lit a fresh cigar, and slowly wheeled his chair.

"Look here, Charley," he proposed, "we've got a big surplus. There's no reason why we shouldn't make a killing on the side."

"As how?" asked Gates.

Cathcart outlined his plan. It was simply stock manipulation on a big scale; although the naked import was somewhat obscured by the complications of the scheme. After he had finished Gates smoked for some time in silence.

"All right, Cliff," said he, "let's do it."

And so by a sentence, as his father before him, he marked the farthest throw of the wave that had borne him blindly toward the shore. In the next ten years Cathcart & Gates made forty million dollars. Charley seemed to himself to be doing a tremendous business, but his real work, his contribution to the episode in the life of the commonwealth, ceased there. Again the wave receded.

THE third generation of the Gates family consisted of two girls and a boy. They were brought up as to their early childhood in what may be called moderate circumstances. A small home near the little mill town, a single Chinese servant, a setter dog, and plenty of horses formed their entourage. When Charles, Jr., was eleven, and his sisters six and eight, however, the family moved to a pretentious "mansion" on Nob Hill in San Francisco. The environment of childhood became a memory: the reality of life was comprised in the superluxurious existence on Nob Hill.

It was not a particularly wise existence. Whims were too easily realized,

FOWNES GLOVES

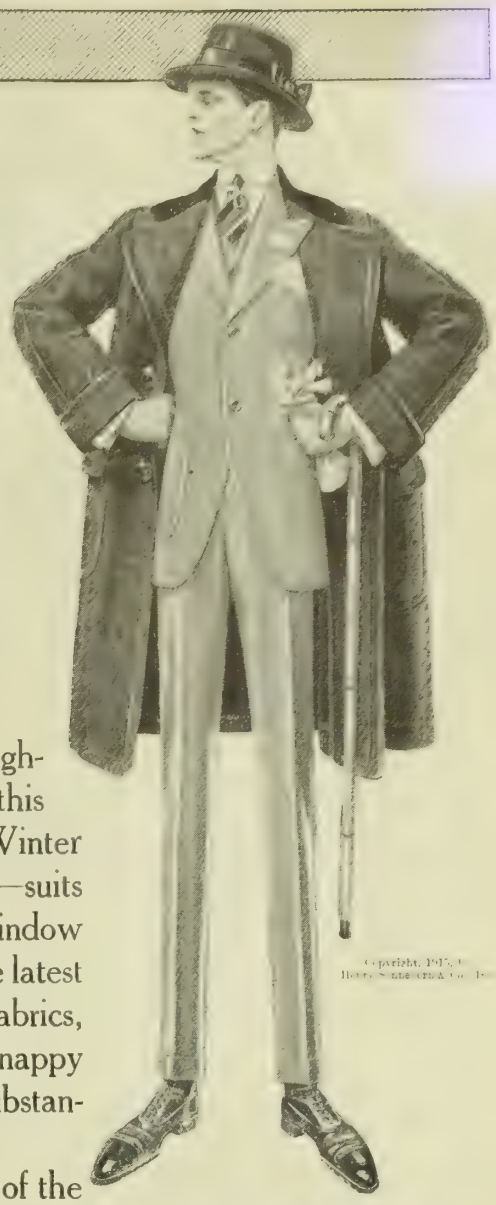
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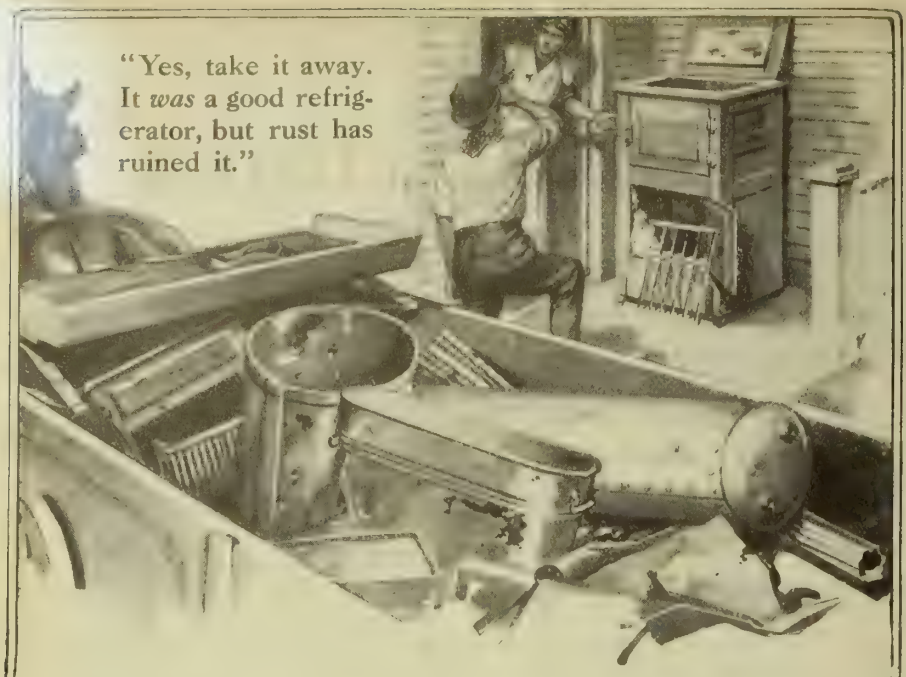
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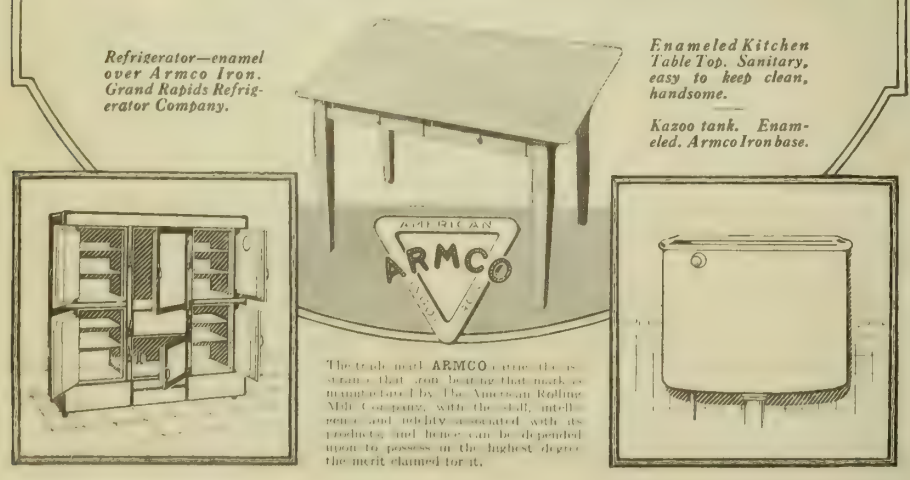
Exclusive Manufacturers under Patents granted to The International Metal Products Company

Branch Offices: Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati & Cleveland

Refrigerator—enamel over Armco Iron. Grand Rapids Refrigerator Company.

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Kazoo tank. Enameled. Armco Iron base.



The trade mark ARMCO means that it is a matter that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company, with the skill, intelligence and ability associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.

consequences too lightly avoided, discipline too capricious. The children were sent to private schools, where they met only their own kind; they were specifically forbidden to mingle with the "hoodlums" in the next street; they became accustomed to being sent here and there in carriages with two servants, or, later, in motor cars; they had always spending money for the asking.

"I know what it is like to scrimp and save, and my children are going to be spared that!" was Mrs. Gates's creed in the matter.

The little girls were always dressed alike in elaborately simple clothes, with frilly starched "underpinnies," silk stockings, high boots buttoned up slim legs, and across their shoulders, from beneath wonderful lingerie hats, hung shining curls. The latter were not natural, but had each day to be elaborately constructed. They made a dainty and charming picture.

"Did you ever see anything so sweet in all your life!" was the invariable feminine exclamation.

Clara and Ethel May always heard these remarks. They conducted themselves with the poise and *savoir faire* of grown women. Before they were twelve they could "handle" servants, conduct polite conversations in a correctly artificial accent, and adapt their manners to another's station in life.

Charley, Jr.'s development was sharply divided into two periods, with the second of which alone we have to do. The first, briefly, was repressive. He was not allowed to play with certain boys; he was not permitted to stray beyond certain bounds; he was kept clean and dressed up; he was taught his manners. In short, Mrs. Gates tried—without knowing what she was doing—to use the same formula on him as she had on Ethel May and Clara.

IN the second period he was a grief to his family. Roughly speaking, this period commenced about the time he began to be known as "Chuck" instead of Charley.

There was no real harm in the boy. He was high-spirited, full of life, strong as a horse, and curious. Possessed of the patrician haughty good looks we breed so easily from shirt sleeves, free with his money, known as the son of his powerful father, a good boxer, knowing no fear, he speedily became a familiar popular figure around town. It delighted him to play the prince, either incognito or in person; to "blow off the crowd"; to battle joyously with longshoremen; to "rough-house" the semi-respectable restaurants. The Barbary Coast knew him, Tait's, Zinkand's, the Poodle Dog, the Cliff House, Frank's, and many other resorts not to be spoken of so openly. He even got into the police courts once or twice, and nonchalantly paid a fine with a joke at the judge and a tip to the policeman who had arrested him. There was too much drinking, too much gambling, too loose a companionship, altogether too much spending; but in this case the life was redeemed from its usual significance by a fantastic spirit of play, a generosity of soul, a regard for the unfortunate, a courtliness toward all the world, a refusal to believe in meanness or sordidness or cruelty. Chuck Gates was imbued with the spirit of *noblesse oblige.*

As soon as motor cars came in Chuck had the raciest possible. With it he managed to frighten a good many people half out of their wits. He had no accidents, partly because he was a very good heady driver, and partly because those whom he encountered were quick-witted. One day while touring in the South he came down grade around a bend squarely upon a car ascending. Chuck's car was going too fast to be stopped. He tried desperately to wrench it from the road, but perceived at once that this was impossible without a fatal skid. Fortunately the only turnout for a half mile happened to be just at that spot. The other man managed to jump his car out on this little side ledge and to jam on his brakes at the very brink just as Chuck flashed by. His mud guards passed under those at the rear of the other car!

"Close," observed Chuck to Joe Merrill, his companion; "I was going a little too fast," and thought no more of it.

But the other man, being angry, turned around and followed him into town. At the garage he sought Chuck out. "Didn't you pass me on the grade five miles back?" he inquired.

"I may have done so," replied Chuck courteously.

"Don't you realize that you were going altogether too fast for a mountain grade? That you were completely out of control?"

"I'm afraid I'll have to admit that that is so."

"Well," said the other man, with difficulty suppressing his anger. "What do you suppose would have happened if I hadn't just been able to pull out?"

"Why," replied Chuck blandly, "I suppose I'd have had to pay heavily; that's all."

"Pay!" cried the man, then checked himself with an effort, "so you imagine you are privileged to the road, do whatever damage you please—and *pay!* I'll just take your number."

"That is unnecessary. My name is Charles Gates," replied Chuck, "of San Francisco."

The man appeared never to have heard of this potent cognomen. A month later the trial came off. It was most inconvenient. Chuck was in Oregon hunting. He had to travel many hundreds of miles and to pay an expensive lawyer. In the end he was fined. The whole affair disgusted him, but he went through with it well, testified without attempt at evasion. It was a pity, but evidently the other man was no gentleman.

"I acknowledged I was wrong," he told Joe Merrill. He honestly felt that this would have been sufficient had the cases been reversed. In answer to a question as to whether he considered it fair to place the burden of safety on the other man, he replied: "Among motorists it is customary to exchange the courtesies of the road—and sometimes the discourtesies," he added with a faint scorn.

The earthquake and fire of 1906 caught him in town. During three days and nights he ran his car for the benefit of the sufferers, going practically without food or sleep, exercising the utmost audacity and ingenuity in getting supplies, running fearlessly many dangers.

For the rest he played polo well, shot excellently at the traps, was good at tennis, golf, bridge. Naturally he belonged to the best clubs, both city and country. He sailed a yacht expertly; he was a keen fisherman; he hunted. Also, he played poker a good deal and was noted for his accurate taste in dress.

His mother firmly believed that he caused her much sorrow; his sisters looked up to him with a little awe; his father down on him with a fiercely tolerant contempt.

For Chuck had had his turn in the offices. His mind was a good one; his education, both formal and informal, had trained it fairly well; yet he could not quite make good. Energetic, ambitious, keen young men, clambering upward from the ruck, gave him points at the game and then beat him. It was humiliating to the old man. He could not see the perfectly normal reason. These young men were striving keenly for what they had never had. Chuck was asked merely to add to what he already had more than enough of by means of a game that itself did not interest him.

ONE evening Chuck and some friends were dining at the Cliff House. They had been cruising up toward Tomales Bay and had had themselves put ashore here. No one knew of their whereabouts. Thus it was that Chuck first learned of his father's death from apoplexy in the scare heads of an evening paper handed him by the major-domo. He read the article through carefully, then went alone to the beach below. It had been the usual sensational article, and but two sentences clung to Chuck's memory. "This fortunate young man's income will actually amount to about ten dollars a minute. What a significance have now his days—and nights!"

He looked out to sea whence the waves in ordered rank cast themselves on the shore, seethed upward along the sands, poised, and receded. His thoughts were many, but they always returned to the same point. Ten dollars a minute—roughly speaking, seven thousand a day! What would he do with it? "What a significance have now his days—and nights!"

His best friend, Joe Merrill, came down the path to him and stood silently by his side.

"I'm sorry about your governor, old man," he ventured; and then, after a long time: "You're the richest man in the West."

Chuck Gates arose. A wave larger than the rest thundered and ran hissing up to their feet.

"I wonder if the tide is coming in or going out," said Chuck vaguely.

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And then there are those wonderful labor savers, the vacuum cleaner and the dish washer; and the electric iron and washing machine for the laundry.

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Have you heard of the new, fascinating game, called "Going to Market"? Everybody is playing it. We will be glad to send you one for 10c in stamps.

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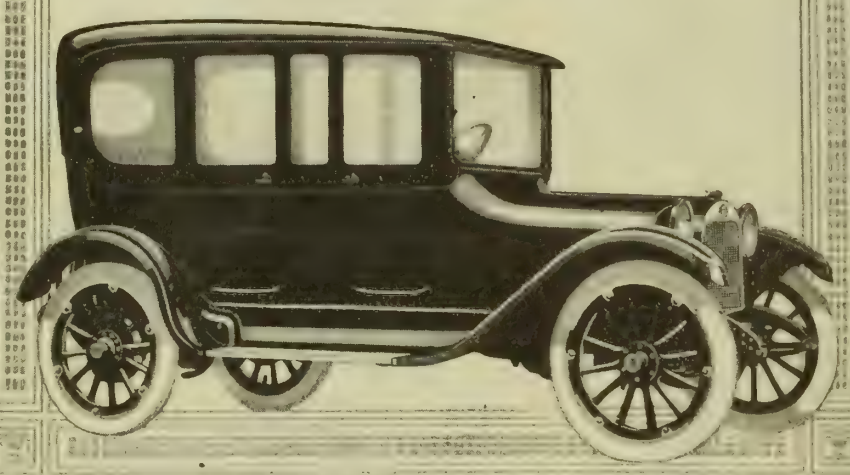
DODGE BROTHERS
WINTER CAR

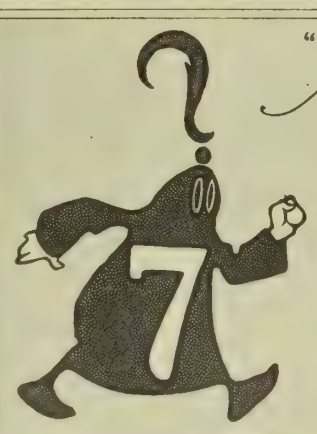
For business, for shopping, for the children on their way to school—these Winter cars will prove a blessing to every member of the family.

And their attractiveness does not end with the weatherproof quality. They are dignified and graceful in design. The appointments are in good taste and the finish inside and outside is beautiful.

The motor is 30-35 horsepower
The price of the Winter Touring Car or Roadster complete, including regular mohair top, is $950 f. o. b. Detroit)
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"My name is Old Seven, the Baffler. My mission is to keep you from finding Point 7 in Sterling Gum. Will I succeed?"



PEPPERMINT – RED WRAPPER
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The 7-point gum



Why Crawl In and Out of Your Car Like a Crab?

The Blackmore Door Curtain Opener
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Makes Expensive Detachable Glass Tops Unnecessary

This device is an inconspicuous bracket which supports the curtain as part of the door, making it open easily and close tightly.

It eliminates fussing with the curtains every time you enter or leave your car. No delaying buttons—no curtain fasteners of any kind. You open the door and step in or out as you would a limousine. When not in use the Blackmore Curtain Opener can be instantly detached and put away with the curtains.

Any top maker will equip your car for a very small charge. The door curtain openers cost only

$2.50 PER DOOR

Have them put on your car before the arrival of cold weather.

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Standard equipment on 1916 models of
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OBTAIN at your dealer's

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Running a Modern Town

Continued from page 10

the legislative body, but it has no authority to employ any member of the city government except the city manager.

The five departments of government under the plan are called the Departments of Law, Public Service, Public Welfare, Public Safety, and Finance. A director for each department is chosen by the city manager. He is not limited, as under most of the old city administration provisions, to select these officials from Dayton. He may go anywhere he wishes for his directors. Many positions in Dayton's government which require technical efficiency have been filled by trained men selected from other cities. The city government of Dayton is managed like the great factories of that city—upon a business basis, uncolored by politics.

The commission established $4,000 per annum as the price which should be paid to the directors of the various departments. Every director has been chosen because of some special fitness for the work he has to do. For the Department of Safety, Manager Waite had difficulty in finding the man he wanted, therefore he let the position remain vacant and until lately was not ready to fill it. He let a $4,000 job stand open for sixteen months and took care of its duties himself and saved the $4,000! It was a revolutionary thing to do. No job with a salary attached to it, big or little, was ever vacant before in the city of Dayton.

Making a Business of It

THE system has a businesslike elasticity. After a few months it was discovered that the budget estimated for one of the departments was $25,000 higher than necessary. Under the old system, had such a miracle happened, arrangements would have been made to spend the money. At the next meeting of the commissioners the budget was reduced.

On practically the same income in 1914 the city spent nearly a quarter of a million dollars for services not given under the old system in 1913.

In some of the departments double the service has been given the city under the new plan for much less money than the old government expended. As an example, in 1914 Manager Waite spent $35,300 for the removal of ashes and rubbish. This was an added expenditure. Dayton had no service of that kind in 1912. In 1914 Dayton paid over $23,000 for street repairs out of her regular income. The old method was to issue bonds for the rebuilding of streets.

The new government added $1,000 per month to the Street-Cleaning Department; put on seven additional policewomen and policemen to look after juvenile delinquents; spent $20,000 to establish a municipal court; established a purchasing agency which saved the first year $33,000 in the purchase price of supplies without sacrificing quality. It established a Welfare Department, doubled the number of parks and public playgrounds; laid out a bathing beach for 40,000 persons; established a perpetual audit; built several miles of sewers, much new paving; spent large sums for restoring flood damage; doubled the cost of the Health Department; and, despite the enormous expenditures made necessary by these added features of government, paid $50,000 on a deficit of $125,000 inherited from the old system. This they have done on practically the same income as the old government received. They have accomplished this remarkable result by increasing the purchasing power of the city's dollars.

They have guessed at nothing. Each department has been required to establish a unit-cost system and efficiency is maintained by the deadly parallel. A continuous audit is carried on.

The waterworks system had fallen to such a low state under political management that the supply was inadequate. The political control of the city waterworks showed all the characteristic faults. Now the plant has been reorganized and placed on a business basis. They are pumping greatly increased quantities of water with 200 tons of coal a month less than the old system used.

In the Bureau of Street Cleaning, Asphalt Repair, Sanitary and Storm Sewer Construction, the employment of trained engineers as inspectors, with the constant supervision of a service director, has resulted in a greater return to the city for every dollar expended than was possible under the old system where political laymen were appointed inspectors.

In the Bureau of Brick Street Repair, brick streets have been put down at an average cost of 90 cents per square yard. In the Bureau of Asphalt Repair last month 2,925 yards of asphalt were laid at $0.575 per square yard, including all labor, material, and supplies.

The new government has given the same recognition to the economic value of well-directed welfare work that model factories are giving. Dr. Garland, the head of the Welfare Department, has shown not only broad intelligence but rare administrative capacity. Under the practical ministry of his department the death rate of babies under one year has been reduced 40 per cent. One general clinic and two tuberculosis clinics have been established. The death rate from typhoid fever has been reduced 85 per cent.

One of the wholesome departures from the ordinary vision of a city government can be observed by any visitor who walks about Dayton these days. As I passed through the more unpretentious residential sections of Dayton one day in June it seemed to me that everybody came out in the evening and worked a while in the garden. They were cultivating the waste places. The neatly kept rows of vegetables challenged my eye everywhere, and along the edge of most of these gardens was a row of flowers next to the street. The city mechanic who had moved from New York to work in the cash-register factory and the country-bred German who drove a brewery wagon were holding friendly contest over cabbages, radishes, and lettuce, and the entire neighborhood was catching interest and wholesome enjoyment out of the rivalry.

I observed it as an unusual manifestation of rural taste and bucolic sentiment peculiar to Dayton people. This was before I learned that the interest in gardening emanates from the attitude of the new government. Dayton contained the usual number of vacant lots. The problem as to how these might be cleaned of their flood wreckage and kept from becoming a public nuisance was considered, and finally the city manager announced that any family or neighborhood willing to clean up vacant lots, make a limited amount of garden, and plant a row of flowers along the street side would receive city aid. If the family would promise to do the gardening, the city plowed the lots. Last year 400 lots were prepared for gardens by the city. This spring 600 vacant plots of ground were plowed for families who had no means of getting ready their ground, but wanted to work the soil; six hundred unsightly disease-breeding places were turned into gardens which furnished interest and sometimes vegetables for six hundred families. Prizes were given for children's gardens, and they took hold of the movement so vigorously that the manager prepared to set apart a public market curb for the children to sell their vegetables, a place not to be invaded by adult dealers.

Music and Common Sense

ANOTHER unusual expression of government that has come directly from the efforts of the new administration has been in the formation of a civic music league. Under city patronage six great concerts a year are given and the highest price for any seat in an auditorium that holds many people is 50 cents. So Dayton's population has been hearing John McCormack, Kreisler, Schumann-Heink, the New York Symphony Orchestra, and other great artistic entertainments at popular prices. It has been an experiment in triumphant democracy. The man who was there first got first choice, and the concerts were patronized by everybody. Working girls paid for their tickets on the installment plan. The whole community caught the musical habit, and Dayton formed civic orchestras, civic choruses in the schools, and people who had the right to feel a little blue about the damage they had received from the flood went around practicing the difficult strains of oratorios and dreaming of musicianly attainment. They hummed the Toreador Song as they went about cleaning up the wreckage. The driver of a dray was just as likely as not to be caught whistling the



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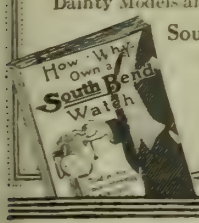
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aria from "Madame Butterfly," and the whole town soaked up music like a sponge. This year will be the greatest musical year Dayton ever had.

In the government itself a continual study of efficiency methods is carried on. A school for policemen has been established and expert lectures are given by experienced police authorities continuously. They are trying to produce a modern policeman who will be an expert at his business. The Fire Department has been required to make a house-to-house canvass to instruct the citizens in fire-prevention methods.

"I cannot tell you the political faith of a single director or employee," said Manager Waite. "The men were selected as heads of departments for their ability. Wherever possible I secured men trained for the particular functions which they direct. There were no political debts to be paid. Careful, expert investigations have preceded all plans. Expert engineers have worked out intelligent plans for improvements in the waterworks that look to the future harmonious development of the plant. Expert engineers are advising us in the plans for the development of a comprehensive sewer system. In a similar way we have investigated crime and social conditions, police and fire departments, parks and playgrounds, city planning, and grade elimination. In our Finance Department our new accounting system is the same as would be found in any large business. Our budget is scientific. Every month the head of each department receives a complete financial statement which shows the original allowance, expenditures and balance in each account, and we keep our expenditures within our allowances."

"Will it endure?" I asked the city manager. "That will depend upon whether we can keep the masses interested," he replied.

The Dayton politicians are just beginning to recover, and while I found the business community satisfied and even elated at the success of the new government plan, many of them are beginning to take it as a matter of course, and the politician has begun to work up a feeling that it is not necessary to go out of Dayton and hire a nabob at $12,500 a year to run the town when there is a lot of local talent that would be glad to have the job at a fourth of the salary. They have begun this appeal to superficial prejudices among the laboring classes, and in June a combination was formed between the Socialists and some of the union-labor men to amend the charter of government. Their plan was to elect a city manager, to fix his salary at about half the present salary, and otherwise to "restore government to the people." No complaint was made against the efficiency or economy of the present city government. The whole appeal was directed to prejudice against the employment of an expensive manager from out of town who was not answerable directly to the voters. A fortunate indication in the result of the petition was that an insufficient number of names was secured, even though the effort was an organized one, to initiate a vote.

The Best Bet Yet

THE citizens' committee which instituted the new government has begun to plan effective ward organizations which will endeavor to secure an intelligent comprehension of what the government is doing and a permanent interest in its maintenance.

It is undoubtedly a better system of city government than the Galveston plan or Des Moines plan, or any of the other modifications of the government-by-commission idea. The weakness of the commission-government plan is that it leaves the selection of experts to popular vote. It is like setting out to establish a great college, electing a board of trustees and then having these trustees take the different professorships, instead of their electing a suitable faculty. Better men can be secured to give a small portion of their time.

There are in the United States, according to the last report of the Census Bureau, 195 cities that have a population of 30,000 or over, with an aggregate wealth as vast as their mismanagement is notorious. Sixty-nine of these larger cities and enough towns to make the total number about 250 have turned from the politics-ridden old method to the commission form in their quest for relief. They have bettered themselves, but they are not yet satisfied. Dayton's pioneering presages something better.

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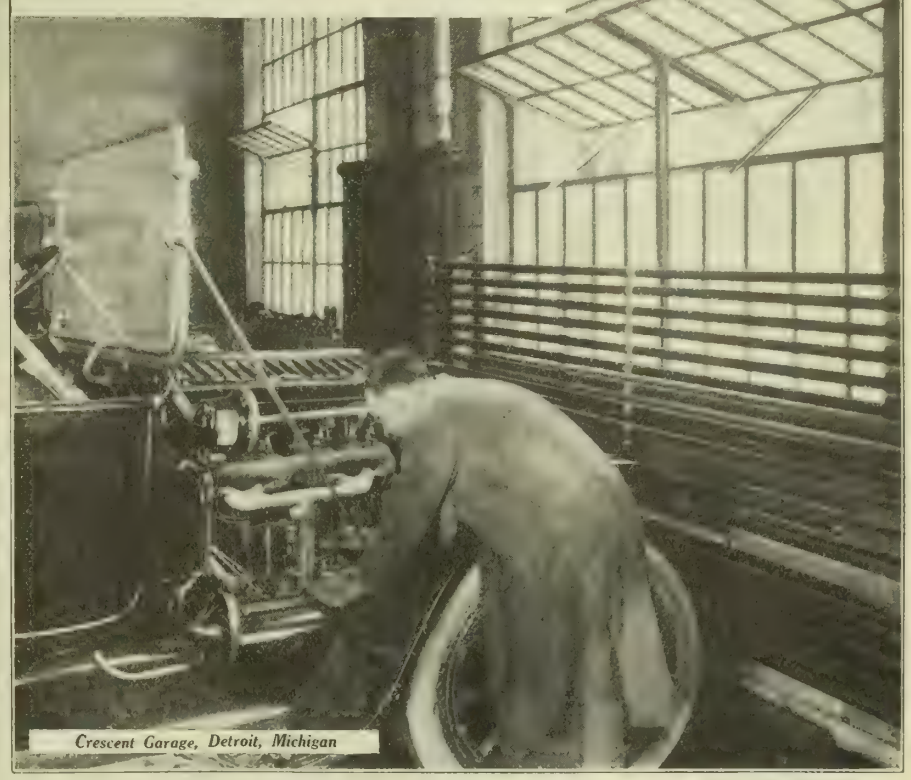
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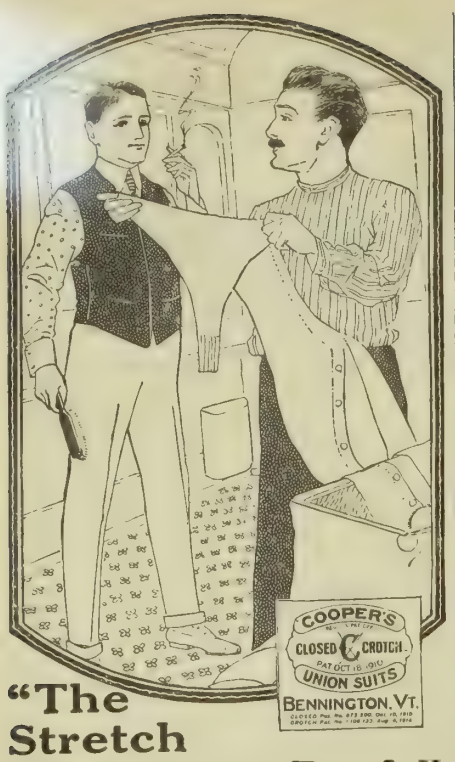


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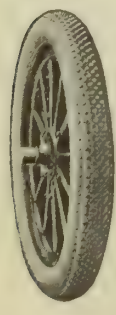
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Marrying Maude

(Continued from page 13)

Beat Like Sixty," and "Good Night, Dear."

Minnie covered the horsehair chairs with a cheerful chintz, patterned with roses and other posies, and suggestive of flower gardens, singing birds, and fountains softly splashing in the moonlight. "And now we'll get the old couch out of the living room," she said, "and I'll buy a few more yards of chintz. They've simply got to have a couch, so they can get used to the idea of sitting together."

For the first time since they had started it Bill shut off the gas and applied the brakes. That couch had always been regarded as his own particular resting place, and, peering distastefully into the future, he saw a long vista of evenings when he would have to sit on a straight-backed chair and have no couch whereon to stretch his weary bones. "Well," he almost grumbled, "I guess it's all right, but I don't know what you're going to tell Maude when she misses the couch."

"Simple enough. I'll tell her it's gone to be covered."

Bill pouted his lips and for a long time that evening he massaged his dollar in thoughtful silence; but a few nights later, when Minnie sneaked him into the front room and showed him that old couch all decked out and beautified in its new chintz covering, the only thing which disappointed Bill was the fact that he had only one couch to give to Cupid's Bower.

"Isn't it great!" he laughed under his breath. And, truth to tell, Bill was having a better time with his evenings than he had known for years. No longer he sat and read the paper and yawned and rubbed his dollar, or engaged in snappy arguments with Minnie regarding the neighbors' children, the price of eggs, the alleged necessity for a new tailor-made suit, or the best way to fry liver. Instead Bill came home with a smiling light in his eyes, filled to the brim with some new idea for the beautifying of Cupid's Bower. And then there was that delightful task of keeping everything a secret from Maude, of sitting down to dinner with their unsuspecting daughter while the bower was taking such entrancing form just on the other side of the folding doors. "Isn't it great!" laughed Bill under his breath as he looked at the couch that night. "Oh, my! You've got a new lamp too!"

"I've been saving my tea checks for over two years!" beamed Minnie. "You wait till I light it."

Carefully she pulled down the curtains, and then she lighted the lamp. It was a pretty lamp, standing high on the table and dressed with a saucy flare of old-rose silk which looked like a ballet-dancer's skirt.

"See?" smiled Minnie. "That's the beauty of an old-rose shade. It makes everything look romantic."

"Some lamp!" quoth Bill. "And that reminds me. Down at Muller's there's a special sale of talking machines—dollar down and dollar a week. There's one in the window that was just made for that little table over in the corner. And then if our Maude feels nervous at entertaining her beau, she can put in a record, wind the spring, and—there you are!"

"Well, I guess it won't break us," nodded Minnie. "But you've got to have a new suit and I've got to have a new dress. Whoever he is we must make him think he is marrying into a good family. And, Will, don't you be too free and easy with him. You must act dignified and stately—as though you were a judge or something like that. Can you get your new suit on Saturday?"

"I can," said Bill in a highly judicial manner, "if my credit is still good at Stewart's."

"And I saw the cutest little tea gown to-day—just the shade of that lamp. It was nine forty-eight, cheap as dirt, and I need a new dress anyhow. So the only thing left is to invite some nice young fellow for Sunday night and then we'll spring the surprise on Maude."

Whereupon they both fell into a smiling silence; but *nota bene*, if you please, and likewise mark this well: Minnie took it for granted that *she* was going to invite Maude's prospective beau, while Bill understood that this delicate task devolved upon him.

"I'll get young Joe Wilbur," thought Minnie. "He's got red hair."

"I'll invite Abner Bennett's boy," thought Bill. "He's got a head like a brick. But I won't tell Minnie till the last minute. She always was down on the Bennetts."

They heard Maude's step on the sidewalk. With the guilty haste of two conspirators they extinguished the light and beat it out of the bower.

WHEN Bill came home for a walk the following Sunday evening he was wearing his new suit and looking as much like a judge as any curly-headed citizen ever looked. Ma was sporting her new tea gown, old rose with green trimmings. And Maude was helping get the supper ready.

"My!" said Maude. "You two are togged up! What's going to happen?"

"Sit up," hastily interrupted ma. "Everything's ready. You'd better take your coat off, pa, so's not to spot it."

He laid it over a chair as carefully as any chief justice, and just as he had taken his place at the table a loud knock sounded on the kitchen door.

"I'll go," said ma, jumping up. "I guess it's the man with the ice cream."

"Ice cream?" cried Maude. "Say, what's going on to-night? A surprise party after church?"

Bill gave his child an eloquently loving wink and bit into a slice of bread with the air of a man who must either stuff his mouth or blob out a secret.

"Say, ma," persisted Maude when mother returned to the table looking as important as the first of the month and twice as smug, "what's the ice cream for? And why are you and pa all dressed up? Who's going to call to-night?"

Ma looked at Bill with a glance that said: "The time has arrived when we must break the news to our daughter," and Bill gave ma a look which replied: "Go to it, old girl. You've always been the spokesman in this house."

"Maude," began ma in her best school-teaching manner, "your father and I have reached the conclusion that you have now arrived at the age when a girl may naturally begin to think of marriage. This, of course, is a very important step, and we want to give you all the help we can. So we decided that the first thing to do—"

At this point another loud knock sounded on the kitchen door. "I'll go," said ma, and presently she returned, looking puzzled. "Will, did you order two quarts of ice cream from Deane's?"

"Sure," said Bill. "Strawberry and vanilla. What's the matter?"

"Then why didn't you tell me? I went and ordered a quart from Dodge's, and I'm sure we'll never be able to eat it all." She resumed her place at the table, frowning at Bill with the prescience of an experienced wife who feels in her bones that her husband has made a precious mess of something or other which has not yet come to light. "Let me see," she said. "Oh, yes. Your father and I have decided, Maude, that no girl has any chance of finding a good husband nowadays unless she has a proper place to receive her callers—a place where she will look her best. So, as a surprise to you, pa and I have been fixing up the front room—"

She arose, quivering to the eyelids with that dramatic instinct which is the heritage of every daughter of Eve, and in the same spirit she pulled back the sliding door that led to Cupid's Bower. And I wish to say (again without any fooling) that anyone would have been obliged to go a long way that night to find a prettier room, with its rosy lamp throwing a glamouring light over those harmonious chintzes and over the sofa and chairs and pictures and curtains, and all and sundry.

"Oh, say!" squealed Maude, jumping up. "If this isn't some class!"

She paused at the threshold like a votary before a shrine, and then she entered with light, graceful steps, piping out with fresh excitement as each new item caught her eye. Ma and Bill exchanged gratified glances. It was the peace before the storm.

"So as soon as you've finished your supper, Maude," said ma, "you run upstairs and put on that net dress with the Dresden slip, because we're going to have company to-night and we want you to look your best. Your father and I have been talking it over, and we're going to give you all the help we can. So to-night I invited Joe Wilbur to come over and show us how to run the talking machine—"



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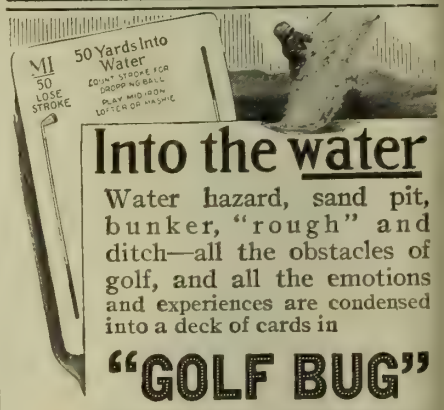
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"Joe Wilbur?" said Bill in a dazed voice. "That young rowdy? Why, I invited Abner Bennett's boy to come over to-night!"

"Abner Bennett's boy?" fiercely demanded ma. "What did you ask him for?"

"You know what I asked him for!"

"Abner Bennett's boy!"

"Yes, Abner Bennett's boy!"

"If that isn't you all over!"

"Yes, that's me all over!"

"You always muddle everything up!"

"Oh, I do, eh? Huh! Who muddled up Uncle Henry's funeral?"

"Who burned their trousers down at Hartford?"

"Who walked along Fifth Avenue with their—?"

"Now, William, don't be a fool!"

"Oh, no; it's you who's the fool!"

"Abner Bennett's boy!" bitterly complained ma. "Why, I've known those Bennetts as long as I can remember, and I never knew a good one yet!" And, raising her voice to the pitch of utter exasperation, she cried: "What on earth did you pick *him* for?"

Realizing (as ever) that it was time to strike his flag, and yet not wishing to say too much in front of Maude, Bill frowningly put one hand above his head and then snatched it away as though it were burning. Having thus signified (by the noble art of pantomime) a redhead, he uttered from the corner of his mouth these cryptic words: "Strong character!"

"Grrrrh!" choked ma, and, turning to their thunderstruck daughter, she added: "Maude, you run upstairs now and get changed, and if young Abner Bennett does have the nerve to come around here to-night, you remember you're your mother's daughter and you'll know how to handle him!"

Staring from one frowning parent to the other, Maude left the room. A minute later, above the crescendo of ma's reproaches, Bill thought he heard somebody at the telephone in the hall, but ma was making such a noise he couldn't say for sure.

AT a quarter to eight Maude was still upstairs changing. Ma and Bill were in the kitchen, feeling ashamed of themselves (I am glad to be able to tell you this) for the remarks which they had recently exchanged with such deep emotion. Outwardly, however, they were each as adamant. In fact, Bill not only looked judicial, he looked as though he were just waiting for the clerk of court to bring him his little black cap before sentencing a culprit to the gallows.

Upon this tense situation the doorbell suddenly rang as a bell rings at a prize fight to announce the beginning of another round.

"I'll go," said ma, grimly rising. "And if it *is* Abner Bennett—"

She assumed the austere look of a school-teacher about to ask the incorrigible scholar to spell phthisis, but a minute later Bill heard peaceful conversation at the front door. "It's young Wilbur," thought Bill. "Ma's putting him wise. Heh! And now she's taking him into the bower. Well, if she thinks she can make a goat of me like that—"

He put on his hat and let himself out of the back door. At the second lamppost he met a resolute young man who seemed to be in what the sporting writers love to describe as the pink of condition. And this young man had a head of hair like an oriflamme of battle.

" 'Evening, Abner," said Bill. "How's the boy?"

"Sick abed!"

"Too bad," said the diplomatic William in a voice that Talleyrand might have envied. "Joe Wilbur's up to the house, and somebody was telling me down at the depot the other morning that Joe was trying to hang the Indian sign on you."

"Who? That stiff? I should bibble!"

"Ain't afraid of him, eh?"

"See me tremble!"

"That's the way to talk! I didn't know Wilbur was coming over to-night, but I guess that isn't going to stop you from showing us the fine points about a talking machine, eh?"

"Bibble-bibble-bibble!"

"Good boy!" For a moment Bill's hand rested on the young man's shoulder with a friendly pressure that said: "I'm backing you to win," and the next minute he had opened their front door and had led his candidate into the hall. Mrs. Haskell had gone upstairs to fetch Maude, but when she heard the footsteps in the hall below she ran to the upper landing and exclaimed in a loud whisper: "Is that you, Will? Come up here right away!"





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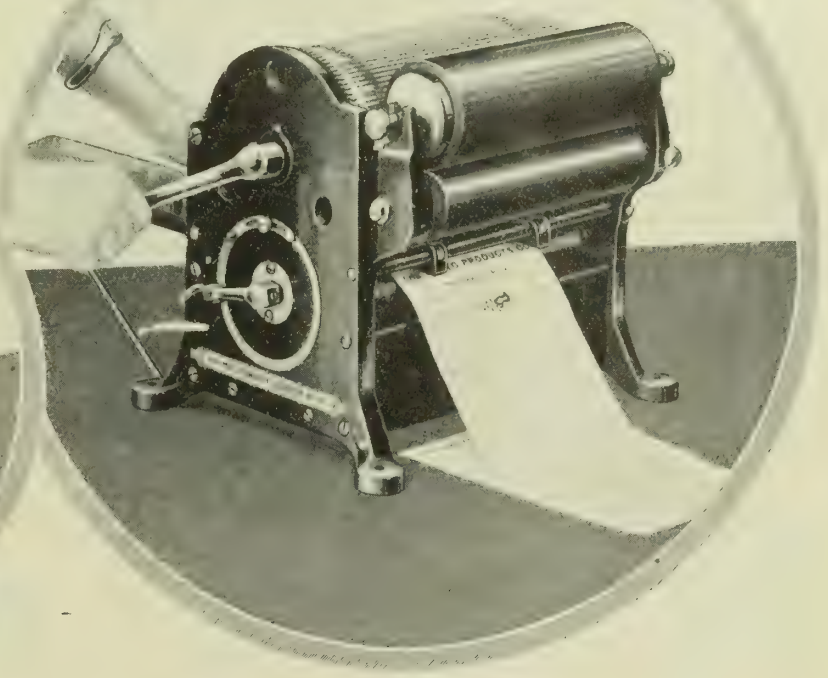
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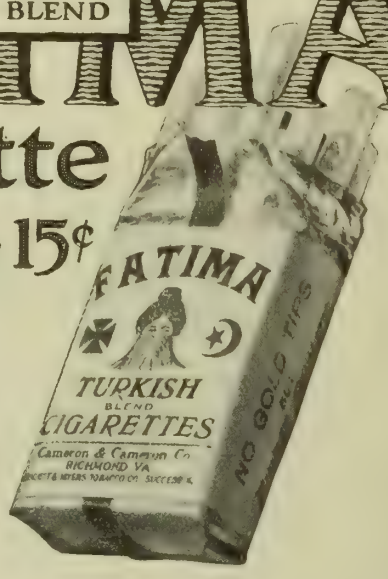
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"Just a moment," said William, and, taking his company by the arm, he led him firmly into Cupid's Bower and shut the door upon him. "There!" thought Bill as he hurried upstairs, "Maude's got something to pick from now. Let her please herself!"

WHEN Mr. Bennett entered Cupid's Bower Mr. Wilbur was sitting on the sofa, where ma had left him, looking at "The Life and Sonnets of Elizabeth Barrett Browning" (which he had picked up from the table) much as the Rev. Mr. Stiggins might have gazed at "The Life and Battles of the Hon. John Lambastem Sullivan" At the entrance of Bill's candidate, ma's candidate glanced up from his poetry, and each gentleman exchanged a nod which might have measured somewhere between one-thirty-second and one-sixteenth of an inch and which might have occupied (in time) the same important fraction of a second.

Displeased at being caught with a book of poetry in his hand, Mr. Wilbur tossed the volume on the table and, stretching out his legs in an insouciant attitude, thrust both his hands into his trouser pockets. Bill's candidate yawningly picked up the book, and when he saw what manner of thing it was he looked at Mr. Wilbur as though to say: "You poor cheese! So that's the sort of yap *you* read, is it? Well, just you wait till I tell the boys at the Engine House to-morrow night. Doings will be done, dear Perceval! Doings will be done, believe me!"

Mr. Wilbur yawned—a wide, free yawn which ingeniously served the double purpose of proclaiming his equality to all mankind in general and his utter contempt of present company in particular.

Bill's candidate, resting his head on the back of his chair, curled his lips into a very curly pucker and whistled: "Can't You Take It Back and Change It for a Boy?" And then, as though to show that he was thoroughly at ease, he arose and began to examine the pictures on the wall. Ma's candidate, also rising, sauntered toward the talking machine. And a close observer might have imagined that the hair of each candidate seemed to turn a few shades redder into a sort of menacing incandescence.

Mr. Wilbur selected the "Anvil Chorus" and placed it in the machine, and I wish to say that every time the little hammer came down on the anvil young Abner Bennett scowled, and every time the sledge hammer fell he grimaced with the pain. Having thus suffered (as he thought) sufficiently, he reached toward the table to examine the other records. Simultaneously ma's candidate also reached for a record, the result being that "Love's Young Dream" fell to the ground between them. The rivals glared at each other. Mr. Wilbur gave a glance that said: "You clumsy mut!" and Mr. Bennett replied in the same manner: "Have you never been in a parlor before, you lumbering jackass?" Each then, to show his good breeding, stooped to pick the fallen record. And, as they stooped, their shoulders happened to touch.

Feeling a slight pressure against his shoulder, Mr. Wilbur naturally pushed back, the preservation of the equilibrium being nature's first law.

Mr. Bennett also pushed back, breathing hard and meaning business.

Bill's candidate, looking more belligerent at every tick of the clock, preserved his pressure against the other's shoulder and slowly straightened his figure from its stooping position. In the same grim silence Mr. Wilbur accompanied him upward, so that presently they stood like the two sides of a capital A, each young gentleman digging his feet into the rug, too dignified to speak, too proud to be the first to stop pushing. And while they stood in that strange position, fists clenching and temperatures rapidly rising to the explosive point, each caught a movement through the window and each saw the following pleasing sight happening right out on the moonlit veranda:

Maude had her arms around a young man's neck. And the two together were giving a beautiful *tableau vivant* of "The Kiss."

"Who's the guy?" muttered Mr. Wilbur, relaxing his pressure.

"Ed Perkins," whispered Mr. Bennett, relaxing his. "His old man owns the coal yard. Say, let's beat it. We don't want to butt in on anything like this!"

UPSTAIRS ma and Bill were still discussing the sensation of the evening. "Well, I never thought Maude was



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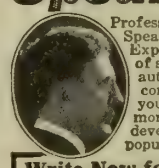


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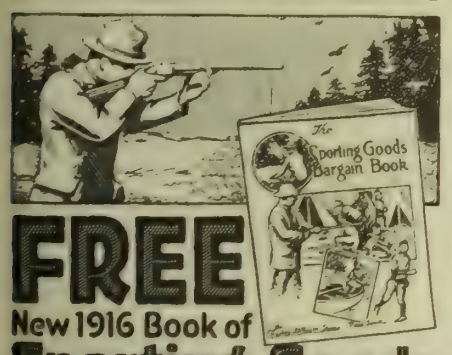
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going to surprise us like that!" exclaimed Bill.

"Our Maude's a very attractive girl," said ma, bridling with pride. "She could pick and choose from the very best families in this land, and don't you think she couldn't!"

"Ye-eh," said Bill. "I know it. And, of course, that's the reason you had the house turned upside down fixing Cupid's Bower. 'A girl hasn't the slightest chance nowadays unless she has a pleasant place to receive her company.' Oh, no! Certainly not!" (Bill's irony.) "And all the time Maude and this young Perkins were getting engaged down in the coal yard—down in a black and smutty coal yard, stealing kisses to the music of a switch engine, and holding hands behind the stove and chestnut bins. Don't tell me! But I guess I'd better chase those two red-headed young squirts out of Cupid's Bower. If our bashful daughter has telephoned for young King Coal as she said she would— Why," said Bill, staring into the bower half a minute later and blinking his eyes, "they've gone!"

"Sh!" cautioned ma, who had been peeping through the hall window. "They're just walking off together under the corner lamp-post, and Maude and her young man are sitting on the top step looking at the moon—just the way we used to."

Bill and ma entered Cupid's Bower and grinned at each other. "These young people don't seem to need our help," said Bill, "so I'll try this easy-chair myself."

He sat down, as handsome a young man of forty-five (in his new suit) as you would wish to find in a month of Sundays. And ma sat on the couch opposite him, in her old-rose tea gown, beneath that romantic shade which they had planted there for Maude. It was a rosy light which filtered through that shade, and it was a knowing light, too, and a glowing light, and, as it softly beamed on Bill and ma, Bill's bald dollar didn't show a cent's worth, and ma's face looked as smooth and young as it had looked in the days when she and Bill had sat on a top step, too, and had gazed at the moon's reflection in each other's eyes.

"Minnie, I'll tell you one thing: you're looking younger than our bashful daughter," said Bill, his honest old phiz alight with pride and admiration. "Yes, old lady," he continued, shaking his finger at her, "you've been deceiving me. You haven't grown old at all."

"You behave yourself!" said ma.

In growing delight Bill went for the box of candy which they had planted there for Maude.

"Have one?"

"My, but it's a long time since I had good candy. Mmm, how good! See? Jam inside. You have this half. Remember how I used to light your cigar?"

SHE arose with a grace which was far from lost on Bill, and came back with a match and one of the cigars which they had planted there for Maude's young man. And when the cigar was finally lighted, ma threatened to singe Bill's mustache in the good old way, and then, of course, Bill grabbed her hands and blew the match out and kept hold of ma's hands till she sat down beside him on the sofa again.

"It's a pleasant room," said Bill, looking around and patting ma's hand.

"Yes," said ma, patting back.

"We'll have a lot of comfort here if—Listen!" Bill cocked his ears to a noise he thought he had heard on the top step outside.

"The idea!" murmured ma as the sound rose again. "I never heard such a loud one!"

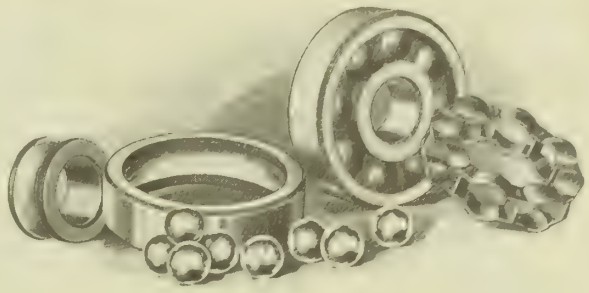
"That comes from learning in a coal yard," said Bill in a superior voice. "Now, when you and I were in practice—" He arose from the sofa as gallant a young fellow of forty-five as ever stepped, and after he had laid down his cigar on the ash receiver he returned to his place by the side of ma. And I wish to state that simultaneously Love came running in at the door, tugging his trunk behind him as though he knew he was coming back to stay.

Out on the top step Maude and her young man suddenly started and turned around.

"What was that?" whispered young Mr. Perkins.

"Sounded like pa mocking us," whispered Maude. "Let's go and look."

They were tiptoeing across the veranda when all at once they stopped. Ma was at the window, blushing in the moonlight and pulling down the curtains of Cupid's Bower.



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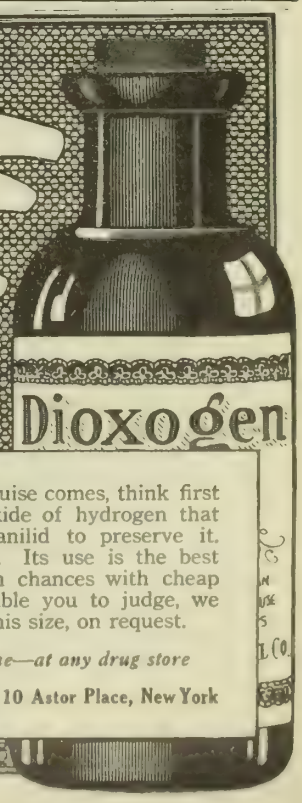
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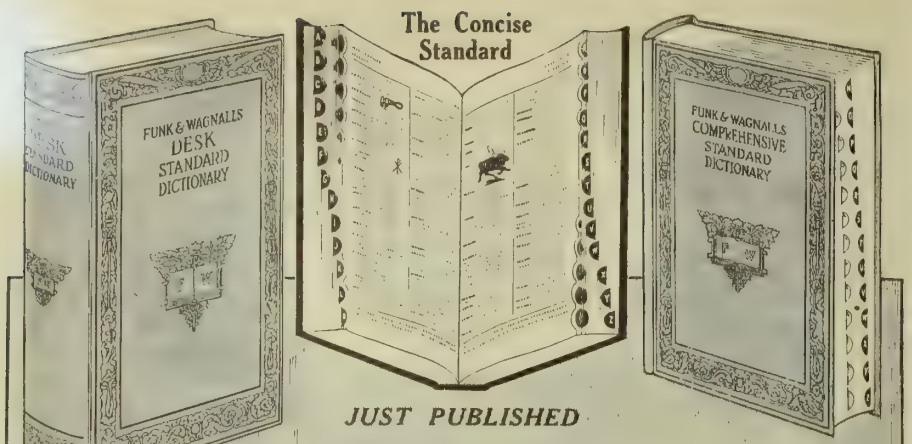


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The Betrayal

Continued from page 11

ruminatingly: "I wonder how far that would take a man—leaving ovah a little foh stuff to eat foh a few days."

"Some consid'able distance," contributed Sparkman.

"That's what I thought," said Dixon, going back to his schedule. "I thought I could git to Philadelphia on it all right and have some left."

They covered another mile in silence.

"I wondah," said the big man, shivering and drawing his coat about him more tightly; "I wondah how much it would be worth to a fine lawyer—a great big, famous lawyer—to take hold of a case like mine and clear me—if he could."

The little man deliberated a long time. "I reckon," he decided, "it would be worth all you had."

The big man swore in a low tone.

"I reckon you're right," he said hopelessly. "That's what I figured. The chances were they'd hang me, and I wouldn't be no mo'e good to the woman and the children. And if one of those fellows did git me off, he'd take eve'ything I had and leave me and them without a thing. It jus' wouldn't do."

The little man shivered also and turned up the collar of his coat.

"I reckon you're right," he assented. "It's a heap bettah to leave them the farm and stuff and to take a chance of gitting away than it is to hand it to one of them robbers."

The big man felt in the inside breast pocket of his coat and made a sound as of rumpling paper.

"Zeb," he said, with an approach to confidence, "you wouldn't hand me ovah, would you?"

The other man laughed thinly.

"This is a fine time foh you to ask me that, ain't it?" he retorted.

"When we git to the station," the other told him, "I'm going to give you a papah telling the woman how she can write me if it's absolutely necessary—general delivery and that stuff. I know about it. I read about it in a magazine once. I'm going to trust you that far."

"All right," said the other indifferently.

They were within four miles of Somersburg, bowling along on a level road under the moonlit sky, through the more populous country, when Dixon sprang forward in his seat and looked back over his shoulder with lightning-like rapidity.

"There's horses behind us, Zeb!" he said roughly. "A lot of horses!"

Sparkman listened intently.

"I don't hear nothing," he said at last, settling back into his seat and flicking the offhorse.

Dixon, in his turn, listened with all his strength and nerves, his face back over his shoulder.

"I don't hear it now," he said, with little relief in his tone. "They might not be there, and that knoll might be shutting it off."

WHEN he started to get back to his old position his face came around just far enough for his eyes to rest on Sparkman's features. Instantaneously the fear of the man's treachery flooded him, and his hand fell so roughly upon his left shoulder that it was like a blow.

"What you doing!" snapped the little man.

Dixon laughed brutally. "Nothing yet," he threatened, "but just as sure as that moon shines, if those fellows git me at the station, Zeb, I'll git you!"

The little man spat contemptuously.

"You're scared to death, Ben," he commented. "That's what's the mattah with you."

They were less than a mile from the station when Dixon confided his real theory: "Ned Crisler did it! He had a fight once with Fred Piggott, and he needed that money—to make the payment on his land. He did it, and then he jumps up ahead of a posse and begins to look for the murderah!"

He paused a long moment.

"I'm a fool to run," he said, and this time there was something like a groan in his voice. "I'm a fool, but I got to. I'm ovah fifty years old."

"What the thundah do you keep on telling me you didn't do it foh?" snapped the other, thoroughly out of patience.

"Oh, thundah!" Dixon made the two words a definition of futility.

They reached Somersburg—a store, an express office, and a granary—and tied the horses to the fence at the roadside. "I want you to see me off," Dixon requested.

They could hear the whistle of the



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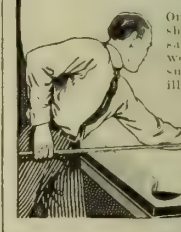
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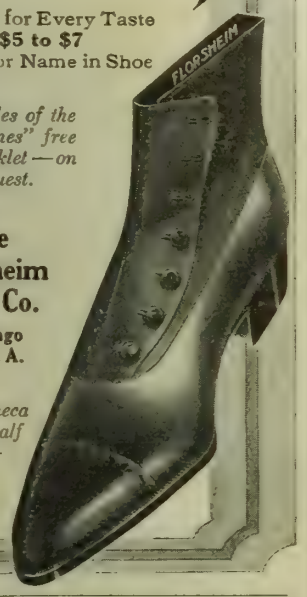
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locomotive for the crossing half a mile away.

"You can't git no ticket this time of night," said Sparkman.

"I know it. I'll pay cash on the train."

The roar of the train on the downgrade to the station was in their ears. The big man reached into his breast pocket and took out a piece of paper on which an address was written. He was acting on schedule now, as he had done when he walked into the lean-to and found Sparkman and his daughter at supper.

As he brought out the bit of writing the train was almost upon them, and simultaneously five men rode into the flitting, weak circle of light made by the headlight of the locomotive. The big man did not see them soon enough to check his gesture of thrusting the piece of paper into the breast pocket of the little man's coat.

As he did so and looked up and realized the scene, he was struck by two tremendous thoughts, two sensations that took away his breath. One was that Zeb had betrayed him and that Crisler and his men had him at their mercy.

The other was that the ends of his fingers had come into contact with the edges of a bunch of bank notes—the money Fred Piggott had carried in his pocket that morning. He felt the rubber band round them—and thought of the coat left on the plow handle.

The revelation was upon him. He turned to the posse with a shout.

"It's a good thing you got here, boys!" he cried. "Here's your man! Here's the man that shot and robbed Fred Piggott!"

He grasped the little man by the throat, and, carrying him so that his dangling toes barely scraped the dust of the roadway, delivered him into Ned Crisler's grasp at Crisler's stirrup leather.

The Black Eagle

Continued from page 19

I had said—or looked—too much. With a smothered sound she jumped to her feet and before I could rise or stay her with a gesture, brushed past me and moved to the window. There, for a moment, she stood looking out, her splendid shape, crowned with its mass of black hair, in silhouette against the thin white curtains.

"Look here, Miss Whitehall," I said with grim resolution, "I've got to say something to you that you may not like, may think is butting in, but I can't help it."

"What?" came on a caught breath.

"If you know anything about Barker—his whereabouts, his inability to come back—why don't you tell it? It will help us and help you."

She wheeled round like a flash, all vehement denial.

"*I—I?* I didn't mean that I *knew*. I was only wondering, guessing. It's just as I told Mr. Whitney that day. And you seem to think I'm not open, am hiding something. Why should I do that? What motive could I have to keep secret anything I might know that would bring Mr. Barker to justice?"

As she spoke she moved toward me, bringing up in front of me, her eyes almost fiercely demanding. Mine fell before them—it was no use. With my memory of those letters, of her mysterious plot with Barker clear in my mind, I could go no further.

I muttered some sentences of apology, was sorry if I'd offended her, hadn't meant to infer anything, was carried away by my zeal to find the absconder. She seemed mollified and moved to her seat by the desk. Then suddenly, as if a spring that had upheld her had snapped, she dropped into the chair, limp and pallid. "Oh, go—I beg of you, go. I want peace—I want to be alone. Please go. Please don't torment me any more. I can't bear it."

She dropped her face into her hands, shrinking back from me, and I turned and left her. My steps as I went down the hall were the only sounds in the place, but the silence seemed to thrill with unloosed emotions, to hum and sing with the vibrations that came from my nerves and my heart and my soul.

The big moments in your life ought to come in beautiful places—at least that's what I've always thought. But they don't—anyway with me. For as I went down that dingy staircase, full of queer smells, dark and squalid, the greatest moment I'd ever known came to me—I loved her!

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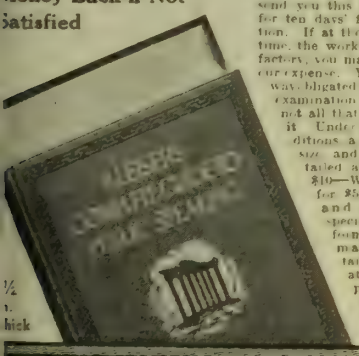
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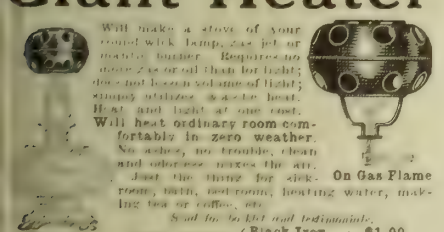
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Dept. 45, Drexel Avenue and 58th Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

I'd loved her always—I knew it now—out in the country those few first times, but then more as a vision, something that wove through my thoughts, aloof and unapproachable, like an inspiration and a dream. And that day in Whitney's office as a woman. And every day since, deeper and stronger, seeing her beset, realizing her danger, longing with every fiber to help her. It was the cause of that burst of the old fury, of the instinct that kept me close and secretive, of this day's fruitless attempt to make her speak. All the work, the growing dread, the rush of events, had held me from seeing—crowded out recognition of the wonderful thing. I stood in the half-lit, musty little hall in a trancelike ecstasy, outside myself, holding only that one thought—I loved her—I loved her—I loved her!

Presently I was in the street walking without any consciousness of the way toward the park. The ecstasy was gone, the present was back again, the present blacker and more terrible after those radiant moments.

In a quiet bypath in the park I got a better hold on myself and tried to do some clear thinking. The first thing I had to do was to rule Barker out. Even if my fight was to give her to him I must fight: that I couldn't do till we heard from Ford. Until then it was wisdom to say nothing, to keep my pose of a disinterested adherent of the theory of her innocence. If Ford's story exculpated her she was out of the case forever. If it didn't, I couldn't decide what I'd do till I heard where it placed her.

It was a momentary deadlock with nothing for it but to wait. That I was prepared to do—go to Buffalo, get through my job there and come back. But I'd come back with my sword ready to draw to do battle for my lady.

YOU can imagine [resumes Molly] after that disappointment in Philadelphia—it seems an unfeeling way to speak of the death of an old gentleman—how we all turned our eyes and kept them fixed on Tony Ford.

Friday night Babbitts told me the hospital had reported he couldn't be seen till Monday. The others were in a fever, he said—O'Malley smoking big black cigars by the gross and Jack Reddy gone off to Buffalo, and Mr. George so scared Ford would slip off some way that he'd have liked to put a cordon of the National Guard round the hospital.

Then came Saturday—and gee! up everything burst different to what anybody had expected.

It started with Mr. George being so nervous he couldn't rest till he called up the hospital in the morning and got word that there'd been a mistake in the message of the day before and that Mr. Ford was well enough to see the Philadelphia detectives that afternoon. Before midday Babbitts and O'Malley were gathered in, and while I was waiting on pins and needles in Ninety-eighth Street and Jack Reddy was off unsuspecting in Buffalo, the two of them were planted by Tony Ford's bedside, hearing the story that lifted the Harland case one peg higher in its surprise and gruesomeness.

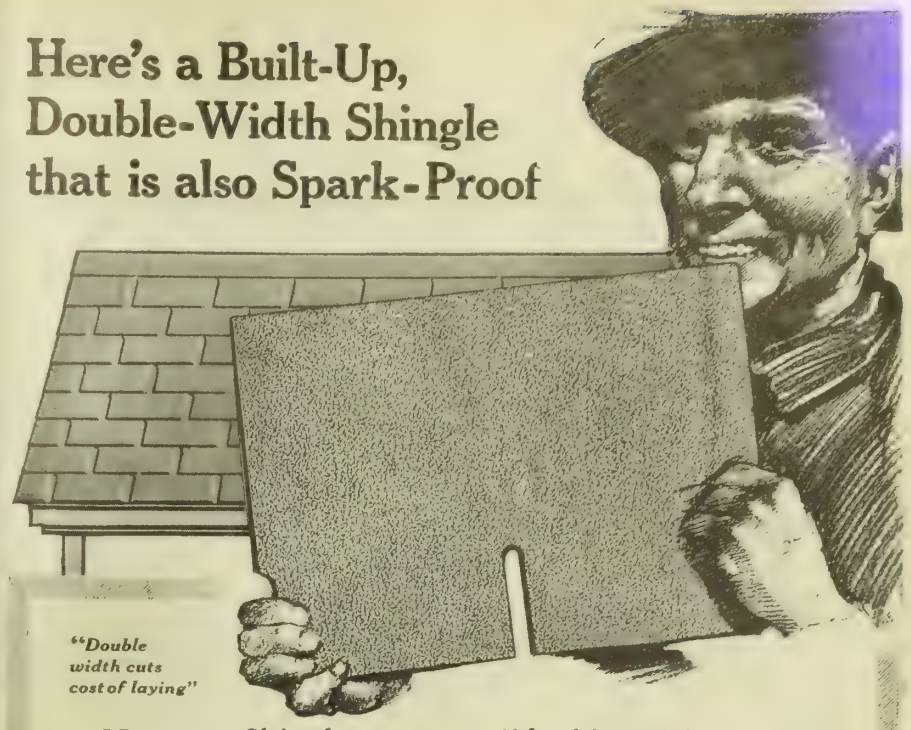
O'Malley and Babbitts had their plans all laid beforehand. They were two plain-clothes men from Philadelphia, who had just come on a new lead—the finding of Sammis. When they'd opened that up before him, they were going to pass on to the murder—take him by surprise. If Ford made the confession they hoped to shake out of him, the warrants for his arrest would be issued and the Harland case come before the public in its true light.

Babbitts had never seen Ford and when he described him to me it didn't sound like the same man. He was lying propped up with pillows, his head swathed in bandages, and his face pale and haggard. Under the covers his long legs stretched almost to the end of the cot, and his big, powerful hands were lying limp on the counterpane. He was in a private room, in an inside wing of the hospital, very quiet and retired.

When the attendant left and they introduced themselves he looked sort of scowling from one to the other. Both noticed the same thing—a kind of uneasiness, as if his apprehensions were aroused, and for all his broken head he was on the job, not weak and indifferent, but wary and alert.

This wasn't what they wanted, so they started in telling him the news they thought would please him and put him at his ease. A clew had been picked up

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WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
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and promises a magazine of town and country life and of interior decoration and furnishing which will lead in its special field as *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* are acknowledged leaders in their respective fields.



Illustration from The House Beautiful

The House Beautiful

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If you are interested in minor improvements in painting and papering,
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He would not do this if there really were a risk because he is a hard-headed business man. He has taken the risk out of his business by putting quality into his goods.

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THE NATIONAL PERIODICAL ASSOCIATION

This is the Twenty-First of a Series of Trade-Mark Advertisements in Collier's.

in Philadelphia that looked as though the mystery of his attack was solved.

"In fact," says O'Malley, "a man's been run to earth there that we're pretty sure is the one."

Both men were watching him and both saw a change come over him that caught their eyes and held them. Instead of being relieved he was scared.

"Have you got the man?" he said.

O'Malley nodded.

"That's what we have."

"Who is he?"

"Party called Sammis. Answers to the description."

BEFORE he could go further Ford raised himself on his elbow, looking downright terrified.

"Joseph Sammis?" he said, his eyes set staring on O'Malley.

"That's it. We tracked him up and found him. But I don't want to raise any false hopes. We were too late. When we got there he was dead."

The news had an extraordinary effect upon Ford. He gave a gasp, and raised himself up into a sitting posture, his mouth open, his eyes glued on O'Malley.

"*Dead?*"

O'Malley answered:

"Heart disease—angina pectoris. The doctor down there said some strain or effort had finished him. That, as we see it, was the attack he made on you."

Then Ford did the most surprising thing of all. Raising his hands he clapped both over his face, and with a big, heaving sob from the bottom of his chest, fell back on the pillows and began to cry!

Babbitts said you couldn't have believed it if you hadn't seen it—he and O'Malley looking stumped at each other and between them that great ox of a man, lying in the bed crying like a baby. Then Himself, being fearful that maybe they'd done the man harm, rose up to go after a nurse, but O'Malley caught him by the coat, whispering: "Keep still, you goat"—then turned and said very pleasant to Ford: "Knocked you out, old man. That's natural, nerves still weak. Keep it up till you feel better. Don't mind us—we're used to it."

Presently the sobs began to ease off and Ford, groping under the pillow for a handkerchief, said, all choked up:

"How did you come to connect him with me?"

"By papers found in his desk, records of a real-estate business you and he'd been in some years ago at Syracuse."

"That's the man," said Ford, between his hiccupy catches of breath, "and he's dead?"

"Dead as Julius Cæsar." O'Malley leaned forward, his voice dropping. "You *knew* he was the chap that attacked you."

Ford, his head drooped, his shoulders hunched up like an old woman's, nodded.

"Yes, I lied when I said he was a stranger to me."

"Why did you do that?" asked Babbitts.

It was just what you might know he'd ask. One of the cutest things about Himself is that he never can understand why anyone, no matter what the provocation, has to lie.

Ford didn't answer, and O'Malley, giving his chair a hitch nearer to the bed, said, kind and persuasive:

"Say Ford, you'd better tell us all you know. We got the papers, and most of the information. The man's dead. Clean it up and we'll let it drop."

Without raising his head Ford said, low and sort of sullen: "All right—if you agree to that. I was in business with him, and I—I—didn't play fair, lit out with some of the money." He turned a lowering look on Babbitts. "That's the answer to your question"—then back to O'Malley. "I didn't run across him or hear of him in all this time and supposed the whole thing was buried and forgotten till he came into my room Tuesday night. He was blazing mad, said he'd been waiting for a chance to even up, and had at last found me. To keep him quiet I said I'd give him some money. I had some."

"Yes, yes," said O'Malley, nodding cheerfully, "the legacy your uncle left you."

Ford shot a look at him, sharp and quick. "Oh, you know about that?"

"Naturally. Inquiries have been made in all directions. Go on."

"I hadn't much cash there, a few dollars, but I thought I'd hand him that and agree to pay him more later. He said he didn't want money, *that* wouldn't square our accounts, and as I went to the desk he came up behind me and struck me. That's all I know."

"Did he say how he'd located you?"

"Yes. He'd been looking for me ever since I'd skipped but couldn't find me. Then he saw my name in the papers after the Harland suicide. Some fool reporter spoke to me in the street that night and I told him who I was and where I worked. A short while after Sammis phoned up to the Black Eagle Building, heard from Miss Whitehall I'd left and got from her my house address."

"Did he say what he was doing in Philadelphia?"

"He had some new job there, he didn't say what—but he said he was well paid. That came out in his blustering about not wanting my money."

There was a pause, Babbitts and O'Malley scribbling in their notebooks, Ford sitting up in that hunched position, looking surly at his hands lying on the counterpane. So far every word he'd said tallied with what they already knew. Babbitts was wondering how O'Malley was going to get round to the real business of the interview, when the detective suddenly raised up from his notes, and leaning forward tapped lightly on one of Ford's hands with the point of his pencil.

"Say, Ford, how about that legacy from your uncle?"

Ford gave a start, stiffened up and looked quick as a flash into the detective's face.

"What about it?" he stammered.

O'Malley, his body bending forward, his pencil tip still on Ford's hand, said with sudden, grim meaning:

"*We* know where it came from."

For a second they eyed each other, Babbitts said it looked like an electric current was passing between them, holding them as still as if they were mesmerized. Then O'Malley went on, very low, each word falling slow and clear from his lips:

"We know all about that money and the game you've been playing. This Sammis business isn't what we're here for. It's the other—the Harland matter, the thing that's been occupying your time and thoughts lately. That outside job of yours, that job that was finished on the night of January the 15th." He paused and Ford's glance slid away from him, his eyes like the eyes of a trapped animal traveling round the walls of the room. "We've got you, Ford. The whole thing's in our hands. Your only chance is to tell, tell everything you know. Go ahead," he almost whispered, "what was that money paid you for?"

Ford tried to smile, the ghost of that cocksure grin distorting his face like a grimace.

"I guess you've got the goods on me," he said. "I know when I'm beaten. You needn't try any third degree. I'll tell."

Babbitts was so excited he could hardly breathe. The Big Story was his at last. He was going to hear the murderer's confession from his own lips. Ford lifted his head, and holding it high and defiant, looked at O'Malley and said slowly: "I got that money from Hollings Harland for reporting to him the affair between Johnston Barker and Miss Whitehall."

(To be continued next week)

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VOLUME 56 NUMBER 6

OCTOBER 23 1915

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

THE MOST INTERESTING AMERICAN

WHAT ROOSEVELT WOULD HAVE DONE

BY JULIAN STREET

AS A CHILD I remember waiting eagerly in the window of our house to catch a first glimpse of an uncle I had never seen, but who was the hero of my dreams, an army officer who had fought the Indians. When I had waited half the afternoon a man came up our steps and rang the bell. He wore a dark overcoat and a derby hat, and since I was looking for a man wearing a uniform and sword I paid but little attention to him. But presently he came into the room, and I learned that, after all, this was my soldier uncle. To this day I remember the shock of that disappointment. I do not remember what he looked like; only what he did not look like: that he didn't look like my idea of an army officer; that he was nothing to show off to the other boys.

A few weeks ago, when I first met Colonel Roosevelt, I felt a slight recurrence of this disappointment. I cannot pretend that I expected him to be attired in the khaki of the cavalry or to be heavily armed, but I did expect him to be—what shall I say?—to be more like the cartoons; to be, somehow, wilder looking. As I had not expected my uncle to look like a civilian, I had not expected Colonel Roosevelt to look like a conservative banker of Amsterdam or The Hague. And that was what he made me think of as he sat behind his desk in one of the editorial offices of the "Metropolitan Magazine." The only sign there was about him that afternoon of the much pictured Rough Rider was the broad-brimmed, putty-colored hat which he laid upon his desk as he came in, and even that was but a modified version of the out-and-out cowboy hat, such as they wear around Medora.

Though I missed the cartoon costume, I was not to be cheated of the smile. It met all specifications. As the Colonel advanced to greet me he showed his hard, white teeth, wrinkled his red weather-beaten face, and squinted his eyes half shut behind the heavy lenses of his spectacles, in suggestion, as it seemed to me, of a large, amiable lion which comes up purring gently as though to say: "You needn't be afraid. I've just had luncheon."

His handshake surprised me. Though his manner is heartily cordial, his grip in shaking hands cannot be described as firm. It struck me that he has probably been obliged to shake hands much more than he wished to, and that he has formed the habit of saving himself by letting the other fellow do the gripping. Nor was it the massive, rawboned hand I had expected. It is rather small, very thick through the palm, and—I hesitate to write it—somewhat fat. Let me hasten to add, however, that it is far from being a weak-looking hand, and that, as to color, it is highly satisfactory, the back of it being as brown as a glove. For the rest, his torso is like a barrel, his neck thick, short, and full of power, and his hair, as he himself has said, "has always been like rope."

After I had met him a man asked me if he had aged. I remember that the word "aged," applied to Colonel Roosevelt, struck me as bizarre. True, his mustache is now quite gray, but he has not aged and will not age. He has simply ripened, matured. He is fifty-seven years old (two years younger than President Wilson and one year younger than ex-President Taft), looks forty-seven, and evidently feels as men of thirty-seven wish they felt.

It was the day after his Plattsburg speech, and I had been there but a moment when reporters came to find out what he had to say about the criticisms of his speech which had been printed in the morning papers. The Colonel remained seated at his desk while he dictated the first few paragraphs of a statement which the reporters wrote down word for word, but as he warmed to his work he arose and paced slowly back and forth, thinking out his remarks very carefully, speaking in a measured tone, enunciating with a kind of exaggerated distinctness which is always characteristic of him, forming each syllable elaborately with his mobile lips, the workings of which cause his mustache to gyrate at times in a curious manner. All these mannerisms are manifested in his most casual conversation, but when he is making a "statement" or dictating a letter they become extreme.

When the statement was complete Colonel Roosevelt resumed his seat and for a moment discussed, informally, certain aspects of the Plattsburg matter. He did not say that these subsequent utterances were, as the saying goes, "not for publication," but the change in his tone and manner made the fact so clear that to say so was unnecessary. For the most part he spoke gravely, looking up earnestly at the reporters who were standing about his desk, their eyes fixed intently upon his face. Their physiognomies were, like his, exceedingly grave, and the thought came to me that the Colonel's facial expression was somehow reflected, for the moment, upon their features. However, it was not until he lapsed briefly into irony, turning on, as he did so, that highly specialized smile, that I perceived how truly those young men reflected him. At his smile they all grinned open and responsive grins. To watch their faces was like watching the faces of an audience at a play: when the hero was indignant they became indignant; when he sneered they sneered; and when he was amused they seemed almost to quiver with rapturous merriment.

Then, and at other times, I studied carefully the Colonel's mode of speech. Each syllable leaves his mouth a perfectly formed thing; his teeth snap shut between the syllables, biting them apart, and each important, each accented syllable is emphasized not merely vocally, but also with a sharp forward thrust of the head which seems to throw the word clattering into the air. When he utters the first personal pronoun it sounds like "I-ye-e-e-e-," with the final "e's" trailing off like the end of an echo.

Colonel Roosevelt feels strongly about things and, as we know, expresses him-

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper



"Terrible Teddy!" *This creature has no more existence in fact than have the "Yellow Kid," "Buster Brown," or "Mutt and Jeff." It represents the Roosevelt Legend, and there are more people who believe in it than those who believe in Santa Claus*

self strongly, but it is my belief that his indescribably vigorous manner of speaking has at times been confused in people's minds with what he has actually said. Though his language is forcible, it is never "strong" in the usual sense of that word as applied to language. Regarding strong language, as regarding other things, he practices what he preaches. He is himself what he called Admiral Mahan: "A Christian gentleman," but as Disraeli wrote of some one, "his Christianity is muscular." I talked to him on many subjects which, had he been a profane man, would have elicited profanity, but he was not betrayed. Of the Secretary of the Navy he remarked, for example: "Of course he's a *fright*-ful Secretary!" and it sounded terrible enough. Again in speaking of another man of whom he disapproves he called him "That *Creat*-ure!" and quite the most awful word I have ever heard him apply to any man was the word "*skunk-k-k!*" applied by him in a moment of great irritation. Now, of course, if your conception of a president, or an ex-president, implies a cold, exalted, supernatural being, half man, half god, with a flow of conversation that never sounds more colloquial than John McCullough reading Ruskin's "Stones of Venice"—if that is your conception of what a president should be, why, then you might not be pleased with Colonel Roosevelt or his language in private conversation.

"I'm No Opportunist"

COLONEL ROOSEVELT drinks a little light wine, and smokes not at all. A friend of his explained his abstinence to me in this way: "His vitality is such that he doesn't need the stimulation of alcohol and nicotine, as some of the rest of us feel we do. And it is the same about swearing: he doesn't need to swear, because he can say 'Pacifist' or 'Woodrow Wilson' or 'William Jennings Bryan' in tones which must make the Recording Angel shudder. But the only Roosevelt Dam is the one they named for him in Arizona."

I was reminded of this when, in the course of conversation, President Wilson's series of notes to Germany was mentioned.

"Oh, how I'd have liked to praise Wilson if he'd given me the chance!" exclaimed Colonel Roosevelt with feeling. "I'm not for Roosevelt; I'm not for any man; I'm for the United States. Every president has a right to time, at first, in which to formulate his policies. Through the early part of the Wilson Administration I waited and hoped, in spite of a belief that I have long held that the pedagogic mind is generally too theoretical and abstract for politics. Even now, if the President were a business man, and had not familiarized himself with history, and written history, he might be forgiven. But he is a collége president and a historian, and has, by very direct implication, criticized Jefferson and Madison for some of the very errors of which he himself, as President, has been guilty. In his 'History of the American People' he speaks of Jefferson's reduction of the army and navy, refers to our 'amateur' soldiers in the War of 1812, and says that 'the war began with a series of defeats in the north at once ridiculous and disgraceful.'

"Bryan! Mexico! Daniels! No fleet maneuvers for the first two years! 'Too proud to fight!' And all these letters to Germany!" The Colonel had the air of snorting his contempt; then he added slowly, sardonically: "Of late I have come almost to the point of *loathing* a bee-*you*-ti-ful, *pol*-ished *dic*-tion!"

Colonel Roosevelt knows very well that he is severely criticized by many people for his attacks upon the Administration; that a considerable body of his fellow citizens attribute those attacks to political motives, while others take the point of view that, though he has told the truth on vitally important matters, he ought to have preserved a dignified silence. In this connection I asked him if there were precedents for criticism of a president by an ex-president. He replied:

"John Quincy Adams went to the House of Representatives after having been president and became the most bitter critic and opponent of the Mexican and slavery policies of Presidents Tyler and Polk." Then, with a sardonic smile, he added: "The most striking attack of this character I know of was, however, made by a president upon an ex-president. I refer to the offer of twenty-five millions to Colombia by Mr. Wilson because of what I did as President about the Panama Canal."

These points will, perhaps, be of interest to those who criticize Colonel Roosevelt on the ground that his fulminations are in questionable taste. And it may be added that where questions of taste are raised, as against the welfare of the country, taste cuts but a small figure in the Colonel's mind. Feeling that he is not responsible for the leadership or fate of any party, he considers that he can serve the nation best at this time as a fearless critic, a critic who can speak freely without having to consider the effect of his words in alienating the German-American, the Pacifist, or any other vote. Acting along this line he is strongly advocating the adoption by the United States of the Swiss system of universal military training, for the reasons, first, that it would practically guarantee the country against invasion; second, that it would give American young men a sense of their individual duty to the Government; and, third, that the moderate amount of military discipline and training involved would benefit the men of the country morally and physically.

"The people who consider me an opportunist," he remarked, "will, of course, say that I've taken up with preparedness merely to feather my own nest, although, as everyone who will take the trouble to find out may ascertain, I have been shouting preparedness at the top of my lungs for thirty-five years. Also," the Colonel continued, "they will say: If Roosevelt believes in the Swiss system now, why didn't he believe in it when he was President? I'll tell you why: I did investigate the Swiss system years ago, but the need of universal military service, and likewise the folly of such treaties as the Hague Convention, did not come out clearly until this war started—though now they should be clear to everyone. No one should blame the President for not having favored universal military service when he came into office, but certainly he ought to be for it now.

"Then there are these Jacks who say: 'What did Roosevelt do for preparedness when he was President?' They try my patience. I labored to get four battleships a year with other ships in proportion. Finally I succeeded in getting a program of two a year. Before I came in, Congress had stopped appropriating money for battleships. My two-battleship program was continued until the Democrats came into power in 1910. Then it was dropped. When I became President the navy was run down. I could only get public opinion back of me on one thing, the navy or the army, and I selected the navy because it is our first line of defense. When I left office we were next to England as a naval power. Now we are fourth or fifth. I sent the fleet of sixteen battleships around the world—a thing no other power ever did, and which foreign naval authorities did not think could be done. I have always regarded that world cruise as one of the best things I ever did for the promotion of peace. It is right that the people of the United States remember the men who work for the navy and those who work against it. Those who helped me to build up the fleet were Lodge of Massachusetts, Clarke of Arkansas, Beveridge of Indiana, Hopkins of Illinois, Cockrell of Missouri, and O. H. Platt of Connecticut. My Secretaries of the Navy were Long, Moody, Morton, Bonaparte, Metcalf, and Newberry. Those who were the principal opponents of the navy were Senators Hale, Tillman, and Perkins. Hale was the big fellow. He used Tillman. The manipulation of the Naval Committee was such that whatever Hale's navy yard (Portsmouth) needed it received and whatever Tillman's navy yard needed it also received, although both navy yards ought to have been closed. At that time it would have been useless for me to try to get them closed, but now, with public sentiment aroused, it would be possible, if the Secretary of the Navy would do his duty. But he has been opening useless yards instead of closing them. As to our little army, I built it up and made it twice as efficient. The army corps I sent to Cuba under General Barry was as far superior to Shafter's army, with which I went to Cuba, as light is to dark. I fought as hard as I could while I was President for big maneuvering camps, and I did succeed in getting a general staff for the army, though I could never get one for the navy."

I asked his opinion as to our duties in connection with the European war.

"I felt very strongly," he said, "that this Government should have taken action concerning Belgium on the 28th, 29th, or 30th of July, but I held my tongue. You must (*Continued on page* 24)

Roosevelt as a Prophet

"It is strange, indeed . . . there should exist men who actually oppose the building of a navy by the United States, nay, even more, actually oppose so much as the strengthening of the coast defenses, on the ground that they prefer to have this country too feeble to resent any insult, in order that it may owe its safety to the contemptuous forbearance which it is hoped this feebleness will inspire in foreign powers. No Tammany alderman, no venal legislator, no demagogue or corrupt politician ever strove more effectively than these men are striving to degrade the nation and to make one ashamed of the name of America."—*Theodore Roosevelt, "The Bachelor of Arts," March, 1896* (19 years ago).

"A century has passed since Washington wrote: 'To be prepared for war is the most effectual means to promote peace.' We pay this maxim the lip loyalty we so often pay to Washington's words; but it has never sunk deep into our hearts. Indeed, of late years many persons have refused it even the poor tribute of lip loyalty."—*From "Washington's Forgotten Maxim," first delivered as an address in June, 1897* (18 years ago).

"In this country there is not the slightest danger of an overdevelopment of the warlike spirit, and there never has been any such danger. In all our history there has never been a time when preparedness for war was any menace to peace."—*From the same address* (18 years ago).

"Our army needs complete reorganization—not merely enlarging—and the reorganization can only come as the result of legislation. A proper general staff should be established. Above all, the army must be given the chance to exercise in large bodies. Never again should we see, as we saw in the Spanish War, major generals in command of divisions who had never before commanded three companies together in the field."—*From "The Strenuous Life," first delivered as a speech in Chicago, 1899* (16 years ago).

"The army and the navy are the sword and the shield which the nation must carry if she is to do her duty among the nations of the earth—if she is not to stand merely as the China of the Western Hemisphere."—*From the same speech* (16 years ago).

"A good many of you are probably acquainted with the proverb: 'Speak softly and carry a big stick—you will go far.' . . . Whenever on any point we come in contact with a foreign power, I hope we shall always strive to speak courteously and respectfully of that foreign power. Let us make it evident that we intend to do justice. Then let us make it equally evident that we will not tolerate injustice being done to us in return. Let us further make it evident that we use no words which we are not prepared to back up with deeds. Such an attitude will be the surest possible guarantee of that self-respecting peace, the attainment of which is and must ever be the prime aim of a self-governing people."—*From "National Duties," a speech at the Minnesota State Fair, September 2, 1901* (14 years ago).

"Remember that after the war has begun it is too late to improvise a navy. A naval war is two-thirds settled in advance."—*From a speech made in San Francisco, May 14, 1903* (12 years ago).

"So far from being in any way a provocation to war, an adequate and highly trained navy is the best guarantee against war, the cheapest and most effective peace insurance. The cost of building and maintaining such a navy represents the very lightest premium for insuring peace."—*From Roosevelt's message to the first session of the Fifty-seventh Congress, December, 1901* (14 years ago).

"All we want is peace; and toward this end we wish to be able to secure the same respect for our rights from others which we are eager and anxious to extend to their rights in return, to insure fair treatment to us commercially, and to guarantee the safety of the American people."—*From the same message* (14 years ago).

"It has been well said that there is no surer way of courting national disaster than to be 'opulent, aggressive, and unarmed.'"—*From the same message* (14 years ago).

PACK-HORSE BELLS

BY BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED C. YOHN



Lloyd Palmer came up the hill and waved gayly. "Company!" he shouted

THE Missus came out of the rubber dairy, wiping her hands. Its proper name was the coagulating shed, but Margaret liked to gather unearned increment of poetry as she went along, and so—with vaguely pleasant memories of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" in her head—she called it the rubber dairy.

The likeness was not obscure. When you entered the cool, shadowy building, with its asphalt floor worn smooth and polished by countless bare brown feet, so that the light was dimly reflected here and there as in still pools of water, you saw before you (if it was coagulating time) two long, shallow troughs of white tiling, filled with milk that would not, so far as appearance went, have disgraced any Ayrshire or Alderney. You saw boys coming in with buckets of the same milk, white and creamy looking, and pleasantly fresh in smell. You saw rows of small, white cloths hung out upon rails. You didn't see a churn, but you saw a machine of some kind that looked as if it were meant for pressing pats of butter. Of course, if you were a visitor to Neverinumu plantation, you knew that the milk in the troughs was rubber latex, and that the white cloths hung out to dry were sheets of newly made rubber. You were allowed to watch the Missus, with her bottles of acid, coagulating the latex, much as one would make curds with a bottle of rennet; you stood by while the cheesy white masses were collected and run through the machine, you went to the smokehouse and had sheets of cured rubber, dark translucent amber in color, handed down to you to look at, and you were told that each little oblong was worth three shillings and sixpence to the plantation of Neverinumu, and to its owners, Lloyd and Margaret Palmer.

THERE is a pleasant sound about the word owner; a music that never rings for the fat-salaried manager, with his free quarters and free horses, and free servants, and stores of company capital behind him. The manager is not his own man; he is a servant, and the green acres he cultivates give up their fruit, their smooth brown spheres of nuts, their glaucous, fibrous leaves, or their white blood of rubber, for others, not for him. There is no sentiment about the manager; he does not love his trees; he never pats their trunks, as a man may feel the legs of a favorite horse, rejoicing in the strength and service that are his. He does not see the beauty of the avenues of feathered palm, or the smooth plain aflutter with pale-green young Pará, set in the midst of black-walled forest. And above all things he does not call his coagulating shed a dairy.

But the Missus was an owner—she and the Master and little Elsie—and she looked down upon Neverinumu plantation that white-gold afternoon, and saw that it was good.

They had had a struggle. The Master and the Missus, in the first place, had no business to marry. Margaret was a governess, a rector's daughter without so much as a dress allowance of her own; Palmer was a barrister who had not "made good," and did not seem likely to. Palmer's important relations, of whom he had many, called him lazy; advised him to keep his nose hard to the grindstone, and then went back to their fishing and shooting. Lloyd Palmer sometimes thought they might be in the right; if it was laziness to hate with a deadly hatred all life spent under dark roofs and in dingy offices, and to long, hopelessly and ceaselessly, for the outdoor lives of his more fortunate cousins, then he was lazy.

At last, like a fairy in a tale, his godmother died and left a legacy. It was not much, and the cousins, when they heard about it, supposed in hortatory tones, that Lloyd would invest it carefully, so as to add a hundred a year or so to his small and uncertain gains in the courts of law. Instead of which, Lloyd Palmer married the girl who had been waiting for him long enough to lose most of her girlhood, read up colonial literature, found that New Guinea was the only British colony left where you could get rich, accessible land for practically nothing, and went off thither with his wife and his legacy, amid a chorus of hooting and catcalling from cousins in the shires, aunts in Mayfair, and relatives-in-law all over the country.

And they worried through. They had fever, got over it, had it again and learned to think nothing of it. They lived for a time on yams and parrots. They cleared with casual cannibal labor paid at the rate of two sticks of tobacco a week, and worth about one. They themselves planted. They sat up of nights in their stick and bark house, deadly tired, to read agricultural journals that made them sick with gayly liberal estimates of what things had to cost. Elsie came, and there was only a kind missionary lady for doctor. The "boys" got dysentery; wild pigs broke through the garden fences. Everything happened that could happen, as if to mark the displeasure of a Providence that frowned on imprudent marriages, and plantations impiously started with a third the proper amount of capital. But they got through.

The absurd little place came to bearing in four years, at the height of the rubber boom. Things improved with a bound. There was a full pantry nowadays, with columns of high-piled tins; Margaret got basket furniture up from Port Moresby by the horse and mule teams; they squeezed out the price of an iron roof and a tank. By and by there was a cow; there was an ancient horse for the Missus to ride when she went calling at the other plantations, ten and fifteen miles away. It was riches. And the good Pará trees worked on and on, and the Master and the Missus milked out of them one thing after another, books, and an acetylene lamp for the long tropic evenings, and a sewing machine, and real spring beds instead of home make-ups, and white Leghorn fowls, and herds of ducks and turkeys, and subscriptions to "Punch." Meantime the garden patch pelted them with pineapples, bananas, papaws, oranges, citrons, limes, passion fruit, granadilla, custard apples, that cost nothing but the begging of a few seeds or suckers from the next plantation; and the boxes of cartridges that came up from Port Moresby found them in wild pork and wallaby, pigeon, partridge, and a hundred unnamed bush birds. They had orchids twined over their veranda that would have been worth thousands in the hothouses of an English ducal palace. The perfume of their lime and orange flowers, the exquisite bridal scent of their papaw bloom, filled the bark-walled rooms of the little house; and in the white-hot hours of afternoon, when the boys were eating, and the chip of knives and hoes was still, the sound of their own river stealing across the rich flats of their land crept up the hill to the home of the Master and the Missus.

And they saw that it was good. And Margaret, in the door of the rubber dairy, told herself that day that she loved every bit of the place, and was happy.

"Touch wood!" she said, laying her hand on the doorpost. "But there's no ill luck about to-day. The air is full of happiness. I feel it. And, oh, we'll have the papers to read to-night."

FOR the *tank-tank* of pack-horse bells, curiously sweet and sleepy, and very far away, was sounding through the stillness of the mountain afternoon.

"They will be here in three hours," said the Missus. It took three hours for loaded beasts to descend the great zigzag that led down into the river gorge beyond Neverinumu plantation, and crawl up the corresponding track on the other side. But, when they were on the heights of the gorge, you could always hear the bells.

If you looked hard, you could even see the horses, as they came out on the brow of the precipice, small specks of brown and gray, just visible for a minute

before they plunged down again into the smothering forest of the river valley below.

Lloyd Palmer came up the hill leading to the dairy, and waved gayly to the Missus. He had a neat, whole suit of khaki on, and his boots were decent. It had not been always thus.

"Company!" he shouted.

"D'you mean the pack-horse team?" called Margaret in reply. "I heard it."

"No," said the Master, gaining the top of the hill. "Only the Holy Joes—well, the Josephs, then, if you don't like the name. I'll knock off for the afternoon and keep you company. I like a missionary who doesn't mish out of business hours, and no one could say the Josephs did."

"Oh, I am glad!" said Margaret. "I must see about the dinner. Finish that last trough for me, like a dear; they're sure to kill the laying hens if I don't see— Is Elsie dirty?"

"She's a perfectly healthy, normal child," replied the Master, walking into the coagulating room, and taking down a bottle. "Do you need any other answer?"

"Yes, she's always a little pig," said Margaret fondly, as she hurried down the hill.

"Thank God," she thought to herself, "that damask tablecloth came last team."

THE mission house in far New Guinea is the standard of comfort and style for its district. Margaret and her husband had been royally entertained at the Josephs' fine timber and iron house across the range, and Margaret herself liked the missionary lady too much not to wish to give her a small friendly set-down with the new tablecloth and the acetylene lamp and other gauds that had been acquired since the last visit of the friendly pair. So the dinner was equally a struggle and a success. It turned out well. No one could say that the mission fowls were finer than those served at Neverinumu, or the mission cream richer. The pudding was a triumph, and the coffee—native-grown—a dream. Mrs. Josephs' company muslin had not as much embroidery on it as Margaret's (nobody was to know that the latter was a damaged remnant, skillfully repaired). Elsie was incredibly clean, and alarmingly good, and her mother felt that the child's new birthday locket, nine-carat gold, price all of fourteen shillings, could not but plant the seeds of burning envy in the heart of the missionary lady—since the rival toddler whom she brought with her had only a necklace of beads round its small white velvet throat.

The evening, in short, was full of social success, and Margaret felt so good-humored that she made herself quite charming to Mr. Josephs, who looked at her shyly again and again, and felt himself delightfully wicked every time he plucked up courage to tell her that he loved the society of refined ladies. The day had gone by when his choice of an adjective would have offended Margaret.

"The Josephs," she used to say to the Master, "have all the essentials of good breeding; I never knew people with finer feelings."

Bed came early; the visitors were tired. The Missus swelled with secret pride as she spread out the new, white, fine mosquito curtain in the spare room. It was really nice to be able to give up bush canvas. And the pink china toilet set looked positively gorgeous. She hoped no one had noticed the tin jug and basin in her own bedroom. It wouldn't be there much longer now.

The sound of pack-horse bells, near, loud, and jangling, came through the scented night as she went to her own room. The team was coming.

"Oh — letters — parcels — newspapers!" cried the Missus softly, rushing out on to the veranda. "Lloyd, where are you? Lloyd, do go and get them."

For there was a cut-off by which you could pass on foot, and so intercept your team ten minutes before it could reach the house in its ordinary course. The Palmers, having waited three weeks for letters, usually found it impossible, on the arrival of the team, to wait that additional ten minutes, and one or other almost always was found waiting for the jangling, trampling horses and their guardian at the river bridge beside the track. The Master was already gone; Margaret saw his white coat (he wore one of evenings now) flitting down the avenue like a night moth in the dusk.

"Bring them all up quick; don't crab them for yourself," she called. The Master had a mean habit of staying at the bridge to skim the cream of the correspondence, and even the necessity of reading by a hurricane lamp did not always deter him from a practice that Margaret rightly felt to be antisocial.

The Missus finished brushing and plaiting her hair, made ready for bed, and got into a wrapper. Lloyd, if he were playing fair, ought to have been back by this time. He was obviously not playing fair. Margaret clicked her nails together.

"I want my letters," she said.

It grew late, but the Master did not come back. Margaret listened and listened. She knew the team had not passed on, for every now and then a faint *tank-tank* of bells sounded across the flat and up the silent hill. She could hear the river running through the cottonwoods of the flat, and the night wind from Mount Albert Edward ruffling among the young Pará trees. Flying foxes hummed about like aeroplanes; a night sound this, a sound of silence, like the river and the wind.

Margaret's nerves were giving way. Something had happened; she was sure of it. If he did not come in another five minutes. . . .

Tank-tank-tank! loud and clear, jangling along the track toward the company's plantation—the team was off again. Now he would come.

A white moth flitting up the avenue again—that was the Master's coat. A step on the side of the hill—that was the Master himself, walking with strange quickness, as men do not walk in the lands of the Never-Never. A face in the doorway. . . .

Margaret had her hands on his arms in an instant, drawing him forward.

"Massa!" she said, giving him the negro title that was her most intimate name for her husband. "Massa, what is it? Tell your own Missus."

She had drawn him to a chair. She had taken a bottle of brandy from the medicine chest, and poured some of it into a bedroom tumbler.

"Have that," she said, adding water. "I can see something's happened. Don't be afraid to—"

Lloyd Palmer burst out laughing—a long wild laugh that seemed to border on insanity. Margaret paled; she thought it must be very bad indeed, whatever it was. She remembered the Master's little heart weakness that had saved him to her and Elsie at the outbreak of the great war at home.

"Drink that," she insisted, trembling for fear of what might have happened, yet mindful of her man first of all.

PALMER drank, and then he laughed again and looked about the room. "What a hole!" he said. "What a dashed squalid hovel to live in!" His cheeks grew red; he got up, stood with his hands in his pockets and stared at Margaret.

"That wrapper's a rag," he said. "A housemaid wouldn't wear it at home." He looked at her cheeks, darkened by tropical suns, at her hands, spoiled by rubber making, at the long thin plaits that hung over her pink cotton robe—they had been thicker before she had had fever. Margaret felt, with a sudden cold horror, that he was criticizing her as if she had been a stranger. Had he met the devil down below with the pack-horse team, and sold his soul to the Powers of Darkness for some imaginary good or glory? The Missus felt it was not her husband who was speaking to her—looking at their room and their home.

"Lloyd," she said, with a choking fear of something she could not define beginning to creep up her throat, "don't talk so loud—you'll wake the Josephs."

"I don't know that it would do them any harm. Rank outsiders! Did you see how she stuck out her little finger drinking her tea, and hear him telling us the heat was 'something crool?' Mag, we're mad to have lived in this—this sty so long."

No, he was not ill. He was himself—only—only—

"Lloyd, you'll drive *me* mad if you don't say what's the matter," said the Missus, drawing away from him a little, and speaking carefully, with remembrance of the thin bark walls.

"Well," said the Master, setting down his glass. "This is the matter: I opened the last newspapers down at the bridge, to see about the war. And there were a lot of exciting things—Antwerp and—I can't tell you now. The driver and I got talking. And as I was going he asked me if the Palmer who was killed was any relation. So I looked up the casualty lists. And—" (*Continued on page* 36)



Margaret clenched her hands —Who was dead? "Brendan was killed!" burst out Palmer



FINDING THE BRITISH FLEET

BY FREDERICK PALMER

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

NOW we were on our way to the great thing—to our look behind the curtain at the hidden hosts of sea power. Of some eight hundred tons burden, our steed was doing eighteen knots, which was a dogtrot for one of her speed. "A destroyer is like an automobile," said the commander. "If you rush her all the time she wears out. We give her the limit only when necessary."

On the bridge the zest of travel on a dolphin of steel held the bridle on eagerness to reach the journey's end. We all like to see things well done, and here one had his first taste of how well things are done in the British navy, which did not have to make ready for war after the war began. With the open eye of a neutral one went, and the experience of other navies as a balance for his observation; but one lost one's heart to the British navy and might as well confess it now. A six months' cruise with our own battleship fleet was a proper introduction to the experience. Never under any flag not my own did I feel so much at home.

After the arduous monotony of the trenches and after the traffic of London it was freedom and sport and ecstasy to be there, with the rush of salt air on the face! One's imagination flew here and there over the world wherever the sea lanes lead. Our commander was under thirty years of age; and that destroyer responded to his will like a stringed instrument. He seemed a part of her, her nerves welded to his.

"Specialized in torpedo work," he said, in answer to a question. That is the way of the British navy: to learn one thing well before you go on with another. If in the course of it you learn how to command, larger responsibilities await you. If not—there's retired pay."

Inside a shield which sheltered them from the spray on the forward deck, significantly free of everything but that four-inch gun, its crew was stationed. The commander had only to lean over and speak through a tube and give a range, and the music began. That tube bifurcated at the end of an ear mask over a youngster's head; a youngster who had real sailor's smiling blue eyes, like the commander's own. For hours he would sit waiting in the hope that game would be sighted. No fisherman could be more patient or more cheerful.

"Before he came into the navy he was a chauffeur. He likes this," said the commander.

"In case of a submarine you do not want to lose any time; is that it?"

"Yes," he replied. "You never can tell when we might have a chance to put a shot into Fritz's periscope or ram him—Fritz is our name for submarines."

Were all the commanders of destroyers up to his mark, one wondered. How many more had the British navy caught young and trained to such quickness of decision and in the art of imparting it to his men?

Three hundred revolutions! The destroyer changed speed. Five hundred! She changed speed again.

Out of the mist in the distance flashed a white ribbon knot that seemed to be tied to a destroyer's bow, and behind it another destroyer, and still others, lean, catlike, but running as if legless, with greased bodies sliding over the sea. We snapped out some message to them and they answered before they swept out of sight behind a headland with uncanny ease of speed. How many destroyers had England running to and fro in the North Sea, keen for the chase and too quick at dodging and too fast to be in any danger of the underwater dagger thrust of the assassins whom they sought? We know the figures in the naval lists, but there cannot be too many. They are the eyes of the navy; the busy bees which gather the honey of information and carry a sting in their torpedo tubes.

It was chilly there on the bridge, with the prospect too entrancing not to remain even if one froze. But here stepped in naval preparedness with thick, short coats of llama wool.

"Served out to all the men last winter, when we were in the thick of it patrolling," the commander explained. "You'll not get cold in that!"

"And yourself?" was suggested to the commander.

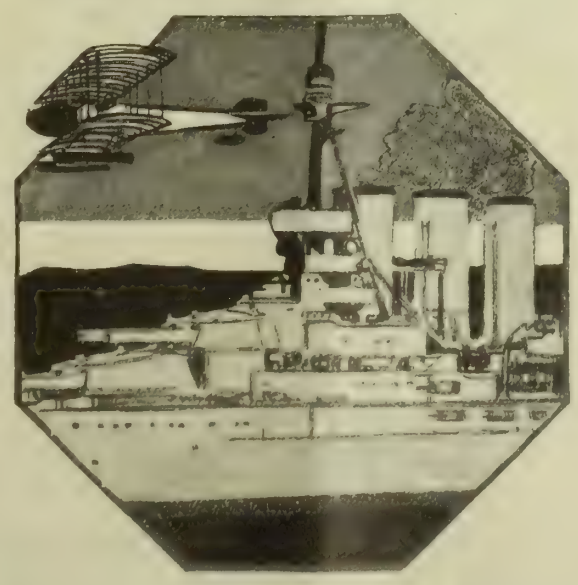
"Oh, it is not cold enough for that in September! We're hardened to it. You come from the land and feel the change of air; we are at sea all the time," he replied. He was without even an overcoat; and the ease with which he held his footing made landlubbers feel their awkwardness.

The Fleet Submarine-Proof

A JUMPY, uncertain tidal sea was running. Yet our destroyer glided over the waves, cut through them, played with them, and let them seem to play with her, all the while laughing at them with the power of the purring vitals that drove her steadily on.

"Look out!" which at the front in France was a signal to jump for a "funk pit." We ducked as a cloud of spray passed above the heavy canvas and clattered like hail against the smokestack. "There won't be any more!" said the commander. He was right. He knew that passage. One wondered if he did not know every gallon of water in the North Sea, which he had experienced in all its moods.

Sheltered by the smokestack on the main deck,



one of our party, who loved not the sea for its own sake, but endured it as a passageway to the sight of the Grand Fleet, had found warmth, if not comfort. Not for him that invitation to come below given by the chief engineer, who rose out of a round hole, wizard of the mysterious power of the turbines which sent the destroyer marching so noiselessly. He was the one who transferred the captain's orders into that symphony in mechanism. Turn a lever and you had a dozen more knots; not with a leap or a jerk, but like a cat's sleek stretching of muscles. Not by the slightest tremor did you realize the acceleration; only by watching some stationary object as you flew past.

Now a sweep of smooth water at the entrance to a harbor, and a turn—and there it was: the sea power of England!

Was that really it? That spread of grayish blue-green dots set on a huge grayish blue-green platter? One could not discern where ships began and water and sky, which held them suspended, left off. Invisible fleet it had been called. At first glance it seemed baffling phantoms, absorbing the tone of its background. Admiralty secrecy must be the result of a naval dislike of publicity.

Still as if they were rooted, these leviathans! How could such a shy, peaceful-looking array send out broadsides of twelve and thirteen-five and fifteen inch shells? What a paradise for a German submarine! Each ship seemed an inviting target. Only there were many gates and doors to the paradise, closed to all things that travel on and under the water without a proper identification. Submarines that had tried to pick one of the locks were like the fish who found going good into the trap. A submarine had about the same chance of reaching that anchorage as a German in the uniform of the Kaiser's Death Head Hussars, with a bomb under his arm, of reaching the vaults of the Bank of England.

And was this all of the greatest naval force ever gathered under a single command, these two or three columns of ships? But as the destroyer drew nearer the question changed: How many more? Was there no end to grayish blue-green monsters, in order as precise as the trees of a California orchard, appearing out of the grayish blue-green background? First to claim attention was the *Queen Elizabeth*, with her ten fifteen-inch guns on a platform which could travel at nearly the speed of the average railroad train.

The contrast of sea and land warfare appealed the more vividly to one fresh from the front in France. What infinite labor for an army to get one big gun into position! How heralded the snail-like travels of the big German howitzer! Here was ship after ship, whose guns seemed innumerable. One found it hard to realize the resisting power of their armor, painted to look as liquid as the sea, and the stability of their construction, which was able to bear the strain of firing the great shells that traveled twelve miles to their target.

Sea Power Is World Power

SEA power, indeed! And world power, too, there in the hollow of a nation's hand, to throw in whatever direction she pleased. If an American had a lump in his throat at the thought of what it meant, what might it not mean to an Englishman? Probably the Englishman would say: "I think that the fleet is all right, don't you?"

Land power, too! On the Continent vast armies wrestled for some square miles of earth. France has, say, three million soldiers; Germany five; Austria four—and England had, perhaps, a hundred thousand men on board this fleet which defended the English land and lands far oversea without firing a shot. One American regiment of infantry is more than sufficient in numbers to man a dreadnought. How precious, then, the skill of that crew! Man power is as concentrated as gun power with a navy. Ride three hundred miles in an automobile along an army front, with glimpses of units of soldiers, and you have seen little of a modern army. Here, moving down the lanes that separated these gray fighters, one could compass the whole!

Four gold letters, spelling the word *Lion*, awakened the imagination to the picture of the *Blücher* turning her bottom skyward before she sank off the Dogger Bank under the fire of the guns of the *Lion* and of the *Tiger*, astern of her, and the *Princess Royal* and the *New Zealand*, of the latest fashion in battle-cruiser squadrons which are known as the "cat" squadron. This work brought them into their own; proved how the British, who built the first dreadnought, have kept a little ahead of their rivals in construction. With almost the gun power of dreadnoughts, better than three to two against the best battleships, with the speed of cruisers and capable of overwhelming cruisers, or of pursuing any dreadnoughts, or getting out of range, they can run or strike, as they please.

Ascend that spotless gangway, so amazingly clean, as were the decks above and below and everything about the *Lion* or the *Tiger*, and you were on board one of the few ships which had been in battle. Her officers and men knew what modern naval war was like; her guns had found the difference between the wall of cloth of a towed target and an enemy's wall of armor.

In the battle of Tsushima Strait the battleships had fought at three and four thousand yards and closed into much shorter range. Since then we had had the new method of marksmanship. Tsushima ceased to be a criterion. The Dogger Bank multiplied the range by five. A hundred years since England, all the while the most powerfully armed nation at sea, had been in a naval war of the first magnitude; and to the *Lion* and the *Tiger* had come the test. The Germans said that they had sunk the *Tiger;* but the *Tiger* afloat proved a contented denial.

One could not fail to identify among the group of officers on the quarter-deck Vice Admiral Sir David Beatty, for his victory had impressed his features on the eye of all England. Had his portrait not appeared in the press, one would have been inclined to say that a first lieutenant had put on a vice admiral's coat by mistake. He was about the age of the first lieutenant of one of our battleships. Even as it was, one was inclined to exclaim: "There is some mistake! You are too young!" "Who's Who" says that he is all of forty-four years old and this must be right, though it disagrees with his appearance by five years. A vice admiral at forty-four! A man who is a rear admiral with us at fifty-five is very precocious. And all the men around him were young. The British navy did not wait for war to teach again the lesson of "youth for action!" They saved time by putting youth in charge at once.

No Rocking-Chairs with This Job

THEIR simple uniforms, the directness, alertness, and definiteness of these officers who had been with a fleet ready for a year to go into battle on a minute's notice, was in keeping with their surroundings of decks cleared for action and the absence of anything which did not suggest that hitting a target was the business of their life.

"I had heard that you took your admirals from the schoolroom," said one of the Frenchmen, "but I begin to believe that it is the nursery."

Night and day they must be on watch. No easy-chairs; their shop is their home. They must have the vitality that endures a strain. One error in battle by anyone might decide the fate of the British Empire.

It is difficult to write about any man-of-war and not be technical; for everything about her seems technical and mechanical except the fact that she floats. Her officers and crew are engaged in work which is legerdemain to the civilian.

"Was it like what you thought it would be after all your training for a naval action?" one asked.

"Yes, quite; pretty much as we reasoned it out," was the reply. "Indeed, this was the most remarkable thing. It was battle practice—with the other fellow shooting at you!"

The fire-control officers, who were aloft, all agreed about one unexpected sensation, which had not occurred to any expert scientifically predicating what action would be like. They are the only ones who may really "see" the battle in the full sense.

"When the shells burst against the armor," said one of these officers, "the fragments were visible as they flew about. We had a desire, in the midst of our preoccupation with our work, to reach out and catch them. Singular mental phenomenon, wasn't it?"

At eight or nine thousand yards one knew that the modern battleship could tear a target to pieces. But eighteen thousand—was accuracy possible at that distance?

"Did one in five German shells hit at that range?" I asked.

"No!"

Or in ten? No! In twenty? Still no, though less decisively. One got a conviction, then, that the day



of holding your fire until you were close in enough for a large percentage of hits was past. Accuracy was still vital and decisive, but generic accuracy. At eighteen thousand yards all the factors which send a thousand or fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds of steel that long distance cannot be so gauged that each one will strike in exactly the same line when ten issue from the gun muzzles in a broadside. But if one out of twenty is on at eighteen thousand yards, it may mean a turret out of action. Again, four or five might hit, or none. So no risk of waiting may be taken, in face of the danger of a chance shot at long range. It was a chance shot which struck the *Lion's* feed tank and disabled her and kept the cat squadron from doing to the other German cruisers what they had done to the *Blücher*.

"And the noise of it to you aloft, spotting the shots?" I suggested. "It must have been a lonely place in such a tornado."

"Yes. Besides the crashing blasts from our own guns we had the screams of the shells that went over and the cataracts of water from those short sprinkling the ship with spray. But this was what one expected. Everything was what one expected, except that desire to catch the fragments. Naturally, one was too busy to think much of anything except the enemy's ships—to learn where your shells were striking."

"You could tell?"

"Yes. It was enthralling, that watching the flight of our shells toward their target."

Where were the scars from the wounds? One looked for them on both the *Lion* and the *Tiger*. That armor patch on the sloping top of a turret might have escaped attention if it had not been pointed out. A shell struck there and a fair blow, too. And what happened inside? Was the turret gear put out of order?

To one who has lived in a wardroom a score of questions were on the tongue's end. The turret is the basket which holds the precious eggs. A turret out of action means two guns out of action; a broken knuckle for the pugilist. Constructors have racked their brains over the subject of turrets in the old contest between gun power and protection. Too much gun power, too little armor. Too much armor, too little gun power. Old battleships have been pounded with shells as a test and sheep put inside the turrets to see if life could survive. But in the last analysis results depend on how good is your armor, how sound your machinery that rotates the turret. British battle cruisers had a test of both. That shell did not go through bodily, only a fragment, which killed one man and wounded another. The turret would still rotate; the other gun kept in action and the one under the shell burst was soon back in action. Very satisfactory to the naval constructors.

Up and down the all but perpendicular steel ladders with their narrow steps, and through the winding passages below decks in those cities of steel, one followed his guide, receiving so much information and so many impressions that he was confused as to details between the two veterans, the *Lion*, which was hit fifteen times, and the *Tiger*, which was hit eight. Wherever you went every square inch of space and every bit of equipment seemed to serve some purpose.

A beautiful hit, indeed, was that into a small aperture where an observer looked out from a turret. He was killed and another man took his place. Fresh armor and no sign of where the shot had struck. Then below, into a compartment between the side of the ship and the armored barbette which protects the delicate machinery for feeding shells and powder from the magazine deep below the water to the guns.

"R—— was killed here. Impact of the shell passing through the outer plates burst it inside; and, of course, the fragments struck harmlessly against the barbette."

"Bang in the dugout!" one exclaimed, from army habit.

"Precisely! No harm done next door."

Trench traverses and "funk-pit shelters" for localizing the effects of shell bursts are the terrestrial expression of marine construction which provides for only a few eggs in one basket. No one shell happened to get many men either on the *Lion* or the *Tiger*. But the effect of the burst was felt in the passages, for the air pressure is bound to be pronounced in inclosed spaces which allow of little room for the expansion of the gases.

Those Mural Decorations

THEN up more ladders out of the electric light into the daylight, hugging a wall of armor whose thickness was revealed in the cut made for the small doorway which you were bidden to enter. Now you were in one of the brain centers of the ship, where the action is directed. Through slits in that massive shelter of the hardest steel one had a narrow view. Above them on the white wall were silhouetted diagrams of the different types of German ships, which one found in all observing stations. They were the most popular form of mural decoration in the British navy.

Underneath the slits was a literal panoply of the brass fittings of speaking tubes and levers and push buttons, which would have puzzled even the "Hello, Central" girl. To look at them revealed nothing more than the eye saw; nothing more than the face of a watch reveals of the character of its works. There was no telling how they ran in duplicate below the water line or under the protection of armor to the guns and the engines.

"We got one in here, too. It was a good one!" said the host.

"Junk, of course," was how he expressed the result. Here, too, a man stepped forward to take the place of the man who was killed, just as the first lieutenant takes the place of a captain of infantry who falls. With the whole telephone apparatus blown off the wall, as it were, how did he communicate?

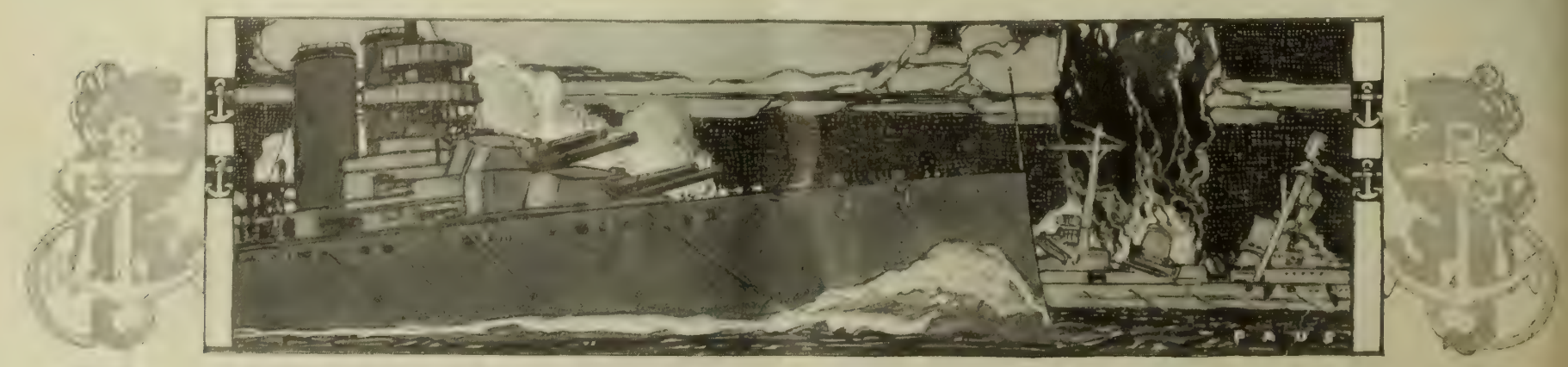
"There!" The host pointed toward an opening at his feet. If that failed, there was still another way. In the final alternative, each turret could go on firing by itself. So the Germans must have done on the *Blücher* and on the *Gneisenau* and the *Scharnhorst* in their last ghastly moments of chaos.

"If this is carried away and then that is, why, then we have—" as one had often heard officers say on board our own ships. But that was hypothesis. Here was demonstration, which made a glimpse of the *Lion* and the *Tiger* so interesting. The *Lion* had had a narrow escape from going down after being hit in the feed tank; but once in dry dock, all her damaged parts had been renewed. Particularly it required imagination to realize that this tower had ever been struck; visually, more convincing was a plate elsewhere which had been left unpainted, showing a spatter of dents from shell fragments.

"We thought that we ought to have something to prove that we had been in battle," said the host. "I think I've shown all the hits. There were not many."

Having seen the results of German gunfire, we were next to see the methods of British gunfire; something of the guns and the men who did things to the Germans.

(*Continued on page* 28)





ABOUT THE WEEPING ANNIE AND WHAT FOLLOWED

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY E. COWEN

WE HAD a baby born, and when he was old enough to almost wiggle out of his baby carriage the wife asks me if I didn't think it was time to consider seriously the future of my growing family. Well, she pretty generally told me what I ought to do, and Wheezer Mills and Scoot Schulte had been writing to me to come on South and share what looked like a good prospect to them in the wrecking line.

I went South, and even after I'd inspected what they'd picked up for a bargain I didn't reproach them; for, after all, what's an old wrecking tug beside two old friends? The *Weeping Annie* was her name, and she had her virtues, but not the kind to take to sea with you.

We had great hopes that fall of what we would do in the *Annie*. But luck was against us. It turned out a clear, mild winter, with wrecks infrequent; so coming on to spring we swapped the *Annie* for a self-propelling steam lighter with a pile-driving attachment on the for'ard end, called the *Happy Day*.

We warned the new owner of the *Annie* to keep a sharp eye out for her little tricks, but he was a wise one and we were only a bunch of young fellows that maybe were willing to hustle, but in his eyes didn't know much. The new owner only waved his hand and said: "You boys watch out for the *Happy* and I will for the *Annie*."

We already guessed the *Happy Day* must have had her secret faults, but also we knew that if the *Annie* hadn't sunk under us four or five times while we had her it was owing to Scoot and his Leakitis. The first time we ever saw any of it was one morning in a pudding dish on the galley table while Scoot was gone up the street to get some bacon to go with eggs for breakfast.

Wheezer noticed it before I did, and we thought it was some new kind of a breakfast food, especially when a note alongside it in Scoot's writing said: "To be tried with one part milk." We gave it two parts milk—we had milk aplenty—and sprinkled a little sugar over it. Scoot's idea was to calk it into any open seam and let the water coming in swell it up. After it swelled up it would harden till it was like concrete. But that wasn't explained to us till later. It had reached the swelling-up stage with us when Scoot came back with the bacon for breakfast. "Heaven's greatest gift to sufferin' man—stomach pumps!" said Wheezer when we were safe over it.

But the chap that took over the *Annie* didn't have any Scoot Schulte for a partner. About a week after he got her from us he went down to the dock one morning to go aboard, but he didn't see her anywheres. "I told 'em to have her here, six sharp!" he howls; "and here it's half past and no sign of her." But the *Annie* was there all the time, only she was resting on bottom with only the top of her smokestack sticking up, and he didn't know it was her smokestack. While her crew was sleeping she'd been sinking. The men in the top bunks got out almost in comfort, but the chaps in the lower bunks were breathing more water than air when they woke up; there was nobody drowned though. It seems the Leakitis stuff had to be reapplied about once a month or it would soften up and float away, but Scoot didn't tell him that.

We expected to do great things with the *Happy Day* in the lighterage business; but there wasn't any lighterage business to do after we took the *Happy Day* over. After one month of it, with nothing but overhead charges, we were ready to quit. I told Wheezer and Scoot to sell her for anything they could get and send me my share. I was going North. I'd never let on in my letters to my wife but what the prospects were fine, and she'd been writing me of an option she'd got on a nice little single house with a sun parlor that would be great for the baby to play in, and I saw where it was up to me to get back to some regular work. Besides, I'd been seven months away and I wanted to see for myself if the baby was actually walking.

To save borrowing money for my passage North, I shipped for deck hand on an oil ship. I wanted to ship for seaman, but I heard the skipper say to a man ahead of me: "I got all the seamen I need. What I want is a couple of men to swab decks and look after paint and brass work and so on—deck hands—"

He looked pretty sharp at me when I stepped up.

"My last job," I said before he could get started, "was rustling freight on a harbor lighter," and I pointed out the *Happy Day* to him across the harbor. "Oh," he said, "that's all right. Sign here." So I signed there, for deck hand on the oil ship *Yucatan*, Clarence Judkins master.

Bayport wasn't a regular oil port, but a half dozen trainloads of oil had been dumped in there to head off some of our warships on some maneuvering cruise and hadn't headed 'em off; so now it was to be transshipped North. After I'd signed on I came down aboard the *Happy Day* to get my dunnage.

"Judkins—Clarence Judkins, did you say, is the name o' the skipper o' that oil tanker you're goin' on!" asks Wheezer. "A well-set-up, handsome-lookin' guy, the kind to ketch a lady's eye an' lookin' like he believed in ketchin' 'em, an' a noily black piece o' whisker under his ears? Yes? Then," says Wheezer, lemme tell you about that lad—Slick Clarence."

WHEEZER generally had the asthma, but the mild winter of the South had cleaned out his speaking tubes, so that at this time he could talk fluently. "Judkins used to go master o' big steam yachts, but the last time I seen him I was workin' for a shipbuildin' concern on the Delaware, 'n' we was buildin' a big steam yacht that Judkins was superintendin' the buildin' of for a mult-eye millionaire. 'Anything Captain Judkins wants let him have: anything he wants—anything and everything,' says the millionaire, who had plenty o' money an' was a good sport. I'd like to been workin' for him myself.

"When Clarence'd get a little wine in—he never touched no beer nor cheap stuff—he used to like to have people listen to him talk," goes on Wheezer. "'D'y's'pose I'm goin' to be standin' around 'n' lookin' on at those rich loafers havin' everythin' good in life an' me pikin' along on a hundred an' seventy-five a month? Not much!' says Clarence. 'Imagine a man o' my class havin' to stand to attention to a gangway when some o' those fat-waisted mushrooms an' their families come puffin' over the side! Look at me, that's got more brains 'n' looks, more class to me, than any owner ever I sailed out

with—yeh, four times as much as most of 'em. An' some of 'em—why, I wouldn't use some of 'em to swab the decks o' their own yachts! Well, I might of their own yachts,' Clarence adds after a while, 'but not o' no yacht o' mine if I owned one. An' maybe I will be ownin' one afore long,' he says.

"An' he did. Outer the extra stuff he ordered for the big steam yacht he built a little steam yacht for himself 'n' sold her to a party never asked him how he come to be gettin' so fine a bargain for twenty thousand dollars. So there's Slick Clarence Judkins," winds up Wheezer. "An' will youse tell me what he's doin' master of a noil tanker at a hundred an' fifty a month?"

I couldn't tell him. But it was time to show up aboard the oil ship, and I did; and we lay in the harbor for two days, and when we did put out, it was in weather that any longshoreman could have told was going to be thick even if 'twouldn't be rough outside. About forty miles outside to the east'ard of Bayport is Horseshoe Shoal. In thick weather inbound vessels once in a while went enough out of their reckoning to fetch up there; but anything outbound generally gave it a wide berth, because there was no need to be cutting close to it. It was a long sand spit shoaling up so easy that in smooth weather a deep-draft ship could slide up on it while she was yet a long way from where any surf showed on it.

In less than four hours out of Bayport the *Yucatan's* bow fetches up nice and easy on Horseshoe and stays there. It was thick by now, with no sea to speak of; but there was a long swell and we were deep loaded, which meant that we were almost down to our main deck, and we carried an open rail amidships, which meant that when a swell heaved up against our side it didn't have to roll very high to roll aboard, and after rolling aboard it just naturally kept on rolling across our deck and over on the other side. It was like seeing surf breaking over a rock in the ocean; and to men not used to a deep-loaded oil ship, and not knowing too much of the sea anyway, it wasn't hard to understand why they might think they were in great danger. Anyway, the seamen or deck hands or seagoing laborers—whatever it was they shipped for—soon began to pick out safe, high spots and to cling tight to them.



Wheezer wanted to climb the hammer hoist. Scoot stuck out his head to make sure we weren't washed off

Any shipmaster that wanted to could, of course, have stopped all that with ten words; but says Captain Clarence, waving his hand and singing out from the bridge: "Have no fear, my lads. Trust to me. I will bring you safe out of this." Which was a new one, he being, according to Wheezer's account of him, more often given to damning their hides and blue lights and in other little ways putting the fear of the bridge into the deck of what ships he'd ever been master of. "Have no fear, my men, I'll guard your lives," says Captain Clarence. And it sounded fine, only a couple of wrecking tugs would have walked her off, and certainly her own engines ought to have backed her off, if he'd only stop making speeches and try them.

But Wheezer never said that Captain Clarence was any fool, and he probably knew what he was doing every minute. He went for'ard now and hove the lead a few times, and then hove it aft, and then came back to the bridge looking more solemn than before; and, looking up at him, there was no doubt that most of the crew thought if they didn't get off that ship, and in a hurry, they were gone.

"But fear not," says Judkins; "we shall yet escape from this peril," and blows a distress signal, and right away comes an answer; and in about a minute and a half, from almost under our stern, comes a tugboat, the *Niobe*, with "Parson" Davies skipper of her.

(*Continued on page* 33)

THE BLACK EAGLE MYSTERY

BY GERALDINE BONNER

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Chapter Seven—Molly the Traitor

IF YOU'D hit him in the head with a brick [continues Molly] Babbitts said he couldn't have been more knocked out. He had sense enough to smother the exclamation that nearly burst from him, but he *did* square round in his chair and look aghast at O'Malley. That old bird never gave a sign that he'd got a blow in the solar plexus. For all anyone could guess by his face it was just what he'd expected to hear.

"You were in Harland's pay," he murmured, nodding his head.

"I was in Harland's pay from the first of December to the day of his death. In that time he gave me eight hundred dollars."

O'Malley, slouching comfortably against his chair back, drooped his head toward his shoulder and said:

"Suppose you tell us the whole thing—straight from the start. It'll be easier that way."

"Any way you want it," said Ford. "It's all the same to me. I first met Harland in the elevator some time in the end of November. Seeing me every day he spoke to me casually and civilly, as one man does to another. There was nothing more than that till Johnston Barker began coming to the Azalea Woods Estates; then, bit by bit, Harland grew more friendly. I'll admit I was flattered; a chap in my position doesn't usually get more than a passing nod from a man in his. As he warmed up toward me, feeling his way with questions, I began to get a line on what he was after—he wanted a tab kept on Barker."

"Jealous?" O'Malley suggested.

"Desperately jealous. As soon as the thing opened up before me I saw how matters stood. He was secretly crazy about Miss Whitehall and was easy until Barker cut in, *then* he got alarmed. Barker was a bigger man than he, and there was no doubt about it that she liked Barker. When he realized that he put it up to me straight. He'd sized me up pretty thoroughly by that time and knew that I'd—what's the use of mincing matters?—do his dirty work for him."

O'Malley inclined his head as if he was too polite to contradict.

"He offered me good money and all I had to do was to watch her and Barker and report what I heard or saw. It was a cinch—I was on the spot, the only other person in the office a fool of a stenographer, a girl who hardly counted."

"What was the result of your—er—investigations?"

"That Barker was in love with her too. He came often on a flimsy excuse that he wanted to build a house in the tract. She was friendly at first, then for a while very cold and haughty—as if they might have had a quarrel. Then they seemed to make that up and get as thick as thieves."

"Did *she* seem to care for Harland?"

"Not exactly—anyway not the way he did for her. She was always awfully nice to him—the few times he came into the office—gentle and sweet, but not the way she was with Barker. She was two different women to them—with Harland a sort of affable, gracious winner, but with Barker a girl with a man she's fond of, natural, glad to see him, no society stunts.

"A little before Christmas I caught on to the fact that she was receiving letters from Barker, and Harland offered me extra money if I'd get their contents. This wasn't so easy. Generally she took them away with her, but twice she left them on her desk. All I had to do then was to stay overtime and when she was gone copy them. That way I got on to something that fazed us both—she and Barker were up to some scheme."

O'Malley moved slightly in his chair.

"Scheme?" he said. "What do you mean by scheme?"

"Something they were planning to do. After Christmas every time he'd come they'd go into the private office and talk there so low you couldn't catch a word. And the letters were all about it, but we couldn't get a line on what it was. I'll show them to you and you'll see for yourself. It got Harland wild, for though they weren't exactly love letters, they showed that she and Barker were close knit on some secret enterprise."

"Did you continue this work till the day of the suicide?"

"I did—to the night—to the time it happened. Harland was getting more and more worked up. I don't know whether it was the Barker-Whitehall business or his own financial worries, but I could see he was holding the lid on with difficulty. That day, January 15, as you may remember, he was in her office and had a talk with her. As he went out I saw that he looked cheered up, brisk and confident. Of course I've no idea what she said to him, but knowing the state he was in, I'll swear it was something that gave him hope. Yet a few hours after that he killed himself.

"Seeing him so heartened up and being curious myself, I decided to stay that evening and do a little quiet snooping among her papers. But she nearly blocked that game. She was in the habit of going between half past five and six, leaving me to close up. That night she didn't do it, but hung about in the office, and after watching her for a few minutes I saw that she was on the jump—moving about, going from one desk to the other, glancing at the clock. Her manner made me certain that something was up—it was possible it had to do with the scheme she and Barker were hatching. I got the idea that I'd go and come back after a while, on the chance of stumbling on something that would be useful to my employer. I left her there and after loafing round for about half an hour returned. The office was dark and she'd gone. I lit up and looked over her desk in the exhibit room and a table in my room where she kept some papers, but found nothing. Then I thought I'd take a look into the private office, but that door was locked."

"Ah, locked," said O'Malley, calm as a summer sea. "Was that her custom?"

"Not as far as I knew. *I'd* never found it locked before. It gave me an uneasy feeling, for I thought she might have suspected what I was doing and

turned the key against any invasion of her particular sanctum. She was no fool and might have caught on. So I fixed up the papers as I found them and left the office. I've always supposed the poor chap was up that side corridor as I stood there waiting for the car."

Babbitts bent over his notebook scribbling—he had to hide his face. He told me he thought the expression on it of stunned, crestfallen blankness would have given him away to an idiot. Waiting with their ears stretched to hear a confession of murder—and *this* was what they got! And the man wasn't lying; every word he'd said tallied with the facts we'd been worming and digging to find. He couldn't possibly have known murder had been discovered—he hadn't any suspicion a murder had been committed. The great revelation that was to have broken on the public with an explosion like a dynamite bomb—was that Tony Ford was Harland's paid spy!

Ford turned to Babbitts and asked him to get some letters off the table and then went on to O'Malley.

They were the three letters Babbitts had taken after the attack, copies of which at that moment were lying in O'Malley's pocket.

IT WAS not till they were out on the hospital steps that they dared to speak. O'Malley's face was a study, his mouth drooped down to his chin and his eyes dismal and despairing like he'd come from a tragedy.

"Well!" he said, "what do you make of that?"

"Zero!"

"Not a thing to do with it; hasn't a suspicion of it, no more involved in it than that sparrow there," he pointed to a sparrow that had lit on the step near by. "I've had setbacks in my profession before—but this!" he stopped, stuck his hands into his pockets, and stared blankly at the sparrow.

"Well, if it lets him out," said Babbitts, "it tightens the cords round the other two."

"It does, my son." O'Malley roused up and came out of his depression. "Instead of a brain and a pair of hands as we've called it, it was a brain and one hand—the smart hand, the right. That was the woman."

He turned and began to descend the steps, taking Babbitts by the arm to draw him closer and speaking low. "Do you see how it went? They were in the private office when Ford came back, she and Barker and the dead man. When they heard him come they switched off the light and locked the door—and, great Scott! can you imagine how they felt? Shut in there in the dark with their victim, not knowing who Ford could be or what he was doing, listening to him rummaging round, his steps coming nearer, his hand on the door knob! I'm too familiar with murder to see any terrors in it—but *that* situation! I've never known the beat of it in all my experience. Then when Ford goes, on his very heels—over and out with the thing they'd killed. And both of them back there again, or maybe stealing to the front windows and taking a look down at the crowd below."

I heard all this late that night from Babbitts. But there was more to it than I've told in the last chapter, for after they left the hospital O'Malley and Babbitts went to the Whitney office and had a séance with the old man and Mr. George.

Though Ford had disappointed them, his story had made the way clear for a decisive move. This was decided upon then and there. On Monday morning they would ask Miss Whitehall to come to Whitney & Whitney's and subject her to a real examination. If she maintained her pose of ignorance, they would suddenly face her with their complete information.

The next day was Sunday. I'll not forget it in a hurry. Many a high-pressure day I've had in my twenty-five years, but none that had anything over that one. It was gray and overcast, clouds low down over the roofs which stretched away in a gray huddle of flat tops and slanting mansards and chimneys and clotheslines. Babbitts spent the morning on the davenport, looking like a boat floating through a sea of newspapers. I couldn't settle down to anything, thinking of what was going to happen the next morning, thinking of that girl, that beautiful girl, with her soul stained with crime, and wondering if she could feel the shadow that was falling across her.

After lunch Himself went out saying he'd take a shot at finding Freddy Jasper and going with him up to Yonkers where there'd been some Anarchist row. He was restless too. If things turned out right, he'd get his big story at last—and what a story it would be! He'd get a raise for certain, and as he kissed me good-by he said he'd give me the two glass lamps and a new set of furs—anything I wanted short of sable or ermine.

In the afternoon Iola dropped in all dolled up and decked with a permanent smile, for she'd landed her new job and liked it fine. As she prattled away she let drop something that caught my ear, and lucky it was as you'll see presently. On her way over she'd met Delia, the Whitehalls' maid, who told her the ladies were going to move back to the Azalea Woods Estates, where some one had given them a cottage. Delia had just been to see them and found that Mrs. Whitehall had already gone, and Miss Whitehall was packing up to follow on Monday afternoon.

AT SIX Iola left, having a date for supper, and a little after that I had a call from Babbitts, saying he and Freddy Jasper had found the Anarchist business more important than they expected and he wouldn't be home till all hours.

It was near eleven and me thinking of bed when there was a ring at the bell. That's pretty late for callers, even in a newspaper man's flat, and I jumped up and ran into the hall. After I'd jammed the push button I opened the door, spying out for the head coming up the stairs. It came—a derby hat and a pair of broad shoulders, and then Jack Reddy's face, raised to mine, grave and frowning.

"Hello, Molly," he said. "It's late, but I couldn't find any of the others, so I came to you."

If he hadn't seen anyone, he didn't know what had transpired. The thought made me bubble up with eagerness to tell him the new developments. That was the reason, I guess; I didn't notice how serious he was, not a smile of greeting, not a handshake. He didn't even take off his coat, but throwing his hat on to one of the hall pegs, said:

"I've only just got in from Buffalo. I phoned to the Whitney house from the Grand Central, but they're both out of town, not to be back till to-morrow morning, and O'Malley's away too. Do you know how Ford is?"

"You bet I do. He's sat up, taken nourishment, and *talked*."

"Talked? Have they *seen* him?"

"They have," I turned away and moved up the hall. "Come right in and I'll tell you."

I went into the dining room where the drop-light hung bright over the table, and was going on to the parlor when I heard his voice, loud and commanding, behind me.

"What's he said?"

I whisked round, and there he was standing by the table, his eyes fixed hard and almost fierce on me.



She seemed turned to stone

"All right." I dropped down into Babbitts's chair and motioned him to mine. "Sit down there. It's a long story and I can't tell it to you if you stand in front of me like Patience on a monument."

He took the chair and putting his elbows on the table, raised his hands, clasped together, and leaned his mouth on them. The light fell full on his face, and over those clasped hands his eyes stared at me so fixed and steady they looked the eyes of an image. I don't think while I told him he ever batted a lid, and I know he never said a word.

"So you see," I said, when I was through, "Ford's as much out of it as you are."

Without moving his hands he asked: "What do they think?"

"Why, what do you suppose they think? Instead of there being three of them in it there were two."

"They think she and Barker did it?"

"Of course. They've worked it out this way"—I leaned over the table, my voice low, giving him the details of their new theory. As I told it there was something terrible in those eyes. All the kindness went out of them and a fire came in its place till they looked like crystals with a flame behind them.

When I finished he spoke, and this time his voice sounded different, hoarse and muffled.

"Have they made any plan? Decided on their next step?"

"They've got it all arranged." And I went on about the interview that was planned for the next morning. "With her thinking herself safe the way she does, they're sure they can give her such a jolt she'll lose her nerve and tell."

He gave an exclamation, not words, just a choked, fierce sound, and, dropping his hands on the table, burst out like a volcano:

"The dogs—the devils! Dragging her down there to terrify a lie out of her!"

He leaped to his feet, sending the chair crashing down on the floor. I fell back where I sat, paralyzed not only by his words but at the sight of him.

"Haven't you," he said, "a woman, any heart in you? Are you, that I've always thought all kindness and generosity, willing to hound an innocent girl to her ruin?"

He grabbed the back of a chair near him and leaned over it glaring at me, shaking, gasping, and the color of ashes.

"But—but," I faltered, "she's *done* it."

"She hasn't," he shouted. "You're all fools, imbeciles, mad. It's a lie—an infamous, brutal lie!"

HE DROPPED the chair and turned away, beginning to pace up and down, his hands clenched, raging to himself. The room was full of the sound of his breathing, as if some great throbbing piece of machinery was inside him.

And I—there in my seat, fallen limp against the back—saw it all! What a fool I'd been—what an *idiot!* He with his empty heart and that beautiful girl—the girl that any man might have loved, and how much more Jack Reddy, knowing her poor and lonesome and believing her innocent and persecuted. I felt as if the skies had fallen on me. My hero—that I'd never found a woman good enough for—in love with a murderess!

He stopped in his pacing and tried to get a grip on himself, tried to speak quietly with his voice gone to a husky murmur. "To-morrow, do you say? To-morrow they're going to do this damnable thing?"

"To-morrow at ten in Mr. Whitney's office," I answered, weak and trembling.

He stood for a moment looking on the ground, his brows drawn low over his eyes, the bones of his jaw showing set under the flesh. A deadly fear seized me—a fear that followed on a flash of understanding. I got up—I guess as white as he was—and went over to him.

"Jack," I said. "You can't do anything. Everything's against her. There's not a point that doesn't show she's guilty." (*Continued on page* 31)



"When did they discover it?" she said in a low voice

COLLIER'S

Lending to Ourselves

IF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES understood investment in foreign government bonds as the people of European countries understand the subject, an Anglo-French loan of $1,000,000,000 would have been taken by this country in twenty-four hours on a 4½ per cent basis.

The outstanding feature of the great loan appears to us to be that it is in reality a loan to the American people. It is an accommodation to the British and French nations for our own present and ultimate benefit. This country is for the time the market for the world. To us must come the other nations for supplies of every sort. The merchant would not be thought forehanded who would deny credit to a solvent customer who found it inconvenient to pay cash. Credit to countries like England and France is better than cash. It is cash plus interest, plus a continuance of trade on a large scale. Without it there must inevitably be a falling off in the demand abroad for American products. A man who is obliged to pay in coin for everything he wants will have to want less. A nation is similarly placed. It will eat less bread and meat, it will buy less cotton and steel. It must deny itself. It will spend cautiously from day to day. What were necessities once will become luxuries. So it is sound business for the merchant, nation, or individual to encourage demand by a wise use of credits to customers who are sure to pay. The money derived from this loan will be all spent in this country. It will pay for the wheat, corn, meat, steel, cotton, and all the hundreds of other products which this peculiarly favored industrial and agricultural people raises or manufactures, and which less fortunate nations are unable to raise or manufacture for themselves. It will maintain the stability of our markets. It will keep our customers. It will establish our trade on a better basis than it has ever enjoyed. It will find its way, every dollar of it, into the pockets of the American farmer, planter, manufacturer, or merchant. That, and no sentimentality or partisanship, is the reason why it has interested business men in all parts of the country, for no part of the country will fail to derive benefit from it.

Whether our notoriously absent-minded bankers have struck a good bargain for this country or not it would hardly be seemly for us to say. But it may not be out of place to remark that American financiers appear to regard the results of the negotiations with a degree of complacency which is not general in London. That is evidence enough for the plain but canny individual who is known as the "man in the street," but it was left for Mr. JAMES J. HILL to tell the American farmer and the public generally the truth about this loan. A few years ago no one would have dreamed that this country would ever enjoy the privilege of lending money to the richest nation in the world at nearly 6 per cent. The security is a promise to pay by 45,000,000 people who have never been known to fail to pay and who could only fail to pay if they ceased to exist as a nation. We shall not attempt to argue that the loan will reenforce the position of the United States as the financial center of the world or to discuss the intricacies of foreign exchange. It is enough to say that the undertaking relieves a situation which seriously threatened the material prosperity of this country. It had already become inconvenient. It might have become dangerous. Moreover, this should be said to the leaders of the futile agitation against this sensible, hard-headed enterprise for the enrichment of the American people. The war cannot last forever. There must be an end to this fury. We believe that, regardless of self-interest, every American hopes and prays for an early cessation of the horror. When peace is declared we expect to be still in the position of the friendly merchant and banker. We will undoubtedly be called upon to give the principal aid in building up again the broken industries and commerce of the older countries. This is a contingency present in the minds of all thoughtful men. When the necessity arrives the loan to England and France will be no inconvenient precedent for the third of our great European customers. As a matter of fact, if Germany had managed to retain her position on the seas and had continued to trade with us, in all probability she would have sought in this country a credit similar to the one now extended to the western Allies.

The Woman-Suffrage Question

SECRETARY OF WAR LINDLEY M. GARRISON is able, experienced, and naturally conservative in temperament. His recent statement in favor of woman suffrage is a notable triumph for that cause and his reasons are worth noting because they are the irreducible minimum of practical argument. When we have put aside the considerations of right and justice the expediency of the argument remains as he states it, and it is decisive:

> If you refrain from giving the ballot to women, you will always have a very large part of your population convinced that the State is losing the opportunity to obtain the great results which would come from permitting them to participate in elections.
>
> By giving them the ballot we give them the opportunity of producing these reforms; and if they do so, it certainly will be a matter for great congratulation upon all sides.
>
> If they do not do so, and if on the whole it turns out that the ballot in the hands of men produces just about the same results as when women also participate, no harm will have come from it, and a great subject which is now diverting the attention of the people from other vital public questions will have been removed from the arena of discussion.

The business of government is to get things done on the best possible basis of popular participation. In our time that means women voting.

An Ancient Sport

POKING FUN at the cause of woman suffrage has no novelty. Back in 1850 a clergyman thought it smart to announce a suffrage meeting by saying: "To-night, at the Town Hall, a hen will attempt to crow." Yet even in those days the favoring current had set in. Here is a bit showing how WENDELL PHILLIPS felt:

> When PHILLIPS met THEODORE PARKER after returning from the Women's Rights Convention, the clergyman said to him:
>
> "WENDELL, why do you make a fool of yourself?"
>
> "THEODORE," was the reply, "this is the greatest question of the ages; you ought to understand it."

WENDELL PHILLIPS was willing to be laughed at for the sake of his convictions. Will men in the future swing into line for woman suffrage to avoid being laughed at?

The Bacon's the Thing!

THE FRANKEST—and rawest—expression of pork-barrel sentiment we have heard in a long time is this from the Key West (Fla.) "Journal":

> If you employed a man at a salary of $7,500 a year and allowed him an expense account in addition, you'd expect that man to produce results, wouldn't you? Florida is going to employ a man to represent her in the United States Senate next year. Let's employ a man that can "produce."

A patriotic citizen of Florida whose indignation was aroused by the paragraph asks this pointed question:

> With a constituency that openly and shamelessly gives notice that he is to be employed to "produce," what do you think will be the character of the services performed by a Senator elected with this understanding?

He will do exactly what such people as the editor of the "Journal" want him to do. He will bring home all the "bacon" he can. With his eyes closed and his nose clasped tightly between two fingers he will vote for the off-color projects of other members of Congress in order to get all the cash he can for dams in Florida creeks and post-office buildings in Florida villages.

And It Don't Sound Like Baseball, It Don't

FROM a World Series prediction in a Boston paper:

> And if the breaks can be forced, Boston will have by far the long end of things. Crowds more than double as large as the Philadelphia throngs will howl and encourage the Carrigans here in Boston.

Yes, indeed. But at least reporters more than double as grammatical as the ones in Boston covered the games for the Philadelphia papers.

A Course in College Life

BROWN UNIVERSITY is requiring all her freshmen this year to take a course in "The Aims and Meaning of College Life." She has been in the university business for 151 years; so, if experience counts for much, the course ought to embody some practical hints. But is a century and a half long enough to uncover the truth? We wonder. Probably no two pedagogues would teach that course the same way. Any good professor can preach little daily sermons on college life, but to make a science of that life's aims and meanings is another matter. We should like to see HENRY SEIDEL CANBY of Yale or ROBERT WENLEY of Michigan or Dean BRIGGS of Harvard take a whack at the job, but something tells us that even they would never agree upon what are, say, the ten most vital principles. When WOODROW WILSON was presi-

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dent of Princeton he was once quoted as declaring that the most important part of college life was the time from the last class on one day to the first on the next. Is this a fact or merely an epigram? ABE MARTIN observes that most of the studyin' is done after a feller gets out of college. Is this, too, only a half truth?

Ancora Imparo

WE OURSELVES have never been able to answer such perplexing questions. Sometimes we think we got something besides discipline from our textbooks and lectures; then again we sometimes suspect that all we found out was where to look for things that we didn't learn. We escaped for four years from the folks at home and got a chance to breathe. Some of us gained self-reliance. In spare time a good many of the boys developed personality — became a little more like themselves. At college each man had to run his own race. We came from assorted places on the map and from a variety of castes; and, mingling in our world-in-miniature. we experimented a while at chemistry, engineering, editing, politics, loafing, and whatever else was our bent. We made teams and friends and enemies, read some books, argued and theorized, fell in love. Then some of us got diplomas and such like, and some of us didn't; till time rang down the curtain on our college life. Its aims and meaning we didn't know then and don't know now. Maybe we never shall.

The Sun Dial

LATELY we have been reading with more or less regularity "The Sun Dial," signed by DON MARQUIS, in the New York "Evening Sun." It has the air of being written largely by Mr. MARQUIS, and the more we have read it the more we have found ourselves liking him. Heretofore we shared the popular idea that one fairly good item justifies a whole column of truck, but Mr. MARQUIS has been spoiling us. The other night, for instance, we struck five varied items in "The Sun Dial," all good enough to quote, and three of them short enough. Near the top we read that:

HARRY THAW'S auto trip across the continent should make him brown as a nut.

Amidships we came upon this bit of philosophic verse:

Is there aught upon the earth
Really worth the sighing for?
The trying for, the crying for?
Pleasure goes and so does mirth,
Laughter leaves and so does song—
Nothing pleasant lingers long—
What is there upon the earth
But to suffer and be strong?

At the very end was this:

Miss MAY IRWIN wants the Administration to establish a Department of Laughter. The idea is interesting as suggesting a possible use for JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

We call that pretty able work, especially for a man who does it every day. That's why we're looking forward to enjoying that book of Mr. MARQUIS'S verse which the Harpers have just got out—"Dreams and Dust."

Isn't It Libelous?

GOVERNOR MAJOR has named CHAMP CLARK as "the greatest living Missourian," and the Emporia (Kas.) "Gazette" (BILL WHITE'S paper) heads the news:

GREATEST LIVING PUKE

"Piker" would really have been bad enough, say we.

Cartoon Drawn by Walter J. Enright



Uncle Sam: *You want more credit, gentlemen? Very well. Your credit is good*

When Good Fellows Get Together

THE BEST SHORT STORY which we find in any of the monthly magazines for October is published in "The Century." STACY AUMONIER is the author, and he has given his slice of life the sardonic title of "The Friends." But what friends! One was an agent for wire mattresses; the other was in the brass-bed department of a large store. Business friends, you say? Perhaps. But their chief link was— However, let the author state it:

> They drifted together across the miasma of commercial London, and founded a deep and lasting friendship that found its chief expression in the clinking of glasses in the saloon. . . . There is, alas! no doubt that the most absorbing interest of both was the consumption of liquid refreshment.

And yet they thought they were real friends, and the world thought so too, and looked upon them complacently and cordially, unaware of the fact that the brass-bed man, in regaling his crony and himself, spent as many shillings each day as he gave his wife for the household expenses of their family of five for a week. Through sickness and health the two were inseparably devoted—as long as there was a whisky and soda in reach. And in all the literature of alcohol (ZOLA or anywhere else) we recall nothing more pathetic than their fruitless efforts to establish some sort of communion of the spirit after one of them had got on the water wagon under the doctor's orders. The end? Did they eventually quarrel? No such luck: in death, as in life, booze bound them together. One left his wife without a penny; the other—the chap with five children — left $20! Not an agreeable tale, particularly to any man who uses booze to grease the wheels of his day's business. But very sincere, very vital—all the more so in that, without preaching, it shows life as it often is.

The Fairer Side of It

BY THE TIME THIS IS PRINTED about one-sixth of our entire population will have looked around the California expositions and found them very good. The Sunday supplements have shown their towers and gardens and endless other wonders to the stay-at-homes; but have either the visitors or the absentees seen California? That commonwealth is not composed of tourist routes, bungalows, and real-estate agents. You ought to get out on some hilly byroad between vineyards where the evening air is heavy with the smell of grapes and the sun is setting in glory behind the Coast Range. Or go sit on the pier at Antioch in the tule country by the brown San Joaquin River and have some old earringed Greek fisherman tell you how best to cook fish with olive oil. In the flat and fertile fields of the Sacramento the sun will blister your back in harvest time through two flannel shirts, but there isn't a colder wind anywhere than blows across the high dour cattle lands about Mount Shasta. There are folks worth knowing in all those trim little villages, whether the shade trees are pine, eucalyptus, or palm, or just oil derricks. People live and like it in California, and that is the chief industry of the State, though other things get more advertising. The electrical engineers have done wonders at the expositions, but what are all their lighting effects compared to the velvet splendor of a clear California night? Stars like the magic of a poet's dream and a wind that is the marching song of the spheres, and about you a rich, deep-hearted land that rivets the love of those it claims—that is the true California; but no one ever saw it indoors or under lights or from the windows of a limited train.



Children with the hoe, Millet revised by the camera. The boys are under eleven years of age



Toting in field truck. The smaller boy is only seven



A truck gardener's boy hauling in the hoes and rakes

Farm Children's Little Siberias

BY HERBERT QUICK

WHAT shall we say of child labor on the farm? We all—no, not all, for some are young and do not read the American stories of yore—but many of us remember the grim tradition of the "bound boy" who as a serf worked from sun to sun on the old New England or New York farm. And when the story developed to the point at which the bound boy was free and twenty-one, and fared forth into the world with twelve dollars in his pocket, two shirts and a suit of "humspun," carrying with him the hate of the farmer for whom he had slaved since his last parent died, and the promise of Mehetabel, his niece, or granddaughter to be his bride when he had made for her a home in the woods or on the prairies, our unsophisticated hearts of the era of the seventies beat high, and our eyes moistened. There are few bound boys to-day, but child labor on the farm is still a problem. In the truck-garden regions of any of our great cities, or in the Western beet fields, one may see little children working with the grown-ups in a serfdom which forces them to bow down in constant and grinding service to the green things that make for the relishes, the ornamentations, the salads, and the savory side dishes of our tables. The ragged children who can just wield the rake or hoe, those still smaller who may pull the weeds, the little boys whose slender strength just suffices to bear the heavy watering pot, or give those timely touches with the hoe which assures us our morning cantaloupe—they need the solicitous, watchful care of society quite as much as do the children of the slums.

The little boy bending under the weight of the heavy bag is a figure as significant as Millet's "Man with the Hoe" of whom Markham has sung in lines of deathless grimness:

Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?

And yet, in hop field or vineyard or beet field, the rose reddens before his eyes and the rift of dawn marks for him the call to unlovely toil. These are nothing to him precisely, because he is given no chance at Plato and the swing of Pleiades through the long reaches of the peaks of song. The laboring child on a farm may live a life absolutely worse than that of the child of the slums. In many communities he actually does. Nowhere in the world is there more sordid vice, lower standards, greater depravity than is found in the lost and neglected farming community. The little child caught in the blight and murrain of such farm life is not only condemned to hard labor for life, but to confinement in a little Siberia of his own.

And yet the farm is the place where child labor should be, and often is, at once educative, alluring, and economically useful. If the lost community of rural dwellers is the most hopeless of all, the farming neighborhood which has found itself and uses farm life as an educational plant through which the children in the right sort of rural schools get an education out of life is the most hopeful. In speaking of rural life, one may paraphrase the words of Merlin to Vivien concerning women: City existences differ at most as heaven and earth, but farm life worst and best as heaven and hell.



Carrying irrigation water to the thirsty cabbage patch



Too small to handle the plow, but big enough to drive the horse for the man

The Ruin of War—West and East



LIVING AMONG THE DEAD. Germans in a chalk mine in Alsace-Lorraine which serves as both a redoubt and a cemetery. In the last few days the French artillery attacks in this region have been almost as fierce as in Champagne and the Lens district. The dead from the field are brought in through underground passageways and buried in the lower level. Beyond the officer in the center a soldier is digging a grave for dead comrades. Helmets and crosses mark the resting places of those already interred. Bombproofs and wire entanglements are seen in the background, and an officer's headquarters at the extreme right. The officer cannot look through his door or window without seeing the graves of the slain



IN VON HINDENBURG'S PATH TO VILNA. Peasants back at the ruins of their homes near Kovno, in northwestern Poland, ready to begin all over again. After the retreating Russians had carried away all the food supplies and German guns had destroyed the buildings, these noncombatants were left with only the clothes they wore. And the same story might be told of millions of unfortunates in Poland, Galicia, Belgium, and northern France. It will take half a century for the devastated territory to recover from the effects of the war

THE SIX GATES

FU-MANCHU & COMPANY—BY SAX ROHMER



"DASH it all, Petrie!" cried Smith, "this is most annoying!"

The bell was ringing furiously, although midnight was long past. Who could my late visitor be? Almost certainly this ringing portended an urgent case. In other words, I was not fated to take part in what I anticipated would prove to be the closing scene of the Fu-Manchu drama.

"Everyone is in bed," I said ruefully, "and how can I possibly see a patient—in this costume?"

Smith and I were both arrayed in rough tweeds, and, anticipating the labors before us, had dispensed with collars and wore soft mufflers. It was hard to be called upon to face a professional interview dressed thus, and having a big tweed cap pulled down over my eyes.

Across the writing table we confronted each other in dismayed silence, while below the bell sent up its ceaseless clangor.

"It has to be done, Smith," I said regretfully. "Almost certainly it means a journey and probably an absence of some hours."

I threw my cap upon the table, turned up my coat to hide the absence of a collar, and started for the door. My last sight of Smith showed him standing looking after me, tugging at the lobe of his ear and clicking his teeth together with suppressed irritability. I stumbled down the dark stairs, along the hall, and opened the front door. Vaguely visible in the light of a street lamp, which stood at no great distance away, I saw a slender man of medium height confronting me. From the shadowed face two large and luminous eyes looked out into mine. My visitor, who, despite the warmth of the evening, wore a heavy greatcoat, was an Oriental!

I drew back apprehensively; then:

"Ah, Dr. Petrie!" he said in a softly musical voice which made me start again, "to God be all praise that I have found you!"

Some emotion, which at present I could not define, was stirring within me. Where had I seen this graceful Eastern youth before? Where had I heard that soft voice?

"Do you wish to see me professionally?" I asked—yet even as I put the question I seemed to know it unnecessary.

"So you know me no more?" said the stranger, and his teeth gleamed in a slight smile.

HEAVENS! I knew now what had struck that vibrant chord within me! The voice, though infinitely deeper, yet had an unmistakable resemblance to the dulcet tones of Kâramanèh—of Kâramanèh, the slave of Fu-Manchu, the girl whose eyes haunted my dreams, whose beauty had done much to embitter my years.

The Oriental youth stepped forward with outstretched hand.

"So you know me no more?" he repeated. "But I know *you*, and give praise to Allah that I have found you!"

I stepped back, pressed the electric switch, and turned with leaping heart to look into the face of my visitor. It was a face of the purest Greek beauty, a face that might have served as a model for Praxiteles; the skin had a golden pallor, which, with the crisp black hair and magnetic yet velvety eyes, suggested to my fancy that this was the young Antinous risen from the Nile, whose wraith now appeared to me out of the night. I stifled a cry of surprise, not unmingled with gladness.

It was Azîz, the brother of Kâramanèh!

Never could the entrance of a figure upon the stage of a drama have been more dramatic than the coming of Azîz upon this night of all nights. I seized the outstretched hand and drew him forward, then reclosed the door and stood before him a moment in doubt.

A vaguely troubled look momentarily crossed the handsome face; with the Oriental's unerring instinct he had detected the reserve of my greeting. Yet, when I thought of the treachery of Kâramanèh, when I remembered how she, whom we had befriended, whom we had rescued from the house of Fu-Manchu, now had turned, like the beautiful viper that she was, to strike at the hand that caressed her; when I thought how to-night we were set upon raiding the place where the evil Chinese doctor lurked in hiding, were set upon the arrest of that malignant genius and of all his creatures, Kâramanèh among them, is it strange that I hesitated?

SO, AVOIDING the gaze of the lad, I took his arm, and in silence we two ascended the stairs and entered my study, where Nayland Smith stood bolt upright beside the table, his steely eyes fixed upon the face of the new arrival.

No look of recognition crossed the bronzed features, and Azîz, who had started forward with outstretched hands, fell back a step and looked pathetically from me to Nayland Smith and from the grim commissioner back again to me. The appeal in the velvet eyes was more than I could tolerate, unmoved.

"Smith," I said shortly, "you remember Azîz?"

Not a muscle visibly moved in Smith's face as he snapped back: "I remember him perfectly."

"He has come, I think, to seek our assistance."

"Yes, yes!" cried Azîz, laying his hand upon my arm with a gesture painfully reminiscent of Kâramanèh; "I came only to-night to London. Oh, my gentlemen, I have searched and searched and searched until I am weary. Often I have wished to die. And then at last I come to Rangoon—"

"To Rangoon!" snapped Smith, still with the gray eyes fixed almost fiercely upon the lad's face.

"To Rangoon—yes; and there I hear news at last. I hear that you have seen her—have seen Kâramanèh—that you are back in London." He was not entirely at home with his English. "I knew then that she must be here too. I ask them everywhere, and they answer 'yes.' Oh, Smith Pasha!"—he stepped forward and impulsively seized both Smith's hands—"you know where she is—take me to her!"

Smith's face was a study in perplexity now. In the past we had befriended the young Azîz, and it was hard to look upon him in the light of an enemy. Yet had we not equally befriended his sister?—and she—

At last Smith glanced across at me where I stood just within the doorway.

"What do you make of it, Petrie?" he said harshly. "Personally I take it to mean that our plans have leaked out." He sprang suddenly back from Azîz, and I saw his glance traveling rapidly over the slight figure as if in quest of concealed arms. "I take it to be a trap!"

A moment he stood so, regarding him, and, despite my well-grounded distrust of the Oriental character, I could have sworn that the expression of pained surprise upon the youth's face was not simulated but real. Even Smith, I think, began to share my view, for suddenly he threw himself into the white cane rest chair, still fixedly regarding Azîz.

"Perhaps I have wronged you," he said. "If I have, you shall know the reason presently. Tell your own story."

There was a pathetic humidity in the velvet eyes of Azîz—eyes so like those others that were ever looking into mine in dreams—as, glancing from Smith to me, he began, hands outstretched characteristically, palms upward and fingers curling, to tell in broken English the story of his search for Kâramanèh.

"It was Fu-Manchu, my kind gentlemen—it was the hakeem, who is really not a man at all, but an afreet. He found us again less than four days after you had left us, Smith Pasha! He found us in Cairo, and to Kâramanèh he made the forgetting of all things—even of me—even of me—"

Nayland Smith snapped his teeth together sharply; then: "What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

For my own part I understood well enough, remembering how the brilliant Chinese doctor once had performed such an operation as this upon poor Inspector Weymouth; how, by means of an injection of some serum prepared (as Kâramanèh afterward told us) from the venom of a swamp adder or similar reptile, he had induced amnesia or complete loss of memory. I felt every drop of blood recede from my cheeks.

"Smith!" I began—

"Let him speak for himself," interrupted my friend sharply.

"They tried to take us both," continued Azîz, still speaking in the soft, melodious manner, but with deep seriousness. "I escaped, I, who am swift of foot, hoping to bring help." He shook his head sadly. "But, except the All Powerful, who is so powerful as the Hakeem Fu-Manchu? I hid, my gentlemen, and watched and waited—one—two—three weeks. At last I saw her again, my sister Kâramanèh; but, ah! she did not know me, did not know me, Azîz, her brother! She was in an *arabeeyeh*, and passed me quickly along the Sharia en-Nahhâsin. I ran, and ran, and ran, crying her name, but although she looked back, she did not know me—she did not know me! I felt that I was dying, and presently I fell—upon the steps of the Mosque of Abu."

He dropped the expressive hands wearily to his sides and sank his chin upon his breast.

"And then?" I said, huskily—for my heart was fluttering like a captive bird.

"Alas! from that day to this I see her no more, my gentlemen. I travel not only in Egypt but near and far, and still I see her no more until in Rangoon I hear that which brings me to England again"—he extended his palms naively—"and here I am—Smith Pasha."

Smith sprang upright again and turned to me.

"Either I am growing overcredulous," he said, "or Azîz speaks the truth. But"—he held up his hand—"you can tell me all that at some other time, Petrie! We must take no chances. Sergeant Carter is downstairs with the cab; you might ask him to step up. He and Azîz can remain here until our return."

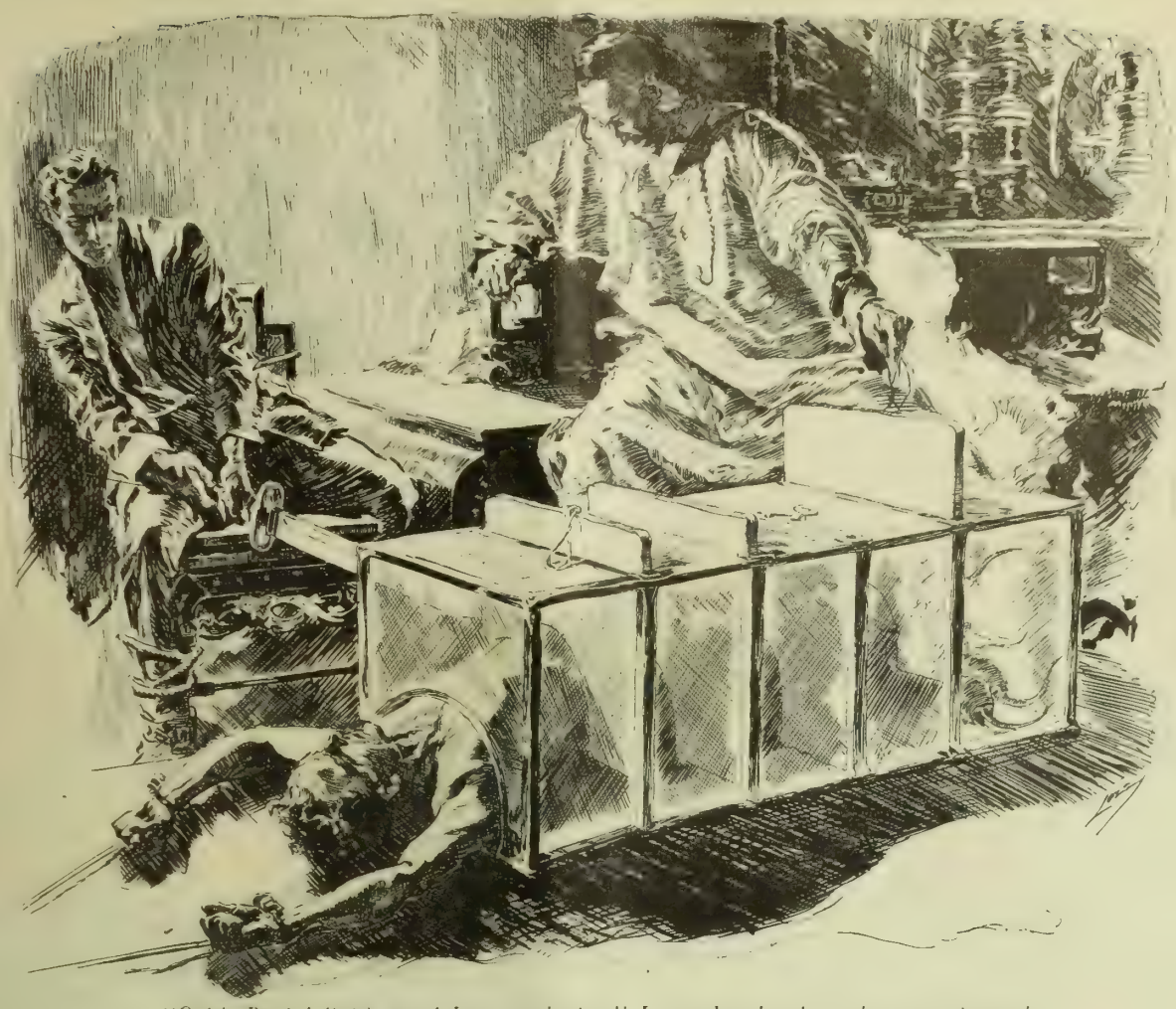
THE muffled drumming of sleepless London seemed very remote from us, as side by side we crept up the narrow path to the studio. This was a starry but moonless night, and the little dingy white building, with a solitary tree peeping, in silhouette, above its glazed roof, bore an odd resemblance to one of those tombs which form a city of the dead so near to the city of feverish life on the slopes of the Mokattam Hills. This line of reflection proved unpleasant, and I dismissed it sternly from my mind.

The shriek of a train whistle reached me, a sound which breaks the stillness of the most silent London night, telling of the ceaseless, febrile life of the great world capital whose activity ceases not with the coming of darkness. Around and about us a very great stillness reigned, however, and the velvet dusk—which, with the star-jeweled sky, was strongly suggestive of an Eastern night—gave up no sign to show that it masked the presence of more than twenty men. Some distance away on our right was the Gables, that sinister and deserted mansion which we assumed, and with good reason, to be nothing less than the gateway to the subterranean abode of Dr. Fu-Manchu; before us was the studio, which, if Nayland Smith's deductions were accurate, concealed a second entrance to the same mysterious dwelling.

As my friend, glancing cautiously all about him,



I fell, clutching at the fallen hangings



"Quick, Petrie! Quick, man! I am weakening." I turned and took up the samurai sword

inserted the key in the lock, an owl hooted dismally almost immediately above our heads. I caught my breath sharply, for it might be a signal; but, looking upward, I saw a great black shape float slantingly from the tree beyond the studio into the coppice on the right which hemmed in the Gables. Silently the owl winged its uncanny flight into the greater darkness of the trees, and was gone. Smith opened the door and we stepped into the studio. Our plans had been well considered, and, in accordance with these, I now moved up beside my friend, who was dimly perceptible to me in the starlight which found access through the glass roof, and pressed the catch of my electric pocket lamp. . . .

I suppose that by virtue of my self-imposed duty as chronicler of the deeds of Dr. Fu-Manchu—the greatest and most evil genius whom the later centuries have produced, the man who dreamed of a universal Yellow Empire—I should have acquired a certain facility in describing bizarre happenings. But I confess that it fails me now as I attempt in cold English to portray my emotions when the white beam from the little lamp cut through the darkness of the studio and shone fully upon the beautiful face of Kâramanèh!

Less than six feet away from me she stood, arrayed in the gauzy dress of the harem, her fingers and slim white arms laden with barbaric jewelry! The light wavered in my suddenly nerveless hand, gleaming momentarily upon bare ankles and golden anklets, upon little red leather shoes.

I SPOKE no word, and Smith was as silent as I; both of us, I think, were speechless rather from amazement than in obedience to the evident wishes of Fu-Manchu's slave girl. Yet I have only to close my eyes at this moment to see her as she stood, one finger raised to her lips, enjoining us to silence. She looked ghastly pale in the light of the lamp, but so lovely that my rebellious heart threatened already to make a fool of me.

So we stood in that untidy studio, with canvases and easels heaped against the wall and with all sorts of litter about us, a trio strangely met, and one to have amused the high gods watching through the windows of the stars.

"Go back!" came in a whisper from Kâramanèh.

I saw the red lips moving and read a dreadful horror in the widely opened eyes, in those eyes like pools of mystery to taunt the thirsty soul. The world of realities was slipping past me; I seemed to be losing my hold on things actual; I had built up an Eastern palace about myself and Kâramanèh, wherein, the world shut out, I might pass the hours in reading the mystery of those dark eyes. Nayland Smith brought me sharply to my senses.

"Steady with the light, Petrie!" he hissed in my ear. "My skepticism has been shaken to-night, but I am taking no chances."

He moved from my side and forward toward that lovely, unreal figure which stood immediately before the model's throne and its background of plush curtains. Kâramanèh started forward to meet him, suppressing a little cry, whose real anguish could not have been simulated.

"Go back! go back!" she whispered urgently, and thrust out her hands against Smith's breast. "For God's sake, go back! I have risked my life to come here to-night. *He knows*, and is ready!" . . .

The words were spoken with passionate intensity, and Nayland Smith hesitated. To my nostrils was wafted that faint, delightful perfume which, since one night, two years ago, it had come to disturb my senses, had taunted me many times as the mirage taunts the parched Sahara traveler. I took a step forward.

"Don't move!" snapped Smith.

Kâramanèh clutched frenziedly at the lapels of his coat.

"Listen to me!" she said, beseechingly, and stamped one little foot upon the floor—"listen to me! You are a clever man, but you know nothing of a woman's heart—nothing—*nothing*—if seeing me, hearing me, knowing, as you do know, what I risk, you can doubt that I speak the truth. And I tell you that it is death to go behind those curtains—that *he* . . ."

"That's what I wanted to know!" snapped Smith. His voice quivered with excitement.

Suddenly grasping Kâramanèh by the waist, he lifted her and set her aside; then in three bounds he was on to the model's throne and had torn the plush curtains bodily from their fastenings.

How it occurred I cannot hope to make clear, for here my recollections merge into a chaos. I know that Smith seemed to topple forward amid the purple billows of velvet, and his muffled cry came to me:

"Petrie! My God, Petrie!" . . .

The pale face of Kâramanèh looked up into mine and her hands were clutching me, but the glamour of her personality had lost its hold, for I knew—heavens, how poignantly it struck home to me!—that Nayland Smith was gone to his death. What I hoped to achieve I know not, but hurling the trembling girl aside, I snatched the Browning pistol from my coat pocket, and with the ray of the lamp directed upon the purple mound of velvet, I leaped forward.

I think I realized that the curtains had masked a collapsible trap, a sheer pit of blackness, an instant before I was precipitated into it, but certainly the knowledge came too late. With the sound of a soft, shuddering cry in my ears, I fell, dropping lamp and pistol, and clutching at the fallen hangings. But they offered me no support. My head seemed to be bursting; I could utter only a hoarse groan as I fell—fell—fell . . .

WHEN my mind began to work again, in returning consciousness, I found it to be laden with reproach. How often in the past had we blindly hurled ourselves into just such a trap as this? Should we never learn that where Fu-Manchu was, impetuosity must prove fatal? On two distinct occasions in the past we had been made the victims of this device, yet even although we had had practically conclusive evidence that this studio was used by Dr. Fu-Manchu, we had relied upon its floor being as secure as that of any other studio, we had failed to sound every foot of it ere trusting our weight to its support. . . .

"There is such a divine simplicity in the English mind that one may lay one's plans with mathematical precision, and rely upon the Nayland Smiths and Dr. Petries to play their allotted parts. Excepting two faithful followers, my friends are long since departed. But here, in these vaults which time has overlooked and which are as secret and as serviceable to-day as they were two hundred years ago, I wait patiently, with my trap set, like the spider for the fly!" . . .

To the sound of that taunting voice I opened my eyes. As I did so I strove to spring upright—only to realize that I was tied fast to a heavy ebony chair inlaid with ivory, and attached by means of two iron brackets to the floor.

"Even children learn from experience," continued the unforgetable voice, alternately guttural and sibilant, but always as deliberate as though the speaker were choosing with care words which should perfectly clothe his thoughts. "For 'a burnt child fears the fire,' says your English adage. But Mr. Commissioner Nayland Smith, who enjoys the confidence of the India Office, and who is empowered to control the movements of the Criminal Investigation Department, learns nothing from experience. He is less than a child, since he has twice rashly precipitated himself into a chamber charged with an anesthetic prepared, by a process of my own, from the *lycoperdon* or common puffball."

I became fully master of my senses, and I became fully alive to a stupendous fact. At last it was ended; we were utterly in the power of Dr. Fu-Manchu; our race was run. I sat in a low vaulted room. The roof was of ancient brickwork, but the walls were draped with exquisite Chinese fabric; a green ground whereon was a design representing a grotesque procession of white peacocks. A green carpet covered the floor, and the whole of the furniture was of the same material as the chair to which I was strapped, viz.: ebony inlaid with ivory. This furniture was scanty. There was a heavy table in one corner of the dungeonesque place, on which were a number of books and papers. Before this table was a high-backed, heavily carved chair. A smaller table stood upon the right of the only visible opening, a low door partially draped with beadwork curtains, above which hung a silver lamp. On this smaller table a stick of incense, in a silver holder, sent up a pencil of vapor into the air, and the chamber was loaded with the sickly sweet fumes. A faint haze from the incense stick hovered up under the roof.

IN THE high-backed chair sat Dr. Fu-Manchu, wearing a green robe upon which was embroidered a design, the subject of which at first glance was not perceptible, but which presently I made out to be a huge white peacock. He wore a little cap perched upon the dome of his amazing skull, and with one clawish hand resting upon the ebony of the table, he sat slightly turned toward me, his emotionless face a mask of incredible evil. In spite of, or because of, the high intellect written upon it, the face of Dr. Fu-Manchu was more utterly repellent than any I have ever known, and the green eyes—eyes green as those of a cat in the darkness, which sometimes burned like witch lamps, and sometimes were horribly filmed like nothing human or imaginable—might have mirrored not a soul, but an emanation of hell, incarnate in this gaunt, high-shouldered body.

Stretched flat upon the floor lay Nayland Smith, partially stripped, his arms thrown back over his head and his wrists chained to a stout iron staple attached to the wall; he was fully conscious and staring intently at the Chinese doctor. His bare ankles also were manacled and fixed to a second chain, which quivered tautly across the green carpet and passed out through the doorway, being attached to something beyond the curtain, and invisible to me from where I sat.

Fu-Manchu was now silent. I could hear Smith's heavy breathing and hear my watch ticking in my pocket. I suddenly realized that, although my body was lashed to the ebony chair, my hands and arms were free. Next, looking dazedly about me, my attention was drawn to a heavy sword which stood hilt upward against the wall within reach of my hand. It was a magnificent piece of Japanese workmanship; a long, curved damascened blade having a double-handled hilt of steel, inlaid with gold, and resembling fine Kuft work. A host of possibilities swept through my mind. Then I perceived that the sword was attached to the wall by a thin steel chain some five feet in length. (*Continued on page* 22)





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The Six Gates

(Continued from page 19

"Even if you had the dexterity of a Mexican knife thrower," came the guttural voice of Fu-Manchu, "you would be unable to reach me, dear Dr. Petrie."

The Chinaman had read my thoughts.

Smith turned his eyes upon me momentarily, only to look away again in the direction of Fu-Manchu. My friend's face was slightly pale beneath the tan, and his jaw muscles stood out with unusual prominence. By this fact alone did he reveal the knowledge that he lay at the mercy of this enemy of the white race, of this inhuman being who himself knew no mercy, of this man whose very genius was inspired by the cool, calculated cruelty of his race, of that race which to this day disposes of hundreds, nay, thousands, of its unwanted girl children by the simple measure of throwing them down a well specially dedicated to the purpose.

"The weapon near your hand," continued the Chinaman imperturbably, "is a product of the civilization of our near neighbors, the Japanese, a race to whose courage I prostrate myself in meekness. It is the sword of a samurai, Dr. Petrie. It is of very great age and was, until an unfortunate misunderstanding with myself led to the extinction of the family, a treasured possession of a noble Japanese house."

THE soft voice, into which an occasional sibilance crept, but which never rose above a cool monotone, gradually was lashing me into fury, and I could see the muscles moving in Smith's jaws as he convulsively clenched his teeth; whereby I knew that, impotent, he burned with a rage at least as great as mine. But I did not speak and did not move.

"The ancient tradition of seppuku," continued the Chinaman, "or hara-kiri, still rules, as you know, in the great families of Japan. There is a sacred ritual, and the samurai who dedicates himself to this honorable end must follow strictly the ritual. As a physician, the exact nature of the ceremony might possibly interest you, Dr. Petrie, but a technical account of the two incisions which the sacrificant employs in his self-dismissal might, on the other hand, bore Mr. Nayland Smith. Therefore I will merely enlighten you upon one little point, a minor one but interesting to the student of human nature. In short, even a samurai—and no braver race has ever honored the world—sometimes hesitates to complete the operation. The weapon near to your hand, my dear Dr. Petrie, is known as the Friend's Sword. On such occasions as we are discussing a trusty friend is given the post—an honored one—of standing behind the brave man who offers himself to his gods, and should the latter's courage momentarily fail him, the friend with the trusty blade (to which now I especially direct your attention) diverts the hierophant's mind from his digression, and rectifies his temporary breach of etiquette by severing the cervical vertebræ of the spinal column with the friendly blade—which you can reach quite easily, Dr. Petrie, if you care to extend your hand."

Some dim perception of the truth was beginning to creep into my mind. When I say a perception of the truth I mean rather of some part of the purpose of Dr. Fu-Manchu; of the whole horrible truth, of the scheme which had been conceived by that mighty, evil man, I had no glimmering, but I foresaw that a frightful ordeal was before us both.

"That I hold you in high esteem," continued Fu-Manchu, "is a fact which must be apparent to you by this time; but in regard to your companion, I entertain very different sentiments."

ALWAYS underlying the deliberate calm of the speaker, sometimes showing itself in an unusually deep guttural, sometimes in an unusually serpentine sibilant, lurked the frenzy of hatred which in the past had revealed itself occasionally in wild outbursts. Momentarily I expected such an outburst now, but it did not come.

"One quality possessed by Mr. Nayland Smith," resumed the Chinaman, "I admire. I refer to his courage. I would wish that so courageous a man should seek his own end, should voluntarily efface himself from the path of that world movement which he is powerless to check. In short, I would have him show himself a samurai. Always his friend, you shall remain so to the end, Dr. Petrie. I have arranged for this."

He struck lightly a little silver gong dependent from the corner of the table, whereupon, from the curtained doorway, there entered a short, thickly built Burman whom I recognized for a dacoit. He wore a shoddy blue suit, which had been made for a much larger man; but these things claimed little of my attention, which automatically was directed to the load beneath which the Burman labored.

UPON his back he carried a sort of wire box rather less than six feet long, some two feet high, and about two feet wide. In short, it was a stout framework covered with fine wire netting on the tops, sides, and ends, but being open at the bottom. It seemed to be made in five sections, or to contain four sliding partitions which could be raised or lowered at will. These were of wood, and in the bottom of each was cut a little arch. The arches in the four partitions varied in size, so that whereas the first was not more than five inches high, the fourth opened almost to the wire roof of the box or cage; and a fifth, which was but little higher than the first, was cut in the actual end of the contrivance.

So intent was I upon this device, the purpose of which I was wholly unable to divine, that I directed the whole of my attention upon it. Then, as the Burman paused in the doorway, resting a corner of the cage upon the brilliant carpet, I glanced toward Dr. Fu-Manchu. He was watching Nayland Smith and revealing his irregular yellow teeth—the teeth of an opium smoker—in the awful mirthless smile which I knew.

"God!" whispered Smith. "The Six Gates!"

"Your knowledge of my beautiful country serves you well," replied Fu-Manchu gently.

Instantly I looked to my friend—and every drop of blood seemed to recede from my heart, leaving it cold in my breast. If *I* did not know the purpose of the cage, obviously Smith knew it all too well. His pallor had grown more marked, and although his gray eyes stared defiantly at the Chinaman, I, who knew him, could read a deathly horror in their depths.

The dacoit, in obedience to a guttural order from Dr. Fu-Manchu, placed the cage upon the carpet, completely covering Smith's body, but leaving his neck and head exposed. The seared and pock-marked face set in a sort of placid leer, the dacoit adjusted the sliding partitions to Smith's recumbent form, and I saw the purpose of the graduated arches. They were intended to divide a human body in just such fashion, and, as I realized, were most cunningly shaped to that end. The whole of Smith's body lay now in the wire cage, each of the five compartments whereof was shut off from its neighbor.

The Burman stepped back and stood waiting in the doorway. Dr. Fu-Manchu, removing his gaze from the face of my friend, directed it upon me.

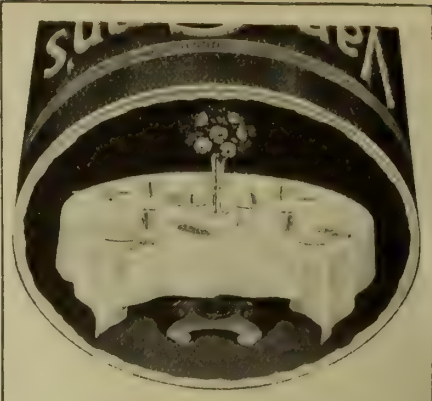
"Mr. Commissioner Nayland Smith shall have the honor of acting as hierophant, admitting himself to the Mysteries," said Fu-Manchu softly, "and you, Dr. Petrie, shall be the Friend."

HE glanced toward the Burman, who retired, immediately to reenter a moment later carrying a curious leather sack, in shape not unlike that of a sakká, or Arab water carrier. Opening a little trap in the top of the first compartment of the cage (that is, the compartment which covered Smith's bare feet and ankles), he inserted the neck of the sack, then suddenly seized it by the bottom and shook it vigorously. Before my horrified gaze four huge rats came tumbling out from the bag into the cage!

The dacoit snatched away the sack and snapped the shutter fast. A moving mist obscured my sight, a mist through which I saw the green eyes of Dr. Fu-Manchu fixed upon me, and through which, as from a great distance, his voice, sunk to a snakelike hiss, came to my ears.

"Cantonese rats, Dr. Petrie—the most ravenous in the world—they have eaten nothing for nearly a week!"

Then all became blurred as though a painter with a brush steeped in red had smudged out the details of the picture. For an indefinite period, which



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Remember this when you are tired and a meal seems hard to cook.

Each can of Van Camp's Pork and Beans on your shelf is a dinner in itself.

Serve cold in a minute. Or boil the can before opening and the Beans will seem fresh from the oven.

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This is not Pork and Beans as they used to be. It's a new style—a dainty.

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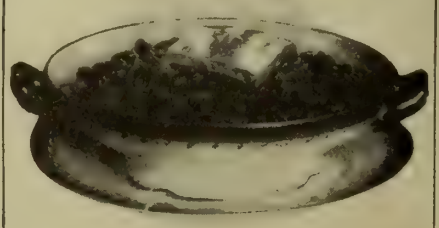
Van Camp's are not.

For 22 years we have centered on this dish. Your first meal of Van Camp's will alter your whole conception of Baked Beans.

Won't you prove that—and today?

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.

(392)



Defy wind, rain, snow, storm!



Can you imagine anything finer for winter time than it is to have a home evenly warmed, right up to the window panes where the little folks can "watch for daddy," or safely play on the warm floors—all rooms comfortable all day and night for all the folks, without a draft or a chill in any spot? That is the home atmosphere which you can enjoy from a modern guaranteed outfit of

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This home heating has grown rapidly in popular favor the world over, because it distributes *one genial atmosphere* to all the rooms in the most severe weather. In mild weather it can be easily controlled to avoid overheating and fuel waste. Women like this heating, because, unlike old-fashioned ways, rooms are free from ash dust, gas, and smoke.

For scores of years IDEAL Boilers will last and give satisfaction, no thin drums to burn out or rust out; no parts to warp or spring loose; no necessity for overhaulings, with frequent repair bills. They burn coke, wood, gas, all kinds of coal, slack, screenings, pea, etc.

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Can be put in farm houses (no city water mains necessary). Made in special types for cottages, and other homes, churches, schools, apartments, stores, hotels, etc.
At present low iron prices, these outfits cost less than in 10 years past.
Send for (free) "Ideal Heating" book—full of helpful points. Write today—no obligations incurred.



A No. 3015 IDEAL Boiler and 175 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $126, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which vary according to climatic and other conditions.

$150 Vacuum Cleaner

Ask also for catalog of the ARCO WAND—a successful set-in-the-cellar machine with iron suction pipe running to each floor.



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seemed like many minutes, yet probably was only a few seconds, I saw nothing and heard nothing; my sensory nerves were dulled entirely. From this state I was awakened and brought back to the realities by a sound which ever afterward I was doomed to associate with that ghastly scene.

This was the squealing of the rats.

THE red mist seemed to disperse at that, and with frightfully intense interest I began to study the awful torture to which Nayland Smith was being subjected. The dacoit had disappeared, and Fu-Manchu placidly was watching the four lean and hideous animals in the cage. As I also turned my eyes in that direction the rats overcame their temporary fear and began. . . .

"You have been good enough to notice," said the Chinaman, his voice still sunk in that sibilant whisper, "my partiality for dumb allies. You have met my scorpions, my death adders, my baboon man. The uses of such a playful little animal as a marmoset have never been fully appreciated before, I think, but to an indiscretion of this last-named pet of mine I seem to remember that you owed something in the past, Dr. Petrie."

Nayland Smith stifled a deep groan. One rapid glance I ventured at his face. It was a grayish hue now and dank with perspiration. His gaze met mine.

The rats had almost ceased squealing.

"Much depends upon yourself, doctor," continued Fu-Manchu, slightly raising his voice. "I credit Mr. Commissioner Nayland Smith with courage high enough to sustain the raising of all the gates; but I estimate the strength of your friendship highly also, and predict that you will use the sword of the samurai certainly not later than the time when I shall raise the third gate."

A low shuddering sound, which I cannot hope to describe, but, alas! can never forget, broke from the lips of the tortured man.

"In China," resumed Fu-Manchu, "we call this quaint fancy the Six Gates of Joyful Wisdom. The first gate, by which the rats are admitted, is called the Gate of Joyous Hope; the second, the Gate of Mirthful Doubt; the third gate is poetically named the Gate of True Rapture, and the fourth, the Gate of Gentle Sorrow. I once was honored in the friendship of an exalted mandarin who sustained the course of Joyful Wisdom to the raising of the fifth gate (called the Gate of Sweet Desires) and the admission of the twentieth rat. I esteem him almost equally with my ancestors. The sixth, or Gate Celestial—whereby a man enters into the Joy of Complete Understanding—I have dispensed with here, substituting a Japanese fancy of an antiquity nearly as great and honorable. The introduction of this element of speculation I count a happy thought, and accordingly take pride to myself."

"The sword, Petrie!" whispered Smith. I should not have recognized his voice, but he spoke quite evenly and steadily. "I rely upon you, old man, to spare me the humiliation of asking mercy from that yellow fiend!"

MY mind throughout this time had been gaining a sort of dreadful clarity. I had avoided looking at the sword of hara-kiri, but my thoughts had been leading me mercilessly up to the point at which we were now arrived. No vestige of anger, of condemnation of the inhuman being seated in the ebony chair, remained; that was past. Of all that had gone before and of what was to come in the future I thought nothing, knew nothing. Our long fight against the yellow group, our encounters with the numberless creatures of Fu-Manchu, the dacoits—even Kâramanèh—were forgotten, blotted out. I saw nothing of the strange appointments of that subterranean chamber; but face to face with the supreme moment of a lifetime, I was alone with my poor friend—and God.

The rats began squealing again. They were fighting.

"Quick, Petrie! Quick, man! I am weakening."

I turned and took up the samurai sword. My hands were very hot and dry, but perfectly steady, and I tested the edge of the heavy weapon upon my left thumb nail as quietly as one might test a razor blade. It was as keen, this blade of ghastly history, as any razor ever wrought in Sheffield. I seized the graven hilt, bent forward in my chair, and raised the Friend's Sword high above my head. With the heavy weapon poised there I looked into my friend's eyes. They were feverishly bright, but never in all my days, nor upon the many beds of suffering which it had been my lot to visit, had I seen an expression like that within them.

"The raising of the first gate is always a crucial moment," came the guttural voice of the Chinaman.

Although I did not see him and barely heard his words, I was aware that he had stood up and was bending forward over the lower end of the cage.

"Now, Petrie, now! God bless you—and good-by . . ."

From somewhere—somewhere remote—I heard a hoarse and animal-like cry, followed by the sound of a heavy fall. I can scarcely bear to write of that moment, for I had actually begun the downward sweep of the great sword when that sound came—a faint hope, speaking of aid where I had thought no aid possible.

How I contrived to divert the blade I do not know to this day, but I do know that its mighty sweep sheared a lock from Smith's head and laid open the scalp. With the hilt in my quivering hands I saw the blade bite deeply through the carpet and floor above Nayland Smith's skull. There, buried fully two inches in the woodwork, it stuck; and still clutching the hilt I looked to the right and across the room—I looked to the curtained doorway.

Fu-Manchu, with one long, clawlike hand upon the top of the first gate, was bending over the trap, but his brilliant green eyes were turned in the same direction as my own—upon the curtained doorway.

Upright within it, her beautiful face as pale as death, but her great eyes blazing with a sort of splendid madness, stood Kâramanèh!

She looked, not at the tortured man, not at me, but fully at Dr. Fu-Manchu. One hand clutched the trembling draperies; now she suddenly raised the other, so that the jewels on her white arm glittered in the light of the lamp above the door. She held my Browning pistol! Fu-Manchu sprang upright, inhaling sibilantly as Kâramanèh pointed the pistol point-blank at his high skull and fired.

I saw a little red streak appear up by the neutral-colored hair under the black cap. I became as a detached intelligence, unlinked with the corporeal, looking down upon a thing which for some reason I had never thought to witness.

Fu-Manchu threw up both arms, so that the sleeves of the green robe fell back to the elbows. He clutched at his head, and the black cap fell behind him. He began to utter short, guttural cries; he swayed backward—to the right—to the left—then lurched forward right across the cage. There he lay, writhing, for a moment, his baneful eyes turned up, revealing the whites; and the great gray rats, released, began leaping about the room. Two shot like gray streaks past the slim figure in the doorway, one darted behind the chair to which I was lashed, and the fourth ran all around against the wall. Fu-Manchu, prostrate across the overturned cage, lay still, his massive head sagging downward.

I experienced a mental repetition of my adventure in the earlier evening—I was dropping, dropping, dropping into some bottomless pit—warm arms were about my neck, and burning kisses upon my lips.

I SEEMED to haul myself back out of the pit of unconsciousness by the aid of two little hands which clasped my own. I uttered a sigh that was almost a sob, and opened my eyes.

I was sitting in the big red leathern armchair in my own study—and a lovely but truly bizarre figure in a harem dress was kneeling on the carpet at my feet; so that my first sight of the world was the sweetest sight that the world had to offer me, the dark eyes of Kâramanèh, with tears trembling like jewels upon her lashes!

I looked no further than that, heeded not if there were others in the room beside us two, but, gripping the jewel-laden fingers in what must have been a cruel clasp, I searched the depths of the glorious eyes in ever-growing wonder. What change had taken place in those limpid, mysterious pools? Why was a wild madness growing up within me like a flame? Why was the old longing returned, ten thousandfold, to snatch that pliant, exquisite shape to my breast?



Study-Food

Recently, among 9,000 Minnesota school children, it was found that 75% made their breakfast largely of starchy foods; also that a large proportion of these children suffered from headache, tooth troubles and other ills—

"There's a Reason"

Most starchy foods are hard to digest, and lack the very elements that build healthy bones, teeth, muscles, brain and nerves. White bread is notoriously lacking in this regard. No wonder so many children suffer from frequent headaches, constipation, dullness or fretfulness!

Twenty years ago a food wonderfully easy of digestion and rich in the very elements lacking in the usual starchy foods, was devised to meet this very condition. This food is

Grape-Nuts

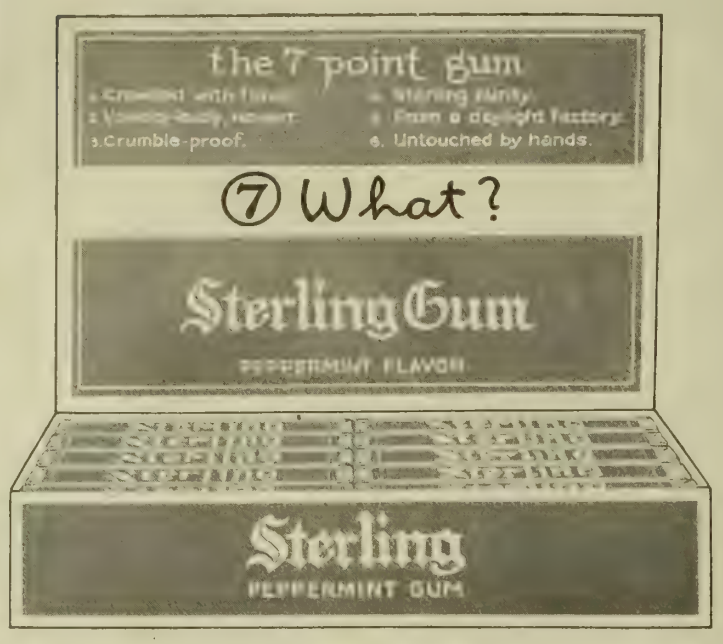
Made of whole wheat and barley, Grape-Nuts retains all the nutriment of these grains, including the vital mineral elements on which depend physical and mental vigor and the warding off of disease.

Switch the children's diet from demineralized foods to those rich in Nature's own provision for health and efficiency, and watch results.

Ready-to-eat, nourishing, economical, delicious—

"There's a Reason"
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—sold by Grocers.



Peppermint - Red Wrapper
Cinnamon - Blue Wrapper

That's the new Sterling Gum! Made in a daylight factory for you.

Those who step each morning into the Sterling Factory do not exchange the daylight of the open streets for the musty gloom of some dark corner.

They come into kitchens flooded with light—kitchens as sunny as modern construction can make them.

From this clean, bright home Sterling comes to you—a pure, finely-flavored confection.

Here are the qualities which have caused Sterling to be known as "the 7-point gum."

Point 1—Crowded with flavor
Point 2—Velvety body—NO GRIT
Point 3—Crumble-proof
Point 4—Sterling purity
Point 5—From a daylight factory
Point 6—Untouched by hands

Point ⑦ What?

Have you looked in the gum for point 7?



The 7-point gum

The Sterling Gum Co., Inc.

Long Island City New York

They say that 7th point in Sterling Gum is hard to find. I say it isn't if only you'll hunt it in the gum.
—*Old Seven, the Baffler.*

No word was spoken, but the spoken words of a thousand ages could not have expressed one tithe what was held in that silent communion. A hand was laid hesitatingly on my shoulder. I tore my gaze away from the lovely face so near to mine and glanced up.

Azîz stood at the back of my chair!

"God is all merciful," he said. "My sister is restored to us" (I loved him for the plural), "and she *remembers*."

Those few words were enough; I understood now that this lovely girl, who half knelt, half lay, at my feet, was not the evil, perverted creature of Fu-Manchu whom we had gone out to arrest with the other vile servants of the Chinese doctor, but was the old, beloved companion of two years ago, the Kâramanèh for whom I had sought long and wearily in Egypt, who had been swallowed up and lost to me in that land of mystery.

THE loss of memory which Fu-Manchu had artificially induced was subject to the same inexplicable laws which ordinarily rule in cases of amnesia. The shock of her brave action that night had begun to effect a cure; the sight of Azîz had completed it.

Inspector Weymouth was standing by the writing table. My mind cleared rapidly now, and standing up, but without releasing the girl's hands, so that I drew her up beside me, I said: "Weymouth, where is—?"

"He's waiting to see you, doctor," replied the inspector.

A pang, almost physical, struck at my heart. "Poor, dear old Smith!" I cried with a break in my voice.

Dr. Gray, a neighboring practitioner, appeared in the doorway at the moment that I spoke the words.

"It's all right, Petrie," he said reassuringly; "I think we took it in time. I have thoroughly cauterized the wounds, and, granted that no complication sets in, he'll be on his feet again in a week or two."

I suppose I was in a condition closely bordering upon the hysterical. At any rate, my behavior was extraordinary. I raised both my hands above my head.

"Thank God!" I cried at the top of my voice. "Thank God! thank God!"

"Thank Him, indeed," responded the musical voice of Azîz. He spoke with all the devoutness of a true Moslem.

Everything, even Kâramanèh, was forgotten, and I started for the door as though my life depended upon my speed. With one foot upon the landing, I turned, looked back, and met the glance of Inspector Weymouth.

"What have you done with—the body?" I asked.

"We haven't been able to get to it. That end of the vault collapsed two minutes after we hauled you out!"

The next story of Fu-Manchu will appear in an early issue of COLLIER'S.

The Most Interesting American

(*Continued from page 6*)

remember that it was under my Administration that the United States entered the Hague Convention. I should never have permitted such a thing had I not believed we acted in good faith. It was clearly our duty to protest, but I waited and said nothing, thinking that perhaps the President wished to assemble a long list of atrocities so that the people would be behind him in protesting. But Dinant followed, and Louvain, and Rheims, and no protest was made. Instead we were instructed to be 'neutral even in thought' toward those who had broken faith with us and with civilization. So it went until the *Lusitania* was sunk. If we had acted with strength in Mexico, the poor souls who went down on the *Lusitania* would still be alive. But by our Mexican performances we had shown Europe what to expect of us." Colonel Roosevelt paused for a moment, then, grimly, he added: "Haiti is apparently the kind of country we can handle now. Our conduct of international affairs, so far as that vast and powerful nation is concerned, seems to have been admirable."

The Country Gentleman

I MAY say here, as well as at any other point, perhaps, that my interview with Colonel Roosevelt and my observation of him covered several afternoons in both New York and Oyster Bay.

At Sagamore Hill he is not so much the Dutch banker as the American gentleman in his country home. The place is three miles from the station, upon a height reached by a long, winding drive leading from the highroad. The house, which has lawn and trees about it, and has a view over Long Island Sound, is a very American-looking structure of red brick and gray, painted wood. It is not at all an "imposing" house, although that other word, "rambling," which is so much used in describing houses, may with justice be applied to it. It is a house which, from the outside, does not look nearly so spacious as it actually is.

Through the center of it runs a wide, dark hall, to the right of which, near the front door, is the library, or rather the room which Colonel Roosevelt uses as an office, for it is improper to refer to any especial room at Sagamore Hill as a library, since all are filled with books. This room is a small museum. There are animal skins upon the floor and mounted heads of animals upon the walls. Among the pictures on the walls are a portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt, one of Colonel Roosevelt's father, and others of Lincoln, Washington, and Daniel Boone. Also there is the bronze cougar, by Alexander Proctor, which was presented to the Colonel by his famous "Tennis Cabinet," and a bronze cowboy, by Frederic Remington.

Even more like a museum than the library is the great living room which has been added, of late years, at the end of the hall. It is a very large room—perhaps thirty feet wide, forty feet long, and two stories high, with a trilateral ceiling and wainscoting of wood in a pleasing shade of light brown, oiled but not polished. Large as this room is, and rich as it is in trophies and souvenirs of all sorts, its finest quality is its freedom from imposingness. It is not in any way magnificent or austere, yet it is a very handsome, dignified room, with the kind of handsomeness which does not smite the eye nor overpower the senses, but which, upon the other hand, makes the stranger feel welcome and at ease, and tells him that he is in the home of a prosperous but simple and cultivated American family. What I am really trying to say is that the Roosevelts live comfortably, but without "side." They do not keep a butler or a footman; their chauffeur is a negro.

Into this setting the Colonel fits felicitously. At Oyster Bay he usually wears an olive-drab suit of knickerbockers, with golf stockings, and though he is a most hospitable and tactful host, one feels that when the guests have gone he will welcome the opportunity to go tramping off through the woods with Mrs. Roosevelt or to take her rowing in the skiff.

Without Mrs. Roosevelt the house at Sagamore Hill would be as imperfect as without the Colonel. She is a woman of the greatest charm and tact—precisely the kind of woman to be the wife of a public man, precisely the kind of woman who so seldom is. She makes everyone who comes to Sagamore Hill feel instantly at ease, and she has the gracious faculty for seeming to know about and be genuinely interested in the people whom she meets, instead of wishing them to know about and be interested in her. More than this, she has wit. One day at luncheon the Colonel was speaking of the need of universal military service, when he touched sarcastically upon the song entitled "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." Whereupon Mrs. Roosevelt, whose husband and four boys would go to war if war came, remarked:

"I didn't raise my boy to be the *only* soldier!"

What About Mexico and Belgium?

WHILE Colonel Roosevelt has not stated publicly what his exact course of action with regard to Mexico or to the European situation would have been were he President, it is generally understood by those who know him that he believed in sending an army officer of the caliber of General Wood to Mexico to organize the Mexicans themselves for the work of restoring and maintaining order, as was done by General Wood in Cuba. Further, it is known that he believes that a protest against the invasion of Belgium should have been made by this Government, not after the invasion but *before;* that is, when it began to seem probable that such a thing would occur. He believes that the President of

the United States had an opportunity to play a part as great as that of Lincoln or Washington, and that the way to have played it would have been to notify the German Government that, in the event of a violation of Belgian soil, the United States would call a *posse comitatus* of nations to intervene by force if need be.

Colonel Roosevelt regards it as quite conceivable that with some one to rally them, England and Italy would have immediately signified their willingness to join in such a movement, and that most of the nations which have remained neutral might likewise have given their support to so just a cause. By this plan Colonel Roosevelt believes that the violation of Belgium, with its succeeding horrors, might actually have been prevented.

I spoke to the Colonel of the impression held by many of those who do not believe in him, that he is of a belligerent disposition and that, to use the usual expression, he "would have dragged the country into war."

"I know what they think about me," he declared. "Because I stood up for the army and navy and for American rights, also because of the newspaper cartoons of me as a Rough Rider carrying a club or shooting revolvers into the air, also because I speak my mind when I think I ought to, and because they know I would have taken action in regard to Mexico and in regard to Belgium—because of these things there are many people who say: 'That man Roosevelt is a bloodthirsty anarchist!' These people forget or ignore the fact that during the seven and a half years in which I was President we never fired a shot at a foreign foe, although complications arose from time to time, and although I insisted absolutely upon protecting American citizens everywhere, as, for example, in the case of Perdicaris, when I demanded Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead. But, although I got the country into no wars, they say I am warlike. President Wilson, on the other hand, is a man of peace. He has waged peace with Mexico and Haiti, and lost a lot of men, and he has been waging peace with Germany, while Germany has been murdering our men, women, and children with her submarines.

"Now, as a matter of fact—though I do not expect these people who picture me as bloodthirsty to believe it—I abhor war. But where I differ with the pacifists is this: I regard war as a very terrible thing, to be avoided by every decent means, but I do not regard it as the worst conceivable thing in the world. I think some things are even more to be avoided than war; and these people who say I want war are right to this extent: Let them rape just one American woman in Mexico—and they have raped many—and I should have action inside six hours. There was never any question as to whether the American people would back me or not when I was President. They would always back me to assert American rights and defend American honor. They are the same people to-day, but they are dulled, momentarily, by a five years' debauch of professional pacifism.

"Because We Have Ideals"

"EVERY man has a soft and easy side to him. I speak now out of the abundance of my own heart. I'm a domestic man. I have always wanted to be with Mrs. Roosevelt and my children, and now with my grandchildren. I'm not a brawler. I detest war. But if war came I'd have to go, and my four boys would go, too, because we have ideals in this family. I've had a good deal from life, and I am not afraid to die, but any man who is a father ought to know whether I want to see my four boys go off to fight. This feeling is so strong in me that when I have read in the papers that the President has sent still another note to Germany, fending off trouble for a while, I have to combat a feeling of relief by thinking of what our duty is and of how dreadful it would have been for me if men in the days of Washington and Lincoln had been 'too proud to fight.'

"The average man does not want to be disturbed. He doesn't want to be called upon to leave his business and his family, and do a distinctly unpleasant duty. That is natural enough. Nevertheless, you can appeal to either of the two soul sides of that man. If you appeal to his deepest sense of duty, to all that he has of strength and of courage and of high-mindedness, you can make him shake off his sloth, his self-indulgence, his short-sightedness, or his timidity, and stand up and do, and dare, and die at need, just as the men of Bunker Hill and Trenton and Yorktown and Gettysburg and Shiloh did and dared and died.

"But if, upon the other hand, with great rhetorical ingenuity and skill, you furnish that man with high-sounding names to cloak ignoble action, or ignoble failure to act, then it is so natural as to be pardonable in the average man to accept the excuse thrust upon him and to do the ignoble thing which the man who ought to be his leader counsels him to do.

"It is with the people of a nation much as with a regiment. There is an old saying that there are few bad regiments but plenty of bad colonels. No matter how good a regiment may be, if, in the stress of a great fight, its colonel advises each man as a matter of duty to do whatever is best for his own comfort and safety, and if the colonel, still uttering lofty abstract sentiments, then marches to the rear, it may be taken for granted that the regiment will follow."

The Greatest American

THE anti-Roosevelt reader, wishing to take exception to everything having to do with Colonel Roosevelt, may perhaps take exception to the title of this article. To this reader I wish to say that my title is not only temperate (mark you, I refrained from making it either "The Most Interesting Man in the World" or "The Greatest American") but that I can prove it true. All one needs to do to prove Roosevelt the most interesting American, is to ask the question: "Well, if he isn't, who is?" In reply to this the anti-Roosevelt man will make a half-hearted effort to play Edison as a trump card and will thereafter give up.

Yet I believe that even those who are willing to concede to Colonel Roosevelt everything in the way of being interesting, or even everything in the way of greatness, do not generally grasp, all at one time, the completeness of his versatility.

In the course of casual reading I have lately happened upon three Roosevelt items from curiously assorted sources. In the "Century Magazine" I read of the visit of an American authoress to the home of Mistral, the Provençal poet, and learned that "a heavily inscribed photograph of Theodore Roosevelt hangs in the hall in full view of the bust of Lamartine."

In a New York newspaper I read an interview with M. Jules Bois, the French journalist, author, and poet. Said M. Bois: "Theodore Roosevelt is perhaps the greatest man in the world. To the European he typifies all that is essentially American. Abroad he is considered the greatest American."

A day or two later I read that Champ Clark had been talking about Roosevelt. "He knows a little more about more things than any man in the country," declared the Speaker; and at the risk of seeming, perhaps, to digress, I cannot refrain from adding that Mr. Clark, though a Democrat, declared further that "Roosevelt is not mealy-mouthed."

But let me point in another way the versatility of Roosevelt. Has it ever struck you that he combines within himself qualities and attainments which actually are not combined in the entire population of any city in the United States?

The city which would have in the sum of all its people a Roosevelt must possess, among its inhabitants, the following:

(1) *A Physical Culture Expert:* Roosevelt built himself up from a sickly child to a man upon whose vigor it is needless to comment.

(2) *A Historian:* Roosevelt began to write his "History of the Naval War of 1812" while yet a Harvard student.

(3) *A Biographer:* See his "Oliver Cromwell," his own Autobiography, and others.

(4) *An Essayist:* He has written more books than many authors whose fame rests upon their writings alone. His essays, in particular, are the key to his actions.

(5) *A Natural Scientist:* As in authorship, his achievements in this field alone are enough to make him a man of note. Several leading natural scientists have said so.

(6) *A Big-Game Hunter:* His shooting, like his vast reading, has been done in spite of exceeding nearsightedness. He is the most farsighted nearsighted man the country has produced.



The Winners

Are Usually Oat-Fed Boys

We employed many men at one time to canvass winners in every field. And we found that four in five had been oat-fed boys.

But that simply confirms the wisdom of the ages in regard to oats.

Success in almost every line calls for tireless energy. Winners must "feel their oats."

Quaker Oats

Flakes of Queen Grains Only

The greatest lovers of oats, the world over, are users of Quaker Oats. In a hundred nations this is the favorite brand.

That's because we make it of big, plump grains, discarding all the puny. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. But these choice grains almost monopolize the flavor and aroma.

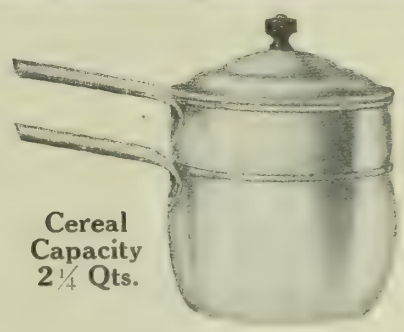
No extra price bars you from this fine brand. No extra trouble, for every grocer has it. You can get it for the asking. And that is the way to foster the love of oats.

10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South

1047

Quaker Cooker

Note Our Offer



Cereal Capacity 2¼ Qts.

One of the best things we do to make Quaker Oats delightful is to offer this perfect aluminum cooker. It is made to our order to cook Quaker Oats in the ideal way, retaining all the flavor and aroma. It is extra heavy, extra large, and ought to last a lifetime.

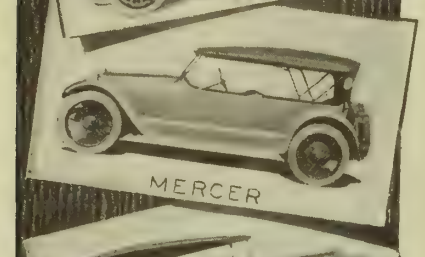
Send us our trademark—the picture of the Quaker—cut from the front of five Quaker Oats packages. Send one dollar with these trademarks and this perfect cooker will be sent by parcel post. Or send us 15 of these trademarks and only 75 cents. This present cooker offer applies to the United States only.

Over 700,000 homes so far have adopted the Quaker Cooker. Let us supply one to you. Address

The Quaker Oats Company
Railway Exchange, Chicago













Distinctive Tops on Distinguished Cars

From November till May your motor car top is seldom folded. And many motorists keep their tops "up" nearly all the year.

How important the top is, then, to the car's appearance. Its prominence demands the smart lines, richness and beauty given by Neverleek Top Material. That is why so many of style-leading motor cars are using Neverleek. It couples distinction with guaranteed service.

Let us send you our booklet "The Automobile and Its Top" with attractive pictures, a real story and photographs of cars with Neverleek Tops, together with samples of Neverleek and a copy of our guarantee without time limit.

All mailed free on request.

Ask for a Neverleek Top on your new car. If the top on your present car needs renewing against Winter rains and snows, let us give you the name of a top-maker in your vicinity who will recover with Neverleek.

Trade NEVERLEEK Mark

Top Material

F. S. CARR COMPANY
31 Beach St., Boston, Mass.
969 Woodward Ave., Detroit

Factories at
Framingham, Mass. and Tilbury, Ontario



That MURADS are

Better than many 25 cent cigarettes

is NOT a mere claim

Murads ARE better—because better, higher-priced tobacco goes into Murads.

Much of the tobacco used in many 25 cent cigarettes could never get into the Murad brand. These facts are perfectly well known among cigarette manufacturers.

We Challenge Contradiction

Don't pay 25 cents for a cigarette whose price is the only expensive thing about it. A half dozen puffs will show how much better Murads are.

Everywhere—Why?



S. Anargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

MURAD

THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

(7) *An Explorer and Discoverer:* Africa; South America; the River of Doubt.

(8) *A Critic:* Just listen at any time!

(9) *A Former Cowboy:* For two years he was a ranchman.

(10) *Ten or a dozen LL.D.'s:* He has them from Harvard, Yale, Columbia, etc.

(11) *An Editor:* It used to be the "Outlook." Now he writes signed editorials for the "Metropolitan Magazine."

(12) *A Former Member of the State Legislature:* In his early twenties he was minority leader at Albany.

(13) *A Practical Reformer:* No living man has brought about so many real reforms.

(14) *A Veteran Colonel of Cavalry:* He says his "one great day" was that of San Juan Hill.

(15) *A Former Assistant Secretary of the Navy:* He said then, and long before, all the things most of us are just finding out about preparedness.

(16) *A Former Governor:* He was Governor of New York, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Colonel of the Rough Riders all in less than one year.

(17) *A Nobel Peace Prize Winner:* For the Russo-Japanese Peace. But people call him "dangerous."

(18) *A Former Vice President:* They did it to get rid of him, but—

(19) *A Former President:* The youngest of all Presidents. The President who sent the battle fleet around the world, who said "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," who concluded the Peace of Portsmouth, and who started the Panama Canal.

New Haven, Conn., comes nearest, perhaps, to having all these things among its citizens, for it contains ex-President Taft, ex-Governor Baldwin, President Hadley and the Yale Faculty, Harry Whitney, hunter and explorer, and the redoubtable "Mosey" King. But on other points New Haven fails. The only thing it has which Roosevelt hasn't is Savin Rock—and there are those who think there is even a touch of Savin Rock about the Colonel.

Just a Few Extras

NOR must it be forgotten that there are important Roosevelt items not included in my list. As a creator of popular and telling phrases, he surpasses George Ade and Oliver Herford combined. He has not only the gift for characterizing in a few words, but for coining new expressions and revivifying old ones.

Some one asks him how he is feeling. "I'm feeling as fine as a bull moose!" replies the Colonel—and a political party has its name. "The big stick," "the square deal," "parlor Socialists," "rosewater reformers," "outpatients of Bedlam," "race suicide," "nature faker," "muckraker," "molly-coddle," "Armageddon," "malefactor of great wealth," "the strenuous life," "undesirable citizens," and, more lately, "hyphenated Americans": these expressions which I happen to remember, and many more which you will think of, were either minted or put in general circulation by the Colonel. He goes hunting and the "Teddy Bear" comes into being; he becomes a soldier and both the term and type "Rough Rider" is made known to us. Everything he touches, everything he mentions, is made vital through him as through contact with a dynamo. A friend of mine who has known the Colonel a long time gives me the following items from among things that he has heard him say. Once when Roosevelt wished to explain the extreme utterances of certain reformers he said: "Every reform has a lunatic fringe." Again, in speaking of certain very minor European monarchs he termed them "the bush-league Czars." One man he pronounced "As clean as a hound's tooth," while another, a certain so-called statesman, was: "An elderly fuddy-duddy with sweetbread brains." Somebody once asked him about European kings that he had met. Whereupon the Colonel answered: "X—— [mentioning a monarch] would be president of some little peace society if he lived over here, but the Kaiser would swing his ward." And at another time when some people, failing to appreciate the democracy of Roosevelt's instincts, the enormous Americanism of the man, said that he wished to be a king, he declared to my friend sardonically: "The people who say that haven't seen as many kings as I have. Kings are a kind of cross between Vice President and a Permanent Leader of the Four Hundred." Which reminds me, by the way, that of all Roosevelt's positions there is just one with which we know he was born; and that one, social position in New York, is a thing for which, considered by itself, he has nothing but contempt.

Colonel Roosevelt's sense of humor is highly individualized. It seems to me that his vast experience of life in its larger aspects has caused his sense of humor to develop into Gargantuan proportions, so that the ordinary little joke-for-a-joke's-sake makes no great appeal to him. I believe that he expects a joke, as he expects a man, to *do* something, and that he is somewhat inclined to be impatient of what is merely amusing, just as he is impatient of mere eloquence in speeches and of the interruption of his own speeches by applause. In speaking, as in writing, he does not try for eloquence, but merely to be clear and vigorous. He writes slowly and with difficulty, using a pad and pencil and making many corrections.

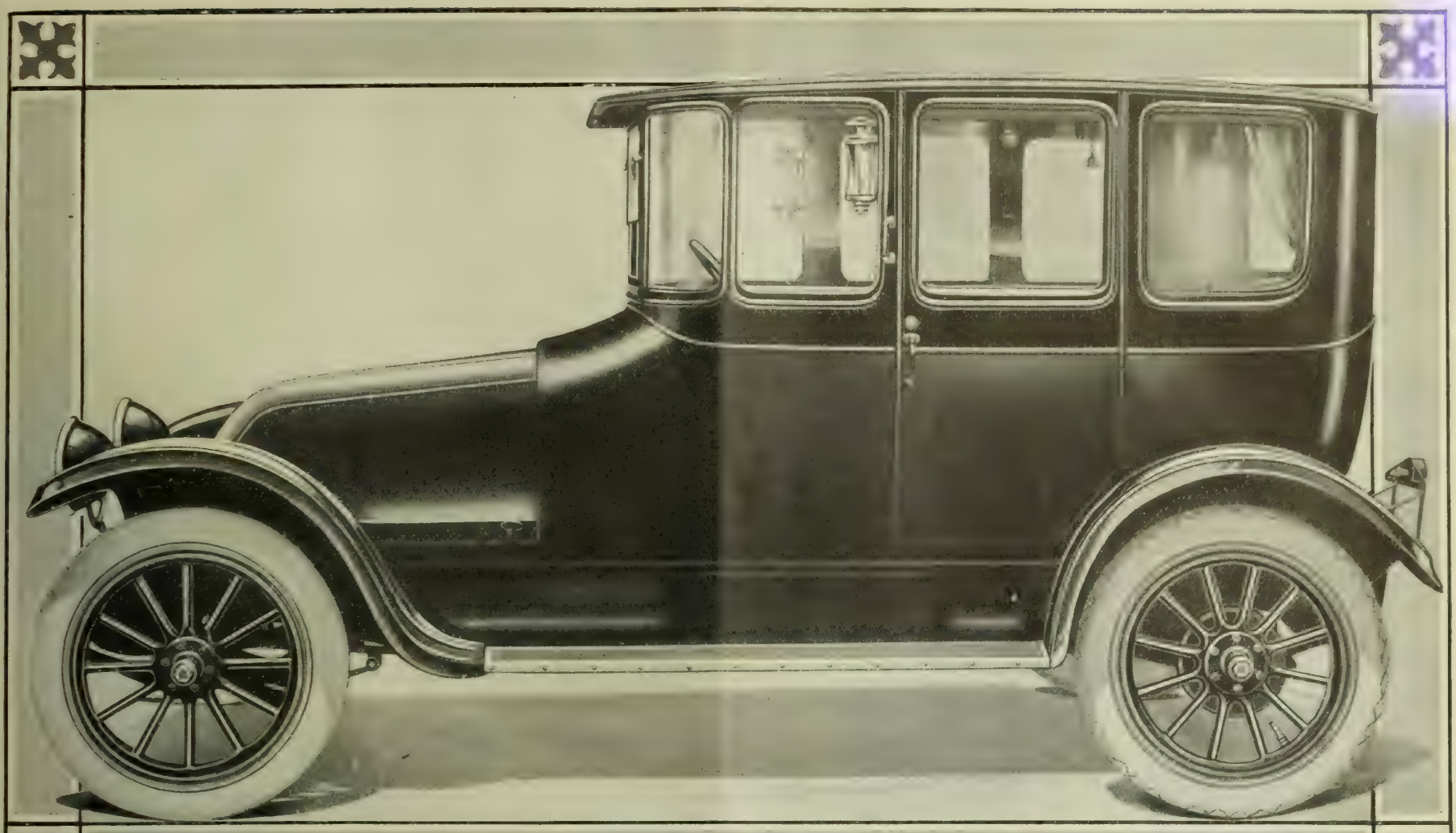
His appreciation of situations which are grotesque or comic is very rich. Time and again, while in the White House, he took boyish enjoyment in the weirdly assorted gatherings at his luncheon table. He has been known to entertain, at once, the British Ambassador and the wildest kind of cowboys. I doubt that anything ever afforded him more amusement than furnishing a prize-fighter friend of his (John L. Sullivan, I think) with a letter of introduction to the dignified and sedate Governor Hughes of New York, now Justice of the Supreme Court. Having a fine appreciation of both these men, Colonel Roosevelt was fascinated with his mental picture of their meeting and their conversation, though, needless to say, he gave the letter only for good reasons.

It was characteristic of him that he knew them both well, for his taste in men, like his taste for affairs, is widely assorted. Once I asked him which of his various activities he had most enjoyed, and he was unable to say. So it is with men. He likes prize fighters, painters, cowboys, poets, diplomatists, hunters, sculptors, soldiers, naturalists, football players, novelists, men who can tell him about Irish or Norwegian sagas, about ancient Greek coins, or about almost anything else. It was the great sculptor, Saint-Gaudens, who spoke to him one day of the beauty of the old Greek coins, and it was characteristic of Roosevelt that he immediately caused new coins—the most beautiful since those of ancient Greece—to be designed and minted. So also, when he set his mind to architecture and landscape gardening, a Fine Arts Council composed of noted men, serving without pay, came into being, and the new public buildings in Washington began to be harmoniously designed and placed. This Fine Arts Council was, however, instinctively resented by the pork-barrel Senators and Congressmen, and it was disbanded by Mr. Taft shortly after he became President. At one hour of the day Roosevelt would be talking army reforms with an officer, at another jujutsu with a Japanese, or he would be writing to some poet whose work he had seen and liked.

And sometimes, when there was need, he would provide a Government position for a man whose work was good but not remunerative. Along with the rest of him there is something of the artist, and that is a tribute which can be paid with honesty to but few American Presidents.

Our Man of Destiny

NATURALLY those of us who admire him like to call Roosevelt a "typical American," because it pleases us to think that an exceptional American is typical. In so far as he is a type produced by the United States he is typical; in so far as that type is common, he is not. He has always been the exception. A jack-of-all-trades, he is master of many. He rushes in where angels fear to tread, but he is no fool. He has been called a "man of Destiny," but Destiny has not done all the work, any more than God has done all the work for the Kaiser. Destiny has not helped to make Roosevelt, as much as Roosevelt has helped to make Destiny—or perhaps I should say to make Destiny make Roosevelt. For Roosevelt is not a living proof of what a man may do with gifts; he is a living proof of what a man may do despite the lack of them. Out of a weak child he made a powerful man; out of half-blindness he made a boxer, an omnivorous reader, a good shot. Out of a liking for authorship, rather than a talent



The Franklin Sedan

The All-Year-Round Car

WHEN the automobile was new, people used to lay it up for the winter, along with the gladiola bulbs and the garden hose.

Next we heard a great deal about the Town Car—a *ponderous* enclosed vehicle to be run gingerly on city streets, blanketed like a horse and kept in a warm stable.

Also, their one idea of summer motoring was the Touring Car open to wind and sun and dust.

Now, the *Franklin Sedan is actually cooler in summer than a Touring Car.* It can be so ventilated as to afford a continuous *free circulation of fresh air*—while protecting the occupant from the sun and the dust.

As a *winter car,* the Franklin, with its Direct-Air-Cooling System can be depended on, *no matter where the mercury drops.*

No water, no pump, no plumbing, no blanketing, no antifreezing mixtures.

Perfect independence of temperature conditions and freedom from cracked water jackets *and all freezing troubles.*

More people every day are beginning to look for *solid comfort in an all-the-year-round car.* A car that can be run anywhere, any time, on city pavements or country roads *—regardless of distance, weather, or the condition of the roads.*

The Franklin Sedan is built to withstand American roads as no other car. *It weighs only 2970 pounds—just 295 pounds more than the Touring Car.*

Here, in the Franklin Scientific Light Weight (keeping the chassis free from an *overload*) is the reason for the solid comfort of the Franklin Sedan on rough roads—its *economy* in gasoline, in oil, in tires—*its low depreciation.*

Every motorist—and especially the man who does not quite trust enclosed cars in general—should certainly call on the Franklin Dealer and ride in the Franklin Sedan over the roughest roads he can find.

The experience will show him that *one car, at least,* has done away with the costs and limitations he fears in an enclosed car, and has *made all-the-year touring practical.* Price of Franklin Sedan, $2850.

Franklin Coupe
Weight, 2880 pounds
Price, $2600

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Franklin Berlin
Weight, 3240 pounds
Price, $3100



He Won't Go Out To-Night

Once a man gets off his day shoes and slips his feet into Comfys, it is a guarantee that he will stay in the rest of the evening.

Comfys give your feet the same relaxation that an easy chair gives your body.

DANL GREEN
Comfy
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Felt Slippers



"Tailor-made" Comfys for men, women and children, in popular colors. Packed in fancy cartons. $1.00 to $1.50.

They are felt, soft as the word "felt," pliable and porous. Your tired feet can expand and breathe in them. Only when labeled "Daniel Green Comfy" do they have the thick, patented Comfy cushion sole and heel which are soft as down, yet durable.

If local merchants do not sell the genuine Comfys, with the trade-mark inside the slipper, you may order from us.

The daintiness and beauty of Comfys for women must be seen to be appreciated. Made in bewildering variety of styles and colors.

Send for Our Catalog No. 18B

Daniel Green also makes a full line of felt footwear other than Comfy, and leather and fabric boudoir slippers. Please send your orders and inquiries to our New York office.

DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE CO.
BOSTON
New York Office and Stock Department—
116 East 13th Street

DENBY

DENBY ¾ Ton Truck $890

With body as shown. Top, panel body, starting and lighting system, if desired, at moderate additional expense

THE business man with light-delivery work finds this new Denby model exactly suited to his needs. The Denby internal-gear drive and other features of Denby leadership are embodied in it; and at the same time it is a truck designed from the ground up for light-delivery duty.

A Real Light-Delivery Truck

The Denby Business-Building and Sales Efficiency Service—prepared by experts—consists of a correspondence course of thirty-six lessons, embracing every branch of retail salesmanship. It shows how to get new customers; how to increase orders. Every truck or delivery-wagon owner may name one person to take the course, without charge. $3000 has been appropriated by us for rewards to successful students.

A Service That Makes It Pay

You *Can* Afford Motor Haulage Now

Like thousands of other business-men, you have probably realized the superior speed, efficiency, dependability and neatness of the motor truck. But you may have doubted the actual dollars-and-cents return.

The Denby truck is mechanically right. And the exclusive Denby Business-Building Service assures you that you will be able to make it pay.

Write for particulars.

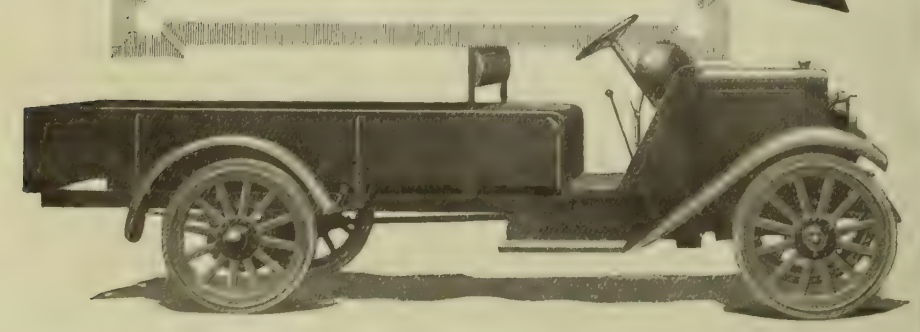
DENBY
Motor Truck Company
401 Holbrook Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Three Other Denby Units

These maintain the Denby tradition of superiority in their respective classes. They are capable of extensive chassis and body modifications, so that they may be fitted exactly to any individual business.

Ratings and prices follow:

Type B	1 ton	$1475
Type D	1½ ton	$1685
Type E	2 tons	$1985



for it, he made a distinguished author; out of natural force and a feeling for the charm of things he made a style not only clear and forceful but, at times, charming. Out of a voice and a manner never meant for oratory he made a speaker. Out of a sense of duty he made a soldier, out of a soldier a Governor, out of a Governor a Vice President, and—wonder of wonders—out of a Vice President a President!

I asked him once if he thought he had genius.

"Most certainly I have not," he declared with unhesitating conviction. "I'm no orator, and in writing I'm afraid I'm not gifted at all, except perhaps that I have a good instinct and a liking for simplicity and directness. If I have anything at all resembling genius, it is in the gift for leadership. For instance, if we have war, you'll see that young fighting officers of the army want to be in my command." Then, with a smile and in a manner the frankness of which was indescribably pleasing, he declared: "To tell the truth, I like to believe that, by what I have accomplished *without* great gifts, I may be a source of encouragement to American boys."

No one knows better than Colonel Roosevelt the opinion in which he is held by various groups of his fellow countrymen. An interesting example of this knowledge occurs in his Autobiography, where he tells how his successful conclusion of the Russo-Japanese peace at Portsmouth made him personally unpopular with the people of both Russia and Japan because each nation thought that terms more favorable to itself might have been exacted. He writes:

"Of course what I had done in connection with the Portsmouth peace was misunderstood by some good and sincere people. Just as after the settlement of the coal strike there were persons who thereupon thought that it was in my power, and was my duty, to settle all other strikes, so after the peace of Portsmouth there were other persons—not only Americans, by the way—who thought it my duty forthwith to make myself a kind of international Meddlesome Matty and interfere for peace and justice promiscuously over the world. Others, with a delightful non sequitur, jumped to the conclusion that inasmuch as I had helped to bring about a beneficent and necessary peace I must necessarily have changed my mind about war being ever necessary. A couple of days after peace was concluded I wrote to a friend: 'Don't you be misled by the fact that just at the moment men are speaking well of me. They will speak ill soon enough. As Loeb remarked to me to-day, some time soon I shall have to spank some little international brigand, and then all the well-meaning idiots will turn and shriek that this is inconsistent with what I did at the Peace Conference, whereas in reality it will be exactly in line with it.'"

"My Policies"

THOSE who would have the key to "My Policies," as the saying used to go when Roosevelt was in the White House, those who would have the key to Roosevelt himself should read his Autobiography. It is rich reading. Those who would have a bunch of keys should also read his "Presidential Addresses and State Papers" and the essays published under the title "American Ideals."

The last-mentioned collection holds peculiar interest because, though written about twenty years ago, when he was president of the Police Board of New York, it is literally packed with statements which, with the change of a word here and there, may be directly and helpfully applied to the grave conditions which the nation faces now. To read these early writings without acknowledging the author's prophetic understanding is to be an intellectual contortionist or else willfully to withhold from him the "square deal." I do not say that the reader of Roosevelt's works must inevitably become a Roosevelt man, but I do say that he must become a fairer, more intelligent, Roosevelt critic. Indeed, I might go farther and declare—despite the well-known American prerogative to express loose opinions on all subjects—that the opinion of Roosevelt, good or bad, expressed by a man who has failed to review Roosevelt's political life as a whole, is not worth listening to. I base this contention on two facts: First, that before I read the Roosevelt works my own opinions upon Roosevelt were loose and unintelligent. Second, the fact that his activities in the last thirty-seven years have been so numerous and so diversified that the casual citizen forgets the larger part of them.

In short, I believe that we are still too close to Mr. Roosevelt to appreciate him fully. Americans lack perspective on him, though I believe that Europeans, regarding him from afar, have a better appreciation of the rugged outlines of his character, precisely as those who look at a mountain twenty-five or fifty miles away can see it clearly, while those who live upon its slopes are conscious only of the little tract immediately about them.

"Teddy" but not "Woody"

THEN there is the other side of Roosevelt, the side so many men have seen and adored. When he was President he never had what is termed "front." He never posed like a white marble statue of a statesman in the entablature of a white marble temple. He was, and is, one of *us*. We call him "T. R.," and he is perhaps the only man in the country who is known to us all by his initials. We call him "Teddy," but we do not call a marble statue "Woody."

Our "Teddy" does not suggest statuary. He is, perhaps, more like the movies—like a moving picture of ourselves as we should like to be. He is brave, hardy, and adventurous. *We* should like to be brave, hardy, and adventurous, too, and we should be if it weren't for all kinds of things that interfered. He knows what he thinks. Well, don't *we* know what we think, sometimes? Certainly! He *says* what he thinks. So do we—except when we think it might get us into trouble. When some one is a liar he calls him one. How like us he is! We've often wanted to do that, too. Yes, Teddy is a "regular fellow"—just like us. Of *course* we admire that side of him!

But then there's another side. Certainly Teddy is all right in his way. Yes. He's all right so long as he's like *us*. But the trouble with him is that he isn't conservative, as we are. He isn't quite *safe*. He's got a little too much—too much this-and-that about him. It's too bad! *We* could tell him what to do, but the trouble is, he's headstrong. He won't listen. He just goes roaring on like a steam engine in pantaloons.

Finding the British Fleet

(*Continued from page 10*)

One stooped under the overhang of the turret armor from the barbette and climbed up through an opening which allowed no spare room for the generously built, and out of the dim light appeared the glint of the massive steel breechblock and gun, set in its heavy recoil mountings with roots of steel supports sunk into the very structure of the ship. It was like other guns of the latest improved type; but it had been in action, and one kept thinking of this fact that gave it a sort of majestic prestige. One wished that it might look a little different from the others, as the right of a veteran.

As the plugman swung the breech open I had in mind a giant plugman on the U. S. S. *Connecticut* whom I used to watch at drills and target practice. Shall I ever forget the flash in his eye if there were a fraction of a second's delay in the firing after the breech had gone home! The way in which he made that enormous block obey his touch in oily obsequiousness suggested the apotheosis of the whole business of naval war. I don't know whether the plugman of H. M. S. *Lion* or the plugman of the U. S. S. *Connecticut* was the better. It would take a superman to improve on either.

Like the block, it seemed as if the man knew only the movements of the drill; as if he had been bred and his muscles formed for that. One could conceive of him playing Diavolo with that breech. He belonged to the finest part of all the machinery, the human element, which made the parts of a steel machine play together in a beautiful harmony. The plugman's is the most showy part; others playing equally important parts are in the cavern below the turret; and most important of all is that of the man who keeps the gun on the target, whose true right eye may send twenty-five thousand tons of battleship to perdition. No one eye of any enlisted man can be as important as the gun pointer's. His the eye and the nerve trained as finely as the plugman's muscles. He does nothing else, thinks of nothing else. In common with

painters and poets, gun pointers are born with a gift, and that gift is trained and trained and trained. It seems simple to keep right on, but it is not. Try twenty men in the most rudimentary test and you will find that it is not.

How long had the plugman been on his job? Six years. And the gun pointer? Seven. Twelve years is the term of enlistment in the British navy. Not too fast, but thoroughly, is the British way. The idea is to make a plugman or a gun pointer the same kind of expert as a master artisan in any other walk of life, by a long service and the process of selection.

None of all these men serving the two guns from the depths to the turret saw anything of the battle, except the gun pointer. It was easier for them than for him to be letter-perfect in the test, as he had to guard against the exhilaration of having an enemy's ship instead of a cloth target under his eye. Superdrilled he was to that eventuality; superdrilled all the others through the years, till each one knew his part as well as one knows how to wind his watch. Used to the shock of the discharges of their own guns at battle practice, many of the crew did not even know that their ship was hit, so preoccupied was each with his own duty, which was to go on with it until an order or a shell's havoc stopped him. Every mind was closed except to the thing which had been so established by drill in his nature that he did it instinctively.

A Ship Like a Cathedral

A FEW minutes later one was looking down from the upper bridge on the top of this turret and the black-lined planking of the deck eighty-five feet below, with the sweep of the firm lines of the sides converging toward the bow on the background of the water. Suddenly the ship seemed to have grown large, impressive; her structure had a rock-like solidity. Her beauty was in her unadorned strength. One was absorbing the majesty of a city from a cathedral tower after having been in its thoroughfares and seen the detail of its throbbing industry.

Beyond the *Lion's* bow were more ships, and to port and starboard and aft were still more ships. The compass range filled the eye with the stately precision of the many squadrons and divisions of leviathans. One could see all the fleet. This seemed to be the scenic climax; but it was not, as we were to learn when we should see the fleet go to sea. Then we were to behold the mountains on the march.

One glanced back at the deck and around the bridge with a sort of relief. The infinite was making one dizzy. One wanted to be in touch with the finite again. But it is the writer, not the practical, hardened seaman, who is affected in this way. To him here was a battle cruiser with her sister battle cruisers astern, and there around her were dreadnoughts of different types and predreadnoughts and cruisers and all manner of other craft which could fight each in her way, each representing so much speed and so much metal which could be thrown such a distance.

"Homogeneity!" Another favorite word, I remember, from our own wardrooms. Here it was applied in the large. No experimental ships there, no freak variations of type, but each successive type as a unit of action. Homogeneous, yes—remorselessly homogeneous. The British do not simply build some ships; they build a navy. And, of course, the experts are not satisfied with it; if they were, the British navy would be in a bad way. But a layman was; he was overwhelmed.

On Board the Lion

FROM this bridge of the *Lion* on the morning of the 24th of January, 1915, Vice Admiral Sir David Beatty saw appear on the horizon a sight inexpressibly welcome to any commander who has scoured the seas in the hope that the enemy will come out in the open and give battle. Once that German battle-cruiser squadron had slipped across the North Sea and, under cover of the mist which has ever been the friend of the pirate, bombarded the women and children of Scarborough and the Hartlepools with shells meant to be fired at hardened adult males sheltered behind armor; and then, thanks to the mist, had slipped back to Helgoland with cheering news to the women and children of Germany. This time when the Germans came out they encountered a British battle-cruiser squadron of superior speed and power, and they had to fight as they ran for home.

Now, the place of an admiral is in his conning tower after he has made his deployments and the firing has begun. He, too, is a part of the machine; his position defined, no less than the plugman's and the gun pointer's. Sir David watched the ranging shots which fell short at first, until finally they were on, and the Germans were beginning to reply. When his staff warned him that he ought to go below, he put them off with a preoccupied shake of his head. He could not resist the temptation to remain where he was, instead of being shut up looking through the slits of a visor.

But an admiral is as vulnerable to shell fragments as a midshipman, and the staff did its duty, which had been thought out beforehand like everything else. The argument was on their side; the commander really had none on his. It was then that Vice Admiral Beatty sent Sir David Beatty to the conning tower, much to the personal disgust of Sir David, who envied the observing officers aloft their free sweep of vision.

Youth in Sir David's case meant suppleness of limbs as well as youth's spirit and dash. When the *Lion* was disabled by the shot in her feed tank and had to fall out of line, Sir David must transfer his flag. He signaled for his destroyer, the *Attack*. When she came alongside he did not wait on a ladder, but jumped on board her from the deck of the *Lion*. An aged vice admiral with chalky bones might have broken some of them, or at least received a shock to his nerves.

Before he left the *Lion* Sir David had been the first to see the periscope of a German submarine in the distance, which sighted the wounded ship as inviting prey. Officers of the *Lion* dwelt more on the cruise home than on the battle. It was a case of being towed at five knots an hour by the *Indomitable*. If ever submarines had a fair chance to show what they could do, it was then against that battleship at a snail's pace. But it is one thing to torpedo a merchant craft and another to get a major fighting ship, bristling with torpedo-defense guns and surrounded by destroyers. The *Lion* reached port without further injury.

Searching for Shell Scars

WHAT Englishman, let alone an American, knows the names of even all the British dreadnoughts? With a few exceptions, there was baffling anonymity about the units of the Grand Fleet. The *Warspite* was quite unknown to the fame which her sister ship the *Queen Elizabeth* had won. For "*Lizzie*" was back in the fold from the Dardanelles; and so was the *Inflexible*, flagship of the battle of the Falkland Islands. Of all the ships which Sir John Jellicoe had sent away on special missions, the *Inflexible* had had the grandest Odyssey. She, too, had been at the Dardanelles.

The *Queen Elizabeth* was disappointing so far as wounds went. She had been so much in the public eye that one expected to find her badly battered, but she had suffered little, indeed, for the amount of sport she had had in tossing her fifteen-inch shells across the Gallipoli peninsula into the Turkish batteries and the amount of risk she had run from Turkish mines. Some of those fifteen-inch shells contained only eleven thousand shrapnel bullets. A strange business for a fifteen-inch naval gun to be firing shrapnel. A year ago no one could have imagined that one day the most powerful British ship, built with the single thought of overwhelming an enemy's dreadnought, would ever be trying to force the Dardanelles.

The trouble was that she could not fire an army corps ashore along with her shells to take possession of any batteries she put out of action. She had some grand target practice; she escaped the mines; she kept out of reach of the German shells, and returned to report to Sir John with just enough scars to give zest to her extraordinary adventure. All the fleet was relieved to see her back in her proper place. It is not the business of superdreadnoughts to be steaming around mine fields, but to be surrounded by destroyers and light cruisers and submarines which safeguard her giant guns that command the sea. Fifteen-inch they are on the *Queen Elizabeth* and elevated as easily as if they were drumsticks. One had an abrasion, a tracery of dents.

"That was from a Turkish shell," said an officer. "And you are standing where a shell hit."

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One looked down to see an irregular outline of fresh planking.

"An accident when we did not happen to be out of their reach. We had the range of them," he added.

"The range of them" is a great phrase. Sir Frederick Doveton Sturdee used it in speaking of the battle of the Falkland Islands. "The range of them" seems a sure prescription for victory.

Sir Frederick Did for Spee

SIR FREDERICK is another young admiral. Otherwise how could the British navy have intrusted him with so important a task? He is a different type from Beatty, who in an army, one judges, might have been in the cavalry. Along with the peculiar charm and alertness which we associate with sailors—they imbibe it from the salt air and from meeting all kinds of weather and all kinds of men, I think—he has the quality of the scholar, with a suspicion of merriness in his eye.

He was Chief of Staff at the Admiralty in the early stages of the war, which means, I take it, that he assisted in planning the moves on the chessboard. It fell to him to act; to apply the strategy and tactics which he planned for others at sea while he sat at a desk. It was his wit against Von Spee's, who was not deficient in this respect. If he had been, he might not have steamed into the trap.

After having met Sir Frederick one is bound, for his own delight, to tell the story again. He is so gentle mannered that one would never suspect him of a "double bluff," which was what he played on Von Spee. After Von Spee's victory over Cradock Sturdee slipped across to the South Atlantic, without anyone knowing that he had gone, with a squadron strong enough to do unto Von Spee what Von Spee had done unto Cradock.

But before you wing your bird you must flush him. The thing was to find Von Spee and force him to give battle; for the South Atlantic is broad and Von Spee was in an *Emden* mood and bent on reaching harbor in German Southwest Africa, whence he could sally out to destroy British shipping on the Cape route. When he intercepted a British wireless message—Sturdee had left off the sender's name and location—telling the plodding old *Canopus* seeking home or assistance before Von Spee overtook her that she would be perfectly safe in the harbor at Port William, as guns had been erected for her protection, Von Spee guessed that this was a bluff, and rightly. But it was only Bluff Number One. He steamed to the Falklands with a view to finishing off the old *Canopus* on the way across to Africa. There he fell foul of Bluff Number Two. Sturdee did not have to seek him; he came to Sturdee.

There was no convenient Dogger Bank fog in that latitude to cover his flight. Sturdee had the speed of Von Spee, and the German had to fight. It was the one bit of strategy of the war which is like that of the storybooks and worked out as the strategy always does in the texts. To turn the trick the twelve-inch guns of the *Inflexible* and the *Invincible* had only to keep their distance and hang on to the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*. Lightweights or middleweights have no business trafficking with heavyweights in naval warfare.

"Von Spee made a brave fight," said Sir Frederick, "but we kept him at a distance that suited us, without letting him get away."

This was the simple way that he put it. He had had the fortune to prove an established principle in action. It was all in the course of duty. Only a few ships have had a chance to fight and these are emblazoned on the public memory. But they did no better and no worse, probably, than the others would have done. If the public singles out ships, the navy does not. Whatever is done and whoever does it, why, it is to the credit of the family, according to the spirit of service that promotes uniformity of efficiency.

Belonging to the class of the first of battle cruisers is the *Inflexible*, which received a few taps in the Falklands and a blow that was nearly the death of her in the Dardanelles. Tribute enough for its courage—the tribute of a chivalrous enemy—Von Spee's squadron receives from the officers and men of the *Inflexible*, who saw them go down into the sea tinged with sunset red with their colors still flying. Why will a navy which could fight so gloriously as that shell women and children? Why should they sully their glory in defeat at the Falklands? Then in the sunset red the British saved as many of those afloat as they could.

Those dripping German officers who had seen one of their turrets carried away bodily into the sea by a British twelve-inch shell, who had endured a fury of concussions and destruction, with steel missiles beating steel structures into fragments, came on board the *Inflexible* looking for signs of some blows delivered in return for the crushing blows that had beaten their ships into the sea and saw none until they were invited into the wardroom, which was in chaos—and then they smiled.

At least they had sent one shell home. The sight was sweet to them, so sweet that, in respect to the feeling of the vanquished, the victor held silence with a knightly sensibility. But where had the shell entered? There was no sign of any hole. Then they learned that the fire of the guns of the starboard turret midships over the wardroom, which was on the port side, had deposited a great many things on the floor which did not belong there; and their expression changed. Even this comfort was taken from them.

"We had the range of you!" the British explained.

They're the Lucky Chaps

THE chaplain of the *Inflexible* was bound to have an anecdote. I don't know why, except that a chaplain is not a fighting part and he may look on. His place was down behind the armor with the doctor, waiting for wounded. But no wounded arrived. He stood in his particular steel cave listening to the tremendous blasts of her guns, which shook the *Inflexible's* frame, and still no wounded arrived. Then he ran up a ladder to the deck and had a look around and saw the little points of the German ships with the shells sweeping toward them and the smoke of explosions which burst on board them. It was not the British who needed his prayers that day, but the Germans.

Perhaps the spirit of the *Inflexible's* story was best given by a midshipman with the down still on his cheek. Considering how young the British take their officer beginners to sea, the admirals are not young, at least, in point of sea service. He got more out of the action than his elders; his impressions had the vividness of boyhood. Down in one of the caves, doing his part as the shells were sent up to feed the thundering guns above, the whispered news of the progress of the battle was passed on at intervals till, finally, the guns were silent. Then he hurried on deck in the elation of victory, succeeded by the desire to save those whom they had fought. It had all been so simple; so like drill. You had only to go on shooting—that was all.

Yes, he had been lucky. From the Falklands to the Dardanelles was a more picturesque business than the battle. Any minute you did not know but a submarine would have a try at you or you might bump into a mine. And the *Inflexible* did bump into one. She had two thousand tons of water on board. It was fast work to keep the remainder of the sea from coming in, too, and the same kind of dramatic experience as the *Lion's* in reaching port. Yes, he had been very lucky. It was all a lark to that boy.

"It never occurs to midshipmen to be afraid of anything," said one of the officers. "The more danger, the better they like it."

In the wardroom was a piece of the mine or the torpedo, whichever it was, that struck the *Inflexible;* a strange, twisted, annealed bit of metal. Every ship which had been in action had some souvenir which the enemy had sent on board in anger and which was preserved with a collector's enthusiasm.

The *Inflexible* seemed as good as ever she was. Such is the way of naval warfare. Either it is to the bottom of the sea or to dry docks and repairs. There is nothing halfway.

The power of the fleet was more patent in movement than at rest; for the sea lion was out of his lair on the hunt. Fluttering with flags at a review at Spithead the battleships seemed out of their element; giants trying for a fairy's part. Display is not for them. It ill becomes them, as a pink ribbon on a bulldog. Irresistibly plowing their way they presented a picture of resolute utility—guns and turrets and speed. No spot of bright color was visible on board. The crew was at the guns, I took it. Turn the turrets, give the range, lay the sights on the enemy's

ships, and the battle was on. "There is the old *Dreadnought*," said an officer.

The old *Dreadnought* (all of ten years of age, the senile thing! What a mystery she was when she was building! The mystery accentuated her celebrity) and almost forgotten now, while the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Warspite* and others of their class, with their fifteen-inch guns, would be in the public eye as the latest type till a new type came. A parade of naval types was passing. One seemed to shade into the other in harmonious effect.

But here was an outsider, whom one noted instantly as he studied those rugged silhouettes of steel and mounted guns. She had been a Turk. As the Turks were going to have only one battleship, they were not bothered about squadron homogeneity. They piled turret on turret, twelve twelve-inch guns in exotic array. She was finished and the Turks were already on board to take her home when the war began. But British law requires that any foreign man-of-war building in English shipyards may be taken over for her cost in case of war. So England kept the ship, which the Turks thought was hardly a sporting thing to do.

A Pageant of Dreadnoughts

ONE division, two divisions, four ships, eight dreadnoughts—even a squadron coming out of a harbor numbs the faculties with a sense of its might—sixteen—twenty—twenty-four—it was the unending numbers of this procession of sea power which was most impressive. An hour passed and all were not by. One sat down for a few minutes behind the wind screen of the destroyer's bridge, only to look back and see more dreadnoughts going by. One had not realized that there were so many in the harbor. He had a suspicion that Admiral Jellicoe was a conjuror who could take dreadnoughts out of a hat.

The first was lost in the gathering darkness far out in the North Sea, and still the cloud of smoke over the anchorage was as thick as ever; still the black plumes kept appearing around the bend; the King Edward VII class, with their four twelve-inch guns and other ancients of the predreadnought era, which are still powerful antagonists, were yet to come. One's eyes ached. Those who saw a German corps march through Brussels said that it seemed irresistible. What if they had seen the whole German army? Here was the counterpart of the whole German army in sea power and in land power, too.

The destroyer commander looked at his watch.

"Time!" he said. "I'll put you on shore."

He must take his place in the fleet at a given moment. A word to the engine room and the next thing we knew we were off at thirty knots an hour, cutting straight across the bows of a dreadnought steaming at twenty knots, lowering over us threateningly, with a bone in her teeth.

Safe Behind That Barrier

ONE'S imagination sped across seas where he had cruised into harbors that he knew and across continents that he knew. He was trying to visualize the whole globe—all of it except the Baltic Sea, and a thumb mark in the center of Europe. Hongkong, Melbourne, Sydney, Halifax, Cape Town, Bombay—yes, Rio and Valparaiso, Shanghai, San Francisco, New York, Boston, these and the lands back of them where countless millions dwell were all safe behind the barrier of that fleet.

Then back, through the land where Shakespeare wrote, to London, with its glare of recruiting posters and the throbbing of that individual freedom which is on trial in battle with the Prussian system—and as one is going to bed the sound of guns in the heart of the city! From the window one looks upward to see, under the searchlight's play, the silken sheen of a cigar-shaped sort of aerial phantom which is dropping bombs on women and children, while never a shot is fired at those sturdy men behind armor.

When you have traveled far; when you think of Botha and his Boers fighting for England; when you have found justice and fair play and open markets under the British flag; when you compare the vociferations of Von Tirpitz, glorying in the torpedoing of a *Lusitania*, with the quiet manner of Sir John Jellicoe, you need only a little spark of conscience to prefer the way that the British have used their sea power to the way that the men who send out Zeppelins to war on women and children would use that power if they had it.

The Black Eagle Mystery

Continued from page 13

He gave me a look from under his eyebrows like the thrust of a sword.

"Don't say that to me again, Molly," he almost whispered, "or I'll forget the debt I owe you and the affection I've felt for you since the day we swore to be friends."

"What can you do?" I cried, fairly distracted. "They've got the evidence. It's there—"

I tried to put my hand on his arm, but he shook it off and walked toward the door. I followed him and during those few short steps from the dining room to the hall, it came to me as clear as if he'd said it that he was going to Carol Whitehall to help her run away.

He had his hand on the knob when a thought—an inspiration—flashed on me. I don't know where it came from, but when you're fond of a person and see him headed for a precipice, I believe you get some sort of wireless communication from heaven or some place of that order. "Miss Whitehall's not in town now," I said.

He stopped short and looked back at me. "Where is she?"

"They've gone back to New Jersey. Some people loaned them a cottage in the Azalea Woods Estates."

"I knew that, but they're not there yet?"

"Yes. They went yesterday, sooner than they expected."

He stood for a moment, looking at the door, then glanced back at me and said: "Thank you for telling me that. Good night." The door opened, banged shut, and I was alone.

I wonder if anyone reading this story can imagine what I felt. It was awful, so awful that now, here, writing it down peaceful and happy, I can feel the sinking at my heart and the sick sensation like I could never eat food again. And *laugh?* It was an art I'd lost and never in this world would get back. It was not only that he loved her—*that* woman, that vampire, who could sin at the word of an old man—but it was the thought, the certainty, that he was ready to betray his trust, go back on his partners, be a traitor to his office. All the work they'd done, all the hopes they'd built up, all their efforts for success, he was going to destroy. It was disgrace for him, he'd never get over it, he'd be an outcast. As long as he lived he'd be pointed at as the man who gave his honor for the love of a wicked woman.

That was the first of my thoughts and the second was that I wasn't going to let him do it. There was just one way of preventing it, and, honest—think as badly of me as you like, I can't help it—when I got what that way was I was so relieved I didn't care whether I was a traitor or not. All that mattered then was if there'd got to be a traitor—and as far as I could see there had to—it was better for it to be Molly Babbitts, who didn't amount to much in the world, than Jack Reddy, who was a big man and was going to be a bigger.

As I put on my coat and hat I heard the clock strike half past eleven. There were no trains out to the Azalea Woods Estates before seven the next morning. Even if he took his own auto, which I guessed he'd do, it would take him the most part of an hour and a half to get there, and long before that she'd have had her warning from me.

Yes—that's what I was going to do—go to her and tell her before he could. Dishonest?—Well, I guess yes! I know what's straight from what's crooked as well as most. But it seemed to me the future of a man, *that* man, was worth more than my pledged word, or the glory of Whitney & Whitney, or Babbitts's scoop. *That* was the cruelest of all—my own dear beloved Soapy—to go back on him too! Gosh! going over in the taxi through the dark, still streets, *how* I felt! But it didn't matter. If I *died* when I was through, I'd *got* to do it. Maybe you never experienced those sensations, maybe you can't understand. But, take it from me, there are people who'd break all the Commandments and all the laws to save their friends and, bad or good, I'm one of them.

As the taxi rolled up to her corner I saw that the windows of her floor

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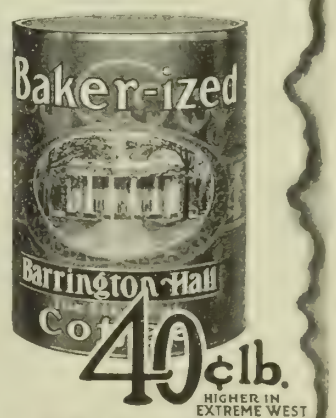
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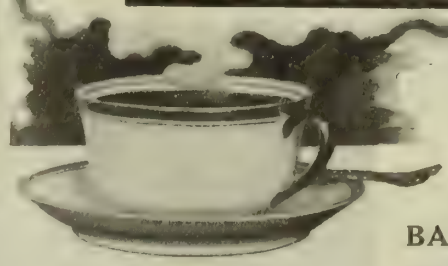
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were bright. She was still up, which would make things easier—much better than having to wake her from her sleep. In that sort of apartment they lock the outer doors at half past ten and to get at the bells you have to wake the janitor, which I didn't want to do as no one must know I'd been there. So before I rang the outside bell that connects with his lair in the basement, I tried the door, hoping some late comer had left it on the jar as they sometimes do. It opened—an immense piece of luck—which made me feel that Fate was on my side and braced me like a tonic.

In the vestibule I pressed the button under her letter box and in a minute came the *click-click* of the inner latch and I entered. As I ascended the stairs I heard the door on the landing above softly open and looking up I saw a bright light illumine the dimness and then, through the balustrades, her figure standing on the threshold.

SHE must have been surprised, for the person that mounted into her sight—a girl in a dark coat and hat—was some one she'd never seen before. She pushed the door wider, as if to let more light on me, looking puzzled at my face. The one electric bulb was just above her on the wall and its sickly gleam fell over her, tall and straight in a purple silk kimono. Her black hair, curling back from her forehead, stood out like a frame; and her neck, between the folds of the kimono, was as smooth and white as cream. The sight of her, instead of weakening me, gave me strength, for in that sort of careless rig, tired and pale, she was still handsome enough to make a fool of any man.

"Do you want to see *me?*" she said. "Miss Whitehall?"

"I do," I answered. "I want to see you on a matter of importance. It can't wait."

Without another word she drew back from the doorway and let me come in.

"Go in there," she said, pointing up the hall to the curtained entrance to the dining room, and I went as she pointed.

The room was brightly lit, as was the parlor beyond, and on every side were the signs of moving—curtains piled below the windows, furniture in white covers, straw and bits of paper on the floor. Two trunks were standing in the middle of the parlor and on the chairs about were her clothes, all tumbled and mixed up, boots in one place, hats in another, lingerie heaped on the table. There was enough packing to keep her busy till morning, and I thought to myself that was what she intended to do—finish it up to-night and the next day make her move.

All this took only a minute to see and I was standing by the dining table, clutching tight on my muff to hide the trembling of my hands, when she came in. In the brighter light I could see that she looked worn and weary, all her color gone except for the red of her lips, and her eyes sunken and dark underneath.

"What do you want with me?" she said, as the curtain fell behind her.

Her manner was abrupt and straight from the shoulder like a person's who's got past little pleasantnesses and politenesses. The glance she fixed on me was steady and clear, but there was a sort of waiting expectation in it like she was ready for anything and braced to meet it. "I came," I said, choosing my words as careful as I could, "to tell you of—of—something that's going to happen—to warn you."

She gave a start and her face changed, as if a spring inside her had snapped and sort of focused her whole being into a still, breathless listening.

"Warn me," she repeated. "Of what?"

"Miss Whitehall," I said, clearing my throat, for it was dry. "I'm a person you don't know, but *I* know you. I've been employed by people here in New York who've been watching you for the past few weeks. They've got the evidence they want—I've been helping them—and they're ready to act."

As I had spoken she had never taken her eyes off me. Big and black and unwinking they stared, and as I stared back I could see it wasn't surprise or fear they showed, but a concentrated attention.

"What do you mean—act in what way?"

"Get you to their office to-morrow and question you about the Harland case and make you confess."

She was as still as a statue. You'd have thought she was turned to stone, but for the moving up and down of her chest.

"What am I to confess? What have I done?"

My hands gripped together in my muff and my voice went down to my boots, for I couldn't say it aloud.

"Been a party to the murder of Hollings Harland."

When I said it I had an expectation that she'd say something, deny it in some violent way, that would make me think she was innocent. Maybe Jack Reddy had influenced me, but I wanted it, I looked for it, I hoped for it—and I was disappointed. If it *had* been a shock to her, if she *hadn't* known there'd been a murder, she wouldn't have behaved as she did. For she said not a word, standing stock still, her face chalk white, even the red fading from her lips, and her eyes fixed on the wall opposite, like the eyes of a sleepwalker.

"The murder of Hollings Harland," she whispered and it was more as if she was speaking to herself than to me.

"Yes," I went on. "They've discovered it—a group of us have been working in secret, following the clues and gathering the evidence. Now we've got it all ready and to-morrow they expect to arrest you."

She suddenly sank down into a chair by the table, her hands braced against its edge, her eyes riveted in that strange, mesmerized stare on the fern plant in front of her.

"When did they discover it?" she said in a low voice.

"Not long after it happened—but that doesn't matter. They've got everything in their hands. Even if you persist that you're innocent, they've got enough to arrest you on. You've been under surveillance all along, they've been shadowing you. They followed you that time you tried to go to Toronto."

"I knew that," she said in the same low voice as if she was talking to herself.

"They know how you came out of the building that night—not by the elevator as you said, but by the stairs, and how you didn't get home till nearly eight. They know about you and Barker—"

She lifted her head and said quickly: "*What* do they know about me and Barker?"

"That he was in love with you and you with him."

"Oh, *that,*" her tone was indifferent as if the point was a matter of no consequence.

"They know how the murder was done. How you and Barker did it."

"Barker and I—" she sunk back in her chair, then suddenly leaning across the table, looked into my face and said: "Tell me how we did it. Let me see what they know."

I TOOK the chair opposite and told her the whole plot and how we'd worked it out. While I was doing it she never said a word, but sat with her profile toward me and her eyes in that blank, motionless stare on the fern plant.

When I was finished there was a pause, then suddenly she drew a deep breath, turned toward me and said:

"What brought you here to me to-night?"

It came so unexpectedly I had no answer ready. What I'd looked for was a scene, terror, maybe hysterics, and her breaking away as fast as she could put on her hat. Seeing me stupidly dumb, she rose out of her chair, and moved away for a few steps, then stopped and seemed again to fall into that trance of thinking. It was like everything else in this nightmare—different from what I'd looked for, and a sickening thought came to me that maybe she was ready to throw up the sponge and go down and confess. And then—for all I knew—Jack Reddy might persuade her to marry him and go to prison with her. How can you be sure what a man crazy with love will do? If she got a life sentence, he'd probably live at the gates of Sing Sing for the rest of his days. I was desperate and went round the table after her.

"Say," I implored, "what are you going to do?"

"I'm thinking," she muttered.

"For God's sake don't *think,*" I wailed. "Get up and act. If I go back on the people that employ me and come here in the middle of the night to warn you, isn't it the least you can do to take advantage of it and *go?*"

She wheeled round on me, her face all alight with a wonderful beaming look.

"*That's* the reason," she said, "that's

what made you come—humanity—pity! You've risked everything to help me. Oh, you don't know what you've done—what courage you've put into me. And you don't know what my gratitude is."

BEFORE I knew it she had seized hold of one of my hands and held it against her heart, with her head bowed over it as if she was praying.

Do you guess how *I* felt? Ashamed?—perishing with it, ready to sink down on the floor and pass away. A murderess, no doubt, but even if a murderess thinks you did her a good turn when you didn't, it makes you feel like a snake's a high-class animal beside you.

"Oh, come on," I begged. "Let go of me and get out."

She dropped my hand and looked at me—oh, so soft and sweet!—and I saw tears in her eyes. That pretty near finished me and I wailed out:

"Don't stop to cry. You don't know but what they might get uneasy and come to-night. Put on your things and *go.*"

Hadn't I got to hurry her? If Jack made a quick trip, he'd be back in town between two and three and he'd come as straight as wheels could take him to her door.

"Yes, I'll go," she said.

"Now," I urged, "as soon as you can get into your coat and hat. Don't bother about this," I pointed to the disorder round us. "They'll think you've had another message from Barker and gone to him."

A curious, slight smile came over her face.

"Yes," she said. "That's what they will think, I suppose."

"Of course it is—and they'll waste time looking for him, which'll give *you* a good start. If there's no train now to the place you're going to, sit in the depot, ride round in a taxi, walk up and down Fifth Avenue, only *get out* of this place."

"I'll be gone in half an hour," she said, and moved between the trunks and piled-up clothes to the bedroom beyond. I followed her and saw into the room—all confusion like the others; every gas jet in the chandelier blazing.

"Can I help you?" I said. "Can I pack a suit case or anything?"

"No—" she halted in front of the mirror, letting the kimono slide off her to the floor, her arms and neck like shining marble under that blaze of light. "I'll only want a few things. There's a bag there I can throw them into. You'd better go now."

I was afraid she'd not be as quick as I wanted, but I couldn't hang round urging any more after she'd told me to go. Besides I could see she was hurrying, grabbing a dress from the bed and getting into it so swiftly that even I was satisfied.

"Well, then, I'm off," I said.

She looked up from the hooks she was snapping together and said:

"Before you go tell me who you are?"

"There's no need for that," I answered, thinking she'd probably never see me again. "I'm just some one that blew in to-night for a minute and who's going like she came."

"Some one I'll never forget," she said. "And that some day, if all goes well, I'll be able to pay back."

I was afraid she was going to get grateful again and I couldn't stand any more of that. So with a quick "good-by" away I went, up the hall, opening the door without a sound, and stealing down the stairs as soft as a robber.

Out in the street I stopped and reconnoitered. There was no one in sight except a policeman lounging drearily on the next corner. Across from the apartment was the entrance of a little shop—tobacco and light literature—and into that I crept, squeezing back against the glass door. I couldn't be at peace till I saw her leave, and for fifteen or twenty minutes I stood there watching the lights in her windows. Then suddenly they began to go out, across the front and along down the side, till every pane was black. A few minutes later she came down the steps, carrying a bag. She stopped close to where I was, hailed a car, and not till I saw it start with her sitting by the door did I steal out of my hiding place and sprint up the street to Madison Avenue.

When I reached home I was shivering and wild-eyed, for if Babbitts was there what could I say to him? He wasn't—thank Heaven!—and cold as ice, feeling as if I'd been through a mangle, I crawled into bed.

There wasn't much sleep for me that night. About all I could say to myself was that I'd saved Jack. But the others—oh, *the others!* I couldn't get them out of my mind. They'd come in a procession across the dark and look at me sad and reproachful — Mr. Whitney, who'd done everything in the world for me, and Mr. George, who could put on such side, but had always been so kind and cordial, and O'Malley, who'd told Babbitts the case was going to make him, and Babbitts—Oh, *Babbitts!*

I ROLLED over on the pillow and cried scalding, bitter tears. It wasn't only the scoop—it was that I'd have a secret from him forever—him that up to now had known every thought in my mind, had been like the other half of me. They say virtue is its own reward and I've always believed it. But that night I had the awful thought that maybe I'd done wrong, for all the reward I got was to feel like an outcast with a stone for a heart.

(To be continued next week)

About the Weeping Annie

Continued from page 12

I'd never met Davies, but I'd heard of him; and I'd seen the *Niobe* laying off Bayport Harbor when we came out, and what would be bringing her so handy now, and she not hailing from Bayport at all, but from Westport, a hundred miles further away?

JUDKINS hailed the *Niobe* to have a line ready, and then turns to us and says: "Men, it would be a noble deed for you to imperil your lives to save this valuable ship and cargo to her owners; but what a nobler, what a far nobler, deed it is to save human lives! Not my life, men, but others'—your lives, fathers of families that I know some of you are, or loving husbands, brothers, and sons of loving mothers. But can we thus save her? No, no; we cannot. In a few hours it will be dark, and these seas, which you see breaking over this noble ship, will most surely batter her and all on her before morning. It would then be too late to escape from her. Not," he says, waving his hand, "that we shall not even now make a desperate attempt to get her off. We shall. Indeed we shall!" and orders a line taken from the *Niobe.* I made it my business—there was no competition—to be the man making the line fast to our afterbitts, and a worn and ancient piece of hemp I saw it was. The *Niobe* backed off, and the line parted. She passed us another line, and that parted. The second line was rottener than the first, and while she was doing it I knew there was a store-new 200-fathom coil of a 13-inch hawser in our hold.

When the second line parts, Judkins waves his arms in despair and orders the *Niobe* to make fast under our high lee quarter, where it is smooth as milk and plenty of water for a tug of her tonnage. "Captain Davies," he calls out then, "what a fortunate event for us you happened along!"

"Yes, captain," responds "Parson," his head out of his pilot-house window. "A most heavenly inspiration it was which impelled me in this direction in weather like this."

"Doubtless, doubtless, the hand o' Providence," says Judkins in a downcast voice; and then, more lively: "What is your judgment of this gale, Captain Davies?"

Gale! A man could have almost gone motor boating with a bunch of seaside hotel guests in it.

"If I know anything of weather, captain," says "Parson," rolling his head this way and that at the sky, "she's comin' on to blow a hurricane. And for you to keep your crew aboard your doomed ship durin' the fury of it would be nothin' less than criminal, captain. Not" (raising one pious hand) "that I would set my judgment over agin yours, captain, for your vast experience of the sea qualifies you to judge of these things even better than I."

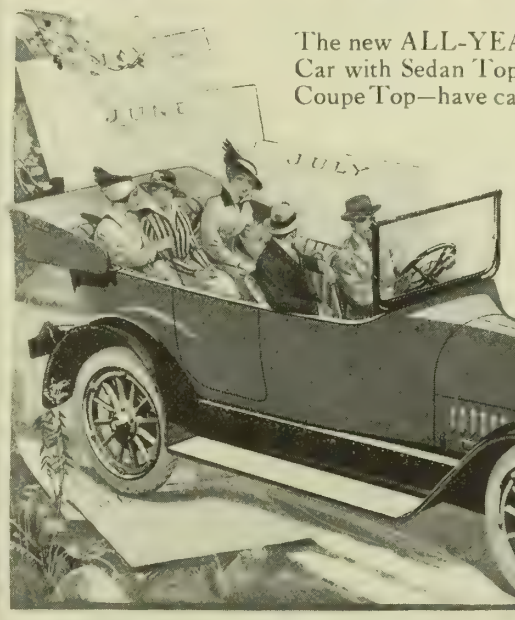
By this time most of our crew had left their high roosts and were crowding the lee rail to get aboard the *Niobe;* and Judkins says: "All right, men—go aboard." And all went aboard the tug, Judkins checking off every man by the ship's list as we passed him at the rail. And the *Niobe* headed back to Bayport.



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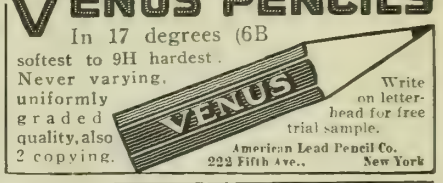
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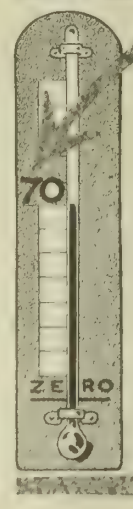
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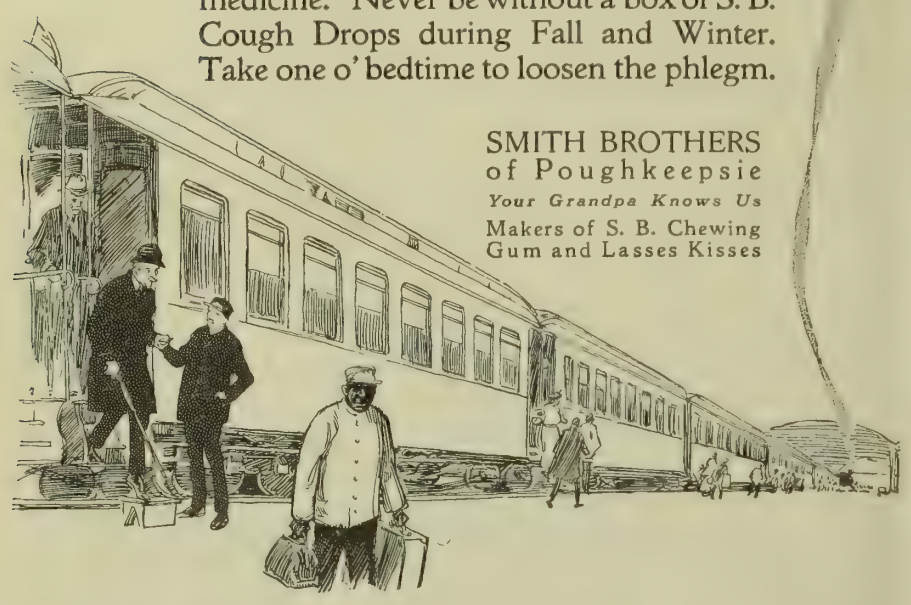
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On the run back to Bayport Judkins and Davies were alone in the cabin of the tugboat. I spent all that same way back trying to figure out their little game. I didn't feel too sure I had it right, but when the *Niobe* hit the dock I went four bells and the jingle up the street looking for Wheezer, and found him where anybody in town could of a Wednesday or Saturday night:

TERPSICHORE HALL
25 Cents for Gents—15 for Ladies

There was the illuminated sign hanging out over the sidewalk so that even a drunken sailor couldn't miss it.

You didn't have to haul Wheezer up into any dry dock to see that his lines weren't laid down for speed, but his first rush, when I told him what was in sight, carried him clear to the head of the dock.

"The salvage! O the lovely salvage! We'll get her off!" says Wheezer. "We'll charter a tug, hah?"

I wasn't strong for chartering any tugs and let everybody know about it. We had no money to be chartering tugs anyway, and besides, if I had Judkins and Davies's little game sized up right, there'd be no loose tugs left to charter out of Bayport that night. "We'll make it in the *Happy Day*," I says.

"The *Happy Day!*" says Wheezer; and then: "Well, all right—if you think she'll make it."

We went down to tell Scoot, and found him reading from a book he was holding up before him with one hand and eating crackers and cheese and a smoked herring from a plate atop of a galley stove with the other.

"A wonderful, wonderful man, Confucius," says Scoot to Wheezer; and then, seeing me too: "What! Hasn't that oil packet departed yet?"

"Wonderful maybe, but stow him, whoever the loafer is, 'n' listen to me 'n' the captain," says Wheezer. And Scoot listens, and before I was half through he stows Confucius—a fine, fat volume, with a leaf turned down to mark the place—under his mattress.

"I shall need a helper," says Scoot. "And also I think it will be wise for me to prepare some fresh applications of Leakitis if we are to put out to sea in this venerable ark to-night."

UP to the Blue Light saloon there was always a bum or two looking for a bit of change. On the way there I passed the Bayport Hotel and saw that Captain Judkins and Captain Davies had already an admiring audience to listen to the disaster to the *Yucatan*.

A hard-looking party was trying to hold the barkeeper up for a drink when I reached the Blue Light. He was the only being in the place who looked husky enough to lift more than the weight of his elbow to the level of his shoulder. I offered him ten dollars for the next twenty-four hours. "To work on a hurry-up job on a steam lighter," I explained. "That's if you're tough enough for it on a windy night," I added.

"Tough work? William Thomas Coots is my name—and the guy for tough work."

"Come on then," I said; "here's one dollar down." It was the last dollar I had.

William Thomas could never leave there with that dollar in his pocket. He made a great fellow of himself by buying a drink for a bunch of bums and himself, and then I warped him in and shoved him off. Passing the Bayport this time, I could see Judkins and Davies still talking, only by this time some of the crew were giving out interviews too, and the audience included two or three reporters, and all hands had moved from the lobby to the barroom.

After a peek at that cheerful party and then at the dark harbor I didn't blame William Thomas for wanting to go in and join them, but he had signed to go a cruise on the *Happy Day*. I reasoned with him till he told me for the third time that he was William Thomas Coots, a tough guy, and was going to have one more drink. Then I dropped fair words, walloped him back on to the sidewalk, ran him down aboard the *Happy Day*, and introduced him to Scoot.

We put out. The *Happy Day* was an ancient craft that had been built right there in Bayport, and if she'd ever been outside the harbor before the oldest inhabitant couldn't recall it. How she was going to act outside this night none of us would bet, but we hoped she'd surprise us.

But she acted pretty much like we figured she would. She had a 65-foot hammer hoist. We couldn't see ten feet away—it was a dark, drizzly night—but we could feel the sides of that hoist waving somewhere up in the clouds above us. And no harm in that, if it didn't come down on our heads; and no harm when she wouldn't lift from a sea—she wasn't built to—but if only she'd let one pass! But not a blessed one. She'd slew around sideways, and the next one would hit us a swipe, and aboard they'd come as if all the welcome in the world was waiting them.

The *Happy Day* rated a deck house amidships, with a galley and a little L that Scoot had built on, with a bunk to sleep in of nights. A sea coming aboard one side took the house along with it over the other. "O' course," said Wheezer, "it was nachally to be espected, but if she'd waited till next week I was reckonin' to had her painted red with blue trimmin's, an' sell her along o' the rest o' the lighter."

When the house threatened to loosen up first, Scoot came up out of the hold to rescue Confucius from his bunk, with a briar pipe he'd bought years before this for a half crown in Liverpool and a pair of custom-made pants he used to wear to parties.

A COUPLE of tons of water in the shape of a small sea chased Scoot back down the ladder. A spry one, Scoot. He got out of the way, holding Confucius and the pants high in the air. The back of William Thomas's neck happened to be about the middle of the region where most of that sea landed below. After he'd coughed up what he could from his insides, William Thomas had a word to say. Scoot had rigged up a bilge pump which worked from the hold. William Thomas had to work that as well as shovel the coal. What he wanted to say was that he'd shovel the coal or he'd stand by the pump, but not both. "What did I ship for—what for?" he demanded of Scoot.

Scoot was a little man, and he used to rig up a pair of big black horn-rimmed spectacles he owned and talk with care before strangers, but he wasn't so safe as he looked. His father, a delicatessen man, had intended him for a chemist, and then died in time to save him from it. Scoot had other notions, and only he met a Barbados negro with a head made of the same mixture as two parts in five Portland cement after it'd had two days to set—only for him Scoot said he might have been a lightweight champion riding around in his own auto. After that fight he said he'd never raise his hand to a man again. No, sir; it would be a meat ax for him—also he was going to draw the color line. And the higher life for him thereafter.

"Only in toilsome essays to climb the heights
Does man from his baser nature rise,"

Scoot used to say. And he did essay to climb, but every once in so often his foot would slip and down he'd come and begin to claw around like anybody else.

"That big brute that toted me aboard here, and that other big brute up on deck, mebbe they c'n lick me," said William Thomas now; "but no red chin-whiskered, toothless runt like you kin."

Scoot wasn't shy any teeth. It was the way his under jaw was hung. When he'd take to chewing with his front teeth, that lower jaw used to come up outside the upper one. But it was true about his chin whisker, and he didn't like it.

"That so?" says Scoot, and stows his big horn spectacles in their case and selects a nice long spanner; and when William Thomas came at him wide open he tapped him—once, twice—neatly.

WHEN William came to Scoot was waving a full-sized twenty-pound shovel before his eyes. Says Scoot: "Observe, please, this instrument. You insert the forward end of it under this pile of coal—so; and you elevate it—so: a hand here and a hand there; and you project it into the fire box—so. And so on and so on, repeating ad noshum. You savvy?" says Scoot. " 'Cause if you don't, then you hear me, son; I'll whale the everlastin' livers 'n' lights outer your debased hide."

"You-all are sure a bunch o' tough guys," says William Thomas; and thereafter Scoot went around applying Leakitis to the worst of his leaks in peace.

We were having our own recreation up on deck. I was to the wheel, of course, and as long as I hung on there I was all right. But Wheezer had to stay forward to keep a lookout. We

didn't have any lights, and we didn't want any wandering craft to be running over us in the dark and drizzle. Wheezer wanted to climb up the hammer hoist to get out of the way of the seas, but wasn't too sure he wouldn't come down and go any minute over the side with it. He wound up by lashing himself to a weather deck bitt and letting most of the water in the Gulf of Mexico flow over him. Being, as he said, a diver by trade, 'twas no strange thing for him to be under water, but being under this way he said he missed the air tube. In the middle of it he remembered he forgot to say good-by to his partner at the dance hall. "If anything happens us, I hope she won't think I came out here to get lost a-purpose to get away from her," said Wheezer.

From time to time Scoot stuck out his head to make sure we weren't yet washed overboard, and to report on the leaks; and also on William Thomas. Scoot wouldn't call William any Olympic champion with a shovel, but—doubtless we had noticed it—he was producing steam.

Which was so. Four miles an hour was all we ever figured on driving the *Happy Day* across smooth harbor routes, and here she was banging out that many in a seaway on the open Gulf, making fair allowance, of course, for the side slips. She was all right, the old *Happy*, and she brought us at daybreak to Horseshoe Shoal and the oil ship, she still with her bow fast but her stern loose to the seas. Without wasting any time, I laid the *Happy Day* alongside the *Yucatan*, and Wheezer was about to go aboard her when he was met at the gangway by a cat.

WHEEZER always did have a terrible respect for the laws of the sea. "Ain't there some law about ship's cats?" he asks now; and Scoot digs out his case and adjusts his glasses, and after a little meditation says: "There are, Wheezer, many superstitions and traditions connected with the sea. A marvelous vehicle of misinformation and credulous belief the sea. Reflect on the vogue which sea serpents have enjoyed. Reflect on how the ferocity of sharks has been exaggerated. It is doubtless the fact, Wheezer, that jaded imaginations thankfully accepted these ancient fallacies to render more startling the denouayment of their dramas. To such doubtless do we owe the invention of the cat on abandoned ships to frustrate the hopes of those who would claim honest salvage." Scoot took another breath. "It is usually a black cat, but even so for a cat to rank before the law as the equal of a human creature is absurd. This, I perceive" (Scoot let the back of his head settle on to his shoulder so's to have a good look) "is not a black but a gray cat, Wheezer—a lean, gray feline. In the days of the ancient Persians, Wheezer, a gray cat was a symbol of—"

"Scat, you slab-sided gray symbol!" barked Wheezer just then, and the cat scatted with a long leap from the rail of the oil ship on to Scoot's shoulder, and from there into the hold of the *Happy Day*.

"Whatever the Persians thought o' cats, this cat's off her now, Scoot," said Wheezer—"she's sure abandoned now," and went aboard.

"It looked hungry passing me," said Scoot, and called down to Billie Thomas to feed it a little lubricating oil on a shovel. "It's nourishing and fattening," says Scoot, "and we'll keep it aboard. Every seagoing ship should have one for luck."

Wheezer reported not another soul aboard the oil ship; and, under the laws of the sea, that made her ours to do what we pleased with. And we had our own notions of how to work her off the bar. We broke out ten or a dozen barrels of oil and poured them over the troubled waters. Then I belted and bolted Wheezer into his diving suit, and broke out our steam drill—left over from the *Weeping Annie*—and Wheezer dropped over and began to bore holes under the bow of the oil ship.

Scoot had never been shipmates with an oil burner before, and he went below to get acquainted with this one. I was busy wiring charges of dynamite for what we had to do next, so to William Thomas was left the job of pumping air to Wheezer. Twice Wheezer came up, his cheeks bulging out when I unscrewed his helmet, to ask me to explain to William Thomas that pumping the air ahead of time, and then resting up to wait till that was used up wasn't the way of it—not if Wheezer was to stay alive. Regular and steady, that was the word, said Wheezer.

Wheezer got all his holes bored and the dynamite planted in them. This was a lot of dynamite left over when we traded the *Weeping Annie;* we'd kept it in the hold of the *Happy Day*, which was another reason for Scoot to sleep aboard her nights. He said he wasn't going to let her blow up some night and no one on board to prove who did it.

WHEN we were all ready on deck, Scoot said he guessed he'd take a chance on her engines. He would not bet on what would happen, but he guaranteed we'd get action of some kind, even if it was no more than a cylinder head blown through the side of the ship, if we'd only come below and help him out. So we passed him this and that, turned this jigger and that jigger to his orders, and by and by he lights a row of jets and her engines turned all right.

"Any time now," says Scoot, and I touched off the dynamite, and what looked like a million cubic yards of mixed stuff comes splattering up from under her bow. William Thomas, who was leaning over the bow to see how it worked, got most of the oil, that being on top. Then I gave Scoot the bells, he backed her engines, and off she came smooth and easy.

While William Thomas was picking the oil and sand and mud and sea water out of his eyes and ears and nose and mouth, and complaining that somebody oughter tipped him off, I called to him to shift the *Happy Day's* line so she could drift astern of the ship. "And whatever yuh do, son, hang onter her line," Wheezer warned him. By this time William had shed his first independent views of things and was obeying orders fine; so when the *Happy Day* went whirling astern, William was hanging on to the end of the line. Down the deck he went skidding on his heels, and over the rail, still hanging on to the line.

Finding himself overboard, he climbed up on the *Happy Day*. By this time we were well off the bank in pretty good water, and I sung out to William Thomas that I would swing around and get him, and gave the necessary bells when the time came for Scoot to back her; but Scoot, I guess, wasn't yet full shipmates with his oil-burning machinery, for we kept right on going ahead till we went clean through and over the *Happy Day*.

I remember seeing the cat climbing up the hammer hoist when it saw what was coming and clawing into its place up top; and how when the *Happy* went under and the tall hoist careened over toward us, the cat made one flying leap on to the oil ship's deck. When Scoot heard of that later, he said: "We'll name it Confucius—a wonderful, wise cat."

When William Thomas saw what was coming, he took a running long dive and overboard from the other end of the *Happy Day*. Wheezer stove in the heads of four or five more barrels of oil so's to make it easier for him clawing around in the seaway. When he came swimming aboard, he was wanting to know wasn't there any jobs that didn't require him to swaller any more oil: shoveling coal or working bilge pumps, he didn't care. So we let him go down to the engine room to help out Scoot.

WE ought to have seen the morning papers before we did to enjoy what happened next. Captain Davies of the *Niobe* was to depart at daybreak to make another desperate attempt to save the oil ship in the teeth of the storm, the morning papers said. And he did. We met him on our way back to Bayport, and he steamed around us two or three times. Then he steamed away for Westport. He didn't say a word himself, but she carried the most eloquent stern, the *Niobe*, that ever I looked at through glasses when she was steaming away.

The oil ship was down by the head a trifle where the dynamite had loosened her bow plates a little, but nothing to hurt. We got her into port all right.

But getting a salvaged ship into port don't always end a man's troubles. There was a slick young lawyer came to us. He said he'd like to handle our case. We asked what his charge would be, and he said: "Oh, that will be all right—I'll make my price to suit you boys." We said all right, go ahead, and "Now, boys," he says then, "what's the story? Give it to me straight."



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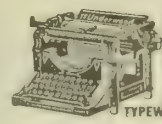
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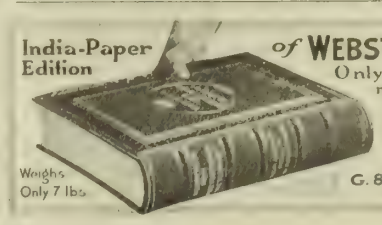
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I tells him the story. He rubs his hands and chuckles, and says: "Good! Great! Nothing to it—a pipe! But listen to me, boys. When you get up there in court, don't go trying to make any joke of it the same as you just done to me. Everything is all fixed up nicely for you to play heroes' parts. Here are all the newspaper accounts—look—of Captain Davies's heroic work and seamanship, as told by Captain Judkins, and of Captain Judkins's humane and heroic work as told by Davies. Even the crew—look—give out interviews of what heroes they were. And, lemme tell you, I've seen the *Happy Day* many a time, and I wouldn't go outside in her for a million dollars. Now play it up, play it up—the storm, the peril, your own heroic efforts, you know."

Which was all right to say; but imagine any human being getting up to tell of our trip and leave out the funny little parts, especially when we see Judkins sitting in a back bench listening, though he didn't listen too long. He all at once got up and didn't come back.

In the old days we'd have been awarded 50 or 60 per cent for our part, and she was a million-dollar ship with her cargo; but the insurance companies don't let any loose-footed seafarers put across anything like that these days. We got thirty thousand dollars.

Our slick lawyer said we hadn't played it up right. "But never mind," he said; "I've been allowed full damages for the *Happy Day* and awards for your time and some of the risk you-all ran. There's fifteen thousand for you boys."

Wheezer and Scoot looked at me, and I looked at the lawyer. "Fifteen thousand? Don't you think it's too much for us?" I asks.

"Why," he says, "it is a lot o' money for you boys to be carrying away for one night's work. But I generally split it that way—fifty-fifty."

We were in his office. I told Wheezer and Scoot to wait for me below. "Perhaps there'd better be no witnesses," I whispered to Scoot, and they got out.

He has a look at me, after I lock the door and come back to him. "What do you mean to do?" he says.

And I said: "First, I'm going to give you one whale of a beating."

"You lay your hands on me," he says, "and I'll have you up for assault and battery. I'll show every mark in open court."

"Where I make marks on you," I said, "I'll bet you'll never show them in any open court."

And I did. "And that's only the beginning," I said; but about then he agreed to call in Wheezer and Scoot; and, for instructing us to comport ourselves with dignity before the high court, we thought five hundred was about right, and after another little chat he agreed it was. We gave William Thomas the same for what he'd done, and he stayed drunk for a week at the Blue Light, which is what he thought he would do. But he was his own boss ashore.

BEFORE I was fairly home the wife rushes me over to the little house she'd the option on. Being only two blocks south of the boulevard didn't make any hit with me, for the next thing I could see where she'd be breaking into society. But when I see the baby that I'd left kicking his legs in a baby carriage—when I see him sprinting around the sun parlor on his own feet, I begin to see the beauty of sun parlors. "Take it," I said.

She certainly was tickled. "I always knew," she said, before I had time to say another word, "that all you needed was to apply yourself steadily to make your fortune."

Well, she's a great little woman, and what's the good of hurrying up to break illusions? I waited all of two hours before I told her about the *Weeping Annie* and the *Happy Day*.

Pack-Horse Bells

(Continued from page 8)

He stopped, looked round the room, and again called it a damned hole. The brandy was taking effect. Margaret clenched her hands together. Who was dead? Who of all the misliked relations could, by the mere fact of his leaving the world, have torn up the Master's character by the roots and left this stranger in his place?

"Brendan was killed," suddenly burst out Palmer. "Gilbert was killed—it was a terrible battle. And Rick died of pneumonia at Amiens a month ago, and we never heard it."

"How awful!" said Margaret, in a low voice. She was sitting now, her head bent forward, her plaited hair falling on her knees. She hid her hands as she saw Lloyd look at them again. What could they have to do with the death of uncles and cousins away there in the hell of the great European war? And yet she saw the two things were oddly connected in her husband's mind.

"Awful, do you call it?" said Lloyd loudly. "I'm no hypocrite. They were never kind to me. Awful— Do you understand I'm Lord Brendan?"

"Oh!" almost screamed the Missus. Yes, she saw now. Those three young lives—married lives every one—that had made a wall between Lloyd and the Brendan earldom, too high for even fancy to look over—the simoom of death that blew across the Continent had swept them all away. And Brendan's children were girls. And Rick's baby was a girl. And Gilbert had no children. Gilbert—that jolly, bright fellow, by far the best of the clan—she was sorry he was gone, at all events.

"I feel dead beat," said the Master. "Let's to bed, Countess, and talk it over in peace."

Countess! Why, of course she was. Margaret felt giddy at the thought. For the first time she realized what Lloyd was feeling. She stood up in the middle of the room—the bark-walled room with its floor of rough split palm—the room with the chintz and packing-case furniture that the Master and she had contrived so gladly—and saw her home crumble to dust around her.

THE Earl and the Countess talked long that night; through the thin walls good Mr. Josephs and his wife heard the dull murmur and wondered what could be keeping the Palmers awake. Toward midnight the missionaries got to sleep, but an hour or so afterward Mrs. Josephs woke up, thinking that she heard a curious sound. Her head was against a wall. . . . It was certainly like some one crying very quietly—one would almost say crying in her sleep.

THE Palmers agreed to say nothing next morning. Their guests would be gone by noon; in the meantime they would keep the amazing news to themselves. But it was hard to do so. The magic had worked up everything. A blighting wind had blown upon the splendid green Pará; it was nothing now but a tiresome stretch of trees that wanted weeding. The orchids were just bush flowers that anyone could have. The rubber dairy, which the Master used to compare to the dairy in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," had been changed overnight to a shabby shed. They talked about their prospects; they kept telling each other how splendid it all was—they spoke of the castle and the house in Piccadilly.

"What'll become of the cow?" said Margaret suddenly; and then she ran into the house, to look for Elsie, she said.

It was Sunday to-day, and the Josephs had gone down to hold a mission service in the boys' house. Margaret and Lloyd—no longer the Master and the Missus—sat upon the veranda, and looked out over the plantation, and they saw that it was bad. What, after all, were a handful of trees in the midst of a mountain range set at the back of beyond? What was six feet of water running over a muddy river bed?

"I always did wish it had had a gravel bottom," said Margaret, looking at the Neveri with a hold-cheap expression.

"You can't have a gravel bottom with good rubber land," said Lloyd, and somehow, she felt grateful to him.

Then it was Lloyd's turn.

"The floor never was any good," he said. "That black palm is a pure nuisance, catching the legs of all your chairs, and—"

"Why, we've—we'd ordered eighteen hundred feet superficial of sawn hardwood; it would have been here in a week or two," argued Margaret.

"It can burn, for all we want it now," said Lloyd.

"Yes, isn't that delightful?" commented Margaret. She blinked her eyes a little. "How long did it take us to save up for it?" she asked.



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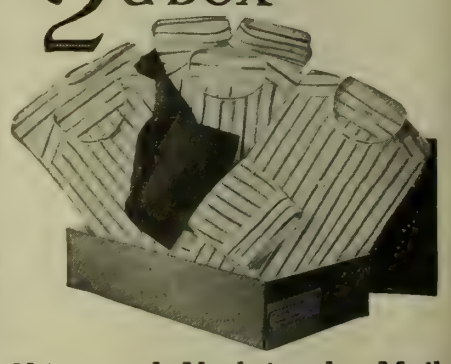
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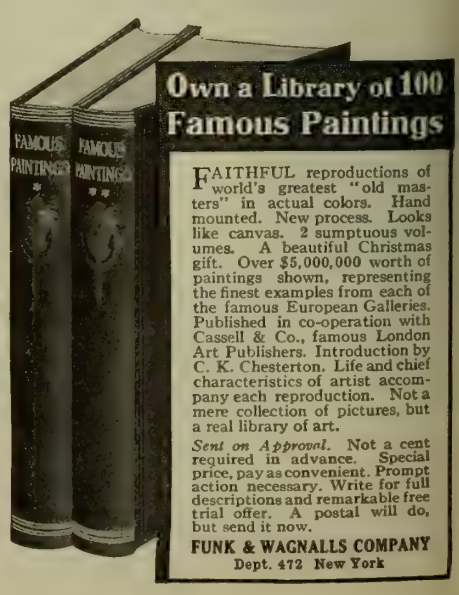


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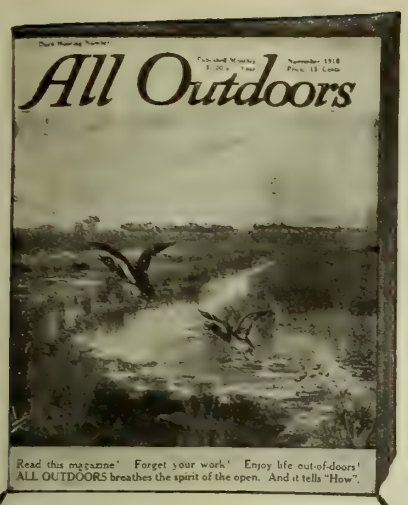
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"Awfully," said Lady Brendan. "I shall love the clothes," she went on. "And having several hats—"

"Several! You'll have several dozen, and two maids to hoard 'em," declared Lloyd. "Wait till you see my horses. It's an awful pity I get sick at sea; the yacht—"

"Elsie can have proper governesses, at all events," broke in Margaret.

"You were a good enough governess for the Duchess's kids, before we married."

"Oh—but one's own child— She must have everything—everything. Elsie will just love it. She'll be so happy. It will be entirely for her good."

"Entirely," echoed Lloyd. "It's a magnificent thing. I feel most awfully happy about it."

"So do I," said Margaret. "Anyone who didn't would be a lunatic."

SABBATH peace lay upon the plantation; the chipping knives and hoes were quiet; the Neveri River could be heard running softly among the rubber trees of Neverinumu—Neverinumu on which they had spent their youth, Neverinumu that they had made, as the Lord God made man and woman, out of a handful of mud. And behold, the pack-horse bells had wrought a miracle, for Neverinumu was but a handful of mud once more.

"I must go and see about the dinner," said Margaret suddenly.

"Dinner at one o'clock—savage, isn't it?" asked Lloyd, looking out from under his tilted hat at the pea green of the young rubber, and the blue-green forest beyond, and over and above all the far, thin, ice-blue summits of New Guinea's unexplored main ranges.

"Horribly," agreed the Countess, tucking up her sleeves. "I will get some —some stuff for my arms at once," she said hastily, seeing her husband's eyes fixed on the blemished skin.

"And your neck," said Lord Brendan. "Court dress, you know."

Margaret felt a sudden burning at her eyes as she went out to the little building of stick-and-bark where all her culinary triumphs had been won. Was not the world—the world at home—full of women who had not wasted their youth and looks toiling on a plantation? women years and years younger, with skins of velvet, and cheeks like dawn behind the lights of Mount Albert Edward? women perhaps who hadn't any scruples about stealing your husband from you when you weren't looking? Lloyd was a dear, but he was very much a man. She had always felt so safe.

"Elsie! Mother's own duck!" she cried, catching at the child, who had followed her out. "Do you want lots and lots of new toys, and hundreds of pretty dresses, my baby girl? Mother'll give you everything you want."

Elsie seemed to recognize something not quite natural about her mother.

"You playing games?" she demanded with a doubtful brow.

"No, chicken. Tell mother anything you want, and she'll get it for you," said Margaret feverishly. "Mother can get Elsie anything she likes now."

"Elsie want one nice 'itty cutty f'om the bush," said the child.

"A cuscus?"

"Ess. A cutty wif 'itty paws and a long, long tail, to keep forever 'n' ever, amen."

"Mother can't let you have a cuscus now, darling. We're going away. You couldn't take it to port, and it would die like the last pet you had."

"Muvver said, give Elsie anyfing," said the child.

"Anything but that, chicken."

"No want anyfing," said the little girl, turning away.

Margaret went into the kitchen, and began a great rattling among the pots and pans.

JUST before dinner was ready, the Josephs came toiling up the hill, hot and red and cheerful. They were always cheerful, and generally smiling. Margaret found herself thinking that this was rather middle-class of the Josephs. People who were—people—weren't always on the grin.

"I'm coming in," said Mrs. Josephs at the door of the kitchen. She was a woman who had never in all her life asked anyone else: "Is there anything I can do for you?"—that coldest and

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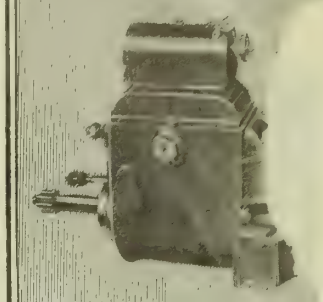
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most repellent of offers. She always went and did it.

There were hot plates to take out of the oven; there were vegetables to dish; there was a house boy to hurry up with things in general. Mrs. Josephs took everything in hand. "Go you and tidy up," she said. "I'll see the dinner in."

Margaret escaped, thankful for a chance of washing and brushing.

She flung on her best blouse, and powdered her sunburnt face. The hands were hopeless; powder stood out on them like rouge on the face of the dead. Margaret let them fall, and stood looking critically at her figure. With new, expensive stays, surely—surely—

What was that?

Her fingers, relaxing, dropped the powder box on the floor. It burst, and made a floury mess among the mats, but she did not heed. She had caught a sound from below—pack-horse bells.

Like a statue she stood for a moment listening, and then—

"How absurd!" she said. "It's only the team going back. And they've brought us our news—all the news they'll ever bring up here again."

Tank-tank went the bells; *tankle-tankle*. They were stopping at the bridge. Aloysius, the Irish driver, knew where a good meal was to be had on his long journey down to port. Of course he would come up to the house. They were always glad to see Aloysius. . . . A pack-horse driver and a countess! Wasn't it absurd?

THE Countess buttoned her last button and hurried out. Mrs. Josephs was just laying the last dish.

"I put a place for Aloysius. I know he often calls in to see you," she said pleasantly. Margaret wondered how it was she had never noticed before that the Josephs pronounced the t in "often." They really were dreadfully middle-class. . . .

Aloysius dined and teaed so frequently at the tables of missionary and planter families that his manners were beyond reproach; and if he did take a spoon and fork to his pudding, it was no more than everyone in the district did—including the Palmers. To-day both of them attacked the rather crumbling cabinet with a fork alone. Being out of practice, they spilled a good deal. Mrs. Josephs looked at them, and wondered if they were short of spoons.

Aloysius, a lean, square, bright-eyed man with a neck like brown cordage, ate steadily without remark for twenty minutes or so, and then adjourned to the veranda with the rest of the party.

"I have to be off pretty sharp," he observed. "I'm behind me time-table. I wouldn't have called in at all, in spite of the good dinner I'd 'a' been missing, only I owed ye an apology, Mr. Palmer."

"What for?" asked Lloyd dreamily. Lounging in a long chair, he had been looking out through clouds of tobacco smoke, across the flat and the hill and the river, across the mountain ranges and the sea, to far, far England and all that was waiting there. . . .

"For forgetting this," said Aloysius, drawing a folded paper out of his pocket. "It was separate from the mail, for it come from Thursday Island on the Governor's yacht, but I'd no right to be forgettin' it, seein' it's the latest news. And I must ask yer pardon, Mr. Palmer, but I know you wouldn't mind, for me and Mr. Wicks, at the company's plantation last night, we was that anxious to know about the war that we opened the paper ourselves and read it."

"No matter, no matter at all," said Lloyd absently. Newspapers were indeed of little matter to him now.

"And what is the news?" asked Mr. Josephs.

"Oh, good news, Mr. Josephs, glory be! We're thrashing and driving them Germans out of it; sure, it will not be long till we have them clean out of France, the dirty— But, Mr. Palmer, there's a bit of good news for you in it."

"Is there?" asked Palmer politely.

"Indeed, yes. Do you mind, you told me last night down at the bridge that that young lad who was killed holding the bridge against the Germans was a cousin of yours—the one they called Gilbert? Well, now, he's in the other paper 'wounded, reported killed,' slightly wounded, I think it was. I knew you would be glad to know, Mr. Palmer, and I'm sorry I kep' the paper."

An extraordinary silence fell upon the veranda. Aloysius, struggling with an overloaded pocket, extracted the newspaper at last, and flung it down.

"There it is, Mr. Palmer, and good-by to you, for I must be going," he said.

Palmer, staring at him as if hypnotized, said "Good-by," and forgot to hold out his hand.

"Wait, Aloysius, we're going too; the horses are ready. We'll all go together," said Josephs, getting up.

There were boys to be called, and horses to be brought round, and bridges to be held, and a chair to be fetched. When at last the three horses, with their riders, had thundered away down the hollow-sounding turf to the bridge, the spell seemed to break. The Missus and the Master turned, and looked at one another. In the distance, pack-horse bells were *tank-tanking*, farther and farther away.

"Massa," said Margaret, "we'll have our floor in a couple of weeks."

"And we must get the Josephs to come and stay when we have it," said Lloyd.

"We must get another pink basin and jug first," cried Margaret.

"We'll have two," said Lloyd firmly. "Nothing less. And I'll start the new clearing to-morrow."

"And Elsie shall have her cuscus," said the Missus. Then, being a woman, and tired of playing brave, she burst into tears.

"Massa, are you sorry?" she sobbed.

"I suppose I'm a lunatic," said Lloyd, "but I think, somehow, I'm darn glad."

STATEMENT MADE IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., OF COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY,
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Alphonsus B. Casey, Notary Public.
Form 3526 [Seal] (*My commission expires March 30, 1916.*)

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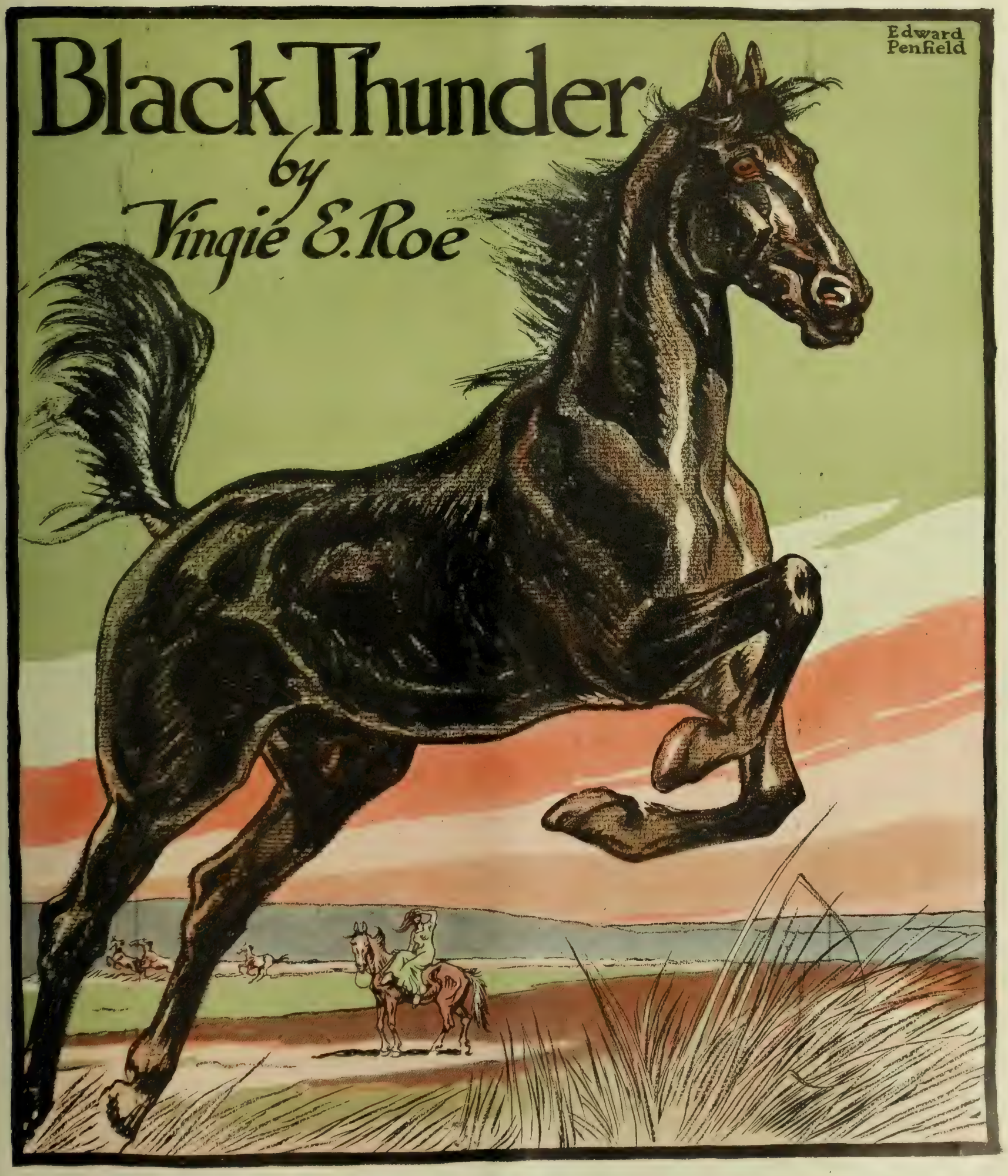
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE TRUTH ABOUT FRANCE by Owen Johnson



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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

THE TRUTH ABOUT FRANCE

BY OWEN JOHNSON

IF FRENCH diplomacy has made any mistake in this war, it has been in the early determination to make no propaganda in the United States. The reasons for this decision were both diplomatic and sentimental. France promptly saw the reaction which followed Germany's blundering attempt to influence American opinion, and determined to avoid those dangers, perhaps not realizing the difference between a propaganda based on education and the tactful repetition of historical facts and actual accomplishments and a propaganda condemned to absurdities and trickery by the nature of the actions it was trying to obscure or condone. Beyond this the French are an exceedingly proud nation, not given to boastfulness, who believe that the accomplishment of their duty toward civilization needs no advertisement; that it is for us, a great, liberty-loving republic, cherishing the same ideals, to recognize with ardor what republicans have achieved under staggering odds, without having our attention claimed by the methods of a barker at a country circus. In the end this proud reticence accomplishes its own reward. There are signs to-day of a great awakening as to the true significance of this world war and the unequal and unsought responsibility borne by the Republic of France.

Unfortunately our sources of news are English. With the exception of one cable, all lines of communication pass their censorship. When an American magazine or newspaper desires information about France it frequently commissions an Englishman to inform it. With the best intention in the world this correspondent sees France, not with our eyes, but with his own. Two great agencies of publicity have existed in this country, English and German. Hearing little or nothing of the cause of France, the American public (which has always misconceived the virility and stability of its sister republic) has come to look upon this war as a conflict between two greedy commercial nations—England and Germany—at times inclined to accept the convenient and lately announced assertion of the Germans' love and admiration of the French and their regret that military necessity has forced them to attack a future ally. This is not simply a misconception of the significance of this war, but an error that has deprived one republic of the legitimate pride and thrill of enthusiasm that it should have in the triumphant demonstration that a nation can stand free and republican, able to maintain its national existence, even when threatened by the most scientifically organized military despotism the world has known. It is only to-day, with a sense of defrauded enthusiasm, that we perceive that where the colossus of Russia has been found corrupt and short-sighted, and the great world empire of England is still struggling desperately to awaken its dormant masses to its imperiled unity, France has emerged from the test as completely unified as Germany—is a greater nation, since not one republican ideal has been sacrificed, not one individual conscience smirched, not a national oath dishonored, nor an ideal of humanity bartered for "military necessity."



A luncheon in the forest of Vierzon. President Poincaré is the central figure seated with his back to the reader, and opposite is seated M. Millerand, French War Minister

The American people have understood little of the great-hearted Republic of France. For years we have believed her in decadence. For this there were many plausible reasons. The novels that have told the world of a frothy Parisian society (a society no more French than New York is American) have pictured to us a nation in decadence. Those who have visited the capital itself have returned with a tourist's impression of frivolity and egotism, forgetting that in Paris you have the back parlors of depravity of the entire civilized world, which congregates there to do what it does not dare do at home. I remember once asking a group of Frenchmen of the aristocratic boulevardier type how many habitués of restaurants and coulisses you would find among the Parisians themselves—not men who dropped in at the Café de Paris, Ciro's, or the Abbé de Thelême once a month, but who lived habitually in this atmosphere. There were six present, men of fortune and reputation and themselves of the class of which I had asked an estimate. Their answers varied from 200 to 350!

Politically we have seen France, despite noteworthy social advance, badly governed by a shifting, clamoring succession of vainglorious orators, with only an occasional leader of authority with the instinct not for literature but for governing. Yet this frantic mob of debaters had as little significance as the mongrel ephemeral society of Paris itself. Underneath, the great French people continued sober, rich, happy, and increasingly intelligent. France was like a great *pot au feu*—nourishing and bountiful underneath, with the grease of society rising to the top.

At the beginning of the war France, despite inherent strength, did not compare with Germany either in material preparation or in efficient organization. When history comes to be written it will be known just how lacking France was in certain military equipment and just what internal handicaps she had to overcome at the moment she was staggering under the shock of the invader. France mobilized two million men while Germany mobilized six. France found herself facing the test of her existence with every evil of democracy uppermost. The supreme direction of military tactics was divided between General Joffre and the Minister of War. The invasion of Alsace was a political move. The advance to Charleroi was a sentimental debt paid to Belgium, and there are indications that, at one critical point at least, in the retreat the orders received by a certain general from the Minister of War and the generalissimo were in direct conflict. The army was to a certain extent commanded by leaders who had reached their station through a measure of political encouragement. Moreover, there undoubtedly existed among certain political leaders a distinct though small representation which, after Charleroi, honestly and patriotically believed that resistance to German invasion was futile, and that the higher patriotism consisted in saving France, its cities and its unravaged fields, by acquiescence in German domination. Keep these facts in mind, and remember likewise the muddling, and worse, which characterized the opening year of the Civil War and, more recently, our first moves against Spain. Then you may comprehend the gigantic task performed by Joffre from Charleroi to the Marne.

From Charleroi to the Marne Joffre not only reorganized the French army, but, to the logic of military necessity, he readjusted the French parliamentary machine, and this to-day is what a certain obstinate group of parliamentary adherents, with their eyes still on the Revolution, cannot forgive

him. At Charleroi, with complete disaster looming ahead, with certain troops on which he could not depend and officers who had failed, and in spite of ministerial interference, Joffre assumed complete military direction and set about the task of reorganization while waiting for his reserves to be hastily equipped and effectively mobilized. He broke generals by the dozen—old personal friends, comrades in other campaigns, brilliant class tacticians who had failed at the practical test, men who begged for another chance—he retired generals of division, colonels and majors by the hundred; he regrouped his forces with a new knowledge of their dependability. All this was done during the most desperate retreat the world has known, while the German cohorts, realizing the preciousness of time, were being driven by the discipline of fear at a breathless pace which seemed beyond the power of human nature to continue. Yet by the time the Marne had been reached Joffre had performed his miracle. He had the French army *ready*. He selected his ground, accepted a general engagement, and in the first clash after preparation completely and decisively defeated the great German military machine—saving France and the map of Europe. For the battle of the Marne was not, as we first believed, the result of a lucky counterstroke by an unexpectedly gathered army from Paris thrown on Von Kluck's flank, but a carefully planned line of battle announced beforehand, where the French armies, at every vital point, did what was asked of them, checking and later repelling the enemy at Verdun and Nancy, flanking them at the Ourcq and driving irresistibly and brilliantly under General Foch at Von Bülow's army, separating it, flanking it, hurling it into marshes, and driving it back in disorder. From the Marne on, France has maintained her supremacy, repelling the next great German drive at the battle of the Lisière, and in the long months of trench fighting (with the exception of Soissons) obstinately and vigorously advancing at a dozen points until the time came for the powerful offensive of this fall.

So much for France's military accomplishment, achieved at a period of incompleted preparation and a lack of supplies. To-day with 2,500,000 men on the line, and 1,600,000 in depots, the class of 1916 yet to come, with every village and hamlet for thirty miles back of the trenches bursting with reserves, the resources of France have hardly been scratched.

Economically what France accomplished in the first year of the war by the miracle of improvisation is almost beyond belief. After the German invasion France found herself with her great industrial region and three-quarters of her metallurgical factories in the hands of the enemy; for the violation of Belgium was not simply the easy road to Paris, but the way to the heart of economic France. Despite this loss of her good right arm and shorn of her former resources, in the eleven months that England was blundering and muddling, France rose economically, improvising and achieving this incredible result: Not only was she able to supply her own needs, but she found in the richness of her strength enough to give to England, to Russia, to Serbia, to Italy, and even to Rumania. Her resources of capital met the same emergency.

Internally, every section has established its working rooms for women out of employment, either providing them with free meals or furnishing food for a pittance. Every mother or head of a family unable to procure work receives 1.25 francs a day, with a slight addition for each child. All rents have been suspended. All religions and all political beliefs have met, in absolute harmony, for the first time in the history of France, and formed the great central body known as the Sécours-National, on whose central committee figure the chief Catholic dignitary of Paris, the chief Jewish rabbi, and the leading Protestant ministers, as well as all sorts of Republicans, Socialists, Clericals, and Monarchists. The Sécours-National has established cheap dinners and luncheons for the poor, and *cantines maternelles*, free wherever necessary to all women in the process of childbearing. Beyond this, it has organized days of popular subscription, bringing in millions of francs, and distributes its help among all civilian activities that deserve it. Outside of this, the women of France mobilized in thousands to the call of the Red Cross, already prepared by six months to a year of medical training. These are but the organized expressions of

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Down this trench are marching, toward our camera, Lord Kitchener, M. Millerand, and General Joffre himself

national unity. Individual charity and performance are legion—private hospitals, private workshops, private training schools for the disabled soldiers; and all this ennobled by a national recognition of the decency of sorrow and a tragic concentration which has banished gay and voluptuous luxury from the eye and loud, rollicking frivolity from the ear, and made of Paris a city of nuns and crusaders.

A Year of Miracles

TO THE outer world this result appears like a miracle, and, in a sense, a miracle was performed, in a nation which twice before, in Jeanne d'Arc and the revolutionary heroes at Valmy, had shown itself capable of miracles.

There are three fundamental reasons for this startling demonstration of the national vitality and unity. First, the abiding spiritual heritage of the French Revolution. Above all, the progress of the French nation has been in the ardent pursuit of great and uplifting ideas. The prevailing sentiment to-day is the compensating conviction that they are warring for civilization and to free, not France alone, but all Europe, from the reactionary liberty-distrusting recrudescence of a feudalistic despotism. The last twenty years has been a precious period in republican progress. To-day the great Revolution has at last achieved a completed republican type. Whatever the difference in their mental attributes and opinions, there is a striking similarity of type in Joffre, Poincaré, Delcassé, Briand, Viviani, Pichon, and other leaders. They are simple, divorced from the social imitativeness of the parvenu, and, above all, rigorously schooled. To-day, for the first time, the French masses are led by republican chiefs.

The separation of church and state, in an effort to liberate the schools and to procure a universal dissemination of education, has resulted in giving to the inherent qualities of stubborn frugality and indomitable patience the final touch of intelligence which makes the French people to-day the most informed and the most capable of reasoning. Where Germany had to trick its Socialistic masses into a violation of Socialistic Belgium by the pretended bugbear of Slavic aggression; where England had to appeal to sentimental indignation, instead of baldly stating the reasons of self-interest which make a German occupation of Belgium an intolerable menace to the future of the British Empire, the French have been under no illusions; no lies have been dealt to them, no equivocations were necessary. The French masses clearly understand the character and ambitions of the new Pan-Germanistic theory of civilization, and where not a public man in England would have dared to appeal to the nation's intelligence on the proposition that the destruction of France meant the ultimate destruction of England, not a single French statesman needed to convince his people that to let Russia stand alone against Germany meant the subsequent subjection of France to the German idea and the German soldier. Dominated by ardent disciples of peace, seeking, as a nation, external peace to crown the internal progress of republican ideals, France went to the aid of her ally without a dissenting voice. She did this because, from top to bottom, her masses were intelligent, even to the point of comprehending this indirect menace. Not only could they reason thus clearly, but they perceived, and perceive to-day, that this is a conflict of ideas, and as a nation that one hundred years ago shook the thrones of Europe with republican indignation, to-day they have gone with the same ardor into the conflict, comprehending that the future of democracy in Germany as well as in France is in their hands, and that no geographical discussion, no illusive peace, but one conclusive result, can settle this question.

To-day France is a republic, not as we are, of detached and self-centered individualists, but a republic of disciplined citizens, consecrated to the furtherance of the noble ideals of equality and opportunity, and holding these ideals so precious that they are willing, whenever the test comes, to give their blood to the last man.

If in this political accomplishment are to be found the resources of strength which have astonished the world, in a deeper sense the stability, morally, of the French nation reposes in the dominant rôle which the idea of duty plays in each individual conscience. This idea of duty they have retained from their long contact with the Catholic religion, as, with their peculiar genius for assimilating the best, they have clung to the great spiritual enthusiasm for liberal ideas of the Revolution. The instinctive sense of duty of every Frenchman to the nation is the same sense of duty of every Frenchman to the needs of his family. The strength of France is indeed the strength of each individual family. Instead of the law of primogeniture, which has finally left the seeds of economic revolution in England, in the forced maintenance of enormous estates, contrary to the natural laws of redistribution of wealth, the French system enforces a just division. It lays down the law that parents are responsible, even to vices and failings, for the children they bring into the world, and prohibits, beyond a negligible percentage, discrimination against any child. Not only do the children yield implicit obedience and deference to the parents, but the parents themselves are conscious of their further duty toward their children in providing them with ample marriage portions to permit their economic progress in the world. So close are these relations, economically, morally, and spiritually, that the sense of family obligation is the first social instinct in the French mind. Family honor and family progress are deeply allied here. To sacrifice oneself for one's family is but to be spiritually prepared to sacrifice oneself for the nation, its honor and its needs. With the first call to danger, France—merged into one—ceased to be a nation of a million families. It is this unifying and ennobling sense of a great family that pervades all France to-day, in every army corps and every regiment, where officers and soldiers live in unconscious simplicity and fraternity, devoted to each other and to a common cause. This fundamental sense of duty, based on the family organization of the nation, was the spiritual reason that produced, on the 1st of August, 1914, the amazing spectacle of a France that had been judged volatile, bright, pleasure-loving, and superficial, uniting in one common impulse, grim, sobered, and sternly resolved to the last sacrifice.

Underneath all this, deeper than republican liberties or the religious sense of duty,

(*Cont'd on page* 30)



From left to right: President Poincaré, Albert of Belgium, War Minister Millerand, General Joffre, and others, at a review

BLACK THUNDER



BY VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATED BY SIDNEY H. RIESENBERG

WHERE the great heaving billows of the Continental Divide calmed down into gentle ripples, there the Willasanna Hills drifted off to the west. They lay like a blue and silver rampart toward the north, curving in a colossal sweep of great lines and noble intent around a spread of plain so vast that from their skirts the parent range, continuing southward on the east, was but a faint and facile line of fairy stuff, like a veil floating from a woman's throat. Toward the open south between there was nothing — nothing, that is, save that essence of majesty, distance. The eye went south into infinitude and traveled back abashed. Above there was the boundless azure of the summer sky, below the brilliant emerald of uncounted miles of range.

This was the setting, and, dropped into its silent state, there was a tiny blot of brown where the Nestor had his little holding blocked out against the western curve of the hills. It was a hundred and sixty acres, and a goodly part of it was broken, but it looked trifling and unstable on the vast background. Insignificant as it was, however, it was a blot, an eyesore, and a festering offense to every cattleman who ran his herds on the Willasanna Range. The men saw it for twenty miles three ways and every sight of it brought oaths.

The Nestor was hated by every man who should have called him neighbor, and none went near him or his. He was a thin, eager-eyed man who worked from dawn till dark and strictly minded his own business. He had a sod house, a sorry team, and a painfully inadequate layout of farming tools. Also he had a wife and daughter.

Of all the Nestor's possessions this latter could have been said to be up to par, for she was a slim, long-limbed slip of beauty, as wild as the land about and as sweet. She had hair that might have been brown had it not been so sunburnt. As it was, it looked like tawny thistledown, forever blowing about a face as golden as the winds could make it. Cheeks and lips like poppies flamed therein, and she had wide, cloth-gray eyes under dark brows.

The spirit within her healthy body was an eager, untrammeled thing longing for worlds to conquer. But nothing came to the lost little farm to be conquered, and she rode the shaky, paint-warped cultivator down the long rows of young corn by way of outlet.

They worked hard and faithfully, but the soil was wild and stubborn; they lacked horses and tools, and by spring of the third year the eager look in the man's eyes had become strained, the old implements would hardly hold together, and what clothing they possessed was more than apologetic.

In the late winter Hilton of the Bar Q Ranch, twenty miles below, rode by that way in quest of a strayed bunch of prize yearlings, and his contemptuous eyes took in the pathetic holding.

"If that Nestor up Willasanna way don't blow by fall, I'll miss my guess," he said later in the bunk house; "for he'll starve out sure as a gun."

ON THE Great Divide that forms the roof of the world snow comes early and lingers long, and it drives out of the high country much wild life.

The deer come down to the lower slopes where they can get at the "buck grass" and the moss. The wolves—those fierce and hateful pirates of the fastnesses—become ravenous, and follow. Even the shy, lumbering bears, who hole up in winter, go down for their little naps, since they come out early.

Wildest of all the denizens of the high plateaus that traveled down toward the gentler slopes that year was one, Black Thunder. He was well and unfavorably known throughout the length and breadth of the Willasanna Range country, for he had been there before.

He was black as a moonless summer night before a storm—soft, velvet black, from his flaring foretop to the tip of his flowing tail, and he was a marvel of beauty. He stood full seventeen hands, a kingly creature whose proud head bowed to nothing, whose speed rivaled the winds that fanned his shining sides, and whose heart was tuned to the singing note of courage. He was nine years old by the circles in his gleaming teeth, but he looked like a colt of three. Wherever there flew the evil news of horses stampeded, of vicious fights and mares taken off to the hills, there was the name of Black Thunder spoken and men swore against him.

His fame was wide and shining. A dozen outfits had tried to capture him, but only once had he felt a rope. Some had sworn to shoot him and had tried it, but he seemed to bear a charmed life, for he bore no scars. He ranged over eight hundred miles between the ends of the year and always he left his mark in depredations.

HE HAD with him a band of mares, yearlings, and two-year-olds, for he suffered nothing of the male persuasion to reach an age of possible challenge to his authority. When the young horses were fully matured Black Thunder drove them out to found their own dynasties. That was a trick the cattlemen had noticed, and it added to their admiration for his sagacity.

He came down early that year, while all the land was green, and he and his band found rich faring in the cups and plateaus and hidden meadows of the rugged hills. As the winter advanced, however, they were forced lower and lower until there came a time when they edged out upon the flowing skirts of the range and were glad of the dried and succulent bunch grass. Storms came and swept across the open land and roared in the hills. Blizzards took their toll of stock far and wide, and Black Thunder lost several mares and a colt or two.

By February the band was getting thin. Their glossy coats had roughened and grown long, and they lived a good bit on their flesh. The stallion himself had lost something of his splendor. His rounded hips had leaned, his midnight hide had dinged a little. But his proud head was as high above his flying cloud of mane as ever; his step was no whit less light and free. He still guarded his possessions with an eagle eye; was every inch the king, albeit of impoverished subjects.

It was in the first week of March that the girl from the homestead saw him. The long winter had borne down upon her like the hand of fate, and she was a smoldering volcano of longings and aborted visions and rebellion at the loneliness. She had not seen a girl of her own age for close to three years. She had no sweetheart. She had nothing of the rightful joy of youth, and she was sick to death of the sod house.

Therefore, with the first of the "open weather" that comes to the plains country when the winter's back is broken, she bridled one of the ancient horses and threw her slim body atop for a ride into the distance. She rode sidewise and bareback, her right knee snug over the thin, high withers, her left leg dangling gracefully with a heel ready to cling to the ribs for a gallop. She rode like an Indian, as loosely and instinctively, and she was a past master at the art. She had been raised on the Texas plains, and she had grown up on pitching bronchos. She used always a blanket and surcingle and she knew a thousand tricks of her own. With the fingers of her right hand under the tight-webbed girth, her left toe under the left foreleg, her weight all hanging to the left and a short-tied rein for leverage, she had had many a wild hour that thrilled her blood like wine. That had been in her growing days when the thin man had had land and horses and she had gone north to the seminary in winter. She missed it all now, and she was sick with resentment. And this cool, sun-washed day in March she rode a sorry skate across a lone brown land straight to her heart's desire and did not know it.

Where a spur of the Willasannas jutted down into the range forming a screen from the south, Black Thunder grazed with his band in scattered safety. A like little spur debouched a little way to the north, and in between these two points the bunch grass was high and sweet. They had never touched in here before because of the fact that it was only eight miles from that staring square of cultivation that marked the habitat of man, and Black Thunder shunned man as he shunned the rattlers in the rocks. But the dry grass was getting scarce in along the hills' edge, and it was yet some weeks before the coming of the new green on the open. And while they eagerly grazed in their seclusion for once an enemy came full upon them. The girl rode slowly around the end of the spur.

With their first subconscious knowledge of a figure against the horizon, the band crouched and started. They broke and fled with a roar of hoofs until the shrill squeal of the leader stopped them a hundred rods away. For Black Thunder had stood his ground.

On a little lift of earth he stood, a thing of majesty and menace, his head high up and drawn back so that his broad breast seemed to fling toward the enemy with insolence, his great mane rippling down his neck, his forefeet planted wide apart. His beautiful eyes under their slightly deepened hollows flamed and flashed.

He was startled and amazed and the ready anger rose in him at sight of a strange horse, but he was not afraid. Therefore he squealed his ringing challenge to the pathetic nag and pounded the brown earth with his hoofs. Had this intruder been alone, he would have rushed at him and made short work of him, but there was a human atop, and Black Thunder knew humans and hated them.

In the tense, swift space of time that sufficed for his kingly display the girl sat like a statue, one hand drawn up on the tight rein, her mouth open, and her eyes, between the blowing fluff of short hair at her temples, matching Black Thunder's in sudden, leaping fire.

"Glory be!" she whispered soundlessly, "the war horse of the gods!"

And at that moment the stallion rose on his hind legs, whirled spectacularly, squealed once more, and, dropping his loins in his first marvelous jump, went up the smooth glade like the wild spring wind. The band closed in behind him and the hills echoed to the thunder of their going.

WHEN they were lost around the first turn of the spur the girl put up a hand and flattened her open lips. She sat so for long, scarcely breathing, held in a sort of sacred rapture. At last she dropped the hand and touched the ragged mane at her knee.

"There's one great, grand, good thing in this abandoned land," she said aloud in an awed voice, "and by all the gods of the ancients I'll have it!" And with trembling fingers she lifted the rein she had loosed and turned slowly toward the homestead.

There was nothing left in all the lonesome country

with that glorious vanishing. But from that day the nostalgia that had pressed upon her for all the weary months lifted magically. She dreamed by night, her handsome head on her flat pillow, and she dreamed by day over the meager cooking that she helped her mother with, and ever the dreams had to do with Black Thunder standing on his little knoll or dropping his perfect back in that starting leap. And as surely as she dreamed she set the dreams to action.

"Mother," she said to the gentle woman who gave evidence of better days than these; "mother, I've just got to ride abroad this spring. You've got to let me go and not worry. I've about reached the limit of endurance with nothing to look forward to—never a party or a girl friend or a young man to talk to. I've missed the seminary for the first time this past winter; I've missed the old life. Don't think I'm whining, mother dear—I'm made of better stuff than that—but I tell you this that you may give me free leave to explore this land and ride down the longing for our lost fleshpots."

The mother looked away across the brown plain, and she, too, had a wild moment of useless regret.

"I know, Nance, she said quietly, "and you have my leave. Only, when you ride take your daddy's pistol."

And so it came about that the girl began to ride day after day along the ramparts of the hills in search of Black Thunder and his band. She indulged the sorry nag recklessly in their treasured corn that it might be stronger for her journeys, and her heart was a seething bed of excitement. But she took many a tiresome trip before she saw her quarry again. However, that sheltered nook with its deep dried grass was a magnet to the hungry horses; presently they strayed back to it, and when they came cantering down from the upper slopes Nance and her mount stood still as shadows against the southern lift.

Black Thunder saw them, shrilled his warning scream, turned his band in flight, and swept away.

BUT she knew, as she had known, that they would return again; she, too, returned to wait patiently from morning till dusk, and so it came that every day the wild black stallion tried to reach his favorite grazing ground he found the enemy there, or it appeared and routed him.

But as the slow spring advanced hunger pressed him so sorely that he came to linger desperately along the upper line of the glade. Always this human and her horse edged up toward him with elaborate carelessness, and always Black Thunder pounded away. But as day after day passed and she never pursued nor offered him harm he began to lose his first keen suspicion under the law of familiarity that breeds contempt. Though she did not know it, the girl was the only one of her species who had ever seen Black Thunder more than a few chance times.

Day after day she sat on her horse and watched him, and day by day the exultation grew in her, the desire for him possessed her like a mania. She knew every line of him, every muscle that slid on his lean frame, every swift motion. When he tossed up his beautiful head and listened, with all his wealth of mane flowing wild in the wind, cold chills of pure adoration went down her spine. She tingled with the ache to run her hands along his perfect back, over his hips, down along the curve of his iron-strung leg, to cup her palm on his slender knee, to finger the fringed fetlock above his shining hoof. She had known and loved horses all her life, but this was the king of the breed, the best of all she had known rolled into one. She longed to lean against his high shoulder and feel him nip at her arm, her hand, with his soft lips. She desired to see the light of love for a master in his big bright eyes. But what thrilled her with longing unspeakable was the thought of the feel of him beneath her sweeping out upon the plain in that speed she had marveled at. She lived that dream daily, and as surely as the sun shone she knew that it would come true—knew she would some day feel the rush of wind upon her, hear the thunder of his flying hoofs, twine her fingers in that great mane!

"Give me time!" she half reverently prayed to Infinitude. "Only give me time!" Day by day she edged nearer, and day by day the stallion jerked up his head a dozen times to watch her steadily for five minutes and fell to cropping again. And always she whistled a little crooning tune.

By the middle of April she had gotten nearer to him than any human had ever done save once. That once had done much to implant in Black Thunder his hatred of mankind.

FOR another week she kept to her old tactics, sitting for hours on her grazing horse, edging along as the band moved. And then she took her first big chance in this vital game she was playing. She slid off her horse and sat quietly down beside him in the tall grass, keeping her rein in her hand. She was trembling a bit and her gray eyes were dilated. It was long before Black Thunder raised his head for his eagle-eyed survey of his domain, and when he did his snort of astonishment cracked like a gun in the stillness. He saw the old horse grazing, and he missed the familiar figure that had topped it for so long. The very lack of the thing he had become accustomed to filled him with suspicion. He stood dead still for a long time and watched and listened. Nance, in the grass, watched him with wide eyes.

Then suddenly Black Thunder knew the old horse for what he was and came for him at charge, head outthrust, teeth flashing. The girl, trembling in every limb, tensed herself, and as he came close she rose up swiftly in his path.

With a scream the stallion tried to check his headlong rush; his stiffened forefeet plowed in the grass; he stumbled, floundered, and almost went down. Like lightning he recovered, wheeled, and fled.

But he had seen her afoot, and thereafter Nance spent a goodly part of the long hours standing patiently beside her crowbait, or standing a bit away from it, or walking carelessly a careful way apart. For days Black Thunder was afraid of her, flying from her and returning step by step, drawn by an overwhelming curiosity, for a person afoot in the cow country is a phenomenon.

And then she began to bribe him. She carried secretly from the lean crib a little sack of yellow corn on the ear and filched from the sod house a measure of salt. She hid the sack under a rock and one ear she placed in Black Thunder's way.

Now Black Thunder had eaten of much that Nature spreads for her monarchs, and he knew many a salt lick in the high country, but that particular yellow cylinder with the salt upon it was the cream of equine ambrosia to him. He ate every grain, licked the earth where it had lain, and at last chewed the cob to bits; and Nance, watching, thrilled with prescience of victory.

She edged closer to him, afoot, and when he ran she threw her magic gold, and later he came back and got it. Day by day, patiently, she went through the same performance, and at last there came a time when he began to watch for her coming, to squeal a wild call of recognition, to hold his ground when she came with her offering. Later she held the ear at arm's length and would not throw it, though he neighed and stamped with desire. That was subtlety and guile, for Nance was built for conquest. That day he got no titbit, and the next he made his first advance, stiff-legged and watchful. It won the reward, for she tossed him the ear and rode away.

After that it was a swifter game. Black Thunder had found a keen, new interest, and Nance had found another world.

"Nance, girl," her mother said at last, "are you happier now in this greater freedom?"

She sparkled all through her gold-skinned face and patted the mother's shoulder.

"Happier than I've been for many months," she said.

The plains began to flush with a vague, faint green and the meadow larks made the sun-warm days long offertories of song.

Black Thunder, for some unknown reason, lingered in the skirts of the Willasannas, and by the end of April Nance put her hand upon him for the first time. Soon he took the yellow ear from her very hand, since he got it no other way, and she knew the feel of the great mane flowing like a wave, began to rub the beautiful neck, to scratch with light fingers under the jaws that could snap an enemy's throat to ribbons.

And—strange state of affairs—Black Thunder found he liked it!

About this time Nance, with a guilty conscience, filched sugar from the low store in the barrel, and a little later he was following her about the glade.

IT WAS no miracle she had wrought. Man has tamed the beasts since the dawn of creation, and he has done it best through gentleness and love. And Nance loved Black Thunder by now as few women can love their men, with a throbbing passion that adored his every line, found easement in the softness of his velvet shoulder under her cheek. He had shed his winter coat early, and she was more delighted with his new beauty than if she had found fairy clothing to replace her own rags. She familiarized him with the caressing touch of her hands all over his body, leaned her weight heavily upon him while she fed him sugar from her palm.

The rest of the band had long since accepted her and grazed all about without fear. Had any one who knew Black Thunder come upon them in their lonely, sun-washed glade, he would have rubbed his eyes and ridden home for help.

But Nance was confident and aflood with joy. She filled a sack with sods and with infinite labor managed to slip it on the stallion's back. He dropped and reared, but day by day he felt its weight until it, too, became an old, familiar thing, and Nance while he grazed lolled heavily upon his neck for hours, that he might know a burden. She buried her face in his midnight mane and drew the strong, wild scent of him into her lungs. She drew off her shoes and set her bare pink toes into the small hollow above his knee. That way she would mount when the time came.

And the time came when the Willasanna Range was green as an emerald—came by the slow process of an inch gained daily, of half attempts, and slidings off, and pushings and playings, until at last she clung to his mane and scrambled up where the sack of sods had lain and hung across him on her stomach.

Black Thunder grazed contentedly, and Nance, with her heart racing like a screw, squirmed slowly up and sat astride. She stayed only a moment, lolled herself along his neck and slid off, to do it all over again and again.

From that it was but a step to spending most of the hours in the glade (*Continued on page 22*)



With one bound the stallion shot through the opening and swept out magnificently

KIDNAPED

BY SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY ALONZO KIMBALL

"I AM so tired," said little Mrs. Alexander, crumpling into a heap on the library Chesterfield. "I am so tired that even my finger nails ache. And the back of my head is coming off, Phil—I assure you it is, right under my French twist. And my tongue aches from talking so many polite piffles. I'm going to make rude speeches at that party to-night, just to rest my poor old tired tongue. Oh, I—am—so—enormously—tired!"

Philip Alexander turned a troubled gaze upon her. He was a big man, slow and heavy. His little quicksilver wife always said she'd married him because he was so restfully quiet. "Let's cut out the rest of the festivities, Elsie," he suggested. "What if Harry and Grace are just married, and the whole town is turning itself inside out to amuse them? That's no reason why you should wear yourself into a frazzle and get nervous prostration and everything, is it? Can't my brother get married without killing my wife—huh? Say we skip this party to-night and you go right upstairs and go to bed now."

"I wish I could," said Elsie (but she didn't mean it), "but Caroline Manson will never forgive me if I throw her table out, and she's Grace's cousin, too. But, honestly, a luncheon, a musicale, a tea, and a dinner party with dancing afterward, all in one day, are enough to wreck a female gladiator. And you know, Phil, no one would ever call me a female gladiator. I suspect Grace of being one, though. She doesn't mind it a bit—she eats it up."

"By the way, where is Grace?" asked Phil. "Didn't you come in together?"

"Who's taking my name in vain?" asked Grace, entering at this moment. "Why, what's the matter, Elsie—tired?"

"Oh, no," said Elsie, "I'm merely lying here because I feel so superlatively sprightly and gay, thinking happily of that dinner and dance this evening. It's maddening to see your pink cheeks and calm air. Ah me—I'm getting old—we demonstrate right now the difference between the twenties and the thirties."

"What nonsense," said Grace. "You look younger than I do. And oh, Phil, how she flirted this afternoon with a nice little college boy nephew of Mrs. Lovell's. It was disgraceful. I know that poor boy is wishing this minute that he could put poison in friend husband's tea. He wanted to give Elsie his frat pin and he invited her to the Junior cotillion—"

Elsie sat up abruptly. "Why, you little pussy cat!" she exclaimed. "He did nothing of the sort. This—this is the reward I get for handing over to you a perfectly good brother-in-law. I hope he beats you."

"Caroline Manson will beat us both if we are late at her dinner," said Grace, pulling her wrist watch around where she could see the hour. "We'll have to hurry. What are you going to wear? Oh—there's Harry—" She did not linger for Elsie's answer, but flew out into the hall. The two in the library could hear their rapturous greeting—after a separation all the way since noon! They exchanged sympathetic smiles. Phil wagged his head at the door.

"Pretty nice, eh?" he said. "Makes me think of old times—when we had the little house—and I'd whistle at the foot of the walk."

"Oh, what nice times those were, Phil," wailed Elsie, "when we were so happy together and you didn't make much money and we didn't have to go to parties or give them. Greenfields has changed an awful lot in the last five years, too. Oh, me, I'm so worn and my head aches *so*. But I've got to go and dress for that brute of a dinner—that's flat." She started to rise, wearily pushing in place her runaway hairpins.

"Wait," commanded Phil, "I'm going to go upstairs with you, and then I'll have Nora get you a cup of hot milk. That'll pull you together a bit."

HE SLIPPED his arm around her and they went slowly up the stairway together. The fragility of her as he half lifted her from step to step gave Phil Alexander a very sudden anxious pang. She actually didn't seem to weigh more than Junior, that four-year-old king of the nursery above. Phil didn't say anything, but he did some heavy thinking on that short trip upstairs. Poor little Elsie—why hadn't he noticed that she was being worn out in this disgusting social whirligig that they had entered since Harry and Grace arrived? She hadn't been looking very well for some time, even before the honeymooners had come, he remembered, but she wasn't a twitchy little skin-and-bones like this. Something must be done about it.

Nora came with the hot milk and Elsie sipped it slowly. Then she sat down before her dressing table. Her gown was already laid out, a lovely shimmering thing of emerald green. Elsie eyed it reflectively, and as Phil came plunging through, hunting a box of dress ties that he claimed to have bought a week before, she said to him rather haughtily:

"I'll need rouge to-night with that frock."

Phil checked his wild course. "Oh, Lord, Elsie," he said, "what do you want to start that for? I did think you were the one woman in Greenfields who wouldn't get into that disgusting habit. Well, go ahead and fresco and kalsomine and enamel all you want to, but all I have to say is that it looks as if you didn't have time or energy to wash your face. No woman that's really clean needs to rouge—or use perfume." He stopped abruptly, for Elsie had put her head down among her ivory brushes and was crying very hard.

"I think you're h o r r i d, Phil," she sobbed. "You talk so roughly and so hatefully about a little—little—rouge, and I just can't wear such a vivid dress and look white as a sheet, can I? And I don't use scent—and I don't enamel—and fresco—" She couldn't say anything more.

Phil sat down and gathered her into his arms in repentant haste. "You poor little nervous, tired-out thing," he exclaimed. "I'm a clumsy idiot. Look here, blessed angel, you know I d i d n ' t mean it. Of course you don't use scent and stuff. There—there—d o n ' t cry—you'll have a red tip to your nose that will be very unbecoming to that green frock."

He observed a faint smile breaking through. "And if you look teary and sad, Caroline and old Mrs. Lovell will tell everybody that I abuse you and—say—do you realize that it's ten minutes of seven?"

The need of haste brought Elsie out of her tears instantly. She dashed cold water on her reddened eyes, winked them hard for a minute, and then slipped into the green gown, first applying—furtively—a dash of the fought-about rouge. But little gasps of fatigue shook her slight body and there were dark circles under her eyes that no cosmetic made could hide. She caught up her evening coat and hurried down, followed by Phil, while Harry and Grace, dressed and happily waiting in the hallway, greeted them with reproachful cries.

In the car, Elsie put her head against Phil's shoulder and stayed silent until the Mansons' feudal castle was reached. This gave her a precious five minutes of relaxation. But she tightened up again like a little steel spring when the motor stopped. They were late—oh, they were very late—there was no gainsaying it. But oh, joy, Amy Thompson and Henry Eaton were later yet.

Elsie roused herself to gayety and laughter with a pathetic effort. Ray Lowrie had been handed over to her for dinner partner and she had only to start Ray on his experiences at Monaco and Trouville (he was the one real globe-trotter of Greenfields), and there was nothing else for her to do but look interested. But it was hard to do even that. She was too nervous and tired to eat, and everything tasted just the same to her. Phil kept a watchful eye on her across the table and did not fail to see her lassitude, her lack of appetite and the thoroughly pathetic droop of her head. Amy Thompson, who sat beside him, rallied him about his attention to his wife.

"Are you watching Elsie to see that she doesn't flirt with Ray, or is the honeymoon habit contagious?" she asked, indicating Harry and Grace, who were exchanging fond glances all the way down the table.

"They caught it from us," bragged Phil. "Elsie and I are the original honeymooners. Miss Henrietta Bird told me that it was almost scandalous for a man tc be so in love with his own wife as I am. But, like Weelum, 'I glory in ma shame.'"

"That sounds like Miss Henrietta," laughed Amy. "She says the most outrageous things. She tells me that it's the one great pleasure in growing old. But I'm afraid Ray isn't doing his duty to-night—or else Elsie looks a little fagged."



"I put it over on you this time, Babe," said Phil

They had no more time to exchange confidences, for just then the dinner ended with a pushing back of chairs and a rustle of satin and chiffon; gloves and fans were dropped and recovered, and the whole party moved toward the big drawing room—now cleared for dancing—in a pleasant, leisurely way. Phil managed to reach Elsie's side before they were clear of the hall.

"Look here, Babe," he murmured, "let me take you home. You look downright sick. I'll speak to Caroline and we'll slip away."

ELSIE, by this time, was just worn and nervous enough to be utterly unreasonable.

"Certainly not," she said crisply. "It would be frightfully rude. I'm all right. Please don't bother, Phil."

And Phil backed away sulkily, yet worried, too. It just showed what a state she was in when she talked like that. He cursed dances and parties and the general foolishness of social life with a few bright blue curses and then mooned off by himself into the library to enjoy a peaceful smoke. He wasn't going to dance and cut capers like a wound-up street faker's toy—not he. Let them gang their ain gait, Elsie included, and he'd have a little peace and quiet. But he didn't get it. For how could he dismiss, like that, the thought of poor little weary Elsie? The answer is he couldn't. He threw away his cigar, not more than a quarter smoked, and sought a place where he could see what was going on in the drawing room. All seemed bright and fair. Harry and Grace were dancing together in an obviously ecstatic harmony. Caroline Manson and Ray Lowrie were performing marvelous steps with the most painstaking care. Other people, shoals of 'em, had arrived by this time and were dancing gayly around with more or less pleasure and grace. In a moment Elsie's green frock came to view, with Elsie's little green slippers footing it lightly, to the accurate partnership of Johnny Lovell's best pumps. Johnny, a tall and lanky youth, so towered above Elsie's brown head that he quite obscured her and it was not until they turned that Phil could really see her face. She did not need her rouge now, for her cheeks were blazing. To Phil she looked feverish and overwrought. But there was nothing he could do about it, he told himself anxiously, so he shrugged his broad shoulders and sought out Caramai Dana, as being best fitted to guide his bulk through the mazes of the new steps. And after that he danced grimly

on as the shortest way of getting through the evening, keeping an anxious lookout for Elsie and paying little or no attention to his various partners. At last he found that they were certainly nearing the end of the party. Here and there people were beginning to drop out and go home. Phil observed this with his first feelings of content for five hours. He hustled round the drawing room and fairly snatched Elsie from her partner's arms.

"This is the last dance, Babe," he said, "and we'll have it together. Don't try to keep me from my wife," he added sternly to Henry Eaton, who looked a bit blank at this highway robbery. "Go and dance with Amy—you've neglected her sufficiently this evening." The last of this admonition he addressed to Henry from a distance, as he Castle-walked Elsie down the room.

But they had hardly made two turns when he felt her tremble and slip down limp into his arms. She had fainted. They were, luckily enough, near a door; so with much presence of mind Phil caught her in his arms and was out in the hall, telling one of the maids to bring some water before anyone realized what had happened. Caroline Manson fluttered out after them, and then Grace, with Harry and old Mr. Manson, so when Elsie opened her eyes she was the center of a small circle of very frightened people.

"Where's Phil?" asked Elsie faintly. She did not know that it was he who was holding her.

"I'm right here," he answered, "and we're going home."

Elsie opened her eyes a little wider. "Oh, Caroline," she said to her hostess, "I'm so sorry to behave so at your party."

IN THE midst of Caroline's protestations and solicitations the maid came with Elsie's wraps, the car was announced, and Phil bundled her off home, with Harry and Grace in attendance as well as himself.

"You're to go to bed," he commanded when home was reached, "and not to stir until I give you leave to-morrow." Elsie closed her eyes and said not a word, enjoying the sensation of being fussed over and cared for, very much as a weary little kitten enjoys a place before a friendly fire.

But, ah me, and welladay, and tut-tut, and would you believe it—when the next morning arrived and Phil had left for his office, Elsie rose and went about her various activities exactly as though he had not said a word. She felt very weak and she certainly was pale, but she had sent out invitations for a bridge that afternoon in Grace's honor and there were a million billion things to be attended to that no one else could possibly manage.

She must superintend the placing of the tables, the arranging of the flowers; she must have a final anxious confab with Cook over the bouillon and salad and sandwiches and ices that were to be served, and finally she must get into a proper frock and receive the guests, must play hard for an hour and a half—and Elsie had not the "auction head"—award the prizes, chat with this one and that, and finally speed the departings. When Phil let himself in in the late afternoon he encountered the exodus, and when he beheld Elsie again looking so worn and generally done out, he saw red. He wanted to thrust the rest of that mass of velvet and perfume and fur and chatter out of the house. He was, in short, very angry, with all of a man's impatience for a woman's neglect of her health—and incidentally of his commands. Smoldering, therefore, he appeared in Elsie's own sitting room, where she had retired to rest after the fray.

"I thought," he said in his most unreasonable voice, "that I told you to stay in bed to-day."

Elsie raised her weary, tumbled head. "Don't be cross, Phil," she said, "I just couldn't stand it. You know I couldn't stay in bed with a bridge party in the house."

"I'd like to know which is more important, your health or a bridge party," he went on, waxing sarcastic. "Good Lord—why haven't women any sense!"

There was silence, but only for a moment, for Elsie was a bundle of played-out nerves and stressful emotions. "The men monopolize it, I suppose," she returned edgily, "and if this is the sort of thing you are going to say, please leave the room and let me rest. I'm very tired, and I must get myself pulled together before to-morrow. It doesn't help me one bit to have you about, talking like an early Victorian husband, I assure you."

This naturally did not tend to soothe or please Phil. "What do you intend to do to-morrow?" he asked angrily, passing by the references to himself, though they were not lost.

Elsie closed her eyes and let her head fall back on the cushions. "Lovell reception, Jamison dinner, dance at the Country Club, supper at the Norths," she recited.

"Well, you're not going to any of those things," said Phil, trying—a little—to control his temper, but not succeeding at all. "I'm not going to have you kill yourself going to silly dinners and dances and things. You were all run down before Grace and Harry came and ever since they've been here you've been tearing about like a mad woman. You don't seem to realize that you're not made of cast iron."

To this Elsie made no answer whatever. She just lay still with her eyes closed and big tears of fatigue welling up under her eyelids.

"I stand for a good bit, first and last, Elsie," went on Phil, when he was sure she was not going to reply. "You can run the house as you like and get what servants you like and manage baby as you like and buy everything you want, and come and go and do as you please, all the time, so long as you don't break yourself down. But if you think for one instant that I am going to sit by and see you turn into a haggard wreck, you are very much mistaken—"

He was interrupted abruptly. Elsie sat up very straight and screamed at him. Yes, screamed.



"Where's Phil?" asked Elsie faintly. She did not know that it was he who was holding her

"Leave my room this instant, do you hear, Phil Alexander! You are a great—big—hectoring—brute—I won't stand another word from you! And I'll go to every party I want to, twenty a day if I'm invited—so there!" And with that she fell into such hysteric sobbing that it was the last straw to Phil.

"Oh, *damn*," he said and left her.

A JOLLY unnecessary little quarrel, wasn't it? Phil quite earnestly bent on taking care of Elsie and going at it by stupid nagging and arbitrary orders. Elsie knowing perfectly well he was right, but so unstrung nervously that she had reached the point where she couldn't do the sensible thing, no matter how hard she tried. And there they were, the two of them, quarreling with each other like a pair of squabbling children.

At any rate, the explosion ended the interview, which was something to be thankful for. And Elsie wept until she fell into a restless, fitful slumber. As for Phil, he was no more than outside of the door when he realized what a fool he had made of himself and longed to make reparation. But he had sense enough not to try it—then.

Instead he went downstairs and cursed his clumsiness and his stupidity and his anger, and he thought very tenderly and remorsefully of Elsie, but anxiously, too. It was very clear that she was on the verge of a bad breakdown, and that it was no use to appeal to her, for she was past hearing reason and common sense. It might mean weeks and months of illness: it might mean—something worse. And at the thought a cold chill settled itself around Phil Alexander's heart.

Well—what was to be done. He thought and he thought and he thought, he frowned over his thoughts, he tossed away plan after plan as fast as he made them. Finally he brought his palm down on the arm of his chair with a mighty emphasis.

"I've got it," he said, and hurried to the telephone.

IT TOOK some telephoning, that plan, long distance and long distance again, and then ever so many short calls—orders and directions and arguments and instructions. Between times, while he was waiting for his calls to be put in, Phil made notes on a bit of paper and chewed violently on the end of a cigar. After an hour's session with the telephone, however, he rose smiling. It was all arranged. Thereupon he went in search of Nora.

She must pack a small trunk for Mrs. Alexander, quickly—in her own room where her mistress could not see her. She must put in underwear, toilet things, old suits and blouses, riding clothes, a sweater, heavy shoes, a steamer rug, some small pillows. She must have the trunk ready in half an hour and she must have it strapped on the back of the car. She was not to say a word about this to anybody—and Phil enforced his command by a beautiful yellow bill.

Then he went to his own room and stuffed things into a suit case—his corduroy suit, hunting boots, tennis shoes, flannel shirts, a treasured battered old soft hat. Finally, he scribbled a few words on a slip of paper and pinned them to the pincushion. That last touch he regarded with absurd satisfaction—"Every eloping pair leaves a note on the pincushion," he murmured — "though it's usually the part of the lady to write it. Gee, I'd like to hear the Greenfields gossips cackle over this! I ought to send a telegram to Miss Henrietta Bird to tip her off!" And he chuckled to himself. For, quite unmistakably, Phil's spirits were rising. A good little schemer, Phil, when he put his mind to it.

He looked at his watch—now was the fatal moment. He made sure that Nora had carried out his instructions and that the car was at the door. Then gently, oh, very gently, he let himself into Elsie's sitting room. She was there on the couch and he knew, by the relaxation of her body, that she was asleep. With the most cautious of steps he approached her side. She looked so little, so white, so ill. Phil stealthily went to the closet and selected a heavy motor coat and scarf. Into the pocket of the coat he put a pair of shoes, for Elsie's feet were in little satin mules. He put the coat and scarf over his arm, and as easily as he could he approached the chaise longue again and slipped his arm carefully under her. She did not waken, though she stirred uneasily. He lifted her, just as she was, in her soft blue negligee, and slowly and cautiously carried her downstairs, out of the house, and into the waiting car. The curtains were drawn. Still holding her, he wrapped the coat about her and gave the chauffeur his directions. Martin looked at him in reproachful amazement. He was an old servant and an absolute slave of Elsie's—no trick played on her was going to win his approval.

"I'm stealing a march on this society game, Martin," explained Phil hastily. "Mrs. Alexander's all worn out, so I'm (*Continued on page 35*)

HOW ABOUT COLONEL HOUSE?

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

HE IS called "The Man of Mystery."

This is strange: he is not a man of mystery. Indeed mystery is uneasy in the presence of House. One of the strong traits of House is simplicity; simplicity is only mysterious to those who believe that anything which is large must be complex.

They say that House is the "Man Behind Wilson." House is *with* Wilson. If the President wanted any citizen *with* him, the citizen would serve.

But there is no man behind Wilson. It is not the nature of Wilson to have a Mark Hanna: it is not the nature of House to be "behind" anyone.

They call him Colonel—Colonel E. M. House. After I had left him I wondered that I had never asked him why they call him Colonel. There probably is a reason for it; no doubt it is not merely due to the fact that he was born and raised in Texas. After one knows more of House, the matter of his title appears inconsequent.

He does not look like a colonel. Hastily one might say that he looks like a banker. Down in Texas his father besides being a planter was a banker. Bankers often have patient and scared faces; House has a patient face but not a scared face.

This gentleman from Texas is small of figure, spare of flesh, gentle in manner, and from his clear eyes comes that look of calm courage which grows out of a victorious fight to make life surmount ill health or is founded on the processes of clear thinking which lift a man to quiet places. No doubt the look in the eyes of House may be explained on either ground.

This little man has large ears. To mention them as prominent would be ill-bred indeed were it not for the fact that one cannot sit down with House and talk with him and hear others talk with him without becoming impressed by the symbolism of his ears. For House is a listener.



Colonel E. M. House, President Wilson's friend and confidant

He has a passion for listening. His listening is not the same kind of good listening which is done by the kind of man who is also an adept whisperer. It is not pussy-foot listening. The listening of House is tolerant, kindly, willing, and noncommittal. Once upon a time a policeman told me that he would vote for Roosevelt and pressed for a reason he said: "Roosevelt knows the kind of geraniums that grow best on fire escapes." So House listens to know mankind as Roosevelt knows mankind. The knowledge comes to Roosevelt through his instinct; I believe it comes to House through his eager ears.

Some have tried to make out that House is a political boss. Some have allowed themselves to believe that the relation of the President and House in the main is due to sympathetic friendship. Folks say that House loves the practical side of politics. Newspapers in a hurry have loosed the idea that House is a Machiavelli abandoning princes to advise presidents.

The truth about House is much bigger than all that. Perhaps the truth will appear when one learns who House is, and how he thinks and what.

And if I am not mistaken, there is in it a large vision.

Some time ago—fifty-seven years ago—in Houston, Tex., they gave him the name of Edward Mandell House. After a time he went north to the Hopkins Grammar School and in 1881 Cornell sent him back to Austin, Tex., where he promptly married. He was twenty-three.

If one asks him about his business, he says: "I have had no business." In Texas any number of persons will explain about that; they will say that his father left him a little more than comfortable, but not disgracefully rich, as some who have written about him have led us to believe. A large part of his property is in Texas farmland, and as to his ability as a director of large farming operations William Jennings Bryan can say, for in the days when Bryan was differing with House as to free silver, he visited the farmland and observed the planter himself on the ground.

Colonel House has not had a strong body. No man can sit down across a table from him without knowing this and without wondering what part this fact has played in the drama of a man who at the beginning of middle age has touched the destinies of his country and who in these fast-following years may have more than finger tips upon the wheel of our steering gear. I suggested to him once that to the fact of his not having the routine of business is due a part of an outlook upon the world which is not clouded by personal considerations. He nodded.

He said: "I was about thirty when I began to have an active interest in politics. You know that until a year or two ago I had a constant first interest in the economic structure of this country, of American business and its evolution. They have said that I am interested in practical politics. I detest politics in the sense which is implied by that phrase."

Yet in practical politics he is skilled. With brains rather than with money he made governors in Texas; later, when the free-silver issue disappeared from the somewhat tattered banners of the Democratic party and he felt a zest for a national victory for his party purged of the fevers of its financial policies, it was House who did so much to build and hold the Texas delegation for the nomination of Wilson; it was House who lent wise counsels to the Wilson campaign; it was House who contributed shrewdness to the choice of clothes in which the party went before the people.

Never Wanted to Hold Office

THE reason for his first active interest in Texas was Hogg. Hogg, in the beginning of the nineties, wanted to be governor of Texas so that he might put some reforms into the business management of Texas and the conduct of some of the corporations operating there. Hogg found that House was with him; House, student of economic problems in eruption, found that Hogg was with him. And thus it came about that Colonel House plunged into practical politics.

"But I have never wanted to hold office," he says. "I am not very capable of enduring routine and administrative labor and it does not interest me."

Not administration: Constructive plans for government interest him. For them he wants all his physical resource to be free and unburdened.

"It is a noteworthy fact that general opinion has changed in Texas since the days you worked with Governor Hogg for a railway commission. Then the corporations all went into a hysteria of antagonism; now they would like an extension of commission control to all public utilities."

The Colonel smiled.

He went through the Hogg campaigns and those of Sayers and Lanham and the campaign of Culberson for the United States Senate.

Then he wanted Wilson, he says.

The tales of the gallant fight in which, through thick and thin, House held the Texas delegation at Baltimore as a rock of Gibraltar for the governor of New Jersey are as fantastic as much that is told about House—as the stories of his many palatial homes, stories which fly into the face of the fact of the existence of only one home in Austin, Tex.; as the highly-colored pictures of his wealth and the secrecy of his movements and the mystery of his methods. During the Baltimore convention, as best he can remember, he was in Europe.

"Did you have any doubt about the outcome?" I asked.

"I thought Wilson would be nominated," he said. "The first time that I ever saw the President was after I had made up my mind that he was the man for the place. I spend a part of my year in New York; he knew that I had been working for his nomination, and one cold day in 1911 when I was there he came over to my hotel."

There he paused.

"You asked me how long the President and I had known each other. The President says that we must have known each other always."

It is good to hear a man say that when he can show in his face how glad he is, when in his voice there is so much loyalty; it is well that a citizen helper of the President may feel deeply the sentiment of human sympathy as well as think clearly about national finance or about a currency bill.

That is House. Not often does sentiment rise to his surface; but when he is with his family—his wife and his only children, two married daughters—or when on his summer visit at Manchester, Mass., he tiptoes past the piazza siesta of a grandchild; or when he speaks affectionately of the President: then come glimpses of the Colonel's heart. His head has not reasoned it away.

He has a fear that Wilson may be misunderstood. He said: "I have heard persons call the President a stubborn man. The President is not a stubborn man: he cannot practice a change of decisions, and that will be understood by sensible minds. His method is not to wait to receive information, but to use methodical ways of reaching out for information, and when he has obtained from the various sources the believable facts he decides. If, thereafter, stragglers come to him bringing no new facts but importuning him, it is not strange that he remains firm, is it? Sometimes when he asks my opinion on a list of problems with which he has been engaged he makes no comments on my suggestions. This means that his decision has not been changed. At other times he desires further discussion and that means to him the subject is still flexible."

The suggestion that decision must be made more systematically and more firmly by a President in these days than before the Executive Office had grown larger than an administrative function and had become an active, responsive representative office of the people, and with the duty of sticking close to the people, caused Colonel House to assent eagerly.

"Roosevelt made a new, a bigger, a harder job of the presidency."

To this House agreed as eagerly. The mention of Roosevelt's name struck fire. "I think there are many things we hold in common," he said of Roosevelt and of himself, and he said it with earnestness. "He reminded us that ambition is larger than money success. He taught us other things which made national life of greater proportions."

Nothing can be more evident than that this "man of mystery" believes that Wilson too is making national life of greater size with longer range of vision. He believes more than that: He believes that the President is not only an awakener of fine impulses, but that to the leadership of these impulses into action he brings the best traits of the scholar. If Roosevelt is the commander of a battery of right instincts, storming obstacles in the path of our going forward, Wilson is the careful captain with a plan of the field of action and estimate of the rate of advance. If Roosevelt moves with spirit, Wilson moves with care. But, none the less, Wilson moves. This is the opinion of House.

The two men—the President and House—sometimes never see each other for weeks on end. For instance, when the man from Texas came back from

his trip abroad this spring, he went to Roslyn, Long Island, where one of his sons-in-law has a summer residence. There on the way to Cornish the President stopped to talk with him. Incidentally this fact caused some comment. Why did the President go to House? Why did House not go to the President? To which the answer is simple—House, perhaps because of an injury from an old heat stroke, cannot move about in the summer season without suffering some degree of exhaustion and some impairment of efficiency; he is a helpful man for the President; the President does not wish him to suffer or to have his efficiency endangered. Therefore the President stops at Roslyn, Long Island, to talk with House. The "mystery" is explained. And from the day the President left Roslyn until the middle of August the two men had not set eyes upon each other.

They are in frequent touch with each other. This fact House does not wish to conceal, but he says he has a loathing for the common deductions which are drawn from it.

No one can wonder at this. It is not pleasant to have the false impression go forth that a private citizen has opinions to which a friend in high office gives undue weight.

It is not pleasant to have a friendship, and a capacity to help occasionally with advice, perverted to color a drama of a political boss, even a high-class political boss of national scope—the type which disappeared when Roosevelt went into office—behind the President, especially when one is forced to play the title part of the unauthorized version.

It is not pleasant to be considered a "man of mystery," particularly in a case when one believes mystery an undesirable rather than a desirable piece of luggage.

Therefore Colonel House dislikes, as any man would, some of the deductions which have been drawn from his friendly personal relationship with the President and his willingness to serve the Administration in such way as he best may. His friendship with the President he regards as a private matter; his willingness to serve he regards as a duty. Both added together do not make a political boss, or "a man of mystery" or the doorkeeper of any back stairs at which certain types of financiers and frivolers probably will continue to seek an entry as long as government offices are in existence.

If, in fact, there is any mystery about this man of spare figure and clear, calm, steady, patient eyes, it is this—

He impresses one who converses with him as a man who after all has no source of large power in his appearance. One may learn from his own lips that he dislikes gatherings, that he does not attend conventions, that he is uncomfortable in large conferences, and that he finds that no inspiration to express himself comes from "a sea of faces." As men go, House is still known by sight to only a few persons in the country.

What, then, is his power?

Why have Democratic leaders, wearing the old-fashioned suitings, wondered at this power? And is this power really a mystery?

Probably not. Probably the truth is a simple truth. It comes along as one talks to the man. It is this:

House keeps in touch with both ends of politics—call it practical politics if you will; he opens his ears for the sound of people and he opens his eyes for the sight of the future. Those are the two elements of practical politics—the practical politics we want to put in practice.

Few men ever combine those elements. Many men listen to the people. Some men, equipped by study, see clearly the need of certain policies. Whether one agrees with House or not, he does both; the fact of his listening and his looking is there. And this lifts him to a plane above the level of most political leaders.

The President says that House "can hold things off at arm's length, consider them, and discuss them without becoming tangled in them"; no man can talk with this gentleman from Texas without agreeing to that. And it is contagious. One feels oneself begin to see clearly, think accurately, express calmly. It is a benevolent disease. It is an infection. Man to man or in a small group, this is the power of House.

It is a large power because men go away from House feeling that they have been in clean, high places where the air is crystal and the humidity is low. Whether they agree with him or not, this is true; but if men agree with him they become transmitters of *him.*

Hampered in his own activity and having learned this other field for self-expression, House acts through the agency of other men. (Continued on page 24)

THE BLACK EAGLE MYSTERY

BY GERALDINE BONNER

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Chapter Eight—Barker's Strange Career

THAT night when I [Jack Reddy] left Molly there was only one thought in my mind—to reach Carol and help her get away. If the figure of Barker had not stood between us, I would have then and there implored her to marry me and give me the right to fight for her. But I knew that was hopeless. As things stood, all I could do was to tell her the situation and give her a chance to escape.

I suppose it's a pretty damaging confession, but the office, my duty to my work and my associates there, cut no ice at all. Heretofore I'd rather patted myself on the back as a man who stood by his obligations. That night only one obligation existed for me—to protect from disgrace the woman I loved.

I knew the trains to Azalea—it was on the road to Firehill—and, though one left at midnight, the last train on the branch line to the Azalea Woods Estates had long gone. The shortest and quickest way for me to get there was to take out my own car. This would also insure the necessary secrecy. I could bring her back with me and let her slip away in the crowds at one of the big stations.

It was a wild, windy night, a waning moon showing between long streamers of clouds. By the time I struck the New Jersey shore—after maddening delays in the garage and at the ferry it was getting toward one, and the clouds had spread black over the sky. It was a fiendish ride for a man on fire, as I was. For miles the road looped through a country as dark as a pocket, broken with ice-skimmed pools and deep-driven ruts. In the daylight I could have made the whole distance inside an hour, but it was after two when I came to the branch-line junction and turned up the long, winding road that led over the hills to the Azalea Woods Estates.

As I sighted the little red-roofed station and the houses dotted over the tract, the moon came out and I slowed up, having no idea where the cottage was or what it looked like. The place was quiet as the grave, the light sleeping on the pale walls of the stucco villas backed by the wooded darkness of the hills.

I was preparing to get out and rouse one of the slumbering inhabitants when I heard the voices of women. They were coming down a side road, and looking up it I saw three figures moving toward me, their shadows slanting black in front of them. At the gate of a large, white-walled house two of them turned in, their good nights clear on the frosty air, and the third advanced in my direction. I could see her skirts, light-colored below her long, dark coat, and her head tied up in some sort of a scarf. By their clothes and voices I judged them to be servant girls coming back from a party.

As she approached I hailed her with a careful question: "I beg your pardon, but I think I'm lost. Can you tell me where I am?"

"I can," she said, drawing up by the car. "You're in the Azalea Woods Estates."

"Oh, I *am* a bit out of my way. The Azalea Woods Estates—" I surveyed the scattered houses and wide-cut avenues. "I've heard of them, but never seen them before. Doesn't a Mrs. Whitehall live here?"

The girl smiled. She had a pleasant, good-natured face. "She surely does, in the Regans' cottage over beyond the crest there. I'm living with her, doing the heavy work, until she gets settled. I belong on the big farm, but as she was lonesome and had no girl I said I'd come over and stay till her daughter joined her."

I smothered a start—*could* Molly have made a mistake?

"Her daughter, eh? Isn't her daughter with her now?"

"No, sir. She's coming to-morrow afternoon; then I'm going home. We'll have the cottage all ready for her. She's not expected till the 2.40 from town. Do you know the ladies?"

I bent over the wheel, afraid even by that pale light my face might show too much. Molly *had* made a mistake, sent me out here on a fruitless quest, wasted three or four precious hours! I could have wrung her neck. I heard my voice veiled and husky as I answered:

"Only by hearsay. I knew Miss Whitehall was the head of the enterprise, that's all. Er—er—it's Azalea I'm aiming for. How do I get there?" She laughed.

"Well, you *are* out of your way. You'll have to go back to the junction on the main line. Then follow the road straight ahead and you'll strike Azalea—about twenty miles farther on."



Fear was in her wildly questioning eyes

That ride back—shall I ever forget it! It was as if an evil genius was halting me by every means malevolence could devise. Before I reached the highway the moon disappeared and the darkness settled down like a blanket. And finally—in a barren stretch without a light or a house in sight a tire blew out! I won't write about it—what's the use? It's enough to say it was nearly six and the east pale with the new day when I rushed into Jersey City. I was desperate then and, police or no police, flashed like a gray streak through the town to the ferry. On the boat I had time to think. I decided to phone her, tell her I was coming, and to be dressed and ready. I could still get her off three or four hours ahead of them. I stopped at the first drug store and called her up. The wait seemed endless, then a drawling, nasal voice said: "I can't raise the number. Lenox 1360 don't answer." I got back in the car with my teeth set—sleeping so sound on this morning of all mornings! Poor, unsuspecting Carol!

The day was bright, the slanting sun rays touching roofs and chimneys, when I ran up along the curb at her door. An old man in a dirty jumper, who was sweeping the sidewalk, stopped as he saw me leap out and run up the steps. The outer door was shut, and as I turned I almost ran into him, standing at my heels with his broom in his hand. He said he was the janitor, took a bunch of keys from his pocket and unlocked the door, fastening the two leaves back as I pressed her bell.

THERE was no answering click of the latch and I tried the inner door—fast, and all my shaking failed to budge it.

"Isn't Miss Whitehall here?" I said, turning on the man who was watching me interestedly.

"Sure," he answered; "anyways she was last night. She talked to me down the dumbwaiter at seven and told me she wasn't going till this afternoon."

"Open the door," I ordered, speaking as quietly as I could. "She's probably asleep—I've an important message for her, and I want to give it now before I go downtown."

He did as I told him and I ran up the stairs and pressed the electric button at her door. As I waited I heard the janitor's slow steps pounding up behind me, but from the closed apartment there was not a sound.

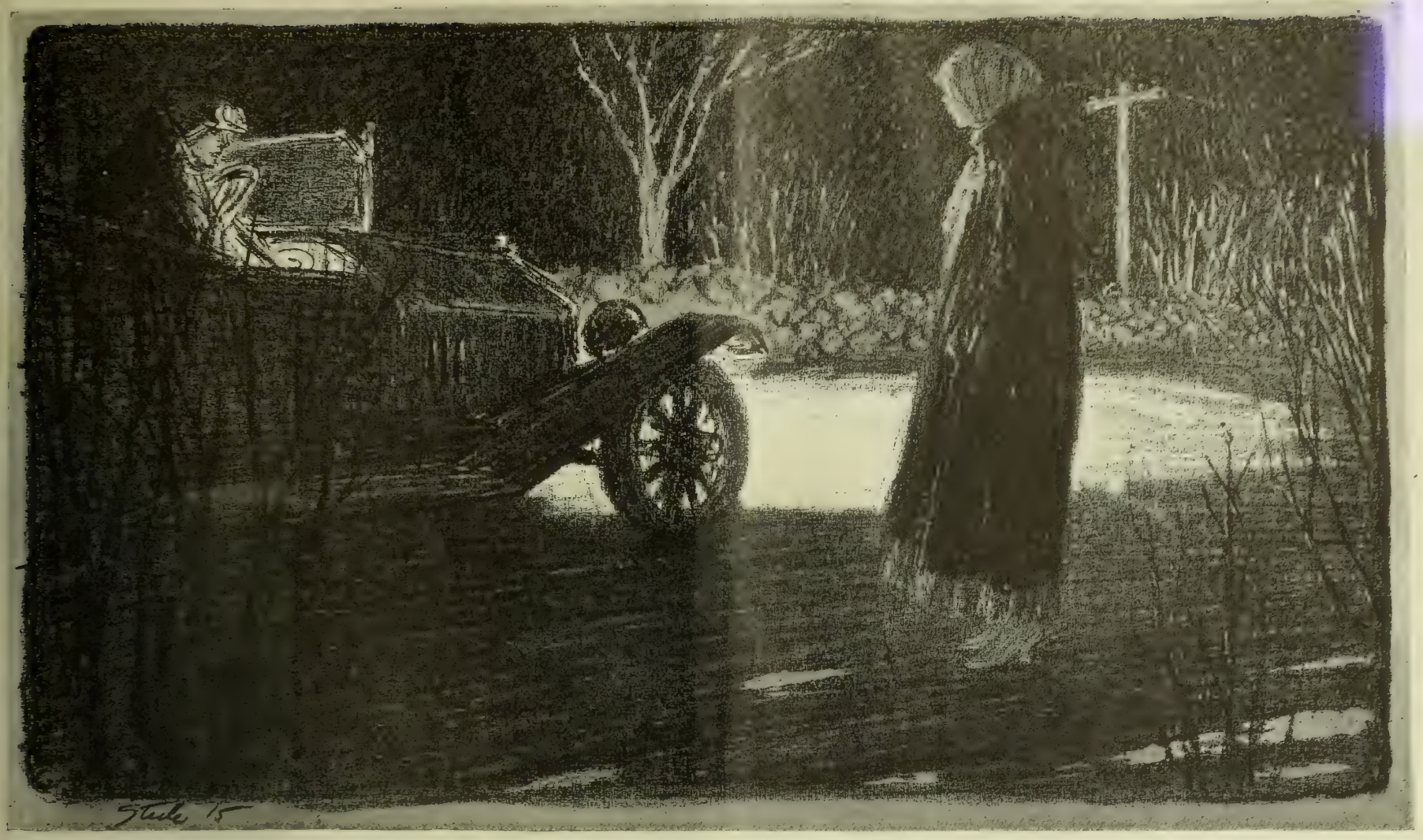
"She ain't there, I guess," he said as he gained the landing. "She must have gone last night."

I turned on him: "Have you a key for this apartment?"

"I've a key for every apartment," he answered, holding out the bunch in his hand.

"Then open the door. If she's not here, I've got to know it."

He inserted a key in the lock and in a minute we



As she approached I hailed her with a careful question: "I beg your pardon, but I think I'm lost. Can you tell me where I am?"

were inside. The morning light flittered in through drawn blinds, showing a deserted place, left in the chaos of a hasty departure. Everything was in disorder, trunks open, furniture stacked and covered. The curtains to the front bedroom that I'd always seen closed were pulled back, revealing the evidences of a hurried packing, clothes on the bed, bureau drawers half out, a purple silk thing lying in a heap on the floor.

She was gone, gone in wild haste, gone like one who leaves on a summons as imperative as the call of death—or love!

"She's evidently gone to her mother or some friend for the night," I said carelessly. "She'll be back again to finish it up."

I was in my own apartment before Joanna and David were up, ready to be called to breakfast, from what they, in their fond old hearts, thought was a good night's rest. Sitting on the side of my bed, with my head in my hands, I struggled for the coolness that day would need. Of course she'd gone to Barker—nothing else explained it. I tried to dull my pain with the thought that she was safe, kept whispering it over and over, and through it and under it like the unspoken anguish of a nightmare went the other: "She's with him, flown to him, in his arms."

There was fury in me against every man in the Whitney office, but I could no more have kept away from it than I could have from her if she'd been near me. At nine o'clock I was there and found the chief, George, and O'Malley already assembled. The air was charged with excitement, the long, slow work had reached its climax, the bloodhounds were in sight of the quarry.

IMMEDIATELY after I arrived they sent a phone message to her. I sat back near the window, to all intents and purposes a quiet, unobtrusive member of the quartet. When the reply came that the number didn't answer they concluded she was out, arranging for her departure that afternoon. The second message went at 9.30, and on the receipt of the same answer a slight, premonitory uneasiness was visible. A third call was sent a few minutes before ten, and this time Central volunteered the information that "Lenox 1360 wasn't answering at all that morning."

The chief and O'Malley kept their pose of an unruffled confidence, but George couldn't fake it—he was wild-eyed with alarm. After a few minutes' consultation O'Malley was sent off to find out what was up, leaving the chief musing in his big chair and George swinging like a pendulum from room to room. I had to listen to him—he only got grunts from his father—and it took pretty nearly all the control I had to answer the stream of questions and surmises he deluged me with.

When O'Malley came back with the news that the bird had flown, the fall of the triumph of Whitney & Whitney was dire and dark as the fall of Lucifer. The announcement was met by dead silence, then George burst out, sentences of sputtering fury: heads would drop in the basket after this. Even the chief was shaken out of his stolidity, rising from his chair, a terrible, old figure, fierce and bristling like an angry lion. I don't think in the history of the firm they'd ever had a worse jar, a more complete collapse in the moment of victory.

But O'Malley and the old man were too tried and seasoned timber to let their rage stand in the way. The detective had hardly finished before they were up at the table getting at their next move. All were agreed that she had had another communication from Barker and gone to him. They saw it as I had—as anyone who knew the circumstances would. The first message had been by phone, the second might have been, or there was the shade of a possibility that she might have phoned back. If she had, there would be a record, easily traced. The power of the Whitney office stretched far and through devious channels. In fifteen minutes the machinery was started to have the records of all out-of-town messages sent from Lenox 1360 within the last week turned into Whitney & Whitney.

The next move was suggested by the chief—to find Mrs. Whitehall and bring her to the office. In default of the daughter they would try the mother. All were of the opinion that the older woman was ignorant of the murder, but it was possible that she might know something of her daughter's movements. And even if she didn't that attack by surprise which was to have broken down Carol Whitehall might, tried in a lesser degree, draw forth some illuminating facts from her mother.

It was nearly midday when George and O'Malley set out in a high-powered motor for the Azalea Woods Estates.

I don't know what time it was, but the sun had swung round to the window when I heard steps in the passage and a woman's voice, high and quavering. I leaped up and entered the chief's office by one door as Mrs. Whitehall, George, and O'Malley came in by the other.

She looked pale and shriveled. I didn't then know what they'd said to her, whether they'd already tried their damnable third degree. But they hadn't; all they had done was to tell her her daughter had been wanted at the Whitney office and couldn't be found. That scared her, she'd come with them at once, only insisting that they stop at the flat and let her see that Carol was not there. This they did, admitting afterward that her surprise and alarm struck them as absolutely genuine.

These emotions were plain on her face; any fool could see she was racked with fear and anxiety. Fear was stamped on her features, it was in her wildly questioning eyes. "Mr. Whitney," she said, without preamble or greeting, "what does this mean? Where is my daughter?"

The old man was as courteous as ever, but under the studied urbanity of his manner I could feel the knife-edged sharpness that only cut through when his blood was up.

"*That* is what we want to know from you, Mrs. Whitehall. We needed some information from your daughter this morning and we find that she has—I think I may say fled. Where to, surely you, her mother, must know."

"No," she cried, her hollow eyes riveted on his. "No. She was coming to me this afternoon; everything was arranged, ready and waiting. And now she's gone, and you, you men here, want to find her. What is it? There's something strange, something I don't know." Her glance moved over the watching faces. They were ominously unresponsive. Where she looked for hope or help she saw nothing but a veiled menace, every moment growing clearer.

"What is it?" she cried, her voice rising to a higher note, shrill and shaking. "What is the matter? Tell me. You know—you know something you're hiding from me?"

"We think that of you, Mrs. Whitehall," said the chief, ponderous and lowering, "and we want to hear it. The time has come for frankness. Hold nothing back, for, as you say, we *know*."

The woman gave a gasp and took a step nearer to him. "Then for God's sake tell me. Where has she gone?"

His answer came like the spring of an animal on its prey. "To join her lover, Johnston Barker."

If he expected to have it strike with an impact, he was not disappointed. She fell back as if threatened by a blow, and for a second stood transfixed, aghast, her lower jaw dropped, staring at him. Amazement isn't the word for the look on her face: it was stupefaction, a paralysis of astonishment. The shock was so violent it swept away all anxiety for her daughter, but it also snapped the last frail remnant of her nerve. From her pale lips her voice broke in a wild, hysterical cry:

"Her lover! He was her *father!*"

IN THE moment of silence which followed that sentence you could hear the fire snap and the tick of the clock on the mantel. I saw the men's faces held in expressions of amazement so intense they looked like caricatures. I saw Mrs. Whitehall try to say something, then with a rustle and a broken cry crumple up in a chair, her face hidden, stuttering, choked sounds coming from behind her hands.

That broke the tension. Like a piece of machinery momentarily out of gear, the group adjusted themselves and snapped back into action. All but me—I stood as I had been standing when Mrs. Whitehall spoke those words. My outward vision saw their moving figures, their backs as they crowded round her, a hand that held a glass to her lips, her face bent toward the glass, ashen and haggard. I made a stride forward, to get closer, to hear them, for they were round the table again, waiting on the words of Mrs. Whitehall. The first sentence that struck my ear aptly matched her pitiful ap-

(*Continued on page 26*)



Memento

NARROWLY PARTISAN CRITICS of the President were once more rebuked, not by the President but by the facts in the case, when Germany, acting through Ambassador VON BERNSTORFF, backed down in the *Arabic* case last month. In what amounts to a repudiation of the sinking of the *Arabic*, the German Ambassador accepts the principle of compensation for American lives lost on the *Arabic*. So far so good—and it is a more than notable diplomatic victory for Mr. LANSING and Mr. WILSON. The fact remains, however, that the *Arabic* is only one of several cases pending between this Government and Germany. The following dates must not be lost sight of:

February 10, 1915, when Ambassador GERARD was instructed from Washington to inform the German Government that we could not assent to the German declaration of a war zone about the British Isles and to warn the German Government that a "critical situation" would arise if Germany destroyed an American merchant vessel or caused the death of American citizens.

May 7, 1915, when the *Lusitania* was torpedoed and sunk without warning by German submarines off Old Head, Kinsale, Ireland, and 1,153 lives were lost, among them 115 Americans.

May 10, 1915, when the German Foreign Office, through the German Ambassador at Washington, expressed "deepest sympathy" with the United States because of the loss of American citizens, and when the verdict of the Irish coroner's jury at Kinsale on the *Lusitania* disaster charged the German Emperor and high German officials with murder.

May 13, 1915, when President WILSON, acting through the State Department, called on Germany "to make reparation so far as reparation is possible for injuries without measure," and informed the German Government that the United States would not omit any word or act necessary to the performance of its sacred duty of maintaining the rights of its citizens.

If individuals in Germany or elsewhere think that the people of the United States have forgotten this sequence of events, it is high time that the misconception were corrected. Now that the *Arabic* case seems to have been settled, what about the *Lusitania?*

How Hyphenates Are Made

THE UNITED STATES is getting aware of the problem presented by those of other lands who are among us but not of us. President WILSON has made some strong speeches on the subject, patriotic associations are being formed, and pains are taken to make the naturalization formalities more sincere. These things are all good, but the test of daily contact is still crucial. What sort of a deal does the newcomer get here? The fake officials on the dock, extortionate cab drivers, cheating money lenders, fraudulent employment agencies, and deadfall boarding houses are the least of the evil. Our two miserable failures in dealing with the immigrant are those of industry and those of law. Lawrence, Paterson, Ludlow, Little Falls, among many others, spring to mind as typical of the industrial centers where the newcomer is overworked, underpaid, tyrannously treated, and then blamed for lowering American standards of living. The American standard of living is what these people get. Our business men have set it for them. We have commented repeatedly on the mean and stupid discriminations made against aliens by the statutes of many States. In law matters the immigrant encounters, first, a police officer who does not understand or sympathize with him, and, second, a police magistrate put in for political reasons. In New York City recently five garment workers—AUSPITZ, SIGMAN, SINGER, STUPNICKER, and WEIDINGER—were accused of murder, jailed, finally tried, and acquitted. The case against them was little better than a frame-up. Leading New York papers, such as the "Times," "Tribune," and "World," commented at length on the kissing in court when the verdict was announced. They had no word of the fearful injustice which had imperiled the lives of the innocent. Is this sort of cruel stupidity at the bottom of the whole hyphenate problem? It is high time that we began to see that the immigrant is neither a joke nor a nuisance, but a human being.

Merry-Go-Round Logic

CIRCULAR REASONING is seen at its best in a letter recently addressed by Count APPONYI, an able Hungarian politician, to a member of the "World Peace Foundation." In Germany these days they are, we believe, laying the blame of the great war on England; in Hungary it is all Russia's fault:

> What I should like to do is to lead my American friends back to those fundamental facts, to make them understand what that power of darkness called Russia (in her present state of Czar rule) means and how lust of conquest and of expansion has characterized her policy since the beginnings of her greatness. We, Austria-Hungary, are on the outposts of the war, facing that constant menace of the barbarous East. . . . We did our best to keep the danger off by peaceful means, but *it had to be averted anyhow*—not for our sake only, but *in the interest of every great principle sacred to enlightened, progressive, liberal-minded humanity.*

What diverts us in Count APPONYI'S letter is the fact that he neglects all the German fables about the war being the invention of Sir EDWARD GREY and the poor Belgians, and lays all the blame on Russia and her Slavic allies; and that he praises the Austro-German war as a defense of "every great principle sacred to enlightened, progressive, liberal-minded humanity." In defense of these "great principles" have been committed Germany's violation of her treaty anent Belgium; her blood-red crimes against the populations of Belgium and northern France; her Zeppelin campaigns of futile baby killing; her submarine massacres of hundreds of noncombatants (including a hundred and something Americans); her poisoning of wells in South Africa; her connivance at wholesale Turkish massacres in Armenia; her assistance of Austria in the obliteration of Serbia—to say nothing of such crimes as may be peculiarly Austria's own, and those Austrian defenses of "sacred principles" typified by the Dumba campaigns for buying up our foreign press and tying up our manufactures through strikes, riots, and sabotage. It is by exceedingly devious means that the Teuton allies are defending ("not for our sake only") the "principles sacred to enlightened humanity." Has it occurred to the Hungarians by this time, perhaps, that principles so defended cease to have a very healthy existence?

Suggestions for a World Peace

COUNT APPONYI, by the way, regards Russia as the one great menace. Hers is the "war of aggression and conquest, carefully planned and cunningly prepared." Well, by this time it is fairly evident that Russia, even bolstered up by support from those notorious renegades among civilized nations, Britain, France, and Italy, is no immediate menace to either Germany or Austria. More than metaphorically, Russia is on the run. Since the Austro-Germans went into this war disinterestedly, and have now adequately demonstrated that they were mistaken about Russia being a military menace, why don't the Teutons propose a peace on the basis of (1) German retirement from foreign territory in the west, including Alsace and Lorraine, seized in 1871 after a Prussian "war of aggression and conquest, carefully planned and cunningly prepared" by BISMARCK; (2) German compensation of Belgium and northern France for the damage done to those territories by German troops; (3) German restoration of all "war contributions" levied upon the municipalities of Belgium and northern France, in contravention of the Hague Conventions; and (4) Austro-German cooperation with the Entente powers in the rehabilitation of Armenia and the final expulsion of the Turks from Europe. Obviously they would justify this last act on the ground that Turkey is a "constant menace of the barbarous East." This is a reasonable program, drawn up in strict accordance with Count APPONYI'S "great principle sacred to enlightened, progressive, liberal-minded humanity." If the proposal is a ludicrous one to suggest to Germany and Austria-Hungary, why is it ludicrous?

The Girl Who Works

A USEFUL WOMAN is Miss ANNE MORGAN, for she *does* good instead of merely talking it. But as an active friend of girls in our largest city she sometimes has something to say worth listening to—as in these remarks quoted by the New York "Times":

> There is one expression that I should like to have abolished, and that is "Working girl." I should like to have that cut out of the English language. What does it mean? Is it a matter of age, of salary, or of occupation? When does one begin to be a "working girl" and when does one cease to be a "working girl"?

True talk! That phrase has certainly been overworked. The well-intentioned, shortsighted reformer weeps mawkish tears over the "working girl." The sociologist fastens his second-hand statistics on her. The sex author finds her a handy little person, and adds a loose young millionaire, the love chase, stirs, and presto! there's a best seller. The cynic—on the rare occasions when he can be persuaded to take her seriously—maintains that her potentialities for evil are unlimited. The blind optimist sees her as the patient incarnation of all human virtues. Meanwhile the working girl herself calmly surveys all this to-do, quietly laughs, and goes on saw-

ng wood. She knows she isn't always supersubtilized or misjudged.). HENRY understood her:

When you come to the kind of girl she was, you'll find a belt of 'em reaching from the Brooklyn Bridge west as far as the courthouse in Council Bluffs, owa. They earn their own living in stores, restaurants, factories, and offices. . . They're chummy and honest and free and tender and sassy, and they look ife straight in the eye.

After all, the much-misunderstood "working girl" is nothing but he Girl who Works. Soon or late the world will grasp this simple act, and will also realize that the Girl who Works is a good deal happier than the Girl who Plays. And not a bit harder to understand.

Serving Mankind

HATS OFF to Lady Eglantine! She is neither a race horse nor he heroine of a best seller. No, she's just a humble White Leghorn hen that is hanging up a new world's record. She has laid 299 eggs in 346 days. This took place at the Delaware College Agricultural Experimental Station at Newark, Del.; but the little lady herself hails from Maryland. With nineteen days still to go, what won't she have accomplished in a year of it! We don't know any recent record to equal Lady Eglantine's performance, except possibly the number of bases TY COBB steals in a season. And TY gets paid for that.



Do Brahmins Breathe?

IN COMMENTING on the fresh-air-night-air problem we should have added that when that east wind comes shrieking in from he haunts of the cod, your true Bostonian gets ventilation by going nto the next room and cautiously opening a closet door or bureau drawer. This practice must be taken account of by historians who would understand the Republican party in Massachusetts.

The Real Thing in Vers Libre

WHY ALL THIS POTHER of yours about *vers libre*," asks a friend of ours from the Green Mountain State, "just as if it were something new?" And he continues:

And why the to-do over MASTERS and "Spoon River Anthology"? You enthusiasts are throwing the whole field of criticism on poetry out of perspective by acting as if he had done something new in letting rime and rhythm go by the board. It's as old as the hills, and has been done far more effectively than MASTERS has done it. Leaving WHITMAN out of the case (though that's hard to do), just look at HENLEY. His group of poems, entitled "In Hospital," are about as free of fixed form as verse can be, and infinitely more effective than anything MASTERS or FROST or AMY LOWELL have ground out. Have any of them written anything to compare for an instant with HENLEY'S poem on Death, written in 1876?

"A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city,
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

"The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

"So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death."

I wish you might print the whole of this, to show your readers what "free verse" can really do when it is unattended by Barnum stunts.

Our friend's remarks are to the point. Not one of the newcomers is up to HENLEY in this business of free verse. Most of them—but here we definitely except Mr. MASTERS—have little to say, and, saying it crudely (not to say rawly), concentrate on their way of saying it more, even, than did the oldest-fashioned bards.

A Man Who Saw

NOT OFTEN is fame so cruelly deliberate about recognizing genius as she was in the case of HENRI FABRE. The HOMER of the insects, as VICTOR HUGO called him, was ninety-two when he died the other day in France; and for all his life but the last decade he was almost unknown. "A little longer," he told the tardy hero worshipers, "and your violins would have come too late." FABRE began investigating insect life when he was five. He began by inquiring how and why the cricket chirped. For eighty-seven years more he kept at his work with his "dear insects," and near the end of a busy life he summed it up like this:

Because I have stirred a few grains of sand on the shore, am I in a position to know the depths of the ocean? Life has unfathomable secrets. Human knowledge will be erased from the archives of the world before we possess the last word that the gnat has to say to us. Scientifically, Nature is a riddle without a definite solution to satisfy man's curiosity. Hypothesis follows hypothesis; the theoretical rubbish heap accumulates, and truth ever eludes us. To know how not to know might well be the last word of wisdom.

FABRE was at least as fully poet as scientist, but his greatest poem was an epic of heroic patience. In 1912 he was still so poor that he faced starvation—literally, and not just in anecdotes. Then the French Government came to his aid with a "pension for life"—three years of life! A kindly, keen-eyed man, citizen of a republic of poets and scientists and heroes; an unbreakable spirit. A hard-working old school-teacher whose self-effacing devotion to the work he laid out for himself mirrored the life of the France we know to-day.

The World and You

A TECHNICAL PAPER called "The Telephone Engineer" rings up this sound injunction:

If the world does not recognize your talents, don't get discouraged; get mad. An angry man sometimes accomplishes something; a discouraged one never does.

It is mighty good advice and goes well with DAVID STARR JORDAN'S aphorism that those who have freedom are those who refuse to be oppressed. Otherwise the world will have its way with you.

"National Floodmarks"

SOME of COLLIER'S readers have expressed a wish to have in book form some of the more permanent of COLLIER'S fairly recent editorials. Such a book has now been made, out of the editorials by the present staff, and has been published by the George H. Doran Company of New York at $1.50 net.

A Mere Matter of Form

MUCH GOOD WORK is being done in this country by private and governmental bodies of all sorts. Sometimes these activities are news and fully reported in the papers, but more often they are not, and the only way one can keep up with the times is by running through the published reports. At this office we get (and are glad to get) about a bushel of reports every week, but nine-tenths of them are practically worthless. There is neither table of contents nor index, and one has to dig in blindly. Add to this that most of these documents are twice too long, and it becomes clear why so many do nothing toward informing or arousing public opinion. A report ought to be something more than a noise.

In War Time

HEROES are not yet extinct. That spark still glows which inspires men to starve and freeze and fight and bleed and die for their country and their dreams. One gains a quickened consciousness of this in reading "Young Hilda at the Wars," a book in which ARTHUR H. GLEASON surveys Belgium from an ambulance. Modern artillery thunders out of its fateful prelude, peaceful villages crumble into desolation, the fruitful earth is gashed by shells, and men are torn with shrapnel, but the soldier—ranker or officer—goes to his end with a smile upon his lips. Yet soldiers are not the heroes of Mr. GLEASON'S book. No; rather the humble workers whose mission it is to alleviate pain and revive flickering lives: the surgeon with the heart of a child, the chauffeur lad from London streets who grows more and more nonchalant as he speeds his ambulance into the firing zone, the young girl from Iowa who seeks out the wounded and calmly does more than her duty even when Death has the exact range. They are the heroes of this volume—they and their like—not merely because of the deeds they do or the joy they find in them, but because they spend themselves, soul and body, in keeping alive what Mr. GLEASON calls "that great tradition of human kindness."



Hell Gate Bridge—The Longest Steel Arch

THIS country no longer has to share equally with Canada the distinction of having the longest steel arch in the world. The famous 840-foot span across Niagara Gorge has been relegated to second place by the construction of a mammoth arch in New York City. Two enormous steel arms, one from Ward's Island and the other from the shore of Long Island, were joined together the other day across the swift current of Hell Gate in a span of 1,017 feet. The hugeness of the arch may be appreciated by comparing it with the tugboats beneath, or the two men standing on the crest of the arch a little to the left of the center. The bridge is part of a four-track railway link which will furnish direct rail connection between the New York, New Haven & Hartford system and the Pennsylvania—a link between New England lines and the South. This will save the railroads many millions in lighterage expenses. With the present facilities, freight passing through New York from New England has to be ferried to New Jersey. The tracks will be on a level with the tops of the concrete piers. Three miles of concrete piers furnish the approaches. The bridge is scheduled to be completed next January. It will cost $25,000,000.

Winning the Astor Cup

AT the left is a snapshot of the Astor Cup race at the new Sheepshead Bay Speedway, New York, the greatest automobile speed contest ever staged, and in the oval below is a likeness of Gil Anderson, who, with a Stutz car (American), won the cup and the first cash prize, $20,000. Besides taking first honors, Anderson set a new world's record for 350 miles with an average of 102.60 miles an hour. Tom Rooney, driving another Stutz, was second, averaging 102 miles an hour and pulling down a $10,000 prize. The third prize, $5,000, went to Eddie O'Donnell, and the fourth, $4,000, to Pete Henderson, both men driving Dusenberg cars. Harry Stutz of Indiana, owner of the Stutz cars, said after the race that the $30,000 belonged to his drivers. Twenty cars started and eight finished the race.



Gil Anderson, who won the 350-mile Astor Cup race and $20,000 at Sheepshead Bay



The new 1,017-foot span over Hell Gate. Its tracks will join lines running by tunnel under the East River, across Manhattan Island, under the Hudson, and into New Jersey

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A WAR SCENE IN THE SNOW-CAPPED TYROLEAN ALPS. An Italian soldier on lookout duty atop one of the highest peaks in the Austro-Italian fighting zone. He has put up a pile of stones to break the clear sweep of the cold wind. This photograph is one of the three or four most striking war snapshots taken since the present struggle began



Ferdinand, King of the Bulgars, the new foes of the Allies

The Crisis in the Near East

REGARDLESS of temporary setbacks, the odds are greatly in favor of the Austro-Germans and Bulgarians in the fight to crush Serbia and open a way from the Teuton empires to Turkey, their hard-pressed ally. Von Mackensen's invading army at the north is said to be half a million strong, and the Bulgarians, attacking from the east, have between 500,000 and 600,000 men, while King Peter has less than 500,000—400,000 of his own and, according to press dispatches, 100,000 French and British. The defenders probably could have blocked the Teuton invasion if Bulgaria had not taken the field, but as it was they were outnumbered two to one. For six months or more it was all but obvious to Serbia's stronger allies that Germany and Austria would strike this blow, but for some reason they made few preparations to help the Serbs meet it. And the advantages the Germans, Austrians, Bulgarians, and Turks will have over the Allies in the Near East in case the road to Constantinople is opened may be almost as great proportionately as their present advantages over the Serbs.



One of the thousands of old men now helping to defend Serbia



AUSTRALIAN SOLDIERS AT THE DARDANELLES making friends of little Turkish children that have been left in charge of the donkey while their parents are working in the fields

LEFT BEHIND

BY IRVING BACHELLER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FROST



"This gentleman won't mind our playin' together a minute 'fore you go to bed"

THE Bishop was a tall, fine-looking man of middle age and great dignity. He had a handsome house furnished in excellent taste and a handsome, vivacious wife noticeably younger than he. The Bishop took me to my room.

I was to lecture in the parlors at eight. I had an hour's rest and went below stairs where the Bishop's wife was pouring tea. She was a fashionably dressed woman, as gay as the Bishop was solemn. She was the daughter of the richest man in that growing city of the South in which they lived and president of the Ladies' Literary Club.

"I hope your lecture will be funny," she said to me.

"I always hope it will be funny," was my answer. "But no man can be funny without help unless he lives alone on a desert island where he can laugh at his own jokes."

"Our last lecture was such a bore!" she exclaimed.

"I wonder that you pay people to come here and afflict you with their wisdom," I suggested.

"Well, you see women must have something to do," she went on. "They get tired of teas and cards and dances. A lecture is either a joy or a tahsk, and women are in need of both."

The Bishop came to me and said: "Sir, you are going to tell us of the pioneer women. I would like to show you one. She is my mother and a mountain woman."

"Where is she?" I asked.

"I will take you to her," said he.

"When you have had enough of the mountains you can flee and find rest in the library," said the Bishop's wife playfully.

THE tall man led me in silence to the top floor of the house.

He rapped on a door. A large, stoop-shouldered, dark-skinned woman in a black dress and gingham apron opened it.

The Bishop introduced me to his mother. She gave me her big, hard hand and said in a pleasant voice:

"Come in and set ef you don't mind my lookin' so."

She walked heavily to an armchair and took up her knitting. Her sleeves were drawn halfway to her elbows, showing big powerful forearms. Her hands were scarred and bony, her fingers knotted. The strength and calmness and patience of the ox were in her face and form. Yet there was a kind of beauty in her countenance hard to define, for it was not a thing of form or color. It was a beauty that shone out of her spirit. I took a chair near her. The Bishop left us together.

"I hope that you are going down to the lecture?" I said.

"Oh, land, no! I've growed crooked with hard work. I don't look fit to be seen in company. I'm ershamed o' myself."

"I like your looks. They show that you are acquainted with useful work," I remarked.

"My hands are iron and my feet are lead," said she. "I've worked till the air felt as thick as water and the floor as hot as a griddle. That's what makes me look so. Myry feels sorry for me and has tried to dress me up sniptious. But the purtier the dress the worst I look. Cain't b'ar to have anything drawed up tight on me; cain't b'ar to have luther on my feet—hit hurts so. Might as well try to put shoes on a goose. I have to wahr these cloth slippers. My old ramshackle body is so bent and wore and scratched and knocked hit ain't no more fit to be seen than Peter Potter's buggy. I give up and told Myry that I were jist ergoin' to stay in here, and she 'lowed 'twere best. Them proud people who have riches and riches would be plumb scared o' me. Myry is a grand, proud lady and as good as gold. She says I'd be more comf'table in my old home down in the mount'ins, and I reckon she's right. Everybody is stooped over down thar. The boys and girls be all gone erway. They've got proud and purty lookin' and be all educated so hit makes my head ache to visit 'em. They done left me 'way behind 'em. Gone down out o' the mount'ins. I feel like I were a livin' disgrace when I go to their houses. Their friends are all so proud, and I look like an old crooked tree. I be goin' back to the log house whar I were born. Plumb still and lonesome thar now, but I'll have some chickens and a cow and my Bible and my work and the little childern'll come playin' eround the door jist as they used to, and I'll play with 'em and scold 'em jist like the old days. The big boys and girls is all gone erway, but the little childern is still thar—every one of 'em. They won't come here or over to Sarey's or down to Jim's or up to Milly's. Don't seem to feel at home any place but the old log house. I always find 'em thar playin' eround in the sunshine, and I mend their clothes and tell 'em stories and give 'em sugar and cookies and put 'em to bed and take 'em up in the mornin'. I ain't told John, but I be goin' back to the mount'ins. I ain't had the heart to tell him yit."

"I guess it will make you feel badly too," I said.

"Well, I'm broke to that. I've learnt how to feel badly and keep cheerful."

"How did you learn?"

"Hit's a long story."

"The story of your life—please let me hear it," I urged.

"I love to ravel hit out," she began as she went on with her knitting. "I've brought up twenty-two babies—nine o' my own, four o' mammy's, five o' my sister's, who died o' tyford fever, four o' my brother's, who was killed, and never had a doctor but onct.

"People don't care for childern so much these days. John's wife has only one sickly little girl. I crave for childern. When the last baby walked out o' my arms I felt kindy cold and lonesome. I were ershamed to open the door ef anybody come. Seemed like I ought to be covered by a baby. I were so broke to havin' a warm, wiggly little body on my breast."

"That's one of the great joys of a mother," I said.

"Well, babies are such good company! They know when you're funnin' with 'em or when you're in earnest. I don't know how the mount'in women could er lived without their babies. They carry 'em miles to mill erfoot, 'cause they cain't b'ar to be parted from 'em. We didn't have no theatre shows, no movin' pictures. But a little troupe o' players come down from another world into every cabin, and hit were a wonderful show they give us, and we laughed and cried about hit, and when hit were all over we felt awful lonesome and sorry."

"Was your father a farmer?"

"My pappy were a minister, name o' Jackson Hicks. Mammy were always peckin' me over the head with a stick. She were turrible ill and cross, pore woman! I were that foundered with the peckin' that I declar'd that I never would whup ef God sent me childern. You'll whup as much into 'em as you whup out o' em."

"You must have had a hard life."

" 'Twere like a three-legged cat's. They didn't shoe me till I were nine yur old. I used to walk miles and miles bar'foot in the snow."

"I suppose you got enough to eat."

"Mount'in childern they get nothin' to eat but meat skins boiled up with onions and potaters, but they did grow big and fat and sassy. They could jist mortally do the work—them mount'in huggers! Meat skins? They was the skins off o' pork and bacon and hams."

"How did you happen to bring up your mother's children?"

"Well, one day pappy come home, and the horse done kicked the barn down on top o' him and killed him. I were away to one o' the neighbors. Their childern had some play purties that had been sent, and I were lookin' at 'em and fussin' with 'em. Never played no more in all my life.

"Mammy couldn't do no work much a'ter that; I had to spin around and take the load and be mother to the little uns, and me only eight yur old.

" 'Twere hard on me, and mammy as cross as a crow in a cage. I would go off in the woods and hide and jist cry and cry. One day Shed Harmon—a long, gawky feller that had lived next house—seed me go off in the woods, and he follered me and he cried too, and said he'd holp me. And he told me how they pecked on him and bothered him over to his house. Sometimes he'd slip over and holp me with my washin'. Lord o' mercy, how I loved that a boy a'ter that! I were thinkin' a'ter him and worryin' a'ter him night and day.

"I had learnt myself to read so's I could read the Bible a little bit, and that winter they built a log schoolhouse and I went to school two weeks. We studied the Bible and the old blue-back spellin' book, and I got so I could spell powerful good for a mount'in girl.

"I never talked to no boy much. Onct, when Tom Johnson come and asked me to go to meetin' with him, I had a dish o' coffee to grind up, and I were so skeered I swallered a button, and what I done with the coffee I never did know—never twil this day.

"Onct, when I went to the neighbors and borryed a gourd o' soap and were walkin' home with hit, I seed Bill Henline come runnin' to ketch up with me. I run like a skeered b'ar and kept out o' his way, I were so ershamed to have him see me with a gourd o' soap in my hands. He wouldn't 'a' ketched me ef he'd bin a horse.

"When I went to school or church Shed would always jump out o' the bushes somewhar, and come hoppin' a'ter me, and tellin' me erbout his troubles, fer his pappy pecked him awful, and his brother Bob were turrible mean to him.

"Onct upon a time, and hit's as true as God's word, he come over to our house one day and said he'd git married ef he could find anybody that were fool ernough to marry him.

"I were jist a little over fifteen yur old. I were kindy skeered, and poured a dipper o' water all over the stove. A few days a'ter that I went to git mammy's spinnin' wheel over to a neighbor's. The snow were half a leg deep, and I were luggin' that old wheel erlong and hit did b'ar down heavy. I got erbout halfways home and I seed Shed acomin'. I felt awful ershamed to have him see me luggin' that old wheel, and I allowed I'd put hit over the fence and go ercrost the fields, so as I wouldn't meet him. I were tired, and I tried to lift hit over, but 'twere too heavy. Then I seed him come runnin', and I jist stood thar and cried. He come up to me and says:

" 'What be you erdoin'?'

" 'Takin' this wheel home.'

" 'Let me holp you.'

"He lifted hit over the fence. Then he leaned ag'in a rail and tuk my hand, and I looked erway off to Yeller Mount'in.

"'Do you 'member what I said the other day?' sez he.

"'No, I don't 'member,' sez I. 'What did you say?'

"'That I were ergoin' to git married, and go erway over to Marshall and take up some land,' sez he. 'Mary, I want you to go. I jist want you to go with me. Will you?'

"''Course I will,' sez I.

"He weren't purty—jist a big mount'in hugger—but my! I did love him, and when he drawed me up ergin' him and kissed me I were jist choked with happiness, and they couldn't make me cross a'ter that.

"Shed told his people that he were goin' to git married, and his mammy cut an outdacious swell erbout hit. 'What you goin' to do with her? She ain't nothin' but a child,' sez she.

"Mammy she didn't want me to marry, but my brother were twelve yur old and my sister were thirteen, and I allowed 'twere time fer them to take my place, and I told them I wouldn't stay thar no longer.

"Well, we got married, and nex' day we tuk a honeymoon walk o' twenty-five mile to Marshall, and 'twere rainin' hard when we got thar late in the evenin', and we were wet so our shoes sucked, and our clothes they felt like as ef they bin soaked in a tub.

"'Fore we got thar we sot down by the road to rest, soppin' wet but plumb happy. He kissed me and says: 'Be you happy?'

"'Only one thing could make me ary bit happier,' I says.

"'What is that?' he says.

"'A weddin' ring,' says I.

"'You cain have hit, honey,' he says, and he done bought hit for me that night, and I'm erwharin' hit now. Thar hit is," said she proudly as she pointed to her ring, worn to a mere thread of gold, on her finger.

"Shed had seventy dollars in his pocket that day," she added. "I never see so much money in all my life—never.

"Lord o' mercy, we didn't need no more riches than we had—nary bit! We was so happy we didn't feel as heavy as a feather, but the village o' Marshall skeered us—so many people an' things to look at. Made our eyes and ears sore. Pappy hired some land, and we got out. He went to work buildin' a pole cabin. Jist little logs 'twere made of. You could 'a' picked a dog up by the tail and throwed him out o' the chimley, hit were so low and big. I could set my chair in the hearth and look out the top o' hit. We lived thar three yur and cl'ared the ground and made tobacker. We had one old bed, back in a corner, and hit had jist one leg on hit. I saved every feather and put 'em in a poke that hung by the stove.

"When pappy went erway, ef I heard ary un comin', I flew under the bed and hid thar twil he were gone. One baby were born thar the second yur one night when I were alone. Pappy had gone for a neighbor woman."

"Did you use tobacco?"

"No; I never used tobacker. Every one o' the family used tobacker 'fore me, and I had dyspepsey and were a pore, lean, yeller-lookin' thing. Mammy always claimed that were 'cause I did not use tobacker. If I'd use tobacker, I'd be as strong as the other childern. Mammy were that bad a'ter tobacker that if thar wa'n't none in the house she'd be lookin' out o' the door every five minutes to see ef somebody were comin' who could give her a chaw. Down thar all the girls spit amber 'fore they was ten yur old but me.

"A'ter I were married I got sick, and they'd ask me, my mammy and the neighbors would, why I didn't use tobacker, and said I would be strong like the rest o' them ef I would, but I never could use hit."

"Could you save any money?" I asked.

"Never see no money," said she. "Saved everything else or I reckon we'd 'a' starved. Scratched up every feather for my beds. Got the habit o' savin'. All summer I'd kindy scratch up the sunlight and save hit for the dark days. Hit come handy when the childern all got the measles to onct and I got hit too. Holped me to take keer o' them and do the work. Holped me when Maggie had the tyford fever. I had to give her a teaspoonful o' milk every five minutes. When I'd go to sleep in the night the spoon would drop out o' my hand on to the floor and wake me up and tell me to 'tend to my work. Oh, yes, I had saved up sunlight ernough to keep me cheerful all through that and worse.

"Men and women used to come to me to have the blues took off o' them, and I'd jist show 'em how they ought to be thankful. They always come a'ter me when they was sick.

"I'd find 'em crowded into a little room, eround some un burnin' up with fever, moanin' and wringin' their hands and skeerin' the sick un, and breathin' up the air. I'd drive 'em all out o' the house and open the door and windows, and when the sick were half dead I've pulled 'em up the slant, and with jist air and nourishment and cheerful talk."

"Were you never sick yourself?"

"Twice I were sick—measles and rheumatiz—but I kep' right on with the work. The rheumatiz come like rain out of a clear sky.

"Onct I had been hoppin' eround in the field all day gittin' in the wheat. A'ter supper I set down and quilted twil erbout midnight and went to bed, and when I got inter bed I tuk a ketch in my hip. Oh-h-h-h-oh! hit seemed like lightnin' and thunder were runnin' through my j'ints. Pappy arned erway with a hot arn on them pains twil he eased 'em, but 'twere five months that I walked nary step. I never lost a day's work. They'd holp me out o' bed in the mornin', and I'd cyard and sew and cook and weave and wash. They drug me from the table to the stove and back again.



"'I jist want you to go with me'"

"A young heifer come in that never had bin milked. Everybody tried to milk that wild cow but couldn't, so I asked pap to drag me out to her, and he drug me close ernough so as I could git holt o' her teat with my hand. I begun milkin' her inter a half-gallon cup. She'd kick, and I'd dodge a little, so she wouldn't hit the cup.

"Pap, he says to me: 'Don't you dodge that erway, and she'll stop kickin'.'

"So I didn't dodge next time she kicked. Pap were standin' out beyond her. Zip went the wild cow's foot. That cup jist sailed right up in the air twil hit got even with pap's face, then hit swung sideerways and jist lammed him right ercross the nose, and the milk rained all over him."

She laughed loudly as she told of this odd adventure.

"How did you manage to educate the children?"

"I learnt 'em how to read and write and use figgers, and I learnt 'em to be honest and fear God, and then I sent 'em down to the mission school and worked nights weavin' to pay the sixty dollars a yur, and God holped me. The boys seen how hard I worked, and they worked too."

"I suppose there was not much in the way of temptation for the boys to contend with there in the mountains," I said.

"Lord o' mercy, yes! But I kep' watch on 'em. The wild stills spoilt half the boys in the mount'ins.

"They called me the revenoo lady, 'cause I done tamed so many wild stills. You see, they couldn't shoot me. I had holped 'em all when they were sick and pore, and I reckon they thought 'twere ergoin' to pay better to kill the still and let me live. The first un I tackled skeered me up turrible.

"One evenin' a'ter meetin' I says to Aunt Tildy, one o' the neighbor women:

"'Will you take a walk with me in the mornin'?'

"'Whar to?' says she.

"'Oh, jist round and round,' says I.

"I went down next mornin' to her house. They were a big skift o' snow on the ground. I give her a stick and I had one myself. We started out and walked a little ways. Then I says:

"'There be a wild still up here in the mount'ins. I want you to holp me hunt hit. I cain't git my man to holp me, so I be ergoin' to try and find hit.'

"Aunt Tildy ketched her breath. They cut up wild when they thought aryone were a'ter their stills. Onct they were a man come to take the senses o' the people, and Henry Slimp druv him erway at the p'int of a gun—they was so carritly o' strangers.

"'Hain't ye skeered?' she whispers.

"'Cain't no more'n kill us,' says I. 'But I reckon the Lord'll take keer o' us. My son-in-law and one o' my boys went over to that still and got drunk las' Sunday, and they fit and fit and scratched eround twil they knocked the skin all off o' each other. They's got to be a stop to hit. Them stills has got to be druv out o' here, and me and you has got to do hit.'

"We started up the mount'in—jist as steep as that, jist like that, so steep—but we could ketch erlong with our sticks on the trees and bushes. And hit were the snowiest day I ever did see in my life. The fog froze on the timber twil 'twere perfectly awful lookin' to be out.

"I went erhead, as I were the youngest; I went pullin' up the mount'in, and by and by we got to the top.

"We went on and started down eround the mount'in. She stepped back and let me in front, and we went on Injunlike.

"I guess we went a mile from thar and the snow most half a leg deep. Then we come to a dreadful la'r'l, hit's la'r'l and ivy, we call hit. I think youse call hit la'r'l and rhodydendrum. Thar were a lot o' big pine trees thar. Oh, how snowy 'twere out o' that la'r'l trail—looked like you'd go down over your head.

"We stopped to git our breaths, and my heart were floppin' like the wings of a skeered potteridge. 'Twere so still down thar. *Bang!* goes a rifle right nigh us, and a bullet skittered through the bushes over our heads, and down come a lot o' snow on us like hit had tore inter a feather bed. Seemed like my back had bruk in two in the middle. I knowed somebody was watch- (*Continued on page* 37)



"That cup lammed him right ercross the nose, and the milk rained all over him"



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How much you get for your money in quality and size—

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Here the buildings of the Toledo factories only are seen as they appeared last June. Then they contained 79 acres of floor space.

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We want him to have your car on hand ready for you when you want it.

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A."

Black Thunder

Continued from page 8

on the back of the most notorious outlaw in the land, and she was very proud, though she knew nothing of Black Thunder's fame. She reached and fed him from that vantage, and she knew the joy of his soft lips nipping at her dangling feet, nudging her palm for sugar. And then came the day when a spring-roused rattler whizzed at the stallion's nose and he threw up his head and sprang away in flight. With the first bound Nance knew that the great moment had come, and she set her heels tightly to his ribs, gripped him with her young knees, loosed her body so that she blended with his every motion, and they were away!

Black Thunder had headed for the open plain, and Nance felt her heart in her mouth with realization of that dream come true. But there was time for little save all her skill of riding, for Black Thunder for the first time in his life became conscious of a burden that went with him, and panic gripped him. In six leaps he became wild as all his forbears that had never known the hand of man, and he ran as he had never run before.

THE wind sang in Nance's ears and stung the tears into her eyes. The debouching spurs flew by and the green plain swam under her like water. With head stretched out, nostrils flaring, eyes rolling and white, Black Thunder ran with every ounce there was in him, and that running was a sight for men and gods! The earth roared beneath his pounding hoofs, his great tail spread like a fan, and they were out and away upon the broad green spread of the Willasanna Range!

That was at high noon of a glorious May day. At four by the sun a great, weary black stallion came trotting back to the anxious, waiting band huddled in the glade, and astride him sat a white-faced girl, her sunburnt hair beating on her shoulders, her ragged garments fluttering at her knees, but whose eyes shone with the light of conquest. The great day was done. Black Thunder was her own.

Stiffly she slid off him and, feeling in her breast, offered him a bit of sweat-damp sugar in a shaking hand. Softly and wearily Black Thunder nibbled and rubbed the dried crust from over his eyes on her extended arm.

From that day forth Nance was a queen in a world of glory. She rode for miles on the green-flushed plain long swinging stretches of flight that intoxicated her. Always this drunkenness of joy reflected itself upon her features in a dreamy smile; set a look of shadows in her eyes.

She taught Black Thunder a hundred tricks of obedience to her will; perfected him in the art of answering her slightest touch. She learned to dismount and mount him in full flight, her hands firmly tangled in his mane and her feet, pointed far beyond his shoulder, barely touching the earth for the upward leap again. Once at this she lost her hold and fell and lay for an hour senseless under the winds and the sun, to find, when she came to, Black Thunder standing over her. She loved him doubly from that moment.

She was like a wild dryad sporting alone at creation's dawn.

She shirked her share of the work that spring, and when the old team had to work she traveled the eight miles to the glade on foot. But never did she go toward the farm on those great rides, never did she turn southward. She wanted no chance observer to see Black Thunder, for the fear that Fate might some day cage the wild king had begun to gnaw at her heart—fear, that is ever love's handmaiden.

But Fate is a wanton. She is full to the brim of vices and virtues hopelessly mixed, and, like a spiteful vixen, she turned her eyes on Nance and found her happiness too perfect. With a vixen's guile she gave her the summer in which to become confident that it would last.

A NEW arrival came to the Bar Q Ranch that autumn, or rather a familiar presence returned, for that beloved vagabond of all the world, Sydney von Cleaver, whose possessions lay in every quarter of the globe, felt the drawing of the illimitable plains and came to revel in them for a space. The Bar Q spruced itself down to the last cinch ring and latigo strap, for it had been four years since its owner had stepped across the sill of the ranch house. And the Bar Q had not expected him ever again since that last bitter time, for Sydney von Cleaver, handsome, debonair, lovable, an athlete and a man, had gone back to his globe-trotting with a limp that had put an ache in the hearts of his friends.

But the heart of the man himself was so sweet and wholesome that he felt no resentment toward the land that had marked him among his fellows. So when he came limping across the platform that warm fall day to grasp the hand of Hilton, his foreman, his brown face was good to see in its hearty pleasure.

"Old times, Hilton," he said as if but a day had passed; "how's everything?"

"Fine, sir," said Hilton.

"All those calves I helped to brand grown up yet?"

"Grown, shipped, and long ago distributed in a million cans."

"The big collie?"

"Still there."

"And Conchita—still cooking?"

"Yes."

"Miguel still take her wages—the handsome scoundrel?"

"About the same layout, I guess," laughed Hilton. "There's a little Conchita now—fine, brown little kid. I'm afraid she's boss of the ranch, too. Sort of rounds up all the boys as her own property."

So, talking of the doings of the big ranch in terms of the little and the intimate, the millionaire owner rode out across the late green plains from the railroad. That he was a master traveler was evidenced by his light equipment, pared down to a suit case of the vital necessities. At the ranch he went delightedly over every nook and corner of buildings and corrals, greeted old faces among the punchers with that ingenuous simplicity of kindliness that had endeared him to a thousand folk from Butte, Mont., to Timbuktu, petted the big collie, and completed his inspection with the little new Conchita crowing on his shoulder.

The one item that brought a brighter gleam than usual to his soft, brown eyes was the strings of horses bunched in the corral—lean, hard bronchos, fit as a fiddle for the fall round-up.

IF Sydney von Cleaver had one weakness above another it was for horseflesh. He had known, ridden, loved horses from the little rough shagganappies of the Arctics to the fabled steeds of the Arabian deserts, and they were to him kinsfolk. So that, when supper was over in the big dining room of the ranch house and he was tilted against the outside wall in a decrepit chair whose sagging seat still showed the color of the spotted steer it had once adorned, when the smoke of the cigarette Hilton rolled for him ascended in graceful fragrance and he looked abroad over the Willasanna Range in its magic of rose and lavender twilight, it was but natural that he should speak of them.

"Fine ponies you've got, Hilton," he said; "good, wiry stock. Where did you get the heft of them?"

"Ran them up from below. A few belong to the boys, but most of them are ours."

There was a silence, while Von Cleaver smoked contentedly.

Then: "How about the wild horses? Do they still come down from the upper country?"

Hilton picked up a stick and began to whittle it carefully. He knew what was coming, and it gave him a sick sort of feeling.

"Yeh," he said.

"And—" (There was another pause, while the owner's gentle eyes dropped to his right knee in the trim riding breeches—the knee that would never be quite straight again.) "And what of Black Thunder? Have you ever seen the old boy since—?"

Hilton squinted carefully at his carving.

"He's running in the skirts of the Willasannas now," he said quietly. "A couple of the boys saw him a month ago. It's mighty early for him to be down. He's got about thirty mares and that many young horses. I'd hoped you wouldn't ask of him—the old devil!"

But Sydney von Cleaver sat up in his chair as if a bracing wind had whipped him suddenly. "Lord! Lord!" he said, "I wonder how he looks? The grandest horse I've ever known—a king, a monarch, an epitome of horseflesh! Hilton, I've got to see Black Thunder again. I'll make his acquaintance all over. Is there time before the round-up to pit our skill against him once more? I wonder if he's still as wild, still as savage, as he was. I wonder if four years have broken his splendid speed. I wonder if he is as fearless, as full of tricks and wiles? By George! And so he's alive and here again. And I've come to meet him from the ends of the earth. Well, he owes me something. And I owe him something. Maybe we'll pay up!"

It was very close to the time for the fall round-up, but Hilton would have stopped the hands of time if possible at Sydney von Cleaver's word, so when the desire for Black Thunder's capture took him like a mania the business of the big ranch waited while all hands set to work at building a stockade. That was a big job, for every stick of the upright saplings that formed it had to be hauled from the Cottonwood Flats seven miles below. In a week it was done, a staring white menace to every cayuse on the ranch, set out beyond the stables and corrals. For two miles on either side stretched flanges of strong fencing, a perfect guide to the trap. In a separate corral waited the best horses on the ranch, culled from the different strings, while the best riders had been picked from the punchers for special work.

"The first thing to do," said Hilton, "is to cut him off from the hills."

On a morning when all the Willasanna Range lay like a tapestry of green and russet with the hues of fall, and the distances were soft with blue-gold haze, the Bar Q outfit to a man rode out toward the north.

Sydney von Cleaver rode the best horse to be had, though now, alas, best for him meant something in even temper and reliability. Time was when no outlaw had been too bad for him, when he was the admiration of his men; a Johnny Eastern who was a Westerner at heart. He still sat like an Indian, and his eyes were alight with the joy of coming battle.

"Hope I'll see him first," he said boyishly; "I'd know him in Hades. There isn't another head like his in the world."

"He's looking fit, the boys say," said Hilton; "fine and sleek and not too fat. Seems to have traveled a lot."

BLACK THUNDER led his band down to the russet plains at dawn. He was confident and secure. The past summer had killed something within him that had made for unrest, had lulled him to betraying peace. He had no thought that day of danger. He grazed easily, lifting his head from time to time to look toward the south, whence came the slim, light creature he had learned to love.

And so it was that a detail of mounted men crept into the hills behind him from the night's camp they had made in a nook of their fringe, while a great half circle threw itself out in front, for they had located him. The first warning the stallion had was when three punchers rode down from the lift behind. At the first sight of them he knew them for his ancient enemy, felt again the strangling rope about his throat. With a scream he flung up his great head, dropped his loins in that first inimitable leap, and struck out to the open plain. But there, like soldiers deployed upon a field, he saw others and still others, stationed at regular intervals.

As he came thundering down, Sydney von Cleaver rose in his stirrups, his eyes alight, his hand at salute.

"Bravo!" he cried ringingly. "The great king! Lord, Lord! What a horse! Unchanged by a hair!"

And then began the cruel, ancient game of capture—the first wild race, when Black Thunder ran away from everything in sight, toward the south, as they had meant he should; when, two by two the pick of the ranch horses clung in his wake to keep him going; when others took their places and still others relayed those; when each time he swept and circled back for the safety of the hills he was met by the enemy stationed there. He looked like an ebon shaft of speed as he raced alone across the wide russet tapestry of the background, and the man-from-all-the-world thrilled as he had not thrilled in many a year at the sight. Sydney von Cleaver rode hard that day that he might miss no maneuver of this wild king, no burst of speed, no cunning wile or ruse. And Black Thunder, all through that cool, sweet day, called upon all his store of cleverness, all his speed, all his endurance.

He circled and feinted and crosscut, forever trying for the hills. He charged upon one horse and rider, killing the former and crippling the latter, and he tried to batter down the bunched three that rose up in that puncher's place, but one fired a pistol almost in his eyes, and he had to turn. He was strong and swift and very, very wise, but they were many to one against him and they gave him no rest. Mile by mile they drove him southward to where that staring trap waited to break his heart.

Now, the Willasanna Range is a splendid amphitheatre, sloping gently from the Willasanna Hills down in a great basin and up again to the faint and far parent range at the east, and anything upon it shows in sharp relief.

NANCE, flinging a pan of water out in the sun-dried yard, stopped in the sod-house door and looked in amaze at the play that went on therein. The Bar Q outfit had passed up at dark the day before; therefore she had not seen them. She watched with wide, gray eyes, and suddenly the pan clattered upon the flat stone at the doorsill and she went limp in all her limbs, so that she clutched the jamb for support. The poppy color went out of her cheeks and lips, leaving them ashen.

She knew the great black creature circling so desperately out before that driving gang! Her heart seemed to fall out of her side, leaving a great emptiness, and the sun turned black before her eyes. Then the martial spirit in her that had tamed Black Thunder rose up out of her inner chaos and cleared her vision, gave her brave heart back to its accustomed place. She gathered her limbs beneath her and sprang out to where her father hitched the sorry team to the shackly wagon for the day's work in the ripe cornfield.

"Daddy," she said breathlessly with her hand on his arm; "daddy, look out yonder! See that black horse? He's mine. That's what I've been doing all these months when I rode away. I've tamed him and ridden him, and he's mine by every law. They've got him. Oh, my Lord, they've got him started for capture! Give me Jim, daddy—I'm going after him!"

Now, this thin, hard-worked man knew his daughter as no other knew her, and he looked for a moment into her dilated eyes. Then, without a word, he began unhitching the old horse.

When the stars came out that night they looked down on Black Thunder whirling round and round the inside wall of the stockade, his marvelous speed spent to a staggering gallop, his brilliant eyes haggard under his long forelock, the breath whistling from his distended nostrils.

And behind a bowlder in the near fringe of the hills they shone dimly on Nance, sitting, for warmth in the cool fall night, against the belly of her weary old horse, where he lay, too tired to graze. On her knees lay her daddy's ancient pistol and in her eyes were tears, brought there by the monotonous, hoarse cry that came, faint and far, from the stockade. In her heart was anguish and fainting fear of the outcome and such a rage as she had never known. There were sentries at the stockade, for she could see the flame of a tiny fire.

THE ranch was astir by dawn. Sydney von Cleaver was eager as a boy for the coming struggle. He watched the preparations, went among the picked punchers who were to try to ride Black Thunder, and finally took up a point of vantage at the stockade's rim.

"Boys," he called down in his ringing voice, "what I said last night goes in dead earnest. Whoever rides him gets five hundred dollars. The old boy owes me the satisfaction of seeing him conquered, and it will be worth that much to me."

Horse breaking is a common thing on every Western ranch, but this was more than a horse breaking, for Black Thunder was a celebrity, and there was an ineradicable bond between him and the lean, dark man with the slight limp. Therefore there was much preparation and a certain excitement.

At last all was in readiness, and one of the picked punchers took the first

. . .

turn. None dared to enter the stockade, so they tried to rope Black Thunder from the top of the wall, bristling with every man jack of the ranch. When, standing in the center of the inclosure, he saw that ring of his enemies he screamed like a lunatic, tossed his head, and tore at the earth with his shining hoofs.

And then the thing began—the sharp, tense pitting of skill against cunning, of reason against instinct. Again and again and again the wide rope circled, sailed out and up, settled, and again and again Black Thunder eluded it—now with a sidewise leap, now with a flash of his head between his knees, and again with a spring up into the air that took his four feet in a bunch up and out of the wriggling snare that whizzed along the ground.

HE was like a flame of fire, like a wind on the plains, like an eddy in water, a vital, untouchable, incomprehensible thing. One after another the punchers went against him, and one after another they failed to so much as touch him with their wizard ropes. He seemed to know every trick they played, to anticipate them as if he had been roped every day of his wild life.

Exclamations and delighted oaths began to break out at each new evidence of his cunning and sagacity, for nowhere is courage more appreciated than among cowboys, and they knew him for a dead-game sport. Sydney von Cleaver threw off his hat and leaned far over the wall. "Glory be!" he murmured. "What a king he is! He—"

But he did not finish, for with a wilder scream Black Thunder leaped into the air, beating with his forefeet at the snakelike circle that contracted to tautness about his throat. Chance, skill, fate—what you will—had worked against him in his supreme struggle, and he was caught.

But pandemonium was loose in the corral. The great black horse sprang clear of the earth again and again, fighting, bawling, frothing at the lips, his eyes staring and white-rimmed, his breath already whistling against the noose. Another rope circled and fell about him—another yet; now they had him "going," and soon he raged in the center, a hub among straining spokes. Under the power of his fury the stockade cracked and groaned.

"Now," cried Hilton, "inside! Get the saddle. Throw him—throw him, boys!"

And at this moment, as Sydney von Cleaver turned to look down, there came the sound of a running horse across the open.

And surely it was a sight to attract attention that caught his eye—a scarecrow animal, long-legged and shambling, its ribs gaunt beneath its shaggy hide, its hips working like reckless semaphores, bearing on its back a ragged girl who rode like an Indian and in whose ashen face two great gray eyes flamed and burned like live coals. Wind-tossed, flax-white hair beat upon her shoulders, and in her right hand she carried, forgotten, a ridiculous old pistol.

For a moment Von Cleaver stared. Then his innate courtesy pulled him up.

"Why," he said; "why—how do you do?"

Nance lifted her tragic eyes to him. With the first glance she knew, instinctively, that here was authority. She pulled up and wet her dry lips.

"I want—" she said huskily. "I—"

"Yes?" said Von Cleaver gently.

"I want—" She stopped, swallowed, and finished bravely: "I want the big black horse in there."

The man stared down at her dumbly. "You *what?*"

But the rage that had smoldered through the silent night came upon Nance then and loosed her halting tongue. "He's mine!" she cried wildly. "He's mine by the range law. You drove him away and caught him, but he's mine! You've stolen him, and I've come to get him back. Give him to me! You've got to give him back to me!"

SLOWLY Von Cleaver climbed down from his seat on the wall, after an arresting motion to Hilton in the open gate. "Wait!" he telegraphed.

Then he came limping to Nance's side and looked up at her in his inimitably sweet manner.

"My dear young lady," he said; "what's all this?"

Nance made a tragic gesture.

"*Only that you've got my horse in there and I've come to get him!* I waited in the hills all night."

"How does it come that Black Thunder, the most notorious outlaw in a thousand miles of range country, belongs to you?" asked Von Cleaver gently.

"Because he does! Because he's mine by range law, *for I can ride him!*" cried the girl desperately.

For a moment Von Cleaver regarded her gravely.

"How do you know?" he said.

"Know? Know!" she dropped a hand hopelessly. "I *know!*"

The man's face was troubled and perplexed.

"My child," he said in his soft voice, "I have known Black Thunder for five years. I rode him—once. Since that time I have—have never walked like other men. So far as I know—and I have kept track of him—no other has ever backed him. I have just offered five hundred dollars to see him ridden. Sort of poetic justice, you know. I cannot recall that offer. He must be ridden."

Nance put up shaking fingers and covered her lips.

"Then let me ride him!" she cried. "Oh, let me ride him! You'll try to break him with your devilish methods of 'make or break' and you'll kill him, for he won't 'break'!"

She strove to quiet her voice, in which the tremble of emotion was beginning to vibrate.

"Give me a chance," she begged. "Give me a chance! You'd give anyone of your cowboys a chance, wouldn't you?"

Von Cleaver nodded.

"Then—"

From the stockade there came a choking, gurgling scream, the sound of a struggle, and then a fall that shook the earth.

Nance went white as milk beneath her golden tan.

HORROR and tears flooded her wide gray eyes at the same time.

"Oh, Lord!" she cried pitifully. "He won't break! He won't break!"

Then, with her native guile, she stilled her shaking lips and tried to smile down at the man—a wheedling, winning, woman's smile—and continued:

"For some (there are losses in every trade)
Will break their hearts ere bitted and made;
Will fight like fiends as the rope cuts hard,
And die, dumb-mad, in the breaking yard."

Now Von Cleaver knew those lines himself and that they came from the "Toolungala Stockyard Chorus," and he stared at this ragged girl on her abandoned crowbait in utter amaze.

"There's more here than I see," he said; "and I'll give you your chance. Kindly wait a moment."

And he limped around to the gate where he called Hilton from the crowd that surged like ants around Black Thunder, lying, prone and helpless at last, among his ancient enemies.

"Hilton," he said, "there's a girl out here who says she owns Black Thunder by the range law of having ridden him. She is a wonderful girl, and she will not be denied. She demands the first chance at him by right of ownership, and I have promised it. Tell the boys."

Then he went back to Nance and held up his arms in courtly fashion to lift her down—Nance, who could leave Black Thunder's back in full flight!

"How will you have him—roped as he is, or loose?"

"Loose!" cried Nance, and her breast heaved under her faded old dress. "Loose him! Loose him!"

In amazement, in wondering surprise, the punchers cut the ropes that bound the stallion and fled from the stockade, leaving him to leap out of his dangling shackles like a crazy thing.

Free again, he roared about the inclosure, screamed to the high morning skies, raged at his foes, and bit the staring logs in his frenzy of despair.

And then Nance, trembling by the closed gate, began to whistle her little old crooning tune. High and clear it went, piercing the sounds of his anger—a sweet, familiar thing.

Black Thunder heard it and stopped in full fling around the confining wall. He flung up his head and listened, while the breath panted in his sides. Higher, clearer, more natural and nonchalant came the sweet call. Black Thunder opened his mouth and neighed such an answer of hope and anguish as brought the brimming tears over on the girl's white cheeks.

With an impetuous rush she tore open the gate and flung herself inside. With arms outstretched she ran across



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the trampled ground straight at the great stallion.

Not a man on the wall, breathlessly watching, but felt his heart stop beating. Would he trample her into the earth? Would he tear her to ribbons with his teeth? They did not know of the magic of that past summer.

Weeping heavily, Nance threw her arms around the swelled and sweating neck where the ropes had cut—and Black Thunder—Black Thunder, the old outlaw, the desperado of all the Willasanna country—dropped his great head on her shoulder and panted out a whimpering whinny of joy and hope and a few other divine things that may stir the dumb heart in its extremity.

For a tense moment they stood so.

Then the girl set her flabby old shoe toe in the little hollow above his knee, clutched her fingers in his mane, and went up with a rush, flinging her foot across, so that she sat astride with her rags fluttering at her knees.

She looked up once at Sydney von Cleaver, and her face was drawn and white, though it shone with victory.

"Open!" she cried. "And—I thank you! Open the gate!"

Some one pulled the gate wide, and the Willasanna plains lay out before them, glorious in the cool fall sunlight.

WITH one bound the stallion cleared the space between, shot through the opening, and, dropping his loins for the gathering of all the speed there was in him, swept out and away magnificently. Unerringly they went toward the north, the wild black horse and the ragged, pale-haired creature atop. The watchers held their breath, for it is not given to men to see such a flight twice in a lifetime. Faster, faster they went. Black Thunder's great tail spread behind him like a fan; the cloud of his mane blew back about the slim girl. And then they saw the rider change her position a bit, as if she shifted her right limb, saw her lean a bit to the left, and then shoot down beside his shoulder.

"God!" breathed Von Cleaver, but before the word was finished they saw her come up again, high and gracefully, and land upon him.

AGAIN and again she played her old game with the running horse, the wind and the sun and the open spaces—played it as she had never played it before, with triumph and joy unspeakable for background and men for audience, with tears on her cheeks and glory in her heart.

And Sydney von Cleaver drew in the breath that he had denied himself in his amazement.

"My Lord!" he said softly. "My Lord! She said he was hers. Yes, in the big devil's body of him and the lover's soul of him, in every inch of his hide and hair, he's hers! But I wonder what wizardry she employed to win him? No, I don't—I saw it shining in her tearful eyes, and it was love alone! Hilton!" he called. "Who is she? Where does she live? What is she?"

"The Nestor's girl, sir—up at the farm in the edge of the Willasannas."

There was disgust unspeakable in the foreman's voice, but Von Cleaver did not hear it.

"To-morrow," he said, "we'll ride that way. I wouldn't miss the presentation of that five hundred for another one. It was more than worth it. I'll never see the like again."

And his brown eyes softened winningly as he saw again the tears on Nance's dusky lashes.

Meant for Fun

BARNEY'S MASTERPIECE

Barney Oldfield, driver of racing cars, assisted Henry Ford in his early experiments with automobiles — drove cars when the average man feared to ride with a tricky gasoline engine beneath him. So Oldfield may be considered one of Ford's first and most important assistants. Ford realizes it.

"Barney," said he one day in Detroit, "we ought to be good friends. I helped make you and you helped make me."

"Yes, that's right, Henry; that's right," replied Oldfield. "And don't you think, Henry, that I did a darned sight better job of 'making' than you did?"

—G. S. W.

NOT OF THE POLLED VARIETY?

A gentleman farmer tells of a city lad who once worked for him.

The lad was called one winter morning before dawn and told to harness the mule to the dearborn.

The lad was too lazy to light a lantern, and in the dark he didn't notice that one of the cows was in the stable with the mule. The farmer, impatient at the long delay, shouted from the house:

"Billy! Billy! What are you doing?"

"I can't get the collar over the mule's head," yelled back the boy. "His ears are frozen."

—E. T.

A DOUBLE DOSE

"Mandy, I'se a sick man," said Jake, looking very miserable. "At de horspittle dey says I'se got berkerlosis."

"All right, Jake, we'll take keer of you, and git rid of dat berkerlosis."

A week later Jake stumbled in, more woe-begone than ever. "Tain't no use, Mandy, nary bit of use. I ain't never gwine git well. De doctors say dis morning I got *two* berkerlosis."—E. M. G.

SOMEBODY HAD TO SLEEP

The doctor entered the patient's room in the morning, and, according to habit, read the chart first thing. He was a little surprised to read:

"2 A. M. Patient very restless, nurse sleeping quietly."

—E. M. G.

How About Colonel House?

(Continued from page 12)

This is the power of House, and it is the explanation of his power in a political party.

To House is attributed the presence of two men in Wilson's cabinet, but the fact—if it is a fact—that these were men approved by House is not one which appears important. One does not desire to estimate the value of the counsels of House in terms of appointments; much more significant are the opinions of national policies which have been, are, and will be in his mind.

"Abroad, though we are not considered as constantly as we have allowed ourselves to surmise, many persons of education and intelligence still believe that this is a nation of money worship," he said. "That impression has lasted over from the high-water of money power reached in the last few years of the last century. And I am inclined to think that at that time there was some warrant for the opinion."

"We have reached the point where we could develop no further, without restraint, our *extensive* civilization?"

"That is true, I think," he said.

"And our problems became those of an *intensive* civilization?"

He nodded.

Ten years before 1900 he had begun to take an interest in the working out of business problems which would readjust business and our internal economic life to the coming of the new needs. To these problems he brought then, and has brought since, the familiarity he gained through the banking and business acquaintance which association and inheritance from his father had given him.

To accomplish readjustment in the structure of our economic life he turned to programs for political action.

"There, until within two years, lay the largest interest I had," he told me. "In Texas that was my interest. I had no taste for political life, but I wished ardently to have Texas solve some of the American economic problems. It was for this reason that I worked with Hogg, Culberson, Lanham, and Sayers. Most of that activity was during the years when I was in my thirties. It was a long and constant experience, not only in the obstacles confronting the changes we wished to effect, but also in the working out of new proposals. I suppose that, incidentally, it was a training in politics—in the machinery and craft of politics.

"But for a long time I was not active in politics. My interest had gone forth into national issues, but those were the days of the free-silver plank and I could not take the interest I wished in the program of my party. With Mr. Bryan I was friendly; on the other hand I could not agree with proposals he and my party were making. There was a period of about fifteen years when I was not in active politics at all."

He looked out the window toward the

sea beyond the screen of foliage wet with the summer rain. The east wind of the Massachusetts shore invaded the study and turned over the leaves of a pamphlet on the table as one with idle curiosity fingers the pages of an unfamiliar book. Like other printed matter piled on this table, the pamphlet concerned that subject which now commands the attention of House. He not only seeks the mouths which can tell, but the books which disclose; he gathers information, he marshals facts, he mobilizes opinion. Banker in appearance, political leader by inadvertence, he is, in fact, a student who conducts his own judicial proceedings; he collects and arranges the evidence, he is attorney for both sides, he is jury and judge. Even though one differs with his findings, it is necessary to admit that House had held a trial.

"The opportunity for my full interest and activity in national matters came with the candidacy of the President," he was saying. "To the extent of my ability I wished particularly to help in framing good banking and currency measures. I can serve best only when, without taxing my physical resource, I am able to remain free from details, routine and too close a contact with a subject. Under conditions in which I feel comfortable I can do my full share of labor."

"I believe the currency and banking measures were good," he asserted in one of the moderate statements characteristic of his conversation. It was as if he were giving his opinion that it was raining. "Don't you believe that those measures will show greater and greater value?"

In such form he states and seeks reflection of his own statement in the minds of others as one would hold an object up to a mirror; he invites agreement and creates the atmosphere of unaffected equality. It has been called his suavity; then the Dialogues of Plato were suave; Franklin was suave; tolerance and moderation are suave.

There are those who wonder whether his suavity is not something more; there are those who say that the influence of House upon the Currency Bill was in favor of three reserve banks instead of twelve and who wonder whether that influence was the influence of Wall Street working through such channels as it found. To me the suggestion, if it attributes to him a leaning toward the "interests," is unsound. It is out of focus with all that one can learn of him.

Adjustment of business to the measures of the Administration is his expectancy; confidence that the American people as a whole will approve the financial, the taxation, and the revenue policies of the President is firm in him. Right or wrong in his opinion, he believes in fact that the Administration has been right. He will allow time to show this to the restless; he counts upon the ultimate approval of those now discontent. If you tell him that there is wide dissatisfaction with the condition of trade, commerce, manufacturing business, there is some incredulity in his expression and he smiles as if to say—"Wait and see."

But internal, economic readjustments are no longer his primary interest.

That they are not is indicated by the eagerness—the almost youthful eagerness—with which he turns always again and again toward the newer problem.

The books on the table disclose the truth of his interest.

Boundaries Go Smash

I ASKED him if he could by his personal effort accomplish one valuable gain for the United States what that gain would be.

"A future of promise for our position among other nations," he said.

Make no mistake; House meant more than a selfish national policy. He meant more than national security; he meant more than national integrity.

He meant leadership.

And the leadership he meant was a leadership which pointed to a final right of nations to the undisturbed possession of their homes and the right to go and come.

Freedom from aggression on territory.

Freedom to conduct uninterrupted economic and social commerce.

That is the international platform of House.

He says that he sees a world at the end of its extensive development. It is a place where homesteads are all preempted, a place where progress has outgrown the spread of civilization by conquest. Transportation has superseded arms; communication has replaced ammunition.

I said: "Is it not still true that the nation composed of the most virtuous, virile individuals, a nation of stalwart morals, will be a nation of strong men and women, a nation of resourcefulness, industry, inventiveness, and efficiency? Is it not true that such a nation is the fittest to survive? Is it not true that such a nation will possess a civilization and to-day and from now on, an *intensive* civilization—which is fitted to spread and ought to be spread as far as it may be? Is it not true that restraint of such a nation by artificial organization and alliances of other nations, by 'international police,' and other devices and agreements is to prevent the worthy civilization from spreading by conquest and by arms?"

The colonel was not patient about such an idea.

"Boundary lines cannot hold a civilization now," he said. "Peaceful competition spills a civilization out of a sovereignty and spreads it about. China can adopt German efficiency and Italian art if she wishes, without annexation to Germany or Italy."

He will hold fast to these principles of international right in the establishment of which he hopes the United States may be the leading spirit—the right of nations to the undisturbed possession of their homes, the right of nations to come and go.

He went abroad to see the men who in the European nations at war control the conduct of the conflict and the channels through which a final peace will flow. He did not go as a "diplomat"; he went as a man from Texas, U. S. A., a friend of the President, an adviser of policies, who wanted to hear much and say a little. He talked to the Kaiser, he talked to the ministers of state of the Allies; everywhere he listened.

There is something amusing and something imposing about this American planter from Texas going straight to these titled and troubled persons to say his say. It is amusing to contemplate the reactions which must have been made upon them by his earnestness and his sincerity and above all by the clarity of vision which causes him to reduce large affairs to the simplicity of commonplaces and common sense; it is inspiring to realize that in his visit there were planted the first seeds of that international leadership for the United States upon which House has set his heart.

The Faith of House

OF the European conflict he talks without feeling. He foresaw it. Before it came he observed its shadow. He traveled where this shadow fell, seeking acquaintance with those whose opinions would reflect something of the nature of that shadow. "It was all tinder," he says. "Quietly gossip and rumor were being whispered. Nations are not unlike individuals and talebearing and suspicion play no small part in their ignition. But even then I hoped that the President would be an instrument to bring about an understanding before the crash came."

House does not believe that any of the warring nations could see clearly an advantage to be gained by war.

It is a War of Suspicion.

He believes that if diplomatic red tape could have been shortened into simple, direct, prompt conferences there would have been no war.

He shakes his head—a silent, "Too bad! Too bad!"

But in the future he expresses faith. Faith he has in the part we shall play. Faith he has in the President. Faith he has in the rightness of his own opinion.

He wants us to stand firmly for the creation of—

The right of nations to be undisturbed in their homes.

The right of nations, in peace or war, to come and go.

I asked him, then, about our own national security, guaranteed by arms.

His answer was not inconsistent with the international principles he holds; it might have been a paraphrase of an old quotation from American history.

"Millions for defense; not one cent for aggression."

That rainy day when I left him I looked back. He was standing on the porch of the Manchester country house—a little figure—a citizen eager to help—a friend of the President.

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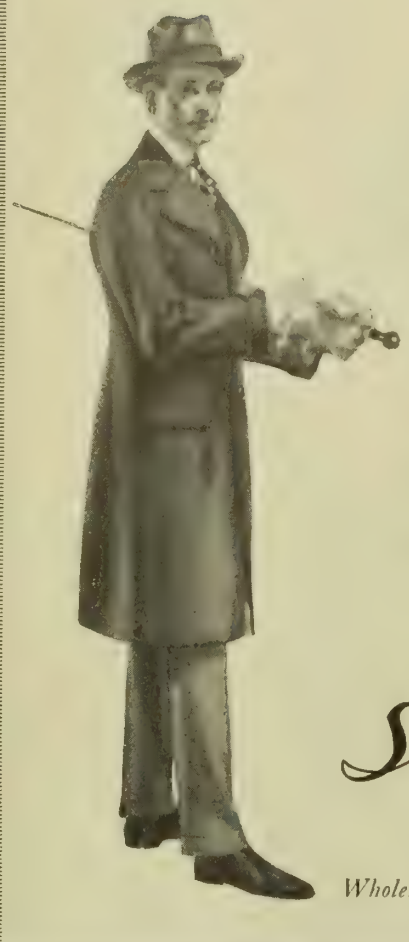
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The Black Eagle Mystery

(*Continued from page 13*)

pearance: "Gentlemen, I'm broken. I've been through too much."

The chief answered very gently: "Having said what you have, would it not be wisdom to tell us everything? We pledge ourselves to secrecy."

She drew a deep breath and, without raising her eyes, said: "I was married to Johnston Barker twenty-eight years ago in Idaho. He was a miner then and I was a school-teacher, nineteen years old, an orphan with no near relations. I was not strong and had gone to the Far West for my health. Under the unaccustomed work I broke down, developing a weakness of the lungs, and casual friends, the parents of a pupil, took me with them to a distant mining camp for the drier air. There I met Johnston and we became engaged.

"In those days in such remote places there were no churches or clergymen and the law recognized contract marriages. I did not believe in them, would not at first consent to such a ceremony, but a great strike taking place in a distant camp, he prevailed upon me to marry him by contract, the friends with whom I was living acting as witnesses.

"The place to which he took me was wild and inaccessible, connecting by trails with other camps and by a long stage journey with a distant railway station. We lived there for a month—happy as I have never been since. Then a woman—a snake in the garden—finding out how I had married, hinted to me that such contracts were illegal. I don't know why she did it—I've often wondered—but there *are* people in the world who take a pleasure in spoiling the joy of others.

"I didn't tell Johnston, but resolved when an opportunity came to stand up with him before an ordained minister. It came sooner than I hoped. Not six weeks after we were man and wife a 'missioner' made a tour through the mining camps of that part of the State. He would not come to ours—we were too small and distant—so I begged my husband to go to him, tell him our case and bring him back. It would have been better for us both to have gone, but I was sick—too young and ignorant to know the cause of my illness—and Johnston, who seemed willing to do anything I wanted, agreed.

"WE calculated that the trip—on horseback, over half-cut mountain roads—would take three or four days there and back. At the end of the fifth day he had not returned and I was in a fever of anxiety. Then again that woman came to me with her poisoned words: I was not a legal wife; could he, knowing this, have taken the opportunity to desert me? God pity her for the deadly harm she did. Sick, alone, inexperienced, eaten into by horrible doubts, I waited till two weeks had passed. Then I was sure that he had done as she said—left me.

"I won't go over that—the past is past. I took what money I had and made my way to the railway. From there by slow stages, for by this time I was ill in mind and body, I got as far as St. Louis, where, my money gone, unable to work, I wrote to an uncle of my mother's, a doctor, whom I had never seen, but of whom she had often spoken to me.

"Men like him make us realize there is a God to inspire, a heaven to reward. He came at once, took me to his home in Indiana, and nursed me back to health. He was a father to me, more than a father to the child I had. No one knew me there—no one but he ever heard my story. I took a new name, from a distant branch of his family, and passed as a widow. When my little girl was old enough to understand I told her her father had died before she was born.

"We lived there for twenty-four years. Before the end of that time the name of Johnston Barker rose into prominence. My uncle hated it—would not allow it mentioned in his presence. When he died, three years ago, he left us all he had—fifty thousand dollars—a great fortune to us. Then Carol, who had chafed at the narrow life of a small town, persuaded me to come to New York. I had no fear of meeting Barker, our paths would never cross, and to please her was my life.

"She is not like me, fearful and timid, but full of daring and ambition. When the farm we bought in New Jersey suddenly increased in value and the land scheme was suggested, she wanted to try it. At first it wasn't possible, as we hadn't enough money. It was not until she met Mr. Harland, at a friend's house in Azalea, that the plan became feasible, for he was taken with the idea at once. After visiting the farm a few times, and talking it over with her, he offered to come in as a silent partner, putting up the capital.

"THE movement to town alarmed me. There, in business, she might run across the man who was her father—and this is exactly what happened. You've seen my daughter—you know what she is. Looking at me now you may not realize that she is extraordinarily like what I was when Johnston Barker married me.

"He saw her first in the elevator at the Black Eagle Building. Men always noticed her—she was used to it—but that night she told me, laughing, of the old man who had stared at her in the elevator—stared and stared and couldn't take his eyes off. My heart warned me, and when I heard her description I knew who he was and why he stared.

"After that there was no peace for me. I had a haunting terror that he would find out who she was and might try to claim her. This increased when she told me of his visit to her office to buy the lot—an excuse I understood—and his questions about her former home. Then I tried to quiet myself with the assurance that he could not possibly guess—he had never heard the name of Whitehall in connection with me; he had never known a child was expected.

"But a night came when I was put with my back against the wall. She returned from work, gay and excited, saying Mr. Barker had been in the office that afternoon and asked her if he might call and meet her mother. The terrible agitation that threw me into betrayed me. I couldn't evade her eyes or her questions, and I told her. She was horrified, stunned. I can't tell you what she said—can only make you understand her feelings by saying she loved me as few daughters love their mothers.

"After that—ah, it was horrible! She tried to cancel the sale, but he—of course he was angry and puzzled by the change in her, could make nothing out of it, and finally insisted on knowing what had happened. There was no escape for her, and taking him into the private office they had an interview in which he forced the truth from her.

"Johnston Barker's life has been full of great things, triumphs and conquests. But I think that hour in the Azalea Woods Estates office must have been the crowning one of his career. To hear that Carol, my wonderful Carol, was his child! He had had no suspicion of it until then. He told her he had been interested by her strange likeness to me, had thought she might be some distant connection who could give him news of his lost wife.

"For—here is the bitter part of it—he *had* come back. In that long mountain journey an accident, a fall from his horse, had injured him. He had been found unconscious by a party of miners who had taken him to their camp and cared for him. For two weeks he lay at death's door, no one knowing who he was, or understanding the wanderings of his delirium. When he returned I was gone—lost like a raindrop in the ocean. He was too poor to hire the aid that might have found me then. He went back to his work, moved to other camps, struggled and thrived. In time the story of his marriage was forgotten. Those who remembered it set it down as an illegal connection, a familiar incident in the miner's roving life.

"YEARS later, when he grew rich, he hunted for me, but it was too late. Then he turned his whole attention to business, flung himself into it. The making of money filled his life, became his life till he saw the girl in the elevator who so strikingly resembled the woman he had loved in his youth.

"This was what he told Carol and this she believed. She was convinced of the truth of every word and tried to convince me. But I was full of suspicions. Having found himself the father of such a girl, might he not go to any lengths to gain her love and confidence? His life was empty, he was lonely, Carol would have been the consolation and pride of his old age. Gentlemen"—she looked at the listening

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faces—"can you blame me? A youth blasted, years of brooding bitterness—might not that make a woman incredulous and slow to trust again?

"When she saw the way I took it she went about the business of proving it. Through a lawyer she learned that contract marriages at that time in that State were valid. I *had* been Johnston Barker's wife and she was legitimate. But I hung back. Many things moved me. He wanted to acknowledge us, take us to live with him, and I shrank from all that publicity and clamor. Also—I am telling everything—I think I was jealous of him, fearful that he might take from me some of the love which had made my life possible.

"I knew she saw him often, and that she heard from him by letter. All through the end of December and the early part of January she urged and pleaded with me. And finally I gave in—I had to; I couldn't stand between her and what he could give her—and the day came when I consented to see him. That day was the fifteenth of January."

GEORGE cleared his throat and O'Malley stirred uneasily in his chair. The old man rumbled an encouraging "Fifteenth of January" and she went on: "She left in the morning greatly excited, telling me she would phone him that she had good news and would bring him home with her that evening. She was radiant with joy and hope when I kissed her good-by. When she returned that night—long after her usual time—all that hope and joy were dashed to the ground.

"As you know, she did see him that afternoon and told him of my consent. He appeared overjoyed and said he would come, but first must go to Mr. Harland's offices on the floor above to talk over a matter of great importance. This, he said, would probably occupy half to three-quarters of an hour, after which he would return to her. As they wished to avoid all possibility of gossip through her clerks or the people in the building, they decided not to meet in her offices, but in the church which is next door. From there they would take a cab and come to me.

"The appointment was for a quarter past six. Carol was ahead of time and waited for him over an hour, then came home, shattered, broken, almost unable to speak—for, as you know, he never came."

She paused, her face tragic with the memory of that last, unexpected blow. No one spoke, and, looking round at them, she threw out her hands with a gesture of pleading appeal:

"What could I think? Was it unnatural for me to disbelieve in him again? Hasn't all that's come out shown he was what I'd already found him—false to his word and his trust?"

"Does your daughter think that too?" asked the chief.

"No. She believes in him, even now, with him in hiding and branded as a traitor. But that's Carol—always ready to trust where her heart is. She says it's all right, that he'll come back and clear himself, but I can see how she's suffering, how she's struggling to keep her hopes alive."

I burst out—wild horses couldn't have kept me quiet any longer. Reaching a long arm across the table, without any consciousness that I was doing it, I laid my hand on Mrs. Whitehall's.

"How did she get out of the building that night?"

SHE looked surprised and, strangely enough, embarrassed.

"Why—why—" she stammered, and then suddenly: "You seem to know so much here—do you know anything about Mr. Harland and Carol?"

"Something," said the chief guardedly.

"Everything," I shot out, not caring for her or him or the case or anything but the answer to my question.

"Then I don't mind telling you, though Carol wouldn't like it." She glanced tentatively at me. "Did you know he was in love with her?"

"All about it. Yes. Go on."

"She went down by the stairs, all those flights, to avoid him. I guessed the way he felt about her; I knew it soon after the business was started and told her, but she only laughed at me. That afternoon, when he came to her office, she saw I was right. Not that he said anything definite, but by his manner, the questions he asked her. He was wrought up and desperate, I suppose, and let her see that he was jealous of Mr. Barker, demanding the truth, whether she loved him, whether she intended marrying him. She was angry, but seeing that he had lost control of himself, told him that her feeling for Mr. Barker was that of a daughter for a father and never would be anything else. That seemed to quiet him and he went away.

"When she was leaving her offices she heard footsteps on the floor above, and, looking up, saw him through the balustrade walking to the stairhead. She at once thought he was coming to see her, and, not wanting any more conversation with him, stole out and down the hall to the side corridor where the service stairs are. Her intention was to pick up the elevator on the floor below, but on second thought she gave this up and walked the whole way. Finding her gone, he would probably take the elevator himself and they might meet in the car or the entrance hall. Of course we know now she was all wrong. It was not to see her he was coming down; it was to make up his mind to die."

My actions must have surprised them. For, without a word to Mrs. Whitehall, I jumped up and left the room—I couldn't trust myself to speak, I had to be alone. In my own office I shut the door and stood looking with eyes that saw nothing out of the window, over the roofs to where the waters of the bay glittered in the sun. Have you ever felt a relief so great it made you shaky? Probably not—but wait till you're in the position I was. The room rocked, the distance was a golden blue as I whispered with lips that were stiff and dry: "Thank God! Oh, thank God! Oh, thank God!"

I don't know how long a time passed—maybe an hour, maybe five minutes—when the door opened and George's head was thrust in.

"What are you doing shut in here? Get a move on. We want you. The telephone returns have come."

I followed him back. Mrs. Whitehall was not there, the chief and O'Malley had their heads together over a slip of paper.

"Here you, Jack," said the old man, turning sharply on me, "you've got to go out to-night with O'Malley. They're in Quebec."

He handed me the slip of paper. On it was one memorandum. The night before, at 12.05, New York, Lenox 1360, had called up Quebec, St. Foy 584.

THAT night Babbitts, O'Malley, and I left for Quebec. Before we went the wires that connected us with the Canadian city had been busy. St. Foy 584 had been located, a house on a suburban road, occupied for the last two weeks by an American called Henry Santley. Instructions were carried over the hundreds of intervening miles to surround the house, to apprehend Santley if he tried to get away, and to watch for the lady who would join him that night.

We were due at ten the next morning. Unless something unforeseen and unimaginable should intervene we had Barker at last.

The sun was bright, the sky sapphire clear as the great rock of Quebec, crowned with its fortress roofs, came into view. The two rivers clasped its base, ice-banded at the shore, and in the middle their dark currents flowed free. Snow and snow and snow heaved and billowed on the surrounding hills, paved the narrow streets, hooded the roofs of the ancient houses. Through the air, razor-edged with cold, crystal clear, came the thin, broken music of sleigh bells, ringing up from every lane and alley, jubilant and inspiring, and the sleighs, low running, flew by with the wave of their streaming furs and the flash of their scarlet standards.

Glorious—splendid—a fit day—all sun and color and music, for me to come to Carol!

A man met us at the depot—a silent, wooden-faced policeman of some kind, who said yes, he thought the lady was there and then piloted us glumly into a sleigh and mounted beside the driver.

WE went some distance, through the town and out along a road, where the buildings drew apart from one another, villas and suburban houses behind walls and gardens. At a smaller one, set back in a muffling of white and shrubberies, the sleigh drew in toward the sidewalk. Before the others could disentangle themselves from the furs and robes I was out and racing up the path.

My eyes, ranging hungrily over the house, thinking perhaps to see her at one of the windows, saw in it something



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ominous and secretive. There was not a sign of life, every pane darkened with a lowered blind. All about it the snow was heaped and curled in wave-like forms as if endeavoring to creep over it, to aid in the work of hiding its dark mystery. Barker's lair—his last stand! It looked like it, white-wrapped, silent, inscrutable.

As I leaped up the piazza steps the door was opened by a man in uniform. He touched his hat and started to speak, but I pushed him aside and came in, peering past him down a hall that stretched away to the rear. At the sound of his voice a door had opened there and a woman came out. For a moment she was only a shadow moving toward me up the dimness of the half-lit passage. Then I recognized her, gave a cry and ran to her.

MY hands found hers and closed on them, my eyes looking down into the dark ones raised to them. Neither of us spoke—it didn't occur to me to explain why I was there and she showed no surprise at seeing me. It seemed as if we'd known all along we were going to meet in that dark passage in that strange house. And standing there silent, hand clasped in hand, I saw something so wonderful, so unexpected, that the surroundings faded away and for me there was nothing in the world but what I read in her beautiful, lifted face.

There had been sounds and voices in the vestibule behind us. They came vaguely upon my consciousness—low, and then breaking suddenly into a louder key: phrases, exclamations, questions. I don't think if the house had been rocked by an earthquake I'd have noticed it, and it wasn't till O'Malley came down the passage calling me that I dropped her hands and turned. His face was creased into an expression of excited consternation, and he rapped out, not seeing Carol:

"What the devil are you doing there? Haven't you heard?" Then his eye catching her: "Oh, it's Miss Whitehall. Well, young lady, you must have had a pretty tough time here last night."

She simply drooped her eyelids in faint agreement.

"What do you mean?" I cried, and looked from O'Malley's boisterously concerned countenance to Carol's worn, white one. "What is it—something more?"

She gave a slight nod and said:

"The last—the end this time."

O'Malley wheeled on me:

"She hasn't told you. He shot himself—here, last night, shortly after she arrived."

Before I had time to answer Babbitts and the man in uniform—a police inspector—were beside us. Babbitts was speechless—as I was myself—but the inspector, pompous and stolid, answered my look of shocked amazement:

"A few minutes after eleven. Fortunately I'd got your instructions and the house was surrounded. My men heard the report and the screams and broke in."

I looked blankly from one to the other. There was a confused horror in my mind, but from the confusion one thought rose clear—Barker had done the best, the only thing.

The inspector, ostentatiously cool in the midst of our aghast concern, volunteered further:

"He didn't die till near morning and we got a full statement out of him. For an hour afterward he was as clear as a bell—they are that way sometimes—and gave us all the particulars—seemed to want to. I've got it upstairs, and from what I can make out he was one of the sharpest, most daring criminals I ever ran up against. I've had the body kept here for your identification. Will you come up and see it now?"

HE moved off toward the stairs, O'Malley and Babbitts, muttering together, filing after him. I didn't go, but turned to Carol, who had thrust one hand through the balustrade that ran up beside where we were standing. As the tramp of ascending feet sounded on the first steps, she leaned toward me, her voice hardly more than a whisper: "Do you know who it is?"

"Who what is?" I said, startled by her words and expression.

"The man upstairs?"

I was terror-stricken—the experiences of the night had unhinged her mind. I tried to take her hand, but she drew it back, her lips forming just loud enough for me to hear:

"You don't. It's Hollings Harland."

(To be concluded next week)

57

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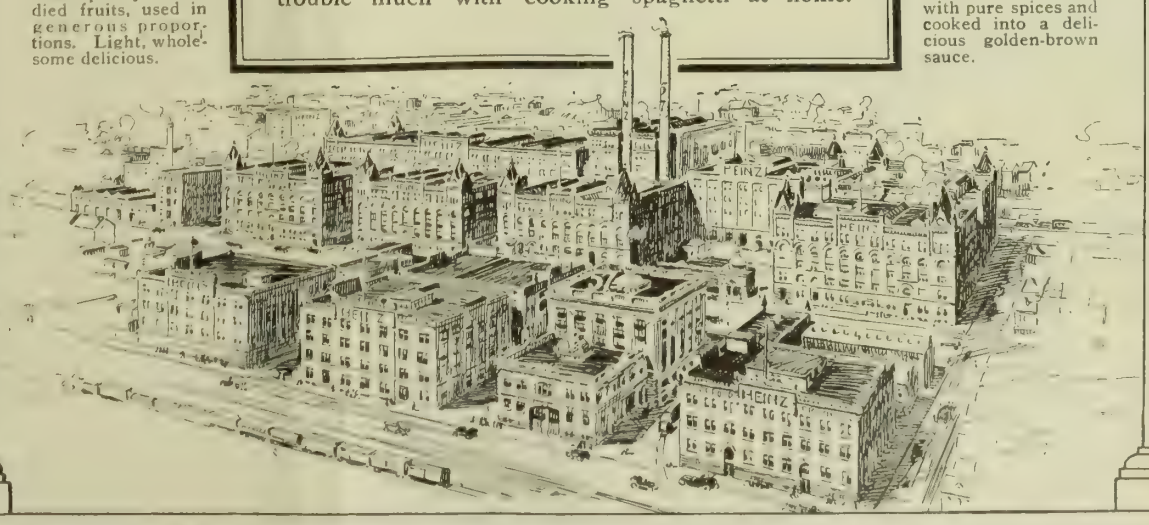
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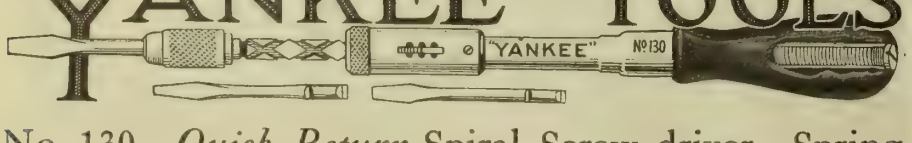
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The Truth About France

(*Continued from page 6*)

is another reason—the love of the people for the fair land of France itself—perhaps the greatest of the three. It is the fairest land and the friendliest to man on the face of the earth. To the humblest peasant each Frenchman is conscious of its beauty. He loves it with the memory of his fathers that have died to hold it. It appeals to the deepest flights of his poetical imagination. It is the true source of his passionate devotion to the beautiful and the free in the world of ideas and in the world of the rights of men. Of all the anecdotes I brought back, I love to remember most an incident which a sergeant told me of the first days of the mobilization. He was passing through a small city in a railroad section where every line was groaning under the passage of troops, in a scene of frenzied preparation, trucks arriving and discharging, vans being loaded to suffocation. In the midst of this turmoil a group of children were standing by a freight car, the oldest, a little tot scarcely seven, writing in chalk a message destined to traverse a land of embattled heroes. He approached and read what a child's hand had written at a moment when men of genius were seeking phrases: *"J'aime la France!"*

France Wanted to "Make Friends"

WHAT I set down here as to the conditions antecedent to the war and the causes which led to the great conflict is simply the record of what men at the head of the Government to-day, historians and publicists, have told me. I found them in substantial accord. I was amazed at the dispassionate generosity of their reasoning.

Germany could have had an alliance with France any time during the last ten years. Moreover, France sought it, and Germany rejected it for reasons which will appear. The growth of pacificism in France had been the steady growth of democracy away from the centralized ambitions of the state toward a higher conception of civilization, as an opportunity for the family to progress in liberty, education, and economic happiness. Despite much that has been erroneously written, Chauvinism in France, as represented by the desire of revenge for Alsace-Lorraine, was of little relative importance. The great rise of Socialistic ideas had for its external policy international peace as consonant with internal liberty. Jaurès himself repeatedly stated his belief that the German Socialists would never mobilize for an attack against France, though Bebel personally assured him that he was mistaken. Aristide Briand, probably the strongest man in France today, who, at the time of the Socialistic attempt to tie up the railroads, forced them to recognize the supremacy of the Government, told me personally that in the first eighteen months when he was Prime Minister he had labored incessantly for his favorite plan of a Franco-German alliance, believing that in it lay the permanent security of Europe. After eighteen months of ardent advocacy, he found that he had made not the slightest progress. He realized that what the ruling class in Germany desired was not alliance but domination. He recognized his error, and, perceiving what was coming, made a complete about-face, and worked for the protection of France in the law of three years' service. Undoubtedly back of the German rejection of a Franco-German entente was the fear of the militaristic party of the pacific inclinations which might sweep the people in the event of the closer understanding of the two great Socialistic bodies. So imbedded in the national aspiration had become the ideal of peace in France that the three years' law, which was destined to save it, was fought at every turn, and its chief sponsors, including such men as Barthou and Joseph Reinach, were pursued by the resentment of their electors and defeated in their next campaign for the House of Deputies.

Despite this failure at a *rapprochement* with Germany, so far removed were the French from any thought of war that they set about conscientiously to remove every cause of dissension in a series of arbitrations over conflicting spheres of influence. Not only had they come to an agreement as to their conflicting holdings in Africa, but hardly a few months before the actual breaking out of the war they sent a mission to Berlin which removed, as they believed, the last dangerous spark between the two nations, in an amicable understanding as to developments in Asia Minor. Not only on the eve of war were the French troops withdrawn 10 kilometers from the frontier, but other precautions were taken under the greatest provocation. During this excited period the German ambassador, for what reason of provocation it is only fair to surmise, continued to show himself publicly in the streets and in the restaurants. Though recognized and seeming to invite a pretext for national aggression, he never received the slightest insult. In fact, he was accompanied by special officers, who several times calmly warned the crowd that this was the German ambassador seeking to be publicly insulted; and the intelligent French crowd understood, shrugged their shoulders, and denied him the gratification. Despite all this, as President Poincaré personally informed me, and later embodied in his speech of July 14, Germany stated—even embodying it into its written declaration of war—that a French aeroplane had committed the first act of aggression in flying over Nuremberg; whereas even to-day, on this highest authority, the French do not possess an aeroplane capable of flying to Nuremberg and back. Incidentally, no Nuremberg paper of the date made the slightest allusion to the pretended occurrence.

The French attitude toward the early German atrocities is typical of their generous, intelligent outlook. They do not, despite the greatest provocation, condemn the entire German people. They are convinced that the policy of terrorism inflicted on Belgium and northern France was the set theory of the military staff, undertaken to frighten Holland out of any natural inclination she may have had toward the passage of English troops, and in the erroneous belief that nations of freemen can be so terrorized as to prefer surrender of their principles to extermination. This misconception of the actions of free people the French believe due to the German aristocracy's own arrogant treatment of German popular protests in the past. The French look upon the Germans as a nation a hundred years behind them in political liberty, a nation still struggling to liberate its public conscience from a military Brahmanism.

Nothing is more significant of this generous attitude than an anecdote told me by Deputy X——. He was at the capital of his department, waiting at a café on the evening of the mobilization, the air shaken with the ceaseless departure of long trains running on each other's heels. As he was sitting at a table, profoundly impressed by the patriotic uprising of this great Socialistic community, his chief opponent for years, a Socialist leader, came to him and, extending his hand, said frankly:

"Well, M. X——, you were right and we were wrong."

"Well, well, that is all forgotten," said the Deputy. "Those things are of no importance now. What is important is the way you Socialists have risen to the hour of our need."

And the Socialist, ardent and irrepressible advocate of peace, answered in words that, after all my investigations, I believe stand for the truest expression of what the French are fighting for.

"Since things are as they are with the Germans we have got to help them make their own revolution."

Puzzling About the Kaiser

ONE of the unusual privileges I had to ascertain what the French people really thought on the varied sides of the great war was to be taken, as the guest of M. Gabriel Hanotaux, to a unique assemblage—the Wednesday luncheon of Gustave Le Bon, the philosopher and author of "The Psychology of the Crowd." There were present about thirty men, including M. Joseph Reinach, M. Etienne, former Minister of War, and M. Briand. They were significant as leaders of various phases of French activity—men who knew of their own knowledge data such as come late into public history.

Knowing the object of my mission, they decided to turn the luncheon over to me for my information. For three hours I put question after question, discreet and indiscreet, while they debated, often in disaccord, usually arriving at a general conclusion. Their



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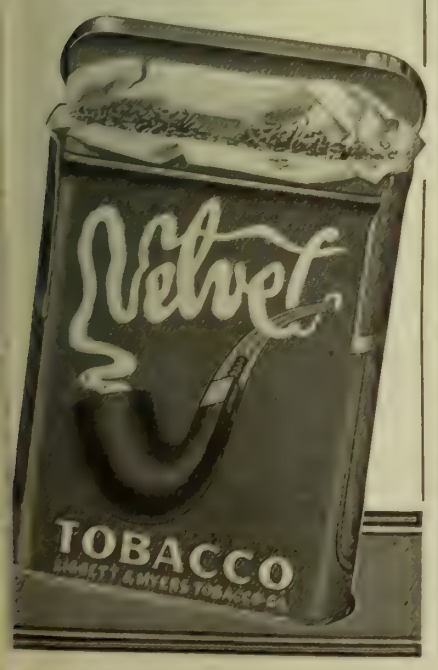
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judgment on the determining factors that brought on the war was particularly informing. That German mysticism, or the Pan-Germanistic theory of predestination, was the underlying factor of unrest, and one that inevitably would have resulted in the European conflagration, is true. But the French do not believe that the explosion was timed for the particular period which finally resulted in this war. Pan-Germanism became a menace to the security of Europe, when to the feudal, acquisitive, and defensive instincts of the German military aristocracy there came into alliance the empire-dreaming, force-exalting school of German philosophers. The first direct result was the moral disintegration of the Triple Alliance. Italy saw the writing on the wall, and long before the necessity of a political act she comprehended the rôle of cat's-paw she would temporarily serve in the scheme of race exaltation. Practically the Triple Alliance had ceased to exist with Italy's refusal to aid Austria in attacking Serbia after the Balkan War. What part of responsibility the German Emperor will bear in history is still a moot question. That up to a year before the war, as far as evidence permits, his desire was for peace, the French freely accord. At this time, however, a marked psychological change came over him. He had created in the military machine a German Frankenstein monster that threatened its author. The repeated menaces against France which had resulted in the maintenance of a shaky peace had left the Emperor under suspicion. He found his popularity impaired; and popularity to such a dramatic nature is the breath of existence. When he appeared in public assemblages he found them cold and indifferent, while side by side the Crown Prince, the military prophet, was acclaimed with frenzy. That this had its effect upon his vanity seems probable. At any rate, the Kaiser, in his relations with French diplomacy in the year preceding the war, was a different personality, displaying a new attitude, mysterious and brooding, which aroused the liveliest apprehensions, and it was freely predicted that if a new cause for dispute arose between Germany and France the Kaiser would not be found on the restraining side of peace.

The Teuton Frankenstein

INTERNALLY there was another cause which urged the German military party to put everything to a final test. The rise of Socialism had produced an internal conflict which the intrenched aristocrats viewed with more fear than any danger of a foreign issue. Ten years more of rising democracy appeared more dangerous to them than any fear of foreign aggression. As I have stated, I believe this internal fear was the reason why German diplomacy would not hear of a French alliance which would strengthen the enemies of militarism at home. Beyond this the German military propaganda had reached such a point of swollen costliness that if it did not produce results in five years it faced the certainty of a reduction by popular force.

While these internal conditions inclined the German Frankenstein monster to hasten the test, conditions in Europe made it appear that if an armed conflict must come, no moment would ever be more favorable than the present. Despite the new, perplexing equation of Balkan strength, England was on the eve of political and civil war. France, by the frank admission of Senator Humbert, was in a state of marked unpreparation, which would later be remedied. Russia had still to build her strategic railroads, while Germany, with the completion of the Kiel Canal, was at the maximum of her defensive strength. The moment seemed felicitous for such a master stroke of intimidation as had resulted in Austria's seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The men who discussed these matters before me were unanimous in believing that the Pan-Germanistic program meant an immediate crushing of France, with the acquisition of coveted territory, England as a second step, and Russia something to be settled with in the indefinite future. By making use of the Socialistic hatred of the Russian political organization, and by skillfully playing upon the bugaboo of Slavic aggression, the German machine would make sure of national unity. The Socialists would march to "defend" Germany against a Russian "attack" where they might balk at assailing peace-loving, democratic France. German diplo-

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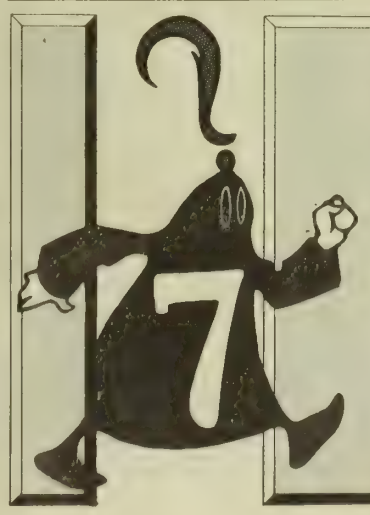
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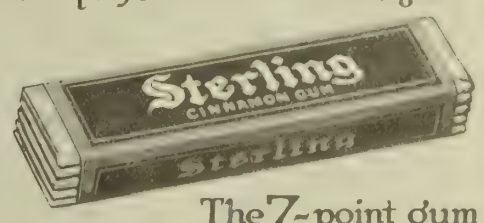
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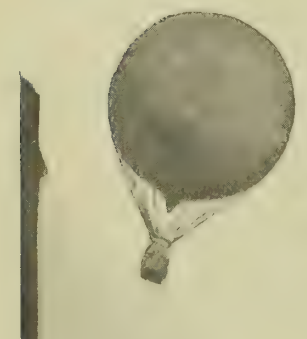
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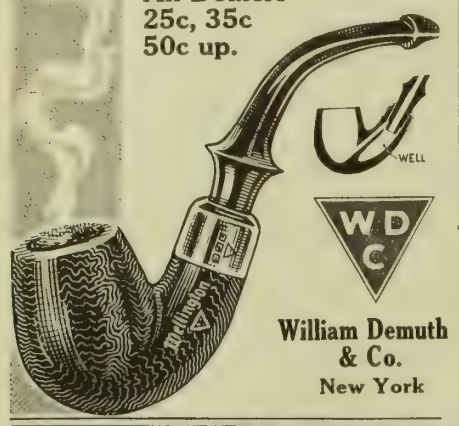
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macy was absolutely sure that England would not enter the war.

The decisive date was the council of war of the German General Staff at Potsdam on July 27. On that day the German monster overruled the Frankenstein that brought it into being. Three times before it had been led to the brink and denied its opportunity. This time it insisted upon its right. Such is the French analysis.

Meanwhile, it is well to remember, France, in absolute loyalty to her ally and her word of honor, and without assurance of England's assistance, determined to go to war. At ten o'clock one night a telegram from Russia was received stating that war was inevitable in view of Germany's attitude and asking if she could count on France's assistance. The Cabinet was hastily assembled and at five o'clock in the morning, seven hours later, the answer was sent in the affirmative. There was no attempt to delay in order to be assured of England's attitude. No one had the slightest idea of what England would do. M. Denys Cochin, leader of the Clerical party, with whom I lunched, told me that on the 31st of July, as he was leaving London, the French ambassador came to him and said:

"See the President to-night, and tell him from me that at this date I have absolutely no idea what England will do."

Meanwhile, in the face of a national crisis, four of the English Cabinet had handed in their resignations, two of which were subsequently withdrawn. On the 2d of August, while a party was dining at the house of the English ambassador in Paris, the crowd parading the streets stopped directly below the windows, crying:

"Vive l'Angleterre!"

The English ambassador, intensely Francophile, said to his guests in the sudden lull which followed the incident:

"Two days from now they will be crying: 'Perfide Albion'!"

"England Will Not Budge!"

In Berlin Jagow had answered Cambon's question as to whether he had considered what would happen if England should decide to enter the war with a contemptuous: "England will not budge; of that we are absolutely certain."

So persuaded of this fact had been the German ambassador to England that a member of the English Foreign Office told me that on August 5, at the assembling of Parliament, when Sir Edward Grey came to his final declaration of war, the German ambassador, who was seated directly in front of my informant, collapsed, and that his friends were forced to watch over him for days, for fear that he might take his own life.

It is undoubtedly true that had England expressed her intention of assisting France immediately there would have been no war. This is no reflection upon the English nation. It is the colossal blunder of German diplomacy, which, having a foreknowledge of the intended invasion of Belgium, could not reason out that, despite all sentimental opposition and disorganization in England, the empire could never tolerate for a moment even a temporary acquisition of the Belgian water front which would threaten its security as it had never been threatened before. Why England did not openly announce this compelling and alarming reason for self-defense as her trumpet call, rather than seeking justification on sentimental grounds, is another question.

England Weak—France Strong

After a year of the war, two great nations stand out, united in spiritual solidarity, organized to the last resource and the last man—France and Germany. And the astonishing thing is—a fact which is our own political justification and hope—that a nation conceived in our ideas, and not an imperialistic nation, has found its resources in the moral strength of freemen to equal the long, mechanical preparation of imperial Germany.

England has fallen down to-day where France failed at Poitiers and Crécy. In those early tests of the social organization of the two nations England defeated France through the strength of her yeomen because she opposed to the brilliant aristocracy of France, depending on the loyalty of its peasants—impoverished, ragged animals in a state of barbarism—a free peasantry, self-respecting, industrious, and educated to political rights.

To-day the most significant outstanding fact in this revealing war is the complete reversal of history which has been effected. The strength of France is the achieved strength of her masses, their enlightenment, their richness, and their consciousness of individual responsibility. The staggering weakness of England to-day is in the impoverishment, moral and economical, of her masses. The workmen of France have asked no increase of wages. They are equal trustees in the national faith. They yield to no man a sense of higher responsibility. M. Corbin, one of the great manufacturers of ammunition, told me personally that he had never had an hour's trouble with his workmen, though he had had to improvise and increase his output fiftyfold. Moreover, in the first weeks, a delegation waited on him and asked him to take 4 per cent from their wages each week and forward it to the assistance of their comrades at the front. For generations, despite the warning of her thinkers, England, through unscientific handling of her labor problems, has permitted her masses physically to degenerate through overwork and the spreading curse of drunkenness; while the survival of feudal fallacy of primogeniture, in maintaining and increasing enormous estates, instead of distributing equally the wealth of the nation, has intensified class hatred and miscomprehension. To realize how serious is the condition that the great political leaders in England are striving to remedy, compare with the French attitude the attitude of the English workmen. I am willing to admit that all shortcomings are not on their side, and that there is much justification in their plea that they have in many cases, in face of an increase in the cost of living, been striking to have their fair share of the extra profits which have been coming to their employers. The greatest charge against them is that they are not intelligent; that to this day they do not realize the mortal seriousness of the struggle.

Remember also that after ten months, when the nation had been awakened to the need of high-explosive shells and to the frank admission that every resource of the empire would be taxed to avert disastrous defeat, the military leaders were still forced to an extraordinary expedient to convince the laboring classes of the gravity of the situation. A group of labor leaders were invited to pay a visit to the fighting lines. For five days they were personally conducted, under the highest military patronage, and were given the opportunity to converse with soldiers by the hundreds, to put their own questions. At the end of this pilgrimage they returned and solemnly announced that it was quite true that the gallant boys at the front needed high-explosive shells—they had seen them themselves, and learned of their own knowledge! When you consider that this means had to be resorted to after the bombardment of coast towns, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the use of poisonous gases, and the dropping of bombs on defenseless inland inhabitants, you may realize the gravity of the English situation.

Russia, supposed to be a semibarbaric nation, was able to put in force immediately the ban on vodka; France has forbidden the sale of absinthe; but England, the great modern empire, when she attempted to check the ravages of drunkenness, was forced to recoil. To-day probably the one thing that is keeping England from compulsory service, which she owes as a debt to her allies, is this fear of her sullen masses.

Yet, despite these facts, apparent to us, I found the French attitude toward the English one of generosity, enlightened always by their judicial sense. They do not belittle the services of England. They acknowledge unanimously their enormous debt to the English navy. They are loud in their praise of the adamantine resistance of the English army. Their failure to criticize, as we criticize, the inability of the English army to prove itself, after one year of preparation, an effective, aggressive instrument, is due to their thorough comprehension of the long organization and technical application which are necessary for a modern army. Here perhaps is an element few reckon with when their attention is concentrated simply on the admitted lack of necessary ammunition. The great weakness (and one not to be wondered at) of the English army to-day is not in its regiments of soldiers, but in its lack of trained officers. Intelligence and not heroism or superior social position makes the effective officer needed in the



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technical operations of modern warfare. Unfortunately, in the hastily converted staffs of officers there is the same lack of intelligence, the same uncomprehension, which is the discouraging element in the mass of the people. The English officers still seem to believe, as they believed in the Boer War and as they believed at the time of Braddock's disastrous expedition, that the duty of an officer is to show his men how to die like a hero, and that if enough of them die heroically England must win the war. It is a curious thing, this misconception of values; as though war has not always been heroism for the vanquished and superior intelligence on the side of the victors. We have fallen into the sentimental error of regarding a conflict between fifty Anglo-Saxons armed with machine guns and repeating rifles, and say three thousand Zulus, as a conflict of heroes against staggering odds. The opposite is true. The true heroes are the naked Zulus, armed only with wooden spears, throwing themselves into the teeth of certain slaughter, while certainty is on the side of the little band of moderns.

All the French officers I met who have been in contact with the English army, in their outspoken admiration of English bravery, speak in wonder at the unnecessary loss of life.

To say that there is to-day no feeling of criticism among the French toward the English is not completely true. The French, with all their patience and recognition of the handicaps under which the English are staggering, cannot understand the conduct of the English nation at home. Conscious that they are fighting England's cause, they cannot comprehend England's delay in pledging every resource and every man by placing the country on a military basis, mobilizing all effectives in compulsory service, putting an end to costly strikes, while at the same time regulating the profits of industries. Unless England can shortly find the unity to do this, I believe the after-results will be an abiding resentment not only among her allies but among her own colonies that will profoundly shape the course of her internal and foreign policies.

A War to Set Men Free

A GLANCE at the map of Europe, at the great area of territory disputed by Germany in Belgium, the north of France, Russian Poland, and Russia; by Russia (unsuccessfully) in East Prussia and Galicia; by Austria on the Italian and Balkan frontiers; by England in Africa and Asia Minor, and by France in the little region of Alsace and Lorraine, will show the small compensation that this Republic expects in return for the unequal burden she is bearing. That the French now are determined on the recovery of the lost provinces is true, but it is not a greed for new territory.

They desire Alsace and Lorraine as their right, and as a monument to the heroism and sacrifice of the present. They are at war for the supremacy of ennobling ideas—to bring freedom to the German masses, after defending it for their own. "Since things are as they are, we have got to help them make their own revolution."

Fighting for Peace

THE word of France is *Peace for our children.* I have found this to be the invariable answer, whether my question was addressed to General Joffre, to President Poincaré, to the soldiers in the trenches, the wounded in the hospitals, the working girls, still maintaining their courage in the workrooms, or the women in black, who have already given of their sons. Peace to-day, they know, would mean the acknowledgment of the German domination of Europe, which would exist, in fact, in another decade. They believe, rightly, that peace in Europe depends upon the issue of democracy in Germany. Recognizing this, they are one and all determined to be rid of the hideousness of war by continuing this one until it shall have so come home to the German nation that they shall have felt the ravage and desolation which they have sown themselves; that the German people, exhausted, disillusioned, and betrayed, may rise in revolt against the militarism that has overreached their destiny.

Between the French masses and the German masses there is much sympathy and profound admiration. Only a republic in Germany, or at least equal suffrage and a parliamentary responsibility which would bring the domination of democratic principles, can mean peace, and not fifty years of war. Were Germany to become republican, I believe that the weight of their sympathetic political bodies would be so decisive that within a decade France and Germany would be in alliance, with the object of maintaining the security of Europe on the basis of advanced Socialistic principles.

Were a drawn conflict or a German victory possible, France would undoubtedly be forced, in self-defense, into a more directly centralized form of government, either in the shape of a dictator or a president with powers even more increased than our own. Even in the case of a successful war, great constitutional changes may be expected. In the impatience and disgust of the people at the present parliamentary control an apprehension of revolt is undoubtedly in the minds of those little politicians who are to-day futilely seeking to impose the absurdity of parliamentary control over military authority.

When the final outcome has been reached we shall find a splendid renaissance in Italy, the progress of Russian civilization advanced a century by the object lesson of German strategic preparation, and France and Germany as the two great unified and modern nations. What will become of England—whether her sun has set in her total inability to see the truth and place it before her people, or whether, casting aside all sentimental illusions and ingrained pride, she will find the moral courage for ruthless self-examination and reorganization—is the question that to-day looms above all others.

Kidnaped

(*Continued from page 10*)

kidnaping her. Now, you hustle along or we'll never make that train. Go easy, too." In reluctant amaze Martin took the wheel.

The car slid out on velvet and they fled into the twilight. Once clear of town the long road stretched white and curving before them. Still Elsie slept, lulled into a deeper and more restful slumber by the motion of the car and the fresh air. And Phil held her with careful gentleness, thinking meanwhile all sorts of thoughts. Tender thoughts, for Phil Alexander dearly, closely loved his wife; anxious thoughts, wondering what he would say when she awoke and whether all would turn out as he anticipated; and finally triumphant thoughts—for he had certainly, beyond all shadow of a doubt, put one over this time.

The car went on and on. The dusk turned into a blue and starlit night. Phil began to experience two distinct and annoying discomforts. Firstly, his right arm was cramped and aching from the long strain of holding Elsie's inert figure, light though she was; secondly, it was past the hour for dinner and he was as hungry as a wolf. He had had only a light luncheon and, in his calculations for the kidnaping, he had not thought of food. He looked hungrily at the occasional farmhouses they passed. Once he dimly saw a group about a supper table, eating placidly in the yellow lamplight. He almost fancied he could smell the coffee. Oh, he *was* hungry. However, there was nothing for it but to wait.

It was close to nine o'clock when they pulled into the junction. The sleeper that would be hitched to the Michigan Flyer was waiting. So were the reservations that Phil had made by long distance. With infinite care he lifted Elsie out of the automobile, and carried her into the little green plush drawing room. The solicitous porter brought a pillow and Phil eased her head down against it. Then he stood up and stretched himself with a mighty groan of relief.

"Now for food," he said.

Ten minutes later, just as the Flyer was pulling in, he reentered the drawing room, a bag of sandwiches in one hand, a bottle of milk in the other, his coat pockets bulging with pears and bananas. At the door he stopped short.

"Phil Alexander—what is the meaning of this?" demanded an irate and sparkling Elsie, wide-awake and evidently much refreshed from her nap!

Phil put the milk and sandwiches down on the window sill.

"You're kidnaped, Babe," he explained genially. "Won't you have a sandwich?"

"I'm kidnaped!"

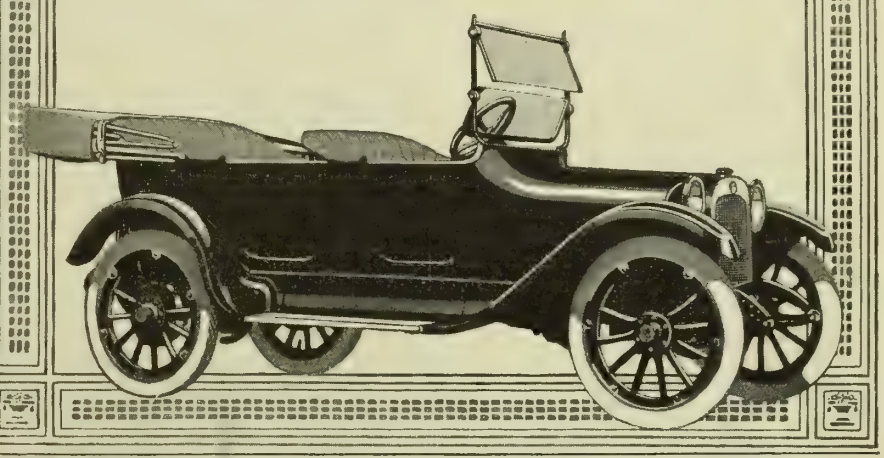
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Col. 10-30

"Yep."

"Are you crazy? Where are we?" She made a move to open the door and at that moment there came the jerk of 'hitching on' to the Flyer, and a moment later they rolled slowly out of the junction.

Elsie faced her husband with eyes that were reproachful, indignant, and, I think, just a little bit scared too.

"Well," said Phil deliberately in answer to her look, "I couldn't think of any other way to put a stop to this foolishness of teas and dinners and bridge parties and you were *so* sick and thin and jumpy—and while you were asleep I—well—I just got everything ready and I—I carried you off." It was a rather sheepish and inadequate explanation, made very much in the manner of the boy who goes in swimming and has to tell his mother why his shirt is wrong side out. But Phil was terribly in earnest—and terribly concerned. That was plain.

ELSIE studied him for a long, long moment and then precipitated herself on him with a shout of laughter. "You perfect old idiot!" she cried. "Give me *two* sandwiches, I'm starving."

And from that moment it was evident that the kidnaping was to be a great success.

Five hundred miles or more from Greenfields there is a little hunting camp on the shore of a clear and cold lakelet in the north woods, built by some one who knew how to place a camp so that evening and morning lights should be equally beautiful. After the night on the train, breakfast at a ramshackle hotel in a little lumber town, and a long ride in a stout old wagon, it was here that Phil and the kidnaped Elsie finally arrived. They sent back the driver of the wagon and explored.

"I wired Brady to send up supplies last night," said Phil anxiously. "I wonder if he did?" He attacked the cupboard. "Yes, here's flour and salt and baking powder and lard and bacon and coffee and sugar—and say—look here, Elsie, look at those marks—sure's you live a porcupine's been trying his teeth on that cupboard door. Old scoundrel, wait till I get out my gun. Oh, Lord, I'm forgetting. You wait a minute, dear, and I'll get out the rugs and then you can settle down on the couch while I rustle round and unpack and cook some grub."

He hurried from one thing to another, hustling through the contents of the trunk, unstrapping the suit case with such boyish delight in his activities that Elsie could not offer to do for him what he so evidently desired to do himself, however clumsily. At last he rooted out the rug and wrapped it around Elsie, putting her solicitously on the couch. "How do you feel?" he asked, tucking her in. "Did the night on the train tire you too much? This isn't going to be too rough for you, is it, Babe? I'll do every bit of the work; you won't have to do a thing but laze around and let me take you canoeing and fishing." He regarded her anxiously.

ELSIE ALEXANDER opened her arms in a luxurious stretch.

"Phil," she declared, "when I realize that I can't go to another party for weeks, and don't have to go to the tennis tournament and entertain a lot of visiting champions and their wives, and don't have to put on my best clothes and dance around on my poor tired feet, and don't have to smile any more polite smiles when my face is so tired of smirking that it positively aches—why, I feel so well and strong that I don't care anything about anything. I don't care what anybody in Greenfields thinks. I don't even care what Grace and Harry think. And I'm even glad Junior isn't here, for nurse and mother will take better care of him than I could now. And when I look around at this darling little camp, and out there at that heavenly lake, and then at you, old dear, looking like an unshaved angel in your flannel shirt and corduroy—well—I'm just perfectly happy. That's all." The open arms closed suddenly around Phil's neck, and Elsie rubbed her smooth cheek gently against his rough one.

"Oh, Babe," said Phil, a little huskily, "you are—well, you are just IT."

"And to think that we're going to be here alone, just our two lone selves, with no guests, no servants, no telephone, no fancy clothes! I believe—I believe," said Elsie thoughtfully, "that I feel equal to getting up and making some flapjacks for lunch."

"Flapjacks," cried Phil, "I could eat a million. And there's bacon and the rest of the fruit I bought last night. It seems years since breakfast."

An hour later they were confronting each other over a bare wooden table, in the center of which were two dishes. One held a pile of smoking flapjacks, the other eight pieces of crisp bacon. Two plates, steel knives and forks, a black and smoky teapot, flanked the food. Without ceremony they drew up their chairs and fell to.

"Phil," said Elsie, speaking, I grieve to state, with her mouth very full, "promise me you'll kidnap me at least once every year hereafter."

"Sure," said Phil, also articulating with difficulty. "This kidnaping scheme is some little pink thought—yes? I put it over on you this time, Babe."

"You did," said Elsie. "Hooray!"

A Doctor's Point of View

THE AUTUMNAL DISEASE : : BY JOHN B. HUBER, M. D.

TYPHOID FEVER might be termed a hardy perennial weed, flourishing, however, more with the melting of the winter snows—spring typhoid—and so much more from July to October that it has been called the autumnal disease. And sometimes, too, doctors speak of vacation typhoid, because so many city folk have come home from their summering thus stricken. Such sufferers have blamed "tainted" rural wells, streams, dairies, hotels, and boarding houses. All the same, recent studies made of the filthy "typhoid fly" prove that very often, far from being responsible for vacation typhoid, the country has, rather than sinning, been sinned against. Here indeed the reasoning that one thing has been due to something else, just because it has come on later than that something else, has, in considerable degree, been deplorably fallacious. The fact is, many an urbanite has had typhoid in his midst before ever he went summering. This is solely an ingestion infection, "caught" from swallowing food and drink contaminated with the germ, and in absolutely no other way. Typhoid's incubation period (between the intake of the germ and the appearance of the symptoms) is about a fortnight. In those two weeks many vacations are begun. Then the vacationist takes sick, and, having brought the disease with him from the city, actually bestows on that unfortunate rural community he has honored with his presence the malign distinction of being a typhoid factory. Count back two months from the annual fall typhoid rise, and we come upon fly time at its worst, when that winged germ sponge is most abhorrently battening in closets, along water fronts, in spittoons, garbage pails, refuse heaps, vacant lots, on putrescent dead animals in the civic thoroughfares, and then wending its airy way to the nearest milk pitcher, to the baby's bottle, the sugar bowl, the butter dish, the family meat supply. The hot weather has been considered responsible for typhoid infection; it is not, except as it promotes fly breeding.

So, the time of the fly's greatest superabundance and activity tallies with the incubation period of the autumnal disease. Typhoid from beginning to end lasts about two months—two weeks of incubation; four weeks of as miserable sickness as our kind ever experiences; and, unless there is the further misfortune of a relapse, two weeks more before convalescence is fairly on. But often there is no convalescence.

Thus we account for much of the autumnal disease, but not, of course, for all cases; there still remains all too much country-caused typhoid. Wherefore all vacationists, tourists, motorists, commercial travelers, thespians, boarding-school pupils, collegians, and young women students—the infection is peculiarly one of early adult life—should especially be inoculated against typhoid, precisely as we are all vaccinated against smallpox. This should be done, not only as a protection against typhoid, but also in all fairness to those country districts which are to be visited, in order that the disease may not be carried into the latter.

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"This Is the Life"

BY LEE SHIPPEY

WE were in a small town recently when a young man of the town who had won first honors in an intercollegiate debate came home. He arrived in the evening, when most of the citizens of the town were on their front porches, "visiting" with their neighbors for half a block around by wireless telephone. The news of his victory had preceded him, and as he walked up the shady street he was a hero. From every porch greetings and congratulations were called to him. All his fellow citizens felt personal pride and pleasure in his success, for he had "grown up" there—he was one of their boys.

In the same town, only a few days later, two children were drowned. In an hour the sad news spread over the town, and people talked of it in low, sorrowful tones in every home and business house. All felt personal loss and sorrow, for all the people of that town were neighbors. Most of them saw each other nearly every day, and were closer to each other than busy members of the same family often are in great cities.

Cities are grand and inspiring and splendid things, full of pleasures and opportunities; but they lose some of the greatest joys and consolations of everyday life when they grow away from the neighborliness of country towns. Why don't city folks try to be more neighborly?

Left Behind

Continued from page 19

in' us. Aunt Tildy's face turned white like 'twere snowin' inside o' her.

"'Skeered?' she whispers.

"'Bawdacious!' I says. 'Let's pray to God a minute.'

"We done prayed in our hearts. I seed Aunt Tildy's lips movin', but they made nary bit o' noise no more than the wings of a whippoorwill.

"'They sha'n't skeer me,' I says. 'I'm jist ergoin' right on. The Lord has told me to.'

"The bushes flipped up under our clothes, and our stockin's and dresses was all wet.

"'Well,' I says: 'Now you take down this erway and I'll go up this erway.'

"So I went erbout twenty-five yards, I reckon, and come to a trail eround the mount'in. Hit's jist as slick as glass. We dug erlong on that trail erbout half a mile eround the side o' the mount'in twil we come to a deep hole, and in that you couldn't see to the right nor to the left, and the only thing you could do were look straight up at a little wavy string o' blue sky—twixt the bushes. That were 'cause the snow had lapped the pine limbs together so. Well, I jist run right into the still-house. I stepped back a step or two. I thought somebody might be in thar and shoot us.

"I stepped back and says: 'Here 'tis, Aunt Tildy.'

"And thar 'twere, and we got home wet and erbout half froze. No, he couldn't afford to kill us. And pap went for the revenoo officer, but when he got down thar the still were gone, and that were the windin' up o' hit."

I saw now a reason for the three sons of this simple woman.

IT was growing dusk. A child softly opened the door and peered into the room. It was a waxen-faced. anemic little girl of five with big blue eyes and golden hair.

"Pore little thing! You bin waitin' for gran'mammy? Come here, honey."

So spake the gentle voice of the Bishop's mother.

The little girl ran to her lap.

"This gentleman won't mind our playin' together a minute 'fore you go to bed," the old lady went on.

"I'll jist open the door o' my ol' brain house all of a suddenlike and you'll see a heap o' things come flyin' out. The door has been shet so long they're jist crazy. Now you watch. Here comes:

"Eight humly, bumly bees;
Seven humpity, crumpity, no-horn cows;
Six hickety. pickety custards;
Five bobtail, skubald nags;
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two ducks,
And a big fat rooster."

She was telling a story when I rose and gave her my hand and said: "I will see you at the lecture."

"What would Myry say ef I went down thar 'fore all them grand ladies lookin' as I do?" said she.

"I am sure that Myra will ask you to come."

I went below stairs, and when my time had come to speak the parlors were crowded with a gay company of men and women in evening dress. I began my talk by saying:

"I have come here to tell you of certain great women whose labor and fortitude have made America, and I must begin by mentioning the most heroic woman I have known. She has the strength of a man in her heart and sinews, the beauty of a saint in her face, the courage of a hero, the faith of a prophet in her soul. Yet she has been the tenderest of mothers. I can think of nothing, save the miracles of old, so wonderful as her accomplishment. She lives in this house. I want you all to see her and give her the honor due a great woman. Bishop, will you kindly bring your mother to this platform?"

She came with her son presently and was greeted with cheers, and then I told an old story of the East.

A SULTAN once sent his envoys abroad in the empire looking for a man worthy of the honor of the golden crescent. He was to be a man of courage and faith and wisdom and many friends. Two men were brought before the Sultan. His council of wise men had declared that they were unable to decide between them. Both were wise and brave and beloved, and equally great in faith and accomplishment. The Sultan read their records and searched the two with many queries, and was loath to choose between them.

Presently he said: "Show me your hands."

They held them up before him.

Now one of these great men had soft and delicate hands; one showed a pair that were strong and scarred and calloused, and the Sultan pinned the crescent on the breast of the latter, saying:

"This man hath seen human service while the other hath only recommended it."

"If any lady here feels that she has a right to be honored above this woman, I shall want to know her history, and if it should be equally worthy I shall ask her also to show me her hands."

I have heard that those little children have come up from the old cabin in the mountains to play in the Bishop's dooryard, but that their mother is so engaged with men and women who love and admire her that she has little time to give them.

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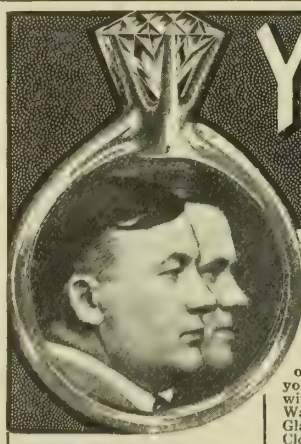
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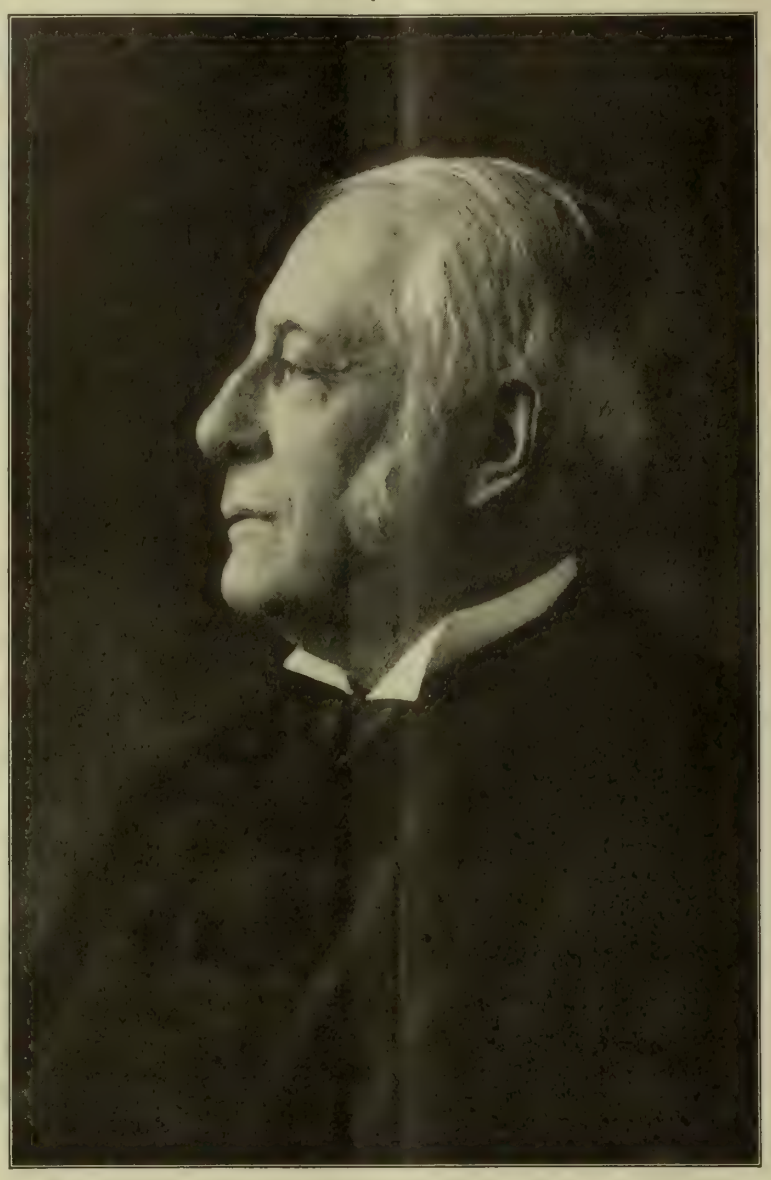
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WHAT SHALL WE READ

THE HARVARD CLASSICS?



Dr. Charles W. Eliot
President Emeritus Harvard University

MY purpose in selecting The Harvard Classics was to provide the literary materials from which a careful and persistent reader might gain a fair view of the progress of man observing, recording, inventing, and imagining from the earliest historical times to the close of the nineteenth century. Within the limits of fifty volumes, containing about 22,000 pages, I was to provide the means of obtaining such a knowledge of ancient and modern literature as seems essential to the twentieth century idea of a cultivated man. The best acquisition of a cultivated man is a liberal frame of mind or way of thinking; but there must be added to that possession acquaintance with the prodigious store of recorded discoveries, experiences, and reflections which humanity in its intermittent and irregular progress from barbarism to civilization has acquired and laid up. From that store I proposed to make such a selection as any intellectually ambitious American family might use to advantage, even if their early opportunities of education had been scanty. The purpose of The Harvard Classics is, therefore, one very different from that of the many collections in which the editor's aim has been to select the hundred or the fifty best books in the world; it is nothing less than the purpose to present so ample and characteristic a record of the stream of the world's thought that the observant reader's mind shall be enriched, refined, and fertilized by it.

With such objects in view it was essential that the whole series should be in the English language; and this limitation to English necessitated the free use of translations, in spite of the fact that it is impossible to reproduce perfectly in a translation the style and flavor of the original. The reader of this collection must not imagine that he can find in an English translation of Homer, Dante, Cervantes, or Goethe all the beauty and charm of the original. Nevertheless, translations can yield much genuine cultivation to the student who attends to the substance of the author's thought, although he knows all the time that he is missing some of the elegance and beauty of the original form. Since it is impossible to give in translation the rhythm and sweetness of poetry—and particularly of lyric poetry—far the larger part of the poetry in The Harvard Classics will be found to be poetry which was written in English.

The Sources and the Subjects

While with very few exceptions every piece of writing included in the series is complete in itself, that is, is a whole book, narrative, document, essay, or poem, there are many volumes which are made up of short, though complete, works. Thus, three volumes contain an anthology of English poetry comprising specimens of the work of over two hundred writers. There is also a volume of memorable prefaces, and another of important American historical documents. Five volumes are made up of essays, representing several centuries and several nationalities. The principal subjects embraced in the series are history, biography, philosophy, religion, voyages and travels, natural science, government and politics, education, criticism, the drama, epic and lyric poetry, and prose fiction—in short, all the main subdivisions of literature. The principal literatures represented in the collection are those of Greece, Rome, France, Italy, Spain, England, Scotland, Germany, and the United States; but important contributions have been drawn also from Chinese, Hindu, Hebrew, Arabian, Scandinavian, and Irish sources. Since the series is intended primarily for American readers, it contains a somewhat disproportionate amount of English and American literature, and of documents and discussions relating to American history and to the development of American social and political ideas.

Chronologically considered, the series begins with portions of the sacred books of the oldest religions, proceeds with specimens of the literature of Greece and Rome, then makes selections from the literature of the Middle Ages in the Orient, Italy, France, Scandinavia, Ireland, England, Germany, and the Latin Church, includes a considerable representation of the literature of the Renaissance in Italy, France, Germany, England, Scotland, and Spain, and, arriving at modern times, comprehends selections derived from Italy, three centuries of France, two centuries of Germany, three centuries of England, and something more than a century of the United States.

Nothing has been included in the series which does not possess good literary form; but the collection illustrates the variations of literary form and taste from century to century, the wide separation in time of the recurrent climaxes in the various forms of literary expression in both prose and verse, and the immense widening of the range and scope of both letters and science during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries.

The Question of Length

At the very outset of the work unexpected difficulties arose, some of which, although almost mechanical, proved to be insurmountable. Many famous books were too long to be included in the set, that is, they would have taken a disproportionate number of the fifty volumes. Thus, the English Bible could not be included as a whole, because it was too long; Shakespeare had to be excluded for the same reason; and it was possible to include only the first part of Don Quixote. Many famous and desirable books on history had to be excluded because of their length. The works of living authors were in general excluded, because the verdict of the educated world has not yet been pronounced upon them.

Finally, the whole of nineteenth century fiction, with two exceptions, was excluded; partly because of its great bulk, and partly because it is easily accessible. It proved to be possible, however, to represent by selections complete in themselves the English Bible, Shakespeare, and some other works of the highest order. Some authors whose greatest works were too long to be included in the series could be represented by one or more of their shorter works. It was hard to make up an adequate representation of the scientific thought of the nineteenth century, because much of the most productive scientific thought has not yet been given a literary form. The discoverers' original papers on chemistry, physics, geology, and biology have usually been presented to some scientific society, and have naturally been expressed in technical language, or have been filled with details indispensable from the scientific point of view but not instructive for the public in general.

Although a good part of the reading provided in The Harvard Classics may fairly be called interesting, there are also volumes or portions of volumes which make hard reading, even for a practiced student. In the literature of other days some of the topics treated are unfamiliar, and, moreover, the state of mind of the authors is apt to be strange to the present generation. The sentiments and opinions these authors express are frequently not acceptable to present-day readers, who have to be often saying to themselves: "This is not true, or not correct, or not in accordance with our beliefs." It is, however, precisely this encounter with the mental states of other generations which enlarges the outlook and sympathies of the cultivated man, and persuades him of the upward tendency of the human race. The Harvard Classics, as a whole, require close attention and a resolute spirit on the part of the reader. Nevertheless large parts of the collection were undoubtedly composed just to give delight, or to show people how to win rational pleasures. Thus, the real values of almost all the tales, dramas, fiction, and poetry in the series are esthetic, not didactic values. The interested reader ought to gain from them enjoyment and new power to enjoy.

There is no mode of using The Harvard Classics which can be recommended as the best for all readers. Every student who proposes to master the series must choose his own way through it. Some readers may be inclined to follow the chronological order; but shall they begin with the oldest book and read down through the centuries, or begin with the youngest and read backward? Another method would be to read by subjects, and under each subject chronologically. A good field for this method is the collection of voyages and travels. There is also merit in the chronological order in reading the documents taken from the sacred books of the world. Still another method is that of comparison or of contrast. The collection gives many opportunities of comparing views of contemporaneous writers on the same subject, and also of contrasting the prevailing opinions in different nations or different social states at the same epoch. In government and politics, for example, the collection supplies much material for comparing the opinions of writers nearly contemporary but of different nationality, and for contrasting the different social states at the same epoch in nations not far apart geographically, but distinct as regards their history, traditions, and habits.

Comparative Reading

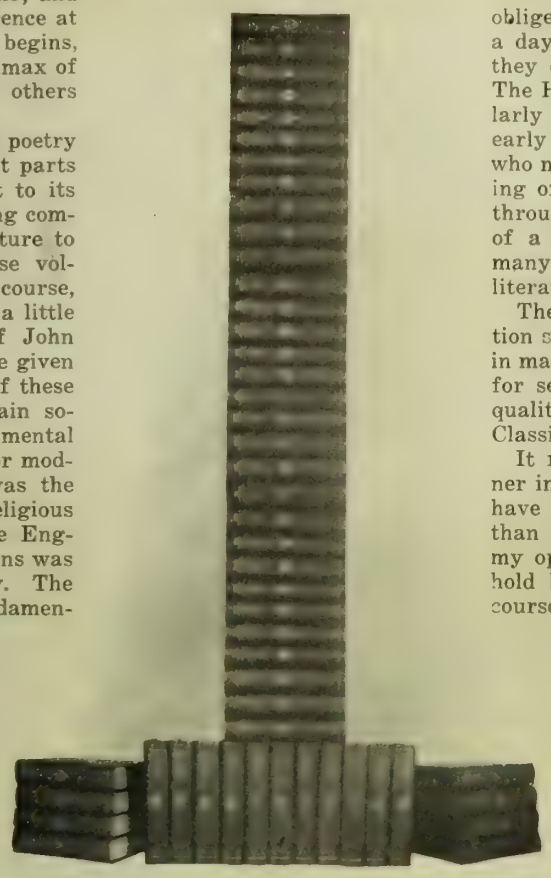
Another way of dealing with the collection would be to read first an essay or a group of essays on related subjects, and then to search through the collection to discover all the material it contains within the field of that essay or group of essays. The essays in the collection are numerous, and deal with a great variety of topics both old and new. Whoever should follow the various leadings of the essays in the collection would ultimately cover far the greater part of the fifty volumes.

The biographies, letters, and prefaces contained in the collection will also afford much good guidance to

other material. The student who likes the comparative method will naturally read consecutively all the dramas the collection contains; and it will not make much difference at which chronological end he begins, for some persons find the climax of drama in Shakespeare, but others in the Greek tragedies.

The anthology of English poetry is one of the most important parts of the collection, in respect to its function of providing reading competent to impart liberal culture to a devoted reader; but those volumes should not be read in course, but rather by authors, and a little at a time. The poems of John Milton and Robert Burns are given in full; because the works of these two very unlike poets contain social, religious, and governmental teachings of vital concern for modern democracies. Milton was the great poet of civil and religious liberty, Puritanism, and the English Commonwealth, and Burns was the great poet of democracy. The two together cover the fundamental principles of free government, education, and democratic social structure. and will serve as guides to much good reading on those subjects provided in the collection. The poetry contained in The Harvard Classics from Homer to Tennyson will by itself give any appreciative reader a vivid conception of the permanent, elemental sentiments and passions of mankind, and of the gradually developed ethical means of purifying those sentiments and controlling those passions.

"The Aristocracy of Literature"



The Harvard Classics in Fifty Volumes

In order to make the best use of The Harvard Classics it will be desirable for the young reader to reread those volumes or passages which he finds most interesting, and to commit to memory many of the pieces of poetry which stir or uplift him. It is a source of exquisite and enduring delight to have one's mind stored with many melodious expressions of high thoughts and beautiful imagery.

I hope that many readers who are obliged to give eight or ten hours a day to the labors through which they earn their livelihood will use The Harvard Classics, and particularly young men and women whose early education was cut short, and who must therefore reach the standing of a cultivated man or woman through the pleasurable devotion of a few minutes a day through many years to the reading of good literature.

The main function of the collection should be to develop and foster in many thousands of people a taste for serious reading of the highest quality, outside of The Harvard Classics as well as within them.

It remains to describe the manner in which The Harvard Classics have been made up. I had more than once stated in public that in my opinion a five-foot shelf would hold books enough to give in the course of years a good substitute for a liberal education in youth to anyone who would read them with devotion, even if he could spare but ten minutes a day for reading. Rather more than a year ago the firm of P. F. Collier & Son proposed that I undertake to make a selection of fifty volumes, containing from four hundred to four hundred and fifty pages each, which would approximately fill my five-foot shelf, and be well adapted to accomplish the educational object I had in mind.

I was invited to take the entire responsibility of making the selection, and was to be provided with a competent assistant of my own choice. In February, 1909, I accepted the proposal of the publishers, and secured the services of Dr. William A. Neilson, Professor of English in Harvard University, as my assistant. I decided what should be included and what should be excluded. Professor Neilson wrote all the introductions and notes, made the choice among different editions of the same work, and offered many suggestions concerning available material. It also fell to him to make all the computations needed to decide the question whether a work desired was too long to be included. The most arduous part of his work was the final making up of the composite volumes from available material which had commended itself to us both.

A Notable Group of Assistants

It would have been impossible to perform the task satisfactorily if the treasures of the general library and of the department libraries of Harvard University had not been at our disposal. The range of the topics in the series was so wide, and the number of languages in which the desired books were originally written so great, that the advice of specialists, each in some portion of the field, had frequently to be sought. We obtained much valuable advice of this sort from scholarly friends and neighbors.

The staff of the Harvard Library have also given valuable assistance. In illustrating the volumes with portraits and facsimiles the publishers are under great obligations to the following owners of valuable prints, manuscripts, and autograph letters, who kindly permitted the publishers to use precious objects from their collections:

J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq.; R. H. Dana, Esq.; Wymberley Jones De Renne, Esq.; Harvard University Library; New York Public Library; Boston Public Library; Library of Congress; Library of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Fogg Art Museum.

The elaborate alphabetical index is intended to give any person who knows the art of using indices or concordances, or will acquire it in this instance, immediate access to any author or any subject mentioned in the entire collection, and indeed to any passage in the fifty volumes to which the inquirer has a good clue. This full index should make The Harvard Classics convenient books of reference.

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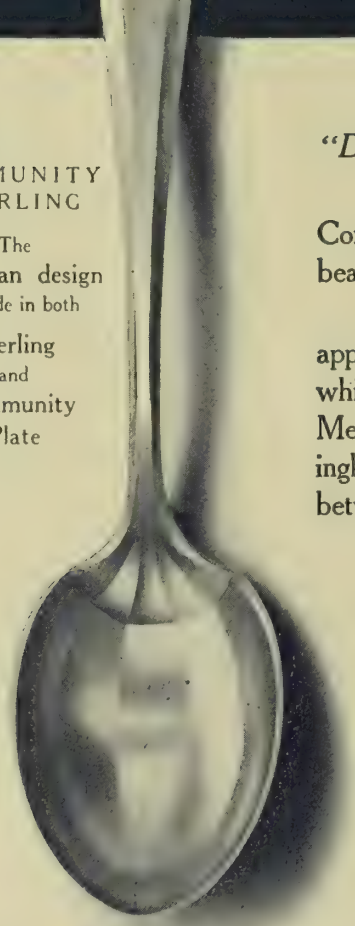
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PATRICIAN

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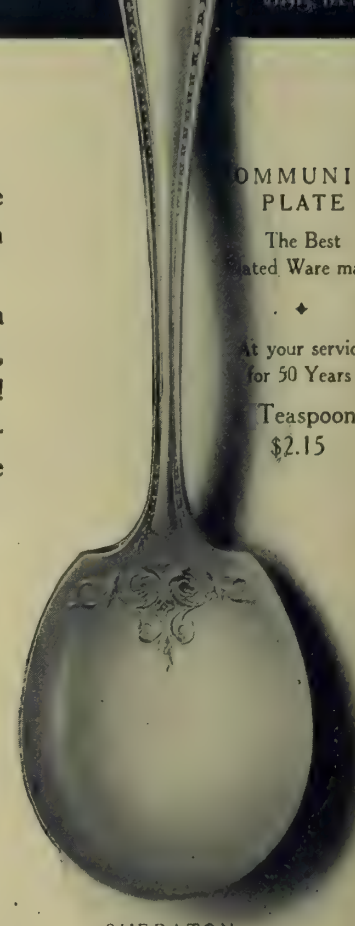
If you hear of Bob and myself figuring in a divorce suit, you can blame the Community people and their silver—they shouldn't be allowed to make two such beautiful patterns as the Sheraton and the Patrician.

You see, last Monday two perfectly darling chests of Community came on approval from Hawkins, the jeweler. Bob immediately leaped at the Sheraton, while I at once *adored* the Patrician! * * Result? An impasse! Meanwhile 'Tempus fugits,' and the twin chests of Community still gleam tantalizingly at us, awaiting the arrival of some wise Solomon to make us choose between them.

—Irma

P. S.—We have decided to be our own Solomon—We are to keep *both* chests of Community and use them on alternate days, the Patrician *first.*

P. P. S.—I am beginning at once to flaunt my Community in front of Bob."



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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE GREATER BATTLE by Edgar Wallace and
ENGLAND'S POCKETBOOK by Isaac F. Marcosson



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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

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THE GREATER BATTLE

BY EDGAR WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

MILTON folded his serviette neatly, rolled it with a certain absent-minded precision, and threaded it through the bone ring.

His face was grave and thought-drawn. There was a network of tiny lines beneath his eyes. He had not slept the previous night, though the billet was an unusually comfortable one. Wilmott had kept his part of the agreement, and both divisional and corps headquarters had been splendid. His telegrams, sent by the faithful Wilmott every hour, had been prefaced "X. M." (and "X. M." [the symbols and code letters given in this story differ, for obvious reasons, from those employed in the field] meant "very urgent: clear the line") and had been brought to Milton's billet within a quarter of an hour of their dispatch from London. So he had contented himself with sitting in a big armchair, in riding breeches and slippers, waiting, waiting.

A wire came at two o'clock. "All well so far," it ran. Another at two-fifteen to the same effect. There had been one at three, another a few minutes after four, and then silence.

There was some delay on the wire: a derailed engine on a Kentish line had sent a telegraph pole sprawling and had brought chaos to the orderly cords of copper and gutta-percha, which carried all manner of breathless inquiries, orders, advice, and confidential information. To add to the annoyance, a daring Aviatik had bombed Pessy, smashing one end of the transmitting room of the F. T. O.

"And I hope," said the general, leaning over the table and employing that mildness of tone which invariably accompanied his most ardent expression of views, "I hope that the 'bird' will arrive home to find his breakfast cold and a nasty note from the All Highest. *Gott strafe Aviatiks!*"

He was a broad red man with a high forehead, a bald head, and an untidy mustache, and he spoke with a certain jovial slowness which suggested that he had not made up his mind whether to be amused or very angry indeed. One of the aids went to the door and opened it.

"Leave it open and blow the rain!" said the brigadier; "they are having an extra long hate this morning."

The *bang-bang* of artillery came with remarkable clearness, for the wind was blowing from the trenches. The rifle fire was almost as fierce and as incessant as the patter of rain that was falling upon the wooden roof of the barn which was, for the moment, the headquarters of the 914th Brigade.

Langley, the thin-faced aid, stood in the open doorway twisting his little mustache thoughtfully. "There's a telegram for somebody," he announced.

"For me?"

Milton jumped up from the table and walked quickly to the door to meet the dripping orderly. His face fell as he took the envelope. "For you, sir," he said, and handed it to the brigadier. That stout man smiled sympathetically.

"I shouldn't worry if I were you, Milton," he said as he opened the envelope. "I quite understand how bad you are feeling." He glanced down at the message.

"Vicars has gone," he said briefly.

There was a murmur of sincere commiseration.

"Hard luck—when, sir?"

"This morning," said the general. "'Crumped' in his funk hole. Gathersole wants you, Milton."

Another orderly was at the door with a rain-spotted envelope in his hand. Milton did not dare hope it was for himself. Again the general took the message and rose heavily from the table. "General attack in front of the 800th," he said briefly. "We go forward in support—get 'em moving, Langley—C. O.'s to see me at once. Move up to the south of Loos Wood and support the left of the 800th; they're pulling back. Milton, they want you badly. I want you too, but it's for divisional work. Go along and see the general—he's keen on you—quotes your book and all that sort of thing."



"Dig yourselves in and hold on!"

In June, 1913, there was published in London and New York "Milton's Theory of Values." It was a little book of 132 pages and attracted some attention, for Major Milton of the Staff College was a person who enjoyed considerable fame in military circles. His theory was an old one, and the book enjoyed its popularity among soldiers for exactly the same reason that so many books are popular, namely, because it put old facts in a new and readable way.

Milton's view was the very negation of the humanitarian view. Life was nothing—success in battle was everything. Sentimentality was the poison of national and military systems. "Do you mourn the grain of wheat you eat in the shape of a bread morsel?" asked Milton, "Would you preserve all grain for seed?" He proved that if you did Nature would step in and vitiate the value of wheat as a foodstuff. Destruction was essential to creation, and so on and so forth.

At the Staff College they called him the "man of blood." His wife called him Jacky, and when her friends told her how pleased she must be that her husband was now in his element (for he was in the hottest part of the Flanders battle line), she looked at them strangely and said that perhaps it would be better if he were at home. They wondered at this, but there was no occasion for their bewilderment. A stained gray car dropped him at headquarters, and his interview with the divisional general was short.

". . . poor old Vicars has gone," said the general. "All the wires have been messed up. Did you get your good news, by the way? I'm sorry—the devil is in the wires to-day. You'll find everything made good. Here is the rough idea."

HE WAS closeted with the divisional commander for half an hour, studying the map and jotting down the notes of his superior's orders.

"Hold 'em up—that is all we need do. Keep a fatherly eye on No. 16—there's a new regiment there and they're rather jumpy. Keep 63 up to the mark; he's a lethargic devil—poor old Vicars knew 'em all like a book."

Milton made his way on foot to his position.

He was under shell fire for half an hour before he came up to the bombproof shelter. He had to pass the shattered dugout wherein Vicars had sat amid a ganglion of telephone wires directing affairs for his general until a chance shot from the enemy's 8.2 had wrecked the shelter.

Vicars himself, his hands crossed on his breast and his face mercifully hidden beneath a wagon cover, lay by the side of the sodden road. Milton scarcely gave him a glance as he passed. Vicars had been one of his best friends, but there was no time for sorrow or sentiment—especially sentiment. He remembered with a whimsical smile the dead man's weakness: he was the most truculent bridge player in the division.

Milton came to the new shelter. Men were piling earth upon its roof and a dozen engineers in their shirt sleeves, despite the pouring rain, were sorting out a confusion of wire with maddening deliberation—maddening to the infantry officers who watched the operation, perfectly understandable to the phlegmatic R. E. officer who superintended the proceedings.

"We shall be ready for you in ten minutes, sir," he said.



"Hullo, 33! Shrapnel in front of 16; go on till I tell you to stop"

Milton sat down under a dripping privet hedge, philosophical and calm. The roar and crash of the battle impressed him less to-day than ever it had done. He saw a greater battle—a terrific combat, between the cruel and inexorable and the weak and helpless. He sensed with a numb anguish the fight that the woman he loved was waging in solitude and suffering, and the sweat stood on his forehead at the thought.

What was Vicars? What were these men who he knew were falling by the score with every tick of his watch? What cause would justify so overwhelming a terror as waited by her pillow?

Phew! He stood up and whistled. The hand he raised to wipe his damp face was shaking.

"Ready, sir?"

He nodded and slid down the steep bank into the roomy apartment which the engineers had prepared. They had created some sort of ventilation, but there was no light save the four electric lights fed from portable batteries and the one big oil lamp turned low, but raised in a moment of emergency. A narrow table in the middle of the room was covered by a map on which an officer was arranging little oblong blocks of wood, each bearing a symbol.

"You'll find these correct, sir," said the officer, and Milton made no reply. He threw his hat to a chair, took up the telephone helmet and held it while the other explained rapidly all that had taken place in the last hour. Then Milton fastened the receivers to his ears, adjusted the vulcanite mouthpiece, and opened his notebook. He pressed in a plug.

"Hullo, 10! Hullo! Yes—it's all right; they crumped us, but the wires are all working now. Hang on to your present trench. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, I know! But you must repair it. . . . I'll do what I can for you."

He fitted another plug.

"Hullo, 27! Shrapnel in front of No. 10. Shorten your range by fifty yards—10 says you're firing between trenches.

"Hullo, 28! What are you doing? Can you put a little shrapnel in front of 10?

"Hullo, 16! No, no! The wires have been smashed. You must hold on with your teeth—we are sending two battalions to support you."

They came at him without ceasing.

The red disks clicked down one after the other; the deep-toned buzzer growled; "smack" went the plug, and—

"'Lo—'lo—18 talking. There's a battery to our right front giving us hell! The Canadians are getting it . . . they've signaled their wire is cut by shrapnel . . . no, no . . . phone line. I mean . . . see what you can do with those guns, my dear chap."

Some of the voices were calm, almost jocular; some conveyed their tense mood; some were frankly nerve-ragged; 17 was imperious; 45, under heavy fire and losing heavily, drawled an insulting inquiry as to the health of Battery 29.

"For God's sake, send him to see an oculist—he's shelling everything except the Bosches."

Milton put in his plug.

"Hullo, 29! Your firing is erratic. Hullo, hullo!"

"Beg pardon, sir"—the voice through the phone was pure cockney and pitched in its most strident key—"whole bloomin' battery's wiped out, sir—all except me an' another feller. We're workin' No. 2 gun. 'Jack Johnson' hit us fair an' square. We're both drivers, but we're doin' our best."

Milton licked his dry lips. "All right; hang on and cease firing. What is your name?"

"Driver Gold, sir." The voice was eager. He nosed distinction—and deservedly so. He was husky with the tremendous consciousness of his act. "No. 17435, Driver G. Gold, 104th Battery, R. F. H., sir—me an' Driver Percer; we've bin workin' one gun for half an hour. Major's dead under the next limber, an' told us to go on firin', sir—'Fire to the last.'"

"All right—get under cover and leave the gun," said Milton sharply and cut off all further eloquence by pulling out the plug. He slipped it into the next hole. "Hullo, 41! Do you know that 29 is out of action? Send up a detachment."

"Hullo! H. Q. Mark Drivers Gold and Percer, 104th Battery, for inquiry.

"Hullo! What's that, 16? Going back? You can't go back . . . it doesn't matter a damn! You've got to hold on. Who is it speaking, eh? Where is the colonel . . . is he? I'm sorry, but you must hold on, my boy. The men don't want to come back? Of course not; don't be a strategist—hold on!"

HOW cheerfully, how carelessly, he condemned them to death! He knew the boy who had spoken—a youngster who had dined at headquarters mess a week or two ago, full of bubbling enthusiasm, all achuckle with happiness at the thought of the fun ahead. Now his voice was high-pitched, almost wailing. Milton could imagine the gray of his face and the blue-black shadows that come under the eyes of men who have not slept for nights together.

He looked up at the big moon-faced clock over the switchboard. The hands pointed to five minutes after nine. Wilmott's first wire told him of the beginning. Had the end come?

Oh, it was so much greater a thing that she was fighting for.

For these pieces in the game, that moved in blind obedience to his word, there was a chance that they might come through the mad-bull smash of battle unscathed. For her—he winced.

The general came into the shelter and looked for a long time at the map while Milton went mechanically about his work, admonishing, encouraging, imploring. He was the croupier of fate. Though he might not spin the wheel, he could call the winners and table the losses.

"Hullo, 85! Get your guns going on 14, please.

"Hullo, 19! Go ahead now and carry that breastwork . . . machine guns? Exactly where? Wait!

"Hullo, 37! Hullo, 38! Hullo, 43! Dead center of position before 19—H. E. shells and rapid-fire.

"Hullo, 19! Are we hitting? Good!

"Hullo, 37! Go ahead with your H. E.; you're making direct hits.

"Hullo, 19! Are we hitting? Good! good!

"Hullo, 37! 'Lo!—38! Lengthen your range before 19.

"Hullo, 19! Off you go and good luck!"

The divisional general stood by the table taking in the situation which the map revealed, and his face was grave. A whole line of trenches had been lost; in some cases the second line was gone and the enemy attack was developing in fury.

Milton was an automaton, working out the combinations exactly, precisely, cold-bloodedly. The general frowned, and yet his chief of staff was doing nothing to which exception might be taken. He was playing the game correctly.

"Hullo, 19! What has happened? But you *must* take it! Try again. I know, I know. How many men have you left?"

The general, watching the other's face, saw the grimace and guessed the answer which had been given.

"Try again—the safety of the line depends on it. Tell the men. I'll give you artillery support.

"Hullo, 37! Shrapnel in front of 19."

Click went the plug to another hole.

"Hullo, 38! Shrapnel in front of 19.

"Hullo, 45! Shrapnel in front of 19.

"Hullo, 19! How's that? Good!"

He looked up at the clock and half turned his head to the door of the chamber.

"Did you get your wire, Milton?"

The major shook his head.

"It is damnable, sir!" he said fretfully. "Four hours—five hours all but ten minutes and not a word. It's awful."

Lieutenant General Sir Gordon Fansome stared at him thoughtfully, and stood watching and listening as the nimble fingers of his subordinate manipulated the red plugs or repinned a new position on the map before him.

"We shall lose that salient," said the general suddenly as yet another little block came back on the mottled map. Milton shook his head.

"It is holding and so is 29. The main attack must succeed there if it succeeds at all. They've tried three times and failed."

"We're losing a tremendous number of men," said the general, clearing his throat.

"What is a—" Milton stopped short. He was going to ask what was a life or two, but somehow the words would not come.

"Nineteen will never get up!" said the general, and then the buzzer croaked.

"Hullo, 19! Good! Dig yourselves in and hold on!

"Hullo, hullo!"

He called six artillery numbers rapidly.

"Nineteen are at 22; put shrapnel all round them, and go on till I tell you to stop.

"Hullo, 77! Hullo, sir! Take your battalion up to support 19, please—get 'em up into 19's old trenches."

The general rubbed his unshaven chin, and it was a gesture of indecision. "Will that save it?" he asked.

Milton did not answer. He was listening with puckered brows to the urgent voice at the other end of the wire.

". . . it is impossible for us to hold on, sir. Half the trench is blown in and both my machine guns are out of action. It is murder to keep us here. How many? I don't suppose there are thirty men left on their feet, and the Bosches are bombing. Oh, God!"

There was silence. Milton showed his teeth and waited. Presently another voice spoke.

"Mr. Fulton's killed, sir. What shall we do? Sergeant Appleby is speaking."

"Hold on, sergeant—I'll do what I can."

"Hullo, 33! Shrapnel in front of 16; go on till I tell you to stop.

"Hullo, hullo—stop shrapnel in front of 19 and give it to 16—as hard as you can. Hullo, Heavy Battery, put a few shells behind 16.

"Hullo, 16! Hullo, sergeant! Our heavy shells are falling behind you. Bolt back to the craters and dig in."

"Hullo!"

The voice was a new one to Milton. The indicator had fallen on a connection which he had not used—the red line which connected him with general headquarters, miles away in the rear.

It was a faint voice and was half smothered in a confused babble of talk as though fifty men were all speaking at once. Scraps came to him.



"Yes . . . not tonight . . . cases consigned to Havre. Yes. I'm returning . . . it should be on Army Form B. 76."

A gruffer note nearer at hand.

"Divisional H. Q. . . . take this . . ."

"Yes, yes!" said Milton hoarsely, for he had recognized the first "Hullo."

Again the faint voice. "Awfully kind. . . . War Office. . . . Jacky dear, can you hear?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"It is a boy, dear. . . . Dr. Wilmott says . . . beautiful child. . . . I'm so happy."

Then the telephone clicked.

"Finished, sir," said the gruffer voice.

The indicator of 16 fell.

"Got to the crater, sir; think we can hold on."

Milton did not answer; he lay over the table, his head on his arms, sobbing like a child.

ONE TERM FOR WILSON?

BY DAVID LAWRENCE

David Lawrence is the correspondent of the Associated Press assigned to the White House



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LEADERS of all political parties have lately come to take for granted that President Wilson would be the candidate of his party for reelection in 1916. The basis of this confidence has been twofold: that a president possesses, as a rule, supreme influence over a nominating convention, and that the Democrats, so far as can now be foreseen, could present no stronger candidate than Mr. Wilson.

But these are the usual standards of political judgments. They are predicated, for the most part, on the assumption that Mr. Wilson is anxious for a second term (which is far from correct) and on the belief that he will actively seek a second nomination (which is exactly what he has determined not to do).

To an inner circle of friends about the White House the attitude of President Wilson on the question of a second term is very definitely established, and has been, in fact, ever since he took the oath of office. The writer, through the intimacies which are often granted a Washington correspondent, is able to present to the readers of COLLIER'S the first authentic exposition, not only of the President's position on his own renomination, but of his views on the one-term question and proposed constitutional amendments relating to it.

Were it not for the one-term plank in the Baltimore platform and the distinct notions which Mr. Wilson formed some years ago on the relation of the presidential office to party politics, the process of selection next year might have been but little improved over the past method—patronage, organization, delegates, more patronage, and thereby the nomination assured. But the one-term plank, although not enacted into law, and Mr. Wilson's fundamental conception of how presidential nominations should be made to square with the real wishes of the people, are now destined to influence the character of the Democratic campaign of 1916. And Woodrow Wilson is perfectly willing to submit to the high court of public opinion whether or not he shall be a candidate for reelection. On the judgment of this sovereign authority he intends to abide. But the Democrats have created for themselves an unusual situation in the history of party politics in this country. Assuming that they find Mr. Wilson their strongest leader, they must still surmount an obstacle of much importance—the one-term plank in the Baltimore platform which reads as follows:

"We favor a single presidential term, and to that end urge the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution making the President of the United States ineligible for reelection, and we pledge the candidate of this convention to this principle."

Does the plank actually limit Mr. Wilson, therefore, to a single term? And if so, should it be set aside because a party victory might seem to be the more easily secured that way? And are such a platform pledge and restrictive legislation the best means of making our presidents efficient while in office?

The President has placed himself definitely on record in answer to these questions, as this article will reveal. And William Jennings Bryan, champion of the single-term idea, now freed from all obligations of official intimacy—will he acquiesce in the President's view or oppose his renomination?

Does the President Want Another Term?

FROM the best authority—Mr. Bryan himself—shortly after he resigned from the Cabinet, the writer obtained certain definite impressions which are also set down herein as indicating, to an extent, what course may be expected from him in the next campaign.

The President, indeed, has been singularly reticent as to his plans for 1916. Nothing has been said publicly by him at any time to indicate the slightest solicitude for a second term. He has always felt rather that the prestige of the high office he holds should never be used to advance presidential candidacies.

No member of the Cabinet, senator or member of the House, or Democratic national committeeman or political leader, can truthfully say that Mr. Wilson since his inauguration has ever expressed to him by implication or otherwise a wish that he might be renominated. In these days of international crises, when all political parties are standing solidly behind the head of the Government, especially does the President feel that it would be indelicate for him to discuss party politics.

"I am sorry," he said in a recent speech at Philadelphia, "for the man who seeks to make personal capital out of the passions of his fellow countrymen."

The President's silence as to his own political future has been interpreted by some close observers as indifference and unconcern, but the truth is that Mr. Wilson looks at the question of his possible candidacy as peculiarly removed from the jurisdiction of his personal will and desire.

He told friends recently that as he sometimes contemplated the overwhelming labors of his office, the thought of four years more of it was depressing. If the President really could take the public into his confidence, a great illusion—that he really wants a second term—would be forever dispelled. But Mr. Wilson is a party man. He knows that in his personality lies much of Democracy's strength, and that whether he wishes it or not there may be imposed upon him an obligation to stand before the electorate on behalf of his party. Mr. Wilson, however, will not seek that task. He will make no speeches for renomination. It is a position which he has held tenaciously from the beginning.

You will find, for example, on searching Mr. Wilson's campaign speeches, that, quite in contrast to Mr. Bryan, he never mentioned the one-term plank. I and other newspaper correspondents detailed with him during the 1912 campaign once asked why he had omitted the plank from public discussion.

"I have no more to do with that plank than you have," he told us. "The Democratic party convention did that."

It was not a casual, spur-of-the-moment opinion, but a view well defined in his mind. The Democratic party, in sovereign body assembled, had adopted a plank pledging the candidate to the *principle* of a single term. Did it mean that the convention intended to limit its candidate, if elected, to a tenure of four years, imposing upon him a restriction which no legislative act or constitutional amendment had placed on any of his predecessors? Or was it to be construed merely as a proclamation or expression of a wish that the candidate would undertake to have enacted some time during his term legislation embodying the apparent desires of the convention? Mr. Wilson made up his mind that there ought not to be another party convention, that presidential nominations should be made in the progressive way—by the people, at the polls, in the primaries. So Mr. Wilson thought no more of it and talked no more of it. The matter, so far as he was concerned personally, he reasoned, could be of no public interest until the next campaign.

The chances are that not a word would have been said by Mr. Wilson on the subject until the opening of the 1916 campaign had not committees in Congress begun consideration in January and February, 1913, of constitutional amendments to restrict the tenure of the president and vice president to a single term of six years, or four years. The dispatches went forth from Washington that Mr. Wilson, the President-elect, would be consulted about it by the Democratic leaders in Congress. We who were with him at Trenton asked about it.

"I've got one job," he said, looking thoughtfully out of the windows of the governor's office as if in anticipation of the tremendous responsibilities that were to confront him, "and I want you, gentlemen, to know that it is all I see ahead of me. I must do that well or I shall never get another. I want you to believe me—I haven't the slightest concern in whether I have a second term or not."

The governor gave us his views in confidence. He thought a public expression untimely and liable to misconstruction. The very next day, however, he received a letter from one of the Democratic leaders asking for his views on the pending amendments. Mr. Wilson dictated a long reply, about 1,500 words in length, and sent it to Representative A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania, then chairman of the Democratic caucus.

In that letter (it has never been published) Mr. Wilson reiterated the views he had formed in campaign days. He was willing to take his chances in the court of public opinion as to his own future and intended to make every effort to render the primary system effective. Having disposed of his own personal connection with the matter, he then proceeded to discuss exhaustively the general subject of presidential tenure. The views he expressed then are important now because Mr. Wilson stands squarely behind them to-day; they constitute the basis of his position in the next campaign.

What Wilson Is Committed To

MEMBERS of the committee in Congress familiar with the letter Mr. Wilson wrote have told me they were impressed with the outspoken, matter-of-fact, and impersonal way in which he dealt with the subject. This was brought home most convincingly, they said, at the outset of the letter wherein Mr. Wilson declared himself perfectly willing to accept the judgment of the Democratic party and the public as to whether or not he should be a candidate for reelection.

He pledged himself, moreover, to leave the matter entirely to public opinion to decide and argued that the President should be deprived of every other means of deciding it. Constitutional restriction, Mr. Wilson contended, could not cure such evils as had grown up by the abuse of the presidential office in manipulating nominations. In those cases where ambition and desire for the perpetuation of one's political prestige were strong, the presidential influence, even with the one-term restriction, might be as perniciously exerted in influencing the choice of a successor.

The real remedy lies, in Mr. Wilson's opinion, not in restricting the power of the people, but in increasing it. Such changes as are made, he thinks, should aim to make the chief executive more responsive to the voice of the masses, so that a good officer may readily be retained while an incompetent one may as easily be dismissed.

Four years, Mr. Wilson argued, might be too long a term for a president who did not represent the real wishes of the people, and at the same time it might be too brief a period for an efficient chief executive to finish a constructive program of reform

that he might have initiated. The same objection he applied to the proposal for a single term of six years, for, in the case of the incompetent president, the tenure might indeed be too long while in the opposite circumstances it might not be long enough.

Mr. Wilson analyzed the underlying causes of discontent with the present arrangement as due primarily to the abuse of power in office by presidents who had devoted their attention continuously to building up political organizations through division of patronage in the hope of assuring themselves a second nomination in the party conventions. The cure for this, in Mr. Wilson's judgment, is the abolition of the party convention for nominating purposes and the substitution of nation-wide presidential-preference primaries. He promised in his letter to use every legitimate influence that he could exert to have such Federal legislation promptly enacted as would make unnecessary another party convention except to draft the party platform, the delegates to be composed of members of the Senate and the House —the men who would naturally be expected to carry platform pledges into effect.

Such a plan the President recommended in his first annual message to Congress, but the subject has been crowded out by a press of extraordinary affairs. Mr. Wilson is still hopeful that there will be more legislation in the States, and Federal laws if possible, so that the choice of the primaries will be the choice of the party. When such a point is finally reached, he thinks, the question also of presidential tenure can be better discussed on its merits.

Looking to the future of the presidential office Mr. Wilson is not prepared to advocate a recall for presidents, but is firmly convinced that, with the addition yearly of responsibilities to the office of president, some provision must sooner or later be made whereby the chief executive will be directly responsible to the people. Because of this changing aspect in the very character of the presidency, Mr. Wilson has suggested that constitutional amendments should be deferred until it could be better determined what changes were really needed. All members of the House and one-third of the Senate must go before the electorate once every two years; perhaps the president might some day be subjected to a vote of confidence in the two houses of Congress or the president's cabinet might be required to answer to public opinion. These ideas are by no means fixed in Mr. Wilson's mind as exactly applicable to the American political system, but they illustrate his point of view—that the president should not be permitted for even four years to go his way ignoring, if he chooses, the wishes of the people. On the other hand, Mr. Wilson sees no objection to giving a good president the reward for service rendered in winning an eight-year tenure, trusting the people to maintain the tradition of not more than two terms.

Fundamentally opposite are the views of Mr. Bryan, formed, to be sure, many years before he heard of Woodrow Wilson, and nourished in each campaign as a part of his political creed. Recalling this, it was not unnatural, therefore, that when Mr. Bryan resigned as Secretary of State speculation should have begun as to whether or not he would oppose Mr. Wilson's renomination.

In all their personal and official relations, with the many daily conferences on political questions of all sorts, the two leaders of Democracy never mentioned the subject to each other.

A President for Service

SHORTLY after the resignation the writer asked Mr. Bryan what his plans were with respect to the application of the one-term plank. He explained that it would hardly be proper for him to reveal his intentions until the President had made public *his* interpretation of the plank, but recalled to me that he had spoken considerably on this issue during the 1912 campaign and that his views were perfectly well known. He impressed upon me, too, that his career in politics had been decidedly impersonal, that in his mind principles outweighed personalities and that he would continue to decide his position on questions of moment in national politics and affairs without reference to personal friendships.

As we sat on the veranda of his home in Calumet Place, Washington, in the twilight of early summer, Mr. Bryan mentioned that the President had called just a few minutes before to say good-by. The former Secretary of State was deeply touched by the visit. Notwithstanding what the editorial writers had said concerning the statements issued by him after the resignation from the Cabinet, the fact was that the President had come to see him, and their greeting was as warm as it had been on many an occasion before. Their friendship had not ceased.

So we talked of impersonal politics, and Mr. Bryan, without divulging just what his course of action would be, made it clear that such views as he now held on the one-term plank would have been the same had he continued in the Cabinet. His conclusions had been formed impersonally and many years ago. Particularly pertinent to quote here is Mr. Bryan's speech at a Wilson rally i Indianapolis on October 17, 1912.

"Eighteen years ago," he said, "when I was a young man, a member of Congress, I introduced a resolution submitting an amendment limiting the president to a single term in office. Three times when I was a candidate for office I announced immediately after my nomination that if I were elected I would not be a candidate for a second term. . . .

"We present him [Wilson] not only qualified in every way, but we present him *pledged to a single term*, that he may be your president and spend no time dividing patronage in order to secure delegates, that he need spend no time in planning for reelection; that he may give you all his thought and all his heart and all his energy. I believe that when a man is lifted by his countrymen to this pinnacle of power he ought to tear from his heart every thought of ambition and on his bended knees consecrate his term to this country's service. That is our ideal president, and we present to you a man who measures up to that ideal."

It was an enthusiastic Wilson man, a high official of our Government, who recently called attention to this speech, remarking at the time: "That is exactly the ideal to which Woodrow Wilson has fitted himself, and few had a better opportunity than Mr. Bryan of knowing how the President measured up to it, for if the President had been thinking of personal ambition, delegates, and political strength for the next convention, he hardly could have accepted the resignation of the one man who rivaled his influence in the Democratic party. (*Continued on page* 32)

ELIPHAZ, LATE FAIRFAX

BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED C. YOHN

WHEN Old Man Curry's racing string arrived at the second stop on the Jungle Circuit the Bald-faced Kid met the horse car in the railroad yards and watched the thoroughbreds come down the chute into the corral. One by one he checked them off: Elisha, the pride of the stable; Elijah, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Esther, Nehemiah, Ruth, and Jeremiah. The aged owner, straw in mouth and hands clasped behind him, watched the unloading process narrowly, giving an order now and then and sparing no more than a nod for his young friend. This sort of welcome did not discourage the Kid. He was accustomed to the old man's spells of silence, as well as his garrulous interludes.

"They look all right, old-timer," said the Kid, making conversation for its own sake. "Yes, sir, they look good. The trip didn't bother 'em much. Elisha, now, I'd say he was ready to step out and bust a track record as soon as he gets the cinders out of his ears. Shouldn't wonder if he—"

The aimless chatter died away into amazed silence. Shanghai, the hostler, appeared at the head of the chute leading a large, coal-black horse.

"Well, for Heaven's sake!" muttered the Kid, moving nearer the fence, his eyes glued on the black stranger. "Where did you pick up that fellow? . . . One white forefoot. H-m-m! . . . Say, you don't mean to tell me this is Fairfax?"

Old Man Curry nodded.

"Fairfax!" ejaculated the Bald-faced Kid disgustedly. "Well, how in the name of all that is good, great, and wise did you get that crowbait wished on you?"

Old Man Curry threw away his straw and reached for his packet of fine cut, a sure sign that he was about to unburden himself.

"He wa'n't wished on me, Frank. Jimmy Miles was stuck with a feed bill, and at the last minute, just as I was loadin' my hosses, he—"

"He stuck you with *that*," finished the Kid, pointing at the black horse.

"Well, I dunno's I'd say *stuck*," remarked Old Man Curry, looking critically at Fairfax. "Jimmy sold him to me for next to nothing."

"And you can bet he didn't misrepresent the goods any!" said the Kid. "That's exactly what Fairfax is—next to nothing. He's so near nothing that a lot of folks can't tell the difference.

"Hosses are a whole lot like women; they'd be all right if it wasn't for the men."
—THE SAYINGS OF OLD MAN CURRY.



"They split a quart; the waiter got an 'earful'"

If you said to me: 'This is a black horse named Fairfax and that over there is nothing,' I couldn't tell which was which. Old-timer, you're in bad."

"Mebbe I am." Old Man Curry's tone was apologetic and conciliating in the extreme. "Mebbe I am. You ought to know 'bout hosses, Frank. You most gener'ly do."

"Cut out the sarcasm, because here's one I *do* know. . . . You made a sucker of me on Jeremiah, but don't rub it in. This Fairfax looks like a stake horse and on his breeding he ought to run like one, but he simply can't untrack himself in any kind of going. If hay was two bits a ton and this black fellow had an appetite like a humming bird, he wouldn't be worth feeding. I'm telling you!"

"I hear you, Frank." Old Man Curry pretended to reflect deeply, but there was a shifting light in his eye. "Ah, hah! Your advice, then, would be to take him out and shoot him to save expense?"

"Oh, quit your kidding, old-timer. You've bought a race horse; now go ahead and see what you can do with him."

"Well, ain't that queer?" ejaculated the old man. "Ain't it? Great minds run in the same channels, for a fact. You know, that's exackly what I was figgerin' to do! I ain't had time to look this black hoss over yet—I bought him just before we pulled out of the railroad yards—but I've been expectin' to see what I could do with him. Whenever I get hold of a hoss that ought to run—a hoss that looks as if he could run, but ain't doin' it—the next thing I want to find out is *why*. If I thought there was a cold strain in Fairfax, I wouldn't waste a minute on him, but I know he's bred right. His daddy was sure a go-getter from 'way up the creek and his mother was a nice, honest little mare and game as a badger. . . . And, speakin' about breeding, Frank, I don't know's you ever thought of it, but when it comes to ancestors, a real thoroughbred hoss has got something on a human being. Even Fairfax over there had his ancestors picked out for him by folks who knew their business and was after results—go back with him as far as you like and that'll be true. A hoss or a mare without class can't ring in on a family tree, whereas humans ain't noways near that partickler. Son, good looks has made grandfathers out of lots of men that by rights should

have been locked up instead of married. Did you ever think of that?"

The Bald-faced Kid laughed.

"I think that you're putting up a whale of an argument to excuse yourself for shipping that black hay burner around the country. You'd save breath by admitting that Miles slipped one over on you."

"Mebbe he did and mebbe he didn't. Jimmy Miles don't know all there is to be knowed about hosses—coming right down to it, I'd say he's pretty near ignorant. Like as not he's overlooked something about this Fairfax. I tell you, on his breeding, the hoss ought to run."

"And Al Engle ought to be in jail, but he ain't. He's here, big as life."

"And aspreading himself like a green bay tree, I reckon," said the old man. "I've lopped a few branches off that rascal in my time, and if I have any luck I'll lop off a few more at this meeting. . . . Ole Maje Pettigrew is still the presiding judge here, ain't he?"

"Sure. They can't get rid of him."

"A lot of crooks would like to." There was a trace of grimness in the old man's tone. "Pettigrew won't stand for no monkey business, pullin' a hoss's head off on Monday and cuttin' him loose on Tuesday. They've got to be m i d d l i n' consistent p'formers to get by the major, and if Al Engle goes runnin' 'em in and out he'll get his jacket dusted good; you mark what I say!"

The Bald-faced Kid shook his head.

"That's your hope talking now," said he, "and not your common sense. These race-track judges have been after The Sharpshooter a long time, but I notice he's still wearing an owner's badge and coming in at the free gate. He's a crook—no getting away from it—but he's got high-up friends."

"Let him have 'em!" snapped Old Man Curry. "You know what Solomon says? 'Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished.' Let Engle have his pull; it won't buy him a nickel's worth with ole Maje Pettigrew. When he starts dealin' out justice, the cards come off the top of the deck and they lay as they fall. The major will get him, I tell you!"

"I won't go into deep mourning if he does," said the Kid. "Al Engle is no friend of mine, old-timer. If he was overboard in fifty feet of water and couldn't swim a lick, I'd toss him a bar of lead—that's how much I think of him. He did me a mean trick once and I haven't got over it yet. He—say! Don't you feed that black horse, or what?"

"Huh? *Feed* him? Of course we feed him! Why?"

"You don't feed him enough or he wouldn't be trying to eat up the top rail of the fence. Take a look, will you?"

Sure enough, Fairfax was gnawing at the pine board; the grating rasp of his teeth became audible in the silence. After a time the horse dropped his head and gulped heavily.

"Suffering mackerel!" ejaculated the Kid. "He ain't really *swallowing* those splinters, is he?"

The time came when the Bald-faced Kid recalled that Old Man Curry's next remark was not a direct reply to his question. After a careful survey of the black horse the patriarch of the Jungle Circuit spoke.

"What Jimmy Miles don't know about hosses would fill a big book!"

TEN days later Fairfax, running in Old Man Curry's colors and under the name of Eliphaz, won a cheap selling race from very bad horses—won it in a canter after leading all the way. The Bald-faced Kid, a student to whom past performance was a sacred thing, was shocked at this amazing reversal of form and sought Old Man Curry—and information.

"I don't know how you do it!" said the youth. "All I can say is that you're a marvel—a wizard. This Fairfax—"

"Eliphaz, son," said the old man. "Eliphaz. I got his name changed."

"And his heart too," said the Kid. "And maybe you got him a new set of legs, or lungs, or something? Well, Eliphaz, then—do you know how fast that bird stepped the first half mile?"

Old Man Curry nodded.

"I reckon I do," said he simply. "I bet quite a chunk on him."

"But of course you wouldn't open up and tell a friend!" The Bald-faced Kid was beginning to show signs of exasperation. "You're the fellow that invented secrets, ain't you, old-timer? You're by a clam out of an oyster, you are! Never mind! Don't say it! I can tell by the look in your eye that Solomon thought the clam was the king of beasts. What I want to know is this: how did that black brute come to change his heart at the same time with his name?"

"He ain't for sale," said Old Man Curry



"I dunno's there was ever anything wrong with his *heart*," said Old Man Curry. "Lots of folks make that mistake and think a man's heart is bad when it's only his habits that need reformin'. Now Eliphaz, on his breeding, he ought to—"

"Yes, yes! I know all about his breeding—by Stormcloud out of Frippery—but he never ran to his breeding before. The way he ran for Jimmy Miles you'd have thought he was by a steam roller out of a wheelbarrow. What in Sam Hill have you been doing to him—sprinkling powders on his tongue?"

The old man's eyes flashed wrathfully.

"You know better'n that, Frank. All the help the black hoss had was what little bit Mose give him after the barrier went up. Ketch me handing the drug habit to a dumb critter! I guess *not!*"

"Keep your shirt on," was the soothing reply. "I'm only telling you what they say. They think Jimmy Miles didn't know the right prescription."

"A lot of things he don't know besides p'scriptions!" retorted Old Man Curry, still nettled. "Hosses, for one!"

"But you're getting away from the subject, old-timer. Ain't you going to tell me what you've done to this horse to make him win?"

"Some day, Frank—some day." The aged horseman combed his white beard with his fingers and regarded his impatient young friend with benign tolerance. "You—got many clients, so far?" Thus tactfully did Old Man Curry recognize the fact that the Bald-faced Kid was what another man might have called a tout.

"A few, yes," said the Kid. "Pikers."

"Well, sort of whisper to 'em that Eliphaz'll be a good bet the next time out."

"If it's a dog race, there won't be any price on him," was the sulky response.

"It won't be a dog race," said Old Man Curry. "It'll be a hoss race."

A few days afterward the Bald-faced Kid picked up the overnight entry slip and there found something which caused him to emit a long, low whistle.

"Well, the poor old nut!" murmured the Kid. "Just because he thinks well of the black horse, he's got no license to slip him in against the real ones. . . . Too much class here for Eliphaz. He may be able to beat dogs and nonwinners, but Topaz and Miss Louise will run the eyeballs out of him. Let's see—Topaz won his last start—" and the Bald-faced Kid fell to thumbing his form charts.

Topaz and Miss Louise did not run the eyeballs out of Eliphaz; the supposed contenders never got near enough to the black horse to give him a race. Eliphaz burst out in front when the barrier rose and stayed there, triumphantly kicking clods in the faces of his pursuers. To quote from the form chart notes: "Eliphaz much too good; surprised the talent by winning as he pleased."

He certainly surprised the Bald-faced Kid, and grieved him too, for that youth had persuaded a most promising client to bet his last dollar on Topaz. Topaz was second, which was some consolation, but the horse without any license to start in such company passed under the wire with three lengths to spare, his mouth wide open because of a strong pull. That night Old Man Curry poured vinegar into the wound.

"Well, son," said he, "I hope and trust you remembered what I said and cashed in on the black hoss to-day. They was offerin' 10 to 1 on him in the openin' betting. He's an improved hoss, ain't he?"

"He's *another* horse!" grunted the Kid. "Mose had to choke him all the way down the stretch to keep him from breaking a track record! What on earth have you done to him?"

"That's what they'd all like to know," chuckled the old man. "'A word spoken in due season, how good it is!' I spoke one a few days ago. Did you heed it, Frank?"

"How in hell could I figure him to beat Topaz?" snarled the Kid. "On his past performance he ain't even in the same class with horses like he beat to-day!"

Old Man Curry smiled and returned to Solomon.

"'A scorner seeketh wisdom and findeth it not, but knowledge is easy unto him that understandeth.'"

"Yes—'unto him that understandeth!' That's the point; I don't understand. Nobody understands. Here's a dead horse come to life and he's got everybody guessing. Miracles are all right, but I'm never going to bet on one until I know how it's done. Say, old-timer, ain't you going to tell me what's happened to Eliphaz?"

"No, but I'll tell you what Solomon says 'bout a loose tongue, my son." Old Man Curry paused, for he was addressing the vanishing coat tails of a much-disgusted young man. The Bald-faced Kid took himself off in a highly inflamed state of mind, and the patriarch, looking after him, shook his head sorrowfully.

"'How much better is it to get wisdom than gold,'" he quoted, "but Frank, now—he wants 'em both at the same time!"

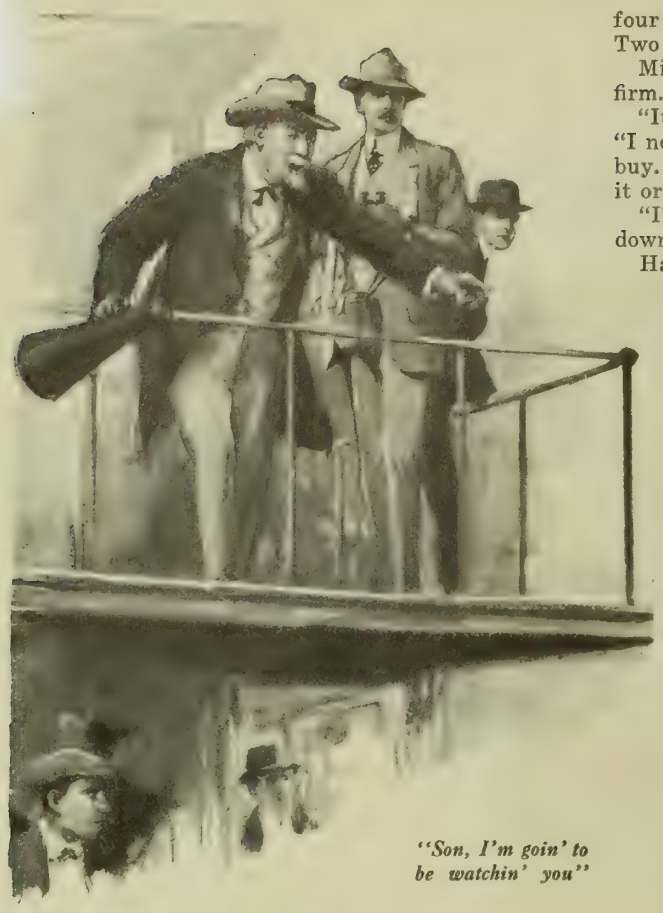
THERE were others who were earnest in their search for information, which became acute when Eliphaz, late Fairfax, won his fourth race, a brilliant victory over the best horses at the track. Among the seekers after knowledge were Al Engle and Martin O'Connor, horsemen and turf pirates with whom Old Man Curry had been at war for some time. Engle, sometimes called The Sharpshooter, was the chief conspirator; O'Connor was his lieutenant. Engle, who was responsible for the skirmishes with Curry, had begun operations with the theory that Old Man Curry was a harmless, brainless individual, "shot full of luck," he expressed it. Circumstances had caused him to alter his opinion somewhat; he no longer pitied the owner of Eliphaz and Elisha; he suspected him. O'Connor went even farther. He respected and feared everything bearing the Curry tag, the latter feeling amounting almost to superstition.

These two unworthies discussed the resurrection of Fairfax, the place of the confab being O'Connor's tackle room and the time being the night following the fourth straight victory of the Curry colors as borne by Eliphaz.

"If it ain't hop he's using on that horse," said O'Connor, "I wish you'd tell me what it is. A month ago Fairfax was a bum; now he's pretty near a stake horse and getting better every time he starts. Why couldn't we have a smart 'vet' look him over on the sly before he goes to the post the next time? Then we could send word to the judge that Curry was stimulating the horse and—"

"And create a lovely precedent," sneered Engle. "Use your head a little more; that's what it's for. A man that hops his horses as often as you do can't afford to start any investigations along that line. If you must throw something at Curry, throw a brick, not a boomerang. . . . And somehow I don't believe it's hop. Fairfax was probably a good horse all the time, but Jimmy Miles didn't know it; and, as for training, Jimmy couldn't train a goat for a butting contest, let alone a thoroughbred for a race! Curry is a wise horseman—I'll give the old scoundrel that much—and he's got this bird edged up. Take it from me, he's a cracking good selling plater. I'd like to have him in my barn."

O'Connor laughed unpleasantly. He resented



"Son, I'm goin' to be watchin' you"

Engle's easy and arrogant assumption of mental superiority, and was thankful for a chance to remind The Sharpshooter of one skirmish in which all the honors had gone to Old Man Curry.

"G'wan, run him up like you did Elisha," said O'Connor. "Grab him out of a selling race. My memory ain't what it used to be, Al, but seems to me you took one of Curry's horses away from him and framed him up for a killing. Did I dream it, or did the skate run last? Go on and grab another horse away from the old boy!"

"Will you ever quit beefing about the money you lost on that race?" snapped Engle.

"Will I ever forget who got me into it?" countered O'Connor. "And if you'll take a tip from me—which you won't because you think you're smarter than I am—you'll let Old Man Curry's horses alone. It ain't in the cards that you or me can monkey with those Bible horses without getting hurt. Grab this Fairfax, or whatever they call him now, but count me out."

"No—o," said The Sharpshooter, his lips pursed and his brow wrinkled. "I don't want to grab him. I'd rather get him some other way."

"Buy him, then."

Engle shook his head.

"Curry wouldn't sell—not to me, anyway. He might to some one else. I saw Jimmy Miles this afternoon, and he was crying about what a wonderful horse he'd sold for nothing. I wonder where I could get hold of Jimmy?"

THE following evening the Bald-faced Kid called upon his aged friend and interrupted a heart-to-heart session in Old Man Curry's tackle room.

"Hello, old-timer! Hello, Jimmy! Am I butting in here?"

Jimmy Miles, a thin, sandy-haired man with pale-blue eyes and a retreating chin, answered for both.

"No, nothing private. I've been tryin' to tell Curry here that he kind of took a mean advantage of me when he bought Fairfax so cheap."

"Eliphaz," corrected the old man, "and it wa'n't no advantage because you was crazy to sell."

"I'd been drinkin' or I wouldn't have been such a fool," whined Miles. "Booze in—brains out: the old story. If I hadn't been right up against it, I wouldn't have sold the horse at all—attached to him the way I was. I'd worked with him a long time, gettin' him ready to win, and it was a mistake to let him go just when he was shapin' up. I—I'd like to buy him back. Put a price on him, old man."

Miles stooped to extinguish a burning match end which the Kid had thrown on the floor, and in that instant the Bald-faced Kid caught Old Man Curry's eye and shook his head ever so slightly.

"He ain't for sale," said the owner of Eliphaz.

"Not for cash—and your own figure?" persisted Miles. Again a wordless message flashed across the tackle room. This time the Kid, yawning, stretched one hand high over his head.

"Two thousand dollars!" said Old Man Curry promptly.

Miles gulped his astonishment.

"Why—why, you *got* him for a hundred and fifty!" he cried.

"He's a better hoss than when I got him," said the old man, "and he's won four races. Maybe he'll win four more. You asked for my figure. You got it. Two thousand. Not a cent less."

Miles argued and pleaded, but the old man was firm.

"It ain't as if I was wantin' to sell," he explained. "I never want to sell—when the other man wants to buy. That's business, ain't it? Two thousand—take it or leave it."

"I'll see you later," said Miles. "You might come down some."

Hardly was he out of the room before Old Man Curry turned to his remaining guest.

"Well, Frank," said he, "you know something. What is it?"

"I know Miles is trying to buy the black horse for Al Engle."

Old Man Curry's fist thumped upon his knee.

"Engle! How did you find that out, son?"

The Bald-faced Kid grinned.

"Everybody ain't as close-mouthed as you are, old-timer. Engle, O'Connor, and Jimmy Miles split a quart of wine in the restaurant under the grand stand after the last race today and the waiter hung around and got an earful. O'Connor was against the deal from the jump. He says nobody can win any money on a Bible horse without queering his luck. Engle knows you wouldn't sell to him so he sent Miles after you and told him what to say. He'd like to run that horse in his colors next Saturday and win the Handicap with him."

"You're sure he ain't intending to lay him up with the books and have him pulled, or something?"

"Not at this track, old-timer. You see, Engle is just the least little bit leery of Pettigrew. They talked it all over and decided that it wouldn't be healthy for him to buy a four-time winner and make a bad showing with him the first time out. He wants the horse for a gambling tool, all right enough, but he won't be foolish enough to do any cheating with Eliphaz at this track. Engle says himself that he don't dare take a chance—not with old Pettigrew laying for him—on general principles. Engle thinks that if he buys the black horse and wins a good race with him first time out it may pull the wool over Pettigrew's eyes. He says Eliphaz is a cinch in the Handicap next Saturday."

Old Man Curry fingered his beard for some time in silence.

"Blast the luck!" said he suddenly. "Why didn't I know Miles was arepresentin' Al Engle?"

"You'd have said three thousand, eh?"

"No," said Old Man Curry. "No, son. Fifteen hundred."

"*Fifteen hundred!* You're crazy!"

"Mebbe I am, but Solomon, he says that even a fool, if he keeps his mouth shut tight enough, can pass for a wise man. . . . Frank, I wish you'd go out and find Jimmy Miles. Sort of hint to him that if he comes back here he won't be throwed out on his head. Do that for me, and mebbe you won't lose nothing by it."

THE negotiations for the purchase of Eliphaz were long drawn out, but on Friday evening at dusk Old Man Curry went into the stall and said good-by to his four-time winner.

"Don't be so skittish!" said the old gentleman. "I ain't come to put the strap on ye. . . . Habit is a great thing, black hoss, a great thing. In this case I'm kind of dependin' on it. You know what the dog done, don't ye? And the sow that was washed, she went wallerin' in the mire, first chance she got. That's in the New Testament, but Peter, he got the notion from Solomon and didn't give him credit either. . . . Good-by, black hoss, and whatever happens, good luck!"

This was at dusk, but it was close to eleven o'clock when the transaction was completed by transfer of a fat roll of bills, which Old Man Curry counted very carefully.

"Four hundred—five hundred— Jimmy, this hoss has got a engagement for the Handicap to-morrow—seven hundred—seven-fifty— Was you thinkin' of startin' him?"

"M—well, yes. I think he's got a chance," said Miles.

"A royal chance— 'Leven hundred—twelve hundred. . . . In that case, price bein' satisfactory and all, I oughtn't to hold out any info'mation. This black hoss shouldn't be worked to-morrow mornin'. He got his last workout to-day; the full distance, and he's ready. I wasn't even goin' to warm him up before takin' him to the paddock. Some hosses run better hot; some run better cold. . . . Fourteen hundred—fifteen hundred, and O. K.— Better not forget that, Jimmy."

"I won't, old-timer. Guess I better take him now, eh?"

"As well now as any other time. He's your hoss."

MAJOR EWELL DUVAL PETTIGREW was an early riser, but he was barely into his trousers when a bell boy tapped at his door. The major was small and plump, with a face like a harvest moon, if you can imagine a harvest moon wearing a bristling mustache and goatee. Horsemen knew to their sorrow that the major owned a long memory, a short temper, and strong prejudices. Consistent racing was his cry and woe to the in-and-outer.

"Somebody to see me, eh?" sputtered the major. "Blankety blank it to blank! Man can't even get his breakfast in peace! Oh, Mr. Curry. Show the gentleman up, boy."

"Judge," said Old Man Curry, after shaking hands, "there's something you ought to know. I bought that Eliphaz hoss from Jimmy Miles—bought him cheap."

"And a good bargain, suh," remarked Major Pettigrew.

"Mebbe. Well, Miles has been pesterin' me for a week wantin' to buy the hoss back. Said he never would have sold him if he hadn't been in licker. He kind of thought I took advantage of him, he said, but it wa'n't true, judge, not a word of it. So last night I let him buy the hoss back—for cash. This mornin' the hoss is in Al Engle's barn."

"Ah!" Major Pettigrew twisted his goatee until it stuck out straight from his chin. "Engle, eh?"

"He knew I never would have sold that hoss to him, so he sent Miles," explained Old Man Curry. "I—I've had some trouble with Engle, judge. I beat him a few times when he wasn't lookin' for me to win. In case anything happens, I thought I better see you and explain how Engle got hold of the hoss—through another party."

"Yes, suh," said Major Pettigrew. "I understand yo' position perfectly, suh. Suppose, now, you had not sold the animal. Would you say he had a chance to win the Handicap?"



"I'll do my best, judge"

"Judge," said Old Man Curry earnestly, "I would have bet on him from hell to breakfast. Now I don't know's I would put a nickel on him."

"Neither would I, suh. And, speaking of breakfast, Mr. Curry, will yo' join me in a grilled kidney?"

"Thank you just the same, judge, but I reckon I better be gettin' back to the track. I had my breakfast at sunup. I thought you ought to know the straight of how this black hoss come to change owners."

"I am indebted to you, suh," said the major, with a bow.

JOCKEY MERRITT, wearing Engle's colors, stood in the paddock stall eying Eliphaz and listening to the whispered instructions of the new owner.

"Get him away flying, jock, and never look back. He's a fast breaker. Keep him in front all the way, but don't win too far."

"Bettin' much on him?" asked Merritt.

"Not a nickel. He opened at even money and they played him to 4 to 5. I don't fancy the odds, but you ride him just the same as if the last check was down—mind that. On his workout yesterday morning he's ready for a better race than any he's shown so far, so bring him home in front."

The bugle blared, the jockeys were flung into the saddles and the parade began. The race was at seven-eighths, and (*Continued on page* 31)

ENGLAND'S POCKETBOOK

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

"STUPENDOUS as the financial burdens of the war may be, the resources of Great Britain will meet the demands made upon them."

The man who spoke was Reginald McKenna, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He leaned forward eagerly, his long student face flushed with fervor; his eyes flashed conviction. We sat in the grim gray Treasury that had echoed the words of Disraeli and Gladstone, and where the real battle of the war is being fought—the money struggle. From the street came the shrill shriek of the bagpipes as they played the troops on their way to the front.

I had asked the man who holds the British purse strings how long the money would last. It is the momentous question that agitates all Europe and, reaching out across the seas, affects and concerns the whole United States. Human ravage can be repaired; shells are merely a matter of machines, but economic waste is what counts permanently and becomes the final arbiter of defeat or victory. To-day, after more than a year of bitter warfare, it is evident that industrial exhaustion will be the principal determining factor. The last silver bullet will win. To paraphrase Napoleon: "God will be on the side of the biggest purse."

At this moment innumerable difficulties beset the financial historian of this war because of the amazing scale upon which it is projected and the uncertainty of its duration. The whole economic perspective is distorted. Where formerly millions of pounds loomed large, men now speak of billions as matter-of-fact details. A single battle consumes as much ammunition as was expended in the whole Boer War. One year of conflict has cost England more than all the years of Napoleonic contest. Put the Atlantic behind you and you find a world in arms and obsessed by slaughter. No one knows when it will end; few stop to reckon the cost.

On the silent battle ground of finance is being waged that unsung fight to find the funds to feed the guns and gunners. Nowhere is this task so fraught with such far-flung significance as in England.

Why should England's pocketbook be such a pivotal factor in the outcome of the war? Because her own larger fate and the destiny of the Allies are bound up in it. As England goes, so goes her cause. She is its fiscal agent: the financial rock upon which the whole structure of the Entente is reared. As "paymaster of Europe" her money bags must stem or lose the tide of battle. Will they hold out? Her Chancellor has told me that they will, and he sums up the situation as I find it. Let us now look at the concrete facts upon which it is based.

For nearly two months I have been in England trying to appraise her resources. I have ranged from the Tyne to the Thames: talked with money princes of the City; with the industrial captains of the empire; with humble tradesmen and Britishers generally who are "doing their bit," whether with arms or cash. What follows, therefore, is the narrative of actual fact, gained at first hand in the crucial hour of the most tremendous economic strain ever put upon civilization.

Terrific as is this strain, you find no external evidence of it in London or throughout England save in the cotton-spinning districts.

Save for a darkened land at night and the omnipresent soldier, you would never realize that within sight of the white cliffs of Dover the greatest of all wars is being waged. Here is where you get the first contrast with France, where you see a nation grim with the glamour of war and with the long agony of sacrifice written on its face.

English Boys Are Men To-day

OUTWARDLY England is serene. Life apparently goes on as of old. The horses are racing at Newmarket; the smart limousines are parked before the gay hotels at Brighton; they dance the one step and the fox trot at the Savoy in London every night but Sunday. Go to the country for the sacred week-end and the sun flashes on the flannels of the cricketer and the tunic of the tennis player. The country still has the *desire* to play and *can* play.

Money is abundant and cheap; labor is scarce and high. Wages have advanced from 20 to 30 per cent—in some lines even more. Even the office boy has become a member of the privileged class. Before the war the employer could hang out a sign, "Respectable Lad Wanted" and take his pick at ten shillings a week. Now he cuts out the "respectable" and is glad to get any that apply at eighteen.

The boys of England have suddenly become men, doing men's work and getting men's pay. This swift productive maturity will be a big factor in the readjustment after peace.

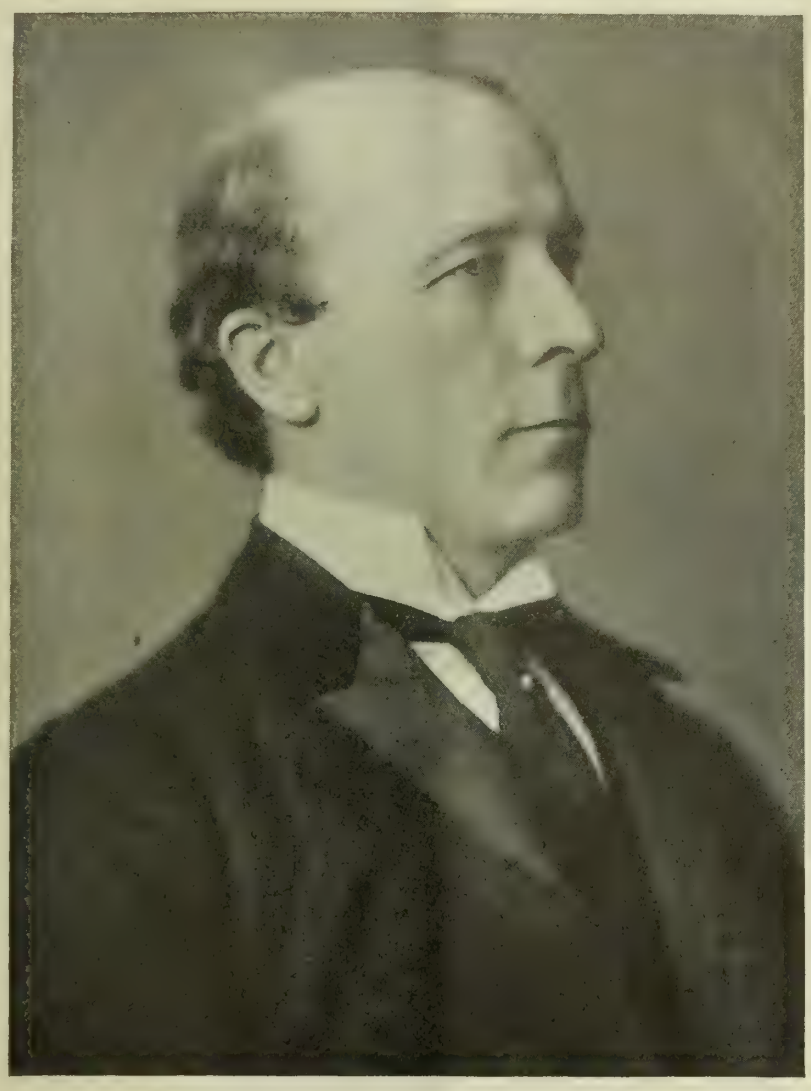
Women are taking men's places. Ask a shopkeeper to send your parcel "by boy," and he says: "I'll have to send a girl." Everywhere women are harnessed up to the wage-earning machine, and it will advance their cause better and quicker than a century of wild suffragette agitation.

In a word, instead of depression there is the greatest era of prosperity that the English working classes have ever known. They are rolling in an expenditure that they never dreamed would be theirs. The average increase of 20 to 30 per cent in the cost of living is more than offset by the extraordinary advance in wages. The Welsh miner is smoking a threepenny cigar where formerly he was content with a farthing stogie: the munition worker is eating meat three times a day, and his wife is buying a phonograph or a piano. The tragedy of all this prosperity is that so far it has not been attended by any great sense of thrift, by any thought of to-morrow.

Only the "luxury" trades have suffered. Professional men whose income has been cut and who have thus felt the effect of the higher cost of living are the principal home economic casualties. So far there is no pinch anywhere.

Why all this outward serenity and prosperity in a country that is bearing the financial brunt of the Allied cause and after a whole year of destructive warfare?

There are two reasons. So far as the externals are concerned, it is the British temperament. Absolutely unemotional, it does not swing into action until the clouds are lowering and the way seems dark. Second, after months of costly mistakes and the fatal following of worn-out traditions, England has struck her stride. She has mobilized her men, her money, and her resources. The shackles of inertia have fallen away. She has cut red tape and put red blood into the conduct of the war. Experience and organization are taking the place of "pull" and precedent. That is why she stands up unafraid before the high tide that will leave in its ebb the vanquished in the war of wars.



Reginald McKenna, Lloyd-George's successor, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is Great Britain's field marshal of the silver bullets

England's Titan Task

DO NOT be deceived, however, by the external (and in some instances purely superficial) evidences of England's prosperity. Probe beneath the surface and you find that hearts are strained, even as purses may be pinched, to meet the inevitable demand of to-morrow. What are the vital resources with which to answer the call of that last great hour to raise "the final hundred million" which, in the words of Lloyd-George, may decide the fight? Before we can do this we must determine, if possible, three necessary things:

(1) What is England's task?
(2) What is it costing her?
(3) What of the future?

Most Americans believe that England is putting her shoulder to the Allied wheel on a purely *pro rata* basis. But this is wrong. Save in the actual number of troops engaged she is really bearing the biggest burden of the lot. It extends in half a dozen different directions and each one has a big signboard with a heavy cost mark on it.

Here is what England is doing: First of all she is the financial "angel" of the Allies. Her loans to them and her own colonies already aggregate £400,000,000, and with Italy in, and joint operations proceeding in the Balkans, it will doubtless be much more.

Second: She has cleared the seas of enemy craft, and the price of this freedom (itself an inestimable service to her whole cause) is enormous.

Third: She has organized and equipped an army of three million men, the greatest in all English history.

Fourth: She is furnishing ammunition, guns, clothing, and other war supplies to nearly all of her allies.

All this puts a multiple pressure on British resources that will strain them to the utmost.

You have seen the way the money is being spent: now we can try to compute the bill.

The Cost of a Modern War

WHEN you start to estimate the cost of the war it is like "splashing at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet hair," so stupendous are the figures. Compared with it, all other wars are as fleabites—as grapeshot to 16-inch shells.

Roughly speaking, the war for the first twelve months cost £750,000,000, or $3,525,000,000. The estimate for the second year is £1,500,000,000 ($7,050,000,000), a total of two years is £2,250,000,000, or $10,575,000,000. This includes loans to Allies and colonies. It is when you adapt these colossal figures to everyday terms that their full meaning bursts upon you. Analyze this immense outlay (and bear in mind this is Britain's cost alone), and you find that—based on an average yearly cost of a billion pounds—it is at the rate of £2,013 a minute, £3,000,000 a day. Such is the market quotation on human slaughter on the day this article is written!

Reducing the average daily cost so far (and it is liable to be much larger before the end of the year), to dollars, you find that it aggregates $14,100,000. Adapting it to concrete illustrations that the American will grasp, it equals the entire public debt of Seattle or Louisville; it amounts to the value of all the assessed property in a city of the size of Springfield, Ill. With it you could build another superdreadnought of the *Arizona* type and a few destroyers on the side. At this rate of daily expenditure the millions of Carnegie would be exhausted in twenty days, John D. Rockefeller would be left bankrupt at the end of a month and a half, while the combined Astor wealth would melt away in less time than it takes to travel from San Francisco to London.

Take the average yearly cost of £1,000,000,000, or $4,700,000,000. In a little over three years it would

reproduce the whole railway fabric of the United States, from the cheapest tie to the Pennsylvania Station in New York City. It would wipe out half of the whole public debt of the United States. If all the savings banks in the United States collapsed to-morrow, it would pay all their combined deposits and leave a surplus. Looking at this vast expenditure from another angle, it means that every thirty days England is spending enough money to rebuild a San Francisco; in a year she could construct half a dozen Panama Canals.

These figures represent actual outlay. They are only part of the terrific toll that the war is taking of England.

Shipping is an important industry. Ordinarily it brings an annual income of £100,000,000. With one-fifth of the British tonnage in the war, the shrinkage of returns from water transport, underwriting, freightage, and allied items (most of which are commonly known as the "invisible" or unrecorded export) cuts a big hole in the English income. Then, too, England has lost the larger part of the huge sum, not less than £50,000,000, that she has derived from her services as the world's banker. Foreign exchange collapsed at the outbreak of the war and it has been almost prostrate ever since. The important matter of import and export will be considered later on in this article.

The rise in the price of freights, due to the war, together with the increased taxation on luxuries, the increase in income tax, and the advance in the general cost of living have added to the drain on the British pocketbook, although obviously the excess in shipping rates goes, largely, into British pockets.

As long ago as last spring the Prime Minister called attention to the great increase in the price of food. Wheat was 72 per cent dearer; flour 75 per cent; coal 15 per cent. Householders tell me now that meat is 35 per cent dearer than before the war; sugar 40 per cent; tea 20 per cent. In a word, the level of retail prices in the big towns has risen not less than 25 per cent and 20 per cent in the smaller. Yet there is no decrease in consumption, and the amazing thing about it all is that there is no visible sign of tightening the reins.

Now, this increased expenditure for living and the decrease in certain income all form part of the price that the war exacts.

Take the productive loss. Three million men ordinarily engaged in production are now engaged in the creation of waste on a huge scale. The farmer is planting mines; the carpenter is building trenches; the artisan is making shells and guns. All this human effort, once dedicated to conservation, is concentrated on destruction of life and property. The loss of production in the first year of the war is estimated at £100,000,000.

Then there is the loss in terms of human life. The capitalized value for the first year of the war is not less than £300,000,000, and the daily ravage of the war machine goes on with bloody pace.

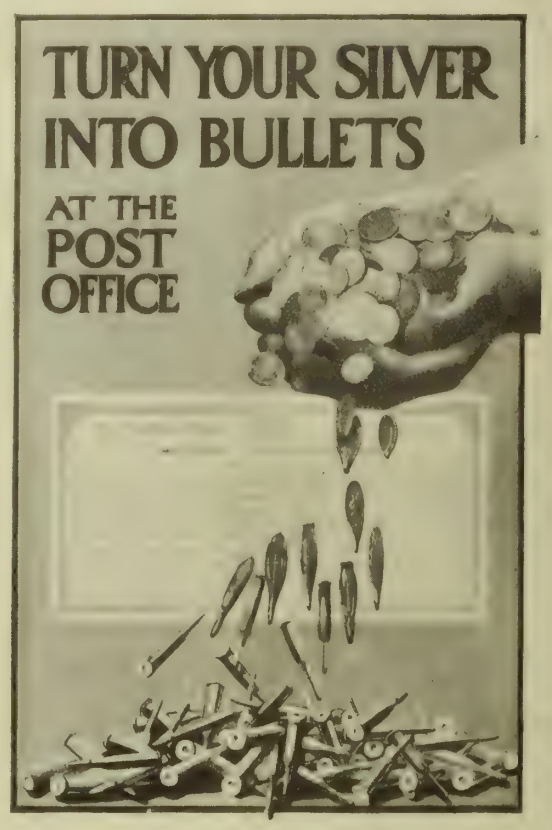
Thus the yearly cost of the conflict is not only the billion pounds or more that can be "seen," but the sum of those other intangible losses that sap the national vitality and producing power.

To meet the first year's cost was no great drain. The requirement was met by the first 3½ per cent war loan of £350,000,000; by Exchequer bonds aggregating £26,000,000; by Treasury bills (like our own short-term notes), and by an increase in the tax on income, tea, and beer.

To pay the second year's cost there were revenues of £267,000,000, and the great war loan of £600,000,000. This means more taxation and perhaps another popular loan.

"Make Every Penny Do the Work of Two"

THE great war loan, now that I mention it, is not to be passed lightly by. It was not only the largest poultice ever applied to any nation's financial wound, but in the spectacular circumstances of its underwriting and in its far-reaching human and economic effects (which will extend far beyond peace), it was easily the most dramatic financial event of the war in England. Never was a national appeal for funds made in such a sensational fashion; never did a whole people respond so stirringly. In a war marked by the lavish use of printers' ink this campaign touched the high-water mark of persuasive publicity. But there was a reason.



Britain appeals for silver-bullet recruits

The first war loan of £350,000,000, put out at 3½ per cent and in multiples of £100 and more, was quickly snapped up. When the Government found that the war was to be prolonged, the Commons gave the new Chancellor (Lloyd-George had become Minister of Munitions) a blank check to be filled up to £600,000,000, or $3,000,000,000. Thus the very first step was audacious and it set the pace for everything else that followed.

First of all, the face interest rate was made 4½ per cent, a big advance on the preceding loan. Bankers questioned the propriety of such a high rate, but the Government could not risk failure. It was made a "popular" loan in the fullest sense because it could be had in such small denominations (from five-shilling "scrip" pieces up) as to be within the reach of the humblest laborer. In short, it was a practical working out of the real democracy of finance.

The moment plans were complete a mighty offensive started. For once the British method of financing forgot its dignity and its traditions and cut loose. The most fertile advertising brains in the kingdom linked their talents to the machinery of print, and the country was inundated with every conceivable kind of appeal. If you opened your morning newspaper at breakfast, the whole front page asked you the question: "Have you subscribed to the New War Loan?" The next day you would be met by: "Have you answered the call for practical patriotism?" Not only were the London papers carrying these advertisements, but they found a medium in every town and city in the kingdom.

But this was only one phase. England fairly blazed with posters. Wherever you turned, in town and country, you were confronted with some new and startling appeal. Like the recruiting bills, they were marvels of color and phrase. You saw a huge lion—emblem of British supremacy—surmounting the sentence: "Back to the Empire with Your Savings." You beheld a German soldier struggling under a crown piece, and over it the words: "Lend your five shillings to your country and crush the Germans."

Great effects were produced with the opportunity to buy five-shilling loans. This sentence gleamed on every billboard: "You can help win the war with five shillings. A safe and patriotic investment." Another was: "Do you think my five shillings would help the War Loan? Do you realize thousands may be thinking the same thing? Do you know if everybody saved five shillings a week we would save nearly £600,000,000 a year?"

One very effective poster read: "Appeal to Women—Make every penny do the work of two. Put your savings into the War Loan."

Still another (and very popular one) read: "You have silver bullets in your pockets that will stop the Germans. Lend them to your country by investing in the War Loan."

The post office sold loans like money orders which put a bank almost at the people's door. The investor could start his war loan with the five-shilling voucher which paid 5 per cent. When he got £5 of these vouchers he could exchange them for a share of war stock paying 4½ per cent. But he did not get the 5 per cent interest until he had enough of the scrip to make the £5 piece. The higher rate was the inducement to begin buying, and it worked.

The printed publicity was backed up by personal appeal. Twelve million leaflets were distributed by factory owners in pay envelopes. Employers offered the small scrip pieces as prizes in competitions or in bonuses. In fact, so wide and popular became the interest that the five-shilling "scrip" is almost as good as currency. It has practically been made a medium of exchange.

The great war loan knew no caste, for banks, insurance companies, friendly societies, railroads, all vied with the humbler man in getting a slice. The net result was that less than four weeks after Commons voted that historic blank check every shilling had been subscribed and the war fund was £600,000,000 richer. To sum up, 550,000 people had taken £570,000,000 in multiples of £100, and over 547,000 (and these represented the toilers) had bought £15,000,000 in small pieces. Since that time more than 200,000 men and women have become owners of the loan stock.

One big result of this loan has been to make an investor out of the wage earner, and this is the first real step toward economic independence. In a country where extravagance has been rampant it taught a memorable thrift lesson. The laborer has become a modest capitalist, and he has been shown in an emphatic way that money, however small in sum, can work and make more money.

But what of the patriotic people who had put their savings into the war loan of the year before at 3½ per cent?

The promoters of the great war loan met this emergency with the same skill and tact with which they had laid the scheme of the whole enterprise. The loan carries a conversion privilege, enabling all investors in the first loan to convert their 3½ per cent holdings into the new issue by subscribing for a like amount of the new with the addition of £5 for each share of the old (it was issued at 95, while the new loan was issued at par). This meant that if you had £100 of the first loan you could convert it into the new by buying £100 of the 4½s and paying a bonus of £5.

A Costly Loan

THEN there was the problem of the Consol. After the great loan this one-time proud and supreme symbol of British credit slumped to 55½. With a face interest rate of 2½ per cent it stood no show with the new high-interest issue. Yet the income from Consols was the bulwark of countless English homes and institutions. What were they to do? Here again the financial authorities provided a conversion privilege, because the policy of the country is not to leave its creditors in the lurch. This conversion, however (it amounts roughly to an exchange of £75 of Consols for £50 of new loan stock), is at the expense of the Consol, and many owners of the old Government bonds prefer to hold on to what they have. If Consols go back to their old price after the war, they will be justified.

Here you strike the one snag in the tumultuous success of the great loan. The rate of 4½ per cent was all right to attract investors in the crucial hour, but what of the future? It has not only set a costly standard for subsequent loans (and it is not at all unlikely that there must be more public borrowing) but it sets an almost prohibitive standard for the general borrower in business. One of the greatest of English bankers made this comment when I asked him about this interest rate:



The English way of "Crushing Germany"

"No mistake of the war was greater than to issue the new loan at 4½ per cent. It was against the advice and judgment of the City, and can only make an increasing hardship for business borrowers after the war."

The big fact just now is that England has adjusted her mind and her purse to an unprecedented expenditure. She will have to borrow not less than £2,000,000,000 — possibly more. The future tax that this will make on the Exchequer is not pleasant to contemplate. As one economist put it:

"Even if we continue borrowing at 4½ per cent—and it is by no means certain—the interest on £2,000,000,000 is £90,000,000 a year. You must have a sinking

(*Cont'd on page* 33)

THE BLACK EAGLE MYSTERY

BY GERALDINE BONNER

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Chapter Nine—Amazing Revelations

WITH finger against her lips in a command for silence, she turned and went along the passage to the door from which I [Jack Reddy] had seen her enter. I followed her and, catching up with her as she placed her hand on the knob, burst out: "What is it—what *does* it mean? Where's Barker? In the name of Heaven, what *has* happened?"

"I'll tell you in here," she said softly, and opening the door preceded me into the room.

It was evidently the dining room of the house, a round table standing in the center, a sideboard with glass and china on it against the wall. A coal fire burned in the grate, and the blinds were raised, showing the dazzling glitter of the snow outside. It was warm and bright, the one place in that sinister house that seemed to have a human note about it. She passed around the table to the fire and, standing there, made a gesture that swept the walls and unveiled windows.

"Last night in this room I at last understood the tragedy in which we've all been involved."

I stood like a post, still too bemused to have any questions ready. There were too many to ask—it was like a skein so tangled there was no loose thread to start with.

"Did you know Harland was here when you came?" was what I finally said.

She nodded. "I suspected it on Sunday afternoon. I was certain of it on Sunday night before I left New York." She dropped into a chair by the fire, and pointed me to one near by at the table. "Sit down and let me tell it to you as it happened to me—my side of it. When you've heard that you can read the statement he gave, then you'll see it all—straight from its beginning to its awful end here last night."

Before she began I told her of our interview with Mrs. Whitehall and that we knew her true relationship to Barker. She seemed relieved and asked if her mother had also told us of her position with regard to Harland. When she saw how fully we'd been informed she gave a deep sigh and said:

"Now you can understand why I prevaricated that day in Mr. Whitney's office. I was trying to shield my father, to help him any way I could. Oh, if I'd known the truth then or you had—the truth you don't know even yet! It was Johnston Barker that was murdered and Hollings Harland who murdered him!"

I started forward, but she raised a silencing hand, her voice shaken and pleading:

"If my mother told you of that conversation I had with Mr. Harland, you know what I discovered then—that he loved me. I never suspected it before, but when he pressed me with questions about Johnston Barker, so unlike himself, vehement and excited, I understood and was sorry for him. I told him as much as I could then, explained my feeling for the man he was jealous of without telling my relationship, said how I respected and trusted him, what any girl might say of her father. He seemed relieved, but went on to ask if Mr. Barker and I were not interested in some scheme, some undertaking of a secret nature. *That* frightened me—it sounded as if he had found out about us, had been told something by some one. Taken by surprise, I answered with a half truth—that Mr. Barker had a plan on foot for my welfare, that he wanted to help me and my mother to a better financial position, but that I was not yet at liberty to tell what it was. I saw he thought I meant business, and as I go on, you'll see how that information gave him the confidence to do what he did later.

"I know now that the Whitney office discovered I had had a letter from Mr. Barker mailed from Toronto asking me to join him there and that I agreed to do so in a phone message that same day. That letter, directed to my office, was in typewriting and was signed with my father's initials. It was short, merely telling me that there was a reason for his disappearance which he would explain to me, that his whereabouts must be kept secret, and that he wanted me to come to him to make arrangements for a new business venture in which he hoped to set me up. As you know, I attempted to do what he asked, and was followed by two men from the Whitney office. I saw them, decided the move was too dangerous, and came back. At that time, and for some time afterward, I believed that letter was from my father.



"As I started I cried to the woman: 'Get some one. Call. Get help!'"

"I had no other letter and no other communication of any sort. I searched the papers for any news of him, thinking he might put something for me in the personal columns, but there was not a sign. Days passed that way, my business was closed and I had time to think, and the more I thought the more strange and inexplicable it seemed. Why, in the letter, had he made no reference to the broken engagement—so vital to both of us—that night in the church? Why had he said nothing about my mother whose state of mind he would have guessed?

"As days passed and I heard nothing more from him, the conviction grew that something had happened to him. If it was accident, I was certain it would have been known—if, as many thought, he'd lost his memory and strayed away, I was equally certain he'd have been seen and recognized. What else could it be? Can you picture me, shut up with my poor distracted mother, ravaged by fear and anxiety? For by this time I had reached a horrible conclusion—he had met with foul play. I didn't dare to tell my mother and there was no one else to whom I could speak. On Friday, when you came to me, I was desperate, driven frantic by my fear that my father was dead.

"Now I come to the day when I learned everything, when all these broken forebodings of disaster fell together like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope and took a definite shape: It was Sunday—can it be only two days ago? My mother had moved to the cottage and I was alone in the apartment packing up to follow her. About the middle of the afternoon while I was hard at work the telephone rang. I answered it and was told by the operator Long Distance was calling me—Quebec. At that my heart gave a great jump of joy and relief. My father alive and sending for me again! It was like the wireless answer of help to a foundering vessel.

"You know how often the long-distance connection varies—one day you can recognize a voice a thousand miles off that on the next you can't make out at a hundred? The voice that had spoken to me from Toronto was no more than a vibration of the wire, thin and toneless. The one that spoke from Quebec was distinct and colored, with a personality.

"The first words were that it was J. W. B., and at these words, as if the receiver had shot an electric current into me, I started and grew tense, for it did not sound like the voice of J. W. B. It went on, explaining why he had not communicated with me, and how he now again wanted me to come to him. I, listening, became more and more sure that the person speaking was not my father, but that, whoever he was, his voice stirred a faint memory, was dimly suggestive of a voice I *did* know.

"I was confused and agitated, standing there with the receiver at my ear, while those sentences ran over the wire, every syllable clear and distinct. Then suddenly I thought of a way I could find out. My father was the only man in the world who knew of our secret, of the plan for our reunion. A simple question would test the knowledge of the person talking to me. When he had finished I said:

"'I've been longing to hear from you, not only for myself, but for my mother—she's been in despair.'

"THERE was a slight pause before the voice answered:

"'Why should Mrs. Whitehall be so disturbed?'

"There was something ghastly about it—talking to this unknown being, listening to that whispering voice that called me to come and wasn't the voice I knew. It was like an evil spirit, close to me but invisible, and that I had no power to lay hold of.

"While I was thinking this he was telling me that he had a safe hiding place and that I must join him at once, the plans were now perfected for the new enterprise in which he was to launch me. I demurred and to gain time told him how I'd tried to go before and been followed. That caught his attention at once; his questions came quick and eager. Perhaps before that he had tried to disguise his voice; anyway now the familiar note in it grew stronger. I began to catch at something—inflections, accent—till suddenly, like a runner who rounds a corner and sees his goal unexpectedly before him, my memory saw a name—Harland!

"I was so amazed, so staggered that for a moment I couldn't speak. The voice brought me back, saying sharply: 'Are you there?' I stammered a reply and said I couldn't make up my mind to come. He urged, but I wouldn't promise, till at length feeling I might betray myself I said I'd think it over and let him know later. He had to be satisfied with that and gave me his telephone number telling me to call him up as soon as I decided.

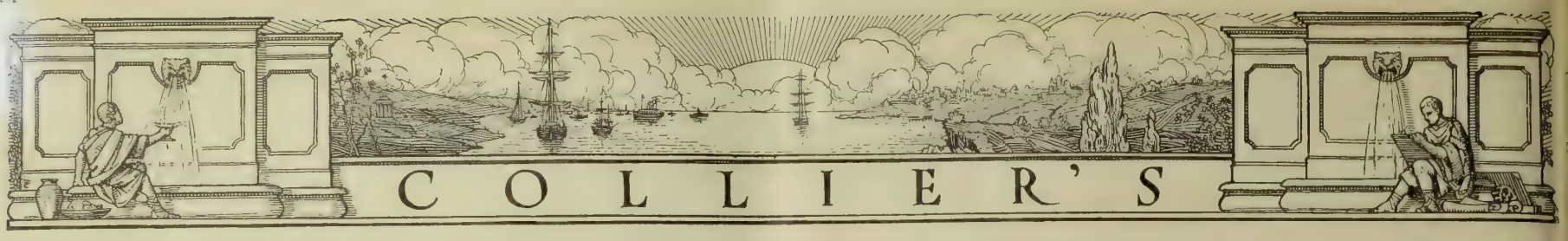
"What did I feel as I sat alone in that dismantled place? Can you realize the state of my thoughts? What did it mean—what was going on? The man was not Johnston Barker, but how could he be Harland who was dead and buried?

"And now I come to one of the strangest and finest things that ever happened to me in my life. Late on Sunday night a girl—unknown to me and refusing to give her name—came and told me of the murder, the whole of it, the evidence against me, and that I stood in danger of immediate arrest."

I jumped to my feet—I couldn't believe it.

"A girl—what kind of a girl?"

"Young and pretty, with (*Continued on page* 28)



Our Greater Navy

SOMETIMES IT IS WELL, in considering what is American public opinion, to ignore newspapers printed in New York and Chicago, consulting instead our newspapers of the West and Central West. In this temper we have consulted one of the most alive, one of the most alert, one of the most American, of newspapers: the "Beacon" of Wichita, Kas. Says the "Beacon":

> Secretary DANIELS'S plans for the new American navy do not run so far as "the greatest navy on earth," but they go a long way.
>
> His five-year program will at least put the United States navy in second place, now occupied by Germany. It will outdistance the Japanese navy, about which, however, there is a good deal of secrecy. When Secretary DANIELS'S program is carried out England's Admiralty will have something serious to think about. Note what Secretary DANIELS proposes:
>
> Fifteen to twenty fighting ships of the dreadnought and battle-cruiser type.
>
> Nearly one hundred new submarines, making a total of about one hundred and seventy.
>
> Several swift scout cruisers.
>
> Seventy torpedo-boat destroyers [later reports, fifty].
>
> A proportionate number of supply and hospital ships.
>
> An adequate fleet of aeroplanes and dirigibles.
>
> The President has accepted the Daniels program to be carried out in five years at a cost of five hundred millions. It now becomes the Wilson program. It will meet the approval of every American who wants his country to be too strong to have to submit to the dictation of arrogant military-ridden nations—strong enough to safeguard democracy by putting behind it the prestige of power and efficiency.

One may describe what the "Beacon" has to say as the American view, as opposed to the view of the professional mollycoddles and the auto-intoxicated calamity howlers. Idealism is not the same thing as impossibleism. Idealism is not the same thing as refusing to look at the facts in any given case. The writers and jitney politicians who are for pork, provincialism, and peace-at-any-price are not idealists: they are ostriches. Don't be an ostrich!

A Pacifist-Socialist Theory

PACIFISTS inform us that those responsible for the organization of such societies as the American Defense Society, the National Security League, and the Navy League are bloodthirsty, or worse. For instance, Mr. ALLAN L. BENSON discusses the Navy League, informing us that many of its organizers are interested in banks and other companies which profit more directly by the European War. Mr. BENSON sneers at these men and calls them "patriots"—in quotation marks. Evidently he assumes that, by reason of the industries with which they are connected, they have no right to an opinion on the nation's needs. He implies plainly that they will make money out of American preparedness, and that that is why they want it. W. J. BRYAN says the same things. According to Mr. BENSON'S theory, the writer of this paragraph must be guilty of a like treason. He makes his living by writing. He writes that the United States should be prepared for war. Therefore, if the Benson theory be logical, the editor of COLLIER'S advocates preparedness, not from patriotic or other creditable motives, but merely with the sordid purpose of earning a few dollars for himself. And further, if the theory holds, Mr. BENSON himself, having (presumably) been paid for what he wrote, does not believe a word that he has written.

Mr. Bradstreet Writes One

THE BOURBON WING of the Grand Old Party is starting up a special publication, "Prosperity: The Republican National Magazine." In the first issue the Hon. CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS of Indiana and the Hon. JAMES R. MANN of Illinois, assisted by various corporationists, distill at length the gloomy fears which oppress organization Republicans in the pumpkin belt. These crape hangers would have gotten away with us had not a recent issue of "Bradstreet's" summarized the facts:

> Trade expands at a speedier pace, and reports, especially from the eastern half of the country, are more satisfactory than for three years past. Activity in industries, many of which are sold far ahead, is accompanied by stiffer commodity prices, broader distribution by jobbers, good sales by retail dealers, enlarged road orders, increased railway traffic, improved commercial demand for money, plethoric supplies of funds, largely increased bank clearings, better collections, and reports that many houses have increased their traveling forces. The New England, the Middle States, the Central Western, the Southern and Southwestern sections, all join in the chorus of good reports. Labor conditions are infinitely better than for years past.

When we add that Peoria found liquor trade only fair and that Louisville reported the volume of whisky sales as below normal, it makes rather a cheerful picture. As between out-of-office politicians and "Bradstreet's," we think the latter a better judge of the business situation.

England's Pocketbook

MR. MARCOSSON'S article in this issue of COLLIER'S not only sets forth many important facts, but seems to us likely to correct certain dangerous misapprehensions as to war economics. It will, we believe, confirm most business men in their conviction that, while England faces a day of reckoning, the strain of readjustment will be faced as other crises have been faced in the past. Since Mr. MARCOSSON wrote his article the Financial Secretary of the British Government, Mr. MONTAGU, has said in the House of Commons that Great Britain's war expenditures amount to two-thirds of the estimated national yearly income. Some rich Englishmen are already taxed a third of their income, but now there is talk of taxing them half their income and taxing other folks as heavily—which means, in reality, more heavily. But the British are soundly and properly paying as they go along, while the Germans are betting their all on Victory, with no possibility of "paying up" except through indemnities to be collected from the enemy. The German method is this: A central association, apart from the Reichsbank, issues notes against any kind of property—bonds, mortgages, or what not. These notes are paid as subscriptions to the German war loan, and the war bond can then be taken to the bank, where it becomes collateral for 80 per cent of its face value—a value not subject to test in any open market. This organization of German finance is a vicious circle of I O U's, suspended high in the air. Germany is living on her own resources and devouring her own capital, both economic and human, and is solvent only so long as her people will work for and take in trade a token currency which they then spend for commodities on which the Government itself fixes and enforces prices. This scheme of drilled and ordered industry has worked so far, and many are asking why it won't work indefinitely. Here is one answer: No government can permanently enforce production at a loss. As the "Wall Street Journal" has remarked, the hibernating bear can live upon his fat all winter—but not all summer too.

A Man and a Stockholder

CHARLES M. CABOT of Boston left a $50,000 fund to be used in getting better conditions for workers. As a stockholder in the United States Steel Corporation he was aroused by a COLLIER'S editorial and made an inside fight for sanitation, safety, and decent hours in the steel business. In contrast with the security hogs (KIPLING'S "widow and orphan who pray for 10 per cent"), the example of CHARLES M. CABOT stands out as a man's act. When that example is more generally followed, corporations will be thought better of.

Why Don't Some Waiters Apply?

HAVE YOU EVER EATEN in a New York refectory where you were obliged to surrender your hat and coat (later necessitating that you hand over a tip) before you were allowed to get within sight or ordering distance of food? If so, you will appreciate this facetious theatrical jotting:

> CHARLES HOPKINS, who has advertised for a pirate to assist in staging "Treasure Island," has already had six applications from members of the New York Hat Checkers' Association.

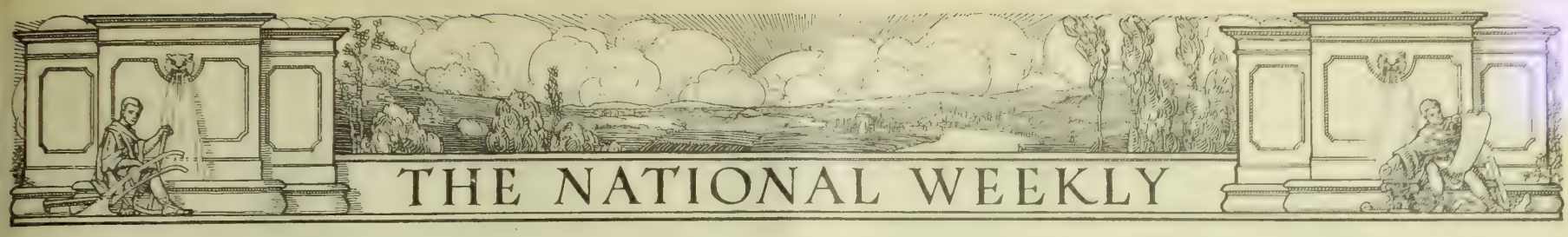
So. Well, in that case it would be a kindly deed on Mr. HOPKINS'S part to advise his actors and actresses to have their watches and jewelry chained on.

Not Gambling; Oh, No!

THE STOCK MARKET is booming like a June rise in the Columbia; clerks are working sixteen hours daily; overtasked brokers carry their orders in bags, and live on rice, milk, and cigarettes the better to serve their great duty of selling twenty shares where only one was sold before. Wall Street is proudly and noisily functioning as the country's "investment center." And THOMAS W. LAWSON, hero of "Yukon Gold" and other fantasies, gets the spirit of it all into a scarehead trumpet call of advertisement:

> **Whoever is confident that war stocks will keep up should get aboard this boom, for all who get aboard will be assured enormous profits, provided war stocks stay up.**

Sometimes it's a quiet person in black who asks how many cards you want, or a loud gent with near-diamonds who invites you to trace the little pea to its hidden lair, or a marble-fronted "banking



firm" which advertises in the newspapers for customers—but what's the difference anyhow? Gambling is nearly always a business, business is sometimes a gamble, and the suckers (customers) of the United States have $5,000,000 a month to throw away. Place your bets, gentlemen, the wheel spins; the fearful energies of Europe's struggle throw values high in air like the spouting of a frenzied whale; place your bets, gentlemen, the wheel spins!

Getting Out the Irish Vote

WELL, WELL! The other day we picked up a razor "Made in Germany" but labeled "The Shamrock." Probably the blade cuts both ways.

Who Saves Most Money?

THE POSTMASTER AT NEW YORK issues a note as to the nationality of postal-savings depositors in his city. On July 1 foreign-born residents owned $11,158,131 of the $13,154,695 on deposit. Put otherwise, immigrants owned 85 per cent of the total amount and outnumbered the American-born depositors about three to one. Now, New York is, of course, a city of the foreign-born—containing in 1910 more than 1,500,000 foreign-born white adults. Even so, the postmaster's figures are surprising. Who would guess that the Russian-born are far ahead both in numbers and in amounts on deposit; that the Italian-born come second, and the native stock a bad third—with less than half the amount that stands to the Russians' credit? This is not a local matter, for the New York Post Office (which doesn't include Brooklyn), by gaining 200 per cent in postal-savings deposits during the last fiscal year, now has one-fifth of all such deposits in the entire country. And yet New York hasn't one-fifth of the national wealth, and it would be easy to exaggerate the significance of these figures. After all, postal deposits are only one kind of savings. Probably they are the most conservative form of savings practicable. The foreign-born, notably Italians in America, have in the past suffered from the rascality of certain private bankers, most of them men of their own nationality. Hence the strong appeal of postal-savings banks to the foreign-born. In Paterson, N. J., to take the case of a manufacturing town whose stormy population is largely foreign-born, postal-savings deposits average $143, and the number of depositors has increased in one year's time 162 per cent.

Let Down the Bars!

NOW, this service has been handicapped from the outset by restrictions forbidding the Government to accept more than $100 monthly from any depositor and fixing $500 as a maximum deposit. Why? Probably some millions of dollars would be taken out of stockings and bedticking and other homely hiding places, and restored to circulation and commerce, if the bars were let down. Certainly there are few better ways of making citizens than by the encouragement of thrift and the assurance that money saved will be out of the power of thieves, speculators, and crooks. Our postal-savings system, with its 18,000 offices and depositories, justified itself long since, and performs a useful service to citizens without costing the Government anything. The duty of saving was never greater than it is to-day, and the rewards of saving in the next few years are going to be higher than at any time within the experience of young and middle-aged men and women. Could a better moment be chosen to prepare an amendment to the Postal Savings Law, removing the unreasonable limitation of the amount of savings that may be intrusted to our Government?

It Doesn't Mix with Business

IN AN INTERESTING but unindexed book, called "How to Deal with Human Nature in Business," written by SHERWIN CODY and published by Funk & Wagnalls, we read on page 401:

> Formerly it was thought that for sociability a salesman must drink with his customers. Scientific investigation has shown that there are far more customers who do not care for that kind of sociability than who do, and now the vast majority of salesmen on the road make it a special point never to call on a customer with a breath that smells of alcohol. Those who do not mind it are not repelled by a clean breath, and those who do mind it are saved from something that disgusts them.

The last two sentences could be rewritten to advantage, but they state an important fact: booze and business do not mix. This fact has been seen and tested by the keenly intelligent men who want more business, and they are acting on it.

Herself

WILL THE SUFFRAGE make women less "complicated"? For some few centuries the world has agreed to hold them men's superiors in that one quality at least: the quality of being difficult. Goodness knows, they are difficult too; hard to understand and, sometimes, hard to get on with; but have they really been any more difficult than we ourselves—we men? CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER once inquired, in one of his editorial papers in "Harper's Monthly," just when woman did become an enigma? Obviously it happened before MONTAIGNE'S day—but MONTAIGNE is our contemporary in all but dates. The savage races do not appear to have realized woman's cussed complication. The Last of the Mohicans would have marveled that our Late Victorian critics made so much of GEORGE MEREDITH'S reputed "uncanniness" of intuition, founded upon the notion that he alone of English novelists "understood women." Lo the poor Indian was so benighted as to find the squaw quite a simple affair, to be dealt with *sans façon.* Said skeptic WARNER twenty-three years since:

> In the Bible records there is not much mystery about her; there are many tributes to her noble qualities, and some pretty severe and uncomplimentary things are said about her, but there is little affectation of not understanding her. She may be a prophetess, or a consoler, or a snare, but she is no more "deceitful and desperately wicked" than anybody else. . . . Is it, in fact, till we come to medieval times and the chivalric age that women are set up as more incomprehensible than men?

The ultra suffragist is very fond of assuring the world that "chivalry" was a fine word coined to describe the gilded slavery of the "gentler sex." Chivalry—protection—patronage. Tell a woman of the most modern type that when she gets the vote it's good-by to old-fashioned chivalry, and she kisses her hand and breathes: "Thank goodness for that!" With chivalry laid away in the back cellar along with the ancient books of DON QUIXOTE'S library, and the novels of old HONORÉ D'URFÉ, and CHARLES MAJOR'S "When Knighthood Was in Flower"—with a specimen ballot on every lady's dressing table next her powder puff, will the tradition of woman's peculiar mystery pass as well? Is the mystery of "the sex" only a bookish superstition after all?

Try These on Your Cash Register

WE DON'T MAKE A PRACTICE of tying bouquets to those who write newspaper epigrams, but the New York "Times" had a couple the other day that ought to be memorized and used by every man who employs others to work for him:

> The man who has his nose to the grindstone doesn't always sharpen his wits. An iron will needn't necessarily be a pig-iron one.

Taken together, these are a helpful tonic for labor troubles.

On Happy Endings

LOSING THAT JOB, dependence, insecurity, want itself—these are not the only penalties dreaded by men and women whose hair is turning gray. There are also the pangs of the soul. JOHN GALSWORTHY hints at this catastrophe of the human drama:

> That tragedy of the old—the being laid aside from life before the spirit is ready to resign; the feeling that no one wants you; that all those you have borne and brought up have long passed out on roads where you cannot follow; that even the thought life of the world streams by so fast that you lie up in a backwater, feebly, blindly groping for the full of the water, and always pushed gently, hopelessly back; that sense that you are still young and warm, and yet so furbelowed with old thoughts and fashions that none can see how young and warm you are, none see how you long to rub hearts with the active, how you yearn for something real to do that can help life on, and how no one will give it you!

Enforced idleness of mind and body is the enemy, the arch age maker. He who is past middle life must wage relentless war against that mental poverty, that physical sluggishness, that drying up of the spirit, which mark our surrender to all the forces of stagnation. "All our trouble is from within us," said JEREMY TAYLOR. Now sympathy means a sharing of sentiment and service—and that means youth of the spirit. The youngsters who owe so much to the older generation—the driving youngsters in their twenties and thirties and forties—can help in that great fight by sharing their problems of home and work with these elders. Grandmother may know very little of the modern "literature" of baby tending, but perhaps grandmother *does* know something about bringing up a family, even if she hasn't read Dr. HOLT'S treatises! In France, where home life has reached perhaps its richest flowering, the family most unmistakably includes the older members, and old age is the more serene.

Progress Out of Doors





One of "Scotty" Allan's war dogs from Nome



Alaskan Huskies for European Battle Fields

"SCOTTY" ALLAN of Nome, famous breeder and trainer of huskies and for several years hero of the great All-Alaska Sweepstakes dog races, arrived in northern France the other day with a collection of fine dogs for winter work for General Joffre's men in the Vosges Mountains. These huskies are the pick of Allan's kennels, and have been tested on the trails of the Seward Peninsula, where the wind sweeps blizzards across the tundra at the rate of a mile a minute. In the snapshot above one of them is seen working as a pack animal in the open season in the mountains; and next at his right is another fine specimen from Allan's collection. Several other consignments of Alaskan dogs are to be sent to Europe, some of them to the Italian army, which will use them in the Tyrolean Alps.



Putting a House on Mount Hood's Summit

THE photograph above illustrates the story of how the United States Forest Service planted a fire lookout station on the summit of Mount Hood, fifty miles from Portland, Ore. Elijah Coleman, a veteran guide on the mountain, is seen carrying eighty pounds of lumber on the last half mile of the trail to the top. The house pattern, 5,000 feet of lumber, was delivered at Crater Rock by a train of pack mules, and Coleman, with a gang of ten men, each carrying from seventy-five to eighty pounds, took it the rest of the way. For a long stretch the men had to cling to a rope swung from rocks above, and elsewhere they walked a ladder over a crevasse sixteen feet wide. The new building is equipped with meteorological apparatus and fire-finding instruments. Coleman lived all last summer in a tent on the crest.



Miss Ada Thames of Covington County, Mississippi, champion baby beef raiser of America, and her prize-winning heifer, worth $400

Girl Champion Live-Stock Raisers

BESIDES extending the corn and tomato clubs for boys and girls into every State in the Union and increasing the membership to over half a million, the Department of Agriculture has begun to encourage girls in trying their hands at live-stock raising as a side line to efficient household work. Scores of girls, particularly in the South, have joined pig clubs and baby beef clubs, and some of them have won high honors in competition with boys. Miss Alice McCoy of Blanchard, La., started as a pig raiser with ten dollars in borrowed money, and at the State fair this year she won the title of girl champion pig grower of America. She was offered fifty dollars for her prize-winning pig, a Berkshire gilt (in the oval), which was five dollars more than her father's profit on his cotton crop. She has decided to make a business of hog breeding.



Miss Maude Phillips of Quitman, Ga., girl champion of the Confederated Pig Clubs of her State, wearing medals won in contests

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Little Serbia's Fight for Life

IN THE photograph above British soldiers and tars and Serbian troops are seen transferring British naval cannon from a railway train to field-gun carriages in Serbia, where French and English expeditionary forces are helping the Serbs in their desperate struggle against the Teutons and Bulgars. The aid he is receiving from the west is enabling King Peter to prolong the resistance, but in the opinion of many expert military observers it cannot save little Serbia from final defeat unless France, England, and Italy hurry about 200,000 additional troops to the rescue. Serbia pins her hope to the rare fighting qualities of her soldiers and the advantages of defensive warfare. Whether the Teutons and Bulgars will try to annihilate or round up and capture the Serbian army remains to be seen. The original purpose of the Austro-German invasion was to grab the Belgrade-Nish-Constantinople Railway, but the road probably cannot be held safely until the Serbs are completely subdued. And it is likely that the Central Powers and Bulgaria will find the conquest of the Serbs to be too costly a job.

The Business Brains of the Allies

THE final result of the big grapple of nations is going to depend as much upon industrial strength as upon the bravery of soldiers and the astuteness of generals, and naturally the eyes of the world are turned upon the men who saved England and France from the perils of an ammunition famine. These two geniuses, David Lloyd-George (left) and Albert Thomas, are seen in the snapshot at the right, which was taken during a recent visit of Munitions Minister Thomas to the British Minister at London. Under their direction the gun and munitions output in England and France has been quadrupled.





GERMANS HURRYING WITH SUPPLIES to the battle line on the fringe of Galicia, where for a month or more the Austro-Germans have been hard pressed by the Russians

THAT VAGUE SOMETHING

BY DANA GATLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL STAHR



"I'll 'tend to this if you've got your ticket, Miss Rose. Where to?"

AUTOMATICALLY Rose slipped from the dilapidated hired hack, opened her soaked umbrella, passed through the trim white wicket gate and up the path—a wet, black little figure in which, it seemed, was concentrated all the melancholy of the rainy April afternoon.

"Poor little thing!" said Mrs. Green, the druggist's wife, looking back as the hack careened a perilous turn in the muddy, unpaved street. "She'll miss him dreadfully—having had to wait on him like a baby for so long."

"Well, I don't know it's so bad; old Mr. Young was ready to go," said Mrs. Porter. As becomes a philosopher—especially one who is also a grocer's wife—Mrs. Porter was ruddy and large. "And Miss Rose has slaved herself to a shadow, what with him and the bookstore and everything."

"It's a blessing she's got the store to depend on," remarked Mrs. Green. "I guess it makes a pretty good living."

"She can thank herself for that. Old Mr. Young hasn't been able to set foot in it for years."

"A blessed good thing for the store, I think," confided Mrs. Green. "Those bookworms are never any good at actual business."

"Wouldn't you call Miss Rose a bookworm?" put in Helen Porter, pretty, plump, and just facing eighteen.

"Well, she reads a lot, of course," admitted her mother.

"A lot too much for her own good," said Mrs. Green. "Look at how puny she is."

"Well, in spite of reading, she's got a good common-sense head on her."

"She does seem terribly sensible," mused the young girl. Then: "Did she ever have any sweethearts?"

"None I ever heard of," said Mrs. Green.

"Funny," commented Mrs. Porter. "I remember she was kind of pretty when she was a girl."

"She's got pretty hair now," said the girl charitably. "Those cute little yellow rings flying out would be awfully attractive on a girl." She half sighed over this appalling waste. "I wonder how old she really is?"

"She must be well over thirty," said her mother.

THE village spinster's Rubicon! The girl looked commiseration, and Mrs. Green commented the second time: "It's a good thing she's got the store. Those faded, flat-chested women . . ."

"I don't know," disagreed Mrs. Porter, rightly interpreting the meaning of the nuance. "Seems like there's something youngish about her still." As she spoke she looked back, but Rose had already disappeared into her damp, desolate little house.

She felt older and lonelier than the proverbial hills. The hurried services beside the soaked grave, the church quartet singing "Asleep in Jesus"—her father's last request—the old pean of death all the more poignant sung under weeping umbrellas, the solemn words of the minister, all had lifted her up to a tearless, throbbing sense of eternity brought near. Then had come the thud of earth on wood. And now she was at home again—a dully aching unit in a world of void.

For a time she wept, moving about, tears streaming down her cheeks as she stacked up the folding chairs rented for the funeral, tended her neglected plants, and, with sobs becoming by degrees more controlled, gave fresh water to the "floral offerings" that had not gone to the cemetery. Then, in the evening, when the tears had stopped, she lifted high her head and courage, and entered her father's empty bedroom.

In his little "strong box," underneath his short, hand-written will, she found the letter he had told her she would find there. It was written in pencil, in her father's old-fashioned, trembling hand:

DEAR DAUGHTER: *When you read this I'll be gone, and you'll be feeling sad, which you mustn't, for it's better this way. I'll be happier—and one reason for it is concerned with you. You mustn't think I have failed to realize that you haven't had much of a life so far, and that with your imagination and feeling for the wonderful things of the world it is unjust that you should be cheated of your glimpse of them.*

Yes, I know you would reply that you've had me and the books—that the book lover can fling his cap in the face of circumstance and adventure forth wherever he will.

But books aren't all, Rose. Books teach us that. Long ago I made up my mind that some time, somehow, you were to have a taste of the big things outside. Shortly after your mother died and shortly before I was taken sick I insured myself in your favor for $1,000.

This is yours, with the last request that you take it, leaving the store in charge of JOE, *go to New York, buy some pretty clothes, and have a good time.*

I wish I might be there with you, watching you enjoy yourself. Maybe I will be. Who knows?

Go, and GOD *bless you always.* YOUR DAD.

Smarting tears began to trickle again from under her eyelids. Poor father! He had had longings too. If only they *could* have gone together! But now—could she go alone? Would it not seem like purchasing pleasure with her father's life?

Holding the letter slackly in her hand, she looked back across the crowded, humdrum years. How ardently, long ago, she had longed for something—something vague, but luminously bright and thrilling—to come into her life. Yet what had there been? Nothing—unless it was that time, years ago, when she played, in the "George Washington Festival," a picturesque Martha opposite the George of Randolph Smith, the handsomest boy in high school. Or the time she went to a fancy-dress party, where she had a gay evening until masks were off. Was she really very unattractive? Or was it perhaps that young men thought her staid and businesslike because of the store and the books? After these two events life for her had quickly retreated into prose. But her dreams of that "something to happen" had lingered on. And now, was it too late?

She lifted the letter and read it again.

He *wanted* her to go. "The last request," he said. What would people think?

For the third time she read the letter, and a soft singing began to thrill through her veins. Then, even as she cried, she began to take mental stock of her wardrobe.

That night before she slept Rose sorted out her few personal belongings—clothes, a cherished volume of verse, a half dozen favorite novels, her faithfully kept diary, and, most lovingly handled of all, that quaint, sprigged Martha Washington gown which still breathed memories. Whatever had become of that boy, Randolph Smith? The family had moved away from Pleasanton years and years ago, she did not even know where. But she often thought of Randolph, picturing him as a man; calm, handsome, masterful, amid picturesque scenes and thrilling events.

NEXT morning she awoke to a sense of loss, curiously blended with anticipations which seemed, with some strange buoyant power, to lift her over the doleful legal duties which must accompany even a small inheritance. They sustained her through the inquiries, timid yet brave, against gossiping speculation, as to where, in that big, splendid, terrifying New York, such a one as she might find safe lodging.

A lodging was quickly located.

"It's *very* select," assured Mrs. Green—oh, such an inquisitive-eyed Mrs. Green! "My husband's cousin used to board there. It's got an elegant location—on Eighty-third Street, not far from Central Park and Broadway."

"Broadway!" How that name could echo in one's head!

"It's a very artistic boarding house," went on Mrs. Green. "There's not another like it in New York."

The next few days passed in a tumult of suspense and preparation. What a lot there is to going away! To her consternation Rose forgot about providing for her chickens until the very last day. Then, hurriedly, to dusky, sweet-tempered Marguerite, who was helping her, she gave the whole lot, insuring one negro family against unhappiness for months. Then the garden had to be put into competent hands. And a thousand things arose at the store.

So busy and excited was she that, before a nostalgic qualm had time to reach her, she had said good-by to the little white cottage behind the picket fence and was riding in the hired hack toward the depot and the eastbound evening train.

As she passed the Bijou Theatre, at the corner of Main and Elm, the Ramblers, a club of the town's giddiest young girls, were laughing their way in past the outside ticket booth. A month ago she would have fluttered at the prospect of entering the Bijou; yet now she looked with gentle, unconscious pity at that jolly party. *They* were not going to New York!

The hack stopped at the station. Sandy, the lanky, friendly hackman, shouldered her little trunk from the front seat.

"I'll 'tend to this if you've got your ticket, Miss Rose," he said. "Where to?"

"New York!" How she loved to say it!

And Sandy was properly impressed, for: "Jiminy!" he said. Then: "On the 8.10?"

"No, the 7.59," Rose answered, trying to keep her tone normal.

"Jiminy!" repeated Sandy. For the 8.10 was the slow train and the 7.59 the limited. She knew how Sandy felt.

Always it had excited her to see the limited go by, for it stopped but seldom and only upon signal. Sometimes she would walk down in the evening just to watch it tearing down the track, roaring by the station, and disappearing round the curve a mile below, its gold-railed observation platform filled with men and women, placid, indolent, and wonderful. Who were they? Where were they from and whither bound,

and why? It had never even struck her, as she watched them, that some day she would be there too.

Yet now she was waiting for that very train. Presently she would have her chair upon that platform within the shiny rail, and others, seeing her flash by them, would speculate about *her!*

Far away she heard the whistle of the limited. Then, down the track, she saw the locomotive—a swift-growing dot. It came nearer. The rails began to roar and click. Then, with a great sighing and squealing of the brakes, the train stopped, a vestibule door opened, and she stepped aboard.

The interior of her Pullman brimmed with magnificence. After settling her things in her section she walked back through the train to the observation platform and, wrapped in her coat against the night chill, let her heart sing in tune with the song of the wheels.

IT WAS growing dark. A tail of light swung back from the train, but at the same time seemed to pursue it, clutching, as if eager too to be carried along in the mad rush toward the unknown. Beyond its shifting, frayed edges the night swept out into a vast ocean of mystery. Dark, shadowy shapes shot into view, blotted the dull night sky for a second, and were lost. And all the time, from somewhere in space, a great sweet wind blew across her face and stung it with caresses.

At first she was alone, but presently a couple came out and stood at the other side of the platform, close together. The girl swayed against him with the lurch of the train. They talked in soft whispers.

Perhaps it would be kinder to go in. . . .

Presently, settled for the night in her snug berth, she penciled in her diary, *This is the most wonderful day of my life,* snapped the electric light down into its little socket, and, rocked by the train and lulled by its song, drifted off to sleep.

Having slumbered through the marvels of the night, she awoke to those of the morning. The car was gliding as smoothly as a boat upon a stream. Raising the window shade, she peeped out to see a dingy tug sweeping past, its smokestack vomiting black clouds. When she had dressed, there were the marvels of the dining car to be encountered, and scarcely had she finished breakfast and gone back to her car when the porter took her bag and set it on a concrete platform, and she was in New York.

The station was gray and overpowering in its vastness; the streets, through which she drove in a black-and-yellow taxicab so different from the hack at the other end, dazed her with their endlessness and their terrible congestion. How, among all these buildings, could the taxi driver ever guide her to the door of the select boarding house?

However, he did—but it would be a shame to call it a boarding house.

It was indeed, as Mrs. Green had said, "artistic." That was evident to Rose as she alighted. The front of the house, reconstructed from brownstone insignificance, was of a bright-bricked, white-painted, casemented "quaintness"—quaintness made complete by a brass knocker on the front door beside the more modern bell button.

As she sat awaiting her landlady in the big reception room she peered about at the "artistry" surrounding her. The decorator had with quaint originality boldly revamped doorways and window frames into Gothic arches, covered the walls with flowered paper, and branched off fearlessly into the reaches of nouveau art, to fashion hangings and cushions of rough burlap material stenciled in startling geometrical designs.

The effect was impressive, and the setting perfectly expressed the personality of the mistress of the establishment, who presently appeared—a lady long and slender, with her hair draped down over her ears in a peculiar manner, a strangely shaped dress, and much queer silver jewelry.

"I hope you'll like it here, Miss Young," she said in a tone which she herself might have described as "well modulated."

"Oh, I think it's wonderful—what I've seen of it," said Rose, looking around with sincere enthusiasm.

The other regarded her with approbation. "I'm glad you like it. I did it all myself."

"Oh!" said Rose. Then, remembering what Mrs. Green said, she added: "You must be very artistic."

The other expanded. "I was really meant to be a painter, you know. I studied for years, but after my husband died—" She paused and indicated with her glance a water-color painting of roses in a bowl which hung upon the wall: "That's the last big thing I had an opportunity to do." Then: "You'll like your room, I think. It's very quaint. Shall we go up?"

Her little room proved quaint indeed, but its quaintness was as nothing to that of the black-beamed dining room, furnished in the Mission style, where she first saw her fellow boarders.

The boarders, like the house itself, were strange and magnificent. That first night at dinner two of the women, evidently bound for some later splendor, boldly showed white backs and bosoms.

All of the women looked fashionable. The way they dared wear their hair! The chic assurance of their clothes! The resplendence of their finger nails! Trying to analyze the difference which subtly marked even the most unattractive of them, Rose felt baffled. Especially she admired the popular girl, who sat alone at a table with five young men and was quite equal to the situation.

Later, alone in her little room, struggling not to give way to forlorn tears, she wrote in her diary:

There is a girl here who is as popular as the heroine in a story. She's very pretty and wears lovely clothes. It must be very pleasant to have others admire you so much.

One woman smiled at me. She's very stylish, but looks kind.

BREAKFAST next morning was no less interesting than dinner had been. Two of the ladies brought down little yapping dogs, which made Rose think of pampered children. She had never seen such dogs before. The men were all like tailor's fashion plates. The older ones, breakfasting over their newspapers, were so urbane, so crisply dressed, so engrossed in the affairs of the printed world, that Rose compared them, and to their great favor, with the bank president, the prosecuting attorney, and other exalted personages at home. She didn't know yet, of course, that the most distinguished of them all was a floorwalker in the ladies' suits section of a department store; that the most urbane was "connected" with the soliciting division of a life insurance office; nor that all were devout practitioners of that chiefest of metropolitan cults: the one which prescribes that, even before his flesh-and-blood family, a man must support a whole family of Appearances.

The young men were of even more dapper aspect; fastidious youths, like the collar-advertisement young men of the magazines and street cars; their clothing of the latest fashion, breast pockets displaying artistic folds of colored handkerchief, in hues to match the shirt. The conversation which she overheard among them was an amazingly intimate chatter of the theatres, actresses, and so on. How worldly-wise they were; how nonchalant in their sophistication! Rose, who felt that in mere years she must outstrip them far, could not but eye them with wistful wonder.

No one eyed her in any manner whatsoever. The kind woman who had smiled at her was not present. The sensation of being among a lot of people, yet being very much alone, was novel to her, and not pleasant. She felt more and more forlorn until, finally, she left her breakfast unfinished and hurried upstairs to her room.

Even unpacking would not lift her out of her doldrums. At last she decided to take a book and adventure forth into the park, a couple of blocks distant.

It was a beautiful day in the park. Vivid young leaves were weaving patterns of delicate lace against a brilliant sky. She sat down in an arbor under a great rush of misty gray wistaria and looked timidly about her. On the opposite bench was a white-mustached, pink-faced old gentleman with a red flower in his buttonhole and a white waistcoat in-

(Continued on page 22)



The distinguished floorwalker looked at the radiant little vision and stared and stared. The blasé bank clerks stared also, and the marceled "mothers" of dogs; and they marveled


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casing his important-looking stomach. He returned her gaze, but in so apathetic a manner that she felt oddly disconcerted and was impelled to rise and walk on.

Passing through a broad, open space where the grass burned green in an immensity of light, she followed the winding walk to where it penetrated the heart of a remote solitude, all shade and rhododendron. Through the trees she glimpsed a little spring paradise, where banks of azaleas flaunted their gorgeous magenta bloom.

Again she sat down on a bench, and for a time gave herself up to dreamy contemplation of the nursemaids wheeling perambulators, and gossiping. A few stray couples passed; two of them, caught in spring's glamour, openly caressed each other with their eyes.

What was the matter with her? The day was perfect, so was this lovely corner of the park; yet she felt a growing restlessness upon her. Why?

Nothing was happening to *her*—that was it. Her whole being was becoming immersed with the feeling: "Well, here I am, in the city; why doesn't something happen?"

After a while she opened her book. Her eyes fell on the words: ". . . so close that even in the shadow he could see her lips parted and her eyes love-lighted. A strand of her hair, caught by the wind, fluttered against his cheek. He kissed her . . ."

IT WAS a mixture of many feelings that made her suddenly snap shut the book, blink her eyes, and rise to go back to the boarding house.

That night she found herself again surrounded by those people, so close and numerous and talkative, yet all of them apparently unconscious of her presence. Where, she wondered, was the woman who had smiled—the one of whom she was beginning to think as a cherished, lost friend?

Later, before turning out her light, she wrote in her diary:

It is not a pleasant process—learning that adventure isn't to be found by merely going and looking for it.

The next night she was happier. Her lost friend was back in her place and smiled again. Rose, trying not to feel countrified and self-conscious, smiled back.

"I'm Miss Le Duc," said the other somewhat elaborately and with the faintest trace of brogue.

In her relief at being spoken to, Rose nearly said: "Oh, thank you!" But, instead, she managed to give her own name. Then Miss Le Duc said: "If you haven't made the acquaintance of the others, please allow me to present you." And Rose, with heart thumping, allowed her.

Next night her kindly neighbor spoke to her again and, after dinner, suggested that they sit on one of the burlap-swathed sofas in the neo-Gothic parlor and chat a while. Across the room the picturesque girl with the bobbed hair and black velvet fillet was playing popular songs on the piano for a circle of her adorers, and Rose watched the group while Miss Le Duc watched her. "Isn't she lovely?" Rose said wistfully after a time. "Just like a picture!"

"Ye-es," agreed Miss Le Duc doubtfully. "She's pretty if you like that Mrs. Vernon Castle stuff."

"Mrs. Vernon Castle stuff?" repeated Rose, mystified. "I don't understand."

"Surely you've heard of the Castles, my dear?"

"I don't know—I don't think so," Rose replied, feeling guilty as a schoolgirl who hasn't learned her lesson.

"They're dancers," Miss Le Duc explained kindly. "Mrs. Castle is slim and tall, and she dresses in her own way. Lots of girls imitate her style—even to the way she holds her eyebrows. It's funny. You'll see 'em all over town with bobbed hair and fillets. *She's* got the bug" (indicating the girl at the piano).

"I like it!" said Rose.

"Well, believe me, my dear," replied Miss Le Duc, "that girl isn't one-two-three to what you'd be if you'd dress up to your style."

Rose gasped. "My 'style'?" she repeated timidly.

"Sure."

"What is my style?"

"Demure," said Miss Le Duc. "With your bright blue eyes and your color and your cute little Quaker air. And your hair's good—your own, isn't it?"

Rose assented, fascinated.

"You ought to part it and bring it down over your ears—so," said the other. She indicated the proposed arrangement by a sweep of the hand.

"Do you really think that would be an improvement?"

"Surest thing you know, dear. You got the hair all right, so you ought to show it. That little knob you wear isn't becoming at all. You got a profile, too, but it wants setting off." Then, as Rose gazed at her dumbly, she said: "I hope you don't mind my personal remarks? You see, it's my business. I'm forelady at Clement's."

"Clement's?" repeated Rose, impressed by Miss Le Duc's manner of announcing her occupation.

"Yes. Premmy-air hairdressing salong on Fifth Avenue."

"Oh!" said Rose. "No wonder you know so much."

Miss Le Duc tried to take the tribute modestly.

"Well," she admitted, "I have to know something to hold my job. We have all the swell trade—Astors and Vanderbilts and Goulds—till you can't count 'em."

"Yet you think I have style—honestly?"

"Posi*tive*ly."

"Oh!" exclaimed Rose. "I wish *I* could think so too!"

"Listen to me and you'll see," assured the kindly



"You are the little Young girl, then?"
"Yes." For a moment they stood staring at each other

Miss Le Duc. "It's simplicity stuff for yours. That girl over there only fakes it, but you've got the goods."

"Simplicity in clothes, do you mean?"

"In everything."

"My clothes *are* simple," Rose ventured.

"Yes, dear—simple, but not the right way, if you don't mind my saying so. You want simplicity along with class to get the effect I'm after for you. Clothes are the whole game, you know, if you got any kind of personality to hang 'em on. And you got that all right enough."

"I suppose—the kind you mean—they're dreadfully expensive?"

"You can get the kind I mean for a song. It's the lines and colors that count. But you got to know where to shop in New York."

"I have to do some shopping. I wonder—" began Rose tentatively.

"Of course I will," promised Miss Le Duc amiably. "I'll be glad to take you round any time between twelve and two."

THUS it came about that Rose passed under the transfiguring wand of the gifted Miss Le Duc—Miss Le Duc who, born to the name of McGraw in a workman's cottage outside of Cincinnati, had by virtue of ambition and a kindly nature, coupled with the visioning eye of the artist, improved her position in life no less than her name and made for herself a real place in the hurly-burly of the metropolis.

It is indeed something to have the advice of a Miss Le Duc. Rose appreciated that the more as she discerned the very basic principles from which her mentor started the campaign of renaissance—corsets, to be specific.

"Well, if you haven't a pretty little figure!" exclaimed Miss Le Duc as she supervised a fitting. And she added: "Everything begins with corsets, you know, dear."

So everything, in this case, began with corsets; and, after a round of busy sessions at shops—dressmakers', hairdressers', and milliners'—ended with that eventful evening that Rose, wearing for the first time one of her new frocks, walked into the dining room. Ended? No. I should have said began anew.

The distinguished floorwalker, who had never noticed her save as a convenient salt passer, was the first to see. He looked at the radiant little vision which slipped into the seat opposite him, and stared and stared. The blasé bank clerks stared also, and the marceled "mothers" of dogs. They stared not so much at the dress, because they did not realize the potency in that artful accessory. What they stared at was her profile, like a cameo, now; her eyes, like stars ashine; her fair hair softly smooth; her cheeks aglow with the color of youth and spring and a shy consciousness. And, staring, they marveled that they had never before noticed that this little thing was really pretty—very pretty.

Rose felt the change; felt engulfed in a bewildering wave of admiration. Rosier and rosier she became; prettier and prettier. Dinner over, she flew upstairs and to her mirror. She was not vain, but she was thirty. And at that age, for the first time in her life, she felt that she was young and that she was pretty.

TINGLING with the exhilaration, she went to the closet and took down her other new dress. Her eyes and fingers caressed the soft gray folds of skirt and jacket. Smiling and humming a gay little tune, she slipped out of the besprigged frock to try on the outdoor costume. Then from its box on the shelf she took the darling little rose-wreathed hat and placed it on her head that she might admire the *ensemble*.

It had not been in her mind to go out. She had no place to go. But, as she beheld herself becomingly gowned for outdoors, she decided she must take a walk.

Miss Le Duc was not at home that evening to go with her, but Rose wasn't at all afraid. The streets were lighted and, in the early spring evening, many people were out. She strolled the long block across to Broadway. Then, purposelessly, she walked a block or so down and thus came presently to where the brilliant lights of the Gem Theatre blazed across her pathway.

She started to walk by, but slowed her step in the center of the glitter, paused at the outer edge of radiance, hesitated a second, turned impulsively, and, before she knew it, entered.

The Gem had a large, ornate, brilliantly illuminated lobby and a regular box-office window. The ticket taker was uniformed; the rail she passed was of gleaming brass.

Inside, for the first minute, the theatre seemed very dark. She received an impression of a cavernous place filled with invisible people. Then she saw the palpitant scene on the screen: a dark, romantic-looking man clasping a lovely, fair-haired girl in his arms. The luxuriant foliage, just behind them, swayed in a breeze you could almost feel; the orchestra, just before them, crooned a melody that touched your heart.

All this at a glance. Then a sheet of glaring white cruelly wiped the lovers out of existence, the orchestra swung into a livelier air, and the lights came on. Timidly Rose found her way to an empty seat near the front.

The theatre was many times larger than the Pleasanton Opera House. Everything looked new and rich. The walls were of a resplendent crimson, and the two tiers of boxes shone with gold. She settled back comfortably in her seat, and a moment later the lights blinked off, the violins began singing of love again, and she was watching, palpitant, the capricious actions of a particularly capricious heroine as "interpreted" for the movies by an actress who had starred in legitimate drama.

Behind her she heard people talking. "She's not near as pretty, close to, like this, as she is on the regular stage, is she?" Rose, caught up in illusion, did not wish to be reminded that this girl was an actress; she liked to think of her as just a lovely, daring, captivating thing who was doing all the lovely, daring, captivating things she herself would have liked to do had she been such a girl.

"Some figure!" she heard a bald-headed man who was seated next her say to his companion.

"Yes," said the other. "Some hair too."

It was a pretty story, ending with a wedding, as pretty stories will: just such a wedding as you read about—a fluttering garden of bridesmaids and a radiant, shimmering bride wafting down the aisle on the arm of her tall, handsome young husband. At the church door she throws back farewell kisses.

Tenderly he helps her into a waiting motor. Then they are gone—together!

Rose caught her breath, and, gazing up to where Pictured Romance hung, was next transported to some tropical place where they have palms and oil fields. A handsome young engineer . . . a dark-skinned native belle . . . a plot . . . thrilling vicissitudes . . . a rescue . . . a narrow escape . . . a love scene!

Always, always, be she blond or brunette, rich or poor or just medium—always the heroine is a marvel of beauty, wit, and conquering charm. Always, always, whatever his habitat, station in life, or way of wearing his hair—always the hero is handsome and chivalrous. And always, in the Pictured Land where every apartment house looks like a Venetian palace, where utilities are rococo, where the fern flourishes and the motor is as common as a collar button—always there is love.

She felt a stranger to herself, a returned traveler from foreign scenes, as, finally, she rose to leave. On her way out her eyes chanced to meet, as eyes will, another pair of eyes. For some reason she looked swiftly away; and then, for some reason, looked stealthily back and caught those other eyes glancing back again at her.

THAT was all, excepting that she blushed and hurried home, and that the first thing she did when she reached her room was to look at herself in the mirror.

Then she got out her diary, brooded over it a while, and wrote:

It can happen that when you look at a person for the first time, and he looks at you, you know you'd like him and that he'd like you. And you know he knows it too. I've read of it. To-night I glanced at a man like that, and he glanced at me. Then we both looked away, and then we looked back. It was somehow wonderful—or else I'm getting silly, what with my new clothes and all.

But if it was *wonderful, as I believe, you could never express it in the movies, because it's something strange that happens in your head and in your heart; and I don't think everybody understands that things like that can happen just with eyes.*

Next evening after dinner she went again to the Gem Theatre without telling herself why.

Again it was dark within. She stood at the back watching the pictures until her eyes became accustomed to the dim light. Then she started down an aisle. The theatre was crowded. A girl usher took her in charge and, after looking about for a vacant place, discovered one several seats from the aisle. Rose edged her way in. Then she sat down. But instantly she arose again. Horror swept over her.

She had sat on a man's hat!

Now it is not pleasant to sit on a man's hat unexpectedly, and how, save unexpectedly, could such a thing occur? Nor does the fact that the man should not have put his hat where you might come and sit upon it, in the dark, lighten materially the burden of embarrassment. From the mere physical point of view, from the point of view of bodily comfort, a bulgy lump of hat beneath one is not pleasant, and from the spiritual point of view it is less pleasant still. One who sits upon a fellow being's hat is likely to crush, not only the hat, but all concerned, including himself and the owner of the hat. And there is always the question of how the hat will look after having been thus treated, and of how the owner of the hat will look, and of what he will say about the matter. Of course some hats are worse to sit upon than others. Silk hats are the worst of all; next derbies; while soft hats may possibly emerge unscathed from being sat upon.

HER neighbor reached out his hand for the hat.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she said, looking at the battered form as she gave it to him.

"It's all right," he answered, pushing it back into shape. "I shouldn't have left it there."

"Is it spoiled?" she asked, fearfully, in a low voice.

"Not a bit. It's a soft hat of rare old vintage—an heirloom. It bears a charmed life. Nothing can hurt it. It has been through flood and fire. It has been lost off a boat and run over by an automobile. It is a wild, reckless kind of hat, I'm afraid. It loves experiences. And now it has had another. It has been sat upon by a—by a young lady. Worse things than that can happen to a hat—and my hat knows that."

Rose listened to this curious discourse as a child listens to a fairy tale, gazing the while in fascination at the venturesome headgear resting in its owner's hands. Not until he ceased to speak did her eyes lift to his face. As they met those of the young man they widened with amazement.

"Why," she exclaimed in a half whisper, "it's—it's *your* hat!" Then she blushed furiously and looked away.

If the young man understood that she meant that she had seen him there the night before and that she blushed because of her impulsive reference to the fact, he pretended not to notice.

"It's mine in a *way*," he answered literally. "I've had it a long time. But I didn't buy it. I didn't come by it honestly. As a matter of fact, I got it at a football game. We were all throwing our hats in the air. I lost mine and some other fellow lost this. It was a little tight at first, but we've gotten adjusted to each other as time has gone by."

His smile was contagious.

"I like old hats," said Rose, smiling back.

The young man glanced up swiftly at the confection which adorned her head.

"I shouldn't have thought so," he commented with humorous solemnity.

Rose was pleased both by the compliment and by the way in which he uttered it. He knew how to say the thing without making it sound too personal. Still she knew she should not sit there talking with a strange young man. It wasn't proper. With a half-apologetic smile in his direction, she turned her face away and up toward the screen.

THE picture was a thriller. A young girl, in order to save her lover, performed the most amazing acrobatic feats: leaping aboard a flying freight train, running along on top and telling the engineer to stop, then jumping off into a river from which she was fished out all wet and dripping, but successful, to be taken in her lover's arms.

What an adventurous life some people seemed to lead! Rose envied the girl, not for her definite accomplishments, but because things happened to her. And yet, looking at the picture, she was not deeply interested in it. She wished to do the thing she must not do—to turn and talk with the young man: to take advantage of this small adventure of her own rather than to be a mere spectator of the adventures of these dashing people of the films. Somehow the presence of the man beside her took the zest out of the pictures. Why was that? And why, since it was so, was she yet glad that he was there? And why, though glad that he was there, did she think of moving to another seat? No; that wouldn't do. It would look pointed; and besides she didn't really want to do it. If she moved at all, she must go home. And, though the successive pictures did not interest her, she was averse to leaving.

At last the words "Good Night" were flashed upon the screen and the audience arose. Should she speak to the young man again? Would it seem improper merely to turn and nod farewell? Better not, perhaps. She moved into the crowded aisle and toward the exit. Where was he? Had he gone out the other way? Or was he in the crowd behind her somewhere?

Not until she reached the lobby did she cease to wonder where he was, but there the thought of him was driven of a sudden from her mind by the sound of rain clattering savagely upon the pavement and the sight of people under wet umbrellas.

The night had been fine when she came out. She had not even thought of taking an umbrella. Nor would she have worn her cherished finery had she anticipated this. Inside the door she paused and stood gazing desperately at the streaming pavements. What should she do? Perhaps the rain would stop in a little while. She would wait and see. And if it didn't stop perhaps an empty taxicab would come along. She had not ridden in a taxicab since she drove up from the station on the day of her arrival. Such vehicles were not included in her scheme of life even now, but it would be economy to take one rather than to spoil her costume.

Then all at once her heart surged happily as she heard a voice behind her.

"This is a nice fix, isn't it!" said the young man. "You haven't any umbrella either. I'll go and get you one."

"Oh, thanks! But where?"

Old Seven the Baffler or—
The Hooker gets the Hook!



Every day when the good sun shines

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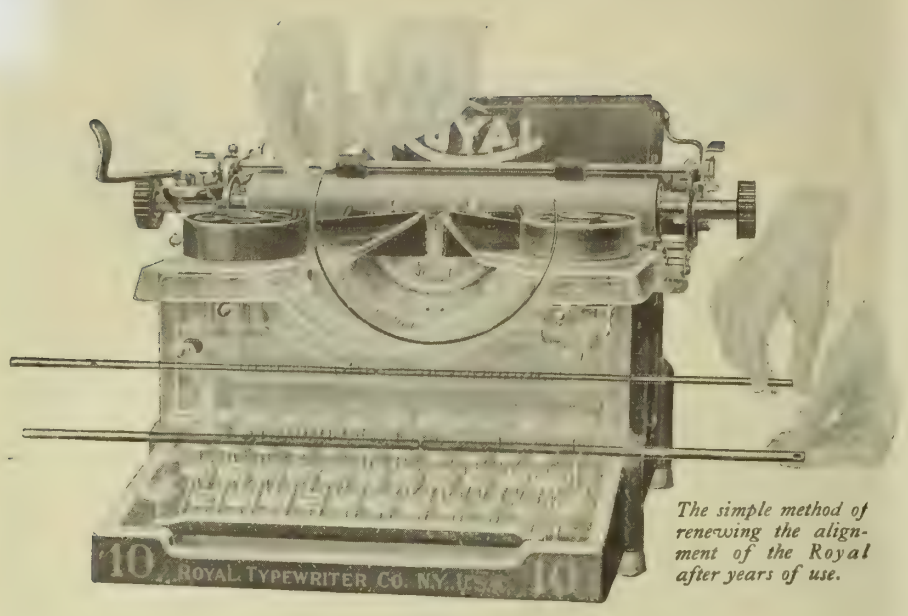
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The simple method of renewing the alignment of the Royal after years of use.

Look at the picture—

It shows why you won't have to "trade-out" your Royal

LOST alignment is the greatest evil in typewriter service.

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The Royal ends this greatest evil in typewriter service.

Look at the picture. See how *one* bearing in the Royal takes the place of many. See how simple and strong are these *vital wearing parts* in the Royal.

These three steel rods, the pivot-bar bearing—the curved rod taking the play of the type bars—the front link bearing and the key lever bearing, carry all the strain, the pounding, the vibration and wear of writing.

But you can see for yourself that as they are in the Royal they are part of the reason for its years and years of life.

And even when they *do* become worn—as any bearing must—they may be replaced in five minutes by anybody with ordinary mechanical knowledge.

The key levers and type bars and type faces of the Royal should never wear out. After years of use, if new bearings are needed, the picture shows the utter simplicity of providing them and making the Royal new again.

Could anything be simpler? Is it any surprise to you that we say that the Royal ends the great evils of the typewriter business—*excessive repairs* and "*trading-out*," as well as the evil of *lost alignment?*

The picture above shows part of the reasons for the perfect press work of the Royal; it shows why your operator will do more work and better work with less effort on it—but you should know more than that. You should know how the Royal can and does save money for its owners.

Get the facts. Telephone or write to any Royal branch or agency today for a demonstration. Ask our representative to show you how the bearings are replaced, just as the picture shows.

Write for "Facts About the 'Trade-Out'"—a little book which doesn't mince words in telling the story of the typewriter. Every typewriter owner or user should have it. We want to place a copy in your hands. A postal will bring it to you free.

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801 Royal Typewriter Building, 364 Broadway, New York City

Branches and Agencies the World Over

"Compare the Work"

"I'll run around to my place. It isn't far."

"But you'll get all wet. It's too much—really."

"I don't mind getting wet," he said. "That's where my old hat comes in. Yours is highly decorative, but mine is best for all-round service."

"I was thinking of a taxi," she said.

"That's all right if you're very rich," he told her, "but if you want the umbrella I'd really like to get it for you." He gave convincing emphasis to the word "like."

"I ought not to let you," she hesitated.

"Just stand here by the door," he said. "I won't be long." And with that he was gone.

HE was back in a few minutes, not only with the promised umbrella, but with a mackintosh. "Here," he offered, holding the garment for her, "just slip into this, if you don't mind."

Rose obeyed. The bottom of the coat barely cleared the ground, and her hands were lost in the sleeves.

"Very becoming," he approved. "I'll just turn back those sleeves for you." And so quickly did he do so that Rose felt almost dazed.

"Now," he said, opening the umbrella, "I'll just walk along, if you don't mind, to hold this for you."

"I'm making you much trouble," she protested feebly. "I could send the things back to you."

"I wouldn't feel safe about them," he smiled. "It is not wise to trust strangers in New York, you know. I might never see my mackintosh again, and with umbrellas it's even worse. Lots of people who wouldn't steal a mackintosh wouldn't stop at an umbrella. Bishops will steal umbrellas."

Rose laughed outright. The young man held the umbrella over her and they set out. "You're giving me all of it," she objected when they had gone a few steps in the rain.

"Isn't it mine to do what I like with?"

His argument was final. "Silly!" Rose wanted to say to him, but she restrained the bubbling impulse and remarked in a prim, conversational tone: "You're very fond of the movies, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes; they fill in lonely evenings."

"Did you see 'The Morals of Marcus'?" she asked.

"Yes. I think I liked the pictures rather better than the book, too."

"Oh, I *loved* the book."

"I liked it. It sold very well too. I wonder if an author makes more out of the book itself when it sells like that, or out of the picture rights."

"Of course," Rose said, "books by men like Locke, while they sell very well, don't run into the enormous editions that some other authors reach. The truck is what really sells best."

The young man turned and regarded her curiously. "I know it," he said in an astonished tone; "but how did *you* know it?"

"It's my work," she explained.

"Writing?"

"Nothing so exciting as that. Just selling books."

"Why, that's funny!" he exclaimed involuntarily.

"To sell books?"

"No; I mean it's funny because *I* work in a bookstore."

"Oh, that *is* a strange coincidence, isn't it!"

"Yes," he agreed. "But—if you don't mind my saying so—I can't get used to the idea of your selling books too. You look like the last person one would imagine at such prosaic work."

That pleased Rose. She was glad he had seen her as the butterfly and not in her grubworm state.

He was silent for a time. She was conscious of his looking at her curiously as they walked along. At last he spoke: "You don't live in New York all the time, do you? Or if you do, you haven't always, have you?"

"No; I'm just here for a time."

"I've been watching you all evening," he continued.

In the brief pause which followed Rose's heart gave a frightened leap.

"You look so much like a girl I used to know years ago back home."

"Oh, do I?" she answered, vaguely disappointed.

"Yes. You know how you remember people connected with the important events of your youth? This girl was in high school with me. There was a festival, or something, and she played Martha Washington while I played George." Rose stopped suddenly.

"It was in Pleasanton!" she gasped. "You are Randolph Smith!"

"And you *are* the little Young girl, then?"

"Yes, I'm Rose."

For a moment they stood there under the umbrella, staring at each other.

"Isn't it strange?" Rose said.

"It's wonderful!"

They walked on again, and coming presently to her door paused there again to exclaim over the marvel. Then Rose slipped out of the mackintosh, and he took it and started down the steps, but came running back again before the door had closed behind her.

"I forgot the most important thing of all!" he cried. "When am I to see you again?"

"When do you want to?"

"To-morrow! May I call for you in the evening?"

"Yes."

They said good night again and Rose went in. Before going to bed Rose wrote in her diary:

The man I noticed at the movies was Randolph Smith. He was the handsomest boy I ever knew and he has grown distinguished looking. He remembered me too. I recall a story I read long ago in which a man visiting in Paris came across a girl he had known years before in America sitting right next to him in the Odéon Théâtre. I thought then that it seemed too much of a coincidence to be true. He married her. I am glad it rained to-night.

"HELD TO ANSWER," perhaps the most powerful serial that Collier's has yet offered its readers, will begin in the next issue but one. It is a story of modern American life that Peter Clark Macfarlane, already well known to readers of Collier's, may well be proud to have written

Next evening after dinner he called for her. They went together to the Gem where, it seemed to Rose, the pictures never were so wonderful before. And later on the way home, they went into a drug store, sat upon tall stools, and sipped at frozen sweets. And by the time they reached her door again they knew a most amazing lot about the interval which had elapsed between the high-school days and now.

That night Rose wrote in her diary:

It is an amazing thing, when you have gone through life without being noticed much, to have a handsome man treating you as though you were young and pretty. I wonder if he really thinks I am. I wonder if people would have noticed me before if I'd had pretty things to wear. I wonder if he would have noticed me in the days before I got them. He says so, and I want to think so, but I don't. Everyone knows that clothes can make a difference, but how many people know how much. They give you your chance.

A week later she wrote:

It is curious what confidence it gives you to know that some one thinks you beautiful. And how much better you can talk if you know that some one thinks that you talk well! I wonder if I haven't changed inside as well as outside. I feel like a strange person sometimes—some one related to the person he thinks I am.

And again in two weeks more:

Is it better never to have been happy or to have known happiness for a little while—and to have lost it? Even a taste of it is best, I think. It is wonderful to feel your spirit lifting higher and higher, to exult in the sensation of being alive, even if you realize that you must come down again.

I remember that on the morning of the day I played Martha Washington I found a mouse in my closet. Father was not in the house. I shut the door quickly and dressed and went to school

and played Martha and had the most wonderful time of my girlhood. I almost forgot the mouse. But when I came home I remembered it again. I was nervous. I didn't know what to do. I put the cat in the room, opened the closet door, and ran. The cat got the mouse. But there isn't any cat to kill the metaphorical mice which are the sad, dull things in life. I've been doing my accounts. To finish the week here and pay my expenses home will leave me barely ten dollars. I'll have to go on Saturday. I wish he would come out and visit, but I don't believe he will. The city is so much more attractive. Probably he likes me just because I am a girl from home and for old time's sake.

THE night after Rose had discovered that she must go home she did her hair three times, pinned on a rose bought of a street vender near the subway entrance, and blinked back some troublesome tears before going downstairs, when the maid announced "the young gentleman"—for Randolph Smith, having been originally merely "*a* young gentleman" in the announcing formula, had now been promoted by the maid to the more exclusive rank indicated by "*the*."

Rose managed to look almost gay as she met him in the nouveau-Gothic parlor; but as they strolled in the direction of Broadway she fell silent—not for the lack of something to say, but for the lack of a way to say it.

"How would you like to go and walk on Riverside Drive?" he suggested.

It was the very thing she wished to do. The air was soft and fragrant. On the drive the street lamps spun a frosty fairy web of silver over the green of the thick leaves above. Below the river lay mysterious and beautiful, its dark surface cut here and there by shimmering paths of light.

Rose stopped presently and leaned upon the stone parapet. "Oh, I love it!" she exclaimed in a hushed voice.

"Wait until next week and see it with the fleet lined out. It will be gorgeous with the battleships all illuminated."

Rose did not answer.

"I'll see if I can get off some afternoon and we'll go aboard one of the big ships while they're here, if you'd like?"

She had to catch something in her throat and choke it down before she could reply.

"I'd love it. But—I can't. I have to go home on Saturday."

For a moment he looked at her in silence. Then:

"Oh, but you mustn't go!" he cried.

"I must."

"But not to stay?"

"I have to."

"You *do?*" His voice sounded strained.

"Yes. I told you I was only here for a visit. You knew that, Randolph. You knew I had to go some time."

"Yes, you told me. But somehow I didn't seem to know it. I suppose because I didn't want to. Can't you stay just a little longer? Can't you give me a—a reprieve?" Then, as though afraid that what he said had sounded overserious, he added: "Who'll take me to the movies, and to get sundaes afterward, and to walk by the river, and all that? What's going to become of me?"

Under his attempt at lightness there was consternation. Humble though she was, Rose knew it. And tender-hearted though she was, she felt a wave of happiness sweep over her at the knowledge that he was far from happy.

"It isn't that I want to go," she said in simple honesty. "My money's gone. I have to go back to the store and to work."

Suddenly she felt his fingers gripping her wrist.

"I won't let you go!" he cried vehemently. Then, while an immense, quick warmth seemed to rush up and envelop her, he continued: "Rose, I love you. I think I must have loved you always."

"Oh!" she whispered. Then, womanlike, she asked him: "Why?"

"Because," he said, "you are the sweetest, sweetest thing! Tell me, Rose—tell me, dearest—do you care too?"

Her gasp was altogether inarticulate, but he seemed to understand what she would say, for she felt his arm slip round her and heard him say: "Thank God!"

For a time they stood there silent looking out across the river—black velvet on which diamonds were scattered here and there.

"Do you know, dear," he said presently, "that I feel terribly solemn?" He gave a curious little laugh. "I never knew before that it was possible for me to feel so solemn."

"Do you, Randolph?"

"Yes," he answered in his odd, whimsical way, "but you're not supposed to say 'Do you?' You're supposed to say 'Why?'"

"Why?" asked Rose obediently.

"Because," he told her, "I've been wanting for days and days to ask you to marry me. I haven't done it because I know I have no business to. I have no business to because I'm so beastly poor. But now, having proved that, I'm going to ask you anyhow. That's why I feel solemn. Well, will you risk it, Rose dear?"

"Of course," she whispered. "We'll go back to Pleasanton together, and you'll help me run the store, won't you?"

"Yes, dear," he said. "And people will call me 'Rose Young's husband,' and I'll try not to mind being called that, because 'Rose Young's husband' is the thing of all things that I want to be. But I'll show them in time that I'm something else besides."

"I love you," whispered Rose irrelevantly.

Then there happened to these two the very thing that happened to the couple in that novel Rose took with her on her first visit to the park; the very thing described, indeed, at the place she opened to that day. That is to say, he drew her to him, "holding her so close that even in the shadow he could see her lips parted and her eyes lovelighted. A strand of her hair, caught by the wind, fluttered against his cheek. He kissed her. . . ."

BUT indeed it sometimes appears that, as Rose wrote in her diary that night, "Everything worth while in life seems to depend upon coincidence." She backed the statement up with certain evidence from her own recent experience. Then she wrote:

I shall not keep a diary any more. For now I understand that diaries are kept mostly in an effort to make life seem interesting to those who are dreaming and longing for a vague something to happen to them.

I wonder if almost all those who are waiting for that vague something are not really waiting for something that is not vague at all. Isn't it love that they are waiting for?

STATEMENT MADE IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., OF COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY, AS OF OCTOBER 1, 1915
Published WEEKLY at New York, N. Y., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Note. This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.

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Managing Editor—Henry J. Forman, 416 West 13th St., New York City.

Business Managers—E. C. Patterson, General Manager, 416 West 13th St., New York City; C. B. Kirkland, Assistant General Manager, 416 West 13th St., New York City.

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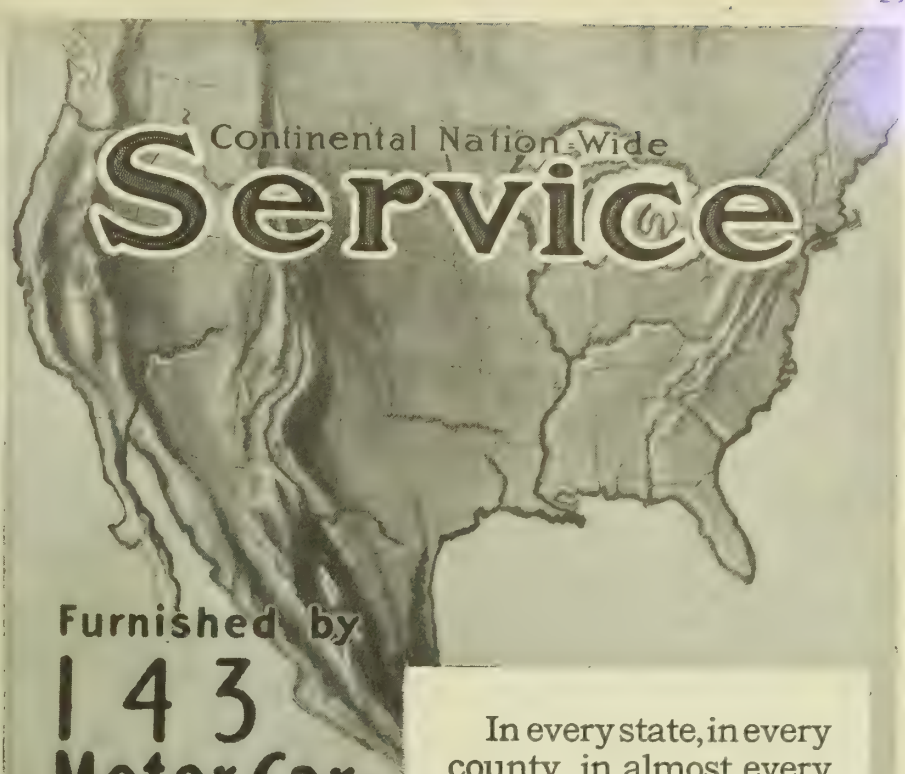
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(Signed) E. C. Patterson, General Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this thirtieth day of September, 1915.

Alphonsus B. Casey, Notary Public.
(*My commission expires March 30, 1916.*)

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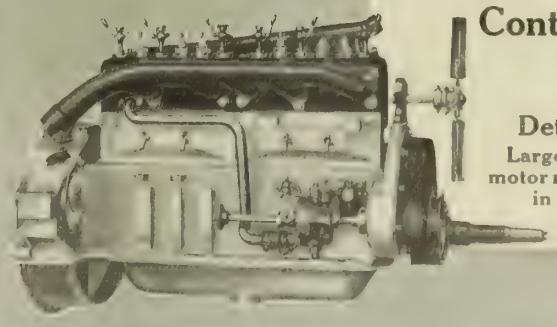
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Winning the Tennis Championship

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS



Johnston of the back hand

THE set score was 2—1, Johnston leading; the game score was 8—9, Johnston leading; and the point-score advantage Johnston in the eighteenth game, the fourth set. Johnston, in short, needed one point to beat McLoughlin for the national championship. McLoughlin served; Johnston returned; McLoughlin returned; and Johnston whipped a placement shot past McLoughlin and was national lawn-tennis champion for 1915.

It was hard for most of us in the crowd of 8,000 at Forest Hills that warm afternoon of September 7 to realize that Willie Johnston actually was national champion; deservedly, cleanly, and against the hardest odds of the draw any champion ever has had to face. We had seen him, just a week before, beat Harold H. Hackett in straight sets. We had watched him, the next day, beat Clarence C. Pell. Thursday he beat young Douglas S. Watters of New Orleans, who ranks No. 1 among the Southern players. Friday he beat Karl H. Behr, who had beaten McLoughlin in straight sets at Seabright in August, and whose 1914 ranking was No. 3, Johnston's being No. 6. Saturday he beat his doubles partner, Clarence J. Griffin. Monday he defeated the 1914 national champion, R. Norris Williams, 2d—defeated him with Williams at the top of his fine form. Tuesday, when he beat McLoughlin, it was hard to comprehend what this boy had done. It was hard for us, but it was impossible for Johnston himself. McLoughlin climbed over the net—he was too tired to vault it—shook Johnston's hand and put his arm around his shoulder. "Fine work, Bill," said McLoughlin. "You certainly deserved it."

"I'm sorry, Maurice," said Johnston, as he sank to a chair and bowed his head in his hands. Whether he kept back the tears, nobody was close enough to him to tell; certain it is that many of the spectators and spectatrices couldn't restrain theirs.

Comparisons

EDDIE CONLIN, the umpire of the match, congratulated Johnston, who said: "I can't realize it." Then some of the officials caught Johnston up on their shoulders and carried him to the clubhouse. Many cheers. And then Thomas C. Bundy and Ward Dawson, the Los Angeles players, seized McLoughlin as he was slowly walking from the court, raised him up and carried him in, to a storm of applause as tremendous as it was affectionately sincere. And on the trains returning from Forest Hills that evening the talk was low-pitched and unjoyous. McLoughlin's defeat seemed bigger than Johnston's victory. Which but emphasizes the fine achievement of the lad.

"Lad" is right. On the 2d of November William M. Johnston was twenty-one. On the 8th of September he weighed 115 pounds. He stands about 5 feet 8 inches in his white woollen socks. He has red hair—less of it than McLoughlin, but he outpoints McLoughlin on freckles, which is by way of setting another record. He is a zippy dresser, and Joe Leyendecker would give him a job any clear day as a model for one of those kampus-kut youths who drape themselves over the running boards of $733 f. o. b. Detroit automobiles or play billiards in tango shirts and sleeping-car-named collars, what time they roll their own cigarettes. Speaking of cigarettes, Johnston used to smoke a good many. "But he found," a friend of his told me, "that the only thing he could gain by it was the tobacco championship of California, so he cut down on 'em, and since last May he has smoked hardly any."

Willie Johnston was born in San Francisco. He was graduated from high school a couple of years ago and since his graduation has been working in the sporting goods houses. Now, attention to business and the business environment put a handicap on one's sporting activities that university life does not. For one thing, there are the long vacations; for another, the chance for almost daily practice that business demands in most instances prohibit. There were weeks at a time, for example, when McLoughlin, who is in the real-estate business in Oakland—and seriously and wholeheartedly in it—didn't touch a racket. But Dean Mathey, the Princeton tennis star, is a Phi Beta Kappa man; so is Watson M. Washburn of Harvard. Washburn took high honors—I am not certain that they were not the highest possible—at his graduation last June. And the Eastern trip means, for a California player, about three months away from his business or profession. There are the qualifying Pacific Coast tournaments in June and the preliminary tournaments at Seabright, Longwood, and Newport in July and August. So, although a nonplaying spectator at Forest Hills, astonished to find that the playing of a match often took less than an hour, said to me that he didn't see why more people didn't play if that was all the longer it took, it is obvious that competition for high honors in tennis cuts frightfully into the summer of a California player. As to the Westerners' plans for 1916, the only certain thing is that Johnston will come East to play through and try to hold his title. Whether McLoughlin will play in the East next year—or ever again—is a matter of doubt. Those who know McLoughlin best have no idea whether their still-adored athlete has played his last big tournament; and that is because McLoughlin himself does not know. My guess is that he may not compete next year; but that his greatest tennis days are yet to come, and that he will be national champion again before 1920. McLoughlin is not yet twenty-six.

Just Mac

AT any rate, McLoughlin has done more to popularize the game than any other one-player. His flawless sportsmanship on the court, his good temper, and his great-hearted modesty off the court have endeared him in an unusual way to all who have seen him; and, what is more remarkable, to thousands who have not. I asked one of the leading players whether this was not true. "Absolutely," he said. "I go into a barber shop and the barber says: 'You got a great tan on there. Been fishin'?' 'No,' I tell him. 'Been playing tennis.' 'Tennis, hey?' he says. 'I don't know much about that game. Ever see this feller McLoughlin play? He must be a wonder.' Imagine a barber in 1902 asking you whether you ever saw this feller Larned play!"

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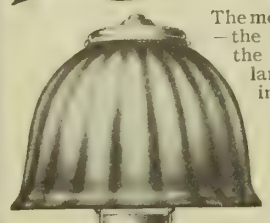












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But about Johnston. His winning of the championship does not astound the real students of the game, shocked though they were at first to see him beat McLoughlin. Five years ago Johnston played McLoughlin in Santa Cruz. Johnston managed to capture a set. In 1913, when he was eighteen, he came East and won the Longwood and Southampton tournaments. "I thought they were fluke victories," he said. "That is, that I got all the lucky breaks. And Dick Williams and Maurie weren't in those tournaments that year."

That year the ranking committee gave him No. 4. Ahead of him were McLoughlin, Williams, and Clothier, and behind him Niles, Bundy, Behr, Little, Carl Gardner, and Touchard. (The first year McLoughlin got a ranking, by the way, was 1909. He was No. 6. Larned, Clothier, Johnston, Niles, and Little heading him. He was No. 4 in 1910, No. 2 in 1911, and No. 1 in 1912, 1913, and 1914.) In 1914 Johnston was No. 6, headed by McLoughlin, Williams, Behr, Murray, and Clothier. Back of him in the ranking were Church, Alexander, Washburn, and Fottrell. In San Francisco, in the Panama-Pacific Tournament, McLoughlin beat him; but it was a hard victory. Johnston had won the first and second sets and was leading at 4—1 and 40—15 before McLoughlin stopped him. The winning of one point by two months would almost surely have anticipated Johnston's Forest Hills victory.

Johnston—Word Waster

JOHNSTON'S game approaches perfect harmony. Always, no matter what a man's skill and prowess, will arise the unsettleable argument as to whether Johnston of to-day could beat Beals Wright of 1905 or Malcolm Whitman of 1898. But it ends like the debate as to whether the Cubs of 1908 could beat the Braves of 1914. The time consumed in such arguments might better be spent in carving cigar-box ships to put into glass bottles. Besides, the 1908 Cubs could wallop any team that ever played, and Bill Johnston wouldn't give Beals Wright a set. What's more, I'm willing to give odds of 9 to 2 that I'm right.

Johnston's game is so good, so well-balanced that its strengths are not conspicuous. McLoughlin's backhand strokes are comparatively weak and his defense is not comparable with his attack; but Johnston's forehand drive, his backhand, his net game, his service, his stop- and half-volleying from mid court, his speed and his accuracy are so coordinated that no shot, no stroke stands out as a favorite—nothing protrudes as a Johnston stroke, as the McLoughlin overhead smash, for example. The new 115-pound champion uses a 15½ racket, which, as every tennis player knows, is unusually heavy.

Like most of the California players, Johnston began playing on the public asphalt courts. Like McLoughlin, he began playing in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. He was about thirteen when he learned the game. He developed strokes and speed quickly, and before long Sidney R. Marvin, who mæcenased McLoughlin at first and who, McLoughlin says, has done more than anyone else to encourage the young players of California, took an interest in him and helped him get into competition with better players. Little remains to be retold. He is the world's best player to-day.

Oh, another thing. Just after the finals, when he had been champion less than two minutes, he wrote out a telegram to send to his mother. It read: "Beat Mac. Am well." Willie Johnston, it strikes me, doesn't conserve his words so well as he does his strength on the courts. That telegram, I think, was two words too long. For Mother Johnston probably knows that no invalid son of hers could have beaten McLoughlin.

The Black Eagle Mystery

Continued from page 13

dark-brown eyes and brown curly hair. Oh, I can place her to you. She said she had been employed to help get the evidence against me and my father and was the only woman acting in that capacity."

"Molly!" I gasped, falling back into my chair. "Molly Babbitts! What in Heaven's name—"

"You're right to invoke Heaven's name, for it was Heaven that sent her. She wouldn't tell me who she was or why she came, but I could see. What reason could there have been except that she believed me innocent and wanted to help me escape?"

For a moment I couldn't speak. I drooped my head and a silent oath went up from me to hold Molly sacred forevermore. I could see it all—she'd found her heart, realized the cruelty of what was to be done, discovered in some way she'd given me wrong information, and done the thing herself. The gallant, noble little soul! God bless her! God bless her!

CAROL went on:

"I wonder now what she thought of me. I must have appeared utterly extraordinary to her. She thought she was telling me what I already knew—or at least knew something of. But as I sat there listening to her I was piecing together in my mind what she was saying with what I myself had found out. Before she left I had enough, knew that it was my father's body, crushed beyond recognition, that had fallen to the street and that it was Harland who had done it and was now trying to get hold of me.

"Do you guess what a flame of rage burst up in me—what a passion to trap and bring to justice the man who could conceive and execute such a devilish thing? I never thought of getting anybody to go with me, of applying to the police. I only saw myself finding Harland and accusing him.

"I called up the number he'd given me and told him I was coming on the first train I could catch.

"The train was delayed. However, the servant met me, put me in a sleigh that was waiting for us, and together we drove here.

"The house was lit up, every lower window bright. As we walked up the path from the gate I saw a man moving behind the shrubbery and called her attention to him. While she was opening the door with her key I noticed another loitering along the footpath by the gate, obviously watching us. This time I asked her why there should be men about in such a deserted locality and on such a freezing night. She seemed bewildered and frightened—muttering something in French about having noticed them when she went out. In the hallway she directed me to a room on the upper floor, telling me when I was ready to go down to the dining room where supper was waiting.

"When I was ready I went downstairs and into this room. No one was about, there was not a sound. The fire was burning as it is now, the curtains drawn, and the table, set out with a supper, was lightly lit with candles and decorated with flowers. I stood here by the fire waiting, white I suppose as the tablecloth, for I was at the highest climax of excitement a human being can reach and keep his senses.

"Suddenly I heard steps on the stairs. I turned and made ready, moistening my lips, which were stiff and felt like leather. The steps came down the passage—the door opened— There he was!

"That first second, when he entered as the lover and conqueror he looked splendid. The worn and harassed air he had the last time I'd seen him was gone. He was at the highest pinnacle of his life, 'the very butt and sea mark of his sails,' and it was as if his spirit recognized it and flashed up in a last illuminating glow of fire and force.

"He was prepared for amazement, horror, probably fear from me. The first shock he received was my face, showing none of these—quiet and I suppose fierce with the hatred I felt. He stopped dead in the doorway, the confidence stricken out of him—just staring. Then he stammered: 'Carol—you—you—'

"He was too astounded to say any more. I finished for him, hearing my voice low and hoarse:

"You think I didn't expect to see you. I did. I knew you were here—I came to find you. I came to tell you that I know how you killed Johnston Barker.

"I don't think anyone has ever said he lacked courage. He was one of those bold and ruthless beings that came to their fullest flower during the Italian Renaissance—terrible and tremendous too.

"'Johnston Barker,' he said very quietly—'killed him? You bring me interesting news—I didn't know he was dead!'

"Guided by some flash of intuition—I said the right thing.

"'Oh, don't waste time denying it. It's too late for that now. It's not I alone who knows—they know in New York—everything, how you did it, how you stole away, and where you are now. The net is around you—they've got you. There's no use any more in lies and tricks, for you can't escape them now.'

"He had listened without a movement or a sign of agitation. But when I finished he straightened his shoulders and throwing up his head sent a glance of piercing question over the curtained windows. It was so horrible, and his face! It was like a demon's in its death throes. But it was about his love for me—that he'd done it all for me—that he could give me more than any woman ever had before—lay the world at my feet. And to come with him—now—we could get away—we had time yet— Oh!" she closed her eyes and shuddered at the memory—"I can't go on. He knew it was hopeless; he must have known then what the men outside meant. It was the last defiance—the last mad hope.

"And *then* I conquered him—not as I'd meant to do, not with any intention. All the horror and loathing I felt came out in what I said. Terrible words—how I hated him—all that had been locked up in me since I'd known the truth. His face grew so dreadful that I shrank back in this corner, and finally, to hide it, hid my own in my hands.

"We were that way for a moment, so still you could hear the clock ticking, then, without a word or look at me, he turned and went out of the room.

"I was so paralyzed by the scene that for a space I stood where he'd left me, squeezed into the angle behind the mantelpiece, stunned and senseless. Then the sound of his feet on the stairs called me back to life. He was going, he was running away. I did not know myself then who the men outside were and thought he could easily make his escape.

"I ran out into the hall, calling to the Frenchwoman. She came, out of a door somewhere in the back part of the house, and I have a queer impression of her face by the light of a bracket lamp, almost ludicrous in its expression of fright. As I ran up the stairs I screamed to her to come, to follow me, and heard her steps racing along the passage and her panting exclamations of terror. At the stair head my ear caught the snap of a closing door and the click of a key turned in a lock. It came from the darkened end of the hall, and as I started to run down I cried to the woman: 'Get some one. Call. Get help!' Then and there she threw up a window and, thrusting out her head, screamed into the darkness: *'Au secours! Au secours!'*

"A man's voice, close under the window, answered her and she flew past me to another staircase beyond in the darkness down which I could hear her clattering rush. Then there came the sounds of steps and the breaking of wood—sharp, tearing noises mixed with the shouts of men. All came together, for as I stood outside that locked door, listening to the woman's cries and the smashing of the wood below, sharp as a flash came the report of a pistol from the closed room.

"That's all. I didn't see him again; I couldn't. The police inspector—they've all been very kind: done everything for me they could—let me see the statement. When you've read that you'll know everything—it'll be the last chapter. I can't tell it to you—it's more than I can bear."

She glanced at me and then suddenly looked away, for tears, quick and unexpected, welled into her eyes. She put up one hand, pressing it against her eyelids, while the other lay still on the table. I leaned forward and laid mine over it. As she sat speechless, struggling with her moment of weakness, I looked at the two hands—mine, big and hard and brown, almost hid hers, closing round it, sheltering and guarding it, as my life, if God willed it, would close round and shelter and guard hers.

WE all read the statement that day and that night in our sitting room at the Frontenac; O'Malley, Babbitts, and I talked it over.

Harland had been the welsher in the copper pool and Barker had suspected him. This was the immediate cause of the murder. Back of that, the root from which the whole intricate crime grew was his love of Carol Whitehall and determination to make her his wife.

His passion for her had started with the inauguration of the land company, but while she was grateful and friendly, he soon saw that she was nothing more. So he kept his counsel, making no attempt by word or look to disturb the harmony of their relations. But while he maintained the pose of a business partner he studied her and saw that she was ambitious, large in her aims, and aspiring. This side of her character was the one he decided to lay siege to. If he could not win her heart, he would amass a fortune and tempt her with its vast possibilities. His membership in the copper pool gave him the opportunity, and he saw himself able to lay millions at her feet.

ON January 5 he met Barker on the street, and in the course of a short conversation learned that the head of the pool suspected his treachery. That half-expressed suspicion, with its veiled hint of publicity, planted the seed of murder in his mind.

It was not, however, till two days later that the seed sprouted. How his idea came to him indicated the condition of morbidly acute perception and wild daring he had reached. Walking up Fifth Avenue after dark he had seen a man standing under a lamp, lighting a pipe. The man—Joseph Sammis—was so like Barker that he moved nearer to address him. A closer view showed him his mistake, but also showed him that Sammis, feeble in health, shabby, and impoverished, was sufficiently like Barker to pass for him.

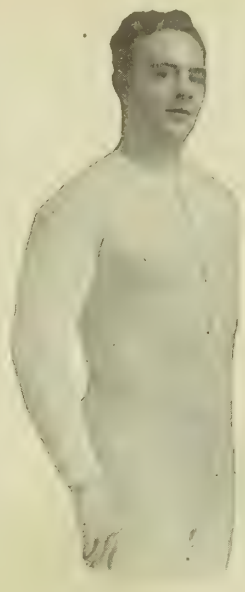
From that resemblance his idea expanded still further. He followed Sammis to his lodgings, had a conference with him, and told him he had work in Philadelphia which he wanted Sammis to undertake. The man, down to his last dollar, flattered and amazed at his good fortune, agreed at once. Though the work had not developed, it was necessary for Sammis to be on the ground and stay there awaiting instructions. Money was given him for proper clothes and an advance of salary. The date when he was to leave would be communicated to him within a few days. It would appear that Sammis never knew his benefactor's real name, but accepted the luck that came to him eagerly and without question. In *his* case the chief had guessed right—he was a "plant."

From this point the plot mushroomed out into its full dimensions. Harland and Barker were of a size, small, light and wiry; both men had gray hair and dark eyes. The features obliterated, clothes, personal papers, and jewelry would be the only means of identification. The back office with its one egress through the other rooms was selected as the scene of the crime. Barker's body could be lowered from the cleat, tried and tested, to the floor below. Through his acquaintance with Ford and Miss Whitehall, Harland was familiar with the hours of the Azalea Woods Estates people. They would be gone when he went down, entered their office with the pass key he had procured, and made the change of clothing with his victim. His own disguise was a very simple matter. Through an acquaintance with actors in his youth he had learned their method of building up the nose by means of an adhesive paste—that and the white mustache were all he needed. He took one chance and one only—a gambler's risk—that the body might not be sufficiently crushed to escape recognition. This chance, as we know, went his way.

Gone thus far he had only to wait his opportunity. Against that he bought and concealed the rope, the blackjack for the blow, and the articles for his own transformation—all the properties of the grisly drama he was about to stage.

MEANTIME his scheme to win Carol was working out less successfully and the strain was wearing on him. On January 15, his nerves stretched to the breaking point, he went to her determined to find out how she stood with Barker. Her answer satisfied him. He knew her to be truthful and when she told him she had no other than a filial affection for the magnate he believed her. The information she gave about Barker's intention of helping her, of having plans afoot for her future welfare, he seized upon and subsequently used. He also, in that interview, learned that she had had a phone message from the magnate saying he was coming to her office that afternoon and would later go to the floor above to see Mr. Harland. When he heard this he knew that his time had come.

From her he went straight to a telephone booth, called up Barker's garage



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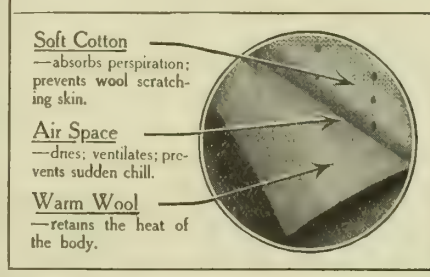
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You have warm wool to keep in the natural heat of the body—but no uncomfortable "woolly" feeling, because fine soft cotton is next the skin.

Duofold is about half the weight of average winter underwear. It gives all the advantages of cotton and wool with none of their disadvantages. Duofold doesn't shrink.



Made in Union and Two-Piece Suits for Men, Women and Children. Write us for free sample of the fabric, and our "Comfort and Health Underwear" Booklet which tells about preventing unnecessary colds.

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SMITH & WESSON
SPRINGFIELD MASS

New England—Where Every Man and His Brother Smokes a Pipe

All over America, in the last five years, pipe-smoking has tremendously increased.

There are probably three times as many pipe-smokers in America now as there were in 1905.

But in New England they have always been pipe-smokers. The number of pipe-smokers there holds to about the same ratio as the male population.

They are particular about their tobacco, too, up there in those states that school children rattle off as "Maine, Nyams'h'a, Vuhmont, Mass'*two*'sits, Rhodilin Unconnetcut."

The New Englander likes to smoke plug tobacco. Many of the farmers indeed still cling to the old plug that they take out of their pockets and with their pocket knives, whittle off enough for a pipeful.

On the smoking-cars of Boston Elevated Trains and of the railroads that run into the city you will see men going to work with pipes, pipes, pipes. Only here and there will a cigar or cigarette be seen.



These men, or a vast majority of them, smoke sliced plug tobacco. Comparatively little of any other kind of pipe tobacco is sold there at all.

It may be possible that you never smoked or saw any Edgeworth Plug Slice Smoking Tobacco, but if you never did, the chances are you are not a New Englander.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is really a beautiful tobacco to look at—smooth, regular, oblong slices of tobacco, sliced in the plug by knives so keen that it looks almost like a solid cake.

Tobacco in this form holds its "order" indefinitely. It keeps its sweetness and fragrance and moisture, exactly as when first manufactured.

When you want to smoke, you simply peel off a slice and rub it up in your palms with a grinding motion that reduces the slice to small bits ready for your pipe.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is precisely the same as the Plug Slice, except that it is rubbed up in machines at the factory and is packed ready for smoking.

A sample of either the Plug Slice or the Ready-Rubbed, or samples of both, will be mailed you on request. Just write your name and address on a post card, also the name of the tobacco dealer you generally patronize, and state whether you wish to try Edgeworth Plug Slice, Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, or both.

A generous sample quantity will be sent you. Think what a pleasure it would be to you to find in Edgeworth the pipe tobacco you have longed for. A great many smokers become acquainted with Edgeworth in just this fashion.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket-size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is easy to roll into a tight, round cigarette. In a cigarette it is slightly milder than in a pipe, and the flavor of an Edgeworth cigarette is refreshingly different.

If you will accept the proffer of the free sample, write to Larus & Brother Co., 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well-known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

and gave Heney the instructions to meet him that night and take him to the Elizabeth depot. That done he returned to the Black Eagle Building, saw that his stenographer and clerk were disposed to his satisfaction, and made ready for the final event.

The quarrel with Barker was genuine. The head of the copper pool burst into accusations of treachery and threatened immediate exposure. Sitting at the desk, engrossed in his anger, he did not notice Harland slip behind him. One blow of the blackjack delivered below the temple resulted in death, as instantaneous as it was noiseless. Fastening the rope about the body, Harland swung it from the cleat to the floor below, where in the darkness it would have been invisible at a distance of ten feet.

HE then passed through the outer offices and went downstairs. He must have missed Carol by a few seconds. His knock being unanswered, he let himself in with his pass key, and walked through to the back room. Here he drew in the body, then, curtaining the window, turned on the lights and effected the change of clothes, shaving off the mustache and looking for the scarfpin, which he couldn't find. He had just completed this when Ford entered—a terrible moment for him.

When Ford left, his nerve was shaken and he realized he must finish the job at once. After he had done so he went back to the private office, carefully arranged his own disguise, and after waiting for over an hour, put on Barker's hat and coat and went down the service stairs.

He met no person or obstacle, skirted the back of the block and picked up Heney at the place designated. At the Elizabeth station he bought a ticket to Philadelphia, but when he saw his chance, crossed the lines to the Jersey Central platform and boarded a local for Jersey City, from where by a devious route he made his way to Canada. It was in the waiting room at the Jersey City depot that he removed his disguise.

In Toronto he sublet a small apartment, only going out at night, and keeping a close watch on the developments in New York which he followed through the papers. By these he learned that everything had worked out as he had hoped, that the crime was unsuspected, and the public interest centered on the chase for Barker. All that now remained to complete his enterprise was to get Carol.

That his continued success must have given him an almost insane confidence is proved by the way he went about this last and most difficult step. Criminals all slip up somewhere. He had attended to the details of the murder with amazing skill and thoroughness. It was in his estimate of the character of Carol that he showed that blind spot they all have.

The only way to explain it is that he was so sure of his own powers, so confident that she was heart-whole and would be unable to resist the temptation of his enormous wealth, that he took the final risk—sent for her in Barker's name. Her response to his first summons encouraged him. When she didn't come he had many reasons with which to buoy himself up—fears, illness, the impossibility of leaving her mother.

But it made him more cautious and he didn't venture again till the hue and cry for Barker had subsided and he had made a move to the last port of call on the St. Lawrence. That he had expected to take her by storm, win her consent and leave her no time to deliberate was proved by the fact that "Henry Santley" had engaged accommodations for himself and "sister" on the *Megantic*, sailing from Quebec at ten the next morning.

He was going to admit his duplicity in the copper pool—his excuse being he had done it for her. In his last interview with Barker he saw that discovery was imminent, and decided to drop out of sight. When he passed through his own office he was on his way out of the building, descending unseen by the stairs, and going immediately to Canada. When he read in the papers of the suicide, identified as Hollings Harland, no one was more surprised than he was.

Without his intervention a thing had occurred which forever severed him from the life he wished to be done with.

Such was Harland's crime as elucidated in Harland's statement. How we talked it over! How we mused on the slight happening that had brought it to light—a child at a window! Strange and wonderful! The hotel noises, the traffic in the street, faded into the silence of the night as we sat there, pondering, speculating, and awed too by this modern fall of Lucifer.

THEY all came back on Wednesday night—late—in the small hours [resumes Molly, beginning her conclusion of the narrative]. I had a wire from Babbitts—and, gosh! as I sat up waiting for him I thought I'd die right there on my own parlor carpet! For, of course, I supposed she'd tell them what I'd done and he was coming straight home to divorce me.

First off when he came in I was afraid to move; then, when I got a good look at his face, I saw he didn't know. He was so crazy with joy and triumph he didn't notice how I acted—trembly and excited about the things that didn't matter. How did she get there—what made her go? were the questions I was keen to have answered. Did it off her own bat—recognized the voice on the phone—instinct—knew all along something was wrong—and just rushed off without thinking of anything. She was a tiptopper—wonderful girl—seemed almost as if she was clairvoyant, didn't I think so? Yes, I did; but maybe when it was your father you felt that way. And I sunk back against the cushions of the davenport, weak in the knees and swallowing down a lump in my throat as big as a new potato.

The next day I had a letter from her that made me sick—gratitude bubbling out of every line—and saying she'd told Jack, and how never, as long as either of them lived, would they reveal it to a soul. That made me sicker—the two of them down on their bended knees! I've lied in my life, and though it's come back on me like a bad dream I've been able to bear it. But having two people like that ready to worship you because you did something that you didn't do would take the spirit out of anybody.

Then came the great excitement, the case going to the public, and Babbitts getting his Big Story. It made a worse uproar than the suicide and disappearance, the city was stunned and thrilled and everything else it could be, and not a man, woman, or child but was reading the "Despatch" and asking you if you'd ever heard of such an awful thing and enjoying every word of it. Babbitts's picture was in all the papers—a *raise?*—well, I guess so!

It would have been the proudest moment of my life, but who can be proud when they're full up with nothing but guilty conscience? Not me, anyway. Even when Babbitts came home Friday night with a set of black lynx furs, carrying them himself and putting them on me, I felt no joy. Can you understand it—having a secret from the one you love best, and not knowing, if he knew that secret, whether he wouldn't drop you out of his arms like a live coal and you'd see the love dying from his face? Oh, it was awful. I had to turn away from him to the mirror—getting up the right smile for a fur set when a rope of pearls wouldn't have lifted the misery off me.

Sunday Jack asked us to his place for dinner—just us two and Miss Whitehall. All the way downtown Babbitts was wondering why it was only Miss Whitehall—sort of funny he didn't include Mr. George, who was often there, and even the old man, seeing it was to be a dinner of the Harland case outfit. I had my own ideas on the subject, and they made me limp, sitting small and peaked beside Babbitts, with my hands damp and clammy in my new white gloves.

It was a swell dinner—the finest things to eat I ever had, even there. Miss Whitehall all in black, with her neck bare, and Jack in his dress suit, were such a grand pair I'd have enjoyed the mere sight of them, only for that terrible secret.

IT wasn't till the end of dinner—old David gone off into the kitchen—that the thing I'd been waiting for came out. Jack's face told me it was coming—happiness and pride were shining from it like a light. He'd asked us there—his best and truest friends—to tell us, before anyone else, that he and Miss Whitehall were going to be married.

They looked across the table at each other—a beautiful beaming look—and Babbitts with his mouth open looked at them, and I looked down at my plate where the ice cream was melting in a pink pool. Then Jack poured champagne into our glasses, and raising them high we drank their healths, and then clinked the rims together, and laughed,



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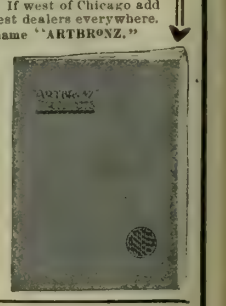
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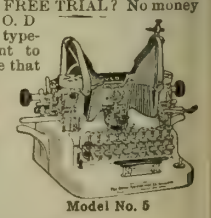


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and wished them joy. It ought to have been perfectly lovely and it *would* have been if that fiendish guilty conscience of mine could only have gone to sleep for a few minutes.

And then came the awful and unexpected. I didn't think he'd dare to do it, but he did. Turning to me with his glass in his hand, and his face so kind it made me melt like the ice cream, Jack said: "And there's going to be another health drunk—Molly's. Molly Babbitts, the best friend that any man or woman ever had, the person who did the biggest thing in the whole Harland case."

HE wasn't going to tell—he knew enough for that; he knew that Babbitts wasn't on, but he wanted *me* to understand. I looked at their faces: Jack's with its grateful message, and Carol's saying the same, and Babbitts's red with pride and joy. *Then* I couldn't bear it. Feeling queer and weak, I sat dumb, not touching my glass, looking at the plate.

"Why, Molly," said Babbitts, surprised. "Aren't you going to answer?"

"No," I said suddenly, "not till I've told something first."

I guess I looked about as cheerful as the skeletons they used to have at feasts in foreign countries. Anyway I saw them all amazed, their eyes fixed staring on me. I stiffened up and set both hands hard on the edge of the table, and looked at Carol. My lips were so shaky I could hardly get out the words.

"You're all wrong—you've made a mistake. I didn't do it for you the way you think—I—I—" I turned to Jack and the tears began to spill out of my eyes—"I did it for *him.*"

"*Me?*" he exclaimed.

"Yes, you. We swore to be friends once and that's what I am. I saw you were going to tell her. I thought it would ruin you and I knew I couldn't stop you—so—so—as *I* didn't matter—I did it myself before you could."

He pushed back his chair, all stirred and pale. Carol, with a catch of her breath, said my name—just "Molly," nothing more. But Babbitts, who didn't know where he was at, cried out:

"Did *what?* For Heaven's sake, what's it all about?"

Then I told him—the whole thing. Out it came with tears and sobs—all to him, every word of it, with not a voice to interrupt, and when it was done down went my head on the table with my hair in the ice cream.

Well, what do you think happened? Was he mad—did he say you're a false, deceitful woman, begone? Oh, he didn't—he *didn't!* He got up and came around the table, and Carol and Jack slipped away somewhere and left us alone.

Afterward in the parlor, me a sight with my nose red and the ice cream only half out of my hair, we talked it all out and they— Oh, well, they said a lot of things—I can't tell you what—too many and sort of affecting. It made me feel awful uncomfortable not knowing what to say, but Babbitts *adored* it, couldn't get enough of it, just sat there nodding like the Chinese image on the mantelpiece, while those two fine people sat and threw bouquets at his wife.

On the way up the street we didn't say much, walking close together hand tucked in arm. But suddenly, up under one of those big arc lights in Gramercy Park, he stopped short and, looking strange and solemn, gave me a kiss, a good loud smack, and said sort of husky: "I love you more this evening, Morningdew, than I ever did since the first day I met you."

Well—that's the end. Jack and Carol are going to be married this spring and go to Firehill. Babbitts and I have a standing invitation down there for every Sunday and all summer if we want. There's a great lawsuit started to prove the claims of Mrs. Whitehall and Carol as Johnston Barker's wife and child. He died without a will, so in the end they'll get most all he left—piles and piles of money. It's in the Whitney office, and last time I saw Mr. Whitney he told me Carol would some day be one of the richest women in New York.

It won't spoil her—she's not that kind—a grand, fine woman, true blue every inch of her. I've come to know her well and I'm satisfied she's just the girl I would have chosen for Jack Reddy. Queer, isn't it, the way things come about? Here was I, searching for a wife for him, turning them all down, and he goes and stumbles on the only one in the country I'd think good enough. That's the way it is with life—when it looks most like a muddle it's going straightest. It sure is sort of confusing—but it's a good old world after all.

THE END

Eliphaz, Late Fairfax

(Continued from page 10)

as the horses passed the grand stand on the way to the post Jockey Merritt heard his name called. Major Pettigrew was standing on the platform in front of the pagoda, bawling through a megaphone.

"Boy, bring that black hoss over here!"

Merritt reined Eliphaz across the track, touched the visor of his cap with his whip, and looked up inquiringly.

"Son," said Major Pettigrew, "you're on the favorite, so don't make any mistakes with him. I want to see you ride from start to finish—and I'm goin' to be watchin' you. That's all."

"I'll do my best, judge," was Merritt's answer.

"You see that the hoss does his best," warned the major. "Proceed with him, son."

THE Handicap was a great race, but we are concerned with but one horse—Eliphaz, late Fairfax. When the barrier rose Jockey Merritt booted the spurs home and tried to hurl the big black into the lead. He might as well have tried to get early speed out of a porpoise. Eliphaz grunted loudly and in exactly five lumbering jumps was in last place; the other horses went on and left the favorite snorting in the dust. Jockey Merritt raked the black sides with his spurs and slashed cruelly with his whip—the favorite would not could not get out of a slow, awkward gallop.

"Blankety blank it!" exclaimed Major Pettigrew to the associate judge. "What did I tell you, eh? Sure as a gun, Engle laid him up, and the books made him favorite and took in a ton of money! Look at him, will you? Ain't that pitiful?"

"He runs like a cow," said the major's assistant. "Merritt is certainly riding him, though. He's whipping at every jump."

It was a long way around the track, and probably only one man was really sorry for Eliphaz. Old Man Curry, at the paddock gate, shook his head as the black horse floundered down the stretch, last by fifty yards, the blunt spurs tearing at his sides and the rawhide raising welts on his shoulders.

The winning numbers had dropped into position before Eliphaz came under the wire. Major Pettigrew took one look at the horse and called to the official messenger:

"Find Engle and tell him I want to see him!"

"WELL, old-timer, here we are again with our hat in our hand!" It was the Bald-faced Kid, at the door of Old Man Curry's tackle room. "This time you've put one over for fair! Major Pettigrew has just passed out his decision to the newspaper boys."

"Ah, hah!" said the old man, looking up from the Book of Proverbs. "His decision, eh? Was he—kind of severe-like?"

"Oh, no—o! Not what you'd call severe. I suppose he could have ordered Engle boiled in oil or hung by the neck or something like that, but the major let him down light. All he did was to rule him off the turf for life!"

"Gracious Peter! You don't tell me!"

"Yes, and his horses too. The whole bunch! Engle is almost crazy. He swears on his mother's grave that he's in-no-cent and he's going to appeal to the Jockey Club and have Eliphaz examined by a 'vet' and the Lord knows what all. Oh, he's wild! It seems that Pettigrew wanted him to prove that he'd backed the horse and he couldn't produce the losing tickets. If Merritt hadn't half killed the horse, Pettigrew would have got him too."

"Well, well!" said the old man, turning back to Proverbs. "I was just readin' something here. 'He that seeketh mischief, it shall come unto him.' Engle has been seekin' mischief a long time now and look what he's got."

"Too true, old-timer," said the Bald-faced Kid, "but who was it ordered the

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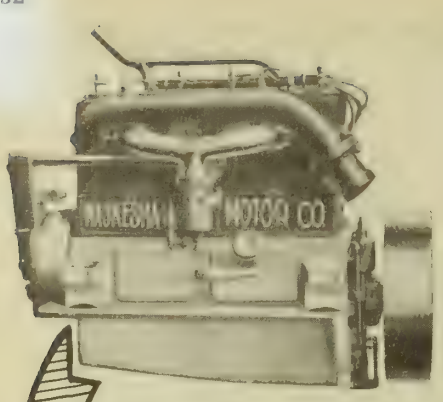
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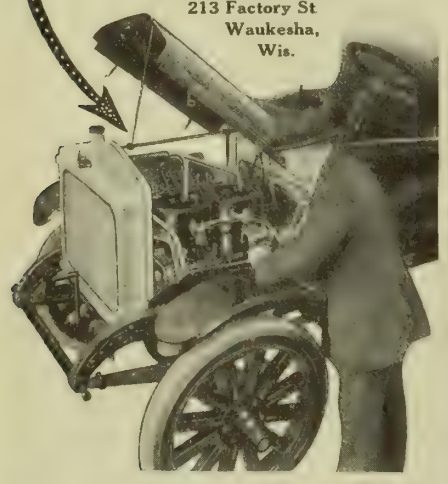
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mischief wrapped up and delivered to him? Come through!"

"Hold up your right hand!" said Old Man Curry.

"Cross my heart and hope to die if I ever tell!" said the Kid. "Now then, come clean."

"Frank," said the old man, "do you remember when we was unloadin' the hosses and ketched Eliphaz bitin' at the fence? . . . You do? Then you ought to be ashamed to ask any questions, because if you know hosses like you should know 'em—in your business—you wouldn't need to ask questions.

"Eliphaz is a cribber, and a cribber is a hoss that sucks itself full of wind like a balloon. I knew the minute I see him drop his head and swallow that way that cribbin' was what ailed him. That explained his bein' such a bad race hoss. Jimmy Miles probably never done a thing to correct that habit—didn't know he had it, likely.

"Well, the first thing I did was to keep the hoss's head tied high in the daytime, because no hoss will crib unless he can get his head down. Then at night I put on a cribbin' strap and buckled it tight around his neck. He could get his head down all right, but he couldn't suck any air. With that habit corrected, Eliphaz was a great hoss.

"When I found out that Engle wanted to buy him, I let Eliphaz crib all day Friday, after he'd been worked, and when I sold him I didn't sell the strap. That's all, Frank. When he went to the post he was so full of air that if Merritt hadn't been settin' on him he'd have gone up like a balloon. That's why I warned you not to let anybody bet on him. . . . Did you do pretty well, Frank?"

"I got a toothful while some other folks was getting a meal," answered the Kid. "Just one thing more: where did you get that name—Eliphaz?"

"That was a sort of a joke," confessed the old man. "Once there was a party named Job, and he had all sorts of hard luck. Some of that hard luck was in not bein' able to lose his friends. They used to come and see him and hold a lodge of sorrow and set on the ground and talk and talk—whole chapters of talk—and the windiest one of 'em all—"

"I get you!" chuckled the Bald-faced Kid. "That was Eliphaz!"

Old Man Curry nodded.

"'Knowledge is easy unto him that understandeth,'" he quoted.

"Yes, but an inside tip now and then never hurt anybody," said the Bald-faced Kid. "Declare me in on the next miracle, will you?"

One Term for Wilson?

(*Continued from page 8*)

But will Mr. Bryan oppose the renomination of the President, enlisting in the primaries in that cause? Members of a certain committee of Congress will tell you that Mr. Bryan is on record in such a way that he cannot consistently do it. They refer to a letter from Mr. Bryan to Representative Henry D. Clayton, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, written about the same time Mr. Wilson sent his letter to Representative Palmer on the pending bills proposing a constitutional change. Mr. Bryan sought to emphasize so clearly that he was not interested in personalities that he suggested the phrasing of the amendment to take effect after March 4, 1917—in other words, in the national campaign of 1920.

This would leave Mr. Wilson free to run again in 1916.

Mr. Bryan not long ago pointed out to the writer that the purpose of his letter to Mr. Clayton should not be misconstrued; that he was seeking the enactment of a principle of the Democratic platform; that he saw the opportunity of obtaining the passage of the amendment and personalities were, therefore, of no consequence. Rather than have the friends of Taft, Roosevelt, or Wilson in Congress or in the States to which the amendment would have to be submitted block the measure because they might regard it as prohibiting these men from becoming candidates again, Mr. Bryan stood ready to eliminate all personal considerations.

Whether Mr. Bryan will acquiesce in the President's plan to submit the question of his own candidacy to the primary vote, leaving the proposal to restrict the presidential tenure to further discussion in Congress, is entirely a matter of conjecture at present. Until the President formally announces his intentions the former Secretary of State is likely not to raise the issue. Political events in the next Congress, the question of national defense, prohibition, and woman suffrage, and other issues, perhaps, ought not to be ignored in considering whether Mr. Bryan will support or oppose the President's renomination.

"A Fool for His Pains"

PASSING from consideration of party politics to personal ambition, it may be surprising to the general public, but it is none the less true that Mr. Wilson does not regard it as essential to his personal happiness that he be renominated or reelected. There are those among his close friends who would not be in the least startled if Mr. Wilson refused even to submit his candidacy to the primaries, preferring to leave office with the consciousness of a duty well performed toward his country in one of the most critical hours of its national existence. His has not been a pleasant tenure, untouched by disappointments, griefs, or personal afflictions. The heart-rending nature of his task will never be known except to those who have watched him labor untiringly with set teeth and determined jaw on some of the most disagreeable and goading of human tasks. His silent struggle to refrain from expressing himself at times on the sordid and debasing features of national politics, especially in matters of patronage, has been as heroic as it perhaps was discreet, for beneficial legislation—the greatest good for the community—is often best accomplished by tolerance and self-restraint in the executive.

It must have been this peculiar punishment of the individual in office which had impressed itself on Mr. Wilson's mind one day last winter when, speaking privately to an assembled delegation before him, he gave vent to his innermost feelings and said, among other things:

"A man is a fool for his pains if he seeks the office of president."

He Fights for Principles

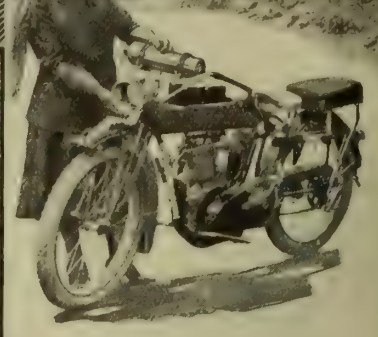
THE delegation, through its spokesman, had boldly suggested to the President that unless the changes they had come to urge were obtained their followers, as a class, would not vote for him again as they had in 1912. The suggestion of "blackmail," so the President himself phrased it, angered him. What he said was not for publication, and the delegation went away convinced that the thousands and thousands of voters whom they represented might just as well cast their ballots for some one else—Mr. Wilson would decide the question without reference to their threat. And he did.

To those, indeed, who have had the opportunity of studying the President at close range, it has often been apparent that, so far as his personal wishes are concerned, Mr. Wilson might be much happier outside of public office than in it. In the making of his career he has seldom considered expediency or personal happiness. His energies, both in politics and out of it, have been enlisted in a series of fights for a principle—service to the State and Nation. He fought for a principle in the long and tangled controversy as head of Princeton University; he fought for the principle of the effectiveness of the direct primary when he supported Martine as against "Jim" Smith for United States Senator. He struggled patiently and arduously with members of his own party in Congress through the nerve-racking fight for tariff reform, the repeal of the tolls provision, and then the enactment of a new currency law.

If the issue in 1916 shall be the record of the Democratic Administration as a whole, especially the legislation enacted by the Democratic Congress—as no doubt to a great extent it will be, irrespective of Mr. Wilson's personal popularity—you will find him ready to take up the fight unflinchingly for his party.

If it is to be defeat, he will be as ready to share it, just as his many friends among the party leaders are insistent that if it is to be victory he alone deserves its just rewards.

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A Doctor's Point of View

WHY FUMIGATE? : : BY JOHN B. HUBER M. D.

THE newer disinfection—the purification of the homes in which people have suffered from infectious diseases—has come about through knowledge gained in the last half century as to how yellow fever, malaria, measles, tuberculosis, and the like are transmitted. It is now generally known that yellow jack is introduced solely by the *Stegomyia* mosquito; malaria only by the *Anopheles* mosquito, and never in any other way (certainly not by bad air—*mal'aria*); the body louse transmits typhus: such diseases are not got from fomites (goods and fabrics that may happen to contain the respective germs). Cholera and typhoid fever are not contracted through miasmata, but only by swallowing the essential germs of those diseases in food and drink thus contaminated. Diphtheria is probably not communicable through the air, but by direct contact, as in kissing, or by contact of one's nasal passages with the diphtheria germs as they are conveyed by the fingers from substances (handkerchiefs, dishes, and so on) that have been contaminated with the patient's expectorations. One need, therefore, fear practically nothing from the air of a diphtheria patient's sick room. Hospital doctors and nurses, careful in their ablutions, are in constant attendance on sufferers from diphtheria, scarlet fever, and measles the year around without contracting those diseases or being in fear of them. (Fear, by the way, is a prime predisposition to any infection.) The safest refuge from diphtheria is the properly conducted ward of a diphtheria hospital. The surest place not to get consumption is a well-managed tuberculosis sanatorium. What germiphobia, what ignoble public hysteria, what discomfort, would be removed through a general knowledge of such facts! Here, as elsewhere in life, fear vanishes with comprehension of the cause of the fear.

Nor are scarlet fever and measles transmitted in the "peeling" or the eruption from the skin characteristic of those diseases; nor is the peeling stage of scarlet fever, as was formerly supposed, that when transmission is most likely—measles is infectious anyway only during the first days of the disease, when the germ-laden discharges from the patient's nose and throat are most profuse. It is in such discharges, in measles, scarlet fever, and whooping cough, that the danger of infection mostly lies. These diseases, then, are most catching in their preeruptive period, when their nature is so often not suspected. What use to fumigate after the mischief has been done?

Certainly fumigation—that is, disinfection by formaldehyde, by burning sulphur or other gases—destroys germs or renders them innocuous; but most germs cannot retain their vitality or their capacity for mischief for any length of time after leaving the patient's body. Accounts of some one's getting scarlet fever through opening a trunk which belonged to grandmother's Aunt Mary, who died of that disease several generations ago, have legendary charm, but are lacking in scientific exactitude. The fact is, the best disinfectants are pure air and the blessed sunshine. A sick room thus ventilated on the termination of the case, the bedding, carpets, rugs, and so on exposed to the sun's rays, with plenty of soap and water and elbow grease: these means will, for most infections, be all the purification necessary. There is also an impression—by no means always a valid one—that the worse a disinfectant smells the more effective it is.

Thus, in accordance with the modern conceptions of the spread of infections, the New York Health Department over a year ago discontinued fumigation after cases of diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, meningitis, and infantile paralysis. And this year the department has discontinued fumigation altogether in the boroughs of Greater New York, except Brooklyn, in order that comparisons may be made as to the results of fumigation on the one hand and of nonfumigation on the other. This is done to satisfy skeptics that discontinuance of the practice of fumigation will work no harm to either the individual or the community.

England's Pocketbook

(*Continued from page 12*)

fund of at least 4 per cent: that makes £110,000,000. In addition to that, we shall have to face as soon as the war is over a tremendous charge which no one has yet even ventured to guess at—for the pensions to those wounded in war and the pensions to the widows and dependents of those who fall. At the very least we cannot put that at less than £20,000,000 a year for the first few years. Thus we will start after the war with a charge of not less than £130,000,000 in addition to what our last peace expenditure was."

This last peace budget, by the way, was £205,000,000. In view of the colossal piling up of figures since that happy time it seems almost trivial.

Yet, staggering as is this toll (and it will only be part of the post-war burden that England will have to carry), it can readily be met if history repeats itself. The case of the Napoleonic wars will illustrate. In 1816, after these wars were over, Great Britain's population was about 20,000,000: her accumulated wealth no more than £2,500,000,000, and her annual income £300,000,000. As a result of the long-drawn-out effort to crush the Man of Destiny she incurred a debt of £895,000,000 with an annual interest charge of £33,000,000, or 11 per cent of the nation's annual income. To this was added the fixed charge on Government conduct until the total annual expenditure of the nation was £65,000,000, over one-fifth of the country's income. Yet the country successfully met this huge task, though the strain was great.

But what of to-day and to-morrow? Enormous as may be the debt incurred by the war now raging, the burden of financing it will be slight (relatively) compared with the wiping out of the Napoleonic debt that I have just cited. The reasons are obvious.

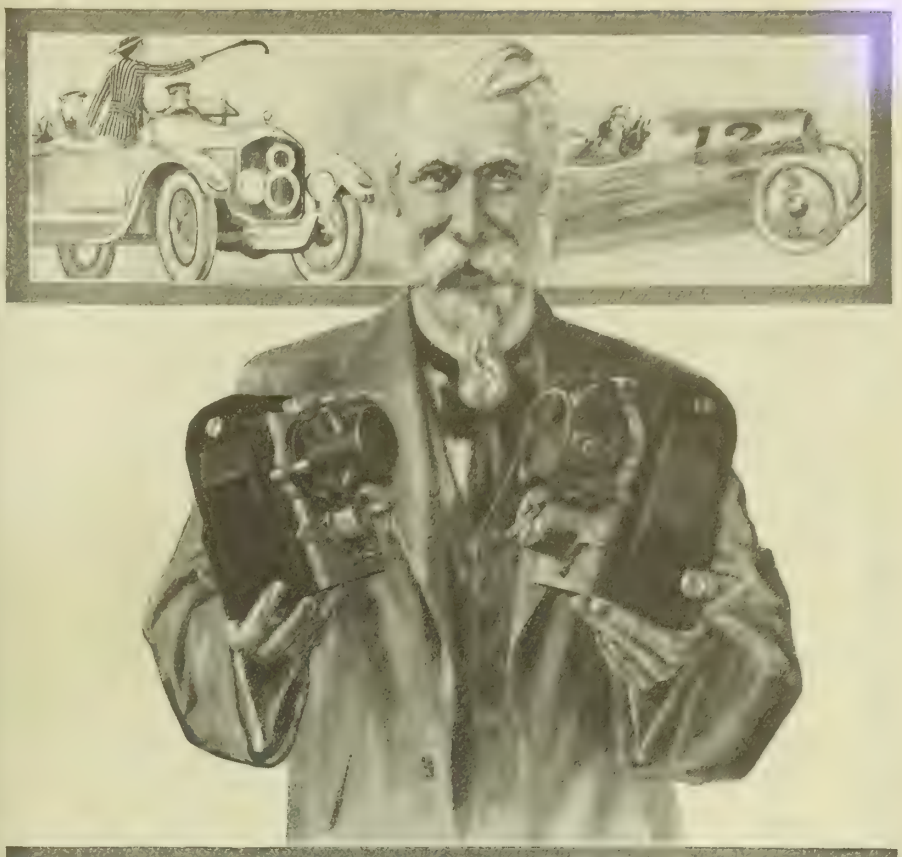
The United Kingdom now has 47,000,000 people; her accumulated wealth is £18,000,000,000, and the annual income of her people is £2,400,000,000. The income per head is £52, while the tax prior to the war was only £3 a head. Before the present war the public debt had been reduced to £706,000,000, which involved an annual interest charge of £17,341,000. Now, if the total borrowing must be two billions or more, the available funds to meet the new burden will be manyfold greater in proportion than the funds available for the wiping out of the Napoleonic debts, and the people are willing to pay.

The Greatest of All Budgets

ELOQUENT evidence of this confidence was the fortitude with which the new budget, announced September 22 and the biggest in all the world's history, was received. It jumped revenue on larger incomes 40 per cent; it made the workman earning £3 a week a taxpayer. Here was a blow that fell on rich and poor alike, and each met it with equanimity, though in most cases it doubled the tax that everybody was paying.

The new income and supertax added to the old will alone increase the revenue by £150,000,000. Until the new budget England had not begun to touch the depths of her taxable resources. Only 10 per cent of the people, for example, whose income aggregated a billion pounds, paid any tax at all. Incomes of £160 ($800) were exempt; now the limit is £130 or $650.

One reason why England can stand the new tax so composedly is that this war, up to the latest budget, was a war of loans, not taxes. Most of her other wars have been just the reverse. The whole general burden of taxation has become smaller as the income of the country has grown greater. The huge bulk of imports for consumption, amounting to £600,000,000, remained untaxed until lately. The tax on tea, sugar, tobacco, coffee, chicory, and dried fruits is now increased 50 per cent; postage and telegraph tolls are raised. One notable increase—that of 100 per cent on patent medicines—is a blessing in disguise. War profits are



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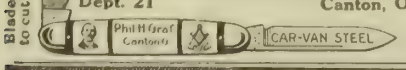
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hit hard. There is a special tax of 50 per cent on profits above £100, but the new and swollen profits due to the war speeding-up are used as the standard.

Of great significance to the export trade of the United States, now and for the future, is the new duty of 33 1-3 per cent on imported luxuries like automobiles, moving-picture films, clocks, watches, musical instruments, plate glass, and hats. It looks as if the banner of free trade is being furled, if only temporarily. The whole new scheme of taxation is to restrict imports, evict luxuries, and reduce consumption, and it is part of the larger British conservation program that the war has inspired.

Ripe for Taxation

THAT the people of England were ripe for taxation is evidenced by a remark made to me by the Chancellor of the Exchequer when he said:

"For one letter that I have received protesting against further tax I receive ten asking for taxation."

"Why do you prefer taxation to further loans?" I asked an Englishman in public life.

"Because," he replied, "borrowing does not pay for the war now. It provides for future payment with usury. The more that is borrowed the longer the borrowing lasts and the heavier becomes the mortgage on the future."

The rich have been prepared for heavy increases in taxation and are reconciled to the new rates which take one-third of their income. The war has taken the flint out of the rustiest natures. A well-known English manufacturer told me of the case of his associate, a very canny Scot. "Before the war," said this man, "my partner sent many of his securities abroad to escape taxation. The moment war began he brought them back home. Instead of side-stepping tax he welcomes it."

Combined with this strong feeling for taxation is a conviction in some quarters that England can pay for the war out of savings and income. Normally she saves £400,000,000 a year, half of which is invested abroad. They point to the enormous increase in so many incomes.

The Ravages of War

BUT the optimists who figure (on paper) that the war can be financed out of income and saving do not reckon with that section of the British population that has not been carried on the high tide of swollen wages. Some classes have been hit hard. First of all are the professional men—writers, painters, architects, decorators, jewelers, doctors, and dressmakers. The case of a fashionable West End doctor of London will illustrate. He said: "My income is cut down to one-third. Half of my patients are at the front. The other half are now too poor to have me or too busy to get sick."

A short time ago the best known of all French dressmakers closed his London establishment because, as he put it: "Women have stopped wearing frocks; they are now merely buying clothes." Hundreds of girls were thrown out of work.

No single class has felt the ravage of war quite so keenly as the stockbrokers of London. Their business is a mere fraction of what it used to be: many of them have had to seek other employment.

The strangest phenomenon of this whole war as affecting England is that the rich have become thrifty—the saving has begun at the top. I know the case of a Britisher whose income is £15,000 a year, yet by the strange irony of fate he had to borrow enough to pay his income tax. He, like many others who depend on income, has been hit because many corporations are putting dividends into "reserve" against the post-war rainy day. Indeed the war is the "last straw" for the very rich of England who have felt a heavy burden of added income and land taxation these past few years as a result of the Lloyd-George social program for the "uplift" of the masses. This is one reason why they seem willing to seize upon the first opportunity to retrench with social credit. In short—to use the phrase of quality—"it's done."

I can cite instances of fashionable women who make one frock do the work of three; who walk instead of taking taxis. But these and many others form part of the notable economy campaign that I shall describe elsewhere.

Nor is the hardship confined to the rich. Hundreds of small shopkeepers, the kind that sell ready-made clothing, underwear, and shoes, feel it. Why? Because 3,000,000 men are in khaki. They are supplied with free food and clothing. All they need to buy is tobacco.

Then, too, there is the immense loss in the "sight-seeing" country through the absence of the American tourists. Thousands of families in England lived for the whole year on the revenue they received in the summer from visiting Americans. Of course (to the country at large) this loss is somewhat offset by the fact that no Britishers are traveling on the Continent this year, and this is a considerable saving. Add to this (and it is worth emphasizing again) the large increase in the price of food, and it all amounts to a hardship. Only rents have not risen. What strikes the visitor in England (and especially in the large towns) is the small number of "To Let" signs. It is a tribute to the native pluck and tenacity to "keep going."

Take the tremendous dislocation in industry. The great increase in imports carries with it a loss greater than can be measured by mere money loss. *It is the loss of good will.* A motor car will illustrate. English output in the main is heavily absorbed for the war. An Englishman imports an American machine. He gets used to it, and the chances are that he will keep on buying that same car after the war. The trade-mark, in other words, sticks, and so it goes all along the purchasing way.

To the catalogue of war hardships you must add the loss of trade with Germany, which vied with the United States as Britain's largest customer.

And finally you must consider that much of the industrial activity that makes England one huge and living workshop is dedicated to waste. The battleship will go down or will be "scrapped"; the shell will be spent; the gun carriage will be splintered; the uniform will end in tatters; the war munitions generally vanish. It is like dumping money into a hole in the ground—it is all part of the waste of unproductive effort.

There is still another loss that the war brings—the moral loss in the increase of drink among women. Thanks to the generous separation allowances, the wives of soldiers for the first time in their lives have a surplus. When husband was at home wife could not frequent the "pub"—husband was there himself. Now husband is at the front or training, and his wife has all the money. In London, or in any town in England, you see more women at the bars than ever before.

Drinking among them has increased threefold since the war.

A Debtor Nation at Last

BUT the most serious blow to the British economic system (and it is an assault on British pride at the same time) was the American exchange collapse—the turn in the tide of affairs that made England a debtor nation at last. For the purpose of explanation an attempt will be made to reduce it to the simplest terms.

Business relations between nations are settled by balances. England's imports from the United States are paid for by her exports to us. If these are not enough, the balance of trade is made up (usually more than made up) by the sum we pay England for water freightage, by interest on her investments in America, and by the cash our tourists spend. Hence England has been the premier creditor nation of the world.

But the war changed all this. The drafting of 3,000,000 men to the colors put an enormous dent into the English industrial output for export. The great bulk of producing machinery is geared up to war supplies. English exports dwindled and her imports soared. To put it in a popular way: for each day practically since the war began England has been buying from other countries (and especially the United States) £1,000,000 more goods than they have been buying from her. Here is where the trouble started.

The American exchange began to fall. By American exchange is meant the equivalent to the pound in dollars in New York. Ordinarily the pound is worth $4.86. This is when we owe England, but when England owes us and keeps on piling up the debt very naturally that value falls. The pound dropped to $4.50 one day, a low record.

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the situation can be adjusted by sending gold. Some gold has been sent from England, but it is not enough. She needs her gold in a great war, and we have all we want. It became highly important that England should protect the integrity of her pound (and with it her national credit) by establishing a new credit in the United States in terms of dollars. Hence came the visit of the financial mission headed by Sir Edward Holden and Lord Reading which arranged for a $500,000,000 credit through a bond issue.

Good Out of Evil

THE collapse of American exchange, however, was in no sense a serious reflection on British credit. It was an automatic movement in the machinery of international finance. But for British procrastination it never would have happened.

This episode was a sort of ill wind that blew some good. For one thing it enabled British holders of American securities to realize on them at a profit. In the second place, when the nation woke up to the fact that its imports were soaring and its exports dwindling, the cry "Use less imported goods" sprang up all over the kingdom and became the slogan of a definite and organized movement. A significant argument is used to help this crusade. It reads:

"The Germans ordinarily buy £500,000,000 worth of foreign goods a year. Now they are importing very little. Yet they manage to get everything necessary for the war. What Germany can do we can do. No saving is too small to count."

This statement shows what most Englishmen are fair enough to admit, namely, that they have taught Germany the supreme lesson of economy and they are having great difficulty in teaching it to themselves.

The fall of the British pound sterling, due to such an overwhelming excess of imports, is not without other constructive effects. Everywhere the workers are being mobilized. Men clerks in banks are being succeeded by women, and these men put to productive tasks. The useless "door openers" in restaurants and shops are being given something more useful to turn than knobs or carriage doors. All energy is being directed to increase output and keep the wheels of export going.

The "Down with Imports" campaign is very much akin to the "Made in U. S. A." movement which began shortly after the outbreak of the war. But England, unlike America, has found patriotism in the pocketbook.

One perceptible result in England is the beginning of a more intensive cultivation of the land—which means a wider production and consumption of home-grown food.

War-time Benefits

NOR is this all the benefit that war has wrought, if such a thing as good can come out of colossal evil. First of all an immense amount of money has been put into circulation. Not all of it is going for drink, although the percentage dissipated in this way is far too large. Some of this circulation is going to cheap finery and household luxuries that until the war the working classes believed were eternally beyond them. In the vicinity of the training camps (and England is one huge camp) the shops are in a riot of prosperity. All the allied industries that supply these shops are sharing it. It reaches out in every direction. A cash-register salesman told me that his business in the vicinity of the great camp at Salisbury had increased 75 per cent. Then, too, the revenue to the great mass of country people from billeting troops is very large and gives thousands of families whole new leases of life.

The amount of new money in circulation has the very natural effect of reducing pauperism. The number of paupers in England and Wales on June 26 of this year was smaller than at any time since 1875, the first year that a definite census was taken, this, too, despite the very considerable increase in population.

There have been fewer bankruptcies this year than in any year for more than a decade. During the five months prior to September there were 800; for the whole twelve months, 2,857. The normal for the year is well over 3,000 and sometimes 5,000.

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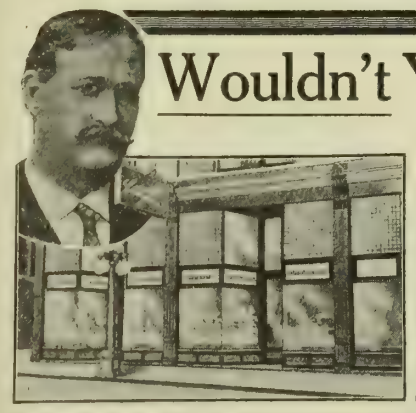


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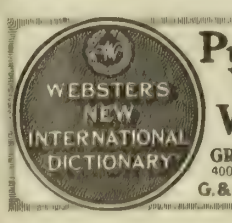
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for example, the great Union of London and Smith's Bank, Ltd. The report read at the half-yearly meeting on July 21 showed that with a bank rate of 5 per cent and a deposit rate of 2 per cent, the average discount rate for the half year was under 2½ per cent. There was never any pressure for money. On the contrary, there was such an abundance as to interfere with profits. The net profits were only £11,000 less than that of the corresponding period of last year, while the gross profits were actually £73,000 more.

Take that other barometer, the labor market. Except in a few luxury trades, the demand for labor greatly exceeds the supply. The hardest hit industry is building and construction. "Live in your own house" is more than a phrase.

Out of all this war tumult of trade and labor has come a step of utmost importance to the whole British nation. It is a National Registration, which is nothing less than a complete census of the physical effort of all the people, male and female, young and old. Here is the real scientific approach to perfect mobilization, because every person in the land was required to answer this question:

"Are you skilled in any work other than the one with which you are engaged and if so, what? Are you able and willing to undertake that work?"

This registration is the logical and natural aproach to what England regards at this hour as an inevitable conscription. One definite benefit that compulsory service would bring is a rigid censorship of the skilled. The mistake of sending trained artisans to the front who are more vitally needed at home could not be repeated under this order. In the second place, as many Englishmen to-day view it, conscription would put a check on the indiscriminate slaughter of the youth of the land and leave the way open to a proper peopling of to-morrow. Still another benefit is the probe of the new National Committee on Retrenchment into all civil expenditure. Conservation is up and doing in England at last!

Mobilized Industry

DESPITE the very considerable dislocations, British industry is holding up amazingly well. In all those activities which touch the war it is pouring immense profits into the coffers of the proprietors. Food producers, makers of khaki, manufacturers of war munitions—all are reaping a golden harvest. Industrial England is a continuous mill with Mars at the wheel.

Of course much of this huge machine had to be newly equipped or readjusted for war products. How is this "overhead," as they say in business, to be met? By the simple and satisfying explanation that the entire cost of new installation is paid out of profit. In other words, if the war ends next fall, let us say, the steel maker who built a shell or gun-carriage factory will have paid for the improvement and have profit besides. If he needs money for improvements, the Government will lend it to him at a low rate of interest. In this beneficent and intelligent way England combines patriotism and good business.

How useful for the trades of peace will all those plants be after the war? Much of the equipment will have to be "scrapped," mainly because it is subject to such terrific wear and tear now. I asked one of the great steel magnates of England with immense works at Sheffield about the post-war industrial problem, and he said:

"Lathes are lathes. Most of them can be used after the war. They can turn out plowshares just as they turned out shells."

In this man's mills the percentage of output before the war was 70 per cent for commerce and 30 per cent for war. Now it is reversed, but it shows that the wheels of commerce are moving.

But commerce plays second fiddle to war. The man who might well be designated the British Carnegie said to me: "My mills are making shells, and we are also doing other business, but when a builder wants a girder or a beam he must take it in shell steel."

Here is a constructive prophecy by a steel master of the north country:

"After the war we can adapt the 'automatics' now making shells to a 'quantity production' that will give England a whole new industrial commerce."

There is no doubt that the war has galvanized industry. Before the fatal August of 1914 the foundries, shipbuilding establishments, and agricultural works sold their products at fair profits abroad, on from one to three years' time. Now they are getting cash and a huge profit at home.

Take mechanical engineering. Prior to the war it was in the dumps; now it is in a frenzy of work.

The war munition producing machine will likewise enable England to snatch some of the German foreign trade. The United States will have to struggle hard to keep what fragment she has been able to secure during British preoccupation. England knows the technique of the foreign-trade game, and we do not. How far Germany will "come back" remains to be seen, for her post-war policy—as always—will doubtless be to undersell the world. When I asked a famous British manufacturer he said:

"Of course Germany will try to undersell everybody, but it will be a question of undersold poor goods against normal-priced quality goods—and the British quality will win. Besides, with our industries speeded up by the war work, we will have something to say in the matter of quantity output."

Still another industrial benefit that the war will undoubtedly give England will be the acquisition of a large portion of Russian trade hitherto dominated by Germany. It is best expressed by the Russian Minister of Commerce, who said:

"There should be no difficulty in England's securing a very strong position in the Russian market. She has only to follow the example of the Continental nations, especially the Germans, who, instead of trusting to agents, established mills and factories on Russian territory. Thus these enterprising factors and traders not only evaded many of the difficulties of the customs, but came into direct contact with the Russian market."

England's Soundness

WHY is England sound economically? Here are the main reasons:

She is the richest of the belligerent nations, and much of her wealth, notably her foreign investments, is convertible into cash.

She is, in the main, free from disturbance of trade, while industrial Germany is bleeding to death internally.

More than any other country at war she has kept the machinery of foreign trade moving. She remains a "going concern." Her holds carry British goods wherever the trade winds blow. On the other hand, Germany has made a bonfire of her foreign trade and her merchant marine is useless.

While Germany is utilizing all her means, England has only touched the fringe of her resources in men, money, material, and food.

Save for sporadic Zeppelin raids, she has suffered no devastation, and is practically free from invasion.

There has been no hoarding of gold—no inflation. Unlike German gold, which is impotent, English gold is a live, liquid, and working agent.

A very significant evidence of England's soundness is in the item of currency. Where Germany's huge issue of paper money is almost without real gold reserve, nearly all of England's £68,000,000 is "covered" by gold. The British pound notes of older issue are still convertible into gold, a condition not obtaining for similar currency in any country at war.

Despite the temporary collapse of American exchange, England's international financial supremacy remains unimpaired. Wherever men trade, from Bombay to Brazil, the pound sterling is the medium of exchange—still the world's financial signpost, and will remain so.

To sum up English soundness, let me quote a famous British financial authority with whom I talked at the beginning of August. He said:

"All the available evidence shows that Great Britain, after a full twelve months of war, is just as wealthy and just as well off as she was before the war began, and that she has met the full cost of the war mainly out of the money she would otherwise have saved, out of extra savings, and out of an increased income."

Can England Pay?

ALL this, of course, leads to the pertinent query: how can England pay the war bill? To answer it you must take toll of her resources, visible and invisible. You discover that her financial eggs are not all in the same basket.



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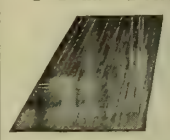


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First of all is her great accumulated wealth, aggregating £18,000,000,000, which is two billions greater than Germany's. From this comes her annual income of £2,400,000,000 as against the Teuton yearly income of £300,000,000 less. All this fabulous fortune could not be thrown into the war balance, but it shows the reserve behind the British determination to win, even as Mr. Asquith said the other day: "If it takes the last farthing." But the surface of this wealth has not been scraped.

In appraising Britain's wealth you must consider a factor that usually escapes the casual historian, for it is wealth that does not show in statistics. It is in the "hidden fortunes" of the everyday and often obscure man and woman. They correspond with the "unknown millionaires" that are to be found in nearly every American community. To measure these British hoards you have only to read the roster of "Wills Probated" in the newspapers any day. The results are surprising. All this is part of the financial bone and sinew behind the British cause.

Britain has always been the world's banker, and her foreign investments of £4,000,000,000, yielding a yearly income of £200,000,000 to-day, form a very secure bulwark. They are safely and widely distributed. Nearly half, for example, are on the American continent aloof from the war. They are in our own gilt-edge railroad stocks and bonds, and in South American railroads. Only 7 per cent—£1 out of every £15 sent abroad—is in Europe. England has £6,000,000 in Germany. The heaviest creditor among the Allies is Russia, with £92,000,000, but she is not losing any sleep about that obligation. The whole effect of these foreign investments is to create a strong reserve. They act as antidote now for the colossal war expenditure. After the war their interest, flowing back periodically, will help to offset the inevitable tide of taxation.

Nor must the fact be overlooked that fighting shoulder to shoulder with the mother country is her whole empire. The dominions over the seas are shedding their blood freely; they stand ready to pour out their treasure too.

Hence to the sum of Britain's accumulated wealth you may well add the ten billions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the Indian Empire, and the other Crown colonies and possessions which produce an annual income of over a billion pounds. Here is some more Zeppelin-proof resource that puts substance into the British pocketbook. Germany, moreover, has no more foreign colonies and probably will not acquire any after the war. Thus she loses one big economic prop.

Imposing as are these safeguards of the British financial integrity, I have kept for the last the one which is the determining factor in any nation's economic destiny. *I mean her power to save in case of need.*

The Need of Thrift

SLOWLY but surely this thrift conviction is soaking into the British consciousness. The last thing that any country wants to do, as we all know, is to save. But rigorous saving has already begun at the top of the social ladder, and it will reach the bottom, although a little more adversity will be needed to give it momentum. England has shown that she can save £400,000,000 a year. Twelve months of war have not impaired this ability. The proceeds, to be sure, have been employed for war, but this has not made the country any poorer. If England can save 15 per cent of her income in peace with no great emotional incentive, then she can do better when the future of the empire is menaced. The British financial strength is unquestioned. The new debt so far incurred, including the great loan, is considerably less than one year's income.

No matter how long the war lasts, the income of England keeps on apace. If with smaller income she unflinchingly met the debts of the Napoleonic wars (a more drastic drain than the present conflict), how much lighter will be the task now and to-morrow, with the productive power of the people quadrupled through more abundant and efficient tools of production?

The Day of Reckoning

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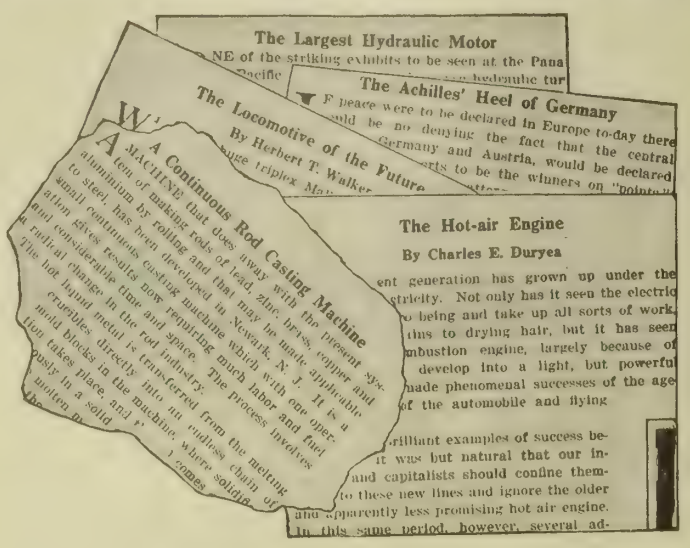
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and although the battle fields may mantle with verdure with each recurring springtime, the fact remains that underneath the smiling greensward lies something once useful and now irrevocably gone.

England cannot face the large task of regeneration with the same speed with which she undertook the work of war—once she got started. Capital will be dear, man power will be on a new economic basis. Money will earn less—so will people.

England Faces Loss of Population

ENGLAND'S after-war troubles will be less economic than social. To-day, with the end of the conflict nowhere in sight, the cloud is already forming on the horizon. It grows out of the temporary and inflated prosperity of these stirring times. The soldier, in camp and field, is being fed like a fighting cock. His dependents at home are swollen with plenitude. Will they go back to the old life again? Not without protest. Will all the army of 3,000,000 men, fresh from the turmoil of trench, return to prosaic desk and monotonous machine? Hardly. They did to a large degree after the Boer War, but conditions then were different. Now all is on a vast scale—the whole perspective is abnormal. The unmarried fighting man will want the open life.

It will mean, in the opinion of many sane and far-seeing Englishmen, an exodus to the United States and the British colonies such as England has never known. It happened in a smaller way with us after the Civil War, when a great host swept west to populate a new country. Added to the wiping out of so many men in battle, this movement will mean a shortage of workers of all kinds that will greatly cripple reconstruction.

But this is a look ahead. The important fact at this moment is the state of British finance and its ability to stand the strain. To analyze it is to find something besides debits and credits and balances.

It is a great moral force that does not reckon in terms of pounds or pence. A vast wrong is being righted regardless of cost. There is no thought of indemnity to soothe the scars of waste: no dream of conquest to atone for a friendly land despoiled. Money grubbing had gone, if only for the moment, along with the other baser things that have evaporated in the giant crucible of the war.

Work and Fight

IN England to-day there are only two things, Work and Fight. They are giving the nation an economic rebirth; a new ideal of the dignity of toil; a fresh gospel of human service. They have begot a spirit of sacrifice that is rearing an impregnable rampart of resource.

In the last analysis this is a war of attrition. Economic endurance is pitted against financial strength, and financial strength will prevail. The 42-centimeter German guns that smashed their triumphant way through Belgium and Russia must halt, in the end, before the British pocketbook.

The pound will down the mark.

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The National Weekly

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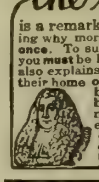
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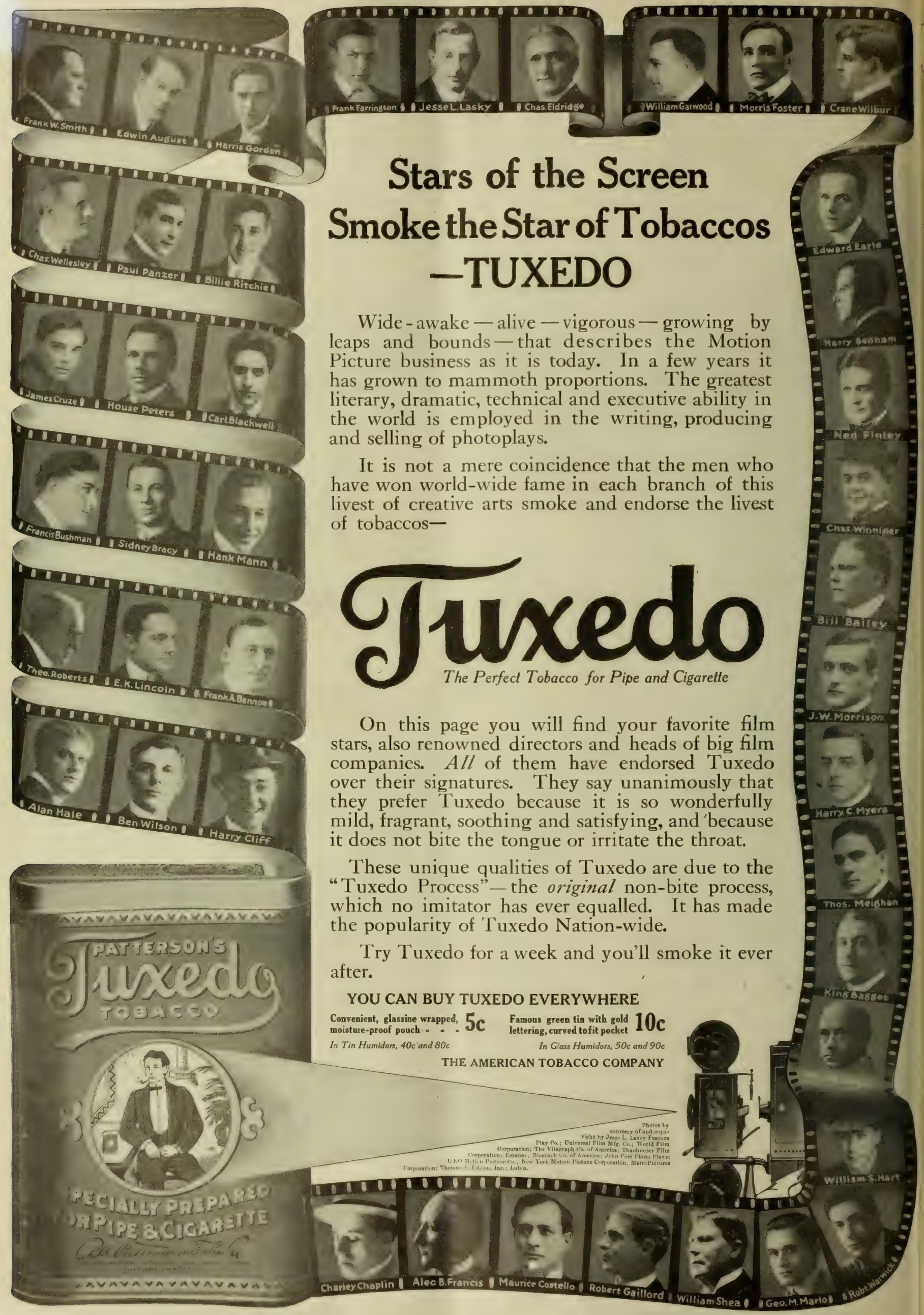
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE DOCTOR'S WIFE By the Author of "The Gray Mask"



Stars of the Screen Smoke the Star of Tobaccos —TUXEDO

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PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES

THE REAL ELIHU ROOT

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

Frederick M. Davenport was the Progressive party candidate for Governor of the State of New York in 1914. Preceding the break between the two parties, in the administration of Governor Hughes, he was a Republican New York State Senator. He is professor of law and politics in Hamilton College, at Clinton, N. Y., where Elihu Root was born

YOU cannot really understand a man unless you are more or less familiar with the lighter human incidents of his life. And the most interesting thing about a man is often the flash of humor or of sentiment that reveals depths of personality unexplored. Elihu Root has a rare, quizzical humor—a fact which I suppose not many persons know. I could illustrate it at the expense of some of my friends, but I will be a good loser and tell one on myself. I was in Mr. Root's office in New York some time ago about a matter connected with Hamilton College, when former Secretary of State and Ambassador Robert Bacon came in. And Senator Root, with his mind evidently upon the somewhat disastrous rear-guard engagement which we Progressives waged in the State of New York at the last election, said: "Bacon, do you know Davenport? Oh, perhaps you voted for him last fall. Somebody did." I think I advanced a remark about the reactionaries of New York being far more cocky after election than they were before, but it was Robert Bacon who really came to my relief with the declaration that if he had been in the State to vote for anybody he would certainly have voted for me. I would not like to hold Mr. Bacon to his assertion too rigidly or too literally. He thought I needed help, and, being naturally a good sportsman with a big heart, stood ready to offer assistance.

And those who know Mr. Root in the surroundings of his home in the Oneida hills know that he has a deep vein of sentiment for the memory of his parents, for his college, for the simpler and deeper things that really make life worth while. One day I remember that I stood talking with him on his lawn at a time when his little grandchild had been sick. The nurse came up and spoke to him, and he excused himself, saying: "My little granddaughter has been ill, and she thinks she cannot go to sleep unless I am with her."

That there is very little known about this side of Elihu Root's nature by the American people is due as much as anything else to the instinctive and cultivated reserve of the man. Life for him has been serious. Even his vacations have been busy. He has never created for himself dramatic situations. He has been satisfied to let the results of his work tell the story of his spirit and his purposes. And so there is nothing to do but to plunge into the public aspects of his national career in order to interpret the man.

From a new and hitherto unpublished photograph



Is this man "a cold and conscienceless Tory of perilous brilliancy"?

Since the fateful Republican Convention of 1912 Elihu Root has been looked upon by a large number of persons in the country as being quite as much of a political reactionary as William Barnes. And that, of course, is the limit. Those Methodists of Kansas who recently denounced the whole career of Mr. Root in unmeasured language reflected just that point of view. There are also certain more or less veracious newspaper sources of public information which are fond of picturing Mr. Root as a cold and conscienceless Tory of perilous brilliancy. Such an estimate is, of course, flagrantly inconsistent with the remarkable speech recently delivered by him before the Constitutional Convention of his State, as well as materially inconsistent with the practical effect of that speech upon the convention and upon the country.

I suppose it is this current contradiction of sentiment and of impression which induced COLLIER'S to ask me to estimate the real Elihu Root. I am not at all sure that I can do it. Certainly Mr. Root has not the slightest idea that I am going to try. Neither has anyone else who may be mentioned in this article the slightest knowledge of what I am to say.

There are two reasons why my opinion is not likely to be unduly tinged with prejudice. On the one hand, I have been for years a neighbor of Elihu Root's on Hamilton College hill, and while never an intimate neighbor I have at least the neighbor's human and impartial view of things as they are. And I have had the neighbor's natural pride and generous appreciation of one of the most splendid public careers on either side of the ocean in our time.

On the other hand, I did not follow with my neighbor the leadership of the Republican National Convention of 1912. I regarded that convention at the time and still regard it as a colossal party and national blunder. The spirit of it was unfortunate. Personalities and antipathies and passions and Machiavellian artifice clouded its judgment and insight. The contaminating touch of powerful and controlling party bosses was over it. It was an unexpected national climax to a long period of deep and sullen and nation-wide resentment against the methods and practices of the old machine order. That resentment had been growing for forty years. Under the heat of the candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt for the presidency the resentment suddenly burst into flame. Two ideas met in deadly conflict. The machine autocracy of hand-picked delegates for more or less private purposes met for the first time on a national scale the democracy of the direct primary, which brings delegates and officials much nearer to the mind and conscience and welfare of the people. Tradition and party logic fled on the winds. The mingled chicanery and formalism of the old order met the

idealism of the new. And there was a revolution.

Great swelling tides of the human spirit, such as burst the Republican party asunder in 1912, now and then take men and nations unawares. And the cautious human mind has scant sympathy with them as they inundate tradition and alter the channels of practice and of custom. There is little place for these bursts of national idealism in the philosophy of Hamilton, but large place for them in the philosophy of Jefferson. They should come rarely—the rarer the better for the normal development of mankind. But when they are needed they fertilize human institutions and freshen the springs of freedom.

Elihu Root had his origin distant from the haunts or the ideals of Toryism or aristocracy. He was born on the campus of Hamilton College in central New York, a little democratic institution of two hundred students, far from the salt water, but well known because it has always stood for something and has turned out not a few graduates who have attracted the attention of the country. One of them is Elihu Root. He is the biggest of them. His father was the professor of mathematics, and the son inherited the precision of his mind. His brother was long on the faculty there; his boys were trained there, and he is at the head of the Board of Trust. He is wrapped up in Hamilton as Webster was in Dartmouth. Everybody remembers what Webster said to the Supreme Court in the famous national case which in the early years of the last century decided that a charter is a contract and that not even the State could steal the little institution from its honorable career: "She is a little college, but there are those who love her."



"The real sentiment of America is made in the long run by the plain folks"

No Tory He

ELIHU ROOT loves Hamilton. No commencement luncheon is complete without a word of cheer or wisdom from him; no opening year but listens to his salutation to the entering freshmen; no executive meeting without his broad and wise and kindly counsel. Cold? No sentiment? Tell that to the soldiers of the sea—not to the graduates and undergraduates of Hamilton.

And when he rests from his many labors he loves to rest on College Hill, amid its quiet scenes and in its classic shade. It was of this home and these surroundings that he spoke in that recent remarkable address before the New York State Constitutional Convention in which he so strikingly analyzed the boss system of his State and its evil influence upon the government and the welfare of the commonwealth:

"There is a plain old house in the hills of Oneida overlooking the valley of the Mohawk where truth and honor dwelt in my youth. When I go back, as I am about to go, to spend my declining years, I mean to go with a feeling that I can say I have not failed to speak and to act in accordance with the lessons I learned there from the God of my fathers."

He was the valedictorian of Hamilton, '64. College honors have been thick upon him in his later years. Leading universities at home and abroad have vied with one another in conferring upon him titles of distinction. For Elihu Root is not only a statesman and a great lawyer, but a genuine scholar. He is a thinking machine, and as much at home when he is addressing the members of Union University as honorary chancellor or Princeton University upon the essentials of the Constitution as in the forum of legal or political debates.

If we examine first his ideas, we shall find it very difficult, I think, to class him with the friends of Bourbonism and reaction. It is a pity that his Stafford-Little lectures at Princeton in 1913 have only been printed, not broadly published. You will find there as clear an expression of the dictatorship of the boss and the machine in American affairs, and the reason for it in the spoils system and the corruption of politics by great corporations, as you ever heard from the pioneer reformers. You also find there a strongly expressed desire to maintain unimpaired those Anglo-Saxon institutions of government which have introduced deliberation into collective human life, and you will find keen criticism of the modern methods of so-called direct democracy by which the popular will may easily overleap tried institutions of the past. But it is a sympathetic criticism, and shows deep insight into the wrongs which have driven radicalism forward in the United States. It is a very different course of lectures from that which would be offered by William Barnes or any other genuine Bourbon in the country. He pleads with the men of Princeton to hold fast only to that which is good, and to change what is necessary and so far as it is necessary.

So far as his ideas are concerned, Elihu Root differs from the political radical in his deeper insight into the hazards which go with popular rule. He is not a Tory at all. He has plenty of faith in the capacity of the people to govern themselves and in the ultimate capacity of the people to govern themselves well, but he knows that men in the mass in any country differ from men as individuals. According to his philosophy, men in the mass are in danger of being swayed by feeling and by prejudice to a greater extent than men as individuals. Men in the mass especially need wise institutions and laws and rules of conduct to which they may look with reverence for guidance and which may control them in paths of reason and deliberation. Men in the mass can settle a few simple fundamental things better than anybody can settle these things for them. They can determine frequently better than any individual what ought to be accomplished, but the more difficult thing of determining how to accomplish it is usually beyond the ken of a mass meeting or a referendum. Institutions which make deliberation necessary, and efficient and expert representatives to determine how a thing should be done, are therefore very dear to the political philosophy of Elihu Root.

His address as honorary chancellor of Union University in 1914 was a frank recognition of the weaknesses of democracy as well as a declaration of faith in the ultimate triumph of its virtues. Rules of conduct, wise institutions, able and honest representatives make a large part of the difference in Elihu Root's mind between the Spanish-American republics, with a dictator at the top and a revolution at the bottom, and the free government of England or the United States. Elihu Root would have no confidence in a system with a Louis Napoleon at one end and a plebiscite at the other. There are safeguards of freedom, and he would have his countrymen preserve these for their own protection. The electorate in large parts of the United States can still easily be swept off its feet by racial or religious or economic prejudice. The electorate frequently picks men for office because they are personally engaging or have done something dramatic and not because they are competent or incorruptible. In their attitude toward international affairs, so Mr. Root thinks, the people of the United States often show little genuine interest. They are likely suddenly to assert their rights, without having made adequate preparation therefor, and without realizing at all their obligations or their duties.

But he is as certain as Jefferson or Lincoln or Roosevelt that the real sentiment of America is made in the long run by the plain folks in it, by the men who sit on the cracker barrels in the country grocery store, by the farmers who gather around the grist mills and creameries and talk politics, and that when sentiment is no longer made by the plain people of the country there will be no country. He said this in substance one night at a dinner of the Society of Oneida in New York, and he has said it often elsewhere.

A Wise and Cautious Liberal

ONE day this year, I think it was in March, he was the spokesman for big business at the Union League Club in Philadelphia. His point of view was *ex parte* and offended some popular leaders in the West as well as in the East. It was a speech intended evidently to stir the country to greater faith in and reliance upon the advice and judgment of its economic leaders, and to arouse the business men from their lethargy into organization and public education against the national temper of suspicion and distrust toward business initiative in trade, manufacture, and finance.

Of course there is something to be added to such a speech to round it out historically. It is true enough that economic prosperity is the foundation of all national prosperity; that government greatly needs the advice and counsel of the right type of business mind (there is nothing that government in this country just now needs so much); that a powerful bureaucracy of commissions at Washington which would crush individual business initiative would be damaging beyond measure to the prosperity and so to the general welfare of the nation. But the country has not yet forgotten the business wrongs of the last generation which were crushing individual initiative on a wide scale. Of course the collective despotism of bureaucratic commissions is a poor substitute for the collective despotism of private business power, and we do not want either. The American people would probably be willing to grant to the business man anything which is his due in the way of influence or legitimate privilege or size of business units, if they could be sure that the old days were not coming again. The path of service rather than the path of political control is the way back for the big business man into the confidence and good will of all sections of the United States. If the business men of practical skill would take off their coats and help, for example, in the vital work of reorganizing and reconstructing State governments, as Mr. Root did recently in New York, or would enter other avenues of patriotic service, both State and National, in which the unselfish acumen of the business man is so greatly needed, there would be nothing to it. Even the farmer of the West would drop his antagonism and misunderstanding.



Senator Root's "plain old house in the hills of Oneida," where his father, the professor of mathematics, lived before him

(*Continued on page* 35)

SLIMMY'S CHANCE

BY IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS DUER

THE gray gates of the penitentiary were opening for Slimmy Holick to pass out. It was eight years and seven months since they grimly opened for him to pass in. Good behavior had shortened a ten-year sentence.

This sentence had not been pronounced unjustly. No odor of persecuted innocency emanated from Slimmy—sly-eyed, sullen-lipped, sandy-haired Slimmy with his flaccid, hangdog profile. He had been sentenced with absolute justice and to his great desert.

He and an associate, George Swanson, both typical young city "toughs," pool-room habitués, street-corner loiterers, one midnight broke into a small delicatessen store on a small side street. The Prussian proprietor had the lack of tact to enter, hysterically, while they were disappointedly counting the small change in the cash register, thus compelling them to hit him harshly with the hard back of an oak chair.

It hurt the old man; it was feared, for a time, fatally. It hurt the court. In the end it hurt them most of all.

They had no excuse except that the alley window of the store had been invitingly left unbarred; no justification except that they were out of work and wanted money; no defense except John Barleycorn.

Judge Pickney, a cold, old man with tired eyes, a trim fringe of faintly silver hair and a high, impressive, yellow neck which rose out of his collar like a scroll of parchment, held the excuse, the justification, and the defense to be impertinent aggravations of the offense.

Evidence against them was so quick and so conclusive that Slimmy put up only a sullen, spineless fight. Policeman Murphy of that beat, who knew them as well—so he took oath—as he knew his own big, beefy face, had glimpsed them sneaking into the alley. Anyway, Slimmy's folks had no money. His father was a discouraged, ill-paid laborer. His mother had been dead three years. His two brothers were married and could hardly finance their daily bread. To his discredit (as the court, aided by Murphy and Hogan, a vindictive, bull-jawed detective, unkindly ferreted out), he had already had two short jail terms; one for street fighting and the other for "borrowing" a limousine while its unwitting owner was placidly consuming fried blue points and clover cocktails three doors down the street. So he got the ten years and so scathing a lecture on the rights of the State from old Judge Pickney that he cringed physically at the time, had cringed mentally ever since, and forevermore would associate trim silver hair with tyranny, handcuffs, his eighteen-year-old sister Bella's blowsy, tear-swollen face, iron-grated windows, chair making, monotony of diet, and other hateful things.

Swanson, a big-boned, sulky, work-loathing young good for nothing, with a too long upper lip and under eyelids too thick for beauty, morality or eugenics, happened to have an old widowed mother who industriously scrubbed for her living and for spending money for her beloved Georgie. With her tears and her savings she managed to beat his punishment down to eight years.

Slimmy Holick was twenty-four years old when the ten years were pronounced.

"And you've got plenty of years before you yet," the warden assured him as he unwound the last of the red tape connected with the gate opening.

WARDEN KELLY was a good man—of that real, innate goodness which does not weary, though its possessor may. He had the pugilistic round chin of a natural boss, the stiff, uncurving lips of a born disciplinarian, the saturnine cheek seams of one whom life's reality has knifed, and the patient eyes of a habitual reader of the fourteenth chapter of St. John. In his time Warden Kelly had given that same brisk assurance to some eight thousand or more men passing from under him. But he spoke as briskly and as personally and as hopefully as though Slimmy were the first man to be so heartened.

Slimmy, however, gave no large signs of being heartened. He listened. He had to. He was still inside the gates. But he listened without visible enthusiasm.

"You'll be out of here in five minutes," continued Kelly in congratulatory tones.

Slimmy's whole lean body twitched as though galvanized—as in fact it was—by the freedom in front of him.

"And when you're out, Holick, stay out, please"—whimsically. "I'm an inhospitable cuss. I don't hanker to welcome you again under my roof."

Slimmy said nothing. But his lean underlip tightened against his teeth in that sulky tautness which is pessimism's own trade-mark.

Warden Kelly saw. "Come now, Holick; buck up!" he urged earnestly. "Go it straight!"

"Will if I git the chance," mumbled Slimmy coldly, eyes down.

Kelly frowned. "Look for the chance," he advised crisply. "And, by the way, Holick, whatever you do when you're out, do this: Dodge that fellow who was sent up with you—Swanson. He's been out now, let's see—"

Slimmy found his tongue.

"He's been out a year and three months"—in injured tone. "You can bet your life I'll dodge him. I don't want to see him again ever."

And he didn't. Memory of his friend Swanson was nauseous to his mind; a nasty spoonful from the bitter goblet of the past.

It was Swanson who initiated him into the losing joys of pool. It was with Swanson that he had come to find street corners more homelike than home. Swanson's covetous eyes had been the first to linger on that alluringly lonesome limousine; and later when Jennings, a bullet-eyed lieutenant from the central station, nabbed him, it was the surly and annoyed Swanson who was so unwise as to give some "lip" to that representative of peace and force. It happened that Officer Jennings was not in the humor to receive such gift amiably; earlier in the day he had been threatened with ten days' suspension for neglect of duty, and his spirit was sore. So he immediately cuffed not only Swanson but also the sullen though submissive Slimmy, who naturally felt much injured. And a year later, when he got two long years more than Swanson for an offense which both had shared equally, that feeling of injury returned mightily intensified.

It had never left him. The last time that he saw Swanson, a little over a year and a half back, when two silent, striped, lock-stepping lines passed each other crossing corridors, one containing Slimmy, sullen and still, among its listless units, the other containing Swanson, big-boned, sulky, vicious-eyed, not even the bond of common imprisonment sufficed to put cordiality into Slimmy's glance of recognition. No. He did not desire to meet Swanson outside—not a whit more than he desired to meet Jennings, or Judge Pickney, or Murphy, or Murphy's confrère, Burchkins, or Jerry Hogan, the bull-jawed, testy-tempered plain-clothes gentleman who had vivaciously enlivened the process of getting a confession from Slimmy (rightly Edward) Holick and George Swanson by testing whether a cell wall would dent or be dented by their two heads.

Hogan had been drinking—which perhaps caused that test to be more vivacious than it might otherwise have been. During the years that had followed, Hogan's heavy, whisky-fumed breath and his own heavy, sore skull had been blurred into one vague, obnoxious remembrance to Slimmy. And the blur had spread to include Swanson. To tell the truth, the sight of his friend in that sullen, silent, striped line was more obnoxious to Slimmy than were the fifteen unfair months that Swanson got out ahead. Prison garb had not been becoming to Swanson. It had seemed to make his hulky form hulkier, bigger-boned, more uncouth; had seemed to bring out unguessed viciousness in his long-lipped, sulky face. He sickened Slimmy's eyes. . . .



Was his part in the game of life to be that of the rabbit, the hounds never losing his trail? Would those hated walls come to seem a loathed **home** *to him?*

THE condition of mind of such a one as Slimmy stepping out of prison back into the ranks of the free has been thoughtfully considered many, many times by many, many men.

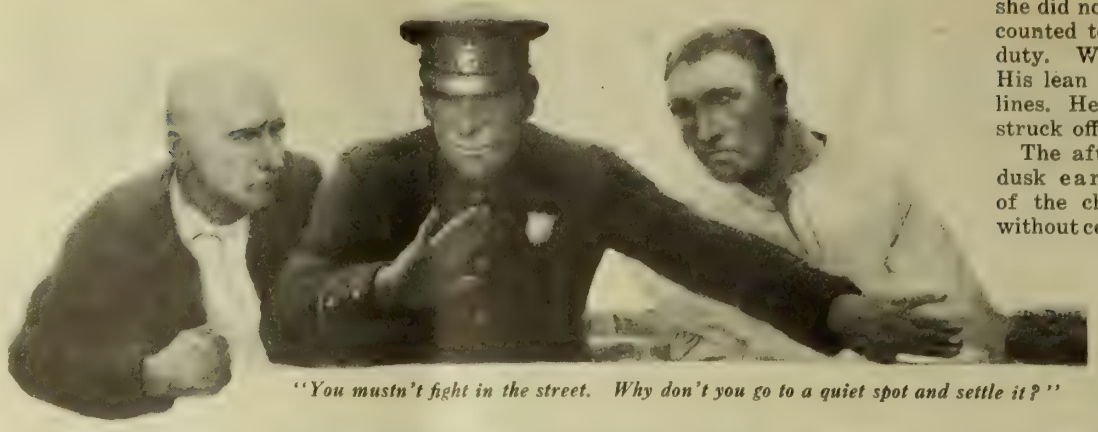
There is no fictionist, dead or alive, who has not wasted much good thought and more good paper describing it. Novelists, playwrights, dramatists, essayists, and historians have taken numberless whacks at it. With its touching grim-gray-gate setting, it has become the short-story writer's grand old stand-by when all other inspiration fails. It has tied the eternal triangle for triteness. Poets and statisticians have brooded over it. Sociologists, socialists, physiologists, philosophers, theologists, scientists, philanthropists, humanitarians, utilitarians, politicians, and political economists have wondered over it, pondered over it, bisected it, dissected it, vivisected it, held it up for discussion, for pity, for contempt, for charity, for interpretation.

Perhaps if Edward Holick had known how largely and how interestingly he and his situation figured in the mental gymnastics and the literary pabulum of the world, he might have walked quite jauntily through those gates and down the elm-lined roadway to the station.

But he did not know. He had gone only as far as the seventh grade at school. So he simply walked fast, anxious to get out of sight of the prison walls and get back into the outside world and find out the truth or the untruth of what he had been told by fellow prisoners, in prison ways of communication, with prison emphasis: That his part thereafter in the game of life would be that of rabbit, and the hounds would never lose his trail; that though he had paid fully for his crime, he could never pay for it in full;

that, mingled with hate of those prison walls, would be a strange sense of kinship, of belonging to them; that forevermore they would seem home to him, a hateful home, a loathed home, but nevertheless *home;* that he would dread the recollection of them, but that he would find the outside world a place of dread too. His record would hang about his neck like a heavy stone.

Slimmy walked faster so as not to think too much about it. It might not be true. But he could not help wondering, though he had absolutely no desire to see him, how Swanson had fared since he got out. Had Swanson been hounded?



"You mustn't fight in the street. Why don't you go to a quiet spot and settle it?"

Well, he did not want to think of Swanson. He could not forget the repellent hulk of him, the vicious features. He thought instead of his sister Bella to whom he was going.

He remembered her in the court room. Ordinarily she was rather a good-looking girl, in plump, heavy style. But then she had wept, noisily, till her full face was blotched and unprepossessing, and her coarse, light brown hair straggled untidily down over her red-lidded eyes, disfiguring her more. Slimmy had all the egotism of one in heavy trouble by his own fault. He resented her noisy weeping and her noisier reproaches. In upbraiding him for the disgrace that he had brought she was the bitterest of the family. At eighteen one is most sensitive to disgrace. Besides, Bella was just on the point of being engaged to a respectable and comely young grocery clerk, and naturally she feared that her romance might dissolve into the melancholy mist of might-have-beens.

But after her brother's conviction she wrote to him affectionately and regularly. Not so often as she might have. But often enough to keep him in touch with the doings of the family. His father died. His two brothers managed to save enough to take themselves and their families to Government land out West. The brothers did not write to Slimmy. But not from ill feeling, he knew. They were not letter writers. Bella once wrote to him that he might go out to them when he had served his time. Bella herself had married the grocery clerk and brought two small daughters into existence. She sent Slimmy their pictures; they were solemn little creatures with their mother's heavy cheeks. To Slimmy's sullen eyes they seemed two solemn future condemners of himself.

He had no illusions about Bella's being riotously happy to see him. He was sneakingly aware that she would not be a bit glad. She would be crossly concerned with the neighbors' possible comments. But he was also aware that sense of duty was strong in Bella. After the mother's death she had kept the house for them. The four men made plenty of work, and she was a cross young housekeeper, scolding over littered tobacco ashes, cigarette butts, shirts and socks to be ironed and mended, meals to be cooked and dishes to be washed. But though she scolded loud, Bella always conscientiously swept up the litter, ironed, mended, darned, cooked, and cleaned. And now Slimmy knew that she would take him in, reproach him, nag him—but help him, to the best of her ability, to get on his feet again.

BELLA was twenty-six years old now, nearly twenty-seven. Somehow Slimmy thought of her as being older than himself. The eight years and seven months had added no maturity to him; they had merely laid an extra shell of time over his immaturity of youth. Bella seemed a big, dear—even though cross!—capable shield against whatever faced him outside. He was wistfully eager to see her, to cower behind the protection of her respectability. And with none too steady fingers he handed a bill to the agent of the interurban station for the ticket which would take him to her.

The agent looked at the bill. It was new. Ordinarily a new five-dollar bill is nothing to be ashamed of. But when it is a token of the State's generosity to one leaving its hospital for diseased consciences—

From the bill the agent's eyes swerved to Slimmy's suit of clothes. That, too, was new. And black. Ordinarily a new black suit, even though ready-made and cheap, is nothing to flush sullenly over. But when it also is a token of civic solicitude—

With a vicious hand-sweep Slimmy pocketed his change. But he recognized his own supersensitiveness. It would have been decidedly strange if the agent had not recognized a "just out"—with the gray tiles of the prison roof showing not half a mile away through the elms.

With none too steady feet he got on the interurban car. He swayed, almost fell, as it lurched forward. He was not used to cars. But he rather enjoyed the lurch. Back in the prison, floors, corridors, walks, walls, had been of a hateful stability.

"Ticket!" snapped the conductor.

Slimmy handed it to him. The conductor's eyes rested just a second on Slimmy's cheap black new suit. Slimmy flushed, looked away from the conductor across the aisle—and met the curious eyes of a large bovine woman. Slimmy turned in his seat and stared out the window. He felt very much alone. Of course he did not wish that Swanson had been along, but still—

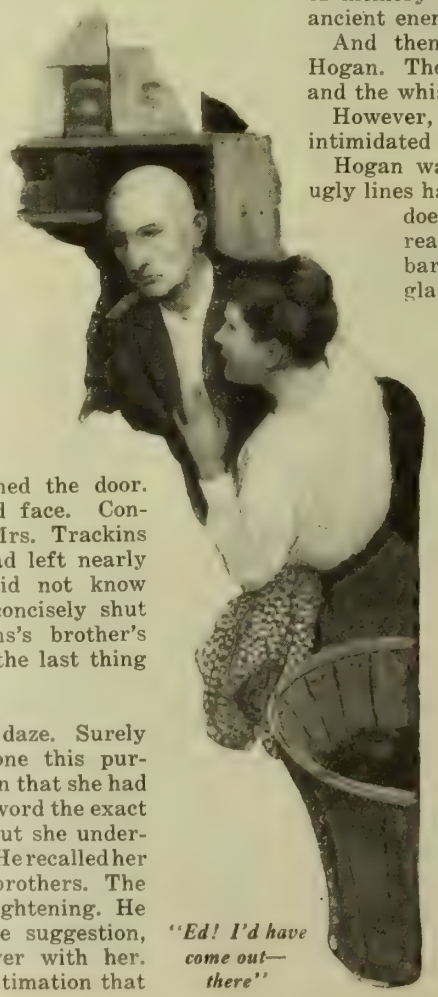
But he would soon see Bella.

THE day had begun with a pale, thin sunshine. Before the car had whipped on its first fast dozen miles, this filtered away and it began to rain drizzily. The chill of it penetrated Slimmy's prison-weakened flesh. He rose to close the window. In so doing he half turned and again met the wide, rude eyes of the woman across the aisle. There was nothing malicious in her stare; it was simply the unmannerly interest of an elderly maidservant who lived in a town near the penitentiary and so immediately knew Slimmy's status. But he prickled with irritation under it. And he wished, resentfully, that Swanson were there. *He* was the man to return impudent stare for impudent stare! Slimmy tried to, but his eyes sullenly wavered down.

He forgot her, though—as she forgot him—when the car shot into the city station, and he pressed through the crowded waiting room and the turnstile and was met by the city's odor and the city's low, discordant, magnetic roar.

The odor caught him first—that combined whiff of asphalt dust, news stands, smoke, fruit stands, the stale cookery of lunch rooms. He inhaled it. It exhilarated him. Then his ears thrilled to the low roar—the rattle of wheels, the cries of newsboys, the clang, the throb, the hum, above all the step-step-step, the steps-lapping-steps, of countless pedestrians. He swung eagerly into the crowd, frantic to become one of its unremarked, unremarking units. Every hurrying one seemed to have his place, his niche; mechanics, clerks, shoppers, tiny newsboys, a crippled gum vender dragging himself along by two stumps of legs. Slimmy dropped him a quarter and forgot the increased cold drizzle.

He got on a car and rode out to the neighborhood where home had formerly been. Bella lived near it. He had some difficulty finding the small house. It happened that he had been sentenced at a time when the city was bent on improving itself. Street beautification having become a fad, landlords had vied with one another in tearing down frame houses in favor of glossy brick fronts. In the few years whole streets had completely changed their appearance. Slimmy could hardly recognize corners that once had been as familiar to him as his own top bureau drawer. But he finally found Bella's number and rang the bell.



"Ed! I'd have come out—there"

It was a shabby cottage; the beautification had evidently not included it. A tall, heavy-set woman in a voluminous morning-glory-flowered kimono opened the door. She had a heavy, wrinkled face. Concisely she told him yes, Mrs. Trackins had lived there, but she had left nearly a year before; no, she did not know where she lived, and she concisely shut the door in Mrs. Trackins's brother's dumfounded face. It was the last thing that he had expected.

HE TURNED away in a daze. Surely Bella couldn't have done this purposely. Never to have written that she had gone! He had not sent her word the exact day that he would be out, but she understood that his time was up. He recalled her suggestion that he join his brothers. The recollection was bitterly enlightening. He had regarded it as a mere suggestion, something to be talked over with her. But it must have been an intimation that she did not care to see him. He had counted too surely on her sense of duty. Well! She needn't worry! His lean face set itself in sullener lines. He wouldn't bother her! He struck off down the street.

The afternoon was graying into dusk earlier than usual because of the chilly rain which dripped without cessation. He was suddenly conscious of its cold. He wandered on aimlessly, though. The absence of familiar landmarks irritated him. He had a shivery sensation of alienness, of strangeness. And though he was not one of those in whom fancy breeds readily, he thought he understood how a new-born child must feel in its strange, new environment. He felt a strange sense of having just been born, of having been pushed into a cold, wide world. He did not know what to do, where to go. He had a moody, childish longing to talk to some one—anyone. If he knew where Swanson was—

He felt a sense of enmity at the people hurrying past. Everyone seemed to be going to his own place.

He had longed for his freedom—and now he did not know what to do with it. It was a looser garment than imprisonment. The latter fitted too snugly for comfort. It irked, compressed till it pained. But the other fell away from one, letting the icy wind of loneliness flap at bare limbs.

And he was afraid. The future stood as gray before him as the prison walls had lately stood. It was a jungle of unknown evils.

Before his conviction—the last—he had been a half-educated, half-decent, half-vicious young chap who regarded the law as something to be teased and made sport of—like a monkey in a cage; something to jump from, with a shout of laughter, when it reached a paw forward and tried to nip you.

Conviction had sobered him. The monkey had turned into a huge orang-utan that wrenched bars aside and cruelly mauled him. Now, after eight years and seven months of prison, the law appeared to him as a great, crouching beast of prey waiting for him—waiting with grim patience in the jungle of the future.

He got some supper, then a room at a fifty-cents-a-night-up hotel. He took a fifty-cent room. And as he went drearily to sleep, his last thought was—not whether he would meet Swanson, Jennings, Murphy, Hogan, Judge Pickney, all the grim, great claws of the waiting beast—but how soon he would meet them.

WELL—he met, in time, every one of them, just as he knew that he would!

Had he not met them, all rules of fate and fiction would have been transgressed.

He met Jerry Hogan first. Hogan was leaning against the bar of the saloon into which Slimmy wandered early the next morning in quest of free lunch and social intercourse. At first sight Slimmy did not recognize him. Then a discomforting stirring of memory warned him that he was looking on an ancient enemy.

And then he distrusted memory. But it was Hogan. There were the bull jaws, the plain clothes, and the whisky-fumed breath.

However, a five-year-old baby wouldn't have been intimidated by the sight of Hogan.

Hogan was weeping. Over the bull jaws, whose ugly lines had inspired white terror in many an evil-doer, dripped big tears, maudlin tears. The reason of Hogan's grief? A stony-hearted bartender had refused to trust him for a glass of whisky.

"Get out," he said coldly. "Whatcha think we're running? A municipal fountain of booze?"

Hogan turned to the nearest man, a brown-mustached mechanic, and tried to lean on his bosom while he bewailed his lot. "Say, there was a time—"

"He's dippy now wit de stuff," the bartender contemptuously flung athwart this tearful wail. "He had the nerve to come in here the other night and see pink spiders on his hands!"

"Say, there was a time," sniveled Hogan, "when you'd been glad to have me patronize your place! Once I'd 'a cleaned out your whole joint, and you'd—"

"Well, that time ain't now"—impatiently. "Run along."

Hogan clung to the brown-mustached mechanic, who tried to shake him off. "Say, do you know who I am used to be, I mean?"—pathetically "Say, I used to be Hogan of the force Say, you've heard of me—ain't you? *The* Hogan, y'know! Say, there wasn't

(*Continued on page* 32)



The women of Britain save by learning how to "snob" the family boots



Hay-box cookery (a farmhouse invention) shows town housekeepers amazing results

HE SERVES WHO SAVES

HOW ENGLAND HAS WROUGHT CONSERVATION OUT OF WASTE

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

WHILE England is spending her blood and treasure abroad she has inaugurated a notable campaign of conservation of resources at home. No contrast in the greatest of all conflicts is so marked as this flowering of thrift amid the ruins of a mighty extravagance. The story of England's "Economy First" campaign is a chapter of regeneration through destruction that is full of interest and significance for every man, woman, and child in the United States. Through self-denial and individual saving a complete revolution in national habits has begun. Out of colossal evil has come some good.

It has taken a desperate disease to invoke a desperate remedy. The average American, who believes that he holds a monopoly on world waste, has had, almost without his knowledge, a formidable rival in England these past years. Whether the visiting Yankee tourist helped to set the pace or not, the fact remains that when war broke over England she was as extravagant as she was unprepared.

The Englishman, like his American brother, though unlike the Scotch, is not thrifty by instinct. He regards thrift as a vice. He prefers to let the tax gatherer do his saving for him. He believes with his great compatriot Gladstone that "it is more difficult to save a shilling than to spend a million."

Contrasting the Englishman and the Frenchman in the matter of economy, you find this interesting parallel: With the Frenchman the first question that attends income is "How much can I *save?*" Saving is the supreme thing. With an Englishman this is reversed, because it becomes a matter of "How much can I *spend?*" Saving is incidental.

Despite the energetic efforts that have been made in England these many years by friendly societies and philanthropic organizations to plant the seed of thrift, the net result has been trifling. The Lloyd-George "social program" was a form of compulsory thrift; but apparently it failed of its larger lesson in making saving voluntary. The attitude of the average Englishman toward saving is aptly expressed by the familiar and slangy remark: "Let George do it." He was perfectly willing to offer no objection to anybody else saving so long as he escaped.

Along came the war, a bolt of devastation out of the clear sky of plenty. What would ordinarily be a great incentive to saving became, as you shall now see, an extraordinary era of inflated expenditure. The chief offender was the British workman. By him I mean the man who stayed behind to keep the wheels of industry going. What happened?

Instead of lean times there began for the British laborer the greatest era of prosperity that he has ever enjoyed. It was due to two things: First, the fact that the roster of industrial workers was depleted through enlistment, which made labor scarce; second, through the speeding up of all industry, due to the incessant demand for war supplies, which skyrocketed wages. Competition between factories became keen; wages grew by leaps and bounds until six months after the war began the British worker was receiving from 30 to 60 per cent more cash income than he had ever received before.

With the air charged with destruction, with nearly every family touched in some tragic way by the sacrifice to war, you would naturally think that the British workman would realize the necessity for retrenchment. But the very opposite happened. He fairly rioted in an expenditure that seemed, in the circumstance, nothing short of madness.

Here is an example related by a member of the British Parliament: "One of my constituents, a skilled workman, is earning £15 ($70) a week, which is more than double the wage he got before the war. His bill at the public house in the town was £7 10s. ($34.50) a week. I immediately began to think that this man had the most extraordinary thirst. When I came to look into the matter I found that he was only a moderate drinker himself, but that he was treating his friends and neighbors in princely fashion. His sudden wealth (and it was wealth to him) had turned his head and his perspective. The net result was that where he might have saved his income he was throwing it away foolishly."

Here is another. In the so-called controlled munition works—that is, the works controlled by the Government—there has been, as elsewhere, an extraordinary increase in wages. To top these wages a group of employers decided to give a 5 per cent bonus if the men would remain in their places until the war was over. The bonus, however, was not to be paid until the end of hostilities, which was one good and sufficient threat to keep the men. No interest was offered on this cumulative bonus, but, as a lesson in investment, most of the employers offered to invest the money in war-loan stock, which paid 4½ per cent interest.

Incredible as it may seem, the merest handful of workers assented to this highly intelligent proposition. The reason was—and it is characteristic of the British employee's suspicion of everybody—that he feared that his employer would get some share out of the transaction!

Nor has all this excess of wages gone to the public houses, although the increase in drink is one of the war curses of England. The worker's wife and daughter have squandered money on cheap dresses, piano, phonograph, cheap rings, silver-back hair combs, cosmetics, a thousand and one useless articles that only enriched the shopkeepers.

All the while the realization of the war's frightful toll in men and money was soaking into the more intelligent British mind. It reasoned that this frantic and hectic prosperity cannot last forever. The day of reckoning must come. How would the worker and the Englishman generally meet that lean to-morrow when the nation should begin to bind up the economic wounds of war?

This was the menacing and troubling thought that bore down on sane and farseeing men and women throughout the empire. The question, therefore, was how to meet this dangerous situation and capitalize out of it some safety for the present as well as a bulwark for to-morrow.

"Inflicting Economy"

THESE sober-minded English men and women knew that the only way literally to inflict economy was by means of fright. The war had gone on apace, and Germany's amazing offensive had startled the nation. Great as was their offensive, it was rivaled at home by their genius of conservation. Germany proved that she was self-contained, that through sacrifice and thrift she was enabled to stand the most supreme test ever made of national character and resource.

With this German object lesson before them, there now began the most notable and intelligent crusade to husband resources that England has ever known.

A great protest against extravagance went up. It began at the top of the ladder, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer sounded this warning from the very housetop of British public life:

"They [the people of this country] have not only got to learn that in this war, in our present circumstances, extravagance is a crime, and that economy, parsimony even, becomes the highest of national virtues, but that we must look to the individual acting alone in his own home for the foundation of the national resources, by the help of which alone we and our allies can obtain the triumph to which we look forward."

The Mobilization of the Thrift Forces

THE newspapers took up the cry. But mere words failed to dent the hide of the less intelligent portion of the British public.

"We must organize this movement and carry the message straight to every home and to every pocketbook in the United Kingdom," said the people who looked beyond to-day into the troubled and uncertain domain of to-morrow. An agency was needed to carry on this work.

Now comes the ironic contrast that makes this campaign picturesque and remarkable. Why? Because the first machine that was geared up to thrift was the very machine that England had used to pour her bone and blood and sinew into the merciless and consuming hopper of the war. It was the so-called Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, named by the Government to organize and inspire enlistment throughout the kingdom. It was organized in every county, had its representatives in every town and village: under its direction the country had fairly blazed with posters and other printed appeals for man service. It had attracted 3,000,000 men to the colors without compulsion; now it was to direct its energies toward making the mass of the British people investors in the great war loan, and spreading the gospel of thrift generally.

The Parliamentary Recruiting Committee became the Parliamentary War Savings Committee. Just as it had unfurled its inspiring patriotic appeal for men, now, by the same process, it sent out the ringing cry for money. But linked up with this appeal for funds was an equally insistent appeal for saving. Here is the way it worked: The British war loan was held out as a supreme medium for saving, and it was because the money put into a Government bond was just as safe as if it were locked up in the vaults of the Bank of England. More than this, it put these funds out of the path of spending. It also gave the British workman and citizen generally his first lesson in investment, which is putting money out to work so that it will earn more money.

Now began a flood of literature that has reached

. . .

every home in the kingdom. From a little gray building down in Whitehall, almost within the shadow of Downing Street where English statecraft has woven its far-flung fabric, has poured the incessant tide of leaflets, booklets, bills, and posters. The virtues of thrift are preached from rostrums in village centers, from pulpits in churches, from the head of countless dinner tables, from billboards everywhere.

The burden of the argument is summed up in one of the most effective bills which, under the caption of "Why We Ought to Save Now," runs as follows:

"Our country wants every pound we can lend it to pay for war and victory.

"If we save we spend less, and if we spend less we keep prices down.

"If bad times come after the war, what we have saved will come in useful.

"By saving now we can get 4s. 6d. a year for every £5 we invest, with the security of the British Government behind it.

"The post office will sell us vouchers for 5s., 10s., and £1 to be changed into war-loan stock.

"Go to the post office at once and help to buy victory and peace."

The word "save" has been dramatized in every visible way. "Save for your country's sake," "Save for your own good," "Save because it reduces imports and husbands our store of gold." Underneath this swift current of conservation rings always the refrain: "No saving is too small to count."

This has been dinned into the nation's ears until, as more than one person told me in England, "we simply have to save in self-defense."

The net result of all this campaigning is just this: To-day there are nearly 3,000,000 investors in the war loan, and it is safe to say that fully half of them are people who have never owned a pound's worth of securities before. These people have learned two great lessons, a lesson of thrift and the value of making their savings work.

This thrift crusade, growing out of the war loan, has reached to the men who are saving the empire. The soldiers have established savings banks. The initiative was taken by a Scotch field-ambulance unit. The second in command, a major, was formerly a bank clerk. Out of a unit of 220 men, 89 have contributed £5 or over, 7 between £3 and £5, and 10 in smaller sums. When you consider that a soldier's pay is a little more than 1s. a day, you realize how much self-denial this means.

The navy, England's pride, is adopting the same procedure. It is estimated that over £4,000,000 has been laid aside by the British jackies since the war began.

Bread-Basket Economy

THIS thrift campaign would have been notable if it had dealt with money alone. But having once got under way, the machine of English conservation, with characteristic thoroughness, determined to do a complete job.

The market basket now became the object of attack, and with it began a mobilization of food which not only carries the hope of a whole new economic freedom to the kingdom, but likewise a safeguard for the English stomach.

This national food conservation primarily grew out of the increase in the cost of living, which averages from 20 to 50 per cent. Added to the cost of the war, this puts a tremendous tax on the British housekeeper, rich or poor.

There was another reason for saving food. As the war developed, it became more evident from day to day that England would have a definite national food problem. Most of England's food supplies were imported. The immense loss in exports led to the cry of "Down with imports!" and the thrift promoter very wisely saw that if only foodstuffs were c o n s e r v e d, imports could be reduced, and England's war burden would be lessened.

This appeal, therefore, went forth:

"Every man, woman, and child in the country who wants to serve the state and help win the war can do so by giving thought to the question of conserving food. Since a great bulk of food c o m e s from abroad, it takes toll in ships, men, and money. Every scrap of food wasted means a dead loss to the nation in ships, men, and money. If all the food that is now being wasted could be saved and properly used, it would spare more money, more ships, more men for the national defense."

The big guns of conservation were first concentrated on the home, where thrift really begins. "The first step toward food conservation is to teach people how to buy wisely," said the Conservation Managers. "With economy of food comes economy of diet, and out of it will come a healthier and a more productive England."



Joan Bull's Island has been flooded with posters dramatizing the word "save" in every visible way

In food, as with other things, extravagance was riotous. The working man, suddenly prosperous on war-time wages, was eating meat three times a day when formerly he was only too glad to get it three times a week. His wife was throwing away more material than she was using. The problem, therefore, was to prevent wanton waste, and show the British housekeeper of high and low degree how to adapt herself to war time and yet not impair the efficiency of the worker.

In finding an agency to promote this food conservation, war-savings history repeated itself, for a medium was already at hand. It was the National Food Fund, established at the outbreak of the war to feed the hungry Belgians. It had headquarters, a working staff, and organized channels of supply.

This organization now turned its attention to a campaign of education which had for its object three specific things: to tell the people how to buy food economically, how to cook food properly, and how to use scraps and prevent wastage.

First of all came the educational crusade. The kingdom was plastered with posters addressed "To the Housewives of Great Britain and to all who are responsible for the buying and cooking of food." The burden of this appeal was:

"Save the food of the nation. You can all help your country in this hour of need. No one is too rich or too poor to help. You are asked to save food so that those who are destitute through the war may be fed.

"Do this wisely and you and your family will be better fed."

Here is the creed that England was asked to adopt:

"Eat less meat.

"Be careful with your bread.

"Waste nothing. To waste food is as bad as to waste ammunition.

"Save especially in all things which have to be imported; food and drink of all kinds, tobacco, petrol, rubber, etc.

"Use home products wherever possible and be careful even with these.

"Before you spend anything, think whether it is necessary.

"If you possibly can, grow your own vegetables."

Cutting the Market Bill in Two

THESE posters are only part of a really brilliant and effective publicity program. The Parliamentary War Savings Committee and the Board of Education dipped into their ink reservoirs and the net result was a literature that was a marvel of efficiency and service. One of these books, called "Economy in Food," will illustrate the way the job is being done.

Not only does it show the average housekeeper how to cut the price of marketing in half, but it gives hundreds of menus of simple and abundant meals which, while conserving the purse, also safeguard the stomach.

There are "Notes on Cooking," which show the housewife how to save her fuel. She is told specifically how to keep her flues, stoves, cooking utensils, free from soot, which wastes heat. She is urged to use the oven to its fullest extent once it is heated, and so on.

Millions of leaflets entitled "Hints for Saving Fuel" have been distributed throughout England. They show "How to Light the Fire," "How to Make Homemade Fire Lighters," "How to Keep the Fire In," "How to Brighten the Fire," "How to Break Up Coal Without Losing Any."

In this connection it may be interesting to call attention to the nation-wide education in the use of homemade fireless cookers. The nation is being taught how to make what is called a hay-box cooker. Its use has proved so economical and its results so amazing that I am reproducing herewith the simple and practical instruction for making the cooker:

"Get a sound wooden case, such as a sugar box, line it neatly with a good many thicknesses of newspaper, over which house flannel or any old clean woolen material should be tacked. The lid must also be lined, and it should be fastened to the box by leather or iron hinges. A hasp and staple in front will keep it securely shut when in use.

"Bring the stew, porridge or soup well to the boil on the fire in a covered pot, and cook for a minute or two. Remove the pot and wrap in a bit of old flannel or blanket and plunge it into the clean hay, with which the wooden box should have been filled. The hay must be *tightly packed* all round, as well as under and over the pot, and it is best to make a hay 'mattress' for the top covering, as this can be lifted on and off without any litter.

"Dishes take about twice as long as if cooked in the ordinary way, but they will not be spoiled if left longer. Porridge can be made the evening before, and left all night. It will be quite ready for use the next morning, and will only need heating up for a minute or two before serving. This heating up may also be necessary for stews and soups. The saving of firing is very great, especially when gas or oil is being used as fuel."



All the mothers are anxious to taste the hay-box cook's dainty scrap-meat pudding

A "Handbook for Housewives" has been published, which not only tells the housewife how to run her kitchen but is a practical manual in food values and proper living for young and old. There are chapters on "How to Spend Less and Be Better Fed," "Foods That Feed," "Foods for the Various Seasons," "Rules for Eating," "How to Save Doctors' and Chemists' Bills." It is typical of the kind of elemental education in right living that is being served out to the British on all sides.

Take the matter of bread. This is how its conservation is preached:

"There are two ways in which bread can be economized without any real stint:

"1. By using every crust and crumb of it for food, and throwing none of it away. (*Continued on page* 25)

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

BY CHARLES WADSWORTH CAMP

AUTHOR OF "THE GRAY MASK" : : ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THE afternoon before the Elmford murder Garth, leaving headquarters, made an unaccustomed purchase. Not long ago such affectation would have appealed to the sturdy, straightforward mind of the detective as trivial, possibly unmasculine. He reddened as he handed his 10 cents to the shapeless Italian woman whose fingers about his coat lapel were confusingly deft. He had no illusions as to the source of this foppish prompting. The inspector had just said that his daughter would welcome Garth at the flat for dinner that evening. The event appeared a milestone on the amorous path he sought to explore hand in hand with Nora. Therefore it required a deviation from the familiar—some peculiar concession to its significance. So he turned away from the cheap sidewalk stand wearing for the first time in his life a flower in his buttonhole—a rose of doubtful future and unaristocratic lineage.

THAT night on the edge of winter it was thoroughly dark when Dr. John Randall left New York for his Long Island home. Treving had unexpectedly detained him at the club. The interview had evidently been momentous, for Randall's habitual calm, which carried even to his hours of relaxation a perpetual flavor of the professional, was replaced by every evidence of angry indecision. He crossed Queensboro Bridge and threaded the Long Island City streets with a reckless disregard of traffic which probably went undisciplined only because of the green cross on the radiator of his automobile.

His house, although just within the city limits, had an air, particularly under this wan starlight, remote and depressing. It stood in wide grounds not far from the water. Heavy trees, which clustered near, appeared to shroud it.

The doctor, scarcely slackening speed, swung his car through the gateway and glided up the drive. At the turn the house rose before him, square, frowning, black. It was only after a moment that a nebulous radiance from a curtained window upstairs defined itself as light.

He sprang out, and, nearly running, stumbling a little, climbed the steps, crossed the veranda, and pushed the electric button. From far away the response echoed as through an empty house. Randall, after waiting a moment, took out his latchkey and entered.

He flung his hat haphazard through the darkness, felt his way across the hall, and climbed the stairs.

"Bella!" he called.

"Here—in my dressing room, John. Why are you so late?"

He opened the door. The light, shining upon his face, showed it still ruffled by anger and indecision. The relief of finding his wife at home and safe was not, then, wholly curative.

He stared at her, lying in a reading chair, a book open on her knees, her dark and lovely face upraised to him, expectant, questioning, a trifle startled.

"Where are all the servants?" he demanded.

She stirred. The youthful pliancy of her body in the mauve dressing gown must have impressed itself upon the excited man by the door.

"I had to let myself in. I—not a light. It frightened me."

"You've forgotten," she answered. "We talked it over a week or so ago, and I thought you had agreed. Ellen's wedding. Naturally they all wanted to go. I had an early dinner and packed them off. But I counted on you. I was growing afraid, all alone in the house. What kept you?"

"Old Mrs. Hanson, at first. She's very ill. I should really have stayed the night. I went to the club for a bite—" He broke off. He walked closer, looking down into her eyes, which did not quite meet his. "At the club (I knew I must come home to-night) I—I sent your cousin, Tom Redding, to Mrs. Hanson."

Her eyes wavered even more.

"Why? That isn't like you to—to turn a critical case over to another man. I could have managed. Anyway, you'd forgotten about my maid's wedding. So it wasn't that. What—what happened at the club?"

She shivered for a moment uncontrollably.

"John! What's the matter? Why do you glare at me? Why do you look so—so—" She tried to laugh. "So—murderous?"

. . .



Jim Garth turned away, wearing for the first time in his life a flower in his buttonhole

His face worked. "Bella," he said, "I've not been altogether blind about you and Treving."

She sprang up, wide-eyed, furious. He touched her arm apprehensively, urging her back to the chair.

"There's no use getting excited," he said. "I've told you often enough, it's bad for you."

She yielded, but she sat now, bending forward, her hands clasped at her knees to prevent their trembling.

"Be careful, John. You're going pretty far. I won't have my friendships questioned."

"You've placed this one outside your own control. I must know how far such folly's gone—what it portends—so that I can take measures of defense for myself and my wife."

CLEARLY he made an effort to speak normally. His tone had resumed its professional quality. It was, in a sense, soothing, but the power of the words themselves could not be diminished, and as he went on her emotions strayed farther and farther from the boundaries she had plainly endeavored to impose.

"I overheard some talk," he said. "My dear, it's common scandal. You can't know Treving's record or you wouldn't have been seen with him in cafés of doubtful reputation. And out here on Long Island at some of these unspeakable road houses! Good God! How indiscreet!"

"Then why attack me? Why not go to Freddy?" she demanded.

The lines about his mouth tightened.

"I did. He walked in the club. He had been drinking—a great deal. I took him to the hall. I warned him if I heard of his coming near you again I would treat him as he deserved."

"John, you're mad!"

"No. I think it's Treving who's a little mad as well as drunk. He laughed at me. Bella, he offered to lay me any stakes he'd spend this evening with you without my knowing."

He swung around and bent over her, grasping her shoulders, shaking her slightly.

"Did you and he know about old Mrs. Hanson? Was there an arrangement for to-night? Tell me!" His hands tightened until she cried out. Blood congested her cheeks.

Somewhere in the house a bell commenced to jangle, and continued, irritatingly, insistently.

"Was there an arrangement? Did you expect him here to-night while I struggled in town? You answer me."

The discordant jangling appeared to enter his consciousness. He sprang back, listening.

"By gad! If that were—"

She smiled contemptuously.

"It's the telephone in the library."

"I see. You might have kept Thompson at least. Let it ring."

She rose with an effort. The lace of the mauve dressing gown exaggerated the difficulty of her breathing.

"A doctor!" she sneered. "Go down, I shan't fly from the house to any man's arms while you're in the library."

WHEN he had gone she stood listening. The murmur of his voice, moment by moment interrupted, arose through the quiet house to this single-lighted chamber. Her face set in the cruel distortion that precedes tears, but at the sound of her husband's returning footsteps it resumed a semblance of control. No tears fell.

"Mrs. Hanson's butler," he explained. "She's worse—probably the end. They've sent a fast car. Man said it ought to be here now."

He paused, searching her face in an agony of indecision.

"You'll go," she said.

"How can I go, knowing nothing, imagining everything? Yet for years that old woman's depended on me. Bella, did you have an arrangement with that drunken beast?"

She raised her hand.

"Don't say any more. You've done your best to-night to urge me to Freddy Treving, for, understand, I do care for him. There's been nothing wrong. Since you won't let it stop at friendship, we can settle what's to be done to-morrow. Meantime you can go to your work. I have no arrangement with Freddy. If he came here, I shouldn't let him in. I'm not sure, since your thoughts have gone so far, that that will satisfy you."

Her tone had a merciless, lashing quality. He bowed his head before it. His words stumbled.

"I trust you, Bella. I'm sorry."

His eyes begged, but she offered nothing more. So he went out, closing the door softly behind him.

Almost immediately he heard the sound of a motor. He couldn't find his hat. The front-door bell rang, and, snatching an ancient cap from the table, he opened the door. No one stood on the veranda, but the glare of powerful automobile headlights blinded him.

"You're Mrs. Hanson's chauffeur?" he called.

An indistinct voice came back affirmatively. Randall caught the word "hurry." Therefore he ran down the steps and, his eyes still blinded by the glare, stepped into a large runabout and settled himself by the driver.

They swung away at a breakneck speed which before long swept Randall's cap from his head and forced him to cling with both hands to the side of the car.

"Man," he shouted, "this is dangerous! There's no point in such haste."

He managed to turn, but the other had protected himself against the cold by rolling his collar up about his face and drawing his slouch hat down to meet it.

The car swerved. The other cried hoarsely:

"Look out! Hold tight!"

Randall clung, but the car kept the road. Its speed was all at once reduced. With a disconcerting jerk it came to a standstill. As Randall, trying to recover his balance, started to speak angrily, something soft and blinding struck his face and enveloped his head. His hands, raised purposelessly, were caught and pinioned. The cloth suddenly became moist and a familiar odor arose. The other laughed as he fastened a cord about the arms and body. Randall gasped. His bound limbs relaxed.

The driver turned the car and, with one arm around the senseless doctor, drove in leisurely fashion back toward Elmford.

Hidden among the undergrowth at some distance from the house stood a small, partly ruined stone building, used once, from the water flowing near by, as a spring house. The driver carried Randall to the interior of this building and placed him on the floor. Lighting a match, he glanced around.

THE unfinished walls were mottled with the melancholy vegetation which takes hold in places where the sun is forbidden. Drops of water oozed from the stones. The earthen floor yielded soggily to the pressure of feet.

The man raised his hat higher on his forehead and lowered his coat collar, exposing a face that was handsome in a weak and flippant way. He grinned rather foolishly now at his victim, outstretched on the damp floor. He swayed a trifle, steadied himself with an effort, and, as the glow of the match expired, bent over and thrust his hand in Randall's pocket.

He drew out a key ring. He struck another match and ran quickly over the ring until he had found the key he desired. This he slipped from the ring into his own pocket and returned the rest to Randall's coat.

On the point of leaving he hesitated, then with a resolute air stooped and removed the cloth from Randall's head and the cord from his body. Afterward he took a small bottle from his pocket, forced the unconscious man's lips open, and poured a quantity of the fluid down his throat. Evidently the doctor would sleep thoroughly and for a long time.

When he had gathered up the cloth, the rope, and the bottle, the man left the stone building, laughing with a satisfaction that was not wholly vicious.

He secreted the compromising bundle beneath a large stone in the bed of the stream.

"Put it over," he muttered. "People'll say the old boy was off his head or's a card for prohibition."

His lurch was more pronounced as he walked to the car and his manner less confident as he drove on to the house.

He alighted and, steadying himself against the mud guard, gazed at the dark, forbidding façade in which that diffused and indeterminate radiance alone suggested habitation.

After a time he straightened, climbed the steps, and crossed the veranda. He felt in his pocket for the latchkey he had taken from Randall, inserted it in the lock, and noiselessly opened the door. He was very careful to see that the door did not latch behind him. He placed the key on the hall table. He folded his coat and laid it with his cap on a chair. Stealthily he advanced along the dark and silent hall to the stairway.

At the sound of his automobile Bella had half arisen. She waited attentively, but when for some time no sound followed she walked to the window, raised it, and leaned out, striving unsuccessfully to penetrate the heavy night.

A board creaked in the corridor outside her door. She swung around, her hand at her throat. "John!"

Complete silence followed. Unless something out of all reckoning had occurred, her husband could not be back. None of the servants would have used an automobile. Then who prowled about the unlighted house and hesitated in the vicinity of her door? "John!"

The formlessness of her cry unveiled her fear. The knob moved. Inch by inch the door opened, and inch by inch, as if impelled by a perfectly controlled impulse from the door widening on the intruder, she retreated until the wall held her.

"Freddy!" she gasped.

He stepped in and closed the door. It could scarcely have been apparent to her all at once that he had been drinking, for, although his face was flushed, the event justified that, and he had evidently forced on himself for the moment a supreme control. Yet her relief was short-lived. To be sure she could leave the wall and advance to meet him, yet, as if the room possessed a phonographic quality, it was still loud with her husband's anxiety and her own contemptuous promises.

"What are you doing here? How did you get in? Go before— This is out of the question."

His hand left the knob.

"It's all right, Bella. Needn't be afraid. Randall's out of the way. He won't bother us to-night."

"Then you know about Mrs. Hanson?" she asked.

He nodded sagely. "I know a lot."

"You can't stay here," she said. "Go."

He stretched out his hands. "Then you shall come with me. That's the scheme. Been in the back of my head all along. We'll show a clean pair of heels. Time something definite happened. Bella, you know how I love you!"

A slight impediment, unfamiliar to the startled woman, made itself noticeable in his voice. His control was limited. Already his true condition disclosed itself. Fear as powerful as that which had greeted his stealthy approach returned to her eyes.

"You know I won't come with you, Freddy. Perhaps later things will be arranged. John and I had a talk to-night."

His face worked evilly.

"He had a talk with me too," he said. "It's come to a showdown. No use waiting, Bella. It's now or never. You've held me off too long. Got to choose. We love each other."

He advanced. She stepped behind the table.

"Don't come any nearer, Freddy. What's the matter with you?"

HE LAUGHED. "Just you." He tapped the side pocket of his coat. "By gad! I'd have killed him to-night to get to you if it had been necessary. That's what you've done to me, Bella."

He reached across and grasped her arm. He held her tight while he glided around the table. A book fell to the floor, and another. A vase of roses toppled over and shattered musically. The flowers made brilliant patches on the dull carpet.

"Let me go. Listen, Freddy! We'll talk it over to-morrow—all three. I promised John I wouldn't see you to-night."

"To-morrow!" he laughed. "Too late. You don't know all I've done for this—a real sportin' proposition. I tell you it's now or never. I'm mad about you." He put his arm around her. "You've got to let me keep my promise."

Still laughing, he drew her closer. His flaming eyes were near. His breath was revolting on her cheeks.

She struggled, gasping for words.

"Let me go. You've been drinking. He said—"

"He said!" he cried furiously.

"What are you going to do?" she begged.

As he flung her back against the table the side pocket of his unbuttoned coat flapped against her hand.

"I'm not going to let you slip now, Bella."

"Freddy! You're killing me!"

She thrust her hand in his pocket and snatched out an unpolished, stubby, evil cylinder with a square grip which perfectly fitted her hand.

"Look out, Freddy! You hurt!"

He laughed again. His lips, repulsive and cruel, crushed hers. Her smothered crying was bitter.

An explosion, slightly muffled, crowded the room with sound. Another followed.

His lips, a moment ago masterful with unreasoning vitality, no longer troubled her.

"Freddy!" she sobbed. "I'm sorry—"

He crumpled at her feet.

Near the water, spilled from the vase of roses, a darker stain spread.

She screamed. "What's the matter? Freddy! I'm sorry. Say something. Pray!"

She stumbled to her knees by the dead man. Her desolate cries rose ceaselessly through the open window.

GARTH the next day did not repeat his floral indiscretion. One experience had convinced him that practice is necessary to the successful threading of such byways. His rose, in fact, had disclosed its limitations even before he had reached the inspector's flat. On his entrance it had not adorned his coat.

He read the brief and scarcely illuminating account of the Elmford murder in the morning papers. Irritation at his own assignment—an unimportant case uptown—let it slip through his mind without arousing any exceptional interest.

When he returned to the central office in the afternoon the inspector sent for him.

The huge man lolled in his chair. His quiet glance fixed Garth genially. For once he failed to fidget with his desk paraphernalia. His rumbling voice was abnormally mild. Then his eyes twinkled.

"Boys tell me you're a little sore on the jobs you've had since you rounded up the Hennion crowd."

Garth grew red.

"There are old women everywhere," he said. "Nothing to do but talk."

The inspector leaned forward. He cleared his throat.

"I can't take chances with such a valuable man. Were you thinking of paying your party call to-night? Because I've got to disappoint you. I want you to look over the Elmford murder. Suppose you've read about it."

"I glanced at it in the morning papers," Garth answered. "They were short on details."

"There doesn't seem much to clear up," the inspector said, "except Dr. Randall's whereabouts. The men I sent out this morning haven't got a trace. Nothing's been heard from the ferries or the stations or out of town. Seems there ought to be some indication at the house for a sharp pair of eyes."



She screamed. "What's the matter? Freddy! I'm sorry. Say something. Pray!" She stumbled to her knees

"There's no doubt, then," Garth asked, "that he killed Treving?"

The inspector ran his hand through his hair.

"Those must have been rotten papers you read," he answered. "Ask me if Cain killed Abel. Treving's goings-on with Randall's wife have been common gossip. Listen, Garth. I've found out things you won't get from any papers. Randall and Treving met at their club last night. Seems Randall had overheard some of this conversation. I've had a few of the high-hat crowd down here to-day, and one of the hallboys who heard what went on between Randall and Treving. Randall warned Treving away with threats. Treving lost his head and offered to bet he'd spend last evening with Mrs. Randall."

"Good Lord!" Garth exclaimed. "Was he drunk?"

"Can't tell," the inspector said. "The boy thought he had been drinking, but he didn't believe he was drunk. That don't mean much. Nothing like a college education to teach a man how to carry his liquor. Anyway, Randall came back with his own conviction. Swore he'd shoot Treving if such a thing came off. Well, Randall found Treving late last night in the lady's dressing room."

"Pretty bad," Garth agreed; "but I've never thought threats were very satisfactory evidence."

"Plenty of other evidence," the inspector answered. "Randall had stayed late in town. He must have driven up and found Treving's car by the veranda. They're both there now. Easy to understand how that sight fixed his resolution to kill. And the signs of the struggle are all over the room. He left in a hurry after he had shot him. He lost his hat rushing down the stairs. It's lying by the newel post. Mark my words. When we find Randall he'll have a new hat or none at all. He had enough sense not to try to make his get-away in his own machine or Treving's. That's why I'm putting you on the case, Garth. You know what a pipe it is to round up these amateur criminals. I tell you this fellow's clever."

Garth considered.

"That's clear enough evidence," he said at last, "if the woman— But I suppose she refuses to open her mouth."

The inspector's rapid fingering of his paper cutter confessed his annoyance. His small eyes narrowed.

"Wish I knew if she's acting. She's been practically off her head ever since that motor cop found her kneeling over the body, screaming fit to—to wake the dead. Nothing but hysterics all night and day. Jones reports she's had some nervous trouble—something about the heart. Her cousin, another doctor, is with her. You know I hate to make a wife testify. Got to be done, though, when she comes around. That's about all, Garth. Run out there and see if you can hit Randall's trail."

Garth arose.

"Seems simple, chief. Any dope on the gun?"

The inspector shook his head.

"One of these deadly automatics. Natural enough for a doctor to carry one." He grinned. "Got to kill their patients one way or another."

"Nothing been disturbed?" Garth asked.

"No. They've taken Treving away, but the room's just as it was when the body and the woman were found."

Garth moved toward the door.

"I know you'll bring Randall in," the inspector called.

"I'll do my best," Garth answered.

IT WAS late in the afternoon when he reached the lonely house. A tired-looking man in plain clothes lounged on the veranda. Another with a languid air paced up and down at the side. They became animated and converged on Garth, anxious to know if the inspector had got any word of Randall.

While he was talking to them Garth first became aware of a mournful undertone, sometimes punctuated by a shrill, despairing note, now smothered in a heavy silence.

"What's that?" he asked sharply.

The men moved restlessly.

"Been listening to that music all day," one of them answered. "Lonely hole! Who'd want to live here?"

"I see. Mrs. Randall," Garth said. "I'd hoped she'd be able to stand a little talk by this time."

"Swell chance!" the man answered. "There's a high and mighty sawbones with her who'd do murder himself before he'd let you get within a mile of her. I'm sick of the rotten case. Nothing to it anyway."

"I'm going in, boys," Garth said. "Inspector told me everything had been left."

One of the detectives handed him a key.

"Room's locked. This lets in from the corridor. Key to her bedroom door's in the lock."

Garth entered the hall. Randall's hat lay as the inspector had described it. Its gilt initials stared up at Garth with an odd air of appeal. He saw Treving's coat and hat (another tragic excitation for the doctor if he had chanced to notice them) on a chair by the table. A key, which Garth found fitted the front door, lay at the table's edge. He slipped it in his pocket and continued up the stairs.

Mrs. Randall's cries were quieter. Garth, inured as he was to unbridled suffering, was grateful. He unlocked the door of the dressing room and paused just across the sill while he made a quick survey of the scene of the murder. There was plenty of light and air here, for the curtains were thrown back and the window was open. Since the doctor had unquestionably left by the front door he could not understand why the window had been opened on such a chilly night.

The table cover was awry. One or two books lay on the floor beneath. Half a dozen long-stemmed roses, faded as they were, still splashed color across the carpet of a neutral tint. As his eyes took them in Garth smiled, shamefacedly reminiscent.

He started. The formless, agonized cry of a woman arose and seemed to set in violent motion the atmosphere of this tragic chamber. The cry was repeated. Garth shivered. He had a quick, uncomfortable fancy that the woman was making horrid and superhuman efforts to overcome some obstacle to expression.

"I wish she'd keep quiet," he thought. "Confound it! There's no acting about that. She wants to talk and can't."

He returned to his scrutiny of the room. Its disordered condition suggested a struggle before Randall had fired the shots and dropped the revolver there at the end of the table. A circle of no great radius would have inclosed the scattered and faded roses. No—not all. One bud lay farther off, nearer the bedroom door.



The detective drew from the water a strong, slender rope and a black cloth

Garth tiptoed to it, stooped, and picked it up, examining it curiously while he tried to reconstruct from it an active picture of the tragedy. The stem had been broken away, indicating, since Treving or Randall had probably worn it, the close and desperate nature of their struggle. For it was not like the roses from the vase. They were of a larger variety and wider open, and this lay, he estimated, near the spot where Treving, conquered and killed, had fallen.

As he stooped there, reflecting, constantly troubled by the impotent sounds from the next room, a ray of late sunlight penetrated the foliage, entered the open window, and gleamed upon a silvery thread apparently in the carpet. In his haste to reach this thread Garth stumbled noisily against a chair, and, as if in response, while he detached the thread from the carpet, a gentle knocking reached him from the bedroom door.

A little ashamed of his racket, he thrust the thread in his pocket, arose, and opened the door. A tall man with iron-gray hair entered, closing the door gently behind him. His tone was repressed.

"Do you want to kill that woman?"

"I see. The chair," Garth said.

"Every sound from this room," the man explained, "must be torture to her. I suppose you policemen think all this fuss and feathers necessary. You'd do better to get after Randall."

Garth curbed his own irritation.

"When do you think we shall be able to question her?"

"God knows, if this keeps up! She's in a bad way. Do you suppose I'd waste my time here otherwise? I tell you quiet is essential."

Garth rested his hands against the table. The knotted veins testified to his anxiety, but his tone was casual.

"By the way, doctor, since you're Mrs. Randall's cousin, you must have known the doctor pretty well."

"Yes, yes, very well."

"Did you ever notice—was he in the habit of wearing a flower in his buttonhole?"

The other glanced at him suspiciously.

"What are you driving at?"

"Answer me, please," Garth insisted.

"I never saw him with one. He was a very masculine type—no affectations."

Garth flushed.

"And Mr. Treving?" he asked. "You knew him too?"

"Slightly."

"Did he?"

"What? Wear a flower? I'm sure I don't know. Never noticed. But I think it likely enough."

GARTH'S hands relaxed. He straightened. "Thank you, doctor. There will be no more noise here to-night. I am really sorry about the chair. I would rather you didn't say anything about those questions."

The doctor's face, which had shown suffering all through, broke into a derisive smile.

"About the flowers! I understand. One must appear wise even if there's nothing to be wise about."

"Quite so," Garth said gravely.

The other returned to the bedroom and Garth went downstairs. He walked to the back of the house where the servants were collected in an uneasy group. There was a chauffeur, he found, a butler, a cook, and a maid. Another maid, they told him, was with Mrs. Randall.

Garth questioned them about last night's wedding and the hour of their return, but they were an incoherent lot, (*Continued on page* 28)



No Bonds and No Pork!

THE TWO MAIN DIFFICULTIES in the way of the preparedness program are financial cowardice and local selfishness. The former is well illustrated by the cry of the San Francisco "Chronicle" that "we are rapidly jumping to the position of the most drastically taxed country in the world," a statement unsupported by facts. The agitation for sane national defense ought to force along the attainment of a sound national budget system, including scientific taxation. This means statesmanship, work, trouble—the easy way out is to urge a bond issue. The United States is the wealthiest nation on earth, but it cannot afford to pile up debt for unproductive peace expenditures. No sane city government would ever think of selling bonds to pay police expenses, and the same principle applies to the nation. Our country must be defended year by year, and we must pay for it as we go.

In the noteworthy interview which JULIAN STREET secured for COLLIER'S, THEODORE ROOSEVELT pointed out that the worst opponents of his strong-navy policy were Senators HALE, TILLMAN, and PERKINS, two of whom had useless pet navy yards among their political assets. The Portland "Oregonian" has a cartoon headed "Pork, if you will, but safety first"; the Cincinnati "Enquirer" is booming Fort Thomas, a Kentucky suburb of that city, as a desirable military post; and the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" wants a great national munitions factory located there. Local pride and local energy are fine qualities, but forts and armories are national questions which must be settled on the basis of national strength, and nothing else. When one gets right down to rock bottom, this preparedness issue is the acid test whether the United States is a nation or just a mess of shortsighted, wrangling, selfish localities. We must meet that test this winter.

Do We Want a Tariff Commission?

THE PRESENT ARGUMENT for scientific administration of tariff laws is based on sound logic; it should be based also on clear thinking. The most obvious general purpose of a scientific tariff policy is to preserve a balance of advantage for one's own country by shifting import taxes as conditions change. It should be noted that this method meets only part of the problem. A manufacturer is not helped much if foreign control of raw-material prices outweighs his protection. Germany has aided her manufacturers by careful attention to just this factor, and probably any tariff commission we may have must, sooner or later, take hold of the question of export duties. This means an amendment to the Federal Constitution. Import and export duties are only two methods of affecting the prices of manufactured articles. Ocean and railway freights are also of great importance, and an effective commission would have to work in close harmony with an Interstate Commerce Commission of enlarged powers and with a great statistical bureau devoted to gathering current trade facts. This sounds like a large order, but it is only a brief list of the essential implements. The important changes would be in the centralization of our Government and in the much closer working relations between government and business. The success of Germany's tariff machinery has been largely due to teamwork between the great commercial associations and Government officials. It is impossible for anyone to become an industrial multimillionaire in modern Germany without becoming the Kaiser's friend. Scientific tariff is not an abstraction, but the practical employment in everyday affairs of the nation's power for the nation's economic gain. It has its shoddy side in class intrigue and selfishness, but the method will be more and more used in the trade rivalries of the next few years.

Plenty of Potash

OUR FRIEND, Mr. R. S. HOWLAND of Floral Bluff, Fla., suggests that "one of the most noticeable effects of the European war is the cutting off from the United States of the supply of potash used in the manufacture of fertilizers," and suggests that there lies in the Atlantic Ocean, about 1,200 miles off Florida, an inexhaustible bed of half-rotted seaweed which is rich in potash. On the other hand, Professor MILTON WHITNEY of the Bureau of Soils, while admitting that this seaweed "sargassum," like most rock weeds and algæ, carries more potash than most land plants, thinks that in its partially decomposed state it is not worth gathering. Mr. HOWLAND does make a pregnant suggestion, all the same, when he mentions seaweed in this connection. It is to the Pacific, however, and not to the Atlantic, that we should go first. The giant kelps of the Pacific grow in great groves from Mexico to Alaska, and there is no reason why they cannot be made to furnish all the potash this country can use—unless the alunite veins of our Southwest prove extensive enough to take care of all our requirements. The Pacific kelps are not half rotted, but grow, clinging to the rocks by their great "holdfasts," like gigantic water lilies or submarine trees. Moreover, at Searles Lake in the Great Basin are deposits of potash salts of a character similar to those of Germany, and in the Pan Handle of Texas borings made for oil and gas have passed through potash deposits which have seemed so important that Professor J. A. UDDEN of the University of Texas has written a bulletin on the subject. Professor UDDEN thinks that the drilling of a few holes 2,000 feet deep or so in that region might disclose an abundant supply of that fertilizer of which up to this time Germany has had a practical monopoly. There are probably a thousand borings made there every year wildcatting for gas and oil—but to bore for scientific reasons is not the American way. If it were in Germany, now—but we must not rub it into the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Satisfaction

WE HEAR MUCH of the thrill which kindles the batter when a clean swing and a clean crack drive the ball into the outfield. But how about the feeling of the punter who faces a glowering rush line, catches the center's pass deftly, takes his time, and sends the ball spinning high fifty yards down the field before he is crushed to the sod by the charging forwards who have failed to block his kick? There is a spirit to copy. Can you turn the same trick when it comes to real life?

Motto for Writers

A NEW YORK stock broker and chemist named ELLWOOD HENDRICK has in the "Atlantic Monthly" an essay called "Adventures in Philosophy," and this sentence from it (among others) is worth keeping:

> Until the facts are in their right order there is no truth.

Facts That Go Together

SOME DAYS AGO newspaper headlines announced "German Peace Plan on Way"—with the inevitable VON BUELOW in charge. The Kaiser's Imperial Under Secretary of State issues a manifesto to the general effect that there is no food problem in Germany and that the Government has solved it. German newspapers give columns to the food question—more space than to the other war news. In the poorer parts of Berlin the Imperial German Government has posted scarlet warnings rehearsing the penalties for rioting and rebellious violence. It is worth taking these points into consideration in reading Mr. MARCOSSON'S report of food conditions in England (they are bad enough!) printed in this week's COLLIER'S under the title "He Serves Who Saves." In Berlin, at anyrate, the average housewife doesn't care about annexing anything except some food for the kids.

By the Way—

THAT stanch old British professional paper, "The Accountant," gives vent to this weighty utterance:

> There is no more conclusive sign of bad management in any works, under any conditions, than to allow workers to be working overtime, to any considerable extent, for a considerable period of time on end.

Great Britain is at war and "The Accountant" is talking about war work. What excuse is there for eleven- or twelve-hour days in the United States?

Baseball—and the Dear Theatre

ETHEL BARRYMORE—an actress—thinks she has scored on a New York dramatic critic who fails to praise her latest work. She has alleged that the critic used to report baseball. Now, Miss BARRYMORE'S dig at HEYWOOD BROUN has the opposite effect from what she intended. It calls attention to the fact that in these United States baseball reporting is done a lot more conscientiously and a lot more ably than dramatic "criticism." The box office and the advertising department do not have the same sinister influence; the baseball reporter generally knows more than the dramatic critic, in spite of the latter's big horn glasses and fatigued air. Dramatic criticism simply doesn't happen in our newspapers nowadays, even in our newspapers of New York and Chicago; and HEYWOOD BROUN'S dope about plays is a lot more refreshing

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

and generally a lot juster than most so-called criticism. When the average American newspaper insists on as high standards of reporting in the theatre as at baseball games, football games, street riots, dog fights, and suffrage parades we shall perhaps get some real dramatic criticism—that is, provided some theatre manager gets hold of a play worth criticizing.

An Address by John Hay

IN THESE HYPHENATED TIMES one is momentarily tempted to disbelieve in the possibility of transmuting all the metals into Americanism, even in a miracle-working melting pot. "Let us go slow from now on in this matter of welcoming to our shores all sorts and all nations of men," is what a good many people are saying, and are justified in saying. And yet transmutation *is* possible. Americans *are* the product of the mingling of many stocks. In the new "Life and Letters of John Hay," as composed and compiled by WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER, we have just reread a fragment of one of HAY'S addresses—spoken at a dinner of the Ohio Society of New York twelve years ago. "When I look back on the shifting scenes of my life," said our great Secretary of State, "if I am not that altogether deplorable creature, a man without a country, I am, when it comes to pull and prestige, almost equally bereft, as I am a man without a State. I was born in Indiana, I grew up in Illinois, I was educated in Rhode Island—and it is no blame to that scholarly community that I know so little. I learned my law in Springfield and my politics in Washington, my diplomacy in Europe, Asia, and Africa. I have a farm in New Hampshire and desk room in the District of Columbia." And Mr. HAY has this to say about his honest forbears:

When I look to the springs from which my blood descends, the first ancestors I ever heard of were a Scotchman, who was half English, and a German woman, who was half French. Of my immediate progenitors, my mother was from New England and my father was from the South. In this bewilderment of origin and experience I can only put on an aspect of deep humility in any gathering of favorite sons, and confess that I am nothing but an American.

What Is an American?

HOW FAMILIAR, we wonder, are the words spoken on this text by ST. JOHN DE CRÈVECŒUR in that fine old book of his, "Letters from an American Farmer"? CRÈVECŒUR'S book came out 133 years before this life of HAY, and in it he describes the American of colonial and revolutionary days as "either an European or the descendant of an European, hence that strange mixture of blood which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a Frenchwoman, and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations." And the farmer letter writer concludes that:

He is an American who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great *Alma Mater*. Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor, and industry which began long since in the east; they will finish the great circle.

The picture is enthusiastically but not, on the whole, untruthfully rendered. JOHN HAY would have enjoyed CRÈVECŒUR'S "Letters" of 1782; one wonders if he ever knew them in all their friendly quaintness?

Ireland, in Columbus "Evening Dispatch"



We'll need a couple of real dogs when the war is over

Push This Idea Along

A PENNSYLVANIA MAN WAS KILLED as a result of his intoxication. A judgment for $1,000 damages in favor of his widow has been upheld by the higher court against the saloon keeper who furnished the intoxicating liquors to the deceased. When the man left the barroom of the defendant, according to the evidence, he was in a helpless condition. The widow's right to recover against the saloon keeper was founded on an old act of the Pennsylvania Legislature which provided that any person furnishing intoxicating drinks to any other person in violation of any existing law should be held civilly responsible for injury to person or property in consequence. An act passed in 1887 by the same Legislature provided that "it shall be unlawful for any person, with or without license, to furnish by sale, gift, or otherwise, to any person any spirituous, vinous, malt, or brewed liquors to a minor, or to a person of known intemperate habits, or to a person visibly affected by intoxicating drinks, either for his own use or for the use of another person." This is one way of reaching the reckless and unconscionable saloon keeper who continues to furnish liquor to the man who has already indulged beyond his capacity.

The New Touchstone

IT'S COME AT LAST. A serious drama advertises: "In sheer dramatic intensity the third act surpasses any scene in ——." And thereupon it proceeds to mention a popular film in the movies. The burden of proof has been reversed. The motion picture used to be thought presumptuous in its claim to an interest as keen as that of the legitimate; now the spoken play pleads humbly that it is as enthralling as the movies.

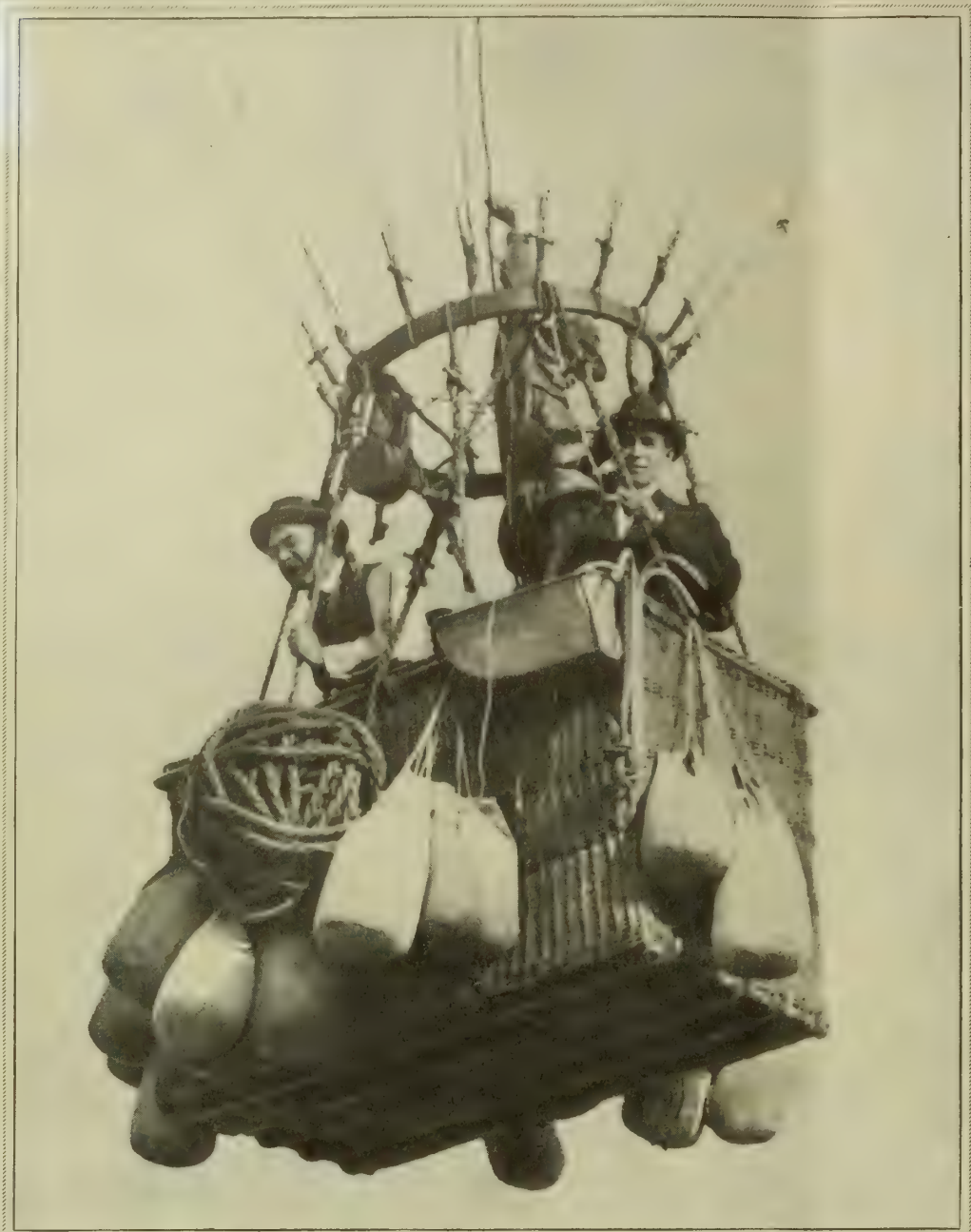
The Open Fire

AT THE RISK of seeming to exaggerate, we wish to lay down this bold generalization: an open fire is properly as much a part of education for the young and enjoyment for the middle-aged and old as books or music or travel. What reward is sweeter, after a day of hard work, plus a substantial dinner, than the pipe you smoke before that mystic window that looks alike into the past and the future? Some of the lessons of the open fireplace are obvious. Fire burns, for instance. Some of the other lessons, that seem obvious to us to-day, were very far from that when we first enjoyed the friendly blaze and asked father what made the wood burn, and why the fire sometimes spat at us, and what were sparks, and why did the smoke go up the chimney, and a thousand questions more. Sitting before an open fire induces several admirable states of mind: variously it stimulates the imagination, pacifies the nerves, induces reverie, and—puts one to sleep. Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, in one of her "House and Home Papers" of just fifty years ago, speaks of the CROWFIELDS' blazing wood fire as their "household altar," "whose wholesome, hearty crackle is the truest household inspiration." Another celebrated American author having held that the open fireplace is "an altar of patriotism," Mrs. STOWE put the question:

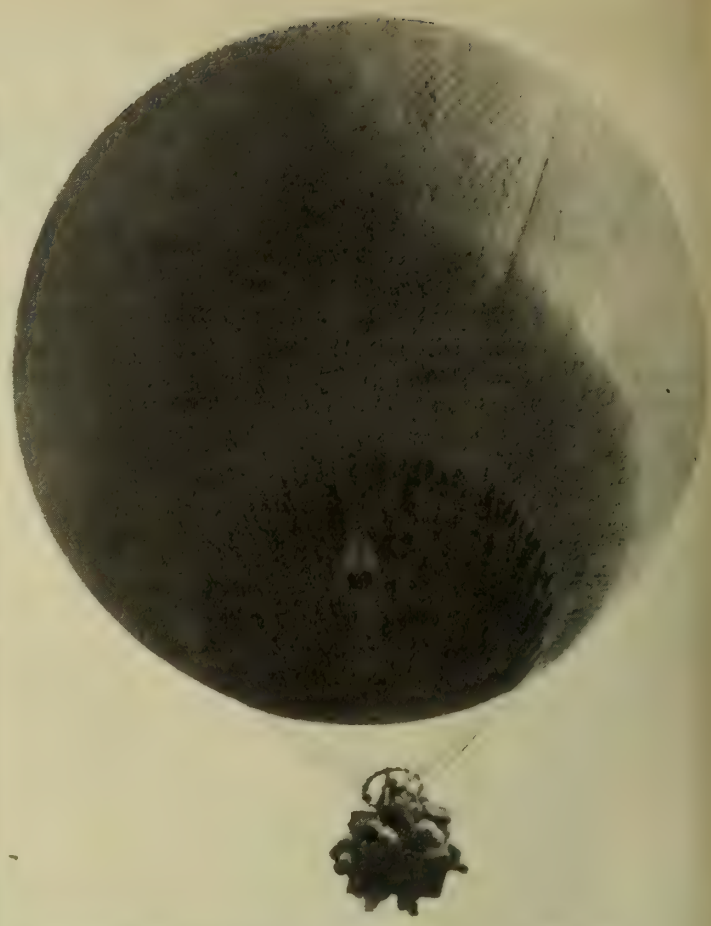
Would our Revolutionary fathers have gone barefooted and bleeding over snows to defend air-tight stoves and cooking ranges? I trow not. It was the memory of the great open kitchen fire, with its backlog and fire stick of cordwood, its roaring, hilarious voice of invitation, its dancing tongues of flame, that called to them through the snows of that dreadful winter to keep up their courage, that made their hearts warm and bright with a thousand reflected memories.

A home without an open fire is almost as unreal as a home without children. That is why we are sometimes blue nowadays and our natural optimism fails us—for that city apartment of ours is not of the $15,000-a-year duplex variety, and it has no open fireplaces.

A Governor Up in the Air—Literally



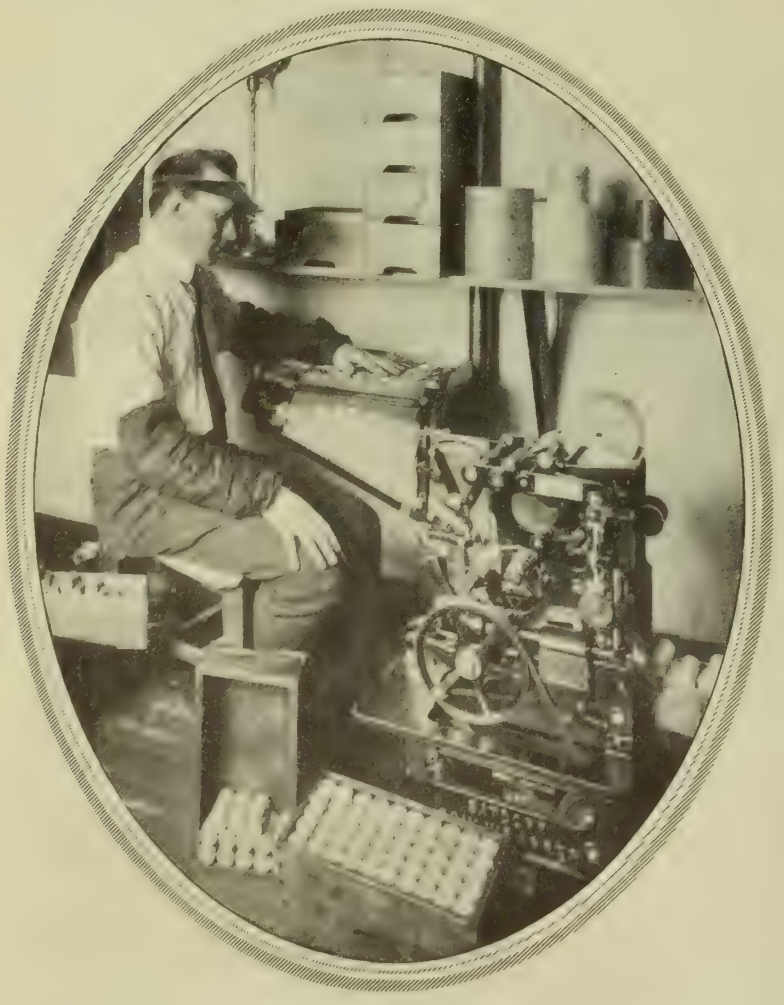
The balloonists making their get-away at Priester's Park, St. Louis. Governor Major is in the right-hand corner, forward, and Pilot Assman is at the extreme left. Assman is not crying; he is yelling orders to some one on the ground



GOVERNING the State of Missouri is a considerable undertaking—a good deal more than a regular man's-size job, in fact—but it does not satisfy the Hon. Elliott W. Major's cravings for big thrills. That is why we happen to be reproducing the photographs at the left and above. Governor Major slipped out of Jefferson City the other day without telling Mrs. Major anything about it and went to St. Louis, where he had arranged with Albert von Hoffman, owner of the balloon *St. Louis*, which won this year's international race from Wichita, Kas., to try his luck as an aviator. With William F. Assman as pilot and Albert von Hoffman, Colonel Horace S. Rumsey, and Albert von Hoffman, Jr., as fellow passengers, the Governor flew from Priester's Park in St. Louis to Columbia, Ill., twenty-two miles, without a mishap, and enjoyed the trip immensely. The flight was made in twenty-two hours. The party landed in a corn field after a crowd of farmer boys had seized the guy rope and pulled the balloon to the ground. The boys were flabbergasted when told that one of the men was the Governor of Missouri. That the chief executive of a State should risk his life in so hazardous an adventure merely for the fun of it was more than they could imagine.

Counting Exposition Cash with a Machine

IN THE photograph in the oval a clerk in the office of the controller of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco is seen adding up and packing silver dollars from a day's box-office receipts with a newly invented machine. The device, which is run by electricity, is a great time and labor saver in offices where coin in large quantities is handled. It can be set for any denomination from dimes to twenty-dollar gold pieces. The controller of the exposition, Rodney S. Durkee, who handles all the concern's funds, uses half a dozen or more machines like this.



A money-counting machine in operation. It does the work of four or five clerks and never makes a mistake. The sorting is also done by machinery

Footprints to Make Baby Mixup-proof

THE photograph at the right, taken at the Chicago Lying-in Hospital, illustrates a new trick by which mothers are doubly assured that they will not be given the offspring of others by mistake. Each youngster born in the hospital is promptly "printed" by pressing one of his feet against an inked roller and then against white paper, and a copy of the footmarks is given to the parents.



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From Riga to the Golden Horn

Four Glimpses of the Endless War



A testimonial to Turkish marksmanship. The periscope of the British submarine E-11 after it had been nipped by a shell from a small gun



A SOLDIER'S ART IN MOSS. A Frenchman in Lorraine built the dragon and the image of the German Emperor to amuse himself between fights



A sunset silhouette of an Australian soldier at a comrade's grave on Cape Helles, the point of Gallipoli Peninsula, overlooking the Ægean Sea. This scene is in the vicinity of Sedd-ul-Bahr, where the British have sacrificed 100,000 men in futile attacks

Gallipoli—from a Brighter Angle

THE Germans characterize the British campaign at the Dardanelles as a fiasco, and the British themselves admit that it is a failure, but it is a mistake to base one's conclusions merely upon the obvious facts. The British have lost about 100,000 men in killed and wounded and several warships at the Straits while doing equal injury to the Turks. It is true they failed to break through, but, as Conan Doyle points out, they have engaged the best part of Turkey's army, which would otherwise have been operating against the British in Egypt, on the Mesopotamian front, or against the Russians in the Caucasus. And although the failure of the Straits enterprise helped to influence Bulgaria to take sides with the Teutons, it drew a big Austro-German army to the Balkans and thereby reduced their strength in France and Russia.

The High-water Mark in Russia

DESPITE Von Hindenburg's recent gains in the Riga and Dvinsk regions, the great Teuton offensive in Russia has, in the broader sense, come to a standstill, and the Czar's army is beginning to take its enemies' measure for a big winter campaign to drive them back toward the frontier. In the last few days the Russians by vigorous attacks in many places have shown that their morale is unshaken by the five months of retreating, which is little, if any, less marvelous than the tremendous German attempts to destroy or disorganize them. "Our army lives," says the Russian General Staff, "in the expectation of a general offensive and looks with full confidence to the armies of its allies."



A young Russian woman Red Cross nurse looking for wounded soldiers in a grain field near Dvinsk

THE OUT-OF-DOOR JANITOR

BY MARIE MANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

THE president of the "Boys' Sporting and Fighting Club of North America" sat in his father's woodshed and took pleasure in his black dismal thoughts. It was Saturday, but the joyous activities of that blessed day of freedom were sadly missing. He, along with the five other members of the organization of which he was president, had been "kept in" by maternal edict; war was in the air, and its loud alarums had caused the mothers of potential heroes to take no chances.

The "Roughnecks," the rival gang, were as usual at the bottom of the trouble. This latter organization was composed of seasoned, middle-aged boys, some of whom had reached the ripe age of "long pants" and an allowance. These hardened men of the world professed to see only humor in the title of the younger club; the "Sporting and Fighting Club of North America" had been recruited from very young timber—the president was just getting his second front teeth.

But at heart the "Roughnecks" envied the splendid mouth-filling designation; they hankered after its style and force and general air of cosmopolitanism—willingly they would have swapped names with "the kids." Failing this, they wished to assume the title by the primordial law of might. Pretext was not lacking, a "Roughneck" claimed to have thought of the title first, the "kiddos" had swiped it; they were plagiarists.

This Saturday had been set apart by both factions as a day of judgment, the "Roughnecks" would hold court, and the "Sporting and Fighting Club of North America" would have to show cause for the appropriating of its name. *Cherchez la femme!* The mothers heard of the impending trial, and not a sporting nor a fighting man was permitted abroad—woodsheds, attics, back yards, to the number of six, each harbored a misanthrope deprived of his constitutional right of sporting, fighting, and the pursuit of happiness. The "Roughnecks," jeering at the incarcerated, departed to lay siege to a vacant house. The neighborhood was as quiet as an empty church.

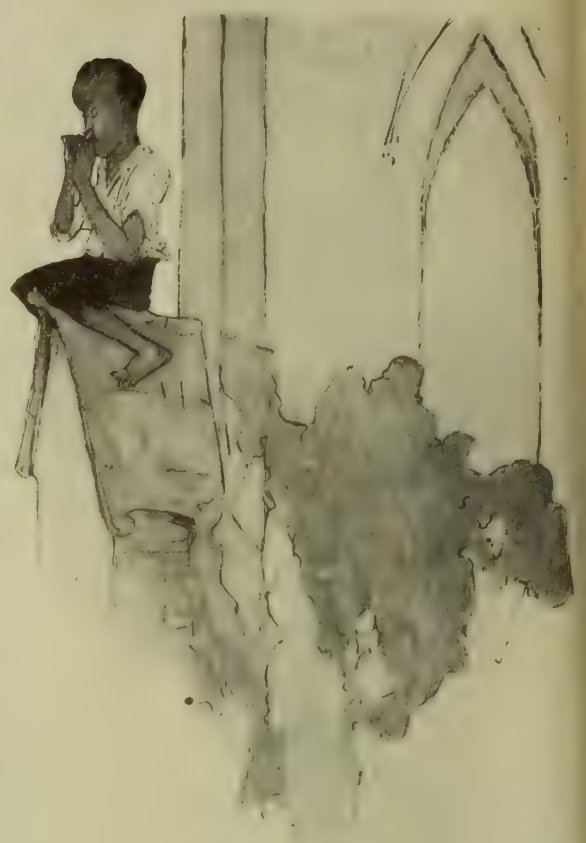
Todd Rodgers, president of the immured club, took stock of his father's woodshed and its familiar fittings, for perhaps the hundredth time, in the hope that it might furnish some object that would make penal servitude endurable. And for the hundredth time the bolt on the back gate—opening to new worlds—appeared the only thing worthy of consideration. Todd drew the bolt: the prospect was not inspiring—a stretch of cobblestones terminating in a huddle of woodsheds, the looming rear of the Episcopal church—it was all familiar to him to the point of satiety. Its sole charm consisted of a certain illicit quality—he was not allowed to open the gate without permission. There was not a soul in the alley, not even the ignoble survivor of the wandering minstrel who announces his malodorous presence by a winding blast on his horn, and goes about from postern gate to postern gate gathering up broken meats. Todd looked aloft, blinked his eyes—rubbed them. Yes, it was alive all right—but how in the name of heck had it got there?

For, perched aloft, like a gargoyle, on a flying buttress of the extremely ritualistic (they subscribed to both candles and confession) church of St. Boniface-the-Lesser, was a little colored boy biting scallops from a pie of the size known to adolescence as "fi-cent." Todd watched him for several minutes, sheer wonder crowding out the emotion of envy. The undisputed possession of a "fi-cent" pie "were paradise enow" under any circumstances, but to eat it up there, above an unjust world of criticism and blind obedience to a matriarchal form of government, was to enjoy happiness but little lower than the angels.

The little darky finished his pie slowly and without greed. Regarding him impartially, one would have said that he was no stranger to this delicacy. Dusting the crumbs from his shirt, he produced from a hip pocket perhaps the largest, greenest, and most unwholesome pickle known to the corner-store industry. He ate it, even as he had eaten the pie, with the questioning deliberation of a connoisseur. The empyreal feast over, he drew from still another pocket a mouth organ and burst into song with the spontaneity of a lark.

TODD had a real affection for this humble instrument, and at various times had owned one and played it with a certain dilettantish skill, but the accomplishment had never been popular with his family. Yet never in his most ebullient flights of inspiration had he been able to play like this, nor had he ever heard the mouth organ in the mouth of such a master. The imp perched aloft got queer fluty tones out of it that made creepy feelings play up and down Todd's spine, and when he "let her out" and played a military march, Todd, with eyes set and shoulders squared, tramped up and down the alley, hypnotized by the rhythmic swing of invisible feet. He had often dreamed of marching like this to the call of his country—especially with the eyes of the world upon him.

The march over, the little negro drifted into other themes, nearly all of which found in Todd's soul an equally sympathetic response. What might not *he* have accomplished as a mouth-organ virtuoso had not one beloved instrument after another been confiscated, in the very act of musical rendition, while some member of his family bitterly inquired: "Do you want me to go raving mad?"



Music as a cerebral stimulus has long received the attention of psychologists, and perhaps the magnificent inspiration that now transformed Todd from a disappointed dreamer of dreams into a brilliant genius for organization may have had its inception in the mouth-organ recital proceeding from beneath the spires of St. Boniface-the-Lesser. The scheme, while original, as far as Todd was concerned, was not entirely new. Rather did it represent the application of a given law, operating throughout the universe, and rediscovered by this child Newton. Unlike Sir Isaac, he was not sitting in his orchard watching an apple fall when the supreme idea occurred to him. He was standing within the lintel of the back-alley gate watching a human atom almost defy the law that Sir Isaac had discovered; when his metal match struck, the conflagration started, and the idea that was to make history—blazed.

WHY not annex this wonder to the "Boys' Sporting and Fighting Club of North America" and let the vague achievements of the organization rest largely on the alien's miracles? No plea of originality is made in favor of Todd. Almost every institution of learning, specializing in athletics, has at one time or another felt the beauty of a similar inspiration—and has been rudely awakened by laws governing amateur championships. History was merely repeating itself.

Objection might be raised to the phenomenon by certain members of the club on the score of his candidate's color: to such he could be offered in the capacity of janitor. In a purely *al fresco* institution like the "Sporting and Fighting" a janitor might savor of affectation, the "Roughnecks" would undoubtedly make the most of it, but Todd dismissed the objection with the thought that "something could be found for him to janit."



Perched aloft Ple-yad played the "Suwanee River." His audience grew and grew, but were powerless to do anything

And presently Pan put up his pipe and loosened his grip on the "stone hooks"—thus did the watcher designate the flying buttresses—and prepare to revisit earth. Never had Todd been so interested in any physical feat. The lady that did "the dip of death" in the circus knew the trick, but this was the real thing. As the little darky made his way, inch by inch, across the slanting roof of St. Boniface's he seemed to lose his identity as a boy and become a snake, in his prehensile quality. He lay flat on his stomach and humped himself slowly, clinging with fingers, bare toes, belly, and chin. It was a long, tedious process, but little by little he crawled—appearing to defy the laws of gravity—and at an angle of almost 45 degrees he completed the descent of the roof. The rest of it was mere child's play to him; he swung from the rain spout to the stone sill of the baptistery, and from there to the

. . .

alley; a moment more and he was dusting his ragged clothes—it had been nothing.

Todd approached and regarded the supercolored boy with attention. On closer inspection there was something distinctly queer about the hero. His arms were unusually long, coming below his knees; his head seemed sunk in his chest; his face was nearly soot-black and pure African in type; his teeth looked dazzling in their sable environment.

"What makes you eat pie 'n' pickle up yonder?"

"C-yant nobody tek hit 'way f'om me up yonder."

"How d'you git pie 'n' pickle th' same day?"

"My mammy she giv' me fi' cents mos' eve'y day to buy m'dinner; she done wuk out washin' 'n' ironin', 'n' she doan have no time to trifle gittin' meals. I gets me a fi-cent pie what's two days ole fo' three cents, den I mos' injinerally gits me a pickle 'n' er ice-cream cone wid de odder two."

TODD regarded him with the devouring envy that only a child reared by a mother letter-perfect in Emmett Holt, and never without a clinical thermometer or an invitation to address a mothers' congress on "Milk" or "Child Welfare," could summon.

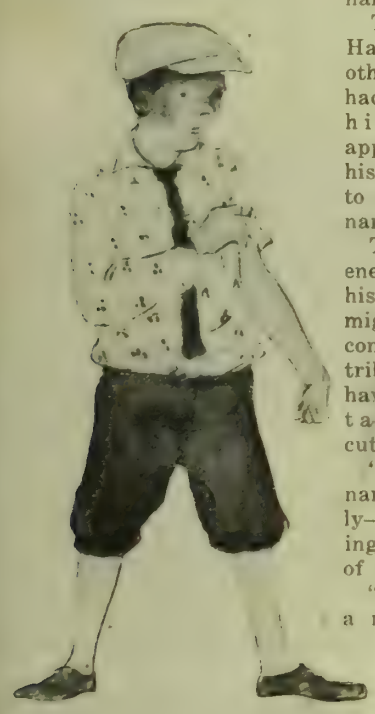
"Gee, what a life!" reflected the hygienically reared one with feeling. And without a moment's further consideration he offered the little darky the handsomest compliment any white boy south of Mason and Dixon's Line could offer to a negro.

"Want to fight?"

"What fo'?"

"Oh, anything."

The gargoyle evaded a direct answer by playing incidental music on the mouth organ. "What's your name?" Todd inquired.



The small son of Ham, like many another name martyr, had borne the brunt of his mother's fanciful appetite for names till his halo was beginning to pall. "What's your name?" Todd repeated.

The little darky stiffened slightly, as one of his jungle forbears might have done when confronted by a hostile tribesman known to have an epicurean taste in the choicer cuts of enemies.

"Ple-yad. Das my name." He stood bravely—he was used to taking the consequences of such a name.

"There ain't no such a name—you think you're awful smart, don't you, trying to fool me like that?"

"I done tole you dat my name am Ple-yad."

"You want to fight about it?"

"No, I don't want to fight about hit."

"You 'fraid to fight."

"Y-aas; I'se 'fraid to fight."

"Then you're a coward."

"No, I ain't no coward—I'se 'flicted—an' de white doctor at de 'spencery des natchully tole me if I fight w'ile he's doct'rin' me he'd skin de hide off'n me, hang hit on de clothesline, an' giv' my cyarkus to de night doctors."

The complete horror and magnitude of this threat impressed Todd almost as much as it did its potential victim. "Say it over again," he begged, hankering for his full pound of thrill. "What's he going to do after he's skun you and hung yo' hide on the clothesline?"

"He's agwine to giv' my cyarkus to de night doctors."

"Nope; I wouldn't fight if I was you." Then, warming to that impulse that makes the publication of "symptoms" such a valuable adjunct to the patent-medicine industry, Todd inquired with interest: "You must have sumpin turrible the matter with you. What is it?"

"Hit's my spime; she done twisted."

Duly encouraged, Ple-yad discoursed at length upon his "'fliction." On the whole, he seemed prouder of it than of his ability to crawl across the roof of St. Boniface-the-Lesser. But in time even Todd grew satiated with the recital; it was fascinating, but so was everything else about this dusky windfall, and there was much yet requiring explanation—the name Ple-yad, for instance.

"What makes you have a name like Ple-yad?"

"How's I 'sponsible fo' what dey done to me when I was a baby?"

"What does it mean?"

"Hit mean er stahr."

"Er what?"

"Er stahr—dey shines up to de sky at night."

"Oh, a star."

"Ya-a-s, fust hit was Ple-yads, an' folks done laugh at my mammy an' say: 'Huccum you-all to name one chile atter er whole bunch er stahrs?' Then she done change hit to Ple-yad."



"Oh, Creeta, no one'll b'leeve me!"

"Where do you live?"

"I dunno; my mammy was 'sposess dis mawnin', an we-all gwine ter fin' er place soon as she done finish washin' fo' Mis' Richards."

The cycle of Ple-yad's charms was now complete; his rooftree partook of the same delightfully casual quality as his meals, his affliction, his residence, his accomplishments, his very name—that made the carefully reared children of Todd's acquaintance seem dull and uninteresting by contrast.

"Say!" Todd proposed in a burst of spontaneous admiration, "you want to b'long to the 'Sportin' 'n' Fightin' Club of North America'? You ain't gotta fight; you can janit."

THE small son of Ham was distrustful of the Greeks bearing gifts. White boys did not ask him to belong to their clubs unless chestnuts were burning. "What you-all mean by janit?"

"Oh, put coal on the fire, but there ain't no fire, 'cause the club's outta doors. Then we raise heck with you 'cause the floor ain't clean, but they ain't no floor, 'n' you give notice 'n' say: 'I can git more money 'n' do less work ell-swear.' That's all."

The game did not appeal strongly to Ple-yad, but the inherent privilege of his class to 'give notice' compelled assent.

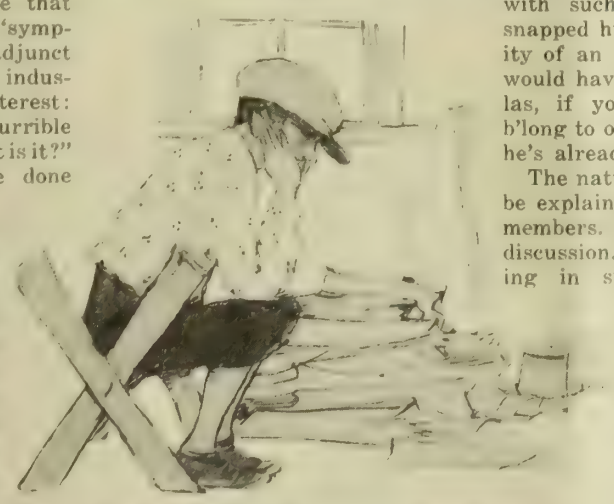
"A' right—I puts on de coal, an' clean de flo', an' gib notice."

Though Todd had closed the woodshed door leading to the yard, that his excursion into the back alley might not be observed, he became aware of sounds coming from his back premises, and he was presently summoned to lunch in tones of strained patience that suggested a long and fruitless quest for him.

"Ain't that the dadbeatenest trick?" Todd appealed to Ple-yad as a free soul above such indignities. "Every time I'm enjoyin' myself I have to go to meals or bed or something."

After lunch the "Woman's Peace Party," composed of the anxious mothers of fighters and sporters, determined to take a chance with their restive young hot-bloods—accordingly they were threatened, kissed, and turned loose. The president now rallied his disorganized forces about him—six strong—and told them of his find.

They listened with bulging eyes and thumping hearts as he related the tale of Ple-yad, the celestial pie and pickle eater. Todd, careful not to appear to have usurped the entire prerogative of the club, confessed that he had not dared to take a chance with such a find—if he had not snapped him up without the formality of an election the "Roughnecks" would have done so. "An', say, fellas, if you-all don't want him to b'long to our club 'cause he's colored, he's already joined as janitor."



Todd Rodgers took stock of his father's woodshed

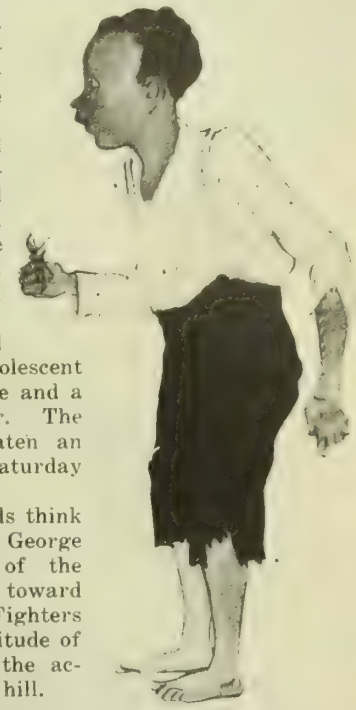
The nature of this sinecure had to be explained to some of the younger members. It provoked much spirited discussion. A roofless club indulging in such a frill as a janitor would have a great deal of explaining on its hands. Still, they could not deny themselves the luxury, and it was decided in council to allow the nomination of Ple-yad to stand as janitor, but that the title was purely honorary, and that way it carried with it full club privileges. The election of Ple-yad was then acclaimed with loud cheering, six lusty throats roared and yelled him a member of the "Sporting and Fighting" by unanimous consent.

In vain did they march up and down the street looking for the hero to acquaint him with the honors awaiting him. Philip Bacon, whose habit it was to take a daily course in post-luncheon desserts, stoically refrained from eating the banana he had brought from the table for that purpose. At times its heavy fragrance almost overcame his restraint, but he put the thought from him sternly as long as there was hope of luring the human lizard aloft by means of it.

The Sporters and Fighters searched in basements and alleyways, but their game refused to show a feather. Finally they formed themselves into a sort of anticipatory escort and marched up and down, keeping step to an improvisation of Philip Bacon's, the club poet:

"Ple-yad is our janitor,
But, golly, can't he fly
Up the steeple of the church,
Eatin' cake 'n' pie!"

This composition warmed them to a pitch of enthusiasm seldom achieved outside of a church revival. Hearing them, one would have concluded that the organization was at least twelve imp-



power, instead of half that number.

The "Roughnecks" magnificent, sinister, some of them terrible in "long pants" and voices that produced an occasional bass note, returned to investigate the cause of the din. To this powerful host "the kiddos," as they called them, were the adolescent equivalent of coffee and a postprandial cigar. The older club had eaten an unhurried Saturday luncheon.

"Whatta you kids think you're doin'?" George Wood, president of the "Roughnecks," had toward the Sporters and Fighters the complacent attitude of a man regarding the activities of an ant hill.

Terror froze the younger of the club; the song died on their lips. The "Roughnecks" never actually hurt them, they only teased them with the inspired ingenuity of big boys dealing with little ones. Todd, though his heart pounded like a hammer, stood his ground magnificently; he even attempted cynical repartee.

"Where's yer eyes—can't you see we was marchin'?"

So flagrant a case of "the ant shoving the elephant" called for discipline. With a horribly indulgent smile the "Roughnecks" began to encircle the more juvenile institution; they felt of their infantile biceps; they bade them roll up their sleeves and display their "terrible rights"; they caught up some of the smaller boys and tickled them in the solar plexi. The slaughter of dignity was horrible and instantaneous.

"Whatta you call that club you b'long to?" George Wood casually demanded. It was a new tack; the enemy had no idea what ambush it concealed.

"'Boys' Sportin' 'n' Fightin' Club of North America,'" pumped out the president between thumping heartbeats. The "Roughnecks" received this announcement with guffaws of laughter, more loud than hearty; their impersonation of convulsive amusement was rather stagy.

"Them kids don't even know what that means," George Wood, ignoring the organization under discussion, casually remarked to the first "Roughneck" in waiting. He passed it on to the second, and so on throughout the merciless group.

"We do too."

"Like heck we don't know what it means," chimed Phil Bacon and Todd Rodgers in chorus.

"What does it mean?" a booming chorus of the enemy demanded. Definition was clearly up to the president; he answered with a flaming conviction, but his etymology appeared a bit sketchy. "Sportin' means sportin'—fightin' means fightin'."

Phil Bacon sprang to the rescue of his friend: "It means athletics."

"All right; what does athletics mean?" demanded Mr. Wood.

(*Continued on page* 30)



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ROBERT LANSING AS HIS FRIENDS KNOW HIM

BY DAVID F. LANE

DIFFIDENT in the extreme, a thorough student, a man of culture and fine tastes, a keen sportsman and lover of games, particularly those of the out of doors, a man of gentle birth and breeding, a man of simple habits and few hobbies, generous, sympathetic, full of red blood, a diplomat, an expert in international law—a man of character. All of these persons, summed up in the last phrase of all, constitute Robert Lansing of Watertown, N. Y., Secretary of State.

Because of his diffidence, which amounts almost to painful shyness at times, the interesting character and good-fellowship of Robert Lansing are known only to a small coterie of most intimate friends, and to them he is known only as Bert Lansing. There are many phases to his complex nature, some of which conflict, yet none of which are out of place in the man who directs the affairs of state of the most remarkable nation the world has known.

Prominent Dutch families, important in the affairs of New York State, who established themselves in Albany more than a century and a half ago, are the ancestors of Robert Lansing, whose great-grandfather, John Lansing of Albany, was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1797 and, later, Chancellor of the State of New York.

His ancestors, both paternal and maternal, held positions of trust and honor in Albany long before the Revolutionary War. His great-grandmother, Catherine Ten Eyck, was a sister of Jacob Ten Eyck, and both resided in Albany about a century ago, where Jacob was a member of the Assembly and county judge. His father, Jacob C. Ten Eyck, was married in Albany in 1748, later took an important part in the Revolutionary War, and at one time was a judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

It was Sanders Lansing that married Catherine Ten Eyck, and Jacob J. Lansing, the father of Sanders, was a colonel in the Revolutionary army and a member of the Committee of Safety in 1775.

The present Secretary of State was born in the beautiful little city of Watertown—a city having a population of nearly 30,000 and the home of the late Governor Roswell P. Flower—on October 17, 1864, the son of John and Maria Dodge Lansing. His elementary education was received in a private school for boys, and later he entered the Watertown High School, from which he was graduated in the summer of 1882. In the fall of the same year he entered Amherst College, taking an academic course, and in 1886 was graduated from that institution and went back to Watertown.

Not only his father but both of his grandfathers before him had been lawyers, and he was influenced to make theirs his profession. Accordingly he took up the study of law in his father's office and in 1889 was admitted to the bar. Instead of immediately taking up the practice of his profession, however, he went to Europe and spent the following year. Upon his return he formed a law partnership with his father under the firm name of Lansing & Lansing, and this partnership existed until his father's death.

Only a comparatively short time after his return from abroad, in 1890, in Washington, D. C., he was married to Miss Eleanor Foster, daughter of John W. Foster, who was Secretary of State during the Administration of Benjamin Harrison.

Up to that time he had shown no tendency to interest himself in the law of nations, nor in fact to interest himself in the practice of law in the State courts to which he had been admitted. There being no financial necessity for him to fight out legal battles in the courts, he permitted his reservedness to become master of him, and he seldom or never appeared before the bench. Even in his office practice he would never take the initiative, when a new client appeared, but invariably turned the stranger over to his father.

An amusing illustration of his shyness lies in the story told of him by Gary M. Jones, now principal of the Watertown High School, but in the early days of the Secretary of State's career a law student in the Lansing office.

"We were sitting alone in the office one afternoon. Bert was smoking his old pipe that he has had ever since he was in Amherst, and we were talking, when there came a knocking at the door—something uncommon for a law office.

"Both of us in the same voice yelled: 'Come in,' when, lo and behold, there appeared, framed in the doorway, the most flashily dressed woman, I think, I ever saw. There may have been some colors that she did not have on, but I cannot remember them. It was in the days of the big hats, and she had to tilt her head sidewise in order to get through the door. For a minute she stood there in silence.

"'Go and see what she wants,' Bert whispered to me, trying to shift her over to me.

"'No, you go,' I replied just to see him squirm. He finally screwed his courage up, arose, and started to meet her.

"'Is this Bertie Lansing?' said she. Blushing to the roots of his hair, he affirmed that it was.

"'Is your papa in?' was her next remark, and she was then told that the elder Lansing was not in.

"'I'm so sorry. When he returns, will you tell him that so-and-so was in to see him? My, how you have grown. The last time I saw you you were so high,' she said (indicating the height of the ordinary lad at about four years of age)."

Photograph by Harris & Ewing.



Robert Lansing, American diplomat, looks the part. There are few men who create so instant an impression of fairness, honesty, and competence

A Man for Work and Play

IN 1892 and 1893, through Mr. Foster, he became associate counsel for the United States in the Bering Sea fur-seal arbitration cases and almost continuously since that time he has held Federal commissions in international controversies, has been deeply interested in them, and has given much thought and study to the law which governs the interrelations of nations.

He was named one of the United States counsel in the Bering Sea Claims Commission, which met in Victoria, B. C., in 1896 and later in Montreal. After that he was made solicitor of the United States in the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal, which met in London in 1903. Next, in 1910, he was counsel for this country in the North Atlantic Coast fisheries arbitration at The Hague, having been appointed by President Taft in January of that year. At various times he has been counsel for the Chinese and Mexican legations and he represented the Huerta régime at the time he was appointed counselor to the Department of State to succeed John Bassett Moore, on March 20, 1914.

No man in public life in the United States to-day has greater honor or integrity than Secretary of State Lansing and only once in his career has he been investigated. With his father-in-law, John W. Foster, he had prosecuted the Ward claims against the Chinese Government during the Roosevelt Administration. The claims were for the death of General Ward, who was killed in 1862 during the Tai Ping Rebellion. Ward had commanded a victorious regiment and had been of great assistance to "Chinese" Gordon. Through their influence, resulting from their diplomatic associations, Mr. Lansing and Mr. Foster were able to secure a settlement of $386,000, their share of which is reported to have been $184,118.50. The money was paid out of the Boxer Indemnity Fund many years after the death of Ward, and hence in 1911 the House Committee on Expenditures in the State Department (a Democratic committee) conceived the idea that there was something scandalous and wrong about the transaction. When the true state of affairs was revealed, however, the investigation was dropped forthwith.

Robert Lansing is a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Watertown, his grandfather having been one of the founders of this church society. He is a member of the Black River Valley Club, the Jefferson County Golf Club, corresponding secretary of the Jefferson County Historical Society, a director of the City National Bank and of the Eager Electric Company, all of Watertown. He is a member of the Holland Club of Albany and eastern New York, this society being made up of direct descendants of the early Dutch settlers of the State. Further, he holds membership in the Metropolitan and Chevy Chase Clubs of Washington, the American Society of International Law, the New York Bar Association, and the National Geographic Society.

But the club that Robert Lansing loves more than and above all of the rest is the Fortnightly Club of Watertown, a group of a few business and professional men whom he has known from his boyhood days and who have been his chums. The Fortnightly Club was organized for literary purposes, but its aim became corrupted, and, instead of meeting every two weeks that its members may listen to a program of scholarly papers, the important meeting occurs every midsummer, when a two weeks' outing is held at the Galloo Island group. These little islands are at the eastern end of Lake Ontario, out of the path of steamers, and completely cut off from civilization except by the small boats which take people back and forth and carry over their provisions. Even then, when there are severe storms, which occur frequently, the small boats cannot venture out.

Until this year Robert Lansing has been on the outing of the Fortnightly Club every year, for in it he is one of the leading spirits. The Fortnightly Club is divided into two factions, the Dutch and the Indians, and our Secretary of State is at the head of the Dutch faction with the title of the Duke of Orange. Robert J. Buck, a Watertown banker, is at the head of the Indians, with the title of Big Ching. From the peak of the club flagstaff flies the pennant of the club, below which are the pennants of the two factions, the relative position of which is determined each day by a game of quoits, "and if the Dutch win," says Gary M. Jones, "the Duke declares it an official match. The Duke pitches a good game, a mighty good game."

The Galloo islands are in the midst of the best black-bass fishing grounds in Lake Ontario, and Robert Lansing is a most ardent fisherman. He is one of those fellows who fish mornings, afternoons, and evenings, and when the Fortnightly Club was first formed he was one of the original two of the Shore Gang, which now has a large following. After the evening meal it is customary for the members of the Fortnightly Club to gather around the fire if the night is cool, and talk, read, or tell stories or throw the knife. Mr. Lansing is a prodigious reader, and his story-telling is as fascinating and artistic as are the little sketches and water colors that he makes. They are as polished as are the products of his pen.

He is above everything else a sportsman, but participates only in those games which require not a great deal of physical exertion, although in his college days he played upon the Amherst baseball team and was an expert tennis player. In his later years, however, he has indulged in neither of these,

. . .

but has become a lover of golf and plays a steady if not a brilliant game. For several years he was the handicapper at the Jefferson County Golf Club in Watertown. While he would not undergo the exertion of wrestling, he would box, and was quite fond of throwing knives at a mark.

When Lansing Was Put Out

DURING his law-student days and afterward it was the custom of young Lansing and five or six others in law offices on the same floor of the same building to gather in one of the offices between five and six o'clock in the afternoon and don the gloves.

After months of this sport the participants became imbued with the idea that they were extremely clever with their "dukes" and challenged another group of young lawyers in a building across the street.

The day for the match came, and young Lansing went down to defeat before a burly Irishman who had never heard of the Marquis of Queensberry and his rules. Likewise Gary Jones went down before the man against whom he was pitted, and in the words of Mr. Jones:

"We put on our coats and hats after the office had cleared out and started down the stairs toward home. We were badly banged up and a sorry-looking pair.

"Now, Bert had a dog, which he had named Benny—Benny Harrison—and when we got to the bottom of the stairway along came Benny limping across the street. Benny had been in a dog fight and was making progress on three legs, and the three of us limped home together."

In the days when every city and village had its football team and Watertown was on the map because of the long list of big victories, Robert Lansing was the referee; but the sport which he liked best of all was that of whipping some good trout stream, creeping stealthily along a grassy bank, lingering about a shady pool, dropping a short line in among the alders, or wading in high top-boots. He had no aptitude for rough-and-tumble exercises or pranks nor any jokes of the boisterous kind. He was never assertive even with his intimates, but he loved to start an argument and hear the wrangle that followed, although he would never participate, except to the extent of keeping the debate alive. His enjoyment was in sitting back and listening to the others.

Never does he make a bald assertion unless armed with the actual facts, for he is too honest to "bluff" and has been known to yield a case in court rather than assert something that he knew was not true. Yet he was fond of playing practical jokes of a harmless nature, a favorite trick being to cut the book or match coins and put up a deal on the third man for the cigars or soda, but always did he accept the joke in good part when it was on him. Many were the scores paid in the drug store below his office on account of these little affairs.

With any kind of a puzzle he was always at home and would spend hours working one out, whether it happened to be mathematical or otherwise. His reputation in this direction grew until other people brought to him puzzles that they could not solve.

A Cleveland Democrat

IN town he is a whist player of no ordinary ability—in fact, he is a man who enjoys all of the simple, wholesome games and sports. He is most simple in his habits, as illustrated by an incident which occurred several years ago in his father's law office. There came a necessity for heavy envelopes for filing papers, so, having plenty of time, he went to a printing house and purchased the heavy paper from which he and Mr. Jones fashioned the envelopes, taking several days to complete what could have been purchased for a few cents.

When Mr. Jones entered the Watertown High School in 1898 as a teacher he discovered that there was not a satisfactory textbook on civil government.

Soon afterward he became acquainted with Mr. Lansing, whose father was a member of the Board of Education. Seeing an opportunity to do a little pleasant work during the winter months, the two young men wrote a book on civil government which is now used in many of the schools of the country. Mr. Lansing after that had a desire to write a similar work for use in the colleges. Accordingly he got his material together, and in the course of this work became deeply interested in the history of the political parties of the United States, which he discovered were divided into two great classes, the conservative and liberal. All of the others were offshoots or temporary things. He read extensively for two or three years and did start his book beginning with the history of political parties at the time of the Revolutionary War and bringing it down to the Civil War. His work then embraced enough material for three volumes, and he never got farther. Consequently it was never published.

Owing to this study Robert Lansing ceased to be a Jeffersonian Democrat. When he came to study the administration of Andrew Jackson he discovered that Jackson had found it expedient to discard certain principles which he had advocated as a member of Congress.

The wobbling of Jackson disgusted Mr. Lansing and led him into a line of thought which changed his views. He was never in sympathy with Bryan's 16 to 1 plank and bolted his party ticket at that time. He was, however, a Cleveland Democrat, and was one of the delegates to the convention at the time that David B. Hill was a candidate for the nomination against Cleveland. Hill secured control of the State, but rump caucuses were held by the Cleveland faction, and Lansing was one of the delegates chosen.

He Wasn't Elected Mayor

FOR many years Mr. Lansing was one of the leaders in Democratic politics in Jefferson County, and, although he was never active at the polls, he was always connected with the campaigns. In 1902 he was made his party candidate for mayor of Watertown against James F. Pappa, a collector for a newspaper, and was defeated by the latter because of the fact that he was not known by the people.

His diffidence had thrown him into oblivion. The cry was raised by his opponents that he belonged to the "Finger-Bowl Set." He was never an orator and refused to get out and make campaign speeches and meet the people. He never became a candidate for an elective office after that.

Watertown was given a new city charter in 1898, and Mr. Lansing, who was engrossed in his book on civil government, took a deep interest in the perfection of a good police and fire department for Watertown. He was made a member of the Board of Public Safety and drafted the regulations for both of these departments. A paid fire department second to none of any city of its size in the country developed through his interest and he served on the board until a few years ago.

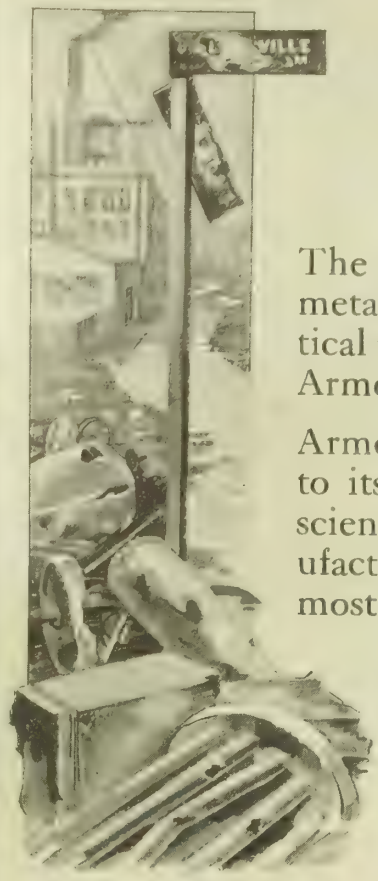
Charitable and generous in the extreme, he early became interested in church work, and for a number of years taught a class in Sunday school at the First Presbyterian Church. Later he taught several hundred men in the church and became interested in the organization and work of a chapel in a poor section of the city. Several young men have been helped through college by him, but of these things the public has never known, his charity being done quietly.

His Sunday-school activities caused him to take up the study of the Bible which he did with the thoroughness that has characterized all of his other endeavors. To facilitate this study he had a special Bible bound with sheets of India paper in blank between each page of the Bible, and to-day these sheets are filled with annotations in his very fine handwriting. In his library are large quantities of modern books on the Bible, different versions of the Bible and histories of it. Mr. Lansing became thoroughly familiar with the Great Book. Frequently he would startle the elders with his doctrinal views, which he was always able to argue with weight.

At the Old Home

THERE is one thing of which the Lansing family is very proud, and that is the library in the old homestead in Clinton Street, Watertown. The room is a pleasant, spacious one facing the west and overlooking a most beautiful garden.

John Lansing, the father of Robert Lansing, was a learned and scholarly



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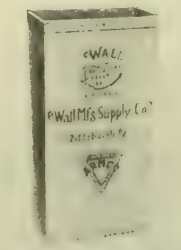
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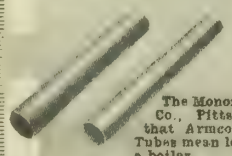
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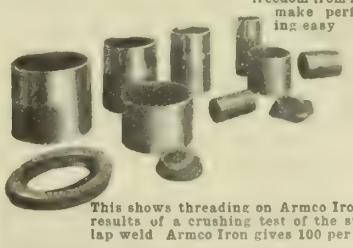
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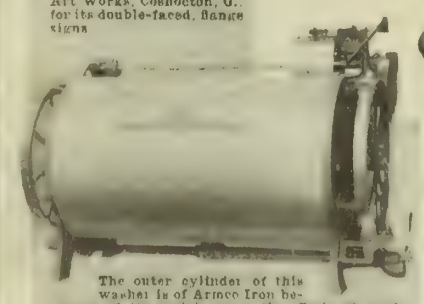
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The whole underwear trade knows that the Cooper Spring Needle machines on which is knit all Ghalmers Underwear, turn out the best underwear in the world.

These machines cost more to buy than the ordinary machines—cost more to operate—require more operators, of higher skill. For this added cost they make much better underwear. Better in looks, in quality, durability—in the way it feels to the wearer.

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Knit on the famous Cooper Spring Needle Machines, but selling for only $1 and up for Closed Crotch Union Suits. Shirts & Drawers, 50c. Fall & Winter.

Our Cooper Spring Needle machines knit a firmer fabric than any ordinary machine can produce. It is also more elastic. It stretches easily with every movement, then springs back into shape. Hence Chalmers Underwear keeps its shape and gives utmost comfort.

The crotch of the Union Suits stays closed. Your comfort is increased by the triangular piece in the back, by which the elasticity of the fabric is made to run up and down as well as across. This prevents "cutting in the crotch."

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man, and a large number of the books were collected by him, although the library has been added to by his son and his two daughters, the Misses Catherine and Emma Lansing. In this room, among all of the books, Robert Lansing has spent many hours in reading and studying.

I was told by his intimates that he was a man of no hobbies, but that he possessed one excessively bad habit that had become almost a vice—coffee drinking!

"He would fool around all day at the office, reading, drawing pictures, and cracking jokes (although I do not mean to infer even to the least extent that he was living off the old man), and then probably spend his entire evening at home," said one of his friends.

"Bert and Mrs. Lansing were always very congenial and enjoyed each other's companionship immensely. Bert was not strong for society, and they never gave many big dinners. A few times each year they would have a few friends in, and that is about all they did in the way of entertaining.

"The evenings were the time when our present Secretary of State did his reading, and he would read far into the night. Always there was a small tabaret by the bedside and upon the tabaret was a pot of cold coffee, his tobacco, pipe, and cigarettes. He would go to bed and smoke and read and drink cold coffee. He never drank whisky. Once in a while he would drink a bottle of beer, but he was a coffee drunkard.

"Three times a day he had his coffee besides, and he always drank it clear and strong with nothing in it, and he usually drank two or three cupfuls of it at each meal. When he went to the Galloos he always had the cook save him the cold coffee, and this he drank while the others were drinking beer. He drank so much coffee that he impaired his health at one time to the extent that he was compelled to go on a diet for a long time."

Some Sketcher Is Mr. Lansing

THE subject of this sketch had more than an ordinary gift with the sketching pencil and the brush, and, notwithstanding the fact that he never took a lesson in art, he has produced many little bits in the way of water colors and sketches that are delightful and worthy of the consideration of any art lover. Several of the water colors hang in his own home and the homes of his friends, it being his custom to have the best of them framed and sent around to his various intimates at Christmas time.

A peculiarity of Mr. Lansing's is that while he is interested in the most ponderous subject at some great tribunal, or in whatever gathering of a business nature he may be, he is incessantly sketching while thinking. Apparently he does this art work absentmindedly, but the bits that come from his pencil are clever. They may be caricatures of his associates or they may be entirely fanciful. Many little water colors he has made at different times, when in Europe, especially during his visits to Spain.

Say!!

"DURING all of the time that I was with him and his father in the law office of Lansing & Lansing, I never heard him address his father as 'father,' or 'dad,' or in any way except 'Say,' said Gary M. Jones.

"He was greatly interested in the sporting news and knew the standing of every baseball team and the batting average of every player. He knew the standing of all the football teams and he kept track of all the boxing matches and the rowing races. Many and many a time have I seen him go into Captain Johnny's office, when Captain Johnny (his father) was deeply engrossed in some important work, and invariably he would open the conversation with: 'Say, have you heard this?' and then he would proceed to read some article on a baseball game or a football game or something of the sort that had no relation to what his father was doing or thinking at all. And he would always conclude the conversation by telling his father that his account at the bank was getting low and asking him for a check for $50 or $100 or perhaps more.

"When not busy, Captain Johnny would talk most entertainingly for two or three hours at a stretch to us in the office, for he was a most brilliant man.

"Bert's just a wholesome, whole-souled, mighty decent human fellow who likes fun, a ripping good gamester, as evidenced by the games he plays, who likes a joke in spite of the fact that it may be on him," said Mr. Jones. "By his relation with Mr. Foster he was thrown into international work in the first fur-seal tribunal, then he helped Mr. Foster, liked the work, and made a study of it.

"And he's mighty simple in his tastes. I've seen him go out into the woods and gather all of the red cedar he could carry in his arms, take it home, and with his knife work out clever little carvings. He was ambidextrous, and when one hand became tired he would use the other with equal facility in carving, drawing, or writing."

A New Day in the Calendar

BY LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES

UNTIL recently we thought the calendar was sufficiently supplied with special days. Indeed, within the past twelvemonth we have discouraged a score of enthusiasts who besought us to champion such possible festivals as "Mother-in-law's Day," "Unpaid Interest Day," and the like. But all our lack of interest gave place to unbounded sympathy when over the wires came news of the first successful celebration of "Fried Chicken Day!"

No, it wasn't in Maryland, though it might have been—and doubtless shall be. It was in Missouri. And, without in any way belittling the art à la Maryland, experience leads us to say that the Missouri brand is on a par with that of the Eastern Sho', sah!

There's a slight difference—due to climatic influence, perhaps. In Mizzourah they use less batter. The crummy crust in which the properly cut-up pullet is enveloped before being given over to the tendering mercies of the sizzling fat is more crummy beyond the Mississippi. But the finished product is much the same, and to the palate of the gourmet it matters little whether the M stands for Baltimo' or Saint Looey.

And by official proclamation of the Missouri State Poultry Association "Fried Chicken Day" has been duly celebrated through that State.

The observation of this new feast—how appropriate the term!—reached high-water mark in Kansas City. There, in the largest park available, gathered hundreds of hungry men and women to show their appreciation of the delectable dish invented by some negro mammy whose name, though to fortune and to fame unknown, deserves a niche in any hall of cooks.

While dozens of expert fryers were cutting up the plucked and singed material, an orchestra discoursed such fit tunes as the "Friars' March" and "On the Wing," not to mention "Barnyard Melodies." Meantime appetites quickened as the magnolious aroma of browning breasts, second joints, and legs spread through the grove.

The county prosecutor—lawyers, like preachers, are partial to fried—talked about "The Unfried Chicken," paying due tribute to the laying hen. And the mayor himself had something to say about the blessings of bipeds that are equally good when fried before or after birth.

Then, when the odoriferous clouds had properly tuned all palates for the grand chorus of mastication, the celebrants fell to and made the day a memorable one in the annals of gastronomy.

THE subject of cookery is too large and vital a one to be dismissed with a few lines. Justly to praise its many phases would require many columns of space. But, in view of this official recognition of one of the most delightsome of dishes, we pause in the whirlpool of world changes to do honor to a dish that has caused countless sermons to be better, countless courtships to move smoother and more swiftly, and unnumbered halos to be affixed to the heads of housewives who know exactly when to remove the luscious lumps from the sputtering sea of fat.

Aphorisms of Sport

BY WALTER CAMP

FOOTBALL TERMS

Quarter Back—The man who, in the opinion of the coaches, loses all the games.

Quitter—The man whose feet get cold because his heart won't pump.

Center—The player who stands on his head and throws the ball at the feet of the man he guesses the quarter has designated.

Rules Committee—The men who inject vulgar realism into what might be football literature.

First Down—The thing you are always trying to make against the efforts of four officials and your opponents.

An injury to the quarter back in mid season is a canker in the bud of the coach's hopes.

The best interference in football is a disguise that cloaks the runner until he emerges unexpected.

The hardest job of the college football coach is to kill off the knockers.

He Serves Who Saves

Continued from page 10

"2. By only using bread which is at least twenty-four hours old.

"Fresh bread is not so easily digested as bread which is a day old. The latter is more satisfying and less of it needs to be eaten."

A tribute to the complete revolution in the mode of life that this national food campaign is bringing about is one significant "Don't": "Do not drink tea four or five times a day: once or twice is as much as is good for your health."

And I might add that the greatest tea-drinking nation in the world is beginning to heed this admonition. If the country reverted to the standard of ten years ago, it would mean a reduction in consumption of 28,000,000 pounds a year.

No phase of this campaign of conservation is of greater interest than that which relates to buying food. In England as in America one of the great evils of housekeeping has been the purchase of food over the telephone. The tradesman sent what he liked, often inferior goods. The same thing happened when mistresses permitted their servants to buy. These servants, in England as in America, were part of an endless chain of graft.

"Do your marketing yourself" is the great cry that has gone out from the forces of thrift to the English householder. Hundreds of rich women are furnishing the example, with the net result that they are saving both in money and in quality and quantity of food. One woman in England so reduced her household expenditures by personal marketing that she was able to give each of her servants a present of some war-loan stock.

Little Journeys to the Kitchen

BUT all this education in food saving would fail of its final purpose without practical demonstration. With this in mind, the directors of the National Food Fund have followed up the leaflet, poster, and book sermons with a personal and practical woman-to-woman demonstration, in which the Englishwoman, from titled mistress down to humblest housewife, is taught, face to face, the lesson of kitchen economy.

This is being done by a host of volunteers, most of them graduates from schools of domestic science, who flocked to the colors of conservation with the same patriotic zeal that their husbands and brothers and fathers rallied around the Union Jack in reply to the call for men. It was one way for them to "do their bit."

There are two methods of practical demonstration. One is in the so-called village "center," which may be a town hall, or school; the other is in some woman's kitchen or coach house, or barn, that is fitted up as a kitchen. In the case of the humbler women the demonstrations are held at soldiers' and sailors' clubs, invalid kitchens and settlement houses. Whatever the place, the method is the same, for the food demonstrator gives practical lessons in preparing, cooking, and even serving food.

The folly of frying meat is one of the many practical lessons that are being taught. By boiling meat the housewives are shown that they can get more nutrition, more substance, and there is no waste.

THE MULTIGRAPH



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Electrically driven, with printing ink attachment, automatic paper feed, and automatic platen release. A machine with a wide scope, for speed as well as quality printing.

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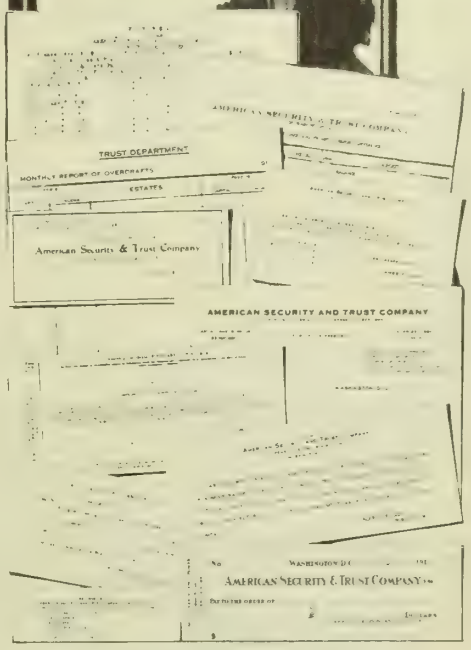
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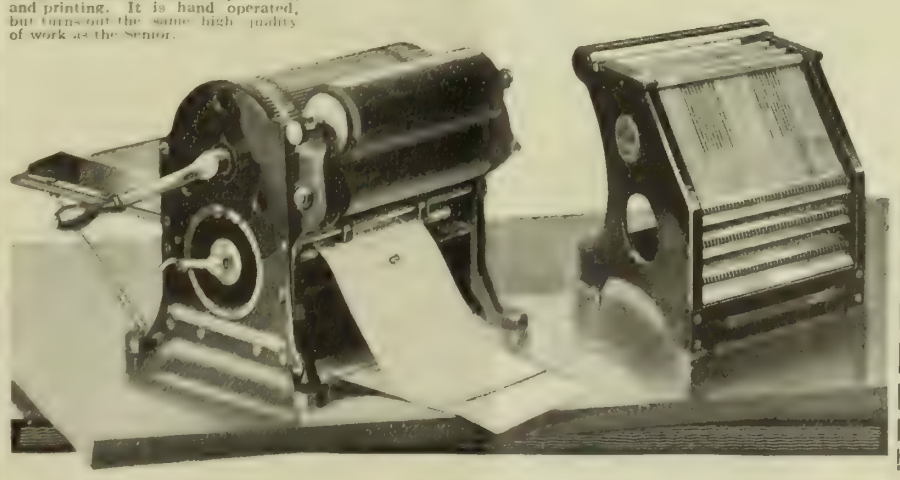
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January	167.42	61.77	108.65	14.02
February	226.20	115.79	109.41	6.75
March	168.05	61.14	62.91	3.83
April	187.89	74.16	63.43	9.29
May	166.29	61.04	108.25	3.27
June	234.62	78.75	156.08	5.44
July	86.75	22.41	64.24	5.07
August	114.78	47.68	67.10	[illegible]
September	137.95	41.22	96.73	2.19
Totals for 17 mo., 1 da.	$1845.42	$629.65	$915.78	$64.94

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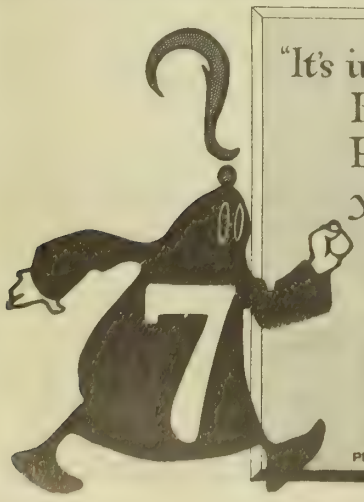
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The 7-point gum

PEPPERMINT – RED WRAPPER CINNAMON – BLUE WRAPPER

A great campaign in meat substitutions has been started. This works a twofold benefit because meat is the dearest food product in England; and, second, the nation of beef eaters is being taught that vegetables mixed with cheese not only make a palatable meat substitute but are equally nutritive and less dangerous to the health.

A notable revolution in the use of vegetables has been started. "Let every lawn be made into a garden" is more than a phrase. The humble potato has suddenly become the center of great public interest. "Boil potatoes in their skins" is the nation-wide appeal. The food experts show that by boiling them in their skins they not only retain their food value but there is a tremendous saving of material. It is estimated that out of every five bushels of potatoes that are peeled for cooking one bushel of substance is lost through the peeling.

Even the unromantic cabbage has become an object of wide interest because the food conservers are showing the housewife how to adapt for soup the water in which the cabbage is boiled. Formerly it was thrown away. And so it goes all up and down the food line. Everywhere people are being taught to buy wisely, to cook sanely, and eat intelligently.

There has been a notable saving in tea. The old theory that there should be three spoonfuls for every cup, including one for the pot, is a myth. "Let the pot do without its spoonful" is the advice, and the net result is that women in England are practicing great economy on their tea. It means a saving of ten to twelve cents on every pound of tea.

This campaign is not without its element of social interest because the kinship of food economy is creating one section of that new and bigger democracy that is rising out of the ruins of war. The mistress attends the food demonstration in her own kitchen and sits alongside her cook. There is no caste in conservation.

Nor is this food economy confined to the home. The man who takes his "stand-up" lunch is cutting down on his swift feeding. Restaurant keepers in London told me that the check for the midday meal ranging from the dairy lunch up to the repast in more pretentious establishments, has been reduced from fourpence up to two and three shillings—that is, from 8 cents to 50 cents or 75 cents.

Increasing the Home Food Supply

PERHAPS no phase of England's conservation campaign is more important than the definite and organized movement which has for its slogan "Home-Grown Food for the Nation." Here, as in the movement to prevent the waste of food, you have an attempt to get at the very base of supply. Of course England has become accustomed to import the greater part of her food. Her own people have regarded the lovely landscape more as a great park than as an area of practical production. Lloyd-George helped to create a wider cultivated domain, and the war has now come to his aid in remarkable fashion.

Under the direction of the Earl of Selborne, President of the Board of Agriculture, a campaign to increase food production in England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland was inaugurated last spring. The big object of the movement is to restore to arable cultivation some of the poorer grass land that has been neglected since the seventies. As a guarantee to the farmer for his added overhead expenditure and the risk of a fall in the price of wheat after the war, it is proposed to establish a minimum price.

This new agricultural crusade is full of significance to the farmers of England generally, because it will carry with it an educational campaign in scientific tilling of the soil, such as rotation of crops, soil culture, and many of those other intelligent aids that the American farmer long ago brought to his assistance. The English farmer is a very stodgy individual, rooted, like his product, in very ancient ground. For years he has resisted the inroads of what he contemptuously calls "book farming." Now, under the tremendous stimulus of war, and the need that war has created, he is much more likely to adapt himself to new and more scientific ways.

One net result of this movement already is an increase of 20 per cent in home-grown wheat. It shows an increase of 363,000 acres, the 2,170,000 acres under this cereal being the largest recorded since 1891. Oats, I might add, have increased by 150,000 acres. All this, too, remember, in the face of an almost acute shortage of labor due to war enlistment.

The increase in food supply is not confined to the farm. Early this year when it was realized that the war would be a long, grinding mill, the cry "Make every lawn a potato patch!" sprang up. More than one country resident in England has sacrificed his beautiful greensward, heritage of centuries, to the potato and the bean. But it has had the effect of cutting down expenses and giving him intelligent physical exercise that has kept him fit.

More than this, the English boy or girl who lives in the congested city is being taught the virtue of soil cultivation, even if it is but a square yard of grimy metropolitan soil. Under the inspiring leadership of Lady Henry this movement has achieved some extraordinary results in the East End of London. The street gamins, encouraged by the offer of financial reward in the shape of prizes, have shown how cabbages and beans can be grown amid all the reek and crime of one of the world's sore spots. This movement and various others that I could cite are all along the line of more intensive cultivation and of literally planting the seed of home consumption of home food.

The Crusade Against Luxuries

WE now come to what is perhaps the most extraordinary phase of the whole economic situation in England to-day, and that is the saving among the rich. To the many ironies that this war presents in England must be added this: The people who can most afford to be extravagant were the first to become frugal, and by these I mean the upper and wealthier classes. This frugality among the wealthy is one of the first and most striking impressions of war-time England.

You go to a dinner and you find the men wearing black waistcoats. I spoke to an Englishman about this and he said:

"I have not worn a white evening waistcoat since the war began. Besides, disregarding all matter of economy, the black waistcoat reflects the mood of the times." He merely reflects the sentiment of his friends.

"What can we do without?" is the supreme question that the Englishman is asking himself these troublous days. And he *is* doing without many things that he heretofore thought were indispensable.

Elaborate entertaining is frowned on. Even in the big houses you are invited to "the evening meal," and you can dress or not dress, as you like.

Go to the country for a week-end, and instead of the old-time large and merry parties you find a small group of people who are obsessed by the tragedy of war. Instead of the champagne that used to flow freely you get whisky and soda and sherry. Simple meals are the order. Your host tells you that it is "War Fare," and you applaud his good sense. The long-course dinner in England has passed away for the moment, and with it many of the digestive ills of the country. Here is one case where war is kind.

One of the greatest bankers in England told me this:

"I used to keep four motor cars in service. Now one is doing army work in France. The other three are in the garage. I walk to the station. This involves a twofold saving. First, in petrol, oil and rubber; second, in human wear because my chauffeur is driving an army transport in France.

"I have cut out wine and cordials at my dinner, and I have reduced my daily consumption of cigars by half. My wife has retrenched on her household expenses nearly five pounds a week." The case is typical.

This saving among the rich is having an enormously constructive effect upon English servants. No power is greater than the power of example. The servant sees the mistress economizing in clothing; it has the natural effect in food supplies in the kitchen.

Here are some of the "Don'ts" that the well to do of England have set up for themselves:

No person should build a house to reside in himself.

Any presents given should be in the form of War-Loan bonds or vouchers.

No motor cars should be used except for official or charitable purposes.

Entertaining at restaurants should be entirely abandoned.

Changes of fashion in clothes must be ignored or suppressed.

Nothing but the most sparse expendi-

ture on mourning and funerals should be incurred.

Every servant should be dispensed with except those necessary for the simplest requirements.

Perhaps no economy of the war is destined to have a wider influence on the English race at home than the one which prohibits "treating." Here is a universal Anglo-Saxon evil which has sapped vitality and pocketbook. So intense is the feeling against the indiscriminate buying of drinks in England that the King has issued an order on the Control of Liquor which officially prohibits further extravagance of this kind in the London hotels, clubs, and public houses. "No drinks till we've won," is the new motto in the convivial class.

Indeed, a rigid censorship on liquor consumption has begun throughout the United Kingdom. It is especially stringent in the munitions-producing areas. As a result, in some districts the number of cases of drunkenness dealt with by the police has been decreased by 40 per cent.

Along with liquor the motor has come in for a rigid censorship. The automobile not only "looks rich" but requires a constant supply of material that could be used for war purposes. Hence—to a much lesser degree than obtains in Paris, where you never see a limousine used for pleasure—the edict has gone forth that the frivolous use of the motor is unpatriotic and impractical. The ban is on the "joy ride."

The Women's War Economy League

REFLECTING the thrift feeling among the rich is the organization of the Women's War Economy League, founded, organized and developed by a group of titled women headed by the Duchess of Sutherland. The appeal that this league has made to the women of England is so eloquent that at least part of it is worth reproducing. Here it is:

"We are induced to this course because we firmly believe that the issues of this war are such that the happiness and well-being of both our own and future generations are at stake. A failure to win a complete victory would mean a defeat of civilization and even of Christianity itself, and we know that victory can only be achieved if the spirit of the country is aroused and made to express itself in practical and well-considered effort.

"The women of England have it in their power by their efforts at home to help in winning the victory which our brave men are contending for in France.

"We know that the victory we pray for depends upon our willingness to bear privation and to practice self-denial, and we feel assured that those who have not scrupled to send their dearest to fight will be ready to save every penny to crown their fighting with success."

Every member of the Women's War Economy League signed the following pledge:

"To reduce in every way possible expenditure on imported goods and strictly to limit the purchase of everything that comes under the category of luxuries.

"To buy as few luxurious articles of clothing as possible. To resist all efforts to introduce new fashions.

"To avoid as far as possible the use of motors except for necessary or charitable purposes.

"To give up all unnecessary entertaining, and to restrict home consumption to the lowest possible limits.

"In no case to employ men servants unless ineligible for public service.

"To use whatever influence they can to inculcate economy among their friends and dependents."

More than this, these women, no matter what their social station, wear a badge. It is a gilt bar bearing the words "Economy League, 1915." Typical of the purpose of which it is a symbol, it is a safety pin and has a practical use.

This antiluxury campaign has already borne fruit. Take the item of clothes: Worth, one of the best known of all French dressmakers, had to close his house in London. A well-known English society woman told me that she was not only resurrecting old gowns, but that when she did buy a new frock it was a combination dress that could be worn afternoon and evening.

The release of a host of girls from work in the dressmaking establishments has enabled them to take up employment in commercial houses, where they act either as saleswomen, messengers, or clerks, or in many instances it enables them to work in the factories that are engaged on war supplies.

I asked the owner of one of the great department stores in London if he felt the effect of the antiluxury crusade. He led me to the departments where long evening gloves, afternoon and dinner frocks, silk stockings, and patent-leather pumps were sold. There was no sign of trade. Where formerly a score of girls were employed three or four now sat idly about.

"There is absolutely no demand for this sort of stuff," he said, "and the same thing applies to cosmetics, feathers, perfumes, silks, and jewels."

The fashionable caterers of London are on the verge of bankruptcy because of the absolute end of entertaining of any kind. Some of them have started dairy lunch houses. "And would you believe it," said one of these chastened proprietors, "some of my old aristocratic customers now come and eat the modest fare I offer."

If Britain needed any further excuse for parsimony, the new Billion Pound Budget gave it. As one Englishman aptly expressed it: "It gives a vast number of people an opportunity of descending with dignity to a lower scale of expenditure which will in no way affect their happiness."

In a word, it is a case of the simple life among the rich in England, and it is doing them an immense amount of good. To round up completely this whole inspiring conserving crusade I have only to add that at the time I left England a National Thrift League was being formed to coordinate all the various economy bodies into a Kingdom-wide Federation, which will leave no loophole through which an extravagant shilling can escape.

Retrenchment in Public Life

EVEN civil expenditure, that incessant channel of wastage in any country, is feeling the effects of the economy crusade. The Prime Minister of England has appointed a Retrenchment Committee "to inquire into and report what savings in public expenditure, in view of the necessities created by the war, can be effected in the Civil Departments without detriment to the interest of the State."

This committee now meets three times a week. It is putting the probe into every channel of public expense. All heads of departments are required to appear "on the carpet." Whether any perceptible slice can be made in the civil expenditure, at least one good has already been achieved. It is best expressed by a member of this committee, a well-known English economist, who said to me:

"The very fact that department heads are appearing before us and compelled to state down to the minutest penny what they are spending is having a salutary effect. More than one of these men has gone back to his desk with the feeling that the searchlight is on him, that he is being watched, and he will render in the future a good economic account of himself."

I can give no more fitting evidence of the determination of the British Government to prune every possible expense than to say that among the economic measures contemplated when I left England was the abolition of the salaries of the members of Parliament, which would mean a saving of many thousands of pounds a year.

The New Patriotism

WHAT does all this mean? Simply this: no man can touch this English thrift campaign without seeing in it another evidence of a great nation's grim determination to win, whatever the sacrifice.

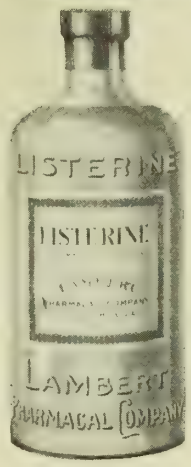
The British people at home have come to realize that by personal economy and denial they can serve their country and their cause just as effectively as those who fight amid the blare of battle abroad. They are animated by a New Patriotism that is both practical and self-effacing. It is giving the Englishman generally a higher sense of public devotion: it is making him a better and more productive human unit: it is equipping the nation to meet the drastic economic ordeal of to-morrow.

If this lesson of conservation is heeded after the war and becomes part and parcel of the permanent British life, then the Great Conflict will almost have been worth its frightful cost in blood and treasure. He who saves now will not have saved in vain.



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With each bottle of 3-in-One Oil there is a "Dictionary of Uses." Look up in this dictionary such words as "Cameras," "Fishing Reels," "Fishing Flies," "Golf Clubs," "Guns," "Hunting Boots," etc. The information given regarding their care will prove invaluable.

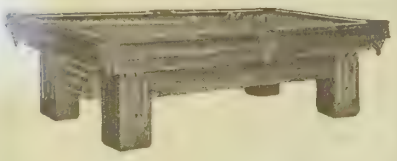
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The Doctor's Wife

(Continued from page 13)

all talking at once and saying nothing useful. So he returned to the veranda, where he stood, trying to put himself in Randall's place, casting about for his likely course when he had sensibly decided not to use his automobile.

The sun had set. The dusk had already rendered objects at a distance indistinct. A decided chill heralded the night. The two detectives sat disconsolately on the steps. Mrs. Randall's voice continued its pitiful monotone, now and then torn by unavailing and demoralizing cries.

GARTH started. He stared at a patch of shrubbery on the hillside to the right. Certainly something had moved there. If it were Randall come back! His experience had taught him that such a return was psychologically conformable.

Without speaking to the others he walked to the end of the veranda and dropped over the rail. Aiding the friendly dusk by keeping behind trees and bushes as far as possible, he approached the patch of shrubbery. After a moment there was no question. The foliage did not wholly secrete a figure. The man appeared to listen. Garth's hand tightened on his revolver. The description fitted, but that was scarcely necessary, for on this cold evening the man was hatless.

Garth appraised the fugitive's damp and stained clothing. He could picture him hiding all night and day—perhaps in that small, half-ruined stone building which showed dimly from here—until the necessities of hunger or the impulse to return to the scene of his crime and learn its dénouement had driven him from cover. The haggard face seemed eloquent of guilt.

Garth sprang up with his revolver ready.

"Dr. Randall! I've plenty of help near."

Randall stepped back.

"And what about Treving?" he asked in a husky voice.

Garth watched him warily.

"I'm sorry," he answered, "but I've got to take you for his murder."

Randall's face whitened. He held himself rigidly. After a time he relaxed and laughed. His words came with difficulty as if his mouth held no moisture.

"I'm wanted for Treving's murder!"

"You'll come quietly?"

"Yes. What's that noise? I thought I heard some one scream, a—a woman."

"Dr. Randall," Garth began, "did you ever wear a flower—"

"See here," Randall interrupted, "I'll answer no questions until I've seen my lawyer. Where's my wife? What about my wife?"

Garth cleared his throat.

"She's been hysterical—well, practically out of her head."

Garth could not fathom Randall's expression as he walked at his side toward the house.

"Of course," he said, "she'll be called as a witness against you—in fact, the only human witness of the crime itself."

The doctor smiled contentedly.

"Yes," he said. "I should like to see her."

"Dr. Redding's with her," Garth explained, "but, if it's in my presence, I've no objection if he hasn't."

GARTH waved the two excited detectives away. As he led Randall across the veranda he was provokingly conscious of something missing. When he had opened the door and taken his captive into the hall he realized all at once what it was. Mrs. Randall's pitiful and chaotic crying no longer disturbed the quiet house.

He noticed, too, that Dr. Redding had descended the stairs and stood near the newel post.

"Who's that?" Redding asked.

"Hello, Redding!" Randall said easily.

"Randall! They've got you!"

Randall's contented smile persisted.

"Mrs. Randall?" Garth asked in a low tone. "She's quieter now? Dr. Randall would like to see her."

Redding stepped forward swiftly.

"He can see her," he sneered, "if he's got the nerve. She's dead."

He swung in a fury on Randall.

"Two murders on your soul! That's what it comes to. What were you thinking of, man? You'll go to the chair for this."

Randall staggered against the wall where he leaned, covering his face with his hands.

"My only human witness!" he mumbled.

Garth knew it would be a kindness to get him out of this house, but first he did his duty with a strong distaste.

"You'd better tell us," he said. "Say something. It might be of some help to you in the end."

Randall lowered his hands. His face worked.

"I'll say nothing—absolutely nothing," he cried fiercely.

He stretched out his hands to Garth.

"No handcuffs," Garth said gruffly. "We might go in one of those automobiles."

Randall stumbled forward. He groped about the hat rack.

"My hat! Where's my hat? Do as you wish. But not Treving's car. Good God! You wouldn't take me to jail in Treving's car!"

"HELD TO ANSWER," perhaps the most powerful serial that Collier's has yet offered its readers, will begin in the next issue. It is a story of modern American life that Peter Clark Macfarlane, already well known to readers of Collier's, may well be proud to have written

GARTH was restless the next day. The public, in common with the police department and the district attorney's office, looked upon the case against Randall as proved and, to all purposes, disposed of. But Garth, walking along upper Fifth Avenue in the afternoon, could not resist stopping at an expensive florist's and demanding a rose for his buttonhole. When it was brought he asked the price and, a good deal disconcerted, handed over the money.

For some time he gazed at the colorful, fragrant flower which swayed on its graceful stem. Then, with an absent air, he placed it on the marble stand and moved toward the door.

The clerks glanced at each other, amused.

"You've forgotten your rose, sir," one of them said.

"No matter," Garth replied. "I've had my money's worth."

HE called at the inspector's flat after dinner. The inspector was still at the office, but Nora commented on his restlessness immediately.

"What are you working on, Jim? Of course you're through with the Elmford case."

"Not quite."

He faced her, fighting back the quick emotions in which her proximity always involved him. He loved her too much to risk demanding at random a fixed understanding. Moreover, with this case on his mind, it was clearly not the hour.

"I've arranged for a number of subpenas to be served in the morning," he said. "They've taken Mrs. Randall away. The servants have left. Your father has told me just when he will call his men in. In an hour or so the house will be empty. The moment it is I shall be there."

"Jim, what's on your mind? It's a clear case."

"Yes," he answered. "That's why Jones and the other flat-foot your father sent out yesterday didn't search the neighborhood far enough to find the stone building where Randall hid. It's why, when I arrested him, I didn't look it over either. The arrest, at the time, seemed enough. But he didn't act like a man caught with the goods. Your father says he's clever. Maybe he is, but I wonder if he is to that extent.



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It's been the trouble all along. It's too clear a case. I talked to his lawyers this afternoon. He's refused to put in any defense."

"Isn't that proof, Jim, that he knows he hasn't a chance?"

HE fumbled, almost unconsciously, with the buttonhole in the lapel of his coat.

"It might mean," he answered, "that he was protecting somebody else, and that makes one wonder if there mightn't be something in the house: letters, perhaps, in that bedroom I've never had a chance to explore—something he would like to have destroyed. Nora, how would you enjoy a taxi ride to Elmford to-night?"

"Jim, you talk like a millionaire."

"If anything comes of it," he said, "the city will pay. If nothing does, I'll look an awful fool, so I'd rather you didn't ask any questions now. But if you want to come—I know you're game."

She laughed and got her hat and her coat.

They drove to the lonely patch of woods near the Elmford gate where Garth instructed the driver to wait for them. He led Nora, warning her not to speak, to the stone building by the stream.

He entered sniffing suspiciously. When he had closed the door he took his flash light from his pocket and pressed the control.

"Don't move around, Nora."

Quickly he examined the confusion of footprints. It impressed him at once as significant that none strayed far from the threshold. The damp floor farther in was disturbed only by a long, irregular depression modeled, he knew, by a body lying down.

"Think of lying there, Nora," he said. "I'd have preferred standing indefinitely. And why didn't he move around?"

Nora's teeth chattered.

"It's bitter cold in here."

Garth's face set.

"And a fastidious man like the doctor lies here all night and most of the day! Then let's see."

He went outside and ran his light over the lines of footprints which converged at the door. One set straggled unevenly up the stream. With an exclamation he followed it along the bank until it swung close to the water. He stooped. His lamp moved searchingly about the bottom of the shallow creek. Nora bent over his shoulder.

"Jim, do you see that stone? There. Hold your light steady. It's been moved. Look at the dark stain on this side."

Garth reached over, rolling the stone away. He drew from the water a strong, slender rope and a black cloth. As he raised the cloth a tiny bottle fell from its folds and splintered on the rock.

Nora's eyes sparkled.

"Does it fit, Jim?"

"It suggests a lot," he answered, "and it explains something, but it's of little use unless—" He caught his breath. "He might be that kind of a fool."

He sprang upright. He glanced at his watch.

"Come along. The house is empty now. We've got to turn up something there that will make Randall talk. Nora, if there had been letters, do you think she would have destroyed them one by one? You see, there was no chance after the murder, and don't women cling to such things?"

"She'd probably keep them," Nora said.

They climbed the hill. The unlighted house, like a thing dead itself and surrendered to decay, arose before them forbiddingly.

GARTH crossed the veranda on tiptoe and silently opened the door.

He led her across the hall, up the staircase, and down the corridor to the dressing room.

The window had been closed, and there was no escape from a humid and depressing chill which enveloped them with discomfort.

He found the easy chair and told Nora to sit down. He drew another one close.

"But why not lights, Jim?"

"It's logic to wait a while," he said. "The letters, you know."

She gasped. "I begin to see."

"Maybe I shouldn't have brought you," he whispered.

"But who—"

"Sh-h!"

"Did you hear anything?" she asked

"No. If Randall never wore a rose—"

"Jim, I've never felt such darkness.'

"I must think," he said.

But his brain refused to enter the new country of speculation whose gates the discovery in the stream had opened. The dank air of the room where Treving had been murdered was darkly suggestive. A formless anticipation possessed Garth's mind. He had a quick instinct to turn on the lights and proceed with his search, abandoning this course which logic had suggested, but which was fraught, he had no doubt, with positive apprehension to Nora. Why not, indeed, satisfy her curiosity now? But his pride denied the impulse. He wanted first something more tangible, something more provocative of her praise.

"It frightens me here," Nora breathed. "I've the queerest desire to—to scream."

Her laugh was scarcely audible.

Her words had set Garth's memory to work. He knew again what he missed in this silent house — the amorphous screams of a woman in an agony powerless to express itself. How she must have wanted to speak! How horribly she had tried until the supreme, the enduring, silence had clutched about her throat! The sullen and sepulchral air of the room seemed to vibrate with the wraiths of those efforts.

Was the door open to the next room where she had struggled and died?

Garth stirred uneasily.

Nora spoke. "How long?"

"Not long," Garth whispered, "or I'll turn the lights on. I'll look."

HIS thoughts swung back to the next room and the despair it had harbored. Could such passionate resistance to circumstance perish utterly? Could the violent will behind it accept silence and pass with the body into nothingness?

What had she wanted to say?

A movement, scarcely audible, reached him from the next room.

Nora's hand touched his arm. He was aware of the trembling of her fingers. He leaned forward listening. He scarcely caught Nora's voice.

"You heard—that?"

The movement was repeated. Somebody—something stirred in the dark room where the woman had died.

Nora swayed against him. Her other hand touched his shoulder. His heart leaped, but he realized that this contact was only an impersonal appeal for protection. So he drew his arms back, but his brain was clearer. He no longer answered to the fancy that the echoes of those screams tortured his ears.

"Stay here quietly," he whispered.

"Don't go in there, Jim."

He pushed her hands gently away. His movements as he crossed the floor were stealthier than those which still persisted in the bedroom. He paused in the doorway. The darkness was complete, yet he could locate the movements now against the farther wall.

He drew out his revolver and his flash light. He pressed the button. The glare splintered the blackness and centered on the figure of a man who bent over the open drawer of a desk.

"Throw your hands up!" Garth said.

IN the dressing room Nora cried out. The man at the desk swung around, lifting his hands and exposing the white and contorted face of the butler, Thompson.

Garth laughed nervously.

"I've got him, Nora."

"Wh—what do you mean?" the man asked. "I came back. Who are you? What do you want of me?"

Garth stepped forward aggressively. His conscience troubled him not at all.

"I want you for the murder of Frederick Treving—there in the next room."

The fellow's jaw dropped.

"No—no. I had nothing to do with it. I swear."

Garth raised his hand to the lapel of the butler's coat.

"I thought so," he said. "No question about you, my man. You wore the rose I found where Treving's body lay. Got it at the wedding, didn't you?"

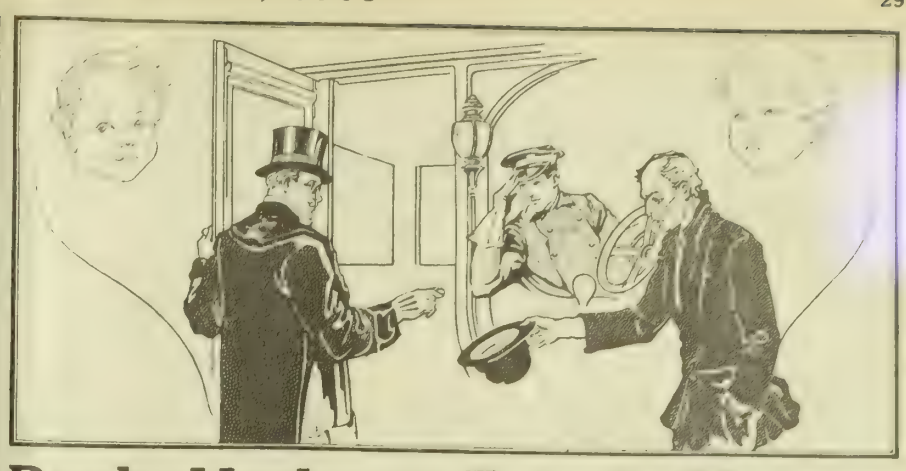
The man sank on the unmade bed.

"What are you talking about? I had nothing to do with it."

"Tell that to the judge who'll condemn you to the chair," Garth said.

The butler shook. He raised his uncertain hands to his face. He shuddered.

"No, no. I tell you I had nothing to do with it. It was Mrs. Randall. He attacked her and she shot him."



Both Had an Equal Chance

—Power of Will Made the Difference

Partial Contents

- The Law of Great Thinking.
- The Four Factors on which it depends.
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- Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
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- How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
- How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power.
- How to develop Reasoning Power.
- How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.
- The Secret of Building Mind Power.
- How the Will is made to act.
- How to test your Will.
- How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
- What creates Human Power.
- The Six Principles of Will Training.
- Definite Methods for developing Will.
- The Ninety-nine Methods for using Will-Power in the conduct of life.
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- How to throw off Worry.
- How to overcome the tyranny of the Nervous system.
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This is only a partial list—a complete list of contents would almost fill this page.

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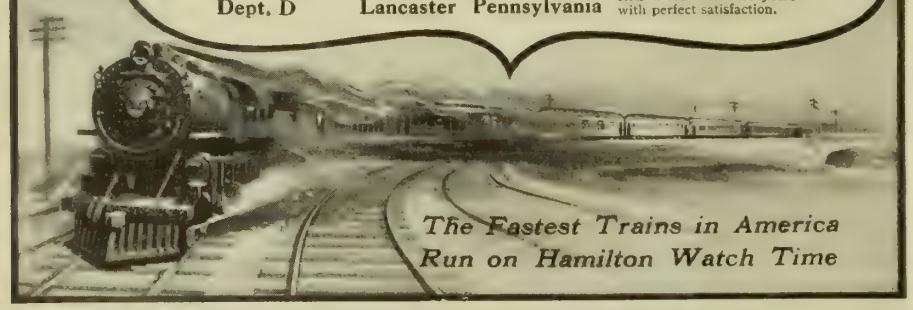
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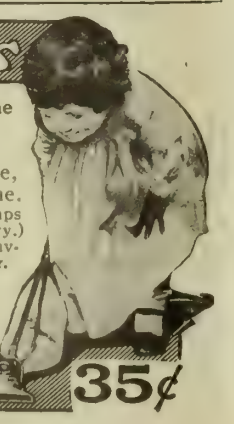
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Garth relaxed.

"You heard that, Nora?"

Nora came to the door.

"Yes."

"Then," Garth said, "I am about through with the case."

He turned back to Thompson.

"But you're not clear yet. How did you happen to be here? I know you went to the wedding with the rest."

"Yes, but Mrs. Randall got me on the telephone—said the doctor had been called back to town and she was nervous and I'd have to come home. As I let myself in the back way I heard her scream. I ran up and through this room. I got to the door just in time to see her shoot him. But when I rushed in and tried to lift her up she screamed. I couldn't do anything with her. And I got frightened. When I heard the motorcycle and guessed it was a policeman who had heard her screaming, I ran out the servants' entrance and went back to the wedding and came home with the rest. I was afraid they would take me, and she couldn't say anything to clear me. That's the truth."

GARTH looked him over contemptuously. "And, knowing the truth, you'd have let Dr. Randall go to trial."

Thompson now uncovered his face. Through his tears his eyes glowed with an exceptional devotion.

"I worked for her, sir. I had been with her family ever since she was born. Besides, if he didn't want to give her away, what business was it of mine? He sent for me to-day, and when I told him I had seen her shoot him he made me promise to keep my mouth shut."

"I know he sent for you," Garth said. "That's why I hoped to find you here to-night. He suspected you were a go-between and that there might be letters or something here to incriminate her with Treving?"

Thompson nodded.

"I told the doctor—a few letters and trinkets. He said I must get them as soon as the detectives had left and the house was clear. But I can say, sir, there was never anything really wrong. She wasn't quite happy with the doctor. It would be a kindness to the dead—"

Garth smiled, turning to Nora.

"You wouldn't give me away, would you? All right, Thompson. Do what you came to do."

Thompson shot him a grateful glance and returned to his obliterating task at the desk. Garth snapped on the light.

"But, Jim," Nora asked, "how did you know that man had been a witness? Was it a guess?"

Garth shook his head.

"Simple enough," he said.

He took a short, slender, silvery thread from his pocket. With a shame-faced look he handed it to Nora.

"You know more about such things than I. It's a wire that made a broken, worn-out rose look a whole lot better than it was. I found it and the rose in the next room. I recognized it, because, Nora, when I came to dinner the other night I stopped at a sidewalk stand and bought a rose for my buttonhole. Silly, wasn't it? But it was a good thing because I got stung with one of those. That's why I knew what the broken stem and the wire meant. I learned that Randall didn't wear flowers, and I made sure this afternoon what kind of a rose Treving would have worn. That meant somebody else had been in the room wearing a cheap rose which he had almost certainly got at that cheap wedding. When I heard Randall had sent for this man I decided to hold over my subpenas for the servants until to-morrow and run out here myself as soon as the detectives were called in—maybe get my man when he wouldn't lie."

Her eyes sparkled.

"And you guessed Randall didn't know about the murder when you caught him?"

"After I had landed him in jail, his manner, taken with the rest of it, worried me. If he wasn't guilty, why had he hidden all night and day? What we found in the stone house answered that, and almost certainly put it up to Mrs. Randall. Of course he guessed she had done it, and that cleared her in his eyes. It's why he's been so sentimental about protecting her memory. He didn't want it stained with murder, and he's probably figured he could tell some story on the stand that would clear her of the scandal, provided Thompson gathered up these little souvenirs of her indiscretion."

"Jim, I'm proud of you," Nora said. "But will Dr. Randall thank you for interfering?"

"I think so when he's got over this first mistaken idea of what he owes her for protecting his honor and her own even to the point of murder. He'll soon be clear-headed enough to weigh both sides. He'll appreciate, then, that there isn't much disgrace about such a crime for her, particularly since it's the strongest proof the world could have that Thompson's opinion is right."

HE turned to the butler.

"But surely, Thompson, there isn't as much evidence as all that. Come. We ought to get back to town."

As they went down the stairs Garth wondered that his success borrowed its chief value from its effect on Nora. As large as the satisfaction of clearing an innocent and harassed man loomed the fact that he had indeed provoked her praise. At the turn their hands met in the darkness. He rejoiced that the warmth of her fingers lingered momentarily in his.

Further stories by the author of "The Gray Mask" will appear throughout the winter.

The Out-of-Door Janitor

(*Continued from page 19*)

"Athletics," proclaimed Todd with conviction, "means stunts."

The "Roughnecks" were in no position to deny this definition. To them athletics certainly represented "stunts," but they had a feeling of being defrauded. It was Tippy Forbes that prolonged the sophistry with: "Well, what stunts can you fellas do?"

This gave the Sporters and Fighters a Heaven-sent opportunity of staggering the "Roughnecks" with the achievements of Ple-yad.

Todd seemed choked with the pressure of words in his throat. His feeling toward Ple-yad was the same as Columbus might have cherished toward America: "Say, we gotta fella in our club what kin do sumpun they can't even do in the circus—he kin crawl over the roof of the 'Piscopal church on his stummick, 'n' when he gits to them stone hooks underneath the steeple he kin eat pie 'n' pickle 'n' play the mouth organ."

Derision greeted this announcement. If such a phenomenon were extant in the neighborhood, the "Roughnecks" would have been the first to know of it.

"A lot you have! 'F anyone could do that, he'd be in the movies."

"Say, we kin prove it."

"G'wan 'n' do it. Where is he?"

"I dunno," said Todd hopelessly. "He was here a little while ago."

"Huh-huh!" they shouted; "so was your grandmother's ghost."

"Say," demanded Todd, "'f I git him 'n' he crawls 'cross the roof of the 'Piscopal church on his stummick 'n' eats things, are you-all goin' to leave us be 'bout bein' named Sporters 'n' Fighters?"

The senior club took counsel; frankly, they had no hope that the stomach-crawling, pie-eating phenomenon would materialize—the "kiddos" were bluffing. Well, they'd get their bluff called.

"Ya-a-ay-p," agreed George Wood mockingly; "if you got a fella 'at kin do that, you're sure sporters, if you ain't fighters."

The younger organization held a whispered conclave, and it was decided that as no one but the president knew the marvel by sight it would be useless for anyone else to prosecute the quest. Todd started, but the search seemed as hopeless as looking for money in the street. Suppose the little darky had permanently disappeared from the neighborhood as suddenly as he had come. Suppose—and this fancy was beginning to take root in the president's mind—that some one had bewitched him, Todd Rodgers, and made him think he had seen and talked with Ple-yad, when there was no such person! The picture of the arrogant "Roughnecks" grouped in swaggering attitudes on the pavement and on his own front steps burned into his brain as he ran around the corner, in the vague hope of finding the colored troop that would save the day.

Unexpectedly Beauty and Romance

met him on his path and charmed him into momentary dalliance, for hardly had he turned the corner when his brooding melancholy was put to flight by a sight of Miss Carita Foster sauntering toward him. Carita was his senior by two years and so far ahead of him, both in school grades and accomplishments, that it will readily be seen Todd was only sharing the common history of his sex in having his first affair with one older and more worldly-wise than he. Catching his divinity by the hand and pulling her along with him, he breathlessly related the history of his life-and-death errand. The fate of the Sporters and Fighters hung in the balance—it was up to him to find Ple-yad, or be forever repudiated by his gang.

NEVER had Carita seen her "leading juvenile" in so tragic a state. He might have been a spy in a hostile camp with the enemy battering at the door. At that particular time his lady happened to know the marvel was inaccessible—her father being the "white doctor" who had humorously threatened Ple-yad with a fancy brand of skinning if he fought while he was being treated. Taking a special interest in the little darky, Dr. Foster had promoted him from dispensary to private patient, and Ple-yad was sitting at that moment in the physician's office awaiting his return.

"Oh, Creeta," quavered the boy lover, "if I can't git him the 'Roughnecks' won't wait, 'n' we'll have to give up our name, 'n' no one'll b'leeve me, or nothing—"

It was not the first nor will it be the last time that woman—weak, uncertain woman—put her hand to the driving wheel and, giving an oblique twist to the steering gear, made history. "Wait here," was all she said, and in three minutes by the clock she returned with Ple-yad. Between them they made him understand that by a repetition of his performances of the morning—aerial, gastronomic, and musical—he would rescue the name of a noble organization from extreme peril, and if he made good he would be at liberty to call on any Sporter or Fighter for bananas, marbles, putty, chewing gum, or other unspecified treasure of life.

Nothing loath to bask in an ever-increasing circle of the limelight, Ple-yad almost outstepped his custodians; he even thought of a stunt or two he would throw in when he reached the "stone hooks."

The appearance of Todd and Carita with Ple-yad between them failed to interest the haughty "Roughnecks" for a second. Todd had neglected to mention the color of the hero, and they regarded the little darky as an incidental in the "kiddo's" bluff. Perhaps he would be produced as a witness who would claim to have seen the stomach-crawling. They'd have to put up a stronger case than that.

"I got him—here he is!" Todd announced.

They turned to a man, their eyes focused on the grinning little darky. Then they burst into peals of laughter, raucous and sustained. They looked upon the champion of the Sporters and Fighters and found him mirth-provoking; they rocked themselves; they shouted.

"He is as black as tar," the president of the "Roughnecks" confided to one of his cabinet.

Ple-yad had entered the Marathon as a doer of perilous deeds. The question of his color had not arisen. Theologically he was strong on argument regarding his right to be black, in peace. His mother had instructed him; she belonged to that strongly doctrinal life-insurance society known as the Daughters of the Lamb. His reply to the 'Roughnecks" was restrained, but it conveyed the terrible rebuke of the meek: "Ef I is black ez tar, Gawd he made me thatter way!"

UNDER the temporary blight of public opinion, suffered by the senior organization from this retort, Carita and Todd urged the champion aloft, while Philip Bacon, after one long, lingering sniff, yielded up his banana for the good cause. Absolute silence reigned in the Forum while Ple-yad, hand over hand, swung his small stature up to the baptistery sill, from there to the rain gutter, from gutter to roof. There was no lost motion: as a return of man to his first fine prehensile instincts, it was magnificent. The "Roughnecks" had stopped their horribly indulgent grimacing; the feat had become worthy of their closest attention.

The little apelike figure had gained the edge of the roof; every muscle in him gripped like lichens, his bare toes planted in the tiny crevices of the overlapping squares of slate. He appeared—or so it seemed to the watching boys below—to be in league with some magical power to have as a crony imp or devil who helped him defy all the laws and by-laws of gravity. Inch by inch, like a caterpillar, he crawled across the roof, gaining momentarily on his goal, the "stone hooks" below the steeple. So intent were the two rival organizations on the ascent of Ple-yad that they failed to notice the gathering crowd.

"What's the matter?" a passer-by would inquire of some spellbound gaper aloft, and for answer a finger would point at the upward squirming Ple-yad—no one knew the reason. A policeman appeared, radiating a sense of outraged authority. "What right," every shiny button demanded, "had anyone to crawl on his stomach across the roof of the church when he was hired by the law to see that they walked with their feet on the pavement?" He was about to shout an ultimatum to Pan, who by this time had finished the banana and was playing the "Suwanee River" with variations, that he should come down or take the consequences. But the counsels of an older policeman prevailed.

"Why shout and make him break his neck? You'd only get a reprimand from the desk."

So the two policemen helped to swell Ple-yad's audience, and still the crowd grew and grew, added to now by the pastor of the church and the janitor, each of whom shared the policeman's sense of outrage, but were powerless to do anything. And now came a lady reformer, president of a dozen or more societies for the prevention of something or other. One glance at Ple-yad told her that the only thing to do under the circumstances was to ring up the Fire Department and remove him by means of the hook and ladder.

THE preventative lady was not familiar with the mechanism of the alarm box, but a cardinal principle of hers was: "Be helpful without disturbing your neighbor." Her work on the call box was thorough; a few of the results she unconsciously effected were to turn in a general alarm (fire), to ring up the police patrol, to summon the emergency ambulance. Then, feeling that women can do their work in a modest and womanly way (she was opposed to suffrage), she slipped back into the crowd.

There was an immediate and hearty response on the part of all the vehicles. Each dashed up ringing its own particular kind of bell, shrilling its own ear-piercing type of whistle. It sounded like a menagerie broken loose, an artillery engagement at close range, or a suffragette congress electing a president.

Ple-yad, drunk with power, watched the populace gather and saw the police struggle to preserve a semblance of order. He had a delightful feeling of having "come into his own" at last. Somehow he had always expected it, as he had wandered care-free and philosophical with his mother, more often dispossessed than not, but seldom missing his daily pie and pickle. Fame had come sooner than he had expected; that was all. It was an occasion worthy of his greatest inspiration. Taking a deep breath, he poured his soul into:

"Ebery coon mus' hab his day,
De same as ebery dawg—"

A scraping sound caught his attention. It was a fireman shoving an extension ladder across the roof. It was short by two feet. "What in thunder are you doing up there, you little black imp?" demanded the fireman.

"Tinding to my wuk as janitor."

"Beat it! Slide till you reach the ladder."

"Yassir—but, please, will you-all fust call down 'n' inquire ef de 'Roughnecks' done accep' de 'Spo'ters 'n' Fighters' as entitle' to dey name?"

The fireman was mercifully Irish; he was not devoid of humor. Leaning over the church cornice, he roared above the commotion below: "He'll come down when the 'Roughnecks' acknowledge the 'Sporters and Fighters'!"

The "Roughnecks," with a joyous feeling of almost participating in the eminence of Ple-yad, shouted from ten lusty throats: "We do! We do! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Sporters 'n' Fighters'!"

Then, and not till then, did the faithful janitor consent to return to earth via the humble ladder.



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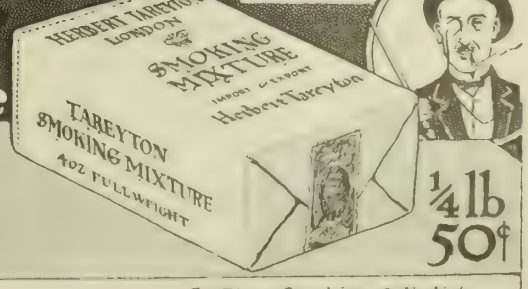
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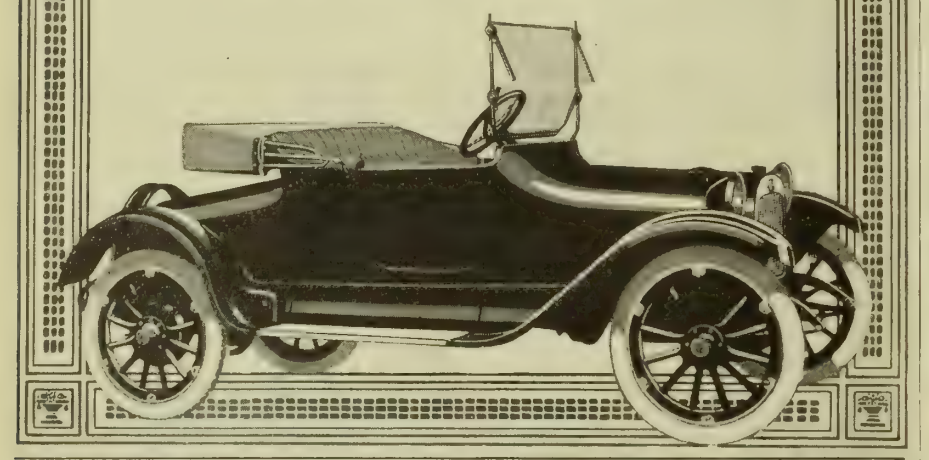
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A Doctor's Point of View

A SHODDY NERVOUS SYSTEM : BY JOHN B. HUBER, M. D.

THE English physician Dr. Guthrie Rankin writes of fatigue dyspepsia and of the part a depraved nervous system plays in bringing about that ailment. His observations will be found pertinent to the case of many an American sufferer.

Fatigue dyspeptics are in the main of two sorts: sedentary people or workers rather intellectual than manual and those who are not hard workers of any kind, but who, being affluent and therefore relieved of any necessity for active effort, are free livers, and also, either from inheritance or acquisition, worriers. Sooner or later the general nutrition of such sufferers begins to decrease, their appetite becomes capricious, they lose weight, they lose sleep, or their sleep is broken and dream-disturbed; they have a constant sense of physical fatigue (as we would say, they have "that tired feeling"); their memory plays tricks on them; they become irritable, introspective, lacking in self-mastery; are dismayed in the face of the least discomfiture, become ignobly cautious, of uncertain courage, pessimistic, firmly convinced in only one respect, as was Hamlet (that typical neurasthenic), that both the world and the times are out of joint. In short, they have become neurasthenic (literally, deprived of nervous strength), in which condition they are unable for concentrated work, either mental or manual, and life becomes for them a veritable burden.

To this fatigue dyspepsia, then, are prone either those who have called upon a normal nervous system for efforts beyond its limitations or those born with a "shoddy" nervous system. The end is the same in both instances—a breakdown, more or less complete, of nervous stability, the break falling for the most part on the digestive apparatus. And the sufferer, come to this pass, gets so obsessed with the increasing evidence of his failing health that he is unfit for any successful participation in life's duties and responsibilities; subordinates all other considerations to anxieties about his seemingly desperate bad health; fears cancer or some other dreadful explanation of his condition, and is reduced to the inglorious status of the hypochondriac. In fiction one finds this type wonderfully well portrayed in the earlier chapters of "David Harum." It might be assumed that such cases are mostly among women; on the contrary, of ten case histories Dr. Rankin details, taken at random from among his files, nine are of men and but one of a woman.

Dr. Rankin's remedies are dietetic, medicinal, and disciplinary. Among the latter are bathing on rising and thorough toweling, after which a few simple exercises such as will supple the voluntary muscles and provide for the thorough expansion of the chest. The day's work should be so ordered that no undue demand is put on the energies, mental or physical. It is imperative that no work of any kind be done after the evening meal—some kind of game instead. There should be eight hours' sleep in the twenty-four and one day in bed once a month. Holidays are essential, week-ends, and once a year a long vacation away from the usual routine of business or professional work.

The Three Fates—New Style

APART from fatigue dyspepsia, it is to be emphasized that a normal nervous system is fundamentally essential to normal mental and physical living. To-day, as among the ancients, we recognize the three Fates, only we give them other names—heredity, environment, and function. Nor do we moderns consider finality to lie altogether in the hands of those fates, because we realize also that humankind is endowed with that most momentous of all gifts, the will, by which we become coefficients at least in the working out of our individual destinies. It is in no individual's power to change his heredity should this have been an unfortunate one; no one can take Oliver Wendell Holmes's whimsical advice to "be careful in the selection of one's own ancestors."

Nevertheless, it is in medical experience that enormous things can be done in the way of nullifying an untoward heredity. The difficulties attending a vicious environment are still easier to overcome, as is also the rectifying of bad functioning. The perturbed human will is indeed most difficult to normalize, and its perturbation underlies most cases of neurasthenia. Yet by education, training, and good management the will can certainly be restored to its rightful kingship.

Slimmy's Chance

(*Continued from page 8*)

a man on the force could hold a candle to me—"

The brown-mustached man winked over the maudlin head. But the bartender nodded confirmation. "That's a fact," with the respectful accent due to vanished greatness. "He's telling the truth. He used to be one of the crack plain-clothes men. But he's drunk himself out of his job. And he's drinking himself into potter's field—"

"Say!" bitterly demanded Hogan of all present. "Say, don't you fellows think a man's wife ought to stand by him? Say, now, ain't that a wife's duty? Say, ain't it the truth that a good wife can reform a man if she's only patient and keeps at it long enough—"

"His wife left him after he threw her downstairs the third time," the bartender explained *sotto voce*. "She'd supported him two years—"

Shaken away by the brown-mustached man, Hogan again leaned on the bar and cried broken-heartedly over it. "Well, that's what's the matter with me! If my wife had had patience and stuck to me and been a tower of strength, like a wife ought to be—"

"Go outside and tell it," advised the bartender decisively.

But it was Slimmy who went first. He did not look back. He was particular not to look back at maudlin, broken, weeping, sodden, weak—oh, pitifully weak—old Hogan, never more to be feared by lawbreaker or consulted by lawmaker. Soon Slimmy met Murphy.

Slimmy was loitering on a corner, hands idle—which posture has been handed down from time immemorial as an urgent invitation to Satan to approach and make those hands busy. This, however, happened to be Satan's day off. Or else the infernal old fop himself was busy, perhaps polishing his horny forelock, or reclovening his hoof, which surely must run over at the heel during all the centuries that its owner has wickedly hopped around on it. At any rate, he did not sneak up behind Slimmy and whisper temptingly in his ear. Instead, a small boy, clad in eagerness and blue denim, ran up in front of him. "Say, mister, you ain't doin' nuttin'! Come over an' help! A horse fell down and turned over a load of coal and de traffic is gettin' blocked!"

Slimmy came with alacrity. It rang good to his ears, this appeal to help.

The wagon was turned on its side and the horse was prostrate. The driver, a stocky man with a big, beefy face, was down beside it, unfastening harness buckles and coaxing it up. With a dozen others, culled from the bystanders, Slimmy fell to, the wagon was righted, the coal gathered up and the horse helped to its feet. And then Slimmy looked perplexedly at the driver, who stood by, mopping a sweaty, red forehead. "You ain't — are you —" Slimmy paused in his stammering.

THE driver ceased the brow mopping and looked Slimmy up and down. Then he said cheerfully: "Murphy of the force, I guess you mean. Yep, that's me." Slimmy's wide eyes were curious.

"Why did I quit?"—indulgently. "Well, I'd just as soon have stayed on. I had a good beat most of the time. But a policeman got killed by a gang of sluggers six years ago. Didn't you read about it? No!"—in surprise. "Gosh, I thought everyone read it! And my wife got all worked up. Kept expecting me to come home killed every morning. And she nagged so and whimpered so that finally it got on my nerves, so I gave in to her and started a coal-and-feed business. This is my own team," with a touch of pride. "I've been short of drivers for a week. But say—where'd I know you?"

Slimmy flushed.

Murphy inspected him with keen eyes. "Oh—I remember. Just out?"

Slimmy admitted it.

"I hope that fool horse didn't strain

its knee," remarked Murphy. "D'ye think it walks stiff?"

Slimmy didn't think so.

Murphy had clambered to the seat, but he got down to examine the knee.

"Er—there was an officer named Jennings—"

"Yes, poor devil," said Murphy. "I'm going to try to get around to see him this week. Only fifty-two and got locomotor ataxia. No cure, they say. We took up a collection for him. Poor old Jennings! There was lots of folks that never liked him, but he was a pretty fair old scout. Had his faults, of course, but who hasn't?"—plaintively.

"Not anyone," admitted Slimmy. "That certainly is hard lines."

"Well, of course, if he hadn't got sick, he would have been sent up for grafting," added Murphy candidly. "So I guess he was lucky at that. After they'd shelled out for the collection, some of the boys were sore when they learned how well-heeled he was. Burchkins yelled to get his contribution back."

"Burchkins?"

"Of the Thirty-second Street Station. He's pulled out now. Retired on his pension and bought a pecan grove down in Georgia. He wrote me a letter the other day, and he says he's doing well. Well, much obliged. Good luck to you."

Murphy drove on. Slimmy walked on. A headline and a picture in a newspaper on a stand caught his glance. He bought the paper. Yes, it was the same high, impressive neck, rising like a scroll of parchment out of the collar, the same cold, tired eyes. The headline read:

"NOTED JURIST DEAD."

Slimmy read the column of biography of Judge Pickney; there was a brief résumé of the important decisions handed down by him during his judicial career.

"I dunno as he would have remembered me," said Slimmy to himself, very thoughtfully, and raised his eyes from the paper in time to meet those of George Swanson. Swanson was just as hulky, just as big-boned, just as sullen as ever. Perhaps a trifle more sullen than Slimmy remembered him.

"H-hello," said Slimmy, wishing that the fellow had not recognized him.

"H-hello," said Swanson sullenly.

Slimmy looked uneasily past him, and wished he could get past.

"I'm busy," said Swanson emphatically.

"Are you?"—uneasily. "Well—I'm not."

Swanson eyed him sullenly. The former friendship between them was not exactly in evidence. "Why aren't you?" asked Swanson. "Let me tell you—"

Slimmy plucked up courage to talk plainly to Swanson. Not that he wished to hurt his feelings, but truth was the best. "Don't tell me anything," he begged. "I don't want to hear it—"

"You're going to hear it whether you care to or not," firmly said Swanson. "I don't want you hanging around me! I'm not going to be dragged down again by you! I'm busy—at a hard, honest job. None of your business where or what. I advise you to follow my example. I promised my mother not to take up with you again—"

"Why—you—why—you—" spluttered Slimmy indignantly. "Why, I was just going to tell you—"

"Save your breath," ordered Swanson. "Don't think you can change my mind. I knew your time was about up, and I hoped to dodge you—"

"I like that"—angrily—"when I was doing my level best to dodge you—"

"That's all right!" Swanson wore a sneer—a righteous sneer. "I ain't got nothing against you. But I won't—"

SLIMMY hit him. Swanson hit back. Then they fought. Swanson was bigger and heavier, but Slimmy was more active. Two minutes later, when a policeman reached them, they were eating, in turn, the dust of the asphalt pavement. The policeman was incensed. "Say"—aggrievedly—"you mustn't fight right here in the street! Why don't you go to a quiet spot and settle your argument?"

They drew apart and scrambled up. And he took in Slimmy's cheap black suit, pallid skin, and calloused hands. "How long have you been out?" he hazarded shrewdly.

Slimmy hung his head.

"You make me tired!"—wrathfully: "I'd arrest you, but I don't like to take you up before you've had a chance to go straight! Anyway, we've orders not to be hard on fellows just out. But," disgustedly, "you must be itching to get back in!"

Slimmy brushed the dust off his coat. So did Swanson. The officer frowned at them, then strolled on. Swanson cut down the street.

"Well, I'll be—" Slimmy thoughtfully did not finish the asseveration. He got on a street car and went out to the neighborhood where Bella had lived. This time no one answered his ring at the cottage. He decided to try at the adjoining building. It was a delicatessen store, and very likely Bella had been known in it. Living so close, she surely must have patronized it.

He went in—and Bella stood behind the counter, measuring potato salad: Bella herself, plump, a little bit cross, for her two small daughters were pulling at her clean pink apron, but nevertheless a pleasant-looking young matron, as restful to the eye as a plate of fresh, sweet homemade bread.

Certainly there had been a mistake. Slimmy had known it all along. Bella was never the kind to go back on you! He advanced shyly but brightly.

BELLA stared. Then she dumped the potato salad back into its glass bowl, pushed her two small, surprised daughters out of the way and bounced from behind the counter to hug Slimmy.

"Ed! I just was saying to Harry this morning that you'd be walking in some day! I'd have come out—there"—with faint hesitation before the hurting adverb—"but it is so hard to get away from the store. We're so busy right now— Didn't I ever tell you we bought this store? Yes! Three months ago!" And then Bella proved that she still had the temper of old.

"That woman in the cottage! Mean? She is the meanest woman that ever was put on earth! Six years we rented of her, and every month the rent was paid right on the minute! Sure as the sun rises! And then because we wanted a few dollars' worth of repairing once in a while. And you should see the way some landlords in this neighborhood fix up for tenants! But would she spend a penny—for good tenants like us?

"No, siree! Not a penny. Not a red cent! You see, she thought on account of us having the store here we'd not move away. But we fooled her. Didn't we, Harry?"

Harry, a quiet, blue-eyed man, who had entered from the rear, nodded good-naturedly and shook hands cordially with his brother-in-law.

"We had the man who owns this store building put five rooms above and we moved right here! And, would you believe it," triumphantly, "she has never been able to rent the shack! And so she had to move into it herself to get it occupied! I never notice her when we meet. I just know you're tired, Ed. But your room is all ready. You can go right up and wash and then supper will be ready— Children, come here and kiss your Uncle Ed!"

Ed—otherwise Slimmy—was blinking. Bella's rapid-fire conversation was blink-inducing. He kissed the two small, bashful little girls, he went up to his room, he came down and had supper—all very thoughtfully. And at the end of the evening, when Bella had finally quit talking and begun to yawn, and Harry was shaking down the furnace in the basement, Slimmy said humbly, eyes down: "This is good of you, Bella. And I'm going to go straight—you needn't worry—I'll find work—"

Bella cut a yawn in the middle. "Worry! Who said I was worrying? You children"—shrilly—"get back into bed this minute! No, your Uncle Ed don't want to see you! As for work, you needn't look for work! With this store booming, and Harry can't find a man he can trust! Right there's your work— Listen to that child cough! Where's the croup medicine? I'm going right up and spank her; she waded right in the rain puddles to-day in spite of all I could do!"

BELLA bounced up to her erring offspring. And presently she called crossly down that Harry and Ed should come straight to bed. It was late. And then: "Oh, that alley window is unbarred, I do believe! Harry, you fix it!"

But Harry could not make the bar tight. He asked Slimmy to bring him a hammer. "The screw must have fallen out. I got to tend to it to-morrow," concernedly. "There's been a lot of burglaries around here lately."

"That so?" asked Slimmy solicitously. "Here, I'll drive a nail right there—so. There! That's tight! First thing to-morrow morning I'll make a thorough job of it."

"I wish you would," agreed Harry. "I'm darned glad you've come. I certainly do need some one to help."



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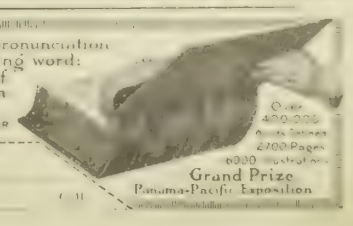
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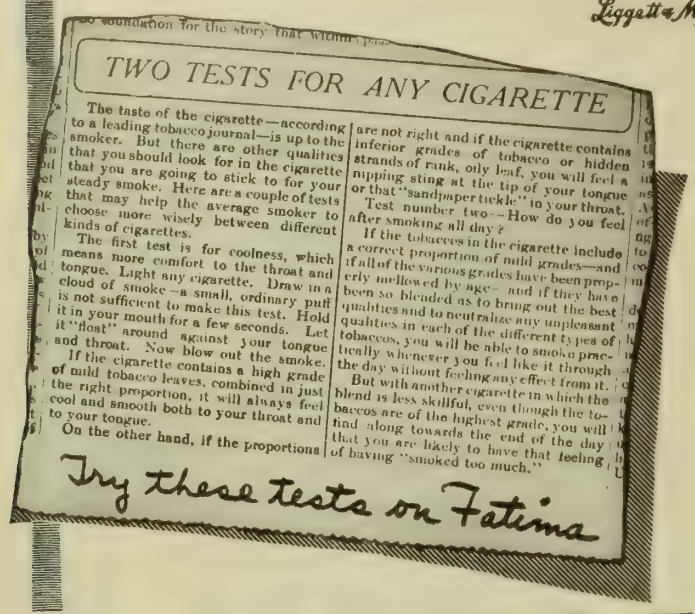
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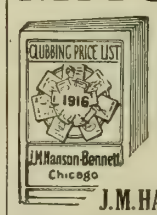
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Your Money

BY ALBERT W. ATWOOD

The Death Rate

PRESIDENT HOWARD ELLIOTT of the New Haven Railroad recently spoke of the fact that from one cause or another 30,000 miles of railroad with a capitalization of close to $2,000,000,000 were then in receivership. In 1896 about the same number of railroads were involved. Death in any form is usually a painful subject, and while the mortality of capital is not so important as the demise of human beings, it is a very serious subject and hits us all at times. But most of us need to be faced with the possibility of the destruction of our money, just as the more light-hearted perhaps require a dark reminder now and then of what all flesh is heir to.

I use the words money and capital interchangeably, as of course they are used in personal financial affairs. Money itself is pretty nearly indestructible, although its value may change. Some gold is lost or destroyed, but not much. But the capital, which money represents, requires more doctors and nurses to keep it alive than the sickliest babies. Except for a few of us who keep our all in hidden bank notes or coins, our possessions consist only in small part of actual money. It is capital that most of us own—bonds, stocks, mortgages, houses, land perhaps, factories, furniture, and bank checks. And, despite bitter experience to the contrary, we persist in regarding it as more or less indestructible.

All the railroad securities now in receivership will not prove a total loss, but there will be a tremendous destruction of capital in the aggregate. Stocks which were bought only a few years ago for $80 a share are actually being assessed $40 a share. Science has made nothing like the progress in eliminating business risk that it has made in checking disease. It is often said, loosely and inaccurately, that 90 per cent of all men who go into business fail. We do know that about 1 per cent of all the concerns in business go to the wall every year. Nor are the small men the only ones who make sad mistakes. Through the appraisal of a great estate, a $70,000,000 affair, there recently came to light the fact that the exceedingly able capitalist who had founded the fortune had put some $6,000,000 into a venture which could never be worth more than $2,500,000.

Aside from business failure, which is such a common phenomenon, natural depreciation alone will cause any physical property to disappear in thirty years at the most. It is said that despite repairs the new Equitable Building in New York City breaks down at the rate of 34 cents a second. One estimate declares that unrepaired depreciation would wipe out all the capital in the world in twenty-five years.

What has become of the bonds of ferry companies that formerly operated at such a great profit between New York and Brooklyn? Less than fifteen years ago these were considered good investments. To-day bridges and, still more, tunnels have made them worthless. The Socialist might retort that interest was paid for years on these bonds—in his view a rank injustice. But the more recent owners—how about them? For they lost both principal and interest, which is more than even the Socialist contemplates. I asked a prominent banker not long ; go why it was provided that the preferred stock of a certain company which his firm was about to float should be completely retired at the end of twenty years.

"Because," he replied, "no business is good for more than a generation."

Wealth Is Not Perpetual

AT the bottom of all these phenomena lies the basic fact that in this world any exchange of present enjoyment for future income is attended with risk. If I have $10, it is safer, from the strictly financial standpoint—and I say it in all seriousness—to buy two quarts of champagne and treat my friends than to invest in a $10 bond of the city of New York, for it is fairly certain that I will get the wine, and there is no certainty that any nation, city, corporation, or individual will be able or even willing to pay its debts fifty years from now.

It all means only one thing—wealth is not perpetual, fortunately. For if it were, one man might found a fortune which would become a monster. Try to figure out what $1 placed at compound interest in the year One would amount to now! Not so many hundred years ago the British Government actually tried out a scheme of a popular religious orator who declared that the national debt could be quickly paid off if the country put a little money aside at compound interest. Nearly a generation passed before a canny Scotch professor showed that even if the scheme were possible, which he proved was not the case, the Government would soon make so much money that there wouldn't be enough people in the world to use it.

Well, we don't want our money to live forever any more than we do ourselves. But we want it to live long enough to work for us and give our children a start at least. In view of the facts in this article and a great many more like them, it behooves us to be pretty careful how we invest.

"Safety First"

THIS is a much-abused title for articles of all sorts, but in this case it refers to a class of bonds which in times of financial excitement and possible excess such as the present may appeal to those sober-minded persons who incline away from the feverish Wall Street markets to the quiet certainty of a moderate return upon their money coupled with as complete safety as is compatible with the element of chance in all human affairs.

I refer to municipal bonds—those issued by all manner of subdivisions of the States—whose income depends upon that great certainty other than death: taxes. Municipal bonds have long been favorite investments, but recently more attention has been paid to those which pay a fairly high return. These are the bonds of relatively small towns, and they have a remarkably good record. In other words, it has been discovered that the bonds of small towns have the same elements of safety as those of great cities, and yet they pay from 4½ to 6 per cent, whereas the bonds of the larger cities in this country rarely afford the investor more than 4½ per cent. If safety is the prime consideration in the use of your money, here is a field which it does not pay to overlook.

There seems to be only one real drawback to the bond issued by a city or town. That is the familiar one of too great extravagance. Alarming statistics are constantly being published to show the increased expenses of our national, State, and local governments. The debts of States and cities have certainly increased in an astounding manner, but so has the wealth of the people who live in them.

Admitting that every effort being made to curb political extravagance is necessary, yet the essential soundness of municipal obligations is not threatened. For after all the main fact is that these bonds must be paid first out of taxes. At least that is true of practically all political units below the States, the States not being compelled to pay unless they choose to, for though they may sue they cannot be sued. Municipal bonds and the interest upon them are paid out of taxes, and if necessary a city can appropriate practically all of the property within its boundaries, if such a step should become necessary in an extreme case. But the debts of cities and towns have in practically no case reached a point where they are more than a fraction of the taxable property in those places, and most States strictly limit by law the amount of debt which a city or town can incur. These arbitrary limits, of course, are nearly always within the bounds of safety.

But let us drop theory for fact, the fact being that no other class of investments has so good a record for safety. Although municipal bonds now total up four or five billion dollars, mostly created in the last generation, there have been no conspicuous failures to pay in that time. The simple fact of the matter is that an obligation of a city or a town seems to come first in everybody's mind. A village will pay its debts as a village, even though pretty nearly every private firm in the

place goes wrong. Besides, cities, towns, or counties may be sued in the United States courts.

This class of bonds has had a boom in recent years because the Federal income-tax law exempts them from its provisions. In several States the bonds of all their counties, cities, towns, and other tax districts are exempt from local taxation. For example, a man who lives anywhere in New York State and owns bonds of the city of Albany pays no taxes whatever upon those bonds to the county he lives in, to his State, or to the town in which he resides.

Although this group of investments does not enjoy what would be called an active public market, and only a few of the best-known are listed on any stock exchange, it is almost always possible to sell a municipal bond in times of depression and panic more readily than other classes of securities. Of course more people would rather have a New York City or Chicago bond than one of some small school district in the Far Southwest. But the former pays only about 4 per cent, while the latter pays about 6 per cent. There are innumerable sound, strong bonds of cities, counties, towns, school districts, drainage and levee districts in the West that will pay the investor from 4½ per cent to 6 per cent. Many of these and also of the larger Eastern cities can be bought for small sums. Bonds are put out in $500 and $100 units as well as in larger amounts. I suggest that the investor who lives in our great West should get into touch with one of the many strong banks and firms in Chicago or St. Louis which deal in this class of securities. He will then have a tangible investment, something that cannot disappear overnight or be destroyed by bad management.

What Is a Town?

THERE is just one word of caution. Do not buy the bond of a town which is going to fade away, as it were—like a few of the Western mining camps in the old days—or whose inhabitants are mainly dishonest or shiftless. However, the majority of towns in this country are not of that sort. It is quite reasonable to suppose that a town or a school district that has been in existence for twenty, fifty, or a hundred years, usually is going to continue just as strong and stable as it has been in the past.

If there were not an economic need for a town on any given spot, that town would not be there for several generations. Farmers must have a common trading center where they can sell or ship their produce to the markets, and in return buy their clothing, implements, fertilizer, lumber, and other needs of the modern family that cannot be produced on their own plots of ground.

The Real Elihu Root

(*Continued from page 6*)

Viewed broadly, the political ideas of Elihu Root are the observations and reflections of a man imbued, in the modern spirit, with the philosophy of Alexander Hamilton and Hamilton's notion of the great value of sound organization and economic prosperity in the nation. They are the ideas of a man who knows his countrymen and would warn them against their own weaknesses, while maintaining confidence in their virtues and their ultimate capacity for a high degree of self-government in both national and international affairs. It is not a reactionary philosophy. And it is a very marked advance upon Hamiltonian federalism. If you are going to classify Elihu Root according to his ideas, you must classify him as a wise and cautious liberal.

Now, Take Roosevelt . . .

IT is the practical aspect of his political philosophy—one might say his philosophy of life—which has perplexed a great many persons who have been quick to recognize his high statesmanship and his preeminent services to his country. I think you can understand Elihu Root easiest if you compare his philosophy of action with that of Theodore Roosevelt in the mature period of his life. Roosevelt would fight the stars in their courses to a standstill. Root never would. The Roosevelt philosophy of life banks large upon what may be done and what ought to be done by the individual man. Root does not reckon it of so great value in most cases what the individual thinks or does. "What happens to-day or to-morrow is of little consequence. The tendencies of a nation are all that count"—that is the way he puts it. He has his eye rather on those powerful underlying forces and laws of the world, in a population, in a national community, which brush men and ideas aside and rush on their way against all opposition. The cosmic, the social, the powerful, the great economic and political currents of his time, do not always run the way of Root's mind, of his full sense of right, but when they are sweeping everything before them he sweeps along with them because he thinks there is nothing else to do. But he watches, even when the times are out of joint, for the individual's poor chance to help a little toward the better day. And he waits for the psychological moment when he may help to turn the tide. It is the philosophy of Root to pay attention to the tides, to preserve his strength and influence for the convenient season. Roosevelt, with the abandon of idealism, would breast the tide until engulfed by the waves.

Each of these philosophies has its dangers. Each subjects its followers to its own mistakes. But each can be held as the working theory of an honest man. In fact, these two philosophies and these two mental types are complements of one another in every field of endeavor. The pity in American politics is that the ways ever parted between men like Root and Roosevelt. The one personality needs the other to fulfill it, just as the philosophy of the one needs the philosophy of the other to fulfill it—as much as the philosophy of Hamilton needed the philosophy of Jefferson to fulfill it. With Hamilton it was love of order. With Jefferson it was love of liberty. With Hamilton it was "how to check and regulate the native instincts of men." With Jefferson it was how to set the human spirit free. But out of the blended aspirations of these complementary minds, each striving for what is right, there was developed the first great American ideal of an ordered liberty, of liberty under the law.

It would be unfair to compare Root and Roosevelt with Hamilton and Jefferson. Root is not Hamilton. Neither is Roosevelt Jefferson. Root does not distrust democracy as Hamilton did, although he has the caution of Hamilton and the conservative sense of order and proportion and efficiency which Hamilton had. And Roosevelt is the antithesis of Jefferson except in his overmastering passion for democracy. And this has grown with his experience of the world. Power made Roosevelt a radical and an out-and-out idealist. He feels the tides first, and all the time he fights, either with or against the tide.

There is more national potency in these two men, in their personalities, in their combined philosophies, in their combined ideals, than in any other two men in the United States. When such different types honestly and earnestly cooperate, the country is best governed. It is ever to the advantage of national reaction and weakness and wrong, and ever to the disadvantage of national progress and power and right, that two such men should remain permanently apart.

And Elihu Root's philosophy goes far to explain his career. He early chose to get close to the sources of power in the country and to endeavor to get what of good he could out of them instead of fighting them. He has been accused of acting as legal counsel to one section of what is called the money power. Undoubtedly he has so acted. And, of course, the money power is entitled to counsel, and at times has needed it badly. And I have always noticed that a big corporation in trouble always hires the best lawyer to be had. But the further charge that intimacy with the money power has begotten a predilection in Root's mind for the enemies of democracy is quite impossible of proof. He has a naturally strong belief in the right of private property, just as he has in the right of individual liberty. And he knows something about the harassments of private property by the black horse cavalries of politics as well as the profound peril of the corruption and domination of government by private business power. See his South American addresses, his Stafford-Little lectures, and his speeches before the committees and on the floor of the New York State Constitutional Convention. He has worked with the system of things and not against it. His theory is, evidently, that politics and govern-



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ment, for a long time to come, will represent largely a conciliation of the selfish motives of men—but a selfishness which can be helped to grow day by day a little more intelligent and a little more humane.

But to think of Elihu Root as the next friend or tool of the money power when he was Secretary of War or Secretary of State or United States Senator or counsel for his country before the Arbitration Tribunal at The Hague or president of the Constitutional Convention of his State would be to the last degree absurd. In the cabinets of McKinley and Roosevelt he was, of course, the ablest man. Theodore Roosevelt has referred to him repeatedly as the most helpful adviser of the many who surrounded him while he was President. Loyalty is the key to Elihu Root's mind. Just as he was loyal to his legal clients, so he was loyal to his presidential chiefs, and devotedly loyal throughout his official career to the people of the United States.

Root the Statesman

WHEN he was Secretary of War, how he worked to establish order and competency within the weltering chaos of inefficiency which involved the military establishment of the country! Naturally the Nobel peace prize was awarded to him. The genuine advocates of a democratic preparedness are the genuine peacemakers of the world. And when he was Secretary of State, did anybody have to sit up nights wondering what was going to happen next? No, the people of the United States could sleep soundly until the dawn. If Elihu Root could have been in the Secretaryship during the last year, the country would not now be suffering from the national insomnia occasioned by the earlier administration of that particular portfolio.

His famous South American tour while he was Secretary of State breathes the spirit of national democracy and international fraternity. At the third conference of American Republics held at Rio de Janeiro in the summer of 1906 he voiced the sentiments of genuine democracy, national and international, at home and abroad. Speaking for the United States, he said:

"We wish for no victories but those of peace; for no territory except our own; for no sovereignty except the sovereignty over ourselves. We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire, and we deem the observance of that respect the chief guaranty of the weak against the oppression of the strong. . . . We wish to increase our prosperity and to expand our trade, to grow in wealth, in wisdom, and in spirit, but our conception of the way to accomplish these is not to pull down others and profit by their ruin, but to help all others to a common prosperity and a common growth, that we may all become greater and stronger together."

Ousting Mr. Lorimer

HIS well-remembered argument before the Hague Tribunal in 1910 on behalf of the North Atlantic fishermen is instinct with the patriotic feeling of a national democracy.

"The fishermen of the coast of Massachusetts and of Maine are poor and simple folk. They live upon the fruit that, with hard toil and danger, they win from the waves. They are not as important a part of the United States to-day as they were in 1783; but, while their comparative weight and importance have declined, their positive importance is as great now as it was then, and greater still. Every consideration that moves a sovereign nation to regard and maintain the existence of its own people urges the United States to impress upon you this view of its controversy."

And then he gently hints that behind these fishing communities upon the New England coast stand the hundred millions of the American people, just as behind the fishing communities and traders of Newfoundland stand the hundreds of millions of the British Empire. That the United States came off as well as it did in that arbitration is due chiefly to Elihu Root.

Neither in the United States Senate did his deeds belie his words. He made of that forum no platform of a millionaire's club, no resting place for his laurels, no vantage ground for his friends of the plutocracy. Men may honestly differ from his views on important questions which were debated there. But he has an almost perfect record in the Senate for being on the side of the nation, of equality and of the right. The best test of Elihu Root in the Senate came in the Lorimer case. Lorimer was typical of that alliance of corrupt business and corrupt politics which has been the curse of America for a generation. In his fight against removal Lorimer had the backing of powerful business and powerful Republican cooperation. The nation-wide party machine was his friend. It was Elihu Root who punctured the sophistries of Lorimer's defenders. It was Elihu Root's speech which won the fight with open-minded, thoughtful men in the Senate. He showed how little difference it made whether or not the "jack-pot fund" of the Illinois Legislature was distributed in that particular year solely for Lorimer's election. To be sure, the "jack pot" was a perennial. And its fruit was annually divided among the faithful for a variety of evil works. But one of the purposes for which it was distributed in that particular year was the election of Lorimer, and furthermore Senator Root showed that the business manager of the jack-pot fund was the political manager of the Lorimer campaign. Theodore Roosevelt struck Lorimer the first blow by dramatically refusing to sit at a party dinner with him. It was Elihu Root who delivered the knockout. Again it is each in his own way and according to the philosophy and temperament of each. But who is so dull as not to realize that both types of leadership are greatly needed and greatly worth while in a free country?

It was not only in the matter of Lorimer that Elihu Root's capacity for moral indignation and his proclivity for lining up on the right side of a public issue of corruption revealed itself to the country. From his seat in Washington he powerfully upheld the hands of the men in the State Senate of New York who, when Hughes was Governor, sought to cleanse the Augean political stables of the Black Horse Cavalry. And his own party machine in Philadelphia, on a particularly sodden occasion, had cause to remember the flash of Root's wrath, when he described it as "a criminal conspiracy masquerading as Republican."

One on the Senator?

THERE are many excellent persons who seem to have forgotten some of these things since Elihu Root presided over the Republican Convention of 1912. Until history gets a hearing, and personal prejudices and predilections no longer hold sway over the minds of men now living in the United States, there will be a wide divergence of sentiment in this country about the convention methods of 1912. President Taft's former Attorney General, standing the other day in the Constitutional Convention of New York, openly and in a most unregenerate fashion complimented William Barnes upon his part in the famous party tragedy as if Barnes were at that time one of the moral saviors of his country. There are millions in the United States who hold a contrary opinion. I happen to be one of the millions. I thought then and I think now that it was a mistake of Moses even to be chairman of that outfit while the program was being put through.

But in the long range of political strategy it may be overruled for good. If Barnes and his kind in the invisible government put one over on Elihu Root in that convention, Elihu Root certainly put one over on Barnes and his kind in the presence of the whole country when he stood the other day in the Constitutional Convention of his State and crowned the progressive movement of a generation with a speech that will be remembered as long as free government endures in the United States.

His Service Is What Counts

YOU cannot hurry Elihu Root. His philosophy, the temper of his mind, his way of doing things, make it necessary that he bide his time. In 1912 he was not ready to strike a telling blow at the invisible government of the country. No doubt loyalty to the presidential group with whom he had been working in preparation for the National Convention constrained him. No doubt also he was sincerely apprehensive, too apprehensive, about what he regarded as the dangerous drift of the whole progressive movement away from representative government. There is small place for the devices of the initiative, referendum, and recall in the political theory of Elihu Root.

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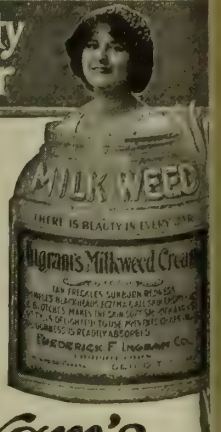
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But these are no reasons, and a mistake of action is no reason, for questioning underlying motive or ultimate patriotic purpose. The people of the United States will remember, long after they forget any alleged mistake of Theodore Roosevelt's, his marvelous pioneer service in many ways, but particularly in disclosing, in the face of derision and temporary defeat, the enslavement of his country to an extraconstitutional political system as degrading as that of the government of tyrants in the Middle Ages. And they will remember, long after they forget any alleged mistake of Elihu Root's, the more cautious and deliberate, but extraordinarily powerful and patriotic service through the long range of an almost unparalleled career in American statesmanship.

Personal error and party friction of the passing day melt away in the light of history. It is the great ruling tendencies of men that count in the judgments of mankind.

Muzzling Mr. Barnes

ANYBODY with insight who had Elihu Root under observation during his recent presidency of the New York State Constitutional Convention could see how he works, and the purposes for which he strives. He was bitterly criticized for appointing William Barnes chairman of the important committee on Legislative Powers. Taken by itself, it had a perverse look, especially at a time when the odium of the Syracuse libel trial hung heavily over William of Albany. But anybody wise enough to tell a hawk from a handsaw could detect another angle to it. The New York State Constitutional Convention had a large number of very estimable gentlemen in it, but, generally speaking, a majority of them were also a choice collection of rather carefully selected disciples of extreme caution and political reaction. Under the magic of Root's quiet leadership and influence they mellowed a good deal as the weeks and months crept by, but at the beginning they were all that was claimed for them in the way of desiring to hold back in the breeching and to keep progress from "going too far." Under these circumstances the selection of Barnes for a chairmanship was not without its prophylactic value. A conciliatory attitude toward the machine was vital to getting anything done at all that would be worth while for the State. The very excellent gentlemen who were bound together by those strange ties of the organization fetish had to be disarmed of their antipathies. Many good men were involved in this nexus of dogged machine reactionism. The job was to break up the machine psychology and redistribute the molecules of gray matter in line with the leadership of ideas, instead of the leadership of prejudices and cupidities.

Elihu Root was a good deal more successful than anybody dreamed he could be when he started. The Barnes situation took care of itself. Two things finished Barnes with the convention. The first was the verdict at Syracuse in favor of Theodore Roosevelt. And the second was equally fatal. The great majority of even the most conservative men in the convention could not stomach Barnes's proposals to write into the Constitution hard and fast provisions to prevent the Government from safeguarding the welfare of great classes of defenseless men and women and little children, nor his opposition to the safeguards which actually were written into the revised fundamental law. Barnes might have got away with that before 1912—but not since in any State in the Union.

Root Speaks Out in Meeting

THE cleavage between Root and Barnes in the convention was deep. Barnes was the conspicuous reactionary. Root was the conspicuous liberal. On more than one occasion he well-nigh paralyzed the old-liners with his utterances. "I have been in public life for forty years," he said in a ringing speech before one of the committees of the convention, "and in all that time our State Government has been no more representative than the government of Venezuela." The bosses from all over the State sat as though transfixed. They never heard anything as horrifying as that from Roosevelt. Of course all the intelligent boys of fourteen years of age who live in the commonwealth of New York know that it is true. But to take it from Elihu Root, whose function in the reactionaries' eye should be to steady the ark of the covenant—aye, there's the rub!



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¶ "He was not only a great humorist, but a great philosopher, and his writings form one of the assets in America's contributions to the world of achievement, of which we have a right as a nation to be genuinely proud."

William Howard Taft

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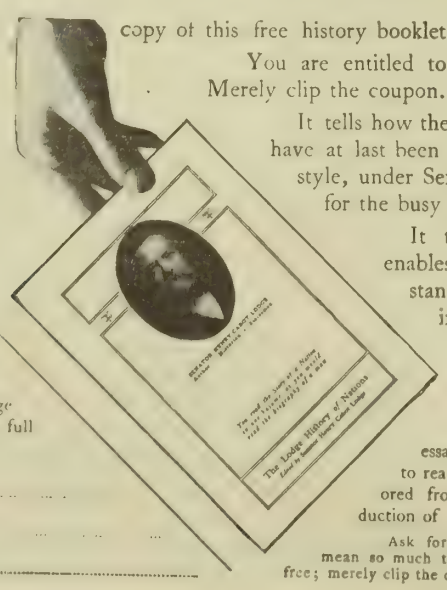
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Please send me my copy of the booklet describing the Lodge History of Nations and full information.

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Again, when committees falter, the voice of Root: "The time has come when invisible government must give way to government that is accountable and responsible." Those fell words, "invisible government"! Ghost of Macbeth, where have we seen that phrase before?

And that masterpiece of statesmanship and ethical passion and unflinching analysis and denunciation of the forty years' system of patronage and intrigue and machine misrule of the people of his State—no one who heard that address or perceived its effects upon the convention could go on linking Elihu Root with reaction. It was the speech of a man who had bided his time, until with the accumulated influence of experience and age and of the tide of affairs he could strike with overwhelming force and deliver a solar plexus. It was a climax to the great unpublished speech of Hughes at the Legislative Correspondents' dinner in Albany in 1910 in which he flayed the vicious system to its face while the leaders of it sat before him. It was the climax to the Herculean labors of Roosevelt from the time of his governorship to the verdict against Barnes in the trial at Syracuse. It was a speech of national significance, and it was read and approved throughout the length and breadth of the United States. Incidentally, it irrevocably committed the State of New York and the Republican party in the East to an advance for 1916 not contemplated by the Bourbon chiefs. Both the indictment and the proof of what was substantial in the charges of 1912 are at last written on the very records of reaction. Bourbonism in 1916 would now be suicide for the Republican party. It is at least a conservative liberalism or nothing.

And deeds backed Elihu Root's words in the Constitutional Convention. Results flowed from his practical philosophy. If the convention under any circumstances was ready for only limited liberalism, then Elihu Root wished the few changes in the constitutional instrument to reach to the marrow. The revolutionary budget system which the convention adopted is not only a vast scientific safeguard upon the State's expenditures, but, if ratified by the people, it will stop great leakages of waste and extravagance and "honest graft." It was Elihu Root who left his seat in the president's chair to point the way to give the public service commissions of his State constitutional independence for twenty years, without tying them to the chariot wheels of the reigning machine or of the corporations over which the commissions are presumed to exercise control. He showed how this could be done, in spite of the report of the committee, by tying the commissions up to the final will of the Governor, and not to the final will of the Senate of the State. The Governor of New York is in far closer touch with the will and welfare of the people than the State Senate has been for a generation. And the provisions in the proposed new constitution against the law's delays which were so vigorously resented by some of the Bourbon leaders and so vigorously defended by the chairman on the floor—they are in the genuine interest of the plain man as against the man of wealth and power. All of these revelations of the mind of Elihu Root are evidences of a cautious but convinced democracy.

But the chief worth of his latest service centers about the proposed amendments for the complete reorganization of the State Government and the partial inauguration of the short ballot. State governments are going on the rocks all over the Union through inefficiency and lack of responsible administration. The legislatures of many States count that day lost whose low descending sun sees no new departmen added which may overlap and duplicat some other, but which affords at leas another haven for the creatures of pat ronage. And nobody is responsible—no body but the invisible rulers, and they don't bother their heads with that part o it. Long ballots and long lists of candidates, so far from creating more democracy, have created far less. The burden of selection has caved in on the electorate and the bosses have had their way.

To merge one hundred and fifty-two departments into seventeen, to coordinate them, to center the actual and moral responsibility in the people's leader, the governor, that is some advance. The reforms are only partial. Everywhere is written evidence of compromise with a powerful opposition. But what is gained would be greatly worth while. And if the electors ratify the advance at the polls, the proof of its worth in practice will speedily bring a larger fulfillment of efficient democracy in all the States of the Union. Ratified or not, every State in the Union must ultimately come to it.

Root Is in His Prime

ELIHU ROOT has himself referred more than once within the last year to his age as rendering him now ineligible to the presidency. This view seems to impress him more than it does the country. However, in 1916 he will be in his seventy-second year, therefore before his term closed he would be seventy-six. He is still in his intellectual prime. He comes of sturdy stock, from a father with a frame of steel, and with care should have yet a goodly period of useful living. Physically and mentally he still compares favorably with most men of sixty. But nobody knows better than he the stress and strain of every presidency or foresees more clearly the great strain and stress of the next presidency. The strain has become so great that the number of men in the United States who are physically able to perform the whole function of the great office is very small indeed. Now and then the extraordinary vigor of a Taft or a Roosevelt can accomplish it. But it is very doubtful if at his time of life anything except a strong sense of national duty ought to prevail or would prevail, with Elihu Root to try it, or would cause him to feel that he had any right to undertake it in deference to his home, his friends, and the broad opportunity of influence which he might exert in private life or in a less responsible or more quiet sphere of public service.

But in the Republican Convention of 1916 he will be in any event a great figure, greater than in 1912. And he may, if he will, exercise an ascendancy of mental and moral purpose which will make that gathering far more fruitful in favor with the people and far truer to the polestar than it was in 1912. In 1912 the Republican party lost the confidence and fealty of a vast number of the younger men in the nation because some of its more conspicuous and controlling leaders had in large measure lost the spirit and integrity and energy of its own youth. The job is to get that confidence back from the Atlantic to the Pacific Slope. No Bourbon boss, no Tory platform can accomplish that. Perhaps nobody can. Perhaps nothing can. But it is worth trying. And a frank acknowledgment in word and deed on the part of the convention that the tide of reaction in 1912 swept the old faith in freedom and human welfare too far from its moorings might help some. And in molding the sentiment of his party toward that tacit or open confession, Elihu Root can help more than any man in the United States.

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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

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HELD TO ANSWER

A NOVEL BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

Chapter One—The Face That Did Not Fit

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. KING

TWO well-dressed men waited outside the rail on what was facetiously denominated the mourners' bench. One was a packer of olives, the other the owner of oil wells. A third, an orange shipper, leaned against the rail, pulling at his red mustache and yearning wistfully across at a wattle-throated person behind the roll-top desk who was talking impatiently on the telephone. Just as the receiver was hung up with an audible click a buzzer on the wall croaked harshly, one long and two short croaks. Instantly there was a scuffling of feet upon the linoleum over in a corner where mail was being opened by a huge young fellow with the profile of a mountain and a gale of tawny hair blown up from his brow. Undoubling suddenly, this rangy figure of a man shot upward with jack-in-the-box abruptness and a violence which threatened the stability both of the desk before him and of the absurdly small typewriter stand upon his left. Seizing a select portion of the correspondence, he lunged past the roll-top desk of Heitmuller, the chief clerk, and aimed toward the double doors of grained oak which loomed behind. But his progress was grotesque, for he careened like a camel when he walked. In the first stride or two these careenings only threatened to be dangerous, but in the third or fourth they made good their promise. One lurching hip joint banged the drawn-out leaf of the chief clerk's desk, sweeping a shower of papers to the floor.

"John—dammit!" snapped Heitmuller irritably. But already the other hip had caracoled against the unopening half of the double doors as John yawed through; at which violence the door complained loudly, rattling upon its hinges and in its brazen sockets, so that for a moment there was clatter and disturbance from one end of the office to the other. The orange shipper started nervously, and the chief clerk, cocking his head ganderwise, gazed in disgust at the confusion on the floor; while far within Robert Mitchell, the general freight agent of the California Consolidated Railway, lifted a massive face from his desk with a look of mild reproof in his small, blue eyes. Yet when the huge stenographer came back, and with another scuffling of clumsy feet stooped to retrieve the litter about Heitmuller's revolving chair, he seemed so regretful and his features lighted with such a helplessly apologetic smile that even his awkwardness appeared commendable, since it was so obviously seasoned with the grace of perfectly good intent.



"Doing it up," she vouchsafed. "Don't you like it?"

Appreciation of this was advertised in the forgiving chuckle of the chief clerk, who, standing now at the rail, remarked *sotto voce* to the orange shipper: "John is as good as a vaudeville act!"

At this the red mustaches undulated appreciatively, while the two "mourners" laughed so audibly that the awkward man, once more in his chair, darted an embarrassed glance at them, and the red flush came again to his face. As if to comfort himself, a finger and thumb went into his right vest pocket and drew out a clipping from the advertising columns of the morning paper. Holding it deep in his hand, he read furtively:

ACTING TAUGHT. *Charles Kenton, character actor, temporarily disengaged, will receive a few select pupils in dramatic expression at his studio in The Albemarle. Terms reasonable.*

Then John looked across aggressively at the men who had laughed. They were not laughing now, but nodding in his direction and whispering busily.

What were they saying? That he was a joke, a failure? That he had been in this chair seven years? That he was a big, snubbed, defeated, overworked handy man about this big, loosely organized office? That in seven years he had neither been able to get himself promoted nor discharged? No doubt!

As if to get away from the thought, John turned from his typewriter to the open window and looked out. There was the spire of the grand old First Church down below him. Yonder there were the sky-notching business blocks of the pushing city of Los Angeles as it was in the early nineteen hundreds. There, too, were the villa-crowned heights to the north, shut in at last by the barren ridges of the Sierra Madre Mountains, some of which in this month of January were snowcapped. But here were these foolish men still nodding and whispering. Good fellows, too, but blind. What did they know about him really? They knew that he was a stenographer, but they did not know that he was a stenographer to the glory of God—one who cleaned his typewriter, dusted his desk, opened the mail, wrote his letters, ate, walked, slept, all to the honor of his Creator: that the whole of life to him was a sort of sacrament. They thought he was beaten and discouraged, an industrial slave, drawn helplessly into the cogs. They, poor, purblind materialists, were without vision. They did not know that there were finer things than pickles and crude oil. They did not know that he was to soar; that already his wings were budding, nor that he lived in an inner state of spiritual exaltation as delicious as it was unsuspected. They pitied him. They laughed commiseratingly. He did not want their commiseration. He spurned their laughter and their pity. He was full of youth and the exuberance of hope. He was full of an expanding strength that made him stronger as his dream grew brighter. Only his eyes were tired. The cross-lights were certainly bad. For a moment he shaded his brow tenderly with his hand, reflecting that he must hereafter use an eye shade by day as methodically as he employed one in his nightly study.

The morning moved along. The yearning orange shipper went away. One mourner rose and passed inside. The other waited impatiently for his turn to do the same. Luncheon time came for John, and he lunched in the file room ravenously, and while he ate read the Congressional Record, and, reading, made notations on the margin, for John was preparing for what he was preparing, although he did not quite know what. The train of destiny was rumbling along, and when it stopped at his station he proposed to swing on board.

Having downed his luncheon gayly and equipped himself for travel, swiftly, as much through hunger as through haste, John swung out of the door bound for Charles Kenton, actor—"temporarily disengaged; the Albemarle; terms reasonable," moving with such speed that he was soon within that self-important presence.

"Hampstead is my name," he blurted, with clumsy directness, "John Hampstead," and the interview with destiny was on.

"The first trouble with you," declared the white-haired actor critically, "is that your face doesn't fit."

John wet a lip and hitched a nervous leg, but sat awkwardly silent, his eyes boring hungrily, as if waiting for more. The actor, however, was slow to add more. Faces were his enthusiasm, as well as the raw material of his profession, but this face puzzled him, so that before committing himself further he paused to survey it again: the strong nose with its hump of energy, the well-buttressed chin; and then the broad forehead with its unusually thick, bony ridge encircling the base of the brow like a bilge keel, proclaiming loudly that here was a man with racial dynamite in his system, one who, whatever else he might become, was now and always a first-class animal.

THE eyebrows heightened this suggestion by being thick and yellow, and sweeping off to the temples in a scroll-like flare. The forehead itself was broad, but gathered a high look from that welter of tawny hair which was roached straight up and back, giving the effect of one who plunges headlong.

But the eyes completely modified the countenance. They did not plunge. They halted and beamed softly. Gray and deep-seated, they made all that face's force the force of tenderness by burning with a light that was obviously inner and spiritual. The mouth, again, while as cleanly chiseled as if cut from marble—sensitive, impressionistic, fine—was, alas, weak; although along with this the actor noted that the two lips, buttoning so weakly at the corners, could none the less collaborate in a most engaging smile.

Kenton concluded his second appraisal with a little gesture of impatience. The man's features gave each other the lie direct, and that was all there was to it. They said: This man is a beast, a great, roaring lion of a man; and then they said: No, this lion is a lamb, a mild, dreamy, sucking dove sort of person.

"That's it," he iterated. "Your face doesn't fit."

Hampstead did not wince.

"The question is," he proposed, in a voice husky with a mixture of embarrassment and determination, "how am I to make it fit? Or, failing that, how am I to get somewhere with a face that doesn't fit?"

The actor's reply was half sagacity, half "selling talk," mixed with some judicious flattery and tinged with inevitable gallery play, although there was no gallery.

"Elocution?" Kenton observed, with a little grimace of derision. "No! Oratory? Not at *all!*" The weight of his withering scorn was tremendous. "There are no such things. It is all *acting!* A man speaks with the whole of himself—his eyes, his mouth, his body, his walk, his pose—everything. That's what you need to learn. Self-expression! I can make your face fit. That's simple enough," and Kenton waved his hand as if the restamping of a man's features was the easiest thing he did. "I can make your body graceful. I can take that voice of yours and make it strong as the roar of a bull and as soft as rich, brown velvet. Yes," and the actor leaped to his feet in growing enthusiasm, "I can make 'em all respond to every whim of what's passing inside. But," he asked suddenly, with a penetrating glance, "will that make an orator of you? Well, that depends on what's passing inside. It takes a great soul to make an orator—great imagination, mind, feelings, sentiments. Have you got 'em? I doubt it! I doubt it!"

The old man confirmed his dubiousness with the uncomplimentary emphasis of hesitating silence. In the sincerity of his critical analysis he had forgotten that he was trying to secure a pupil. "And yet—and yet—" his eye began to kindle as he looked, "I tell you I don't know, boy—there's something—there might be something behind that face of yours. It might come out, you know, *it might come out!*"

Kenton drawled the last words out slowly in a deeply speculative tone, and then asked abruptly: "How old are you?"

"Twenty-four," admitted John, feeling suddenly as if he confessed the years of Methuselah.

But the dark eyes of the old actor sparkled, and his long, mobile lips parted in the ghost of a sigh which crept out through teeth stained yellow by years and tobacco, after which he ejaculated admiringly: "My God, but you are young!"

This came as an inspiring thought to John. He did feel young—all but his eyes. What was the matter with them that the lids were so woodeny of late? Yes; he *was* young, despite seven submerged years, and the wings of his soul were preening!

Back in the general freight office, John fell upon his work with happy vigor. Spat, spat, spat, and a letter was on its way from "Dear Sir" to "Yours truly." But in the midst of these spattings he paused to muse.

"Kenton said he could make me graceful," the big fellow was communing, when abruptly the outer door opened and, after a single glance, John appeared to forget both his communings and his work. Swinging about, he sat transfixed, his odd features turned eccentrically handsome by a light of admiration which began to glow upon them as if an astral presence had entered.

Yet to the unprejudiced observer the newcomer was no heavenly being, but a mere schoolgirl whose dress was not long at the shoe-top stage. With a swish of skirts and an excited ripple of laughter she had burst in like a breeze of youth itself. But to this breeziness of youth the young lady added the indefinable thing called charm and the promise of greater charm to come. She was already tall and would be taller, fair to look upon, and certain to be fairer. To a dress of some warm red color a touch of piquancy was added by a tam-o'-shanter cap of plaid that was itself pushed jauntily to one side by a wealth of crinkly brown hair; while a bit of soft brown fur encircled the neck and cuddled affectionately as a kitten under the smooth, plump chin. The face was oval, with a tendency to fullness, and the nose, while by no means *retroussé,* was as distinctively Irish as the sparkle in the blue of her laughing eyes. Irish, too, were the ready smiling lips, but the delicious dimples that flecked the white and red of her cheeks were entirely without nationality. They were just woman—budding, ravishing woman—and there is no doubt whatever that they helped to make the fascination of that merry face complete when its spell was cast over the soul of the awkward stenographer.

"Oh, John!" exclaimed the young lady with impulsive familiarity, bounding through the gate and over to his side, "I want you to write some invitations for me. This is my week to entertain the Phrosos. See! Isn't the paper dear?"

THERE were caresses in the big man's eyes as the girl drew near, but he replied with less freedom than her own form of address invited:

"Good afternoon, Miss Bessie."

The restraint in John's speech, however, was much in contrast to the bold poaching of his eyes. But Bessie appeared to notice neither restraint nor boldness as, standing by his desk, she undid the package in her hand, with the big fellow looking on interestedly.

The picture of frank and simple comradeship so immediately established proclaimed a certain mutual unawareness between this pretty, half-developed girl and this huge, unawakened man that was as delightful to contemplate as it evidently was to enjoy.

"Isn't it dear?" the girl demanded again, having exposed to view invitation paper with envelopes to match, in color as pink as her own cheeks.

"Yes, Miss Bessie, it is dear," John concurred placidly.

"But you are not looking at it," protested the girl.

"No," the man confessed, entirely unabashed, "I am looking at you—devouringly."

"Well, you needn't," Bessie answered piquantly.

"Yes, I need," John declared coolly. "You do not know how much I need. You are the only unspoiled human being I ever see in this office."

"Old Heit does look rather shopworn," Bessie whispered roguishly. "But, look here" (and she thrust out her lips in a pout that was at once defiant and tantalizing, while her eyes rested for a moment upon the closed double doors): "My father is an unspoiled human being."

"What have you been doing to your hair?" Hampstead demanded critically, refusing to be diverted.

"Doing it up, of course, as grown women should," she vouchsafed with emphasis. "Don't you like it?"

WITH a flash of her two hands, one of which snatched out a pin while the other swept off the plaid cap, Miss Bessie spun herself rapidly about so that John might view the new coiffure from all angles.

"Oh, of course I have to like it," he confessed with mock mournfulness. "I have to like anything you do, because I like you, and because you are my boss's boss; but I am sorry to lose the thick braids down your back, with that delicious little tuft at the end that I used to catch up and tickle your ear with in the long, long ago."

"But how long ago was that, Sir Critical?" challenged the girl.

"Long, long ago," affirmed Hampstead with another of his humorous sighs, "when it was a part of my duty to take you to the circus and buy you peanuts and lemonade of a color to match your cheeks."

"And that," dissented the young lady triumphantly, "was only last September, and the one before that, and, in fact, almost every circus day since I can remember."

"But now that you are doing your hair up high you will not need me to take you to the circus again."

This time the note of sadness in Hampstead's voice was genuine, whereat all the loyalty in the soul of Bessie leaped up.

"You shall," she declared with an impulsive sweetness of manner, while she leaned close and added in a whisper that made the assurance deliciously confidential—"as long as you wish."

"Then I shall do it forever," declared John recklessly.

"However," and Miss Elizabeth Mitchell, with a playful acquisition of dignity, switched the subject by announcing crisply: "business before circuses."

"Phrosos before rhinos, as it were," consented John.

"Yes. Now take your pencil and let me dictate."

"But," bantered John, "I allow no woman to dictate to me. Besides, I write a perfectly horrible hand."

"Oh," explained Bessie, "but I want them on the typewriter. It'll make the other girls wild. None of them can command a typewriter."

"Yet," protested Hampstead, "overlooking for the moment the offensiveness in that word 'command,' I venture to suggest, Miss Mitchell, that things are not done that way this year. A typewritten invitation isn't considered good form in the best circles."

"I don't care; we'll have 'em," declared Bessie. "We'll set a new fashion." Her little foot smote the floor sharply, and she stood bolt upright, so upright that she leaned back, gazing at John through austere lashes, her face lengthening till the dimples disappeared, while the cupid's bow of her lips became almost a memory.

"Oh, very well," weakened Hampstead, bowing his head, "I cannot brook that gaze for long. It shall be as your grace commands."

"Tired, aren't you?" commented Bessie, suddenly mollified, and scanning the big face narrowly while a look of soberness came into her eyes. "I can see it; and your eyes look bad—very bad, John." Her voice



"The first trouble with you," declared the white-haired actor critically, "is that your face doesn't fit"

was girlishly sympathetic. "These people do not appreciate you either. But I do! I know!" and she nodded her round chin stoutly, while she laid a hand upon the arm of this man who, seven years her senior, was in some respects her junior. "You are a very great man in the day of his obscurity. It will come out sometime. You will be general manager of the railroad, or something very, very big. Won't you?" and she leaned close again with that delightfully confidential whisper.

"I admit it," confessed John with a happy chuckle.

But Bessie's restless eye had fallen upon the clock. "Pickles and artichokes!" she exclaimed with a sudden change of mood, "I must flit."

Snatching from her bag a crumpled note, she tossed it on the desk, calling back: "Here. This is what I want to say to 'em," and was gone.

But Hampstead, disregarding the note, sat gazing after her, his lips parted, his great hands set upon his knees with fingers sprawled very widely, until Bessie was out of view behind the double doors that admitted to her father's presence.

Not until the grained oaken panels had stared him completely out of countenance did the stenographer, with a blissful sigh and a reflective shake of the head, fall once more upon his work.

But at length the duties of the business day were done, and, lunch basket in hand, in the dusk of the early winter's night in that land where winter hints its presence but slightly in any other way, the big fellow was out upon the pavement. Scorning street cars, he made his way southward in long, swinging strides, square after square and almost mile after mile, as business blocks gave way to pretentious residences which finally lowered their cornices into a district of cottage homes.

Halfway of the first block of these two children dashed out of the sprawling shadow of a house, screaming excitedly: "Uncle John! Uncle John!"

Roused from castled, starry dreams, the swiftly moving figure, who had been enjoying the feel of the dark upon his eyes and the occasional wafture of the happy fragrance of orange blossoms into his nostrils, greeted each with a bear hug, and the three clattered together up the rickety steps into a tiny hall. On the left was an oblong room, and beyond it, through curtains, appeared a table set for dinner. Light streaming in from this second room revealed the first as a sort of parlor studio, where a piano, a lounge, easels, maulsticks, palettes, and stacks of unframed canvases jostled each other indifferently. An inspection would have shown that these pictures were mostly landscapes, with now and then a flower study in brilliant colors; and to the practiced eye a distressing sense of failure would have obtruded from everyone.

From somewhere beyond the dining room came the odor of cooking food and the sound of energetic but heavy footsteps.

"Hello, Rose," called John cheerily.

At the moment a woman came into view bearing a steaming platter. She was large of frame, with gray eyes, with straight light hair, fair, wide brow, and features generally that showed a resemblance to Hampstead's own. Her face had a weary, disturbed look, but lighted for a moment at the sight of her brother.

Depositing the platter upon the table, the woman sank heavily into a chair at the end, where she began immediately to serve the plates. The children, a girl and a boy, sat side by side, with John across from them. This left a vacant chair opposite Rose before which a plate was laid.

FOR a time the family fell upon its food in silence. The girl was eleven years old perhaps, with eyes of lustrous hazel, hair reddish-brown and massed in curls upon her shoulders and below, cheeks hopelessly freckled, mouth large, and the nose also without hope through being waggishly pugged. The boy, whose sharp, pale features exhibited traces of a battle with ill health, begun at birth and not yet ended, had eyes that were like his mother's, clear and gray, and there was a brave turn to his upper lip that excited pity on a face so pale. He looked older, but was probably younger than his sister. Hero worship, frank and unbounded, was in the glance which the two from time to time beamed upon their uncle.

After a considerable interval John, glancing first at the empty chair and then at his sister, asked with significant constraint in his tone: "Any word?"

His sister's head was shaken disconsolately, and the angular shoulders seemed to sink a little more wearily as her face was again bowed toward her plate.

After another interval Hampstead remarked: "You seem worried to-night, Rose."

"The rent is due to-morrow," she replied in a wooden voice.

"Is that all?" exclaimed John, throwing back his head with a relieved laugh. At the same time a hand had stolen into his pocket and he drew out a twenty-dollar gold piece and tossed it across the table.

"The rent is $17.50," observed Rose, eying the coin doubtfully.

"Keep the change," chuckled John, "and pass the potatoes."

But the woman's gloom appeared to deepen.

"You pay your board promptly," she protested. "This is the third month in succession that you have also paid the rent. Besides, you are always doing for the children."

"Who wouldn't, I'd like to know?" challenged John, surveying them both proudly; whereat Dick, his mouth being otherwise engaged, darted a look of gratitude from his great, wise eyes, while Tayna reached over and patted her uncle's hand affectionately. "Tayna" was an Indian name the girl's father had picked up somewhere.

"Besides," went on John, "Charles is having an uphill fight of it right now. It's a pleasure to stand by a gallant fellow like him. He goes charging after his ideal like old Sir Galahad."

But the face of his sister refused to kindle.

"Like Don Quixote, you mean," she answered cynically. "I haven't heard from him in three weeks. He has not sent me any money in six. He sends it less and less frequently. He becomes more and more irresponsible. You are spoiling him to support his family for him, and," she added with a choke in her voice, while a tear appeared in her eye, "he is spoiling us—killing our love for him."

THE boy slipped down from his chair and stood beside his mother, stroking her arm sympathetically.

"Poppie's all right," he whispered in his peculiar drawl. "He'll come home soon and bring a lot of money with him. See if he don't!"

"Oh, I know," confessed Rose, while with one hand she dabbed the corner of an apron in her eye and with the other clasped the boy impulsively. "I know I should not give way before the children. But—it grows worse and worse, John!"

"Nonsense!" rebuked her brother. "You're only tired and run down. You need a rest, by hokey! that's what you need. Charles is liable to sell that Grand Cañon canvas of his any time, and when he does you'll get a month on Catalina, that's what you will!"

The wife was silently busy with her apron and her eyes.

"Do you know, Rose," John continued with forced enthusiasm, "my admiration for Charles grows all the time. He follows his star, that boy does!"

"And forgets his family—leaves it to starve!" reproached the sister bitterly, while the sag of her cheeks became still more noticeable.

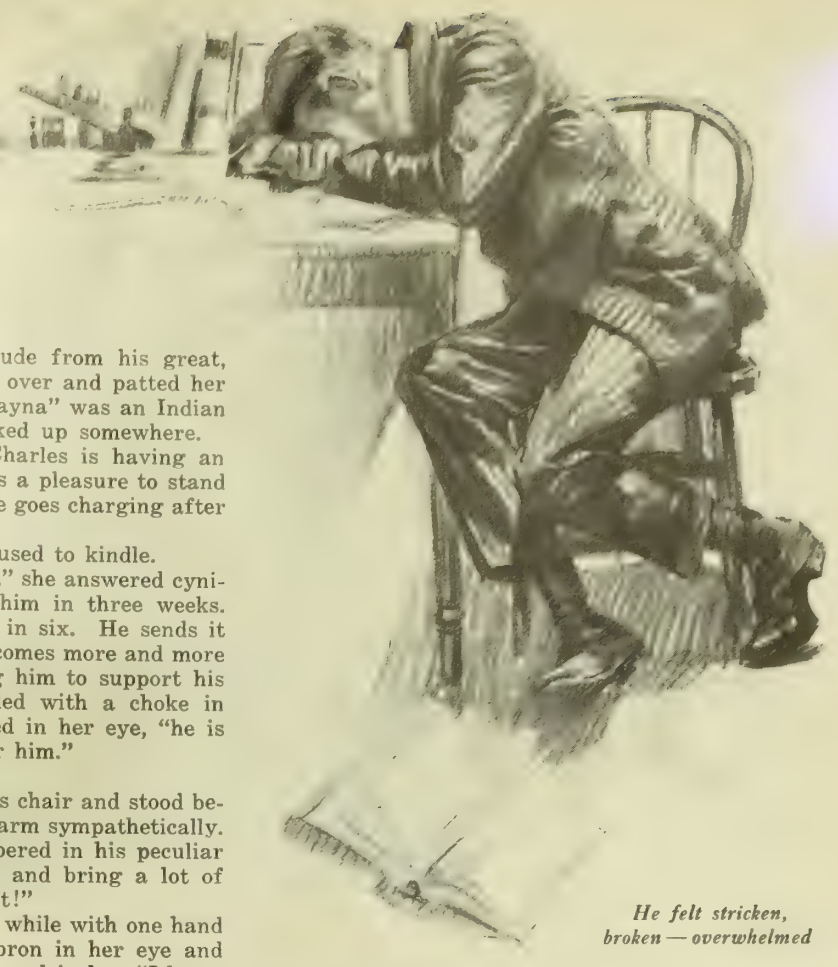
"Ah, but that's where you do Charles an injustice," insisted John. "He knows I'm here. We have a sort of secret understanding; that is"—and he gulped a little at going too far—"that is, we understand each other. He knows that while he is following his ideal I won't see you starve. He's a genius; I'm the dub. It's a fair partnership. His eye is always on the goal. He will get there sure—and soon now too."

"He will never get there!" blurted out the dejected woman as if with a sudden disregardful loosing of her real convictions. "For thirteen years I have hoped and toiled and believed and waited. A good while ago I made up my mind. He has not the vital spark. For five years I have pleaded with him to give it up—to surrender his ambition, to turn his undoubted talent to practical account. He has the rarest aptitude for decorating. We might be having an income of ten thousand a year now. Instead he pursues this will-o'-the-wisp ambition of his. He is crazy about color, always chasing a foolish sunset or some wonderful desert panorama of sky and cloud and mountain—seeing colors no one else can see, but unable to put his vision upon the canvas. That's the truth, John! I have never spoken it before. Never hinted it before the children! Charles Langham is a failure. He will never be anything else but a failure!"

The words, concluded by the barely successful suppression of a sob, fell on unprotesting silence. Who but this life-worn woman had so good an opportunity to know if they were true, so good a right to speak them if she believed them true? John looked at his plate. Tayna and Dick looked at each other. It required a stout heart to break the oppressive quiet. For the moment no one in this group had that heart. The break came from the outside, when some one ran swiftly up the steps and threw open the front door. Instant sounds of collision and confusion issued from the hall, followed immediately by a masculine voice, thin and injured in tone, calling excitedly:

"Well, for the love of Michelangelo! What do you keep stuffing the hall so full of furniture for? Won't somebody please come and help me with these things?"

The dinner table was abruptly deserted; but, quick as John and the children were, Rose was ahead of them, and when they reached the hallway a thin man of medium height, with an aquiline nose, dark eyes, and long, loose hair, was helplessly in the embrace of the laughing and crying woman.



He felt stricken, broken — overwhelmed

"Oh, Charles, you did come home; you did come home, didn't you?" she was crying.

Charles broke in volubly: "Well, I should say I did. What did you expect? Have I ever impressed you as a man who would neglect his family?" After which, with the look of one who has put his accusers in the wrong, he rescued himself from his wife's emphatic embraces, held her off for a moment with a look of real fondness, and then brushed her with his lips first on one cheek and then on the other.

"Dad-dee!" clamored the children in chorus. "Dad-dee!" Yet it was noticeable that they did not presume to rush upon their father, but flung their voices before them, experimentally, as it were.

"Well, well, *las miñas!*" the father exclaimed, his piercing dark eyes upon them with delight and displeasure mingling. "Aren't you going to give me a hug? Your mother nearly strangles me, and you stand off eying me as if I were a new species."

AT THE open arms of invitation both of the children plunged unhesitatingly; but their reception was brief.

"Run away now, father is tired," the nervous-looking man proclaimed presently, straightening his shoulders, while he sniffed the atmosphere. "Dinner, eh? Gods and goats, but I am hungry!"

Rose led the little procession proudly back to the table, drawing out her husband's chair for him, hovering over him, smoothing his hair, unfolding his napkin, and stooping to place a fresh kiss upon his fine, high, but narrow brow.

"That will do now; that will do now," he chided, with an air of having indulged a foolishly doting woman long enough. "For goodness' sake, Rose, give me something to eat."

His wife, still upon her feet, carried him the platter, from which the family had been served. Charles condemned it with a glance.

"Isn't there something fresh you could give me—something that hasn't been—pawed over?"

His tone was eloquent of sensibilities outraged, and his dark eyes, having first flashed a reproach upon his wife, swept the circle with a look of expected comprehension in them, as if he knew that all would understand the delicacy of the artistic temperament.

"Why, yes," admitted Rose, without a sign of resentment. "I can get you something fresh if you will wait a few minutes."

She slipped out to the kitchen, from which presently the odor of broiling meat proceeded, while the artist coolly rolled his cigarette, and, surveying without touching the cup of coffee which John had poured for him, raised his voice to call: "Some fresh coffee, too, Rose, please!"

After this Langham leveled his eye on his brother-in-law and asked airily: "Well, John, how's everything with you?"

"Fine as silk, Charles," replied Hampstead buoyantly. "And you?"

"Never better," declared Langham. "Never saw such sunsets in your life as they are having up the Monterey coast. I tell you there never were such colors. There was one there in December" (and he launched into a detailed description of it, his eyes, his face, his hands, his whole body (*Continued on page 32*)

IN THE DUST OF THE GREAT RETREAT

WITH THE AUSTRIAN ARMY INTO RUSSIA

BY ARTHUR RUHL

WARSAW had fallen, and Ivangorod, and the center of the German and Austro-Hungarian armies, sweeping across eastern Europe like beaters across a prairie, was now at Brest-Litovsk. This was the apex of this central triangle of Russian forts, a city and a railroad center as well as a fortress, and the last strongly fortified place on the direct road to Moscow. It seemed as if the Russians must make a stand here, and even though we were four or five days getting there, the heavy artillery was not yet up, and there might still be time.



Wrapped in a swirl of dust the wagon train rumbled on its triumphant way to Brest-Litovsk

We wound through the green hills and under the ruined castles of northern Hungary in the afternoon, rolled slowly up across Silesia and into Russian Poland in the night, and came at noon to Radom, only sixty-five miles south of Warsaw. Hindenburg had been here in October when he invaded Poland to draw off the Russians from Galicia, then the Russian offensive had rolled over the place. The Russians had held it all the winter; now they were a hundred and fifty miles eastward—beyond the Vistula and the Bug—"boog," not "bug," by the way—and just hanging to the edge of Poland.

The war had scarcely touched Budapest and Vienna—scarcely touched its ordinary city surfaces, that is to say. In hotels and cafés, streets and parks, life flowed on almost as brightly as ever. Farther north, in the Hungarian towns and villages, life still went on as usual, but one felt the grip of war—you might not go there nor move about without a military pass. Beyond Radom, where now, in the pleasant park, the very literary Polish young people were strolling, reading as they walked, there was, so to speak, no ordinary life at all—only the desert of war and the curious, intense, and complicated life of those who made it.

Our car was hitched to a long transport train—for it would be another two days before the automobiles would come back for us from the front—and we rode into this deserted Polish country toward Ivangorod.

It had all been fought over at least twice—railroad stations and farm buildings burned, bridges dynamited, telegraph poles cut down. The stations now were mere board shelters for a commandant and a soldiers' lunch room; the bridges, timber bridges flung across by the pioneers; and the sawed-off telegraph poles, spliced between railroad rails to save cutting new ones, were stuck back into the ground like forks. The Russians had a rather odd way of burning stations and leaving the rails, the important thing, intact, but here and there they had neatly destroyed them for miles by exploding a cartridge under the end of each.

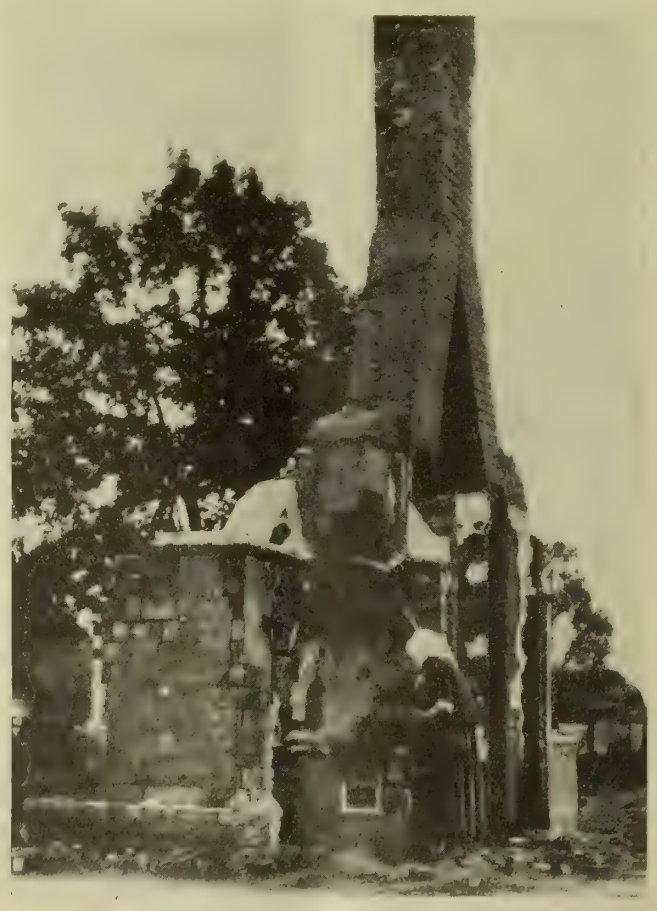
The country is level here—fields interspersed with dark pine forests, planted in the European fashion to be grown and harvested like any other crop—parks of living telephone posts, thick as the quills of a porcupine. And through these pines, and across the fields, were the eternal Russian trenches, carefully built, timber-lined, sometimes roofed and sodded over, with rifle holes under the eaves. Barbed-wire entanglements seven rows deep, sometimes, trailed in front of them, through timber, through the long grass and flowers of marshland, a wicked foggy band against the green, as far as one could see. Along the Galician front and in the Carpathians I had seen mile after mile of such trenches, timberwork, wires, and Spanish riders left behind, good as new, until it began to seem as if war were a peculiarly absurd game, consisting principally in chopping down good trees and digging ditches, and then going somewhere else.

In front of Ivangorod great preparations had been made. There was no town here, but the great fortress, with its citadel, barracks, machine shops, gardens, church, and protecting forts was almost a city in itself. It had a garrison of 20,000, and its gigantic concrete walls, covered over with earth and grass, its moat, and barbed wire, looked formidable enough. It had only few modern heavy artillery, however, and even if it had, artillery in a fixed, known spot is comparatively helpless against the mobile guns, screened by hills and timber, besiegers can bring against it. Elaborate earthworks had, therefore, been thrown up several miles to the west of the fortress, but these became useless when the enemy, crossing the Vistula to north and south, swung round to cut off the one way out, the railroad to Brest-Litovsk.

Reconstruction in Russia

THE Russians might have shut themselves in and waited—not very long, probably—until the big "thirty-point-fives" smashed the fort to pieces. They chose to get out in time, blew up the railroad bridge across the Bug, burned the barracks, and with enough dynamite to give a good imitation of an earthquake tumbled the walls and galleries of the fortress into melancholy heaps of rock.

It was dusk when we rolled into Ivangorod and into the thick of that vast and complicated labor which goes on in the rear of an advancing army—all that laborious building up which follows the retreating army's orgy of tearing down—bridge builders,



In the ruin of her kitchen, this woman goes on cooking dinner

an acre or two of transport horses, blacksmiths and iron-workers, a semipermanent bakery, the ovens, on wheels, like threshing-machine engines dropping sparks and sending out a sweet, warm, steamy smell of corn and wheat. It never stopped, this bakery, night or day, and the bread was piled up in a big tent near by like cordwood.

And here you could see the amount of trouble that can be made by blowing up a railroad bridge. First, of course, a new timber bridge has to be flung across, and the Vistula is a good two hundred yards wide here and the river was high. Up ahead the army was fighting forward, dependent, for the moment, on what came across that bridge. A train arrives, hundreds of tons of freight which normally would roll across the river in a few puffs of a cigarette. The cars must be opened, each box and sack taken out by hand, carried down a bank, loaded into a wagon; the wagons creep over the pontoons, struggle through the sand on the other side, then each piece must be unloaded and put on a train again.

An axle breaks, the returning line waits an hour for the other to cross, a sixty-foot pine log for the new railway bridge wedges fast in turning a corner and stops everything—you must imagine them at it all day, sweating and swearing in all the dialects of the dual monarchy—all night, with fagged horses and drivers dazed with sleep, in the blaze of a searchlight reaching out over the river.

Meanwhile a tall timber railroad bridge was creeping across. There was no pile-driver engine, and at each cluster of piles fifteen or twenty Russian prisoners, in their brown service uniforms, hung to as many ropes—"Heave . . . *whack!* Heave . . . *whack!*"—in quaint retribution for what a few sticks of dynamite had done a fortnight before.

A thousand fresh Hungarian troops had just come in next morning, and were waiting for their coffee, when the word came by field telephone that a Russian flyer was dropping bombs about twenty kilometers away. It was fine hunting ground—men, horses, stores, and the new bridge—but he sailed away, and we drove a dozen miles up the Vistula to New Alexandria, burned during the enveloping movement on Ivangorod.

All along the way were trenches, telltale yellow lines of sand winding among the pines, gun positions, barbed wire, and every now and then a big plane tree, with ladders running up to an artillery observation platform. I climbed up one of them on cleats worn by Russian boots for a look at the Vistula and the string of Red Cross barges, filled with wounded, going up the river. The children hereabout, at any rate, will revere the Russians, for their pioneers had carried that winding stairway up to the very tiptop of the tree in a manner only seen in dreams or picture books.

All the farmhouses had been burned and the peasants were just returning. We passed several tired mothers with babies in shawls hanging from their shoulders and little boys trudging behind with some rusty kettle or coffeepot, and once a woman, standing in the ruins of her house of which only the chimney was left, calmly cooking her dinner.

New Alexandria, a pleasant little town grown up round an old château, and used as a sort of summer resort by Warsaw people, was nothing but such chimneys and heaps of brick. The Russians had burned everything, and the villagers, who had fled into the pines, were just now beginning to straggle back. Some set up little stands in front of their burned houses and were trying to sell apples, plums, pears, about the only marketable thing left; some were cleaning bricks and trying to rebuild, some contented themselves with roofing over their cellars. And while we were observing these domestic scenes, the army, which had taken the outer forts by assault the preceding night, was marching into burning Brest-Litovsk!

It was another day before the motors came and we could get under way and whirl through such a cross section of a modern army's life as one could scarcely have seen in the west of Europe since the Germans first came rolling down on Paris. No suburban warfare this; none of that hideous, burrowing, blowing up, methodically squashing out yard after yard of trenches and men. This was war in the grand old style—an army on the march, literally, down roads smoky with dust and sunshine, across bridges their own pioneers had built, a river of men and horses, wagons and guns, from one hazy blue horizon to another.

And all these men had come from victory and knew they were marching to it. How far they were going none could tell, but the gods were with them—so might the Grand Army have looked when it started eastward a hundred years ago. Men and horses had been pouring down that road for weeks—on each side of the macadam highway the level, unfenced fields were trampled flat. It was fully one hundred and twenty miles as the motor road ran to Brest-Litovsk, and there was scarce a moment when, if we were not in the thick of them, we were not at least in sight of wagons, motors, horses, and men. And, of course, this was but the rear of the army, the fighting men, proper, were up in front. The dust hung like fog in the autumn sunshine. Drivers were black with it; in the distance, on parallel roads, it climbed high in the still air like smoke from burning villages. And out of this dust, as we whizzed on, our soldier chauffeur, whistle in mouth, shrieking for room, appeared pontoon trains—big steel scows on top, beams underneath, cut, numbered, and ready to put together; trains of light farm wagons, wide at the top, slanting toward the middle, commandeered from all over Austria-Hungary at the beginning of the war and driven, some by soldiers, but oftener by civilians with the yellow Austrian bands on their arms; heavy ammunition wagons drawn by four horses with a soldier outrider astride one of the leaders, and from time to time columns of reserves, older men, for the most part, bound for guard duty, probably, shuffling along in loose order. Round and through these wagon trains, in a swirl of dust, rumbled and swayed big motor trucks, and once or twice, scattering everything with a lilting and "Ta-*té* . . . Ta-*tá!*" the gray motor, the flash of scarlet, pale blue, and gold, and the bronzed, begoggled, imperial visage of some one high in command.



The retreating Russians wrecked this railway bridge at Ivangorod—the Austro-Hungarian engineers very promptly paralleled it with a serviceable pontoon

The Return of the Natives

ONCE we passed a big Austrian mortar, covered with tarpaulin, by the side of the road, and again two big 20-centimeter guns which had not had time to get up to Brest-Litovsk. This is where you find the heavy artillery nowadays, quite as likely as in a fort, on some hard highway where it can easily be moved and sheltered, not behind concrete, but some innocent-looking apple tree. Each fence corner was chalked with letters and numbers intelligible to the drivers who passed that way; each bridge, down to the few boards across a ditch, had been examined by the pioneers, rebuilt if necessary, and a neat little sign set up on it telling whether or not the heavy artillery could safely cross or not. Flowing back toward this huge, confident, onrushing organism, the peasants—timid, halting, weary, and dust-covered, with wagons heaped with furniture, beds, hay for the horses, with the littlest children and those too old to walk—were returning to the charred ruins of their homes. They, too—like the grass—had their unconquerable strength.



It was Russian prisoners of war who were obliged to drive piles for the new railway bridge over the Vistula

The same patience and quiet courage, which had struck me in Antwerp as peculiarly Belgian, was here again in these Poles, Slovaks, and Ruthenians, whose boys, perhaps, were fighting with the armies which had driven the Belgians out. You would see peasant mothers with their children hanging from their shoulders—women who had been tramping for days, perhaps, and might have days yet to tramp before they reached the heap of charred bricks that had once been a home. Nearly all had a cow, sometimes pulling back on its halter and filling the air with lamentation, sometimes harnessed with the horse to the family wagon. They had their pet dogs and birds, the little girls their kittens, from the front of one wagon poked the foolish head of a colt. Babies scarcely big enough to sit up crammed their little fingers into their eyes to shut out the dust, bigger children to whom the ride would be, no doubt, the event of their lives, laughed and clapped their hands, and old men on foot took off their caps, after the fashion of the country, and bowed gravely as we whirled past. It seemed as if it were we who should do the saluting.

From the fields, as we whirled into and out of layers of air, sharply, as one does in a motor, came now the odor of ripe straw, now a whiff of coffee from a "goulash cannon," steaming away behind its troop like the calliope in the old-fashioned circus, and now and then, from some thicket or across a clover field, the sharp, dismaying smell of rotting flesh. The countryside lay so tranquil under the August sun that it was only when one saw a dead animal lying in an open field that one recalled the fire that, a few days before, must have crisscrossed this whole country as now, doubtless, in constant cavalry fights and rear-guard skirmishes, it was crisscrossing the country up ahead.

Half an hour short of Brest-Litovsk an unfinished bridge turned us off into a potato field. The soft ground had long since been pounded flat, as the army, swinging round to the north, had crossed on a pontoon a mile or two lower down. The motor plunged, snarled, and stopped, and again, as we shoveled in front and pushed behind, we knew why armies burn bridges behind them.

Past us, as we sweated there, the slow but surer wagon trains plowed forward. One, a German train, stopped beside us to bait their horses—officers of the Landwehr or Landsturm type, who looked as if they might be, as doubtless they were, lawyers, professors, or successful business men at home. They were from a class who, with us, would generally be helpless in the field, yet these bronzed, bearded, thoughtful-looking men seemed just as familiar with the details of their present job as with the work they had left behind.

No "Frightfulness" Here

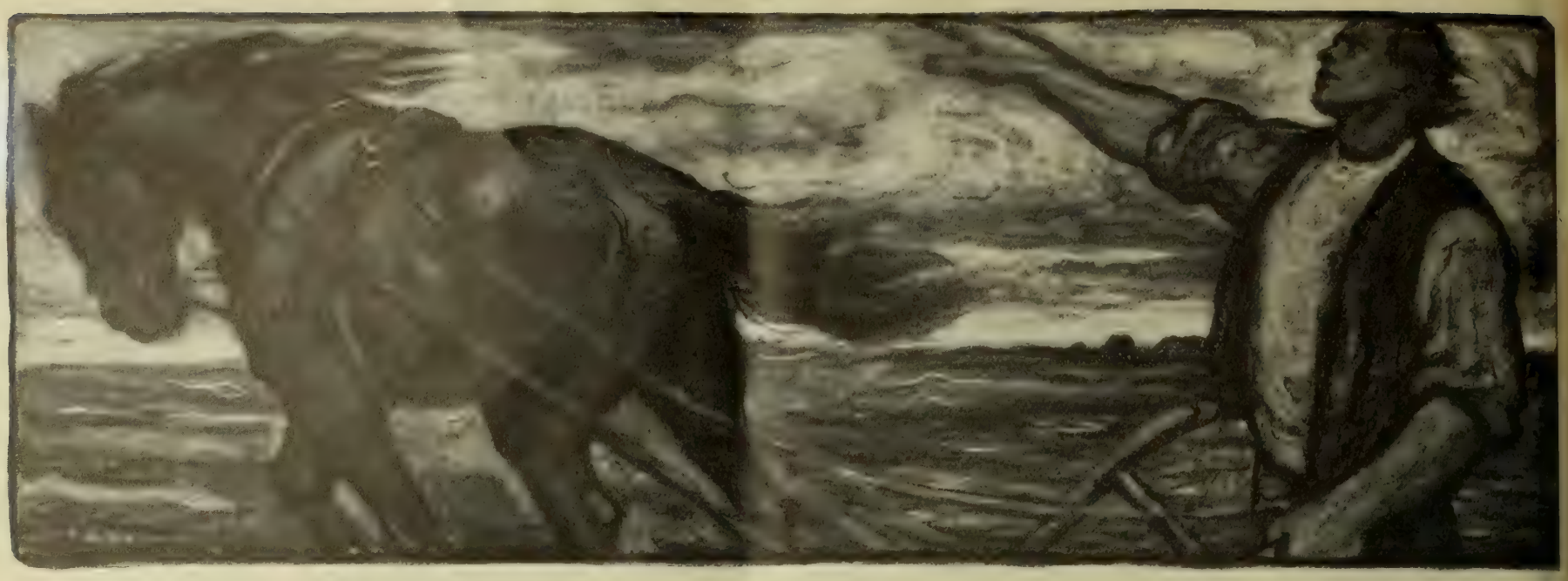
EVER since we had crossed into Poland this sober, steel-gray stream had been mingling with and stiffening our lighter-hearted, more boyish, blue-gray stream of Austrians and Hungarians. Here were men who knew what they were doing, believed in it, and had the will to put it through. One thought of Emerson's "earnest of the North Wind" whenever they came in sight.

Those who talk of "frightfulness" and get their notions of German soldiers from the vaporings of sedentary publicists, who know no more of them than may be seen through the pipe smoke of their own editorial rooms, are (*Continued on page* 28)





Here are peasants of Brest-Litovsk—"timid, halting, weary, and dust covered, . . . returning to the charred ruins of their homes"; on the right, an Austrian field bakery at Ivangorod



THE CITIZEN

BY JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

ILLUSTRATED BY SIGISMUND DE IVANOWSKI

THE President of the United States was speaking. His audience comprised two thousand foreign-born men who had just been admitted to citizenship. They listened intently, their faces, aglow with the light of a new-born patriotism, upturned to the calm, intellectual face of the first citizen of the country they now claimed as their own.

Here and there among the newly made citizens were wives and children. The women were proud of their men. They looked at them from time to time, their faces showing pride and awe.

One little woman, sitting immediately in front of the President, held the hand of a big, muscular man and stroked it softly. The big man was looking at the speaker with great blue eyes that were the eyes of a dreamer.

The President's words came clear and distinct:

You were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life. You dreamed dreams of this country, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. A man enriches the country to which he brings dreams, and you who have brought them have enriched America.

The big man made a curious choking noise and his wife breathed a soft "Hush!" The giant was strangely affected.

The President continued:

No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us, but remember this, if we have grown at all poor in the ideal, you brought some of it with you. A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you at any rate imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. Each of you, I am sure, brought a dream, a glorious, shining dream, a dream worth more than gold or silver, and that is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome.

The big man's eyes were fixed. His wife shook him gently, but he did not heed her. He was looking through the presidential rostrum, through the big buildings behind it, looking out over leagues of space to a snow-swept village that huddled on an island in the Beresina, the swift-flowing tributary of the mighty Dnieper, an island that looked like a black bone stuck tight in the maw of the stream.

It was in the little village on the Beresina that the Dream came to Ivan Berloff, Big Ivan of the Bridge.

THE Dream came in the spring. All great dreams come in the spring, and the Spring Maiden who brought Big Ivan's Dream was more than ordinarily beautiful. She swept up the Beresina, trailing wondrous draperies of vivid green. Her feet touched the snow-hardened ground and armies of little white and blue flowers sprang up in her footsteps. Soft breezes escorted her, velvety breezes that carried the aromas of the far-off places from which they came, places far to the southward, like Kremenchug and Kerch, and more distant towns beyond the Black Sea whose people were not under the sway of the Great Czar.

The father of Big Ivan, who had fought under Prince Menshikov at Alma fifty-five years before, hobbled out to see the sunbeams eat up the snow hummocks that hid in the shady places, and he told his son it was the most wonderful spring he had ever seen.

"The little breezes are hot and sweet," he said, sniffing hungrily with his face turned toward the south. "I know them, Ivan! I know them! They have the spice odor that I sniffed on the winds that came to us when we lay in the trenches at Balaklava. Praise God for the warmth!"

And that day the Dream came to Big Ivan as he plowed. It was a wonder dream. It sprang into his brain as he walked behind the plow, and for a few minutes he quivered as the big bridge quivers when the Beresina sends her ice squadrons to hammer the arches. It made his heart pound mightily, and his lips and throat became very dry.

Big Ivan stopped at the end of the furrow and tried to discover what had brought the Dream. Where had it come from? Why had it clutched him so suddenly? Was he the only man in the village to whom it had come?

Like his father, he sniffed the sweet-smelling breezes. He thrust his great hands into the sunbeams. He reached down and plucked one of a bunch of white flowers that had sprung up overnight. The Dream was born of the breezes and the sunshine and the spring flowers. It came from them and it had sprung into his mind because he was young and strong. He knew! It couldn't come to his father or Donkov, the tailor, or Poborino, the smith. They were old and weak, and Ivan's dream was one that called for youth and strength.

"Ay, for youth and strength," he muttered as he gripped the plow. "And I have it!"

That evening Big Ivan of the Bridge spoke to his wife, Anna, a little woman, who had a sweet face and a wealth of fair hair.

"Wife, we are going away from here," he said.

"Where are we going, Ivan?" she asked.

"Where do you think, Anna?" he said, looking down at her as she stood by his side.

"To Bobruisk," she murmured.

"No."

"Farther?"

"Ay, a long way farther."

Fear sprang into her soft eyes. Bobruisk was eighty-nine versts away, yet Ivan said they were going farther.

"We—we are not going to Minsk?" she cried.

"Ay, and beyond Minsk!"

"Ivan, tell me!" she gasped. "Tell me where we are going!"

"We are going to America."

"*To America?*"

"Yes, to America!"

Big Ivan of the Bridge lifted up his voice when he cried out the words "To America," and then a sudden fear sprang upon him as those words dashed through the little window out into the darkness of the village street. Was he mad? America was 8,000 versts away! It was far across the ocean, a place that was only a name to him, a place where he knew no one. He wondered in the strange little silence that followed his words if the crippled son of Poborino, the smith, had heard him. The cripple would jeer at him if the night wind had carried the words to his ear.

Anna remained staring at her big husband for a few minutes, then she sat down quietly at his side. There was a strange look in his big blue eyes, the look of a man to whom has come a vision, the look which came into the eyes of those shepherds of Judea long, long ago.

"What is it, Ivan?" she murmured softly, patting his big hand. "Tell me."

And Big Ivan of the Bridge slow of tongue, told of the Dream. To no one else would he have told it. Anna understood. She had a way of patting his hands and saying soft things when his tongue could not find words to express his thoughts.

Ivan told how the Dream had come to him as he plowed. He told her how it had sprung upon him, a wonderful dream born of the soft breezes, of the sunshine, of the sweet smell of the upturned sod and of his own strength. "It wouldn't come to weak men," he said, baring an arm that showed great snaky muscles rippling beneath the clear skin. "It is a dream that comes only to those who are strong and those who want—who want something that they haven't got." Then in a lower voice he said: "What is it that we want, Anna?"

The little wife looked out into the darkness with fear-filled eyes. There were spies even there in that little village on the Beresina, and it was dangerous to say words that might be construed into a reflection on the Government. But she answered Ivan. She stooped and whispered one word into his ear, and he slapped his thigh with his big hand.

"Ay," he cried. "That is what we want! You and I and millions like us want it, and over there, Anna, over there we will get it. It is the country where a muzhik is as good as a prince of the blood!"

ANNA stood up, took a small earthenware jar from a side shelf, dusted it carefully and placed it upon the mantel. From a knotted cloth about her neck she took a ruble and dropped the coin into the jar. Big Ivan looked at her curiously.

"It is to make legs for your Dream," she explained. "It is many versts to America, and one rides on rubles."

"You are a good wife," he said. "I was afraid that you might laugh at me."

"It is a great dream," she murmured. "Come, we will go to sleep."

The Dream maddened Ivan during the days that followed. It pounded within his brain as he followed the plow. It bred a discontent that made him hate the little village, the swift-flowing Beresina and the gray stretches that ran toward Mogilev. He wanted to be moving, but Anna had said that one rode on rubles, and rubles were hard to find.

And in some mysterious way the village became aware of the secret. Donkov, the tailor, discovered it. Donkov lived in one half of the cottage occupied by Ivan and Anna, and Donkov had long ears. The tailor spread the news, and Poborino, the smith, and Yanansk, the baker, would jeer at Ivan as he passed.

"When are you going to America?" they would ask.

"Soon," Ivan would answer.

"Take us with you!" they would cry in chorus.

"It is no place for cowards," Ivan would answer. "It is a long way, and only brave men can make the journey."

"Are you brave?" the baker screamed one day as he went by.

"I am brave enough to want liberty!" cried Ivan angrily. "I am brave enough to want—"

"Be careful! Be careful!" interrupted the smith. "A long tongue has given many a man a train journey that he never expected."

That night Ivan and Anna counted the rubles in

the earthenware pot. The giant looked down at his wife with a gloomy face, but she smiled and patted his hand.

"It is slow work," he said.

"We must be patient," she answered. "You have the Dream."

"Ay," he said. "I have the Dream."

Through the hot, languorous summertime the Dream grew within the brain of Big Ivan. He saw visions in the smoky haze that hung above the Beresina. At times he would stand, hoe in hand, and look toward the west, the wonderful west into which the sun slipped down each evening like a coin dropped from the fingers of the dying day.

Autumn came, and the fretful whining winds that came down from the north chilled the Dream. The winds whispered of the coming of the Snow King, and the river grumbled as it listened. Big Ivan kept out of the way of Poborino, the smith, and Yanansk, the baker. The Dream was still with him, but autumn is a bad time for dreams.

Winter came, and the Dream weakened. It was only the earthenware pot that kept it alive, the pot into which the industrious Anna put every coin that could be spared. Often Big Ivan would stare at the pot as he sat beside the stove. The pot was the umbilical cord which kept the Dream alive.

"You are a good woman, Anna," Ivan would say again and again. "It was you who thought of saving the rubles."

"But it was you who dreamed," she would answer. "Wait for the spring, husband mine. Wait."

IT was strange how the spring came to the Beresina that year. It sprang upon the flanks of winter before the Ice King had given the order to retreat into the fastnesses of the north. It swept up the river escorted by a million little breezes, and housewives opened their windows and peered out with surprise upon their faces. A wonderful guest had come to them and found them unprepared.

Big Ivan of the Bridge was fixing a fence in the meadow on the morning the Spring Maiden reached the village. For a little while he was not aware of her arrival. His mind was upon his work, but suddenly he discovered that he was hot, and he took off his overcoat. He turned to hang the coat upon a bush, then he sniffed the air, and a puzzled look came upon his face. He sniffed again, hurriedly, hungrily. He drew in great breaths of it, and his eyes shone with a strange light. It was wonderful air. It brought life to the Dream. It rose up within him, ten times more lusty than on the day it was born, and his limbs trembled as he drew in the hot, scented breezes that breed the *Wanderlust* and shorten the long trails of the world.

Big Ivan clutched his coat and ran to the little cottage. He burst through the door, startling Anna, who was busy with her housework.

"The Spring!" he cried. *"The Spring!"*

He took her arm and dragged her to the door. Standing together they sniffed the sweet breezes. In silence they listened to the song of the river. The Beresina had changed from a whining, fretful tune into a lilting, sweet song that would set the legs of lovers dancing. Anna pointed to a green bud on a bush beside the door.

"It came this minute," she murmured.

"Yes," said Ivan. "The little fairies brought it there to show us that spring has come to stay."

Together they turned and walked to the mantel. Big Ivan took up the earthenware pot, carried it to the table, and spilled its contents upon the well-scrubbed boards. He counted while Anna stood beside him, her fingers clutching his coarse blouse. It was a slow business, because Ivan's big blunt fingers were not used to such work, but it was over at last. He stacked the coins into neat piles, then he straightened himself and turned to the woman at his side.

"It is enough," he said quietly. "We will go at once. If it was not enough, we would have to go because the Dream is upon me and I hate this place."

"As you say," murmured Anna. "The wife of Littin, the butcher, will buy our chairs and our bed. I spoke to her yesterday."

POBORINO, the smith; his crippled son; Yanansk, the baker; Donkov, the tailor, and a score of others were out upon the village street on the morning that Big Ivan and Anna set out. They were inclined to jeer at Ivan, but something upon the face of the giant made them afraid. Hand in hand the big man and his wife walked down the street, their faces turned toward Bobruisk, Ivan balancing upon his head a heavy trunk that no other man in the village could have lifted.

At the end of the street a stripling with bright eyes and yellow curls clutched the hand of Ivan and looked into his face.

"I know what is sending you," he cried.

"Ay, *you* know," said Ivan, looking into the eyes of the other.

"It came to me yesterday," murmured the stripling. "I got it from the breezes. They are free, so are the birds and the little clouds and the river. I wish I could go."

"Keep your dream," said Ivan softly. "Nurse it, for it is the dream of a man."

Anna, who was crying softly, touched the blouse of the boy. "At the back of our cottage, near the bush that bears the red berries, a pot is buried," she said. "Dig it up and take it home with you and when you have a kopeck drop it in. It is a good pot."

The stripling understood. He stooped and kissed the hand of Anna, and Big Ivan patted him upon the back. They were brother dreamers and they understood each other.

Boris Lugan has sung the song of the versts that eat up one's courage as well as the leather of one's shoes.

"Versts! Versts! Scores and scores of them!
Versts! Versts! A million or more of them!
Dust! Dust! And the devils who play in it
Blinding us fools who forever must stay in it."

Big Ivan and Anna faced the long versts to Bobruisk, but they were not afraid of the dust devils. They had the Dream. It made their hearts light and took the weary feeling from their feet. They were on their way. America was a long, long journey, but they had started, and every verst they covered lessened the number that lay between them and the Promised Land.

"I am glad the boy spoke to us," said Anna.

"And I am glad," said Ivan. "Some day he will come and eat with us in America."

They came to Bobruisk. Holding hands, they walked into it late one afternoon. They were eighty-nine versts from the little village on the Beresina, but they were not afraid. The Dream spoke to Ivan, and his big hand held the hand of Anna. The railway ran through Bobruisk, and that evening they stood and looked at the shining rails that went out in the moonlight like silver tongs reaching out for a low-hanging star.

And they came face to face with the Terror that evening, the Terror that had helped the spring breezes and the sunshine to plant the Dream in the brain of Big Ivan.

They were walking down a dark side street when they saw a score of men and women creep from the door of a squat, unpainted building. The little group remained on the sidewalk for a minute as if uncertain about the way they should go, then from the corner of the street came a cry of "Police!" and the twenty pedestrians ran in different directions.

IT was no false alarm. Mounted police charged down the dark thoroughfare swinging their swords as they rode at the scurrying men and women who raced for shelter. Big Ivan dragged Anna into a doorway, and toward their hiding place ran a young boy who, like themselves, had no connection with the group and who merely desired to get out of harm's way till the storm was over.

The boy was not quick enough to escape the charge. A trooper pursued him, overtook him before he reached the sidewalk, and knocked him down with a quick stroke given with the flat of his blade. His horse struck the boy with one of his hoofs as the lad stumbled on his face.

Big Ivan growled like an angry bear, and sprang from his hiding place. The trooper's horse had carried him on to the sidewalk, and Ivan seized the bridle and flung the animal on its haunches. The policeman leaned forward to strike at the giant, but Ivan of the Bridge gripped the left leg of the horseman and tore him from his saddle.

The horse galloped off, leaving its rider lying beside the moaning boy who was unlucky enough to be in a street where a score of students were holding a meeting.

Anna dragged Ivan back into the passageway. More police were charging down the street, and their position was a dangerous one.

"Ivan!" she cried, "Ivan! Remember the Dream! America, Ivan! *America!* Come this way! *Quick!*"

With strong hands she dragged him down the passage. It opened into a narrow lane, and, holding



The battering-ram fist shot out; the steward dropped upon the deck and lay like one dead

each other's hands, they hurried toward the place where they had taken lodgings. From far off came screams and hoarse orders, curses and the sound of galloping hoofs. The Terror was abroad.

Big Ivan spoke softly as he entered the little room they had taken. "He had a face like the boy to whom you gave the lucky pot," he said. "Did you notice it in the moonlight when the trooper struck him down?"

"Yes," she answered. "I saw."

They left Bobruisk next morning. They rode away on a great puffing, snorting train that terrified Anna. The engineer turned a stopcock as they were passing the engine, and Anna screamed while Ivan nearly dropped the big trunk. The engineer grinned, but the giant looked up at him and the grin faded. Ivan of the Bridge was startled by the rush of hot steam, but he was afraid of no man.

The train went roaring by little villages and great pasture stretches. The real journey had begun. They began to love the powerful engine. It was eating up the versts at a tremendous rate. They looked at each other from time to time and smiled like two children.

They came to Minsk, the biggest town they had ever seen. They looked out from the car windows at the miles of wooden buildings, at the big church of St. Catherine, and the woolen mills. Minsk would have frightened them if they hadn't had the Dream. The farther they went from the little village on the Beresina the more courage the Dream gave to them.

On and on went the train, the wheels singing the song of the road. Fellow travelers asked them where they were going. "To America," Ivan would answer.

"To America?" they would cry. "May the little saints guide you. It is a long way, and you will be lonely."

"No, we shall not be lonely," Ivan would say.

"Ha! you are going with friends?"

"No, we have no friends, but we have something that keeps us from being lonely." And when Ivan would make that reply Anna would pat his hand and the questioner would wonder if it was a charm or a holy relic that the bright-eyed couple possessed.

THEY ran through Vilna, on through flat stretches of Courland to Libau, where they saw the sea. They sat and stared at it for a whole day, talking little but watching it with wide, wondering eyes. And they stared at the great ships that came rocking in from distant ports, their sides gray with the salt from the big combers which they had battled with.

No wonder this America of ours is big. We draw the brave ones from the old lands, the brave ones whose dreams are like the guiding sign that was given to the Israelites of old—a pillar of a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night.

The harbor master spoke to Ivan and Anna as they watched the restless waters.

"Where are you going, children?"

"To America," answered Ivan.

"A long way. Three ships bound for America went down last month."

"Ours will not sink," said Ivan.

"Why?"

"Because I know it will not."

The harbor master looked at the strange blue eyes of the giant, and spoke softly. "You have the eyes of a man who sees things," he said. "There was a Norwegian sailor in the *White Queen* who had eyes like yours, and he could see death."

"I see life!" said Ivan boldly. "A free life—"

"Hush!" said the harbor master. "Do not speak so loud." He walked swiftly away, but he dropped a ruble into Anna's hand as he passed her by. "For luck," he murmured. "May the little saints look after you on the big waters."

They boarded the ship, and the Dream gave them a courage that surprised them. There were others going aboard, and Ivan and Anna felt that those others were also persons who possessed dreams. She saw the dreams in their eyes. There were Slavs, Poles, Letts, Jews, and Livonians, all bound for the land where dreams come true. They were a little afraid—not 2 per cent of them had ever seen a ship before—yet their dreams gave them courage.

The emigrant ship was dragged from her pier by a grunting tug and went floundering down the Baltic Sea. Night came down, and the devils who, according to the Esthonian fishermen, live in the bottom of the Baltic, got their shoulders under the stern of the ship and tried to stand her on her head. They whipped up white combers that sprang on her flanks and tried to crush her, and the wind played a devil's lament in her rigging. Anna lay sick in the stuffy women's quarters, and Ivan could not get near her. But he sent her messages. He told her not to mind the sea devils, to think of the Dream, the Great Dream that

(*Continued on page* 37)

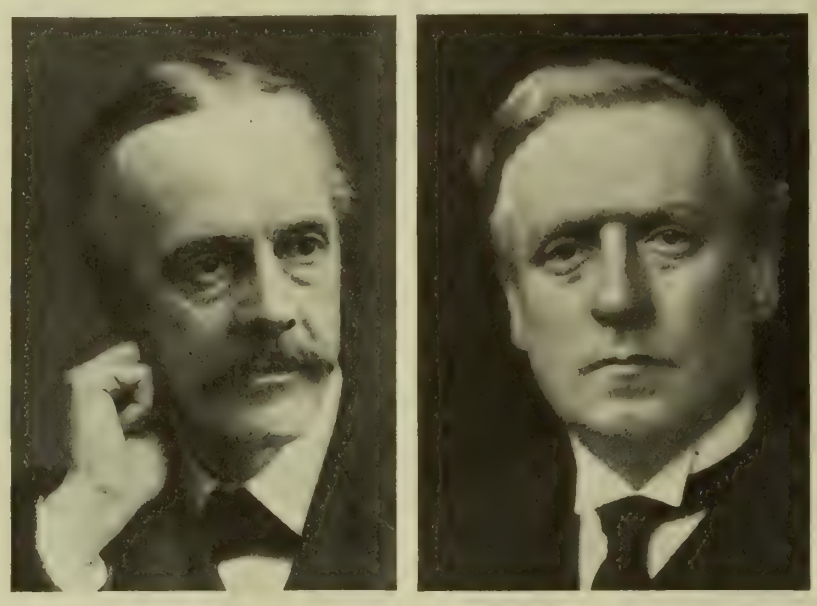
ENGLAND'S HOPE

OLIGARCHY VS. DEMOCRACY—BY FRANK HARRIS

IN LONDON confusion is worse confounded; a deservedly unpopular budget that takes 40 per cent of the income, even of the middle class; the nation split into two camps over conscription; defeat in the field and half-heartedness on the part of the weaker allies, and all these difficulties illustrated by the resignation of Sir Edward Carson.

True prophets are the worst bores: "I told you so" is a fearsome wild bird. It is nearly a year now since I predicted England's failure and set forth in the New York "Sun" some of the causes of her weakness. "The rule of her parasitical oligarchy," I said, "would bring her to grief." Well, the grief is there, obvious to all; but England has still more than one chance of redeeming herself. Let me indicate some of the ways.

First of all, Carson's resignation is unimportant. Ever since he headed the revolt of Ulster he has been suffering from swelled head. He was then hailed as the "one strong man" in the country, and the flattering unction was too much for him.



A. J. Balfour *and* H. H. Asquith — *the "Elder Statesmen" of Britain's Coalition Cabinet. Frank Harris considers Balfour and Asquith excellent Greek scholars*

Friction within the Cabinet is not what is of primary importance in this crisis. It is plain to everyone that the Coalition Ministry is not up to the work required of it. Whether united or disunited, whether composed of twenty members or of ten, it is ineffective as an instrument, as any thoughtful observer might have foreseen.

Mr. Balfour is a man of most charming manners, extremely well versed in philosophy, just as Mr. Asquith is a most admirable Greek scholar, who can read Plato even after a good dinner with as much ease as most men can read a French novel. But something more is required in this crisis than tags of medieval learning and academic accomplishment.

The Oligarchy and its upholders have been tried and found wanting; they are unable even to choose a man who can cope with the situation. As a matter of fact, they don't even know the sort of man or talent required. If asked, Balfour or Asquith would probably declare that a general of genius and an admiral of genius were wanted; but he would add with academic solemnity: "Genius of that sort is sporadic, accidental, and we don't appear at present to possess a Wellington or a Nelson."

The truth is, it is impossible to pick a Wellington or a Nelson if you don't know him when you see him, and that is the disability under which the Coalition Ministry is laboring. There are probably half a dozen Nelsons in the British navy at this moment aching for a chance to distinguish themselves; almost certainly half a dozen Wellingtons in subordinate positions in the army; but the censorship invented by Kitchener is there to protect the mediocrities now directing military operations and prevent the climbing to power of a chance Moreau or Napoleon. The work at sea is infinitely better done than the work on land. Lord Fisher, better known as "Jacky Fisher," if not a man of genius, is earnest, capable and hard-working, and absolutely free of any taint of snobbishness. He is responsible for the recent policy of the British navy, for the dreadnoughts and, better still, the dreadnought battle cruisers. Had he been the man of genius his admirers proclaim him, he would have developed submarines; but he set his face against them from the start, pinning his faith to heavy gunfire from as stable a platform as possible. He was always pointing to the Russo-Japanese War as proof that torpedoes and all such rattletraps were vastly overrated; a first-class officer without intuitive genius or suspicion of self-questioning, but certainly superior in experience and in initiative to his rival, Von Tirpitz, who has been content to imitate Jacky instead of striking out a line for himself. With Fisher as the real director of naval affairs, England is excellently well served and may leave the issue to him so far as the sea is concerned. The problem is how to discover a Chatham if possible, or a Carnot who can "organize victory" on land, or, if such a leader of genius is not to be found, then at least some one able to pick a great captain. Is there a Chatham among English politicians at present?

Has England a Savior?

THERE are two men, and only two, in the Cabinet who possibly may have the talent, for they are manifestly not the usual Cabinet Ministers selected as spokesmen by the Oligarchy to defend its interests; the one David Lloyd-George, the other Bonar Law. In these last five years Lloyd-George has hurt himself in many ways; his "blazing indiscretion" in gambling in Marconi shares while Chancellor of the Exchequer weakened him terribly in repute, and though as Minister of Munitions he has done all that was hoped of him, he has not shown in word or deed any power of initiating a new war policy. Bonar Law, though a man of business, is even less effective; he has been content to approve of nearly every single decision of the Cabinet without criticism or remark. Besides, and this is vital, neither Lloyd-George nor Bonar Law knows German or has any idea of the modern German state. Neither of these men, then, can be hailed as a possible "savior"; consequently there is nothing to be hoped for in the Cabinet.

Immediately outside the Cabinet, Lord Northcliffe has recently made himself conspicuous by pungent criticism of the Coalition Ministry in the "Times" and "Daily Mail." He is said to pin his faith on Lloyd-George and the three C.'s, as they are called—Carson, Curzon, and Churchill; but to have faith in this triumvirate would imply credulity. Lord Northcliffe is an extraordinarily successful business man, with widespread influence through his journals, but lacking in impact on the judicious. He has never employed a man of genius on any of his papers; his editorial articles and personal statements are often ill-conceived and worse than carelessly written; moreover, like Lloyd-George and Bonar Law, he knows neither German nor Germany, and, most important of all with the Puritan middle classes, he is reported to have changed his free-trade opinions in order to get a peerage from Balfour. Lord Northcliffe and the conspirators may be left out of our reckoning, though it would be unfair to forget that he has done more to awaken England to some perception of her true position than any other man. His recent attack on the censorship is more important than he imagines, or he would have begun it in August, 1914.

But if not in or about the Cabinet, still in the country there are certainly able men to be found, and the first thing to settle is just what sort of man is wanted.

Napoleon said: "An army marches on its stomach," and it fights on its stomach as well. The lesson of this war is plain: a business man is wanted and a distinctive business faculty. A clever man can keep a shop and make a fortune in it by his own charm and ability, but when the business grows enormously, organizing talent is needed more than anything. Small armies can always be vivified and rendered irresistible by one man of talent such as Cromwell or Washington or Wolfe; but when millions of men have to be turned into soldiers and wielded as an instrument, organizing business talent is imperatively

needed, and this consists primarily in choosing able business men as subordinates or departmental heads. It has been said that Napoleon's Marshals had all to be men of genius, and there is a good deal of truth in that remark.

The mere statement makes it clear why a Balfour is no more fitted for this task than a society queen; he knows nothing of business and he was notorious as leader of the House of Commons, not for encouraging genius in his subordinates, but for suppressing it. He made the gentlemanly mediocrities like the Lyttletons his lieutenants, and would not tolerate men of genius such as Lord Hugh Cecil.

War has become a business and a very complicated business, and the type of man wanted at the head of affairs in England now is a Harriman or, in default of him, a Gordon Selfridge or a Wanamaker, and not an academic phrase maker. How do the Selfridges choose their heads of departments? They pick those they think good and judge them by results. Selfridge or Wanamaker is not a man of genius; he is not able to pick his lieutenants as Cromwell, by intuitive perception, picked the cavalry colonel, Blake, and turned him into an admiral to England's glory.

The Selfridges try their men and advance those who "make good." In the last year there has been unexampled opportunity for just this sifting and promoting in the British lines in France: innumerable little actions going on all the while when this likely man and that could have been tested. But nothing of this sort has been done. French is still in supreme command, though he has failed again and again most egregiously; French now praises the same subordinates in his dispatches whom he praised a year ago. Thanks to Kitchener's censorship, there is no impartial criticism, no sifting or selecting possible.

The first thing to be done, as I pointed out a year ago, is to abolish the censorship altogether. You would forthwith have fifty capable war correspondents with the British force, men who would go about with their eyes open and ears open, too, among the younger officers. Forthwith you would hear why French and his pet subordinates have failed. This correspondent would propose a certain colonel as commander in chief; the other a daredevil captain; the third would pin his faith on some quiet major who as a critic always turned out to be a true prophet. One after the other would be tried, but the man for the job would be found, and found within three months. Then things would begin to hum. In our Civil War we got rid of McClellan and twenty others before Grant was discovered.

Once discovered, the born captain would pick able men as lieutenants, and as soon as they were in their places and the army fully equipped with all necessaries the attack would begin. Fancy holding up forty miles of battles with nearly a million men or more for six months and not gaining a foot! Why, at that rate the Germans would have to have twelve millions of men in France, and they have never had more than two millions. Or, put it in another way, French's army outnumbers the German army opposed to him by six to one, and yet he has been unable to whip the inferior force in six months or even gain an appreciable advantage.

It is all due to the censorship: the trick mediocrity invented in order to keep its job while doing nothing or doing everything badly. The foolish latter-day belief of the British, that ignorance is better than knowledge and comforting lies better than the unpleasant truth! Yet nothing is surer than that till they can face the truth they needn't try to face their enemies.







"King" Carson *of Ulster*, Winston Churchill (*ex-First Lord of the Admiralty*), *and* Lord Curzon *of Kedleston — the three noble C's upon whom Lord Northcliffe pins his hopes for England's happier future*

Is an Article Worth a Victory?

BUT some apologist of the present deadlock may object that one or other of these irresponsible war correspondents might give away news in his paper which would be cabled to the Germans and put them on their guard. This is said to have occurred once in the war of 1870; but, apart from the fact that such an incident is a cheap price to pay for truth and fearless criticism, nothing of the sort need be feared to-day. The telegraphs and cables are in British hands, and all the Chief of Staff would have to do would be to drop a hint to the war correspondents and nothing that could possibly forestall or give away military operations would ever be published.

I do not say that even with good generals and good subordinates it would be possible for the British to beat the Germans; but at least, then, they would make a great fight for it and not be content to remain in a position of hopeless inactivity, unable to do anything but boast periodically and brag of what is about to be done.

To beat the Germans drastic measures are demanded, and it is hardly possible to say that any measures taken now would be effective.

The secret of Germany's success, according to the thoughtless, is her preparedness, just as if the power of preparing were not also a mental and moral quality. The English prepared as well as they could and spent 50 per cent more per head on their army and navy than the Germans did; their navy, thanks chiefly to Fisher, has fairly justified the money spent upon it; the army has not.

Germany is invincible because, with the exception of France, she is the healthiest state in the world, and out of all comparison, save perhaps with the United States, the most vigorous. She owes her power mainly to two facts; she has practically done away with undeserved or preventible poverty, and the consequence is the poorest feel that they, too, have a stake in the country and are eager to fight for their privileges as Germans. The second cause of Germany's power is even more important. By the law which allows everyone who has passed the examination necessary to enter a university to serve for only one year in the army as a gentleman volunteer instead of two years or more as a common soldier, Germany has enormously developed her mental resources; she has now nearly one hundred thousand university students, the average of whom are on the level of the men at Oxford and at Cambridge who win first honors; that is, in one generation Germany has nearly a million men up to the level in knowledge of the best five thousand men in Great Britain or the United States.

There you have the secret of Germany's unexampled growth in industry and in wealth in the last twenty years. Germany is the only country in Europe which can boast that for every German who leaves it ten or twenty foreigners flock into it. When Bismarck, under the influence of Lassalle, inaugurated his social legislation, he believed that the assistance given to the needy would keep Germany poor; but, thanks to Von Humboldt and his German system of education, Germany was able in 1913 to spend over $250,000,000 in social service and yet grow in wealth and power as no state has ever grown with the exception of the United States, and Germany is by nature a poor country and hardly larger than France. The enormous growth in wealth and power and well-being has keyed up the pride and patriotism of Germans to unparalleled intensity; they have not run away from the great problems of life: they have faced and solved them; they have abolished starvation and want and squalor while developing to the utmost every ounce of brains in the country, and, having chosen the better part, nearly all the rest has been added unto them.

"Nearly" but not quite all. The judicial murder of Miss Cavell, or, if you will, the just execution of a misguided but self-sacrificing woman, like the blowing up of the *Lusitania*, shows the greatest weakness in the German character. Goethe saw the shortcoming clearly in the English; "their weakness," he said, "is pedantry," but it is still truer of the Germans; they are terrible pedants. General von Bissing, the Military Governor of Belgium, refused clemency to Miss Cavell, his "mature" judgment finding the death sentence "just." Poor pedantic Von Bissing, who never understood Hamlet's confession, that if we all got our deserts none of us would escape whipping!

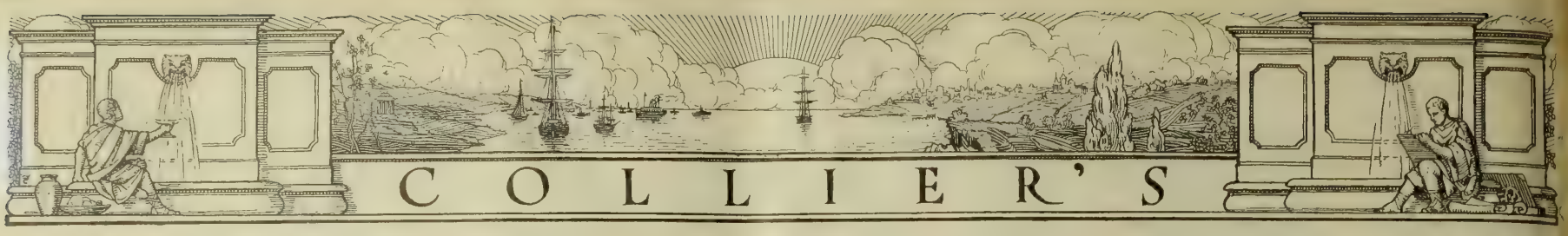
But this is a digression; the question is: Can the Allies, or, rather, can England, retrieve her position? Will Irwin believes that Britain will muddle through to success. "She muddles wonderfully," he says; "moreover, the western Allies, though they trump one another's aces now and then, still hold most of the trumps." I do not agree with this, and my reasons for disagreeing can be stated very briefly. (*Continued on page* 35)



Kitchener *of Khartoum — once called "Organizer of Victory." Frank Harris discusses him here as Organizer of the British Censorship*



"Jacky" Fisher — *who rules Britain's fleet. Probably Lord Fisher comes nearer to possessing real genius than any other of Britain's statesmen*



Republican Presidential Timber

LESS THAN EIGHT MONTHS from now the candidates for the next Presidency of the United States will have been nominated. Less than four months from now the primaries which will determine the candidate will have begun and some of the delegates will have been elected. At the present moment it is possible to say that the most aggressive candidacy for the Republican nomination is that of Senator JOHN W. WEEKS of Massachusetts. Ex-Senator ROOT is not really available. Justice HUGHES is, as always, the Republicans' one best chance, but his disinclination to permit the use of his name has not been diminished. In the judgment of the closest and most careful observers he is likely to remain firm in refusing to permit the use of his name in the race. Senator BURTON of Ohio is the third conservative who shows strength and commands a good deal of public confidence. Among the more progressive possibilities of the Republican party, CUMMINS and BORAH are the only persons who have enough following to be considered. With the layout as it stands here, is the Republican party likely to make much of a showing in the next national election?

Root

THE DEFEAT of the new constitution in New York is largely a personal defeat for ex-Senator ROOT. The document was identified with Mr. ROOT more than with any other one man. We believe that his work in framing it was thoroughly conscientious and very creditable. But the public refused to see the new ROOT, the ROOT of the last sixteen years of public service. They persisted in seeing the old ROOT who guided corporations through doubtful practices. It is a pathetic thing and, on the whole, to be regretted. ROOT is a very able man, and his ability now and for some time has been wholly at the service of the public. But, even regardless of the defeat of the constitution that was identified with him, ROOT was never really available. No man can make any kind of showing against WILSON, and no man probably will get the Republican nomination, except one who can command at least a fair number of Progressive votes. ROOT is conspicuously a man who cannot do this. The Progressives may forgive a great deal, but they can hardly forgive the man who was chairman of the 1912 Republican Convention and who must have acted in concert with BARNES and PENROSE in doing what was done there.

A Possibility

SO FAR AS WE KNOW, the name of General LEONARD WOOD of the United States army has never been discussed in connection with the Presidency. In mentioning it now we are ready to go so far as to say that in our present situation General WOOD deserves a good deal more serious consideration than several of the favorite sons who are going to turn up at the Republican convention with fifty or a hundred delegates.

A Negative Election

ON NOVEMBER 2, 1915, voters of Eastern States were against things. In New York State they torpedoed the new constitution, and Tammany came riding into something like power in the city election. This time there was no effective fusion against Tammany. In Philadelphia the old Triple Alliance of gangster, saloon keeper, and municipal contractor came back, electing as Mayor a nonentity named SMITH. This was after Philadelphia had for four years a sample of government by an honest man who knows his mind—good old RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG. In Massachusetts Governor WALSH, in spite of a good record and much independent support, was defeated by SAMUEL W. MCCALL—a tried representative of sound Republicanism, supported by Massachusetts Progressives. Governor WALSH polled a large vote, but papers like the New York "Sun" construe WALSH'S retirement as a rebuke of WILSON. The temptation to do that is a strong one, no doubt, for Mr. MCCALL is against a good many things, including the Wilson Administration, and it was upon his platform of opposition that he defeated WALSH for Governor. From New York City WILLIAM S. BENNET is returned to Congress (after something of a vacation), and BENNET, too, is an excellent and tried man, elected on a platform of high tariff. For comfort the Administration turns to Maryland and Kentucky, where Democratic Governors were elected, though by reduced majorities. The part organized German opposition to WILSON played in all this could easily be exaggerated. The Republican party in New York elected three Congressmen and will control the State Legislature, but the one constructive part of the Republican program, the State constitution, was buried under a negative majority of 421,000. The outstanding fact of the November election in the East was the refusal of three States to extend the suffrage to women. This followed after only two weeks the like refusal of New Jersey.

East and West

YET NO REALLY WORTHY FIGHT is ever wasted. That is the comfort of the women who worked so bravely and so unremittingly—and who came within a quarter of the necessary votes. And the most definite progress is not always the most conspicuous. CLOUGH has said it:

> For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
> Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
> Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

The future of women is not determined by New York or Massachusetts or Pennsylvania or New Jersey—the great Atlantic conservatives. These States are but a small part of this country:

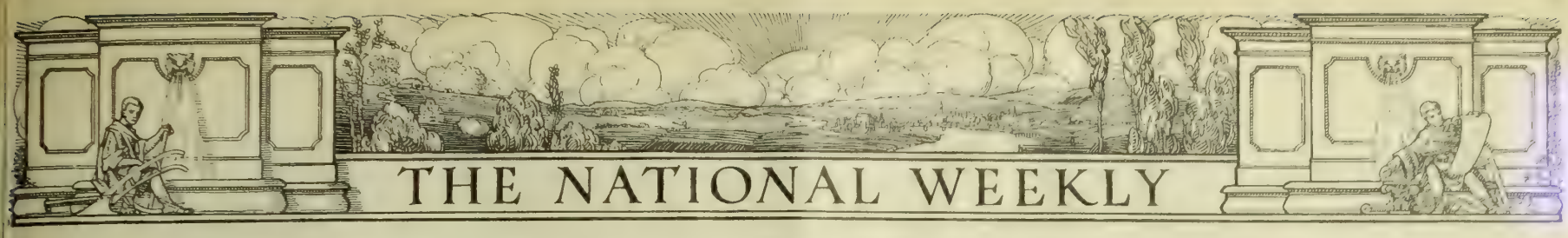
> And not by eastern windows only,
> When daylight comes, comes in the light;
> In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
> But westward, look, the land is bright!

The Death of Edith Cavell

WHEN THE GOVERNMENT of a great nation incurs the moral condemnation of mankind it is essential that the facts involved be clearly understood. EDITH CAVELL had been over twenty years in Brussels as the head of a hospital there. She was not in the pay of any government, she was not conspiring or spying against any government. Her sympathies led her to shelter certain Belgians and Englishmen and to help them escape from Belgium. For this she was secretly tried and hastily shot by the German authorities under SAUBERZWEIG, BISSING, and LANCKEN. When American newspapers such as the San Francisco "Chronicle" and "The State" of Columbia, S. C., speak of Miss CAVELL as a "spy" they are utterly mistaken, and to parallel the Cavell murder one must go back to ALICE LISLE, beheaded by order of JAMES II on September 2, 1685, for harboring two refugees from MONMOUTH'S defeated army. (Mrs. SURRATT was hanged in Washington because she had given shelter to and had known of the conspiracy which resulted in killing LINCOLN, yet RHODES and other historians unite in deploring her execution.) The French in the last year have executed two or more women, confessed spies and paid for their spying, but EDITH CAVELL had no part in any murderous conspiracy. German newspapers may heap contempt on "English cant" and revile BRAND WHITLOCK, but they will be explaining EDITH CAVELL'S death just as long as they have to uphold the present system of German Government. As a great French writer, LAMARTINE, has said: "The murderer has but one hour; the victim has eternity."

Government by Journalist

FRANK HARRIS, writing in this number of COLLIER'S, is a free-lance of letters who dares to tilt against universally accepted judgments and who apparently believes that the pen is mightier than the sword, even as a weapon of national defense. Perhaps he is right, and anyway his journalistic idealism is refreshing at a time when the lines of censorship have been drawn so sharply by all the combatant countries. Mr. HARRIS is the sworn foe of oligarchy, particularly of brainless oligarchy. "German efficiency," as he points out in his article in this week's COLLIER'S on "England's Hope," "is seen at its best in industry and commerce, and at its worst in the army and navy where it, like the English, is handicapped by the false values of a hereditary aristocracy and a hereditary kingship." In that he agrees with BERNARD SHAW, who said the other day: "Let your romanticists and rhetoricians make your speeches, but let your realists, however unpopular and disagreeable, conduct your wars." Mr. HARRIS has left England because of his disappointment in the failure of England to set her house in order thus far. But he loves those who govern Germany no better than those who govern England. The only merit of Germany in his eyes is that she has almost succeeded in doing away entirely with preventable poverty, whereas England has thus far failed in that respect. Let England reapportion the land and refresh its population, and her own chance at national efficiency is, if anything, better than that of Germany.



Promote Congressman Frear

THE OPPONENTS OF PORK in Congress scored heavily in the last two sessions. They cut the rations of the pork lovers by $42,000,000, and when the shindies were over Senator KENYON of Iowa, a leading opponent of the two river and harbor bills in the Upper House, wrote this to Congressman JAMES A. FREAR of Wisconsin:

> I cannot refrain from giving credit where credit is due. You are the man who started the whole fight; you are the man who is entitled to the credit.

FREAR did start that fight, and he was as busy at the finish as he was at the beginning. He won the right to be recognized as leader of the antibacon forces in the Lower House, and although Speaker CLARK and Minority Leader MANN may not agree with him in all he does, they should put him on the Rivers and Harbors Committee. The rapidly growing opposition to the old log-rolling method of spending the people's money on waterways is entitled to representation in the committee when this year's river bill is framed, and it is obvious to everybody that FREAR is the man for the place.

Snakes in the Grass

THE UNITED STATES Department of Agriculture spreads the glad news that more than fifty legal actions have been successfully terminated under the Sherley amendment to the Food and Drugs Act, which prohibits false and fraudulent claims as to the effects of drugs or medicines. In twenty-five cases criminal prosecutions were brought against the manufacturers; in the rest the mislabeled medicines were seized in interstate commerce. We should like nothing better than to itemize all the preposterously false claims made for these fakes. One instance serves. Under the engaging name of "Family Physician" the Houchens Medicine Company of Baltimore have been supplying folks with a "remedy" for diphtheria, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, smallpox, bronchitis, neuralgia, croup, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Here were some of the alluring claims:

> The Public is hereby assured that this is the Genuine and Original Family Physician. . . . For fever you need not give anything else but this Medicine; it will keep the rash out itself. . . . For cases of smallpox take plenty and often. Use freely. Give no hot teas; just give the medicine, and what pimples are under the skin will come out; the rest will be carried off by the medicine. . . . Also a wonderful and positive cure for dyspepsia; keeps measles out nicely, regulates the bowels without trouble, and, by purifying the blood, prevents your liability to disease.

Such phrases as "Keeps measles out nicely" show the lay of the land. Also, since when have sirups been good for dyspepsia? Here is what a real family physician called lately in our hearing "a ghastly fraud." "Family Physician" is—or was—a sirup containing anise, a vegetable cathartic, 19.2 per cent nonvolatile matter, and 8.9 per cent alcohol. A fine cure for virulent and contagious diseases! Small wonder the Houchens Medicine Company pleaded guilty to the charge that the "Family Physician" was falsely labeled. Yet "Family Physician" is by no means the worst patent-medicine fraud.

Still Possible

BECAUSE a man walks along the street without his overcoat it does not necessarily follow that you are right in assuming that he has put it in hock. There are those who can walk fast enough to keep warm these glorious autumn days even if the United States did turn out 703,527 motor cars last year.

Beyond the Horizon

NO ONE ever completely outgrows the tendency of the little child to think that the *real* world is the place where he lives and that all the rest, beyond the distant sky line, is only a sort of fairy tale. How strong this feeling is may be illustrated by the words of an American who happened to be living in Mexico:

> Do you ever have a feeling of skepticism as to the continued existence of places you are no longer in? I can shut my eyes and see Boston and New York and Paris, for instance, as they are in their characteristic ways at almost any hour of the day or night. I know just how the people in certain quarters are conducting themselves, where they are going next, and what they will say and do when they arrive. But I don't altogether believe in it. It doesn't seem possible somehow that they are going on and on when I am not there to see.

All of us have felt something like the same sensation. A horizon line is something no living being can ever cross—in the flesh. It is always there, encircling him. But one may escape it in spirit. And that is why we aren't all of us provincials of town or country.

Romance Is Not Yet Dead

BARRIE'S LEONORA was "one of those round whom legends grow even in their lifetime." Private JOHNNIE POE of the British army, slain in battle in northern France, was another such. The papers said he was forty, but we never can picture him as more than twenty-five. Figures must lie when they make out that JOHNNIE last played in Princeton's back field nearly twenty years ago. JOHNNIE POE, as a hero should, *shed* his years, just as polished marble sheds the rain, and wasn't a day older when he took the King's shilling than back in '98 when he marched away under the Stars and Stripes to help drive the Spaniards out of Cuba. We haven't heard yet what he did in Flanders on the western front; will it be worth comparing with his exploit in Amalpa Harbor, where, as a captain in the army of Honduras, he opened fire on a Nicaraguan gunboat and bluffed it out of the harbor? Or with the time he was marooned in an open boat "to perish on the broad Atlantic"? That time a warship sighted the nearly exhausted soldier of fortune, and the captain called to him: "We can't bother with your baggage." There was a splash—a tiny one; then POE was hoisted on board. "What did you throw over?" the captain asked. "My baggage," said JOHNNIE; "I only had a toothbrush." Legend, perhaps, but characteristic. In an earlier generation POE would have been a frontiersman, with a long rifle and a coon cap, like DANIEL BOONE in the school histories and the unpictured forefathers of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Born too late for that, POE made new frontiers of his own, being a true musketeer, a D'ARTAGNAN, but unboastful. According to THOREAU, "the mass of men live lives of quiet desperation." JOHNNIE POE'S life was something not so drab.

Childlessness

DEAN ALICE VINTON WAITE, professor of English at Wellesley College, admits the truth of recent statements that college girls marry late in life and bear few children. So, at least, we read some time ago in a dispatch to a Philadelphia newspaper, that continues:

> The girl of to-day is not marrying young because she can support herself, and in many cases make a better living than a husband could provide. *The average woman of to-day averages one child.* It is better to raise one healthy child and give it proper training and attention than to raise four and be obliged to neglect all.

If our ancestors had lived down to this high-sounding principle, how many of us would be here to recommend lowering the birth rate? Presumably it will be the less tenderly nurtured children of women below Dean WAITE'S "average" average who will inherit our America. In the meantime, can any of our readers think of any good excuse for a woman in Dean WAITE'S position preaching sterility?

Breadth

IT WAS OUR PLEASURE to spend part of an evening not long ago with the minister of a country parish. (It would be more accurate to say, of a suburban parish—but, after all, it is as easy to become narrow-minded in the smug suburbs as in the real country.) This clergyman friend of ours might pardonably have grown to be content with all the local interests that fill the minds and days of his parishioners—for his is a busy life. Yet during that portion of the evening while we were with him he talked with understanding of the causes which underlie Greek art, of the ways in which simplicity makes for greatness, of the part played by emotion and intellect in great literature, and of that exotic dilettante, LAFCADIO HEARN. He also spoke of the relation of emotion and intellect to musical composition, using WAGNER and BEETHOVEN as his illustrations. He explained why he did not care for BRAHMS, and told us something of the tragic life of our American composer, MACDOWELL. He touched on the fact that "Hamlet," the theme and the man, is not merely a heritage from SHAKESPEARE, but comes down to us from peoples and ages far older than anything Elizabethan. He showed real knowledge of Arabian literature and art. He joined in the talk about the superiority of French prose to English. Last of all he expressed keen regret at the close of the tennis season, for he plays tennis himself. Nor was all this merely the talk of one eager to keep one foot in every topic, but rather the outgiving of one stored richly with interests and enthusiasm. Those who like to say that the Church and its ministers become narrower and narrower with every passing year may well ponder the case of this moral teacher who insists on keeping his work fresh and vital by the very range of his sympathies and contacts.





The Attrition Game in the West

IN THE oval at the left German marines near the Flanders coast are seen firing at Belgians with a big gun brought overland from one of the Kaiser's naval bases; and above is a glimpse of village-dotted hill country between the German and French gun lines a few miles west of the Alsace border, photographed from a German outpost. From one end of the west front to the other the war continues to be what General Joffre once called it—a game of attrition. One side attacks about as often as the other. When a little ground is gained there is an immediate attempt to win it back. The Germans in France are obliged to make frequent counter-attacks to avoid falling back to their next line of trenches. All of which means that the French, British, and Belgians, who outnumber Germany's western forces two to one, can hardly fail to win. It would take 6,000,000 men to wear out the Allies in the west, and Germany's limit for that zone is about 3,000,000.

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A HUMAN GOPHER VILLAGE on the northern rim of Gallipoli Peninsula. Australian soldiers in their dugouts near Gaba Tepe, where the British have failed thus far in their attempt to flank the Turks and relieve the allied forces facing toward Constantinople from the end of the peninsula. Barring Turkish shells and bullets, which have killed or wounded over 100,000 at the Straits since the campaign began, living conditions there are comparatively good. The weather is fair nearly all the time, and there is little sickness from disease

Our First Oil-Burning Dreadnought



Copyright by E. Muller, Jr.

The Nevada the first three-gun-turret, oil-burning superdreadnought to be completed for the American navy, photographed from Manhattan Bridge just after she had passed under Brooklyn Bridge. This new buildog of the sea, which cost $11,000,000, has about the same gun power as England's heaviest class, to which the Queen Elizabeth, of Dardanelles fame, belongs. She carries ten 14-inch and twenty-one 5-inch rifles; the Elizabeth has eight 15-inch and 16 6-inch. In addition the Nevada is equipped with four 3-inch anti-aircraft guns and four tubes for torpedoes that will run 11,000 yards, 3,500 yards farther than most of the torpedoes now in use. The three-gun turret, which is used both fore and aft, enables gunners to fire three shells simultaneously at the same spot, exceeding by far the blasting power of the same number of shells hurled singly and with varying aim. The Nevada burns oil exclusively, which accounts for the single smokestack

JOHNNY AND THE RED DEMON

BY KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR



OF COURSE if you compare the Amish House in Bassorah, Iowa, with some of the swagger dumps in New York, Chicago, or San Francisco, it might suffer by comparison; but then Bassorah isn't New York, nor Chicago, nor yet San Francisco—at the present moment. Bassorah is glad of it, too, if anybody should interrogate you persistently on that point. But in all the essentials and in many of the purely ornamental superfluities the little hotel is right up to date, just as the little town is, and you could certainly rake over all the news stands and cigar counters of the most palatial joints of every one of the overgrown, muddled municipalities mentioned and find nothing hopeful to stack up against Miss Beryl Riggs.

Johnny Mellish, with the Vitrified Resilient Glass people, thus or so in some sort meditated, as he removed his coat and tore the floral wrapper from the miniature cake of soap that was only one instance of the Amish House's up-to-dateness. He was a rather young man, Johnny, and a good-looking young man, of the fresh-complexioned, smooth-and-silky-haired, small-and-slender blond type; he had a frank, engaging manner and a very boyish grin that were not the least handicap in the world when it came to selling goods. He had just arrived and, as he had passed through the lobby, he had noticed, with some relief, that the presiding deity of the periodical and perfecto department was in the dining room eating her dinner. That gave him a chance for a wash and a brush up, which he was conscious of needing. There is some dust along the right of way between Sandersville and Bassorah, and the local sucks into its day coach a large proportion of what it stirs up. Johnny was a neat person at all times, and he had no idea of allowing Miss Beryl Riggs to get any contrary impression, so he extended his toilet to include a change of linen and a new necktie, after which he took a last critical look in the mirror and hurried downstairs without waiting for the elevator.

Miss Riggs saw him from afar, and the welcoming smile that she flashed across the lobby to meet him lost nothing of its potency in the distance that it traveled. Her eyes were black, until you got close to them—a proceeding that involved certain risk—and then you could see that they were a sort of pansy-purple and that the first effect was owing to the long, jetty fringe of her eyelashes. She had a rather large mouth, which was an added attraction, because it made her smile larger. There could hardly have been too much of that girl's smile. Being good-humored, she was not chary of it, but it was as bright and friendly for George Washington Jackson of the shoe-shining stand as for Mortimer Ryswick, the clerk, who was a very gallant figure indeed.

"Well, young stranger," hailed Miss Riggs cheerfully, "how's every little thing?"

JOHNNY didn't like that "young," but he made the best of it and extended his hand in greeting. Miss Riggs looked at it curiously, and then, relenting, said "Oh!" and gave him the upper part of three scrupulously manicured fingers.

"I wondered if you'd remember me, Miss Beryl," said Johnny. "It sure has been ages since I seen you. Am I much changed?"

"N-no," replied Miss Beryl, regarding him carefully. "Not so a person would notice it. You've got all of your hair and most of your teeth. And that reminds me that if you want any dinner you'd better hobble into the dining room before they close it. Don't order any of the prune whip; the pie isn't any worse than usual."

"I appreciate your kindness, but food is something I've no use for at the present moment," Johnny declared. "It ain't been the thoughts of prune whip, nor yet of pie, that's been keeping me awake nights ever since my last trip."

"P'r'aps it was lobster salad you had on your mind," Miss Riggs suggested. "Send us word the next time and we'll have it for you. We aim to please, Mr. Mellish, sir."

"Ting!" said Johnny. "You're a sure shot. One hundred out of a possible ninety-nine."

"Here's the last one out of the dining room," Miss Riggs cautioned.

Johnny looked at the last one out of the dining room and took an instant dislike to him. He was tall and dark, this last one, of riper years than Johnny, but still young. He had rather long hair and waxed points to his mustache, which gave him an interestingly satanic aspect. His bearing was insolently assured, he walked—or sauntered—with a swagger, and he was sauntering toward the cigar counter. What was more, Miss Riggs smiled at him as he approached.

"Hah!" exclaimed the tall man. "Say, it's good to get into the sunshine! Here's where I bask."

"Excuse me, my friend, but all the basking room is occupied just now," Johnny hinted. "Of course, if you want a cigar— Give him a cigar, Miss Beryl, and let him go."

The tall man stared at Johnny with some severity but no effect, and then, suddenly relaxing, spoke blandly. "Is this Mr. Peemiller?" he inquired.

"My name is Mellish," that young man vouchsafed coldly.

"Ah," said the other, with even more suavity. "Starkey is my name—Starkey of St. Louis—Horatio Starkey. I am honored, indeed, Mr. Mellish, and if any apologies are required accept my humblest. I just thought you looked as if your name was Peemiller, a perfectly natural mistake; but if it's Mellish—and I haven't the least doubt of it, I assure you—you are wanted at the phone. I think it's an urgent call. A *very* urgent call. Don't allow us to detain you, Mr. Mellish."

"Go back and tell 'em I'm engaged, me good man," Johnny countered in condescending tones, and just then two more customers came up so that the little passage was concluded for the time being. Johnny made a graceful retreat to the dining room; Mr. Starkey of St. Louis waited until the two customers had bought cigars and then asked for dark, about three-for.

"Who's your fresh friend, Saccharina?" he inquired as he lit one.

"Was you addressing me, Mr. Starkey?" asked the young lady. "If so, it's the wrong address. Look in the directory—under p's and q's."

"Peach . . . Queen," murmured Starkey. "Excuse me. But who is the kid? He interests me strangely."

"He's Vitrified Resilient's star salesman, that kid is," Miss Riggs informed him. "If you don't believe it, ask Mr. Throop, that gentleman with the eyeglasses—McDuff's man. And he's not nearly as fresh as some people. If he was, I wouldn't like him."

"I get you," said Starkey. "I'm extinguished. You're something of a Red Demon Queller yourself, Miss Beryl."

"Riggs," corrected Miss Beryl.

"Riggs it is, but Riggs it won't continue to be, if I have anything to say about it," declared the tall man. "However, all this has nothing to do with you and me going to that show to-night, which is the business before the house. How about it? Will you go?"

SHE nodded at him and smiled. "I will." Then she added: "I'm going with poppa."

"Forget poppa. Or we'll make it a family party and take him along and lose him."

"All right," Miss Riggs assented sweetly. "You go and ask him. You'll find him over at the blacksmith shop. You can't mistake him; he's taller than you and about three times as thick through. Don't mind if he turns you upside down and dips you into the cooling tub. It's only a little way he has. Just take a deep breath and hold it—while you are in the tub, I mean. Don't on any account hold it until he says you may come with us."

She opened the show case and replaced a cigar box with an air of finality. Starkey lingered a few moments, but gave it up.

"Well," said he, "I've got to go now and see some of your city fathers about that Queller contract. But you just think it over."

He went away, and in a temporary lull of busi-



"Here's where I bask."—"Excuse me, my friend, but all the basking room is occupied just now"

ness that followed Miss Riggs occupied herself with a thriller from stock, which was not so absorbing, however, that she failed to notice Johnny Mellish as he left the dining room and went to the sample room for his cases. Johnny, in truth, was sore—just a little sore. Of course it was only his third trip to Bassorah, and he was too innately modest to be oversanguine in a matter concerning a lady like Miss Riggs. Her reception of him had been as cordial as he had a right to expect, and he was hep to the fact that a lady in her position couldn't be too numerous with the gelid glances, even when lippy lads like this Starkey had them coming. But she had smiled on this Starkey! Well, that was all right, too, but— You see that remark about being kept awake by thoughts of her was not altogether a jolly. Even a successful glass salesman is subject to that pleasant insomnia induced by pansy-purple or gray or black or brown eyes, and Johnny had undeniably lost a little sleep o' nights and dreamed a little by day since he had last checked out at the Amish. Consequently Starkey was something of a jolt. Consequently Johnny Mellish was going to attend strictly to business and get this girl stuff out of his head. Consequently he dropped his cases at the desk and sauntered to the news stand, with something of Starkey's nonchalant swagger, and Miss Riggs, apprised of his presence by a low, respectful cough, laid down her thriller and recognized him.

"My kind, please," Johnny requested.

Miss Riggs produced his kind and rang up a dollar. "You did eat that prune whip, after all," she accused. "I can tell by the way you look."

Johnny forced a painful grin and lit a light domestic. "By the way, who's that long-haired freak that ate the unabridged dictionary?" he inquired. "You ought to have wised him to that, Miss Beryl."

"Mr. Starkey? Why, he's traveling agent for the Red Demon Queller—fire extinguisher. The English language certainly has got a fine control of him. I just love to hear him talk. He makes it pay, too. There's one of his machines over by the water cooler. Anybody who can get our Uncle Amish to install six extinguishers at fifty per with his insurance paid up four months in advance is some chatter expert."

JOHNNY frowned and strolled over to the water-cooler corner where, bracketed against the wall, was a bright scarlet cylinder with shoulder clips and a short hose attached. On the front of the apparatus was an enameled plaque representing a calm and correctly dressed person turning the hose on a highly disconcerted scarlet fiend with bat wings, horns, tail, and trident complete. Around the plaque ran the legend: "Red Demon Queller, St. Louis, Mo." Johnny contemplated this with a sort of gloomy curiosity, fingering the shoulder clips and the intake cap tentatively and carefully reading the placarded directions; then he returned to the news stand.

"Fine and dandy," he remarked. "I think I could work it. If he gets off any more of that conversation, I'll try it on him. He seems to be pretty well acquainted with you?"

"Oh, no," replied Miss Riggs lightly. "This is only his third trip in this territory; but he says if he gets his contract with the city he'll make Bassorah a branch agency and take charge of it himself." She gave him a quick, side glance as she said this, and her smile was mischievous, but Johnny missed both glance and smile.

"See here," he blurted. "There's a show here tonight. Would— Do you think that— I'd be tickled to pieces if you would. I know it may seem like making free on short acquaintance, Miss Beryl, but if you'd let me take you—" He was actually blushing as he paused. All his usual self-possession seemed to have deserted him.

"I'm going with poppa," said Miss Riggs. "You might ask him if he'll let you go along. Still, poppa doesn't care much to have me going with gentlemen friends and he's awful quick-tempered. One time he chased a gentleman friend of mine with a hammer. Poppa runs the blacksmith shop at Third and Main. No, I don't think you'd better ask him. You ain't Vitrified Resilient yourself, you know, and he might accidentally break you."

Johnny's face brightened remarkably. "Third and Main," he repeated. "Thank you, Miss Beryl; I sure appreciate this. If you'll excuse me, I'll float over and get the tickets, and then I'll see your father. Great!"

"Come back here," called Miss Riggs. "Johnny—Mr. Mellish."

Johnny was almost at the door, but he heard her and when he came back he had the expression of a young man who had just received a liberal and unexpected raise of salary.

"I was just fooling," the young woman explained, with some earnestness. "Don't you dare go to that blacksmith shop. I— Honest, I'd like to go with you to-night, and I would if I went with anybody; but I've got another engagement. Some other night, maybe."



A crash—and a tinkling of fragments scattering over the counter and floor; a moment's silence—and then Starkey's laugh

"Is that right?" Johnny asked, looking at her gravely and steadily. "Not stalling?"

"Honest!"

"Couldn't ring me in on that other engagement?"

"Couldn't possibly. You don't mind, do you?"

"Why, no—no more than I'd mind losing my job or having a tooth pulled. Well, yes, I mind more than that. Is it some other fellow's night—St—?" He was going to say "Starkey," but his good genius stopped him and he said: "'S tough luck!" And then, humbly: "That's your business, of course, but if you will some other time—why, believe me, I'll be a proud and happy lad."

"I said 'maybe,'" Miss Riggs reminded him, but she looked pleased. "And now you run along and attend to your business, if you've got any," she concluded in a tone kinder than her words.

"I'll do that too," said Johnny joyfully as he started for his cases. "I wish you could come along and watch me."

If Miss Riggs had watched him, she would have seen an energetic and tactful young salesman doing a particularly good afternoon's work, and if she had been at the news stand when he returned he would have had something to report to her. As it was, she departed promptly at five-thirty and he, after supper and an hour's work in the writing room, had the evening on his hands. He might have taken in the show, or he might have joined the bunch at Kelly pool; there were many things that the little town offered in the way of entertainment. But he preferred to sit in the lobby, where he could look at the empty shrine of his goddess and smoke mild domestics. He wanted to commune with himself undisturbed by unsympathetic society and he was, therefore, distinctly annoyed when, quite late in the evening, a chair was dragged up to where he was sitting and the drawling voice of Mr. Starkey broke in on his meditations.

"How goes it, brother?" queried Mr. Starkey. "Pardon my intrusion, but it occurred to me that you might have a superfluous match to spare to my present necessity."

"That's worth three, anyway," said Johnny, with every appearance of pleasure. "Good words, good words!" He handed over the matches and met Starkey's patronizing regard with his most ingenuous grin. "You'll notice, though, that I got your meaning. Oh, I've been to night school, too."

"I inferred that you had the rudiments of an education, Mr. Mellowish," said Starkey, leaning back in his chair and blowing a stream of smoke at the ceiling. "I understand that you are learning to be a salesman," he continued. "Do you think you will like it?"

"I may when I get some real orders," said Johnny. "As it is—" He pulled his order book from his pocket and fluttered the leaves for the other's inspection. "Working like a dog for three mortal solid hours, with hardly a rest, and that's all I've got to show for it."

"It might be worse," Starkey was constrained to admit.

"You've said a large mouthful," Johnny told him. "It might. It might. I guess if that McDuff man got the half of it he'd be in the bar now opening wine. He probably told you that I was learning when you were eating supper together. Well, maybe I am. Did he mention what I did to him in Saundersville? No? Well, he was dead anxious to get to Pinlog's before I did, and I let him. He was buzzing Pinlog when I come in. I'm easy and unconcerned. Time to burn. No buttinski, me. I hoist myself up on the counter to wait patiently until he sells Pinlog about a million dollars' worth, but, just to pass the time, I open one of my cases and begin to toy with a lamp chimney. I throw it up and catch it. Throw it up again and let it slip. It bounces and hits up against the stove, ker-blam! Pinlog looks up and takes notice, but I don't see him; I just bounce that chimney on the floor again a little harder and catch it. Bounce it again and it hits the stove again. 'Hello,' says Pinlog, 'what have you got there?' 'Vitrified Resilient — unbreakable,' says I, 'but I didn't mean to interrupt you. Excuse me.' 'Here, show me,' says he, busting loose from Throop, and, being as he insists, I show him. I show Throop, too."

"You mean to say that your chimney didn't break?" demanded Starkey.

"It couldn't," replied Johnny. "Vitrified Resilient, you know. Oh, I don't take any credit for selling it. Anybody could sell it. You could. Last month in Blessington there was a ball game, and I knew Charlie Sproat, the manager, personally—the Bobolinks—and I went out on the field and talked to Charlie; he fixed it with the manager of the Blessington team, and they put me in the box for one inning. I don't pretend to be no pitcher, and they hit the Vitrified Resilient tumblers I fed 'em every once in a while. Bing! Sounded like a bell, and then, whoo, whoo, whoo—eee, Mister Tumbler would go asailing. They wrote it up in the paper, and when my order from Blessington got in they had to put on a double force at the factory."

THERE crept into Starkey's eyes a gleam of what might have been respect mingled with surprise and stern joy. "Yes," he said languidly, "you're learning. But for the fear of giving offense I might say that you were learning to lie. Still, I may be wronging you."

"You are," said Johnny. "By the way, you're agent for some washing machine, ain't you, Mr. Starkey?"

"If I were, the laundry trust would be tottering on its last legs," Starkey answered serenely. "At the present moment, owing to my activities, the fire-insurance companies are lowering their premiums to a figure that makes their continued existence doubtful. I'm introducing the Red Demon Queller, which is a solution embodying certain chemical elements that are particularly inimical to combustion and which, sprayed on any conflagration, instantly extinguishes it."

"Some dope mixed with water," said Johnny. "I get you. I've known several cases where water has been successfully used in putting out fires."

"I'd engage to take my portable tank of Queller and put out Vesuvius," said Starkey gravely. "I'd have done it before this, just for the advertisement, if the Italian Government would have permitted me, but they want to keep it for a tourist attraction. If you're here next Saturday night, I'm going to give a demonstration. City contract. Or— What's your route out of here?"

"Savona to Farmingvale, to Burroak, to Constantine, to Lockwood, to Emerald, to Buxton and Hope Junction, and then back (*Continued on page* 22)

Overland

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Roadster $

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Four

HERE is another Overland model. A brand new car at a brand new price. Many people prefer a car that is smaller, lighter and more economical to run but with the advantages of the larger and higher priced cars.

Model 75 is a comfortable, family car with virtually all the advantages of the very large cars at a price which is well within your reach.

The price is only $615!

It has a powerful motor; electric starting and lighting system; high tension magneto ignition; 104 inch wheelbase; cantilever springs; four-inch tires; demountable rims; streamline body design.

This season our factory capacity has been increased to 600 cars a day.

This, in itself, explains our ability to give so much car for so little money.

This newest Overland is a beauty.

The body is the latest full streamline design with a one-piece cowl.

It is handsomely finished in solid black with bright nickel and polished aluminum fittings.

Five adults can ride comfortably.

While the car is roomy, it is light in weight, 2160 pounds.

It has demountable rims with one extra.

The tires are four inch all around because we believe in the advantage of large tires.

They insure greater mileage and comfort than can be obtained from the smaller size used on other cars of similar specifications.

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It has high tension magneto ignition. This is the kind used on the most expensive cars.

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The large electric headlights have dimmers.

This car is very easy to handle. It responds quickly. Anyone in the family can drive it.



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75

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NEW YORK, U.S.A.

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The electric switches are conveniently located on the steering column. This is the same arrangement used on the highest priced cars.

It has the easy working Overland clutch which any woman can operate. The pedals are adjustable for reach. The steering wheel is large and turns easily.

The brakes are large and powerful.

The rear springs are the famous cantilever type. These are probably the easiest riding and most shock absorbing springs ever designed. With these springs riding comfort is insured.

The seats are roomy and comfortable for the soft cushions are built over deep coiled springs.

It has a mohair one-man top.

In short, there is everything that makes this car up-to-date and comparable with many cars costing considerably more money.

You will be delighted when you see it. And when you ride in it you'll know instantly that this is your ideal of a modern automobile at your idea of a moderate price.

Other Overland models are—Model 83 five passenger touring car $750; the famous Overland Six seven passenger touring car $1145. All prices being f. o. b. Toledo.

See the Overland dealer in your town.

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Pure streamline body five-passenger touring car
Finished in black with nickel and polished aluminum fittings
Wheelbase, 104 inches
High-tension magneto ignition
20-25 horsepower motor; cylinders cast enbloc
Electric starting and lighting
Headlight dimmers
Electric switches on steering column
31 x 4 inch tires
Non-skids on rear
Left hand drive; center control
Floating type rear axle
Cantilever springs on rear
Built-in, rain-vision, ventilating type windshield
One-man top
Magnetic speedometer
Electric horn
Full sets of tools

Catalogue on request

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"Made in U. S. A."

Grain Bubbles

How They Became the King Foods



User No. 1

The first user was Prof. A. P. Anderson, the inventor of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

For years and years, while he learned how to explode them, he alone knew what was coming.

Finally he shot the grains from guns. He exploded every food cell. Then, for the first time, you had whole grains with every granule made digestible.



User No. 3

Then we supplied Puffed Grains in barrels to countless candy-makers. They used them in place of nuts.

Girls fell in love with Puffed Grain candy, and they started to make it at home. No doubt millions of packages have since been used as confections—in fudge, as garnish for ice cream, and for eating dry like peanuts. They taste like toasted nuts.



User No. 2

Then we started a lunch room in the heart of New York, and thousands of men came to taste them.

Among all the ready-cooked cereals, four men in five selected Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

They came day after day, month after month for them. This became the favorite lunch dish. Then we knew we had the best-liked cereals men had ever tasted.



User No. 4

Then armies of children began to demand them. They ate them with cream and sugar. They floated them in bowls of milk.

Morning, noon and night they called for cereals in puffed form. Now grocers tell us that there's not another cereal known of which users use so much. And mothers say that nothing else brings dishes back so often. These are the king foods now.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN PUFFS 15¢

But it's not bewitching taste alone that wins folks to these foods. These are scientific grain foods—the best-cooked cereals known. By no other process are all the food cells broken.

The more you know about Puffed Grains the more you'll serve your cereals in this way. Try all of them. Each has a different taste.



The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

1069

Johnny and the Red Demon

Continued from page 19

here by the D. & W., taking in Avoca, Soudan City, and Trusk on the way," Johnny informed him.

"I may run across you at Constantine or Trusk," said Starkey. "That's Throop's route too, I believe."

"I believe it is," grinned Johnny. "I'm sorry for Throop."

"'Pride goeth before a fall,'" quoted Starkey. "'Let him not boast that putteth on his armor.' I wouldn't be surprised if Throop slipped one over on you yet. So you're coming back here?"

"That's the intention," said Johnny.

"The place has its attractions," drawled Starkey with his irritating smile. "You agree with me, I'm sure. Yes," he continued musingly, "a man might do worse than settle down in a progressive, growing little place like this; marry and settle down. My people are thinking of opening a branch here. I wouldn't wonder if I became a citizen." He twisted the points of his mustache and smiled again.

"I guess I'll make it my headquarters for the next year," observed Johnny. "It's good territory, and we want to develop it. I think it's worth my while to give exclusive attention to it. Nice little town, too, and nice people."

"Nice people is correct, but it won't do you any good, my boy," said Starkey quite insolently. "Don't mistake affability and a sweetly tolerant spirit for anything of a warmer and more personal nature, Mr. Mellowish, and bear in mind that the final and inevitable portion of the bumptious is a bump—with which few well-chosen words I will bid you a reluctant good night."

"Good night," returned Johnny with an elaborate yawn, "and try not to talk in your sleep."

"I had him there," he murmured as Starkey stepped into the elevator. Nevertheless he had an uneasy feeling that the Red Demon man had had a little the better of him and that those "few well-chosen words" might be more than a bluff.

Perhaps his disquietude might have been increased if he had stopped to listen to voices that proceeded from an open transom in the hall that he traversed on his way to his room. If he could have looked in through that transom he would have seen Starkey dangling his long legs from a seat on a dresser and would have recognized Mr. Throop of the McDuff Glassware in the corpulent person who was in the act of removing his shoes.

"That's his route," Mr. Starkey was saying. "All you've got to do is to govern yourself accordingly, and if you get busy you ought to be able to skin him alive. If there's anything I can do to help the good work along, count on me. A man who would play a trick like that ought to be skinned. But I thought he was lying."

"I wish he had been," grunted the McDuff representative. "That's what he done, though, and I wouldn't put it past him to do it again. Skin him! I'd like to scrape his bones."

"I—don't—know," said Starkey slowly. "It's possible, though, that I may contrive a sort of a scraper for the pup."

Johnny, in the meantime, was getting to bed.

THE first train out of Bassorah for Hope Junction was at 7.03 a. m., and Mr. Throop was on it when it pulled out. The next one left at 9.30, and Miss Riggs arrived for duty at the Amish House at 9 o'clock sharp and found Messrs. Mellish and Starkey waiting to buy cigars. When at 9.15 the bull-voiced porter announced the station bus the two were still at the news stand, and Miss Riggs was evidently enjoying herself. Their departure was simultaneous, and they were obliged to share the young lady's last smiles and the farewell wave of her hand.

At Farmingvale Starkey left the train. Johnny had guilelessly told him that he expected to make his big killing at Hope Junction, in view of which he intended to skip Farmingvale and push ahead of his competitor, merely skimming the cream of the trade on his way to the vital spot. As a matter of fact, the young man's real objective was Soudan City on the D. & W. Whatever he did, he had to make Soudan and sell to Cospatrick there. He had special instructions to that effect, the house regarding the town as the strategic point in the territory and Cospatrick's store as its citadel. Cospatrick had a big trade, and Johnny considered that his chance of a regular week-end at the Amish House hinged on Cospatrick, and by this time he had admitted to himself that without that week-end his life would be thenceforth barren and blighted. There was no disguising the fact: Beryl was the only girl in the world for him. She had been an attraction from the first; progressively she had become a more or less disturbing element, and now, with the added malignant influence of Starkey, she had induced in its most violent form the erotic fever from which some of us happily recover while others only attain a semiconvalescence during the term of their natural lives.

JOHNNY'S revised plan, therefore, was to proceed directly to Hope Junction, skim what cream there might be from it, and leave for Soudan early in the morning. He calculated that the McDuff man would in all probability skip a town or two in order to forestall Vitrified at the Junction—but not more than a town or two. He was so sure of this that as he approached Emerald he decided that it would be a sin not to hop off there and get Sam Wertheimer's order between trains. Sam was a sure thing—provided Throop didn't see him first. Accordingly Johnny hopped off and learned that Sam had gone down the road to Bassorah. The next train on to the Junction was two hours late, and when Johnny got aboard it he discovered that Throop and Starkey were among its passengers.

Obviously there would have to be another change of plan. At first Johnny decided that he would leave Hope Junction for Throop and take the first train out on the D. & W., but as he was telephoning from the hotel to the station a local customer slapped him on the shoulder and almost immediately began to talk glassware. It ended by the customer inviting Johnny to the store in the morning, when he could go over his stock and see just what he wanted.

"I'll go you," said Johnny.

He kept his appointment, but the customer was late, and it happened that after he had arrived and Johnny was in the middle of a selling talk people began to hurry along the sidewalk outside and the customer's attention was distracted. It was evident that something unusual was happening, for Hope Junction had not the habit of hurrying.

"Dog fight," surmised the customer enthusiastically. "Let's go and see it."

Johnny followed him and, as he expected, saw his acquaintance, Mr. Starkey, actively superintending the construction of a pyre of boxes, barrels, shavings, and other combustibles at the end of the street. Somebody brought a can of kerosene and Starkey poured its contents to the last drop over the heaped trash. There was something admirable, Johnny was obliged to admit, about the man. His brisk, assured movements, his confident manner, and his competent, hectoring direction of the proceedings compelled a sort of respect. Two or three alarmed citizens and the bestarred town marshal were quieted with half a dozen words!

With a couple of dexterous movements Starkey now hoisted his extinguishing apparatus to his shoulders. "Now we'll touch her off," he said. "All set. Stand back, gentlemen, please. All set, Jim."

The crowd drew back, the shirt-sleeved volunteer addressed as Jim struck a match, cupped it with his hands against the breeze, and applied it to the pile. A little flickering tongue of fire shot up, caught upon the shavings and excelsior with crackling avidity, spread, mounted, and in a moment became a roaring, snapping, leaping mass of flame, threatening ruin and destruction. The circle of onlookers broke before its withering breath and huddled back. Only Starkey (heroic figure!) remained immovable, the nozzle of the short hose in his hand, watching and waiting. For a minute or longer he stood there, smiling his magnificently superior smile, and then, as the fire seemed at the climax of its fury, turned for an instant to the crowd.

"I guess I'll put it out now," he called.

HE pressed the release of his nozzle. There was a sharp hissing sound and a cloud of vapor, and lo! a heap of charred fragments and gray ash, without so much as a glowing coal in them to show that fire had been.

Johnny found himself cheering with the rest, but, suddenly remembering that business called, he backed out of the crowd and went back to the store. He found his sample cases open on the counter where he had left them, but it was nearly half an hour before the storekeeper returned.

"Some little extinguisher that fellow's got," the storekeeper remarked. "He certainly showed us. Four tanks he's sold besides mine, and I hadn't any idea of buying one either. Johnny, it's a good thing for you that that slick-tongued hustler isn't in the glassware business."

Johnny thought so too and made up his mind that there should be no further delay in his departure for Soudan City. Accordingly he urged the customer to dispatch, but it was nearly noon when Johnny got back to the hotel with a fairly decent order. He was halfway through his dinner when Starkey and Throop came in. The former was in an excellent humor and volubly boastful. Throop, Johnny noticed, seemed rather ill at ease and unwilling to meet his Resilient rival's eye. Once or twice Johnny intercepted glances between the two that he thought had some particular meaning, but he dismissed the matter from his mind and, hurrying through his dinner, got down to the D. & W. station before Starkey and Throop had reached their dessert. Here he had to resign himself to a wait of three-quarters of an hour. Forty minutes passed without anything remarkable occurring, and then a station hack drove up and unloaded Messrs. Starkey and Throop.

If Johnny was right in his conclusion, they were as surprised to see him as he was to see them. Throop seemed particularly discomposed. Starkey stared at him for a moment and then burst into laughter.

THERE followed more or less badinage of an ambiguous character in which Starkey assumed the attitude of an amused but disinterested observer of a pretty little piece of commercial emulation, while Throop's manner was oddly sullen and defiant. At a suggestion from Johnny he declared outright his intention of selling a good bill to Cospatrick of Soudan.

"Starkey's idea," mused Johnny. "They got wise to my sneak and the long boy figured it out. Well, here's where I pull the gloves off and go at 'em with bare knuckles."

It happened that the enemy scored first. When they got to Soudan City, Throop managed to charter the one and only hack that was at the station and drove off with Starkey, leaving Johnny to the leisurely accommodation of the antiquated bus. Johnny laughed as he saw them go, but it was a hard sort of laugh and his jaw set in an expression to match it. From the hotel Johnny went on to Cospatrick's store.

Cospatrick was in. A gaunt, gigantic figure with a shock of red hair, a ragged red beard, and a quick, choleric eye, he gave Johnny one brief glance and resumed his attention to what Throop was telling him. Throop had his cases open and the end of the counter near him was stacked with glassware. Johnny smiled and nodded at Starkey, who was lounging by the cutlery show case, and then, humming a little tune, lifted one of his own cases to the same counter, opened it and took out a lamp chimney.

"I told you what I did to Throop at Saundersville, didn't I?" said Johnny to Starkey in an undertone. "You didn't believe it, did you? Well, I'll show you."

He poised a chimney. Starkey watched him with a half smile. He tossed the chimney in the air and allowed it to fall on the counter, but failed to catch it on the rebound.

There was no rebound. There was a crash and a tinkling of fragments scattering over the counter and floor, a moment's silence, and then Starkey's laugh.

"You want to be careful how you handle that fragile stuff of yours," called Throop. "As I was saying, Mr. Cospatrick—"

Cospatrick took three strides toward the stupefied Mellish, who at the same instant caught up another chimney in desperate haste and tossed that. He did not toss it quite so high, but the result was precisely the same; the chimney shivered into a thousand pieces. Even then he was about to try a third when Cospatrick caught him by the shoulder.

The chimney fell from his hand, nevertheless, and smashed on the floor with the same completeness.

"You crazy fool," roared Cospatrick, shaking his captive. "What do you think you're doing?"

"It's a demonstration," Starkey explained maliciously. "He's selling toughened glass. Sometimes it's the glass that's tough, and sometimes it's his luck."

Cospatrick uttered a growl like an enraged grizzly's and, shifting his grip from Johnny's shoulder to the nape of the neck, ran him to the back of the store and brought him face to face with the broom.

"Take that and sweep up every sliver of that glass," he ordered ferociously as he released his victim.

JOHNNY, pale and literally shaken, nevertheless straightened himself and looked at the truculent storekeeper as coolly as might be. He saw that the red-haired brute would have rather preferred opposition: a rapid glance had assured him that there was nothing within reach that could be used as a weapon, and his common sense told him that all the courage and a certain handiness with his fists that he possessed would be of little avail in this emergency.

"Going to do it?" demanded Cospatrick. The man seemed quivering with eagerness to renew his assault.

"Of course I'm going to do it," Johnny replied, taking up the broom. "I should have offered to do it anyway. It was an entirely accidental—"

"Get at it," shouted Cospatrick. And there in the presence of his smirking rivals and a grinning shopboy Johnny carefully performed the menial office forced upon him.

At the hotel Johnny Mellish took his sample cases up to his room and locked the door. In a little while he returned to the office and found Starkey and Throop, who had just registered and were turning away from the desk. He walked very composedly up to them. Throop drew back.

"Too bad, old man, too bad," said Starkey with mock sympathy.

Johnny swung at him, and the blow landed on the point of Starkey's jaw and dropped him.

"Too bad it wasn't your eye," said Johnny, breathing heavily, as Throop helped his stricken companion to arise. "I'd have liked to have marked you a little."

"There were no arrests," as the "Soudan Weekly" put it, in its account of the "Fracas Between Two Traveling Men." Nor was Starkey substantially damaged, although he sold no Quellers in Soudan. But that right swing of Johnny's had clarified the situation, for the next day at Trusk Starkey made his formal declaration of war. Johnny was sitting in the hotel office when Starkey approached him with a vindictive expression that seemed to indicate trouble.

"Looking for some more?" Johnny asked.

"You raise a hand to me again and you'll be sorry for it," said Starkey venomously. "I just thought I'd tell you that. I'm camping right on your trail and don't you forget it for a moment. And take it from me, I'm going back to Bassorah with a side of bacon under my arm and dragging your goat along with me. I'm going to give Capricornus to a lady to amuse her and don't you think that she won't be amused. I know something about 'em. After they've passed sixteen, they're wiser than they look—shy on soft, pitying tears for the goatless and strong for the guy with the goods. I'm trying to make this intelligible to you. If I were you, I'd mark Bassorah off my route. Do you get me?"

JOHNNY had waited patiently until he had finished. "Now let me elucidate for your comprehension," he replied. "It isn't any news to me that you're camping on my trail. I've known that right along, and I know that Throop wouldn't have got into my cases and switched chimneys on me while I was watching your stunt at Hope if you hadn't given him the idea. You've been Throop's manager right along, and that's why I handed you that wallop. Another thing, the Injun that camps on my trail is apt to wake up without his scalp. And lastly, if you open your face to me any place or any time, I'll close it for repairs."

Starkey glared, but as Johnny not only glared back but made a significant movement, the other turned on his heel and with a short, contemptuous

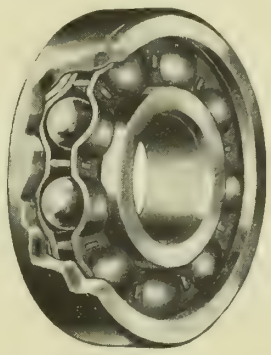


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WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

laugh stalked away. That afternoon Johnny saw him arranging for a demonstration of Queller, and afterward heard of its success.

Johnny had not been successful. Throop, on the contrary, had done pretty well and wherever he went he related with great gusto Johnny's misadventure with Cospatrick of Soudan. In two stores Johnny had been bantered with this, and the clerk at the hotel alluded to it as the young man took his departure. So at Avoca, and again at Junction City, Johnny found the story spread, and found, too, that his own account only seemed to add spice to it. Starkey and Throop, who had hitherto tagged, left Hope Junction ahead of him, and by this time he was too discouraged to care much. At Emerald Sam Wertheimer met him with a broom and dustpan and asked him if he would kindly sweep out the store, after which he expressed his regret at having given his order to Throop. At Buxton he found himself an object of mirth to his former customer, and a novelty peddler at the hotel actually ventured to josh him. Looking back on his experience, Johnny wondered that he did not at once throw up his job and look for something on the Pacific coast or Alaska, but the fact was the idea of doing anything but doggedly work the towns that he had previously missed never occurred to him. He was, as he expressed it, buffaloed. He brooded. Starkey's cynical estimate of the feminine character had made its calculated impression. It seemed more than probable that Starkey was right and that between the failure, Mellish, and the triumphant fire extinguisher agent there could be little doubt that Beryl would pick the man with the goods.

ON Saturday afternoon Johnny Mellish left Savona, his defeat confirmed and self-confessed. In less than an hour he had arrived at Bassorah, and, entrusting his baggage to the Amish bus, walked on to the hotel with the design of entering unobtrusively. Humiliation, ridicule, and failure had certainly left their marks on Johnny. It would be too much to say that he had not slept or eaten since Soudan, but he had slept and eaten little and his physical and mental derangement were apparent in his listless manner, his dull eye and pallor and in the inelasticity of his step.

He reached the hotel and, after a moment's hesitation, pushed open the door and walked in, to find exactly what he had expected—the picture that had haunted his dreams for three nights—Beryl Riggs leaning her shapely arms on the cigar counter and engaged in interested conversation with Horatio Starkey.

It gave Johnny color, for one thing; for another, it straightened him up, and he walked to the desk with even more than his usual briskness. As he passed the news stand, he saw by the briefest glance that both Beryl and Starkey were smiling at him, and he lifted his hat quickly and quite casually; but when he came to the desk he found himself grinning at Mortimer Ryswick, the clerk, without any clear notion who Mortimer was or why he was holding out a pen to him. He recovered himself the next moment and inscribed his name on the register.

"Had a good trip?" inquired Ryswick, with a grin that Johnny failed to observe.

Johnny was looking at the register. Among the last night's arrivals he saw written in a bold, running hand, H. Starkey, Red Demon Queller, St. Louis, Mo. The room number opposite was 234.

"Starkey's telling a good one on you," ventured the clerk.

"What's that?" asked Johnny absently. "Oh, yes."

"He's going to give a big demonstration at the square to-night," Ryswick went on. "Eight o'clock. You want to take it in. I'll give you 230. That all right? Front!"

Johnny went up with the boy, who pulled down the shades, tried the faucets of the wash stand, and asked if he should bring ice water and, being rewarded for these attentions, departed. Johnny went to the window and stood for some time looking out upon the roof of the lobby a floor below him. After that he sat down on the bed and continued his meditations, whatever they were, and at last went out into the hall. Stopping at room 234, he made a quick spring, drew himself up to the transom and looked in. Whatever he saw seemed to satisfy him, for, dropping lightly down, he nodded, smiled grimly and returned to his room where he took up the telephone and asked the office to send George Washington Jackson to get his shoes. "Send George himself if he isn't busy," Johnny added. "I want to tell him about them."

In a few minutes there was a soft rap at the door, and Johnny opened it to a grizzled little old black man.

"What 'bout dese yer shoes, boss?" asked George.

"Here they are," replied Johnny, handing him the pair that he had just kicked off. "George, I want you particularly to polish just the uppers. Don't on any account do the soles."

GEORGE stared and then burst into a liquid guffaw.

"And, George," continued Johnny, "you attend to the lamps, don't you? And you can keep your mouth closed tight, can't you? And you've got a pass key in your pocket, haven't you? And you know what this is—what? Here, catch hold of it; it's yours, whatever it is."

"Looks mighty like a five-dollah bill," chuckled George, "but I ent seen one for so long I wouldn't take no oath to it. Sut'nly, obleeged to you, Mistuh Mellish, and you're right about everything else, too, 'scusing of the pass key. I ent got no business wif a pass key, but I reckon I could borrow one. What 'bout dem lamps, boss?"

"I'll tell you what 'bout dem lamps if you're a friend of mine," said Johnny.

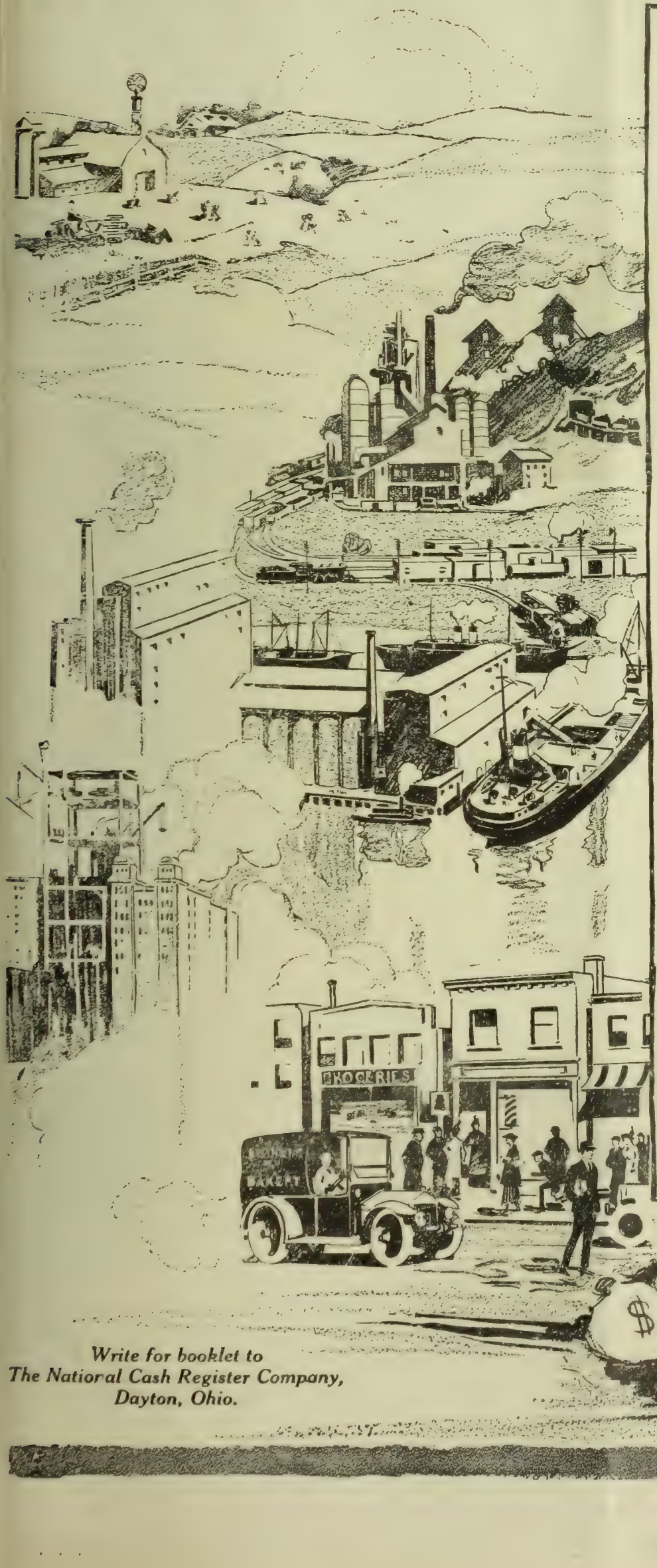
It was some time before George Washington Jackson finished Johnny's shoes. In the meanwhile Starkey had gone out to attend to some details of his coming demonstration which was to be on a scale of unprecedented grandeur, and Miss Riggs, left to herself, took up the novel that she had laid down at Mr. Starkey's approach and settled in a graceful attitude where she commanded a view of the elevator. It was presumably a novel of unusual depth that she had chosen, a work requiring long and thoughtful consideration, for the young woman's brows were knitted with a puzzled expression and her eyes were fixed upon one single paragraph beyond which they never moved. Presently she got up and, after patting her hair and smoothing her skirt, by way of preparation, made a trip to the water cooler. As she drank she made an unmistakable face at the Red Demon Queller tank. At this moment the elevator descended, the door slammed open, and Johnny stepped out. Instantly Miss Beryl accomplished the transcendent smile of her life, a smile so radiant, so ravishing, so glowing with warmth of welcome, that Johnny's behavior was the more incredible. In the face of that smile he returned a stare, stonily blank and icily cold, and, with only the slightest salutation in acknowledgment, walked on. Beryl took a half step after him and then checked herself while a rich blush of indignation suffused her face and her eyes flashed with righteous anger.

"Well, what do you know about that!" she murmured.

ON Saturday night the public square of Bassorah was always a bustling place, what with the occasional cheap-johns and itinerant patent-medicine venders who vie with the moving-picture palace and the brilliantly lighted shopwindows for the attraction of the public. On this particular night it was unusually crowded, for at the Main Street intersection there were piled broken boxes, slabs, and edgings from the planing mill, barrel staves, oil-soaked and sugar-crusted, brush and even cordwood, to a height of ten or twelve feet. And it was well advertised that this was a grand test of Red Demon Queller. As at Hope Junction, Starkey had superintended the building of this bonfire-to-be, and if its size, in this instance, was more than a measure of his confidence, owing to the enthusiastic contribution of material, nobody would have guessed it. At eight o'clock, the appointed time for the demonstration, he was on the ground, alert and smiling, with an eye to everything even as he talked with the little group of city officials under whose auspices the test was to be conducted. At five minutes past eight he pulled a shoe box from the heap, mounted it, and addressed the crowd that by this time was packed densely around him. Johnny Mellish, who had mounted a wagon wheel somewhat in the background, had a good opportunity of hearing his eloquence.

". . . devouring element . . . good servant but a bad master . . . eternal servitude . . . at last after centuries of strug-

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They get it in stores which use our up-to-date Cash Registers, which quicken service, stop mistakes, satisfy customers, and increase profits.

Over a million merchants have proved our Cash Registers to be a business necessity.

[*Signed*] John H. Patterson

Write for booklet to
The National Cash Register Company,
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Who Sends 10,000 Miles for Quaker Is She More Particular Than You?

There are countless oat lovers in every clime who send here for Quaker Oats.

Some send over seas and deserts.

Some pay twice what you pay for it.

But they must have this flavor, this aroma. They are connoisseurs on oats.

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He will supply them, in place of other oats, if you simply ask for Quaker.

Do you miss these doubly-delicious oats—these queen-grain flakes—by forgetting to say that you want them?

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No puny grains dilute the flavor. So here you get oat lusciousness in full.

In the British Isles, the home of Scotch oats, Quaker is the largest-selling brand. In a hundred nations it holds first place because of its wondrous flavor.

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We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats, for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package. This present cooker offer applies to the United States only.

Quaker Oats are near to you, plentiful and cheap. But every package is made of queen grains only.

Our plea is that you should get them. This vim-food is important. The love of it means much to you and yours. Serve the most delightful form that's made.

10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South

(1048)

gle . . . sacrifice . . millions on millions of dollars and countless human lives . . . human ingenuity . . . chemical composition . . . subdued . . . You farmers . . . stacks, barns . . . relatively a trifling expense . . . Merchants . . . firebugs . . . cold business proposition . . . Householders . . ."

JOHNNY was catching only a word or two here and there, for his attention was distracted. Well in front and listening with every indication of interest to the Queller man's speech stood Beryl, lovelier than ever in the prettiest little white frock imaginable, and with a white rose stuck effectively in her raven tresses just over an admirably curved little ear. So lovely was she that Johnny's heart ached as he looked at her; so intent was she on the mouthing, gesticulating Starkey that sharp stabs of jealousy made the ache a poignant, choking anguish. She was leaning on the arm of a dandified boy of seventeen or thereabout, and at the same time half embracing a plump, gray-haired lady whose fine eyes were in color blue, inclining to purple, although Johnny hardly noticed that at the time. For a moment or two his mind was in the chaotic condition that it had been in when Ryswick, the hotel clerk, offered him the pen to register, and he only came to himself as Starkey concluded his speech and dismounted from his box. At that Johnny slipped down from the wagon wheel and tried to make his way to where the girl was standing, but push and edge as he might he could make little progress through the crowd. Again and again he tried to force his way, only to be blocked here and thrust back there, and, in the meantime, the pile had been ignited and the flare of it was paling the lights in the square and flashing ruddy reflections from the second-story windows of adjoining buildings. A gust of wind swept from Main Street, and the crowd pressed irresistibly back in a sudden, stumbling movement. Cries arose and shouts of "Put it out! Put it out!" Johnny swore aloud and, setting his teeth, shouldered and butted against the backward surge. He broke through it at last, caught a glimpse of the white rose only a few feet away, and was redoubling his efforts when there came a sudden and terrifying leap of the flames, a yell of pain, and then an answering roar of alarm from the crowd. Out of the roar, came one clear, stentorian voice: "Don't let him get away! Catch him!" And then panic succeeded.

Johnny caught Beryl by the waist just as the press before her was momentarily displaced and she was falling forward. Then, as a jam succeeded, he thrust a palm beneath the chin of a burly fellow who threatened to crush her and, pushing him fiercely back, fought his way with her to the sidewalk, and then half carried, half dragged her up a small flight of steps to the shelter of a doorway.

"You're not hurt?" Johnny breathed hoarsely.

"Mother!" she gasped. "Mother is—oh, there! Clarry has got her." She sighed with relief and clung to Johnny's arm. "Oh, Johnny!"

Johnny was staring over the heads of the still struggling mob. The fire, fanned by the wind, was at its height, and already it had caught the boxing of one of the trees that fringed the square, and embers were flying. Even to windward the heat had driven the spectators well back, and in the clear, intervening space there lay a bright, scarlet cylinder that Johnny remembered very well. Starkey was nowhere to be seem.

A GONG sounded, clanging along Main Street, but at that instant a man darted from the crowd, shielding his face with his arm, and, lifting the tank, he hurled it into the middle of the fire and ran back. He was cheered, but nothing happened for a minute, and the hose cart had arrived and its crew was already unreeling the hose when there was a dull explosion and blazing fragments shot from the center of the fire heavenward. A column of flame reared after them, and Johnny shuddered.

"If I had known . . . if I had thought—" he muttered with white lips. "Gee!"

The flame subsided in a measure, and a powerful stream of water gushed from the nozzle of the hose and played on it. It dropped abruptly with a hissing protest, and soon clouds of steam and sullen smoke obscured the crimson and yellow dartings of the fire still unsubdued. The boys had it. No danger now. Tongues were loosened all around in surmise, critical comment and expression of relief. "They got that fire too big and put too much kerosene on to start it!" "I could smell that ile strong!" "Blame fools! What's the matter with the fire department to put out fires!" "Mighty good thing nobody was hurt!" "Did you see that feller light out, though? Dropped his contraption and ran like a whitehead!" "He was afire." "Ought to have been. That dope wasn't no good. Seemed to help the fire instead of putting it out!"

"I didn't think," muttered Johnny again. "I wouldn't have done it if I'd thought."

"I don't know what you mean," said Beryl, "but I know that if you hadn't grabbed me I'd have been walked on, and I don't like to be walked on—or walked by." She laughed a little nervously. "Why did you do it, Mr. Mellish?"

"I was crazy," replied Johnny. For the first time he became conscious of her clasp upon his arm, and he drew a deep breath and looked at her as he gave it a quick pressure. What he saw in those remarkable pansy-purple eyes of Miss Beryl's seemed altogether unbelievable, but before he could question them further a pleasant voice called "Beryl," and the white-haired, plump lady, followed by the dandified youth, struggled through to them. Then, as if in the inconsequence of a dream, Johnny became aware that he was being introduced to Mrs. Riggs, Beryl's mother, and to Clarence Riggs, Beryl's brother. Hazily he wondered where Papa Riggs, the irascible blacksmith parent, might be. It transpired—but later—that he was in his honored grave and had been by profession a flute player in a theatre orchestra.

"Well, the fire's out, so we might as well go," said Mrs. Riggs presently, and it seemed to fall quite naturally, and as a matter of course, that Mrs. Riggs and Clarence walked away together and that Johnny followed with Beryl. Their way lay past the hotel, and when they had come to it they found George Washington Jackson and a bell boy standing near the entrance, of whom Johnny inquired concerning Mr. Starkey.

"Lordy!" said George Washington with his mellow chuckle, "Mistah Starkey he ent took the tahm foh to stop in heah. Done flipped Numbah Seven as she pulled out, he did, so Andy says. 'Peared like he was in a considerable of a rush."

"He wasn't hurt then?" asked Johnny anxiously.

"Andy says he didn't 'pear to have no mustache wuth mentioning, but I reckon he wasn't hurt," replied the negro. "He suah was speedy. Dey was three gentlemen after him doing dey best, but dey wasn't in his class nohow. Yassuh, Mistah Starkey he's done left."

THEY walked on. By this time Beryl's mother and brother were out of sight. After a block or two Beryl turned down a side street and here took Johnny's arm again. He thrilled at her touch, but said nothing. He had not spoken to her since they had left the square, but words seemed to him hazardous. He was walking with her; her hand was on his arm, and the nearness of her filled him with a sufficient exaltation of delight. Words were nothing.

But Beryl was not afraid to voice her thoughts, and she had been thinking.

"It wasn't necessary," she said softly.

"I know," Johnny answered. He knew because she had told him with her eyes as they stood in the doorway at the square. "But I thought he—Starkey—had told you of that—that business at Soudan, and when I seen you and him this afternoon I went right up in the air. Then I got the idea I'd doctor his tank for him, but at that I didn't realize what harm might have come of it. I didn't think; I just done it. But now I've got to square it with the poor guy somehow."

Beryl had stopped at a gate before a small cottage. "Of course he told me, but it didn't get him anything," she said. "You don't want to think about it now—Johnny, do you?"

One of her hands had somehow reached his shoulder, and Johnny straightway forgot Starkey, forgot Cospatrick of Soudan, Vitrified Resilient, bribery and corruption of honest bootblacks, conspiracy, burglarious entry, and constructive arson.

It was one of the times when it is entirely proper for thought to give place to suitable and prompt action, and Johnny, in that blissful moment, forgot the entire universe.

Like Summer day for children's play



Are your children regular boys and girls? Do they fill you with anxiety by forgetfully going into chilly rooms, drafty halls and corners or sitting on cold floors while you fret to keep them near a cranky stove or hot air register? *But* if your house is radiator heated, you need not worry about them, for they can romp and play *all over* the house—just as they do on the lawn in Summer. High winds cannot arrest nor chilling cold offset the ample flow of warmth from

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A No. 4-25-W IDEAL Boiler and 575 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $236, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which vary according to climatic and other conditions.

$150 permanent Cleaner

Ask for catalog of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner. First genuinely practical Cleaner on market; is connected by iron suction pipe to all floors; and will last as long as your building.



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The Beckoning Northwest

A Shirt-Sleeve Interview with J. J. Hill on Railroading, Schools and Farming

BY ANNABEL LEE

"THE Northwest?" Mr. Hill repeated. "I've given the best years of my life to its development. I think I know something about it and its opportunities; I've made it my business for over half a century. Most men who have really lived have had in some measure their great adventure or gamble. This railway in the Northwest is mine. I feel that a labor touching at so many points the lives of so many millions, and serving so many millions more, will be the best evidence of its lasting value. It no longer depends upon the labor of any individual. Its future will be shaped more by the forces that govern the development of the natural resources of the country than by individual initiative.

"There is something in the condition of the times which drives men into acting together. Our finest examples of Western civilization present this dominant spirit, approaching universal brotherhood, and it is the strongest force in the economic life of our republic to-day. The farms of the future will be smaller and closer together and social conditions improved, which will be as it should be.

Cooperate!

"ON the mountains and rivers and deserts of this great Western frontier nature calls for cooperation. Irrigation, colonization, and cooperation are the three vital problems to be solved by Uncle Sam before he can provide millions of farms for his increasing family which is sure to multiply tremendously after the war is finished. North Dakota, when properly irrigated and drained, will through wells and reservoirs supply 2,000,000 acres for agriculture and 10,000,000 acres for other pursuits. One hundred thousand farms alone can provide each settler with a 200-acre farm in this State, and with the rainfall under his control the farmer can so enrich his land with this greatest of all fertilizers, water, that it will yield as much as a 500-acre tract of ordinary land. Montana will produce about 10,000,000 acres of agricultural land by working out State and National irrigation policies; Idaho 3,000,000 acres, and Washington as much. Besides this, there is land which can be used in other pursuits, if irrigated, as follows: Montana, 30,000,000 acres; Idaho, 10,000,000 acres, and Washington, 15,000,000 acres. Thus millions of farms can be given away with proper irrigation. It is estimated that under the National Irrigation Act, in North Dakota alone, at least 1,000,000 acres could be furnished with water for irrigation at a cost of $15 an acre. If the Government built the works, the land could repay it in annual installments extending over a period of ten years. The yearly acreage product of the irrigated lands might easily reach $50 an acre. The wealth of the world comes from the farm or the forest, the mine or the sea, and the man who works with a system has common sense and will forge ahead. Scientific knowledge is needed in every branch of modern business. We need the broad system of agricultural education with its practical training. No kind of knowledge is valuable unless it is put to use. The successful farmer ought to know something of the processes of nature in the elements of fertility and the diversification of the crops, something of farm mechanics, engineering, and marketing his products; in fact, there are a thousand and one things to be learned by the man who would make a success of lumbering, stock raising, farming, or mining. Sooner or later this knowledge all comes into play. I don't believe in the college education which turns the young man out a full-fledged prig with a disgust for practical business. That is the worst kind of sentiment and ought to be wiped out because it is dangerous for our political institutions and will become a menace to us both socially and industrially. A college education won't hurt a boy unless he allows it to do so, but it has not been proved that the higher education makes the most successful man."





m-m-m!

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—pure chicle, cooked by electricity in the cleanest of sparkling kettles.

—pure cane sugar, bought in granulated form and pulverized by us in our own sunny kitchens.

—pure flavors kneaded through and through the chicle to make them last and last.

Sometimes Sterling Gum is touched by clean white gloves—but never by bare hands until *you* open the wrapper.

Cool, refreshing Peppermint—spicy, lasting Cinnamon. These are the two delicious flavors you may choose from in Sterling Gum. These are the flavors that make such a pleasure of hunting that 7th Sterling Point.

Point 1—Crowded with flavor
Point 2—Velvety body—NO GRIT
Point 3—Crumble-proof
Point 4—Sterling purity
Point 5—From a daylight factory
Point 6—Untouched by hands
Point ⑦ What?



The 7-point gum

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Build This Winter
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RAISE the "standard" of efficiency! Fortify your employes against the dangers of mistakes, accidents and ill health. Put darkness and poor ventilation to rout. In short, win the fight for Better Humanity and Bigger Business by installing

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January 8, 1915.

DETROIT STEEL PRODUCTS CO.

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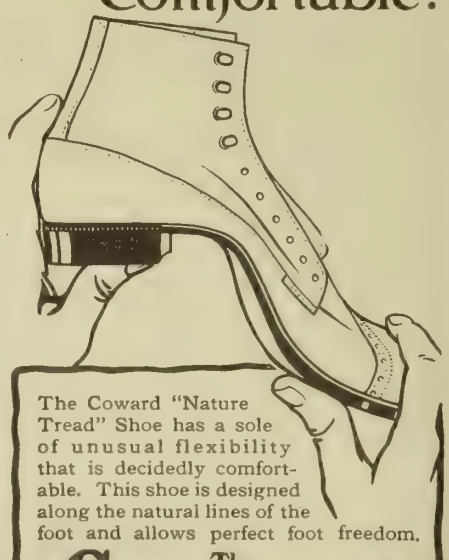
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Look for SHIRLEY PRESIDENT on the Buckle

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The Coward "Nature Tread" Shoe has a sole of unusual flexibility that is decidedly comfortable. This shoe is designed along the natural lines of the foot and allows perfect foot freedom.

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"But Yale University conferred the degree of LL.D. upon you, Mr. Hill," I interrupted; "and that presupposes some education."

James Hill's Schooling

HE dropped his eyes modestly and said: "That was not for the higher education. I never went to school a day after I was fourteen years and three months old. My first ambition was to become a doctor, and I was carefully instructed in Latin and mathematics at Rockwell Academy, a Quaker school in Ontario, until my father's death. Then I had to go to work in the country. It is curious how trivial things may change the whole course of one's life. My hour came out of consideration for a stranger's horse. This man had come from St. Paul, and when he saw me watering his horse he tossed me a newspaper printed in that city, and just before he mounted and rode away shouted: 'Go out there, young man—that's the place for you.' I read the paper carefully and found that it was a call for home seekers and settlers in the Far West and that a band of traders was about to start from St. Paul for that region. It didn't take me long to make up my mind to go. I had been chopping wood the day before, and on the following morning my resolution was about formed. I did go out to the tree where I had left off work, but my mind was filled with visions of that band of traders, and I raised my ax for the last blow at chopping. Since then some one has placed a placard across its half cut body with the inscription: 'The last tree chopped by James J. Hill.' Soon after that I started for the United States and got my first job milking cows on a farm near Syracuse, N. Y. I was waiting for a chance to go through to St. Paul and thought it better to get work on a farm than to pay what I had to the hotels. I worked here on this farm for three weeks and then started for St. Paul. When I arrived here I met with my first great disappointment. The traders about whom I had been reading and dreaming had already gone on their Western journey and I was too late to become one of their party. I had no time to worry about my disappointment. I had to begin to think of employment."

"Had you brought letters of recommendation with you?" I asked.

"Why, no," Mr. Hill said simply. "I didn't think I'd need them. I looked for work and found a place right away as clerk in the shipping department of the J. W. Bass & Co. line of Mississippi River steamboats. I worked for this firm for nine years, educating myself in all kinds of river transportation and making a careful study of the fuel situation. Then I became agent for one of the Mississippi lines of steamboats in 1865 and two years later I started in business for myself in general transportation and fuel. My company was the first to bring mineral coal to St. Paul, and it was about this time that my experience began as a railroad man, for I became the station agent of the only railroad then entering St. Paul."

"During all this time had you no chance to go to school or to have private tutors?"

Mr. Hill smiled whimsically, if indulgently, and said:

"Education? Don't you think I had education enough? I went to school until I was fourteen."

In the Dust of the Great Retreat

(*Continued from page 9*)

destined to a melancholy awakening. You may prefer your own ways, but you cannot make them prevail by blackguarding the other man's weaknesses; you must beat him where he is strong.

Lies and the snobbish ridicule with which our magazines and papers have been full runs off men like these like water off a duck. These men are in earnest. They have work to do. No one who has heard them singing the "Wacht am Rhein" through the starlight of garrisoned towns all the way from the Channel to the Carpathians will talk of their being "stolid"; but they have, it is true, no coltishness. They are grown up. And this discipline of theirs does not mean, as so many people seem to think it does, being compelled to do what you don't want to do. It means doing what you are told to do as well as it possibly can be done, no matter how small it is nor who is looking on—a sense of duty which makes every switchman behind the lines act as if he were Von Hindenburg. The thing of theirs, this will power and moral earnestness, is one of the things that last—something before which the more frivolous has always gone down and always will.

The road down which we were going was, in a general way, the path already taken by the Austrian and Hungarian troops which had stormed the outer works at Kobilany two days before and been the first to enter the town. What happened was much like what had happened at Ivangorod. A German corps crossed the Bug to north and south and closed in on the railroad; the Sixth Austro-Hungarian Corps under Corps General of Infantry Arz attacked the center. The Russians sent the entire civil population eastward, removed their artillery and everything of value they could take, and set fire to the city. There was a brief artillery preparation to which the Russians, who all through this retreat appeared to be short in ammunition and artillery, replied for a time; then the outer forts were stormed, and when the Sixth Corps entered the burning city the Russians, except for the rear-guard prisoners, were gone.

We swung past a freight yard littered with overturned cars, through a tangle of wagons—army wagons pushing one way and distracted peasants the other—over a pontoon across the narrow Bug and on into the town.

A city of sixty-five thousand people, with the exception of a church or two, and houses that could almost be counted on one's fingers, was a waste of gaping windows and blackened chimneys. The Russians' purpose was not altogether clear, for the town was their town, and its destruction at this time of the year could not seriously embarrass a well-provisioned, confident enemy, but they had, at any rate, simply wiped it off the map.

Not a woman, a child, a glimmer of peaceful life, only smoldering ruins, the occasional abandoned rifles and cartridge boxes of the army that had retired, and the endless wagon trains of the army pursuing them.

All the dust through which we had ridden since morning seemed to have gathered over that dismal wreck. It was a fog in the streets, on which darkness was already settling—streets without a lamp or a sound except that from the onflowing trains.

Through this dust we tried to find the headquarters of the Sixth Army Corps. To its commander our passes took us and without him we had no reason for being in Brest-Litovsk. Nobody knew where this Sixth was. Two Hungarian officers, hurrying by in a commandeered carriage, shouted back something about the "church with a blue cupola"; somebody else said "near the schnapps factory"; a beaming young lieutenant, helping to disentangle wagon trains at the main street corner said that the Sixth had marched at three that morn-

Richard Washburn Child is now in Russia, where he will write a series of articles for Collier's.

The Hon. Victor Murdock of Kansas is now on his way to Europe. He will write a series of articles based upon his observations in several of the warring countries.

Arthur Ruhl is now in Bulgaria. Several articles by him dealing with the war from the Balkan point of view will appear in early numbers of Collier's.

"Control"—the Big Factor in Safety—is Turning Thousands of Families to the Franklin Car

A GREAT insurance actuary cites the enormous increase in motor traffic, and says that many accidents attributed to reckless driving are really caused by *difficulty of control.*

As a car owner you can avoid reckless driving on your own part, but you cannot prevent it on the part of others.

With the ever increasing number of vehicles on the road, the quick response and control of your own car become a matter of vital importance.

Safety comes when operation is easy.

There is no other car that "handles" like the Franklin—owing to its balance and distribution of weight, and its *freedom from drag and friction.*

It is of the very elements of mechanics that a car which is hard to steer out of a straight course is also hard to steer back into it.

The locomotive builders discovered this fact long ago. With all the advantages of tracks built as level as engineering science could achieve, they found that a stiff, rigid engine is likely to climb the track when it slams against the curve or straightens out into the tangent.

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As for control, think what the Franklin reversible steering gear means to the man who drives his own car!

A slight turn of the hand steers the car from the straight ahead position to the extreme right or left; and around the corner the car *automatically* straightens itself out again.

No cramp or tension, no jar or vibration to tire the muscles and nerves—but *complete relaxation.*

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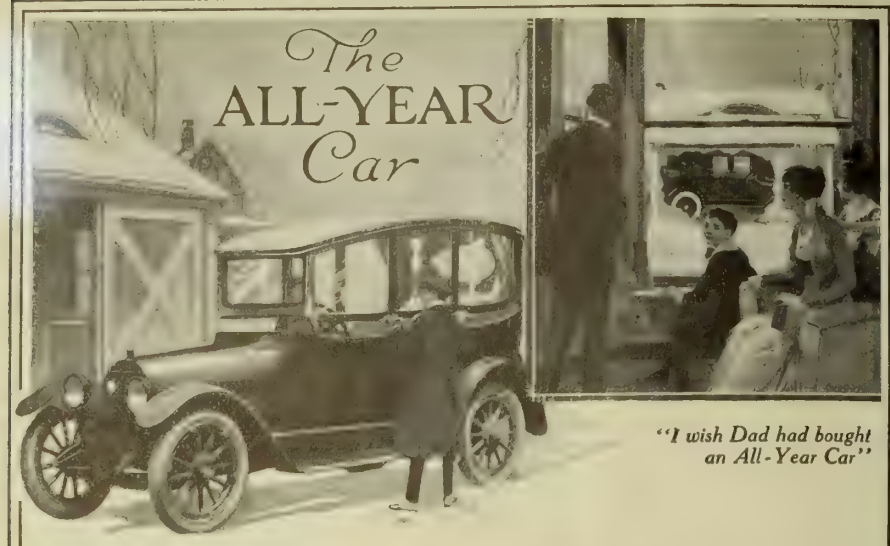
If you have ever come back with muscles sore and nerves on edge from driving a stiff, rigid car—you are the man who can appreciate the Franklin *ease of control.*

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ing. We had driven all day with nothing to eat but a bit of war bread and chocolate, we were black with dust, there was not a crumb in the place that did not belong to the army, and we sat there in the thickening dusk almost as much adrift as a raft in mid-ocean.

The two armies—wagon trains, that is to say—were crossing each other at that corner. The Germans were going one way, the Austro-Hungarians the other—tired, dust-covered horses and men, anonymous cogs in the vast machine, which had been following the man ahead since the day before, like enough, and might go on into another day before they could make camp.

The Night of Celebration

YOUNG Hungarian officers greeted one another gayly, and exchanged the day's adventures and news; young Germans rode by, slim, serious, and self-contained. Now the stream would stop as one line tried to break through the other, puzzled drivers would yank their horses back, then some determined section commander would come charging back, fling his horse into the tangle—wagon tongues jammed into the canopy in front, protestations in German, Hungarian, Polish, Slovak, goodness knows what, until at last one line gave way and the other shot forward through the dust again.

I had been in another captured city, with the besieged then, and when I think of Antwerp it is of the creepy, bright stillness during the bombardment—the autumn sun, the smell of dead leaves, the shuttered streets without a sound except when a shell came screaming in from the country or, a block or so away, there was a detonation and some façade came rumbling down. But when I think of Brest-Litovsk it will be of dust—dust like fog and thickened with the smoke and twilight—and that strange, wild, creaking stream of wagons fighting through it as they might have fought in the days when Europe was young and whole races of men came pouring over the frontiers.

We started off finally on foot through streets silent as the grave—not a person, not a lamp, not so much as a barking dog, as queer and as creepy as some made-up thing in a theater. Once we stumbled past a naked and dismembered trunk set up beside a doorway—a physician's manikin that chance, or some sinister clown, had left there. Once—and one of the strangest sounds I ever heard—behind the closed upstair shutters of an apothecary's shop, whose powders and poisons were strewn over the sidewalk, a piano haltingly played with one finger.

At last a light, an open door, a sentry—and this was, indeed, theatrical—a lighted room and a long table set with candles, flowers, and wine. The commander of the Sixth Corps had just been decorated with the order "Pour le mérite" and he and his officers were dining before taking up the march. He welcomed us in the true Hungarian style, grabbed me by the arms and asked if I was hungry, apologized for their frugal war-time fare, told how splendidly his men had behaved, had a word and a place for everybody as if we were all old friends.

Counting the Damage

THERE were three rooms full of officers, and everyone half rose and bowed in military fashion as we made our way between the tables to our seats at the end of the third. An amiable young signal officer who had been at his telephone some thirty kilometers away when the city was taken and was off at three next morning, sat opposite me and told with great spirit how the only common language between him and some of his polyglot men was the English he had learned in school and they had picked up in America.

We slept on commandeered mattresses that night on the floor of a vacant house, with a few Hungarian hussars still singing over the victory in the back yard and got up to find the crowded town of the night before as empty as the old camp ground the day after the circus.

We strolled through some of the empty streets and into the citadel, where a handful of German soldiers were guarding a placid, tan-colored little herd of Russian prisoners; recrossed the pontoon bridge, as crowded as it had been the afternoon before, and then stopped at Kobilany fort on the way back to Ivangorod.

The brief Austrian fire had been accurate. There were shell holes inside

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the fort, along the parapet, and one frightful bull's-eye, which had struck square on the inner concrete rim and blown chunks of concrete as well as its own steel all over the place. The riflemen left in this embrasure were killed at a stroke and their blood remained freshly dried on the stones. Of various uncomfortable places I have seen in the war this was one—left behind in an open concrete fort to cover the retreat of the artillery, and to wait with a popgun rifle until the enemy decided that his artillery had "silenced" you and that it was time to storm.

Life Is Stronger Than Death

ONE outer angle of the fort had been blown up and the rest was to have been dynamited, but a nimble Pole, fearing that he might be blown up too, before the order came to retire, had, so we were told, cut the electric wire. Just why Brest-Litovsk was given up must be left for those who have had a more comprehensive view of all the causes behind the Russian retreat. It was plain to anyone, however, that although this outer fortress had been taken by storm and a certain amount of damage done by mines laid in front of it, scarcely more than nominal resistance, considering the original preparations, had been made.

Again we whirled down the Ivangorod road, through a stream of wagons and peasants' carts almost as thick as the day before. We took a new road this time, but the deserted trenches still crossed the fields, and creeping up toward them, behind trees, through the greasy, black mud of pasture land, were those eloquent little shelters, scarcely more than a basketful of earth, thrown up by the skirmishers as they ran forward, dropped and dug themselves in.

We came to Radom and turned southward again. There were people, smoke coming from cottage chimneys, goose girls with their spotless and absurdly peaceful geese, once a group of peasants, young men and barefooted girls, sitting on the grass resting from their work in the fields. As the train passed one of the boys flung his arm round the neck of the tanned young nymph beside him and over they rolled, fighting like good-natured puppies. They were the very peasants we had seen dragging through the dust of the Brest-Litovsk road and this the same country, though it looked so strangely bright and warm and full of people. War had blown over it, that was all, and life, which is so much stronger than the strongest field marshal, which can be bent, beaten down and crushed sometimes, like the grass, was growing back again.

Your Money

FORTUNES OF TO-MORROW : : BY ALBERT W. ATWOOD

ONE of the surest ways for the average man to lose his money is to attempt reaching after one of those great fortunes which we all know the morrow will bring forth. To make the attempt is natural, for the glittering fact is that big fortunes are being accumulated all the time by men whose names were unheard-of a few years ago, and a few years from now the whole field of enterprise will be dominated by lords of industry whose names are unknown to-day. There is the classic case of Henry Ford; of the motion-picture millionaires; and a few years hence there will be a whole generation of men enriched by the present war.

The trouble with most men is that they invest in *imitation* successes. Beware the enterprise that advertises itself as a second Standard Oil or a second Ford. Every great industry is built up on lines of its own, and more or less unconsciously at that. I do not mean to say that capitalists do not know when they are following sound lines, but the sounder the methods the less likely they are to boast of it in the initial stages.

Times Change

NOTHING is a success until it *is* a success. What more impossible picture comes to mind than that of Henry Ford boasting loudly in print fifteen years ago: "I am a second John D.: watch me grow." For that matter, did John D. Rockefeller in his early days ever say: "I am the Hudson Bay Company No. 2. I will be as successful as that famous enterprise. Watch me"?

Every business enterprise must stand on its own feet. The moment it seeks the funds of investors by calling itself a second Bell Telephone or Standard Oil or Henry Ford, it should be an object of suspicion. There are two methods of investing money, and there is a sharp distinction between them, failure to appreciate this clear dividing line having caused untold loss and suffering. First there is the placing of money in an established, seasoned, settled enterprise, whose reasonable success is certain. In this way one may secure 5 per cent, 6 per cent, in some cases possibly quite a little more, on one's money. In instances so rare as to constitute only an exception to the law are fortunes ever made in this manner.

Then there is the other way of investing money, by placing it in new ventures: the vast majority of these go wrong, though a few succeed wonderfully. Each man must decide which method of investment he will engage in.

The sad feature is that so many thousands are misled by the promoter's sugar-coated pill, the promise of a fortune without risk. Most fortunes in this country were founded on risk, no matter how solid they may be in their later phase. The founders of these fortunes were never under any misapprehensions as to the chance they were running. There may have been plenty of confidence in the project, but never did the great industrial successes start with a blare of trumpets or references to totally dissimilar successes in other fields.

Their builders worked breathlessly—in silence, as it were—striving and struggling, often almost desperately, until their ends had been attained, and only then publicly proclaimed their success, or not at all.

Jay Cooke practically financed the Civil War, and for a number of years after its close his banking house was the most powerful in America. The mere magic of his name was like Aladdin's Lamp, financially speaking. Yet Jay Cooke indignantly repudiated the use of his name as a director of the Anglo-American Oil Company, now a successful unit in the Standard Oil group, because he regarded all oil stocks as risky. They were in those days, and yet I am not sure that it is an exaggeration to say that more fortunes have come out of the oil wells of Ohio and Pennsylvania than from cotton, beef, copper, gold, and silver combined. There is absolutely nothing in history to equal the continued outpouring of wealth that for years has showered upon that little group of a few score of oil pioneers headed by John D. Rockefeller. Yet these men were in a business at the start considered hazardous in the extreme. They did not stop to tell people how successful they were going to be, but worked on silently, took their risk, and reaped its mighty reward.

For Adults Only

TURN where you will to the gleaming romances of business success, and I defy the cheap-stock promoter with his snares and wiles to point to a single notable enterprise whose inception and early stages were accompanied by noisy comparisons with older, established enterprises. The real founders of fortunes have been men bold enough to strike out on original lines and able to take their chances. Rockefeller and Ford are merely the most conspicuous examples. I am sure that the men who acquired American Radiator in the thirties took their chances quietly enough, although to-day it sells at 360 and has sold at 500. The same is true of the early pioneers of the New Jersey Zinc, the United Cigar Stores, and other similar profitable concerns, although to-day anyone can see why they were successful. Foresight, boldness, and willingness to assume risk—these are the necessary elements of great fortunes. They do not come on silver platters; they are not offered to strangers; they never come already sugar-coated or guaranteed; they are not to be made by half-timid, half-venturesome souls who try to combine marvelous profits with a "sure thing."

Perhaps you are destined to be the multimillionaire of the future, but go into it with your eyes open. It is no game for children.

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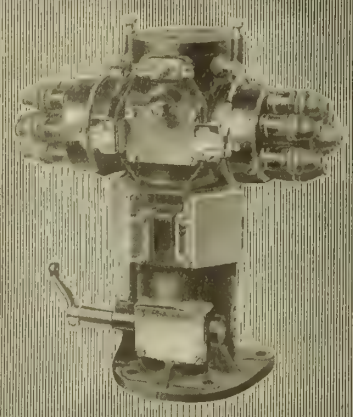
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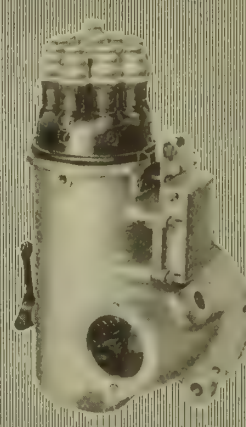
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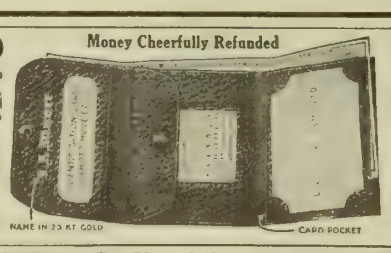
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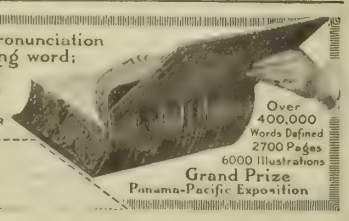
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Football Phenomena

BY R. C. BENCHLEY

AT the sound of the first hollow *punk* of the kick-off in what the sporting editors at rare intervals refer to as the "gigantic gridiron contests" there shuffles into view a cast of characters who are quite indigenous to this season. For instance, there is the self-made man who during business hours makes an open secret of his disdain for colleges and their products, and yet, when the fall tang is in the air and everybody is bundling up for the Big Game, is not averse to being counted as one of the grads, even to the extent of wearing a crimson or blue arm band (the unmistakable brand of an interloper) and calling to the players by their first names or leading the demonstration in the café that evening. Then there are the transalpine relatives of the man who is entitled to a ticket application, who lie in a comatose state of uncommunicativeness all the year, only to make themselves known in the late fall with bland suggestions of avenues of disposal for any extra seats he may be able to wheedle out of the captain of the team. And then there are the girls, the platoons of pretty girls who seem to spring to life for this one occasion and then vanish into some shady grot for another year. Certain it is that no one ever sees their compeers *en masse* at any other time. They equal the Biblical flowers of the field in their evanescence. They equal a great many other things also. The connoisseur of American beauty should sit for an hour by the aisle of a football arena and then die. He will have seen the quintessence. To-morrow they will be gone.

And, after all, these are but camp followers. What do they know of the real spirit of the game? What do they know of the weeks of tension which culminate with an elevator-drop sensation at the blow of the referee's whistle? The real essence of the game is to be found up there in the cheering sections where hundreds of nervous lads sit with their derbies jammed down and teeth set praying fiercely with an agitation of soul which, when embracing a wider range, becomes what we call patriotism.

Held to Answer

(*Continued from page 7*)

laboring to convey the picture which his animated spirits proclaimed was still upon the screen of his mind).

As the description was concluded, Rose placed a platter before him upon which, garnished with parsley, two small chops appeared delicately grilled.

Abruptly ceasing conversation, Charles sank a knife and fork into one of them and transferred a generous morsel to his mouth.

"Thanks, old girl; just up to your topmost mark," he confessed ungrudgingly, after a few moments during which, with half-closed eyes, he had been chewing vigorously and with a singleness of purpose rather rare in him.

"Sold any pictures lately?" asked John casually.

"No," said Langham abruptly, lowering his voice, while a look of annoyance shaded his brow. "I dropped in at the gallery first thing, but" (and he shrugged his shoulders)—"nothing doing! However" (and he became immediately cheerful again), "Mrs. Lawson has been looking awfully hard at that Grand Cañon canvas. If she buys that, my fortune's made."

"And if she doesn't?" observed Rose pessimistically.

"And if she doesn't!" her husband exclaimed with sudden irritation, "well, it'll be made just the same. You see if it isn't! Oh, say!" and so merry a light broke upon his face that it immediately dissipated every sign of annoyance, "what do you think? I saw Owens to-day, the fellow who auctions alleged oil paintings at a minimum of two dollars each. You know the scheme—pictures painted while you wait: roses, chrysanthemums, landscapes even. Well, he offered me fifteen dollars a day to paint pictures for him. Think of it! To sit in the window before a gaping crowd painting those miserable daubs, a dozen or two a day, while he auctions them off. His impudence! If I had been as big as you are, Jack, I would have punched him."

"Fifteen dollars a day," commented Rose thoughtfully.

"Yes," laughed Langham, his little black eyes atwinkle, as he clipped the last morsel from the first of his chops. "The idea!"

"Well, I hope you took it," his wife suggested.

"Rose!" exclaimed Langham, rising stiffly at the table and looking into her face as if she had unwarrantably and unexpectedly hurled the blackest insult. "Rose! An artist like me!"

"It is the kind of a job for an artist like *you*," the woman rejoined stingingly, with a sarcastic emphasis on just the right words.

"Oh, my God! My God!" exclaimed the husband sharply, turning from the table, while he threw his hands dramatically upward and clutched at the back of his head, after which he took a turn up and down the room as if beside himself with unutterable emotions.

John judged that this was the fitting moment for his withdrawal, but Langham's distress of mind was not too great for him to observe the movement and to follow. He overtook his brother-in-law in the studio parlor, and his manner was coolly importunate.

"Say, old man!" he whispered, "could you let me have five? I'm a little short on car fare, and you'll be gone in the morning before I get up."

"Sure," exclaimed John, without a moment's hesitation, delving in the depths of the pocket from which he had produced the money for the rent and handing out a five-dollar piece.

"Thanks, old chap," said Langham, seizing it eagerly and hastening away after an affectionate slap on the shoulder of his bigger and as he thought baser-metaled brother-in-law. He did not, however, say that he would repay the loan, and Hampstead did not remark that it was the last gold coin in his pocket and that he should have no more till pay day, ten days hence.

AFTER letting his admiration for the assurance of Langham play for a moment, John turned to the rear of the studio, opened a door, struck a match, and groped his way to a naked gas jet. The sudden flare of light revealed a lean-to room, meant originally for nobody knew what, but turned into a bedroom. The only article of furniture which piqued curiosity in the least was a table against the wall, across which a long plank had been balanced. Upon it, and equilibrated as carefully as the plank itself, was a row of books of many shapes and sizes and in various stages of preservation.

Stuck about upon the walls were several large photogravures, portraying various stirring scenes in history, mostly Roman. They were unframed and fastened crudely to the wall with pins. Evidently this was not the living place of a tidy man.

The tiny table, with its balanced overload of books, was directly beneath the gas. John dropped heavily into the wooden chair before it and drew to him a number of sheets of paper, upon which with much labor and many erasings he began to fashion a sort of motto or legend. Satisfied at length with his labors, he printed the finished product swiftly in rude capital letters in the center of a fresh sheet, snatched down the picture of a Christian martyr which occupied the central space above his library, and with the same four pins affixed his motto in that particular spot where it would greet him instantly upon opening the door, and would be the last thing upon which his eyes fell as he went to sleep or the first when he awakened in the morning.

Once it was in position he stood off and admired it, reading aloud: "*Eternal hammering is the price of success!*"

"That's the stuff," he croaked enthusiastically. "Eternal hammering!" And then he paused a moment, after which he continued his reverie aloud: "That actor was telling me to-day about technique. He said: 'There's a right way to do everything—to pitch a horseshoe even.' He's right. The fellow with the best technique will knock the highest persimmon. What makes me such a



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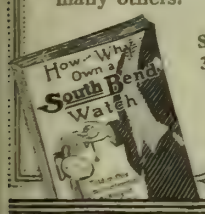
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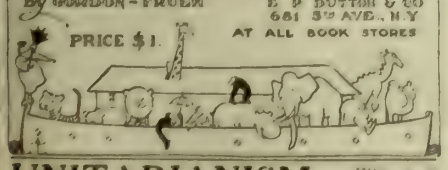
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good stenographer? Technique. What makes me such a bum office flunky? The lack of technique—no voice, no form, no self-confidence. I am Young-Man-Afraid-of-Himself—that's who I am. Technique first and then—gravitation! That's the idea!"

By gravitation, however, Hampstead did not mean that law which keeps the heavenly bodies from getting on the wrong side of the street, but that process, which in his short life he had already observed, by means of which the man in the crowd who takes advantage of his opportunities—by the dig of an elbow here, the insert of a shoulder there, and the stiff thrust of a foot and leg yonder—sooner or later arrives opposite the gateway of his particular desires.

Mere opportunism? That and a little more; a sort of conviction that Fortune herself is something of an opportunist, that what a man wants to do, Fortune, sooner or later, will help him to do if he only wills himself in the direction of the want early enough and long enough to give the fickle jade her chance.

By way of proceeding immediately to hammer, Hampstead reached for a heavy calf-bound volume bearing the imprint of the Los Angeles Public Library and settled himself to read.

MOST people in the railroad office were tired when they finished their day's work. They were done with effort. John, however, was just ready to begin. They thought of recreation. John thought only of hammering.

Since his scholastic education had been broken off in the middle by economic necessities, he had formed the plan of reading at night the entire written history of the world, from the first cuneiform inscription down to the last edition of the last newspaper. In pursuance of this plan he had already traveled far down the centuries, and it was with eagerness that he adjusted his eye shade to-night, because when he lifted the cover of his book he knew that he would swing open the doors on one of the greatest centuries in human history, the century in which the world discovered the individual. Hampstead was himself an individual. This was in some sense the story of his own discovery.

In perhaps half an hour there came a birdlike tap at his door, accompanied by a suppressed giggle.

"Who comes there?" called the student in sepulchral tones, stabbing the page at a particular spot with his thumb, while his eyes were lifted.

The only audible sound was another giggle, but the door swung open mysteriously, revealing two small white-robed figures silhouetted against the shadows in the studio.

"Enter, ghosts!" John commanded playfully, in the same graveyard voice, while his eyes fell again upon his pages. The ghosts chortled and advanced, but with great circumspection, to the little table with its dangerously balanced bookshelf, its miscellaneous litter of papers, and its silent, absorbed student.

Tayna, her long burnished curls cascading over the white of her nightgown, and her eyes shining softly, ducking her head, arose under one arm of her uncle, where presently she felt herself drawn close with an affectionate, satisfying sort of squeeze. The boy, approaching from the other side, laid a hand upon the shoulder of the man, and stood watching with fascination the eyes of his uncle in their steady sweep from side to side of the printed page.

"Uncle John," asked Tayna shyly, burying her face in his neck as she put the question, "when will you be president?"

"When *shall* you be president?" corrected the boy, looking across at his sister with that same old-mannish expression which was a part of all he said and did.

HAMPSTEAD cuddled the girl closer, and his eye abandoned the page to look down the bridge of his nose into distance. "Why?" he asked presently.

"Oh, because," said Tayna, with a little shiver of eagerness, "I can hardly wait."

Hampstead's eyes wandered to his motto on the wall. The eyes of the boy followed and spelled out the letters wonderingly, but in silence.

"We must be able to wait," said John, squeezing Tayna again. "It's a long, long way; but if we just keep on keeping on, why after a while we are there, you know."



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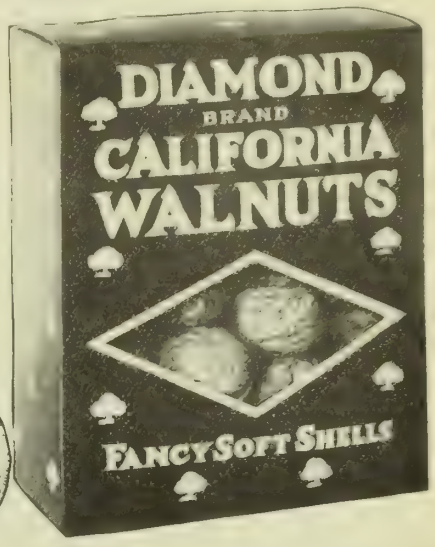
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Tayna sighed and reached up a round, plump arm till it encircled Hampstead's neck, as she asked, still more shyly:

"And when you are president everyone will know just how good and great you are, and they won't call you awkward nor—nor homely any more, will they?"

A flush and a chuckle marked John's reception of this query, after which he observed hastily and a bit apprehensively: "Say, you wet little goldfishes! Remember that you are never, never, now or any time, howsoever odd I bear myself, to breathe a word to anybody, not to a single soul, not to your mamma or your papa or your Sunday-school teacher or anybody, of all these nice little play secrets which we have between ourselves."

An instant seriousness came over the children's faces.

"Cross my heart," murmured Tayna, with a twitch of her slender finger across her breast.

"And hope to die," added Dick, with a funereal solemnity as he completed Tayna's cross by a vertical movement of a stubby thumb in the direction of his own wishbone of a breast.

Hampstead looked relieved.

"But," affirmed Tayna stoutly, "they are not play secrets. They are *real* secrets. Aren't they?"

John looked up at his motto again.

"Yes," he said in a low, determined voice. "They are real secrets."

"And," half-declared, half-questioned Dick, "if you aren't president, you are going to be some other kind of a very great man?

"Aren't you?" the boy persisted, when Hampstead was silent.

"Tell you to-morrow," laughed John. "Good night, ghosts!" and with a swift assault of his lips upon the cheeks of each he gently impelled them toward the door.

"Good night, your excellency!" giggled Tayna.

"Good night, my counselors," responded the big man, reaching for his book.

An hour later Hampstead was still reading. Another hour later he was still reading. But something like a quarter of an hour beyond that—when it might have been, say, near half past eleven—he was not reading. He was turning his head strangely from side to side and digging a knuckle into his eyes. A surprising thing had happened. He could no longer see the lines upon the page, nor the page itself, nor the book, nor anything!

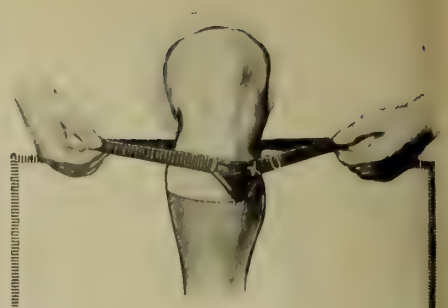
HIS first impression was that the light had gone out, but this swiftly gave way to the conviction that he had gone blind, stone blind, and so suddenly that it came off right between the beheading of one of the queens of Henry the Eighth and the marrying of another! He was now tardily conscious that for some time his eyes had been giving him pain, that he had rubbed them periodically to clear away white opacities that appeared upon the page; but now there was no pain; they were suffused with moisture, and the room was dark.

After an interval he could make out the gaslight glowing feebly like the tiny glare of a candle visible in some distant pit of darkness, but he could discern no shapes about the room—not one!

A horrible fear stole into his breast and chilled it. All of him had suddenly come to naught, and just as he was getting started. He turned futile, streaming orbs up to where his new-made motto should loom upon the wall. It was there, of course, mocking at him now; but he could not see it. He could not see the wall even. For fully five minutes he sat in darkness, his hands clasped above his bowed head. Then he arose and groped his way along the wall to the door and opened it, and stood facing out into the grotesque dark of the studio. He thought of trying to grope his way across it, of calling out, but he decided to wait a few minutes.

He felt stricken, broken—overwhelmed. His life, his career, himself were ruined. He required time to get used to the sensation, time to adjust his mind to the extent of the calamity, and to gather some elements of fortitude wherewith to face the world. Not even Rose must see him broken and shattered as he felt now. Turning back, he closed the door, found his way to the gas, and turned it off. He had no need of gas now. Then, fully clothed, he lay down upon the bed, with a cold cloth over his eyes, thinking flightily and feeling very sorry for himself.

(*To be continued next week*)



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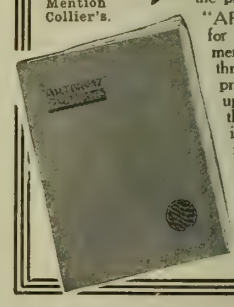


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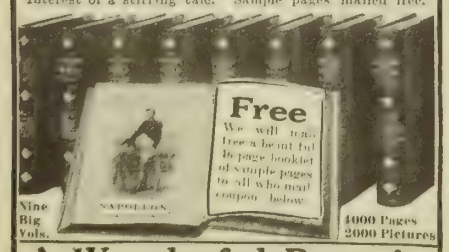


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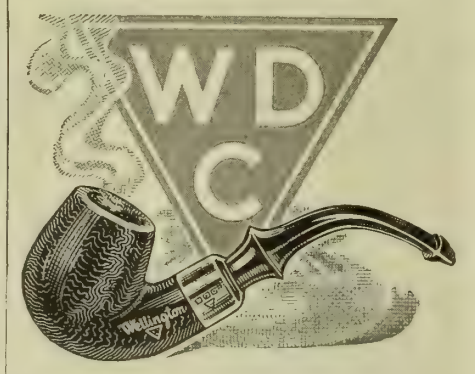
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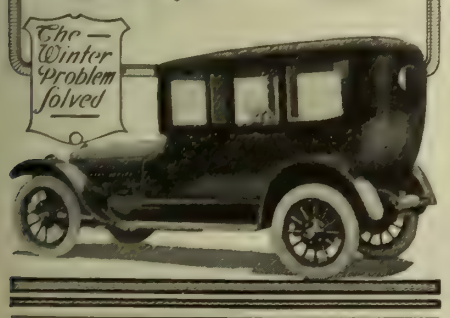
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Meant for Fun

OPEN MINDED

Why can't some mothers see their children's faults?
They have so many.
I'm sure that I could see my Johnnie's faults—
If he had any! —M. C.

SOME BABY

In a certain Western city one may obtain liquor only for medicine. A drummer relates that while he was in a drug store there a man rushed in and slammed a five-gallon demijohn down in front of the pill dispenser and, handing him a slip of paper, cried: "Fill her up, Jim; the baby's took bad!"
—S. J. S.

IN THE SOCIAL WHIRL

Miss Mary McLain is a "gadabout" quite:
She visits all day and then dances all night.
So some of her friends, who upon her have frowned,
Declare she's a regular "Mary-go-round."
—J. W.

England's Hope

(Continued from page 13)

German efficiency, and especially German military efficiency, is continually spoken of as if it were something almost superhuman, something against which Americans even must arm themselves; yet it would be easy to prove that Germany is far more efficient in industry and in commerce than in her army or navy. Germany's military caste, her oligarchy, though poor and hard-working, is almost as enfeebling an influence as the English oligarchy. If England suffers from "false values," from her "Most Noble Earl," who lives by begging and selling himself, so does Germany suffer from her subservience to the *Aller Durchlauchtigsten, Aller Gnädigsten*—her kneeling to the Most Transparent of all Transparencies, the Most Gracious of all Graciousnesses, poisons the fount of honor at the source and must be paid for in weakness.

Think of the English navy and the German. The German navy, according to the Kaiser himself, was deliberately designed "to keep in check and render a good account of itself even if opposed to the greatest of navies." In spite of the exploits of individual Germans, such as Von Weddigen, the British navy has done more than was expected of it; it has swept the German mercantile marine from the high seas; it has pinned the German fleet in fortified ports; it has destroyed the trade of neutrals with Germany and has almost succeeded in turning a victorious country into a beleaguered fortress.

Though the German fleet can pick its place of attack and "the day," it doesn't dare to come out into the open; for all the harm or good it is, it might as well be nonexistent. When the American navy was in its infancy it did infinitely better than this; even the French navy after Trafalgar was more efficient.

Germany's Shipping Victories

COMPARE for one moment the hopeless ineffectiveness of the Imperial German navy with the records of the German mercantile marine and you will see how German snobbishness and German subservience to her hereditary nobility and to her Kaiser enfeeble German virtue. Starting with every disadvantage, the Hamburg-American Line and the Norddeutscher Lloyd in a few years tore from the British the cream of the passenger traffic. The German lines paid high dividends while this and that English line went into bankruptcy.

Compare Krupp's with Armstrong's and you have the same lesson writ even larger. A generation or so ago Armstrong's was a name to conjure with like Sheffield steel; to-day it is simply nowhere in comparison with Krupp's. Or take it in another way. The French are bad organizers; their railways, their post offices are all slipshod, inefficient, behind the times; French trade in the last twenty years increased only some 20 per cent, while German trade increased over 300 per cent. But the French army, in proportion to its numbers, is as good as the German army, and even against superiority of numbers can still fight with stubborn resolution, win victories, and cover itself with glory. Whoever studies the facts must admit that German efficiency is seen at its best in industry

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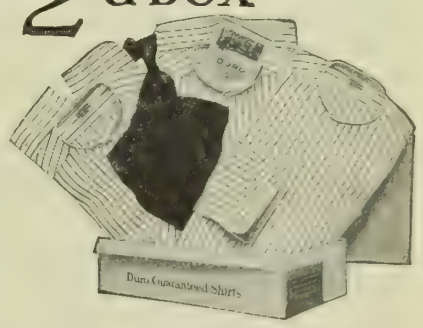
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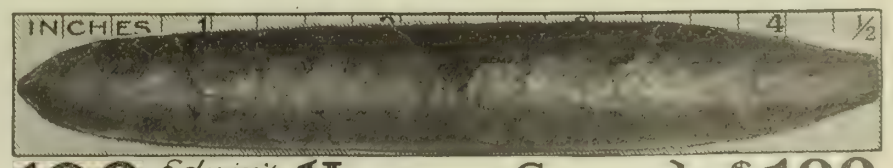


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Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters For window signs and house numbers. Make a permanent business. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

and commerce, and at its worst in the army and navy, where it too, like the English, is handicapped by the "false values" of a hereditary aristocracy and a hereditary kingship.

If at the beginning of the war the British had abandoned their invincible belief in ignorance and comforting lies, and had faced the truth without a censor and been aided by the fearless criticism of the ablest war correspondents, long before this the German line in France would have been pushed back to its own frontiers and Warsaw would still be in the hands of the Russians. The Oligarchy and censorship have made the British army woefully inefficient, just as "Von" Tirpitz, and "the most gracious Lord and Master," self-styled "Admiral of the Atlantic," have made the German navy an example of wasted money. But if the English do away even now with the censorship and bid "good-by" to Kitchener and to "Miss" Balfour, nay, even if they find a Harriman or a Selfridge and submit themselves to him, can they hope to win?

Only still more heroic measures, the measure of the French Revolution, could work such a miracle. If they gave the land back to the people, they could introduce conscription without opposition; they should nationalize the railways too and give Home Rule to Ireland. They should abolish all the privileges of nobility, disestablish the Church, turn the House of Lords into a Senate and give the colonists a place in it proportionate to population. They should introduce manhood suffrage, found a system of intermediate education and spend twenty millions sterling yearly in the endowment of science, literature and art. The nationalization of the land alone, to begin with, would bring into English hearts the old flame of patriotism which poverty has nearly extinguished. But will the English try even now to turn England from a feudal into a modern industrial state?

The Oligarchy's Way

THERE is one appalling fact beside the recent strengthening of the censorship to show that my fears are likely to be justified. A couple of years ago Lloyd-George began attacking the landowners; he set on foot commissions to examine into the present state of land tenure.

One of the first results of the Coalition Cabinet was to abolish these commissions and set adrift the 1,700 paid investigators. "No reforms!" cry the Oligarchy. "None!"

And instead of putting himself at the head of the party of revolution Lloyd-George accepted the slap in the face without a murmur and went into Wales to blame the miners for their want of patriotism in taking advantage of the public danger to threaten a strike. This time England cannot muddle through: it is "either, or ?" with her. She must either set her house in order or fall to the rank of another Holland.

For the moment, however, her task is not a difficult one, thanks to the German aristocracy. England has the Kaiser for ace and "Von" Tirpitz as "joker"; and if she will select a Clive or even a Mackensen as leader, she can still make a draw of it, retrieving most of her repute and thus put off the day of reform; but the Fates are growing impatient—and no wonder!

The Citizen

(*Continued from page 12*)

would become real in the land to which they were bound. Ivan of the Bridge grew to full stature on that first night out from Libau. The battered old craft that carried him slouched before the waves that swept over her decks, but he was not afraid. Down amid the million and one smells of the steerage he induced a thin-faced Livonian to play upon a mouth organ, and Big Ivan sang Paleer's "Song of Freedom" in a voice that drowned the creaking of the old vessel's timbers, and made the seasick ones forget their sickness. They sat up in their berths and joined in the chorus, their eyes shining brightly in the half gloom:

"Freedom for serf and for slave,
Freedom for all men who crave
Their right to be free
And who hate to bend knee
But to Him who this right to them gave."

It was well that those emigrants had dreams. They wanted them. The sea devils chased the lumbering steamer. They hung to her bows and pulled her for'ard deck under emerald-green rollers. They clung to her stern and hoisted her nose till Big Ivan thought that he could touch the door of heaven by standing on her blunt snout. Miserable, cold, ill, and sleepless, the emigrants crouched in their quarters, and to them Ivan and the thin-faced Livonian sang the "Song of Freedom."

The emigrant ship pounded through the Cattegat, swung southward through the Skagerrack and the bleak North Sea. But the storm pursued her. The big waves snarled and bit at her, and the captain and the chief officer consulted with each other. They decided to run into the Thames, and the harried steamer nosed her way in and anchored off Gravesend.

AN examination was made, and the agents decided to transship the emigrants. They were taken to London and thence by train to Liverpool, and Ivan and Anna sat again side by side, holding hands and smiling at each other as the third-class emigrant train from Euston raced down through the green Midland counties to grimy Liverpool.

"You are not afraid?" Ivan would say to her each time she looked at him.

"It is a long way, but the Dream has given me much courage," she said.

"To-day I spoke to a Lett whose brother works in New York City," said the giant. "Do you know how much money he earns each day?"

"How much?" she questioned.

"Three rubles, and he calls the policemen by their first names."

"You will earn five rubles, my Ivan," she murmured. "There is no one as strong as you."

Once again they were herded into the bowels of a big ship that steamed away through the fog banks of the Mersey out into the Irish Sea. There were more dreamers now, nine hundred of them, and Anna and Ivan were more comfortable. And these new emigrants, English, Irish, Scotch, French, and German, knew much concerning America. Ivan was certain that he would earn at least three rubles a day. He was very strong.

On the deck he defeated all comers in a tug of war, and the captain of the ship came up to him and felt his muscles.

"The country that lets men like you get away from it is run badly," he said. "Why did you leave it?"

The interpreter translated what the captain said, and through the interpreter Ivan answered.

"I had a Dream," he said, "a Dream of freedom."

"Good," cried the captain. "Why should a man with muscles like yours have his face ground into the dust?"

The soul of Big Ivan grew during those days. He felt himself a man, a man who was born upright to speak his thoughts without fear.

The ship rolled into Queenstown one bright morning, and Ivan and his nine hundred steerage companions crowded the for'ard deck. A boy in a rowboat threw a line to the deck, and after it had been fastened to a stanchion he came up hand over hand. The emigrants watched him curiously. An old woman sitting in the boat pulled off her shoes, sat in a loop of the rope, and lifted her hand as a signal to her son on deck.

"Hey, fellers," said the boy, "help me pull me muvver up. She wants to sell a few dozen apples, an' they won't let her up the gangway!"

Big Ivan didn't understand the words, but he guessed what the boy wanted. He made one of a half dozen who gripped the rope and started to pull the ancient apple woman to the deck.

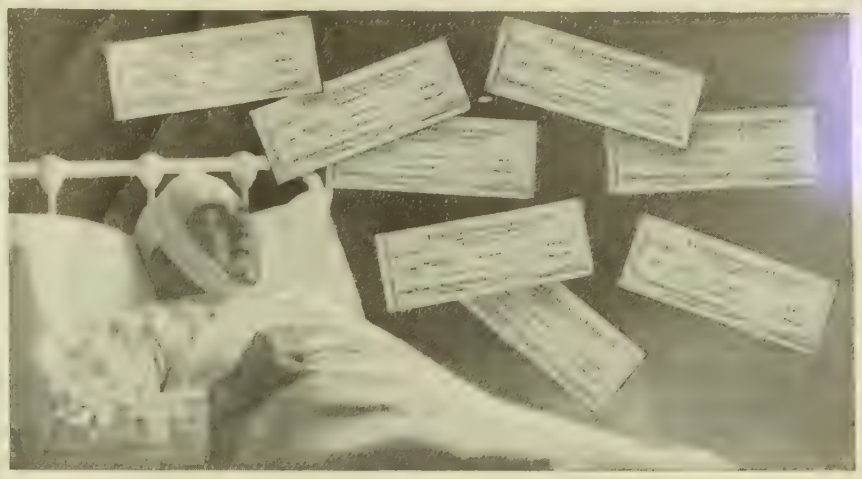
They had her halfway up the side when an undersized third officer discovered what they were doing. He called to a steward, and the steward sprang to obey.

"Turn a hose on her!" cried the officer. "Turn a hose on the old woman!"

The steward rushed for the hose. He ran with it to the side of the ship with the intention of squirting the old woman, who was swinging in midair and exhorting the six men who were dragging her to the deck.

"Pull!" she cried. "Sure, I'll give every one of ye a rosy red apple an' me blessing with it."

The steward aimed the muzzle of the



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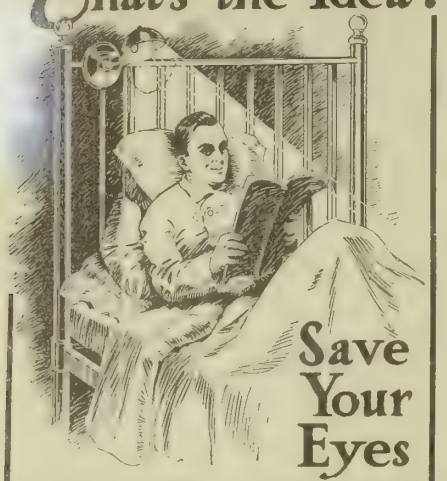
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hose, and Big Ivan of the Bridge let go of the rope and sprang at him. The fist of the great Russian went out like a battering ram; it struck the steward between the eyes, and he dropped upon the deck. He lay like one dead, the muzzle of the hose wriggling from his limp hands.

The third officer and the interpreter rushed at Big Ivan, who stood erect, his hands clenched.

"Ask the big swine why he did it?" roared the officer.

"Because he is a coward!" cried Ivan. "They wouldn't do that in America!"

"What does the big brute know about America?" cried the officer.

"Tell him I have dreamed of it," shouted Ivan. "Tell him it is in my Dream. Tell him I will kill him if he turns the water upon this old woman."

THE apple seller was on deck then, and with the wisdom of the Celt she understood. She put her lean hand upon the great head of the Russian and blessed him in Gaelic. Ivan bowed before her, then as she offered him a rosy apple he led her toward Anna, a great Viking leading a withered old woman who walked with the grace of a duchess.

"Please don't touch him," she cried, turning to the officer. "We have been waiting for your ship for six hours, and we have only five dozen apples to sell. It's a great man he is. Sure he's as big as Finn MacCool."

Some one pulled the steward behind a ventilator and revived him by squirting him with water from the hose which he tried to turn upon the old woman. The third officer slipped quietly away.

The Atlantic was kind to the ship that carried Ivan and Anna. Through sunny days they sat up on deck and watched the horizon. They wanted to be among those who would get the first glimpse of the wonderland.

They saw it on a morning with sunshine and soft winds. Standing together in the bow, they looked at the smear upon the horizon, and their eyes filled with tears. They forgot the long road to Bobruisk, the rocking journey to Libau, the mad buckjumping boat in whose timbers the sea devils of the Baltic had bored holes. Everything unpleasant was forgotten, because the Dream filled them with a great happiness.

The inspectors at Ellis Island were interested in Ivan. They walked around him and prodded his muscles, and he smiled down upon them good-naturedly.

"A fine animal," said one. "Gee, he's a new white hope! Ask him can he fight?"

An interpreter put the question, and Ivan nodded. "I have fought," he said.

"Gee!" cried the inspector. "Ask him was it for purses or what?"

"For freedom," answered Ivan. "For freedom to stretch my legs and straighten my neck!"

Ivan and Anna left the Government ferryboat at the Battery. They started to walk uptown, making for the East Side, Ivan carrying the big trunk that no other man could lift.

IT was a wonderful morning. The city was bathed in warm sunshine, and the well-dressed men and women who crowded the sidewalks made the two immigrants think that it was a festival day. Ivan and Anna stared at each other in amazement. They had never seen such dresses as those worn by the smiling women who passed them by; they had never seen such well-groomed men.

"It is a feast day for certain," said Anna.

"They are dressed like princes and princesses," murmured Ivan. "There are no poor here, Anna. None."

Like two simple children, they walked along the streets of the City of Wonder. What a contrast it was to the gray, stupid towns where the Terror waited to spring upon the cowed people. In Bobruisk, Minsk, Vilna, and Libau the people were sullen and afraid. They walked in dread, but in the City of Wonder beside the glorious Hudson every person seemed happy and contented.

They lost their way, but they walked on, looking at the wonderful shop windows, the roaring elevated trains, and the huge skyscrapers. Hours afterward they found themselves in Fifth Avenue near Thirty-third Street, and there the miracle happened to the two Russian immigrants. It was a big miracle inasmuch as it proved the Dream a truth, a great truth.

Ivan and Anna attempted to cross the avenue, but they became confused in the snarl of traffic. They dodged backward and forward as the stream of automobiles swept by them. Anna screamed, and, in response to her scream, a traffic policeman, resplendent in a new uniform, rushed to her side. He took the arm of Anna and flung up a commanding hand. The charging autos halted. For five blocks north and south they jammed on the brakes when the unexpected interruption occurred, and Big Ivan gasped.

"Don't be flurried, little woman," said the cop. "Sure I can tame 'em by liftin' me hand."

Anna didn't understand what he said, but she knew it was something nice by the manner in which his Irish eyes smiled down upon her. And in front of the waiting automobiles he led her with the same care that he would give to a duchess, while Ivan, carrying the big trunk, followed them, wondering much. Ivan's mind went back to Bobruisk on the night the Terror was abroad.

The policeman led Anna to the sidewalk, patted Ivan good-naturedly upon the shoulder, and then with a sharp whistle unloosed the waiting stream of cars that had been held up so that two Russian immigrants could cross the avenue.

Big Ivan of the Bridge took the trunk from his head and put it on the ground. He reached out his arms and folded Anna in a great embrace. His eyes were wet.

"The Dream is true!" he cried. Did you see, Anna? We are as good as they! This is the land where a muzhik is as good as a prince of the blood!"

THE President was nearing the close of his address. Anna shook Ivan, and Ivan came out of the trance which the President's words had brought upon him. He sat up and listened intently:

We grow great by dreams. All big men are dreamers. They see things in the soft haze of a spring day or in the red fire of a long winter's evening. Some of us let those great dreams die, but others nourish and protect them, nurse them through bad days till they bring them to the sunshine and light which comes always to those who sincerely hope that their dreams will come true.

The President finished. For a moment he stood looking down at the faces turned up to him, and Big Ivan of the Bridge thought that the President smiled at him. Ivan seized Anna's hand and held it tight.

"He knew of my Dream!" he cried. "He knew of it. Did you hear what he said about the dreams of a spring day?"

"Of course he knew," said Anna. "He is the wisest man in America, where there are many wise men. Ivan, you are a citizen now."

"And you are a citizen, Anna."

The band started to play "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and Ivan and Anna got to their feet. Standing side by side, holding hands, they joined in with the others who had found after long days of journeying the blessed land where dreams come true.

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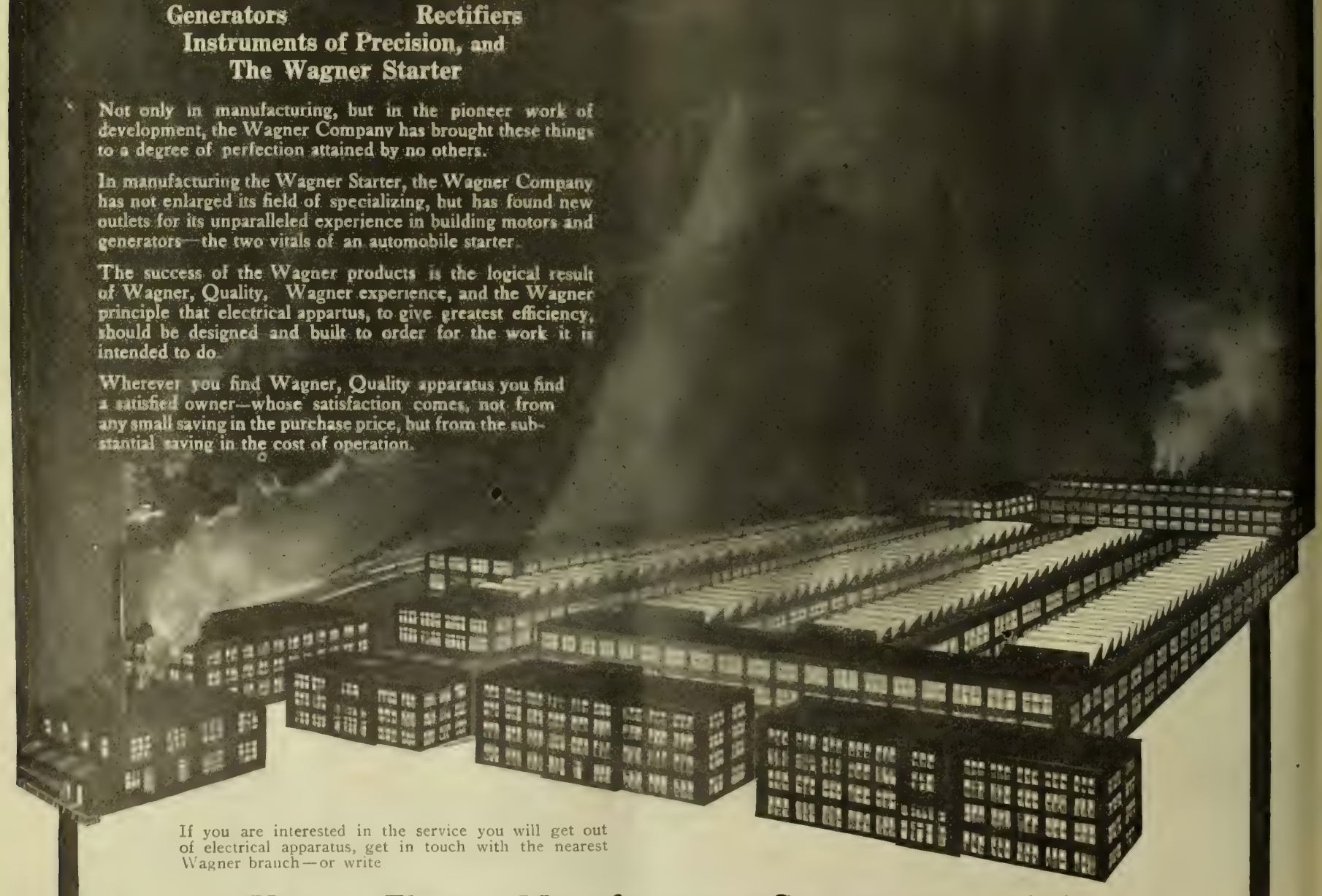
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

FOR FREEDOM

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

THE warden said that the prison file would tell the story, and, being a new type of warden in the Southern State penitentiary of which he now has charge and, above all, a man skilled in human values, copies of the papers in the case were taken. These copies are set forth now without changes except in proper nouns, here and there, and especially in the name of the girl—Isabel. The warden was right; the record—made by the writings of the parties, some of which were taken from Edgar Calhoun when captured, or were furnished by him at the warden's request, some of which came from the girl, some of which were once in the possession of the prosecuting officers and others of which are official—is a record worth preservation, I think, in the history of penal institutions. Certainly it is enough to awake the imagination. It is a comment on developments in personality of a man and of a woman. It suggests the causes and the cure of an unspeakable quality and quantity of evil. It is the solution of a mystery. To me it is a drama in which any man or woman so choosing may sooner or later be the principal actor.



"Let them take me out of this accursed stone-walled cell and murder me! . . . I am going mad. Won't the people of the State help me?"

Extracts from a letter by Mary Calhoun to her son, Edgar Calhoun, to be opened when he had become twenty-one years of age:

I often wonder what the world will bring to you. Not very much. It brings so little joy to any of us! This vale of tears is no better than we ought to expect. I was never of a happy disposition anyway, and the years I spent with your father have turned me sour. After we came down from Cincinnati there was nothing but drink and abuse. The neighbors never knew much about it. They think I am getting the divorce because of some giddy, light-haired thing in Lexington, but the real reason is not because he loves some other woman, but because when I put my arms around his neck he holds himself stiff and straight and draws his lips away from mine. It ain't possible to stand loathing. But he is the kind that would tire anybody. I may die before you ever read this. You ought to know the truth and what broke us up, and you are too young to tell now. So I write it.

I'll never forget finding you in my arms. I was the happiest woman alive. But I have regretted your birth. You have blue eyes and high forehead and well-turned ears like mine, but there is a look around your nose that makes me think of your father. He had that habit of wrinkling when he would be always telling me that I could see nothing of importance in life except myself and absorbing all his time and nagging him. He thought I was beautiful once. And at first I liked the looks of his thin, curved lips. They were cruel. I am afraid you will grow up with lips like his. He never was a drunkard because no matter how much he drank he was sober. Only he could forget the kind of people he came from and everything in him would go coarse when he had had whisky. Whisky is a curse. But it is worse to have a nature like his at the bottom. . . . You have his body too, because it is small and almost like a woman's in its grace, and wiry. I said so to him once last year. I reckon we both had tried to fool ourselves. You may remember we went off on a trip to Washington, D. C., pretending as hard as we could that everything was just as it was once. It was that remark that finished me. I said you were small and almost like a woman and wiry in body. "And in mind he's wiry—barbed-wiry," said your father. "And like your kind of women in his mind. And small and mean in his mind like you." I could feel every bit of the love left go cold and dead. I might as well tell the truth. I hate him. He probably will say I'm all to blame. It's a lie. He did it. . . .

You won't find any good in men. If you don't try, you will be happier. All men and most women are just alike. Turn to God. That is the great comfort. There is a heaven, and up there is happiness. So follow the doctrines and do all you can to save your soul. Keep close to religious people. I want you to be saved and you will be lost unless you pray for salvation. Nobody else will save you. . . . I hope you won't grow up to be as sullen as you have been up to now, when you are fifteen. Your father whipped you often, but I never could see anything but harm come of it. You would go in a rage and mope for days. . . .

Pages from the diary of Edgar Calhoun written during his attendance at the Bucknell School of Dental Surgery at Hamilton:

JANUARY 21.—A cold day. I was born for warm climates. The astonishing thing about Hamilton is the total lack of congenial society. There is no one at the school or in the town with any taste for literature or any sense of humor. I thank my lucky stars I have a sense of humor. Otherwise I would fall in love with one of these simpering little town maids. I, who have never been to any larger city than Atlanta, am able to see how provincial they are! The men play poker. This means an evening of drinking, and drink is too cute. Drink is cuter than any man. At first it had no effect on me, but later it found its way into the brain cells. I will not drink again, I believe. Furthermore, any man who has to make his own way cannot drink. I have had disadvantages enough already. Fate handicapped me from the beginning, and I often wonder why it is that those who start handicapped are always the ones who are picked out for the grossest injustice. The teachers here at Bucknell would never let me get a good rating, no matter whether I was the best student in the whole institution. Dr. Bissell says I am unwilling to do any groundwork, but he does not say much about the occasion when I questioned him in lecture about the sulphuric treatment of pyorrhea and drove him into a corner like an old hog so fat he can't run. I have been too original to suit them here. They take advantage of their position to suppress any new ideas. Daniel Ferris says it is foolish to antagonize them, but I had rather have the satisfaction of upsetting their

theories than be a sheep among these student sheep. . . . And now to read in bed—Cellini's "Autobiography" tonight.

FEBRUARY 3.—I wish now that I had gone into the law. But it would be too long to wait for an income. It would be more pleasant dealing with people's affairs than with their teeth. Amos Garrick, who liked me in high school and stuck to me and gave me appreciation, is in a law office studying. He says he wants to be a judge. But if I had gone into the law, I would have wanted to use my knowledge to show how the law always favors the rich and looks back at yesterday instead of to-morrow. A good, bright lawyer with imagination could make people see how absurd it is to expect justice. And politics! What a fake! The steam heat in this little room either makes it intolerably hot and dry when it's on or cold and damp when it's off. Catarrh. Catarrh. Catarrh—always catarrh. I met another little fool tonight. She looked surprised because I had no dress suit. Her name was Bessie Ingersoll.

MAY 23.—I went to church! Ingersoll, who runs the sash, blind, and door factory, drove us off the piazza. I suppose he thought he was funny. I think Bessie was pleased. I think she wanted to get me to church. I almost had to laugh. How can sensible people swallow it? They tell you to be unselfish and in the next breath they tell you to save your own soul first. That was like my mother—always thinking of her own soul. Then it's all a disgusting trade. They offer you heaven in exchange for a blind following of rules of conduct. It's the basest kind of bargain. First off, they can't prove that they can deliver heaven, and secondly they can't prove that the rules of conduct they have set up are good rules or just something you follow because your grandfather did, like carrying a horse-chestnut in the pocket to keep away the rheumatism. It's a stick-of-candy bribe, I say. They try to toll you in by shaking an empty quart measure the way you try to fool a horse when you want to catch him in a pasture. Let's see them prove anything. It's all an appeal to the two basest of human passions—fear and selfishness. And in that respect it's like the way parents really teach morals to children. They teach them fear of disease and fear of disgrace, and fear of punishment of some kind. That's what they call morals. That's the kind I have. I have them in plenty. I'm looking after my own skin pretty sharp all the time. But I have no respect for morals. It's another fake. Went to the eye, ear, and throat specialist today. Charged me three dollars—the bloodsucker.

JUNE 2.—I wish I had gone into the law. Graduation from this hole comes pretty soon, thanks be! I'll have just enough money left to start an office somewhere. I think I'll go to the State capital. . . . The best thing I've seen is a little magazine published in New York and printed on coarse brown paper, called "F. F." The letters mean "For Freedom." It had an article about the institution of the family which was *good!* It showed the absurdities of marriage. It made one *think.* That's what we all need—to open up some of these pills we have been swallowing all along. We need to *think* and *look!* Suppose a man and a woman are always quarreling and unhappy and sour. They ought to be apart. That's plain. And where will the children be best trained? In that family? Not by a jugful! It all comes down to a question of whether a man and a woman are happy together. If they are, they will stay together anyway. If they are not, it is just a case of slavery for the man and a low-down state of being a parasite on the part of the woman. These new fearless thinkers in New York can show it up. Marriage is ridiculous. Of course marriage is a small part of the new emancipation that is coming. But I would like to make that name of the magazine my slogan, "For Freedom." Sometimes it seems to me that I am the slave of everything—conventions and fool customs and a creed of don'ts. There is no inspiration in that kind of life. It is sickening. I am for the fearless thinkers—those brave men and women who are willing to speak up and [here the page, torn from a book by some one in the district attorney's office, has several lines missing which I understand were cut out to be used by the handwriting expert at the trial]—has set up practice for himself there. He says the Legislature is still in session. I suppose Amos will forge ahead—a nice fellow but without brilliance. He conceals it, but I think he sneers at me for being a dentist. To-day I found an old photograph of my mother taken before her death and sent me by Aunt Elizabeth. I looked at myself in the glass a long time. I do not look like my mother.



Some years later Judge Amos Garrick, writing to Daniel Ferris in Lexington, Ky., about the administration of a small estate, added the following paragraphs with pen and ink:

I feel inclined strongly to make mention of an old friend of yours at Bucknell who, as you know, was also a childhood friend of my own. I understand from him that you have not seen him since the visit five years ago directly after his graduation from the Bucknell School of Dental Surgery, at which visit I recall with pleasure having met you for the first time. Of course you know that I am referring to Edgar Calhoun.

I think you would be doing him a favor, no less valuable because unasked, if you would endeavor to renew correspondence with him. The truth is that he has incrusted himself with a hard shell of self-sufficiency, and is, I suspect, very unhappy inside it. No doubt he has been disappointed in the returns from his practice here, for though he is a skilled practitioner the competition is great. He is a self-assertive soul and dentistry offers him but a small outlet for self-expression; and, on the other hand, he has not joined the better social life, probably for the reason that he is unable with his limited means to make the showing which his keen imagination pictures. He would like to run a big touring car and give elaborate spreads at the Country Club, I think. As it is, he lives in the same two rooms at Mrs. Apwell's where you and I sat up so late discussing politics, with Edgar brooding gloomily in the corner. All these circumstances have driven him to an association with men below his level. The clerk of the Commercial Hotel, the proprietor of one of our drug stores who, I am informed, is addicted to the use of morphine, a labor organizer, an ex-minister from Rambo, driven by a scandal from his calling and now a Socialist and given to violent argument—all these men of coarser stripe fill the gaps between periods of bitter loneliness. Edgar's superficial brilliance and ability to appear learned, combined with his capacity to drink without suffering any loss of his faculties, draw the admiration of men and women who are floundering about aping intellectuality and seeking the easiest way to clutch enjoyment. They furnish Edgar, whose mind dominates theirs, a cheaply won approval and applause which, I think, must intoxicate his vanity, feed his ego, and leave him for the time in a fool's paradise.

Unfortunately, he has never seriously been in love. I consider this a source of much danger to him. The volcano is there. I fear its eruption because so long held back. I think when all is said, it might help if you wrote cordially, asking him many questions about the shape his life is taking. You might make some contribution to relieve the resentful expression and the outer signs of some mysterious perverted growth which, from deep depths in the man, find their way to his countenance. My regards.

From Edgar Calhoun to Isabel Wetmore, January 18, 1912:

You will forgive the wonder which I want to express. I cannot quite yet realize the good fortune which took me to visit St. Louis with Robert Bellman. Both of us found a long stretch of life here at the State capital absolutely unbearable. He says the mental stuffiness of these dull, respectable, conventional citizens is the same atmosphere he breathed when he preached at Rambo—before his emancipation, as he calls it. Of course he went down to St. Louis to see the Marguerite whom you do not know. She is a wonderful little woman from New York who belongs to a studio Socialist group around Washington Square, as I remember the name of the place. She is married, but calls herself Miss and permits her husband to ask no questions. She is doing much for the freedom of women—writing, talking, and lecturing. Bellman and she love each other and are very intimate—not intimate enough, however, to suit Bellman. Sometimes he says that it irritates him to find so many of the new young school of thinkers who are content to be free conversationally. But I am astray. The point is—I have met you.

We are much alike. I have a keen admiration for your independence. I think we both have spent our youth reaching for a happiness which did not come—which was always out of reach. You have done more than I to relieve your restlessness, for I am plodding along in a profession while you are doing creative work. I am much obliged to you for showing me the little poems at our famous dinner. Bellman's silly remarks then about my spending too much were more than disturbing to me. Of course that was before our ride under the arc lights, and you might have thought I was somebody trying to make a splurge. You were not angry because of what happened just before you ran up the steps?

Isabel Wetmore wrote on January 23, 1912:

No, I wasn't a bit angry. I knew that you had hungered for years, as I have, for understanding. I am pretty enough to attract men, but I would have resented anything like that except from you. Oh, you will understand some time. The men in the office cause me nothing but loathing. One kind are cold and stiff like cast brass, and the others have no intellectual affections. My! Don't they make romance hideous! Well, I have not forgotten. Your being here for those four days has made the damned old office seem tolerable and I have done much better with my music. I will be so glad when I can make Art support me. And I have often heard that no real temperament can be developed without romance. Of course I've had some cheap romances and one costly one, as I told you, but no great humanizing passion which is necessary for the creative impulse. I think I could follow the way you might point to freedom under such circumstances. But the thing that bears down on me is the deadly routine of an office among a lot of common stenographers and clerks discussing marcel waves and Wilson and



The big, surly convict threw a buckwheat cake with sirup on; it struck Calhoun in the face and he stood

Roosevelt and wheat and criticizing the fiction which brings out points in the sex problem just as if there wasn't a sex problem clamoring for solution. . . .

When are you coming to St. Louis?

From Edgar Calhoun to Isabel Wetmore, April 1, 1912:

Adorable Girl: I am sending two inclosures with this—a check for $40, with which I wish you would pay the rent of the apartment (I cannot be in St. Louis this week) and the other is the article by Marguerite. The truth of the matter is that I cannot very well leave my practice just now; there is a rush of people who go away in the summer and want to see a dentist before they leave. The reason is not money. I wish you would not say so much about expenditure. Money is easy to get. When I came back here the last time I found my account rather low, but it was easily replenished by a little turn in copper stocks. We both like the good things in life—good things to eat and wear and trips here and there, and I know no reason why we should not have them. We are seeking freedom together and a part of freedom is frankness. That is why I was so glad that you told me that the office work was tiring you and made me see that no one can hope to do anything in the arts when there is a daily drudgery to be done.

It has improved your health. You have filled out—you beautiful creature. I can picture your eyes, your hair, the color of your wrists as I write. I would like to proclaim the victory we have won together. Love triumphs over all, and I am mad for you, Isabel. I have been through purgatory for years—a purgatory of suppression and sickened with flat souls everywhere. I have found happiness in you at the moment when I thought there could be none, for I had no faith in anything. Love was the one thing left to come to me, and now that it has come I pin all my faith to it. It is the greatest thing—the full, vital love between us. I feel that through it we will be able to shake off all the burdens each of us has carried and little by little we shall rid ourselves of obligations. I take a wild delight in knowing that you and I may teach people to cast aside hypocrisy and cant.

Have you read Bellman's enlightening article in the last issue of "Pepper Pot," called "Children; Are They Accidents?" Really it is written to appeal to conservatives and make a plea for the control of births among the overburdened poor. But Bellman says that the logical result of a complete education in the control of births is to bring the institution of marriage where it belongs—i. e., down to a contract to protect children who are born to parents wanting children. There won't be any other children. Bellman wishes to make marriage appear as absurd to everyone as it appears to him and to us, darling.

Of course, I know that what you say about the piano is true. Will you wait two weeks? I want you to have a piano of your own, of course. There is nothing in the world I would not do for you, goddess o' mine. I'm glad that you mentioned it. . . . Perhaps it would be best for you to use the name Mrs. Sterling for the present.

On August 9 he wrote to Isabel:

I did not like the tone of your letter, because it was full of doubt and depression. Of course I love you—passionately, devotedly. I would give all — all — everything in the world to you. This you must know. I think I have shown it. If you are discontented, it may be that you do not take enough bodily exercise. I thought I noticed a tendency to lie in bed late in the morning. You say you are lonely because no one is available as a companion—an intelligent companion whose views are advanced and who is capable of thinking for herself. There is Dorothy Kemp. I did not like her because she dresses like a stuffed orangatelle, and there is a coarseness about her. But you defended her, I remember. I cannot be in St. Louis all the time because I can't leave my practice here and you do not want to come—of course, you couldn't anyway—to a smaller town the size of this one. I have no doubt everything will turn out all right. Daniel Ferris, as I told you, made me executor in his will. I found out after he died. There are some fees coming to me in connection with this. Oh, everything will be all right, dear heart! I have had much to worry me lately, but I also have you! For eternity.

Telegram from Isabel, August 30. Collect:

Are you ill? Have not heard since your leaving nor received check. I am frightened. I feel so alarmed. I. W.

Office file copy of night letter from Edgar Calhoun to Mortimer Hyland, Bismarck, N. Dak.:

Trust you will remember me favorably in spite of my seeming ungrateful conduct in not communicating. Have never forgotten the financial assistance you gave your sister, who was my mother. Am in desperate need myself at this moment. If I cannot raise seven hundred fifty, forty-eight hours, dire consequences result. Can pay you in thirty days. Send money by telegraph.

The Answer:

Your uncle is in Calgary on big real estate deal. Cannot be reached. Returns two weeks.

HENNESSEY, Secretary.

Note to Isabel Wetmore, postmarked Texarkana railway mail car. (Found by inspectors and the source of information leading to capture of Edgar Calhoun by telegraphing description):

Good-by. You will never see me again. This is not selfish. It is better for you. Within a few days you will understand. I could never bend my pride to admit that I could not give you everything you wished. But I am not altogether to blame. You never spared me.

Copies of the Indictments:

State of —— }
County of —— } ss.

The jurors for the State upon their oath present:

That Edgar Calhoun, occupying the office of executor by appointment of the district probate court of —— and intrusted with properties and moneys belonging to the estate of Daniel Ferris, on July fifteenth in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twelve, within the jurisdiction aforesaid of ——, feloniously did appropriate and convert two thousand dollars of said property and money to his own use contrary to the form of the statute and the peace of the State of ——.

True Bill. Attest.
Benthamy, Att.

State of ——
County of —— } ss.

The jurors for the State upon their oath present:

That Edgar Calhoun on August third in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twelve, at the First National Bank of ——, did utter a forgery of the name of one Mary Nathan, the same being on a draft cashed for five hundred dollars contrary to the form of the statute and the peace of the State of ——.

True Bill. Attest.
Benthamy, Att.

Passage from the testimony of Susan Aprell at the trial:

Q. Do you know this defendant?

A. I do. He has occupied a room in my house for about seven years.

Q. You are a widow, are you not?

A. Yes.

Q. And from what sources do you derive your support?

A. From letting my rooms, furnishing meals, and from my sister, Mary Nathan, who is well off, as people go. . . .

Q. Did the defendant ever tell you that he was an unhappy man?

A. He was an unhappy man. Anybody could tell it.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENDANT—She can't express an opinion. And I object to this line of questioning.

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY—Your Honor, I am seeking to establish the intent with which the acts charged were done.

Q. Did he ever tell you he was unhappy?

A. He was miserable in the middle of the summer just before this happened. But he was always unhappy.

Q. Don't say what you believe. Say only what you saw or heard. Did he ever state his unhappiness to you and tell you the cause? Wait. Before you answer, tell me, did you ever hear him cry or moan or give expression to sorrow?

A. Yes, and the night before he went away he rocked in the leather rocking-chair all night. I couldn't sleep and got up and listened outside his door. He was talking to himself about courage and freedom to be oneself and things I can't remember. He said that the old order of things had made a mess of his life, and that everybody would persecute any thinker, and that the hypocrites owned the world. He was talking to himself.

Q. Well, you seem unable to answer my other questions. However, that will do.

CROSS-EXAMINATION BY COUNSEL FOR DEFENDANT.

Q. Did your sister tell you first of discovering the forgery of her name after she had received the monthly statement and vouchers from the bank and whom she suspected?

A. Yes.

Q. What did you say to her?

A. I said for her to go to Dr. Calhoun and give him a chance to explain and so on.

Q. Why did you do that? Did you have a regard for this defendant?

A. Yes, I did. He was always so unhappy. And in spite of his strange ways there was something to love in him. It was pity, I reckon—pity from the beginning. There was always something to pity. I don't know what.

COUNSEL—Well, I do not see that the defendant has suffered by your testimony, madam. That will be all.

Letter from the Chairman of the Prison Board to Warden Shelby A. Enright of the State Penitentiary:

DEAR SIR—In regard to the inclosed communication, which of course you read before it was mailed to this office, we wish to call your attention to the necessity for strict discipline. Much criticism has been aimed at this board and at you for the present conduct of the penitentiary. You are aware that the newspapers of the State, especially those representing the political faction (*Continued on page 29*)



with the strup running down his mouth and chin. Then the warden jumped down and took a hand

HELD TO ANSWER

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

Chapter Two—The Discovery of Woman

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. KING



"John is as good as a vaudeville act!" is all the shipping clerks can find to say of clumsy young Hampstead in the office of the California Consolidated Railway, where he is a stenographer. It is an advertisement in the morning paper, "ACTING TAUGHT," placed there by Charles Kenton, "character actor temporarily disengaged," which gives this young man's career a new slant. With his knowledge of faces the actor sees in Hampstead one who, whatever else he might become, "was now and always a first-class animal." Shall he make of the youth a great orator? the actor questions himself. First of all he must make him graceful—and then John should win something more than sympathy from Bessie Mitchell. John's motto is: "Eternal hammering is the price of success." If his daytime task gives him small leisure to conquer the world, more than one of his evenings is given up to serious study—too many evenings, for work day and night brings him at twenty-four face to face with a most pitiless enemy: blindness

513
General Freight Department
CALIFORNIA CONSOLIDATED
RAILWAY COMPANY
ROBERT MITCHELL
General Freight Agent
Walk In!

THIS was the sign on the door that John Hampstead had opened every morning for seven years. This morning he did not open it, and when as late as nine-thirty the chair of the big, amiable stenographic drudge was still vacant, old Heitmuller, the chief clerk, after swearing his way helplessly from one point of the compass to another, prepared to dispatch the office boy to Hampstead's residence.

Inside, and unaware of all this pother, sat the general freight agent. Big of body, with the topography of his father's heath upon his wide face, soft in the heart and hard in the head, Robert Mitchell was a man of no airs. His origin was probably shanty Irish, and he didn't care who suspected it. By painful labor, a ready smile, a hearty laugh, a square deal to his company and as square a deal to the public as he could give—"consistently"—he had got to his present modest eminence. He was going higher, and was not particular who suspected that either; but was not boastful and had the respect of all men who knew him well, as well as the affection of those who knew him intimately.

He sat just now in a thoroughly characteristic pose, with the stubby fingers of one fat hand thoughtfully teasing a wisp of reddish brown hair, while his shrewd blue eyes were screwing at the exact significance of the top letter on a pile before him.

Over in a corner was Mitchell's guest and vast superior, Malden H. Hale, the president of the great Southwestern Railway system, in which Mitchell's little road nestled like a rabbit in the maw of a python. Mr. Hale was signing some letters dictated yesterday to John. For a time there was no sound save the scratching of his pen and the fillip of the sheets as he turned them over. Then he chuckled softly, and presently spoke.

"Bob," he said, "that's an odd genius, that stenographer out there."

"Yes," replied Mr. Mitchell absently, without looking up from his work, and then suddenly he stabbed the atmosphere with a significant rising inflection: "Genius?"

"Well, yes," affirmed Mr. Hale. "Genius! He impresses you first as absurdly incompetent, but his workmanship is really superior, and later you get a suggestion of something back of him—something buried that might come out, you know."

"I used to think so," the general freight agent replied, with a tone which indicated loss of interest in the subject; but being tardily overtaken in his reading by a sense that he had not quite done justice to the big stenographer, he broke the silence to add: "He *is* a fine character. He *has* very high thoughts"—vacancy was in his eye for a moment—"so high they're cloudy!"

And that was all. Mr. Hale made no further comment. Mr. Mitchell, a just man, was satisfied that he had done justice. Thus in the minds of two arbiters of the destinies of many men John Hampstead, loyal, laborious, who had served faithfully for seven years, was lifted for a moment until the sun of prospect flashed upon him—lifted and then dropped. And they did not even know that nature, too, had dropped him; that he was going blind.

But just then a privileged person knocked and entered without waiting for an invitation. The newcomer was Dr. Gallagher, the "company" oculist, his fine, dark eyes aglow with sympathy and importance.

"That boy Hampstead," he began abruptly, "is in bad shape."

"Hampstead!" ejaculated Mr. Mitchell antagonistically, as if it were impossible that that lumbering mass of bone and muscle could ever be in bad shape.

"Yes," affirmed the physician, with the air of one who announces a sensation; "he's likely to go blind!"

"No!" ejaculated Mr. Mitchell in still more emphatic tones of disbelief, though his blue eyes opened wide and grew round with shock and sympathetic apprehension.

"Yes," explained Dr. Gallagher volubly. "Continual transcription, the sweep of the eye from the notebook page to the machine and back, year in and year out, for so long, has broken down the muscular system of the eye. He had a blind spell last night. He can see all right this morning. But to let him go to work would be criminal. I have him in the company hospital for two weeks of absolute rest, and then he will be all right. But the typewriter, never again! You can put him on the outside to solicit freight or something like that."

A BROAD grin overspread the features of the general freight agent. "You don't know John," he said. "That boy would die of nervousness the first day out. He's afraid of people. Besides, we couldn't get along without him. He knows too much that nobody else knows."

"Well, anyway, never again the typewriter!" insisted the doctor from the door, getting out quickly and hurrying away with the consciousness of duty extremely well performed. He knew that he had exaggerated the extent of John's eye trouble; but he believed that it was necessary to exaggerate it, both to Hampstead and to Mr. Mitchell.

In the meantime John, in his darkened room at the hospital, was feeling somehow suddenly honored of destiny. People were thinking, talking, caring about him. There was exaltation just in that.

But also he was fuming. He wasn't ill. He was simply confined. He could not read. He could not write. He could do nothing but sit in a darkened room, according to prescription, and wait. But on the third day Dr. Gallagher said: "As soon as it is dusk you may go out for a swift walk. That's to get exercise. Keep off the main streets; keep away from bright lights, do not try to read signs, to recognize people, or in fact to look at anything closely."

John leaped eagerly at this permission, but there was design in his devotion to the new prescription of which the doctor knew nothing, for on the fifth day of his confinement Tayna and Dick, who had been coming every afternoon to sit for an hour in the semi-darkness with their uncle, surprised the interned one doing odd contortions in the depths of his room; twisting his wrists; standing on one foot like a stork and twirling his great heel and toe from the knee in some eccentric imitation of a ballet dancer; then creeping to and fro across the room in a silly series of bowings and scrapings and salutings that threw Dick into irrepressible laughter. Caught shamefacedly in the very midst of these absurdities, John confessed to the two of them what he would at the moment have confessed to no other living being—last of all to Bessie. "I am taking lessons," he said, "from an actor. He is going to make me easy and graceful so people won't call me awkward any more, nor homely," and he looked significantly at Tayna.

"Oh," the children both gasped respectfully, and repeated with a kind of awe in their voices:

"From an actor!"

"Yes. Every evening the doctor lets me go for a walk. On every other one of these walks I go to the actor's hotel and he teaches me."

"Awh! An actor-r-r!" breathed Dick again, his features depicting deeps both of impression and of speculation.

"Say!" he proposed presently, "I would rather you would be an actor than a president anyway."

John laughed. "I am not going to be an actor," he said; "I am only going to be polished till I shine like a human diamond."

WHEN at length the interminable fortnight of John's captivity was done, Dr. Gallagher stood before him frowningly with admonishing finger.

"Remember! Never again the typewriter!" the physician adjured sternly; for, although conveying this verdict immediately to Mitchell, the doctor had postponed its announcement to his patient till now. John was stunned. The typewriter was his bread. At first he rebelled, but with a rush like the swirl of waters over his head the memory of that night when he was blind for an hour came to him and humbled him. With the trembling courage of a coward he opened the door of room 513; saw with sickening heart the strange face at his desk; shook the flabby hand of Heitmuller and inwardly braced himself to enter for the last time between the double doors where presently he confessed his plight as if it had been a crime.

"You don't imagine we would let you go, do you?" Mr. Mitchell asked, while an expression of amazement grew upon his face till it became a laugh. "Why, Jack" (Mr. Mitchell had never called him Jack before), "we should have to pay you a salary just to stick around and keep the rest of us straight."

The stenographer gulped. It was not the first note of praise he had ever received from this kindly railroad man, but it was the first time Mr. Mitchell or anyone else in that whole office had ever acknowledged to John that he was valuable for what he knew as well as for what he beat out of his finger tips.

"You are going to be my private secretary," explained Mr. Mitchell, still chuckling at the simplicity of John. "I have few letters to write, and you know enough to do most of them without dictation. You keep me reminded of things; handle my telephone calls and appointments. Gallagher says your eyes will probably give you no trouble whatever under these conditions. The salary will be fifteen dollars more a month."

The big, awkward man was too confusedly grateful and overwhelmed even to attempt to murmur

. . .

his thanks. Instead, he did a thing of unheard-of boldness. He reached over and touched the general freight agent on the arm—just stabbed him in the upper, fleshy part of the arm with a thrust of his stiff fingers, accompanying the act with a monosyllabic croak. It was a clumsy touch, and it was presuming; but to a man of understanding it was eloquent. Mitchell was a man of understanding.

AFTER one month in this new position, John found himself seeing the transportation business through new glasses. He had passed from details to principles, and the change stimulated his mind enormously.

One of his duties now was to sit at the general freight agent's elbow in conferences and later to make summaries of the arguments pro and con. In transcribing Mr. Mitchell's part of these talks, it interested John to elaborate a little. Soon he ventured to make the general freight agent's points stronger when he felt it could be done, and then waited, after laying the transcript on his superior's desk, for some word of reproof. Reproof did not come, and yet John thought the changes must be noticed.

But one day H. B. Anderson, assistant general freight agent of the San Francisco & El Paso, a rival line, was in the office.

"Mitchell," Anderson began, "I am compelled to admit your argument reads a blamed sight stronger than it sounded to me the other day."

The general freight agent laughed complacently.

"The point about the demurrage especially," went on Anderson. "I didn't remember that somehow."

"Um," said the general freight agent in a puzzled way, and picked up the transcript of the argument. As he scanned it his face grew more puzzled; then light broke. "Yes," he replied emphatically; "that's the strongest point in my judgment."

"Well," confessed Anderson, "it knocks me out. I am now agreeable to your construction."

The private secretary listened from his little cubby-hole with mingled exultation and apprehension. When the visitor had gone, the general freight agent walked in and tossed the transcript upon the secretary's table. John looked up timidly. The Mitchell brow was rigid and thoughtful.

"Hampstead," he declared with an air of grave reluctance, "I guess I'll have to lose you after all."

"What, sir!" gasped John, guilty terror shaking him somewhere inside.

At the change in John's face Mitchell threw back his head and laughed; one of those huge, hearty, bellowing laughs at his own humor, from which he extracted so much enjoyment.

"Yes," he specified, "I am going to put you in the rate department. You have the making of a great railroad man in you. What you need now is the fundamentals. That's where you get 'em. Your brains are coming out, John. I always thought you had 'em, but it certainly took you a long time to get any of them into the show window."

"It was seven years before you let me get to the window at all," suggested John, meaning to be a little bit vengeful.

"Nobody's fault but yours, my boy," said the G. F. A. brusquely over his shoulder. "By the way," he remarked, turning back again, "you aren't afraid of people any more, either."

John flushed with pleasure. This was really the most desirable compliment Mitchell could bestow.

"I think I am getting a little more confidence in myself," the big fellow confessed, glowing modestly.

This was what three months of Kenton and "old Delsarte," as the actor called the great French apostle of intelligible anatomy, had done for John.

But Kenton and "old Delsarte" were doing something else to John that was vastly more serious, but of which Robert Mitchell received no hint until nearly a year later when the knowledge came to him suddenly with a shock that jarred and almost disconcerted him. It was somewhere about noon of a day in February and he had just touched the button for John Hampstead, rate clerk. Instead of John, Heitmuller appeared, laughing softly.

Now in the rate department John had made an amazing success. In six months gray-headed clerks were seeking his opinions earnestly. At the present moment he was in charge of all rates west of Ogden, Albuquerque, and El Paso, and half the department took orders from him.

"John's away at rehearsal," explained Heitmuller, still chuckling.

"At rehearsal?"

"Yes. He's going to play Ursus, the giant, in 'Quo Vadis,' with Mowrey's Stock Company at the Burbank next week."

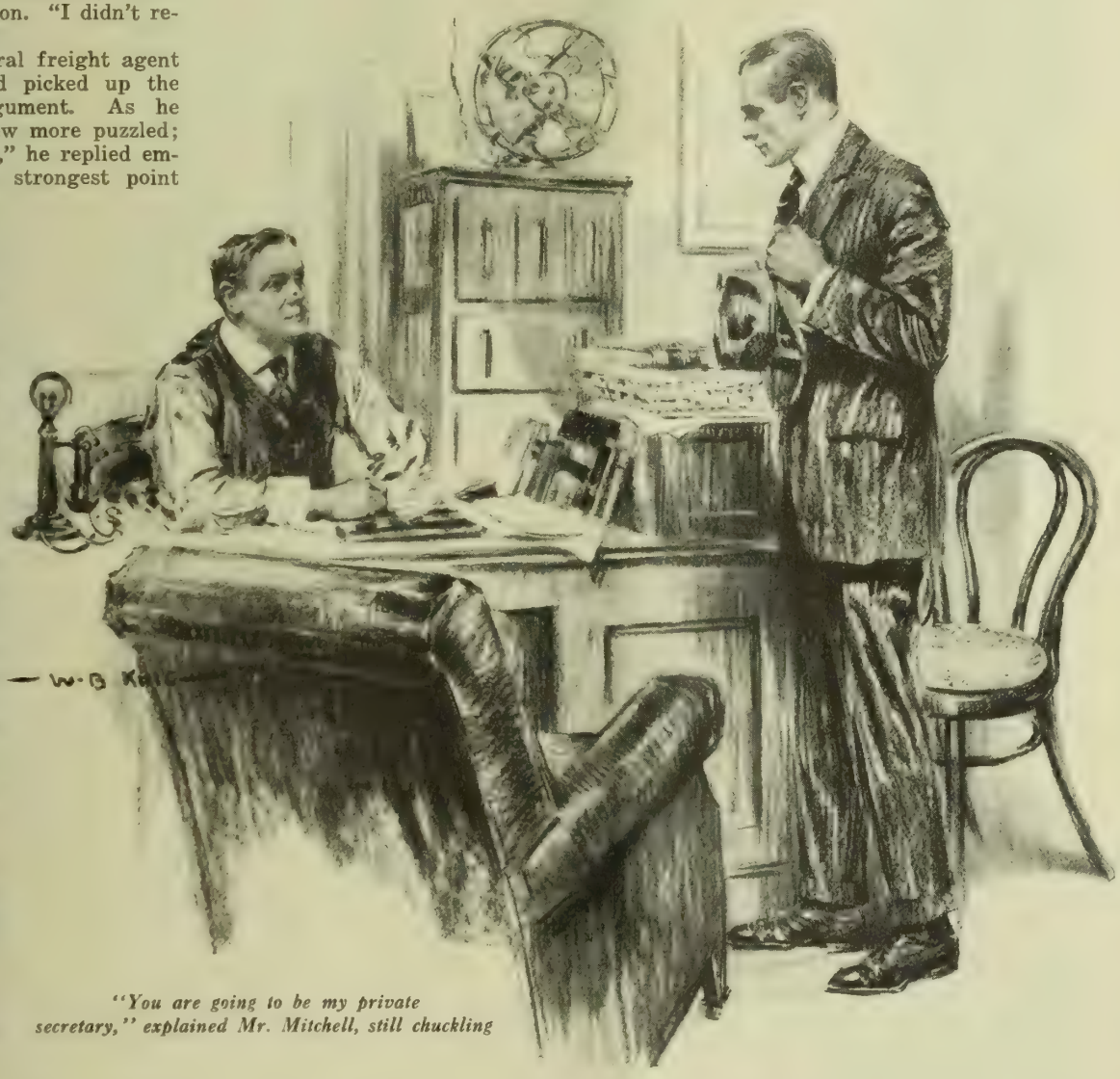
"Wh—what!" ejaculated the general freight agent, while a look of blank astonishment came upon his usually placid features. "When did that bug bite him?"

"I can't tell yet whether it's a bite or only an itch," grinned Heitmuller. "For a while he was reciting at smokers and parties and things, and then I heard he was teaching elocution at home nights. Now he's got a small dramatic company and goes out around giving one-act plays and scenes from Shakespeare. Pretty good, too, they say!"

"Well, I'll be d——d," Mitchell commented when Heitmuller had finished.

"He's only away from eleven-thirty to one-thirty," explained Heitmuller. "He was so anxious and does so much more work than any two men that I couldn't refuse him."

"Of course not," assented Mitchell, quite readily.



"You are going to be my private secretary," explained Mr. Mitchell, still chuckling

"Besides," added the chief clerk, "he might have gone anyway. John's getting a little headstrong, I've noticed, since he's coming out so fast."

"Naturally," observed Mitchell dryly, after which he dismissed Heitmuller and appeared to dismiss the subject by turning again to his desk.

BUT the general freight agent took care that Mrs. Mitchell, Bessie, and himself were in a box at the Burbank on the following Monday night when the curtain went up on the Mowrey Stock Company's sumptuous production of "Quo Vadis," which for more than nine days was the talk of the town in the city of angels, oranges, atmosphere, and oil. The Mitchells strained their eyes for a sight of their late-grown protégé, but it appeared he was not "on." However, in the midst of a garden scene with Roman lords, ladies, soldiers in armor, and slaves decking the view, there appeared a huge barbarian, long of hair and beard, his torso bound round with an immense bearskin, his sandals tied with thongs, his sinewy limbs apparently unclad, savage bands of silver upon his massy, muscled arms, the alpine ruggedness of his countenance and the light of a fanatical devotion that gleamed in his eye contributing in their every detail to make the creature appear the thing the program proclaimed him to be: "Ursus, a Christian Slave."

But the program claimed something more: that this Ursus was John Hampstead.

Mitchell gaped and then rocked uneasily. The thing was unbelievable. If the man would only speak, perhaps some tone of voice— But the man did not speak nor even move. He stood half in the background, far up the center of the stage, while the talk and action of the piece went on beneath his lofty brow like some mountain towering above a lakelet in which ripples sparkle and fish are leaping. At length, however, stage attention does center on Ursus, when the man enacting St. Peter, struck by the nature man's appearance of gigantic strength, observes: "Thou art strong, my son?"

THE rugged human statue moved. In a voice that was low at first but broke quickly into reverberating tones which filled the theatre to the rafters the answer came:

"Holy Father! I can break iron like wood!"

As the speech was delivered, the eye of Ursus gleamed, the folded arms unbent, and one mighty muscle flexed the forearm through a short but significant arc, after which the figure resumed its pose of respectful but impressive immobility.

In that single speech and gesture Hampstead had achieved a personal success and keyed the play as plausible, for by it he had come to birth before a theatreful as a character equal to the prodigious feats of strength upon which the action turned.

"Go to the stable, Ursus!" commanded an unauthoritative voice.

The head of the huge, hairy man, with its crown of long, wild locks upon it, inclined humbly, and, with an odd rolling stride suggestive of enormous animal-like strength, swung deliberately across the scene and out of it.

Robert Mitchell, staring fixedly, suddenly nodded his head with satisfaction. At last, in that careening walk, he had seen something that he recognized. That was the walk of Hampstead; but now, Mitchell recalled, it was long since he had seen that gait, long since he had heard the office door reverberate from a bang of one of those hip joints, long since the big man had made any conspicuous exhibition of the physical awkwardness that once had been so characteristic. And now? Why, now John was an actor. Not Nero yonder, harp in hand, looked more nearly like his part. Hampstead had put on the pose, the voice, the walk, as he had put on the bearskin and the beard.

"Isn't he *wonderful?*" breathed Bessie, with a little squeeze of her father's arm.

Mitchell laughed amiably and reached out for the curling lock upon his brow which was his mainstay in time of mental shipwreck and began to twist it, while he waited impatiently to see more of Ursus.

But the play appeared to have forgotten Ursus. A great party was on in the palace of Cæsar. The stage was alive with lights and music, and with the movements of many people; senators in togas, generals in armor, women with jewels in their hair and golden bands upon their white, gracefully swelling arms. There was drinking and laughter and high carousal. In right center, Cæsar upon his throne was singing and pretending to strike notes from a harp of pasteboard and gilt—notes which in reality proceeded from the orchestra pit. At lower left upon a couch sat Lygia, the Christian maiden, beautiful beyond imagining and being greatly annoyed by the love-making of the half-intoxicated Roman soldier Vinicius, who had laid aside his helmet and his sword and was pleading with the lovely but embarrassed girl, at first upon his knees, then standing, with one knee upon the couch, while he trailed his fingers luxuriously through the glossy blackness of her hair.

As the love-making proceeded Lygia's apprehension grew. When Vinicius pressed her tresses to his lips, she shrank from him. When, after another cup of wine and just as the whole court was in raptures over the conclusion of Cæsar's song, Vinicius attempted to place his kisses yet more daringly, Lygia started up with a cry of terror. Instantly there sounded from the wings a bellowing roar of rage, and, like a flying fury, the wild, hairy figure of Ursus came bounding upon the scene.

Seizing Vinicius by the shoulders, Ursus shook him till all his harness rattled, then hurled him up-

stage and crashing to the floor. Lygia was swaying dizzily as if about to faint, but with another leap Ursus had gained her side and swung her into his arms, after which he turned and went hurdling across the stage, running in long, springing strides as lightly as a deer, the fair, delicious form of the girl balanced buoyantly on his arms, while her dark hair streamed out and downward over his shoulder—all of this to the complete consternation of the half-drunken court of Cæsar and the vast and tumultuously expressed delight of the audience, which kept the curtain frisking up and down repeatedly over this climactic conclusion of the second act, while the principals posed and bowed and posed and bowed again to the audience, to themselves, and to the scenery. Robert Mitchell even supposed that Ursus was bowing to him, so, being naturally polite and somewhat beside himself, the general freight agent was on the point of bowing back again when Bessie burst out:

"Oh! Oh! He bowed directly at me."

By this time, however, the curtain had recovered from its frenzy and stayed soberly down while the lights came up so the people could read the advertisements on the front. Immediately now the tongues of the audience were all abuzz, and industriously passing up and down the lines of the seats the information that John Hampstead was a local character: "Oh, yes, indeed—instructor in public speaking at the Young Men's Christian Association."

IN DUE course this piece of interesting information reached the Mitchells in their box.

"I knew it all along," gurgled Bessie proudly.

"I begin to be jealous," announced Mrs. Mitchell, broad of face, expansive of heart, aggressive of disposition. "I want all these people to know that Ursus is our rate clerk."

"And I want them to know," said Mr. Mitchell, by way of venting his disapproval, "that he is spoiling a mighty good rate clerk to make a mighty poor actor."

"But," pouted the loyal Bessie, "he is not a poor actor. He's a *wonderful* actor! You are spoiling the plain truth to make a poor epigram. You," and she looked up pertly at her father—"you are just a bunch of sour grapes! You kept my poor Jack's nose on the grindstone so long that he broke out in a new place, and now you are afraid you'll lose him."

"Your poor Jack!" sneered Mrs. Mitchell merrily.

"Yes, mine!" answered Bessie stoutly. "I always told you Jack Hampstead was a great man in disguise. I saw him first—before he saw himself, almost. I'm going to be his friend for always and for always. Oh, look there!"

The curtain had gone up on an odd, out-of-the-way corner of the imperial city. There had been some colloquy over the gate of a small close, participated in by the vibrant voice of an unseen Ursus and the calmer one of a visible St. Peter, after which the gate opened and Ursus entered, bearing the still fainting form of Lygia in his arms; giving, of course, the desired impression that this fair figure of a woman had been nestling on his great bosom ever since the curtain went down some twelve minutes before, an inference that led some of the clerks in the general freight office and other persons scattered through the audience to envy John. This presumption, however, was some distance from the truth. As a matter of fact, Lygia had but recently reassumed her position in the arms of Ursus, while two stage hands, lying prone, had plucked open the gate; and various happenings quite unsuspected by the audience had intervened, at least one of which had been a severe shock to the Puritan nature of John Hampstead. However, there was the dramatic impression already referred to, and it ate its way like acid into the consciousness of at least one person in the playhouse.

Ursus, after looking about him for a moment in the little close of the Christians' house to make sure he was entirely surrounded by friends, drew his fair burden closer, as if by a protective instinct, and bent over it with a look of tenderness so long and concentrated that his flaxen beard toyed with the white cheek and his flaxen locks showed for a moment amid the raven ones.

"Well," commented Bessie, in a tone that mingled sharp annoyance with that judicially critical note which is the right of all high-school girls in their last year, "I do not see any dramatic necessity for prolonging this. Why doesn't he stick her face under the fountain there for a moment and then leave her on the grass?"

Mercifully, Bessie was not compelled to contain her annoyance too long. Ursus did eventually relinquish his hold upon the lady, and the piece moved on from scene to scene to the final holocaust of Rome.

With the news instinct breaking out above the critical, the dramatic columns of the morning papers gave the major stickful of type to the performance of that histrionic athlete, John Hampstead, forgetting to mention his connection with the Y. M. C. A., but making clear that in daylight he was a highly respected member of the staff of Robert Mitchell, the well-known railroad man.

But to John the process of conversion from rate clerk to actor had been even more exciting than the demonstration of the fact proved to his friends.

To begin with, it was an experience quite unforgetable for the chairman of the Prayer Meeting Committee of the Christian Endeavor Society of the grand old First Church when for the first time he found himself upon the stage of the Burbank at rehearsal time, with twenty-five or thirty real actors and actresses about him. He looked them over curiously, with a Puritanic instinct for moral appraisal, as they stood, lounged, sat, gossiped, smoked, laughed, or did several of these things at once; yet all keeping a wary eye and ear for the two men who sat at the little table in the center of the bare, empty stage with their heads together over a manuscript.

"Just about like other people," confessed Hampstead to himself, with something of disappointment.

There were some tailor-suited women, there were some smartly dressed young men, there were some very nice girls, not more than a whit different in look and manner from the typists in the general office. There were two or three gray-haired men who, so far as appearance and demeanor went, might have served as deacons of the First Church. There was a couple of dignified, matronly ladies with fancywork or mending in their laps as they swayed to and fro in the wicker rockers that were a part of the furnishings for Act II of the play then running. These two ladies, so far as John could see, might have been respectively president of the Ladies' Aid and of the Women's Missionary Society, instead of what they were, "character old women," as he later learned.

Totaling his impressions, Mowrey's Stock Company seemed like a large, exclusive family in which he, an outsider, was suffered but not seen. Nobody introduced him to anybody. Mowrey merely threw him a glance, and that not of recognition, but of observation that he was present.

"First act!" barked the manager, with a voice as sharp as the clatter of the ruler with which he rapped upon the table. Stepping forward, prompt book in one hand, ruler in the other for a pointer, he began to outline the scene upon the bare stage:

"This chair is a tree . . . that stage brace is a bench . . . this box is a rock," and so forth.

The rehearsal had begun. It moved swiftly, for Mowrey was a man with snap to him. His words were quick, nervous, few—until angry. His glance was imperative. It was all business; hot, relentless pressure of human beings into molds, like hammering damp sand in a foundry.

"Go there! Stand here! Laugh! Weep! Look pleased! Feign intoxication!" Each short word was a blow of Mowrey's upon the wet, human sand.

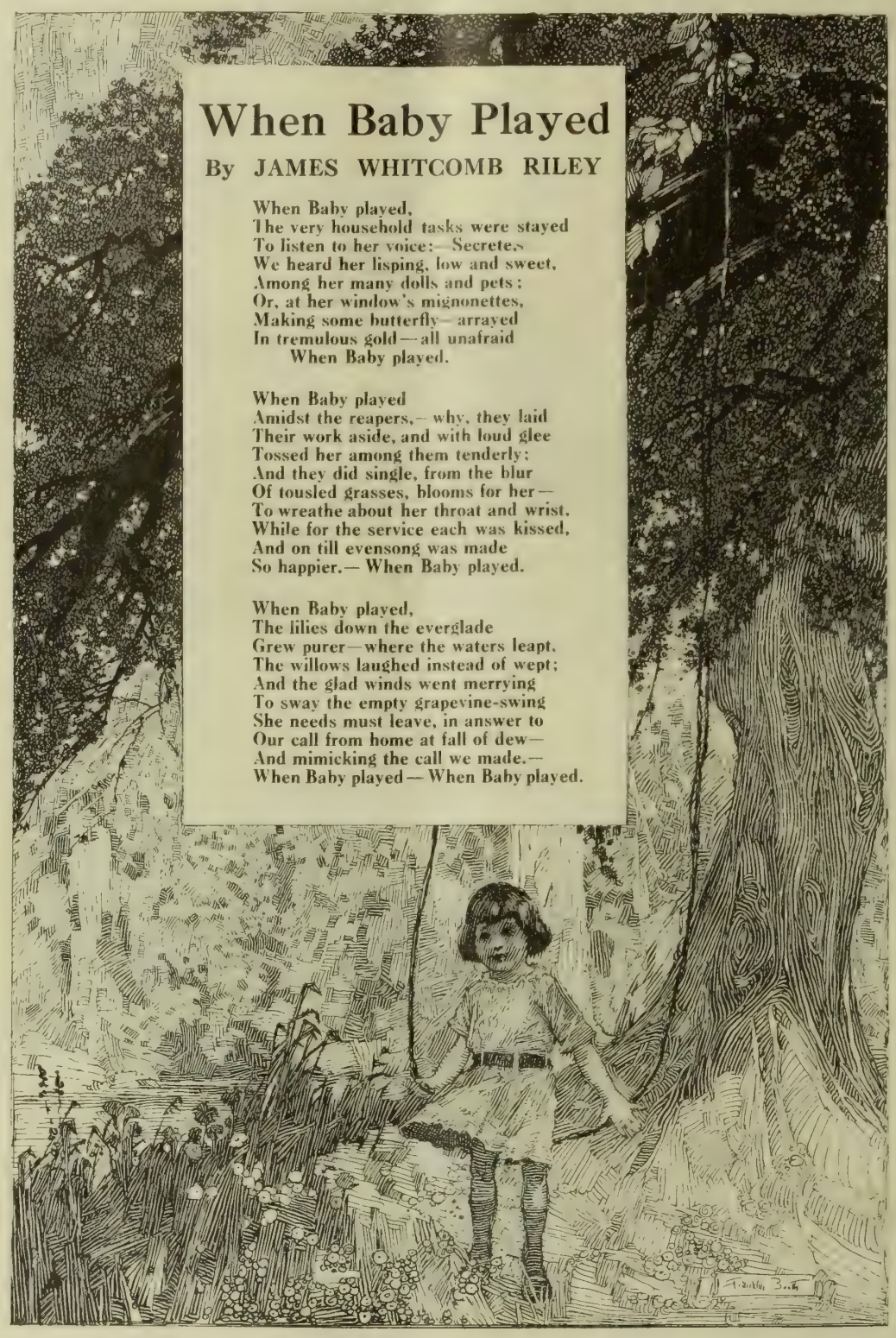
JOHN'S name was never mentioned. Mowrey called him by the name of his part, Ursus. Ursus was "on" in the first act, but with nothing to do, and his eyes were wide with watching. One woman in particular attracted him. She was tall and shapely, clad in a close-fitting tailored suit, with hat and veil that seemed to match both her garments and herself. She moved through her part with a kind of distinguished nonchalance, her veil half raised and a vagrant fold of it flicking daringly at a rosy spot on her cheek when she turned suddenly; while in her gloved hands she held a short pencil with which, from time to time, additional stage directions were noted upon the pages of her part. This accomplished and really beautiful young actress was Miss Marien Dounay, one of the two leading women of the company.

Hampstead was inexperienced of women. He confessed it now to himself. But this was to be the day of his opportunity, and he felt the blood of adventure leaping in his veins. In his consciousness, too, floated little arrows like indicators, and, as if by common agreement, they pointed their heads toward Miss Dounay.

If it were she now who played Lygia? Yes; it was she. They were calling her Lygia. Hampstead smiled to himself. Presently he chuckled softly, and the chuckle appeared to loose a small avalanche of new-born emotions that leaped and jumbled somewhere inside.

But the first encounter was disappointing. Miss Dounay seized him by the arm, without a glance—her eyes being fixed on Mowrey—and led the big man out of the scene exactly as if he had been a wooden Indian on rollers.

"Now," she said, "you (*Continued on page* 43)



When Baby Played

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

When Baby played,
The very household tasks were stayed
To listen to her voice:—Secrets
We heard her lisping, low and sweet,
Among her many dolls and pets:
Or, at her window's mignonettes,
Making some butterfly—arrayed
In tremulous gold—all unafraid
When Baby played.

When Baby played
Amidst the reapers,—why, they laid
Their work aside, and with loud glee
Tossed her among them tenderly:
And they did single, from the blur
Of tousled grasses, blooms for her—
To wreathe about her throat and wrist,
While for the service each was kissed,
And on till evensong was made
So happier.—When Baby played.

When Baby played,
The lilies down the everglade
Grew purer—where the waters leapt,
The willows laughed instead of wept;
And the glad winds went merrying
To sway the empty grapevine-swing
She needs must leave, in answer to
Our call from home at fall of dew—
And mimicking the call we made,—
When Baby played—When Baby played.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. B. FALLS



Personally I am always conscious of the latent powers of the human spirit and of the direct intervention into human life of outside forces which mold and modify our actions

WHEN one casts one's thoughts back upon one's own life in search of things which seem particularly strange, it is not in the material events that one most clearly perceives them. I have had the good fortune to have had a fairly adventurous life and to have visited strange parts of the world under interesting conditions. I have seen something of two wars. I have practiced the most dramatic profession in the world. I have traveled from North Greenland and Spitzbergen to West Africa, and my thoughts can conjure up many a recollection of storm and danger, of whales and bears and sharks and snakes, and all that used to interest me as a schoolboy. And yet whatever I could say upon such subjects some one else has said already with more authority and experience. It is rather when you look closely into the intimate workings of your own mind and spirit, the queer intuitions, the strange happenings, the inexplicable things which come suddenly to the surface and are glimpsed rather than seen, the incredible coincidences, the stories which should end one way, but either end the other or else have no definite finish at all, tailing off into oblivion with ragged fringes of mystery behind them instead of the neat little knot of the tidy-minded romancer—it is these, I say, which seem to be really stranger than any fiction.

The most remarkable experiences in a man's life are those in which he feels most, and they are precisely the ones upon which he is least disposed to talk. All the really very serious things in my life—the things which have been stamped deep into me and left their impress forever—are things of which I could never possibly bring myself to speak. And yet it is within the compass of just these intimate and vital things that one perceives strange forces to be moving and is conscious of vague and wonderful compulsions and directions which are, I think, the innermost facts of life. Personally I am always conscious of the latent powers of the human spirit and of the direct intervention into human life of outside forces which mold and modify our actions. They are usually too subtle for direct definition, but occasionally they become so crude that one cannot overlook them.

I WILL take a very obvious example, which I have quoted before, but which may bear retelling, as it shows the thing in its most undeniable form. In the year 1892 I was traveling in Switzerland and had occasion to cross the Gemmi Pass. On the top of it was a lonely inn which looks down upon a populous valley on either side, but is itself entirely isolated during the winter. I supposed that it was deserted at that time, but I was told upon inquiry that this was not so. The family laid in a supply of food and remained there for some months utterly cut off from the people below them. The singularity of such a position arrested my attention, and a story began at once to form itself within my brain, in which I conceived the desperate position of a group of characters strongly antagonistic and reacting upon each other, who had no refuge from each other's company and were irresistibly impelled toward black tragedy while the golden lights of happy human life twinkled in the valleys beneath them. These ideas were still weaving themselves in my brain and building themselves up into symmetrical form in the strange semiconscious impersonal way that such things grow, when I bought a book of De Maupassant's to while away my return journey through France. It was certainly a book which I had never read before. The first story in it was called "L'Auberge" ("The Inn"), and there was the whole of my conception already finished by a master hand! It was the same inn, the Gemmi Pass, the winter, the group of characters, all complete. There was a great dog that I had not yet come upon. The rest was what I had schemed and what I would assuredly have published as my own but for this happy chance that saved me. But was it a chance? Could it have been a chance? That De Maupassant had passed that way and that his quick brain had seen the possibilities of the lonely inn—that is likely enough. But that in the few days between thinking the story and writing it I should buy the one and only book in the world which would prevent me from making a fool of myself—could that be a coincidence, or was a kindly outside influence at work to save me from such an error? Whether coincidence or guidance, it was one of those things that are stranger than fiction.



And yet I am willing to admit that without any external action at all, unless it be the malign one of some mischievous Puck, the most extraordinary coincidences do occur in life which one would certainly never dare to invent. Here is a case in point:

Since I have at various times written certain detective stories, some simple souls have been willing to identify me with my hero and to call me in to their aid when they were in distress. I have even been offered a blank check to take up a case. Possibly so long as it remained blank it would about represent the value which I could give in exchange. Still, I may claim with some complacency that out of a half dozen cases which pity or curiosity has induced me to investigate I have always reached a solution. In one notorious case I was, however, the victim of the extraordinary coincidence to which I allude. In connection with the crime I had suspicions of a certain family which I will call Wilder—not necessarily as being the direct criminals, but as knowing a good deal about the matter. One member of this family had, to my knowledge, gone to California some years before. His name was John and he was an architect by profession. Presently, from a small town in California which I will call St. Anne, I began to receive papers alluding to my investigation and scribbled all round the margins with ribald blasphemy. On one of these communications was the address from which it came. I at once wrote to the chief of police of that town, giving the address and asking if he could tell me whether a John Wilder, architect, late of England, was living there. He answered me that it was so. Now surely you would think that this was final. I had actually been able to give the name and trade of a man living six thousand miles away with nothing to direct me but a line of deduction. I was convinced that the line was correct, and I notified the British police of the result. Can it be believed that the answer I received from them, some weeks later, was that they had investigated the matter, that it was a coincidence, and that the John Wilder in question was a different man from him whom I sought? The insane papers sent to me were from a well-known religious maniac who lived in the same boarding house. This man was an American and had certainly nothing to do with the crime, but I am unable to understand even now how he came to take any interest in the matter if there were not some Englishman near him to coach him in the details. However, I can, of course, only accept the police report as correct and claim to have been the victim of a coincidence which certainly could not be used in fiction.

IT IS in the twilight land, where spirit and matter meet, that the strangest happenings occur. Sometimes they are very slight and objectless and yet point to vast issues behind them. I remember that in Rome my wife and I were walking on the Pincio. She had never been there before nor read anything about it, for it was the first day of our visit. She suddenly said, in an abstracted voice: "There is a statue of Dante there." A few moments later we came upon the statue, which had been concealed by bushes. I said: "How could you possibly know that?" She answered: "I have no idea. I simply *knew* it." What a trivial, inconclusive episode, and yet can all science give a name or an explanation for such an incident?

I have studied the occult for thirty years, and it seems strange to me to listen to the confident opinions, generally negative ones, which are expressed upon the subject by people who have not given it really serious thought for as many minutes. This is not the time or place for me to give my views, which are still those of a student rather than of a dogmatist. But I have had one or two experiences which are a little outside the usual range of séances or manifestations, and also outside the range of what one could render credible in fiction. In one of these affairs I seemed to brush very close to something really remarkable, unless deception on one side and coincidence upon the other have established a strange working partnership.

I was living in the country at the time, and formed an acquaintance with a small doctor—small physically and also in professional practice—who lived hard by. He was a student of the occult, and my curiosity was aroused by learning that he had one room in his house which no one entered except himself, as it was reserved for mystic and philosophic purposes. Finding that I was interested in such subjects, Dr. Brown, as I will call him, suggested one day that I should join a secret society of esoteric students. The invitation had been led up to by a good deal of preparatory inquiry. The dialogue between us ran somewhat thus:

"What shall I get from it?"

"In time you will get powers."

"What sort of powers?"

"They are powers which people would call supernatural. They are perfectly natural, but they are got by knowledge of deeper forces of nature."

"If they are good why should not everyone know them?"

"They would be capable of great abuse in the wrong hands."

"How can you prevent their getting into wrong hands?"

"By carefully examining our initiates."

"Should I be examined?"

"Certainly."

"By whom?"

"The people would be in London."

"Should I have to present myself?"

"No, no; they would do it without your knowledge."

"And after that?"

"You would then have to study."

"Study what?"

"You would have to learn by heart a considerable mass of material. That would be the first thing."

"If this material is in print, why does it not become public property?"

"It is not in print. It is in manuscript. Each manuscript is carefully numbered and trusted to the honor of a passed initiate. We have never had a case of one going wrong."

"Well," said I, "it is very interesting and you can go ahead with the next step, whatever it may be."

Some little time later—it may have been a week—I woke in the very early morning with a most extraordinary sensation. It was not a nightmare or any prank of a dream. It was quite different from that, for it persisted after I was wide-awake. I can only describe it by saying that I was tingling all over. It was not painful, but it was queer and disagreeable, as a mild electric shock would be. I thought at once of the little doctor.

In a few days I had a visit from him. "You have been examined and you have passed," said he with a smile. "Now you must say definitely whether you will go on with it. You can't take it up and drop it. It is serious, and you must leave it alone or go forward with a whole heart."

It began to dawn upon me that it was really serious—so serious that there seemed no possible space for it in my very crowded and preoccupied life. I said as much and he took it in very good part. "Very well," said he, "we won't talk of it any more unless you change your mind."

There was a sequel to the story. A month or two later, on a pouring wet day, the little doctor called bringing with him another medical man whose name was familiar to me in connection with exploration and tropical service. They sat together beside my study fire and talked. One could not but observe that the famous and much-traveled man was very deferential to the little country surgeon, who was the younger of the two.

"He is one of my initiates," said the latter to me. "You know," he continued, turning to his companion, "Doyle nearly joined us once." The other looked at me with great interest and then at once plunged into a conversation with his mentor as to the wonders he had seen and, as I understood, actually done. I listened amazed. It sounded like the talk of two lunatics. One phrase stuck in my memory.



In the middle of the night a fearsome uproar broke out

"When first you took me up with you," said he, "and we were hovering over the town I used to live in in Central Africa, I was able for the first time to see the islands out in the lake. I always knew they were there, but they were too far off to be seen from the shore. Was it not extraordinary that I should first see them when I was living in England?"

There were other remarks as wonderful. "A conspiracy to impress a simpleton," says the skeptic. Well, we will leave it at that, if the skeptic so wills, but I am under the impression that I have brushed against something strange. This is one of the stories with an untidy, ragged ending such as the editor abhors. One more queer experience which will bear telling. I volunteered once to sleep in a haunted house at Charmouth in Dorchester. Two other investigators went with me. We were a deputation from the Psychical Research Society—of which, by the way, I am almost an original member. It took us the whole railroad journey to read up the evidence as to the senseless noises which had made life unendurable for the occupants, who were tied by a lease and could not get away. We sat up there two nights. On the first nothing occurred. On the second, one of our party left us and I sat up with the late Mr. Podmore, a well-known student of these things. We had, of course, taken every precaution to checkmate fraud, putting worsted threads across the stairs, and so on.

In the middle of the night a fearsome uproar broke out. It was like some one belaboring a resounding table with a heavy cudgel. It was not an accidental creaking of wood or anything of that sort, but a deafening row. We had all doors open, so we rushed at once into the kitchen, from which the sound had surely come. There was nothing there—doors were all locked, windows barred, and threads unbroken. Podmore took away the light and pretended that we had both returned to our sitting room while I waited in the dark in the hope of a return of the disturbance. None came, or ever did come. What occasioned it we never knew. It was of the same character as all the other disturbances we had read about, but shorter in time. In this case there was a sequel to the story. Some years later the house was burned down, which may or may not have had a bearing upon the sprite which seemed to haunt it, but a more suggestive thing is that the skeleton of a child about ten years old was dug up in the garden. This I give on the authority of a relation of the family who were so plagued. The suggestion was that the child had been done to death there, and that the subsequent phenomena of which we had one small sample were in some way a sequence to this tragedy.

There is a theory that a young life cut short in sudden and unnatural fashion may leave, as it were, a store of unused vitality which may be put to strange uses. But here again we are drifting into regions which are stranger than fiction. The unknown and the marvelous press upon us from all sides. They loom above us and around us in undefined and fluctuating shapes, some dark, some shimmering, but all warning us of the limitations of what we call matter, and of the need for spirituality if we are to keep in touch with the true inner facts of life.

ELECTRIFYING AMERICA

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. CHARLES P. STEINMETZ

BY NORMAN DRAPER

I WENT to Schenectady one day this fall for the purpose of asking Charles P. Steinmetz, described, by persons who know, as the world's greatest electrician, what, in his opinion, was the future of the mysterious fluid of the wires. I found him in a laboratory filled with the implements of scientific electrical research; a man of small figure, large brain, inquisitive yet penetrating eye, and a manner of moving about which resembled countless little sparks that flashed from the electrodes of an experimental apparatus which formed a background for him while he talked. I say he resembled the little sparks. Perhaps it would be more proper to say that the sparks resembled him! That comparison describes him better.

At the outset I asked him to tell the readers of COLLIER'S what he considered the most important electrical and industrial problem of to-day. His reply consisted of four words. They were these:

"The transportation of electricity."

And, apparently, I could not have asked a question that would have interested him more. For, while standing, he leaned his forearms on the table between us and after interviewing me, the interviewer, in an attempt to determine just what, if anything, I knew about technical electrical problems, he said:

"Since the beginning of time the fundamental necessities of civilized life have consisted of two groups: material and energy.

"Consider the progress of man from the days when he was a savage and nothing more: Virtually every step forward has come with some improvement in the transportation of materials. Civilization was assisted by every development.

"The problem of the nineteenth century in America was the building of sufficient lines of railroads to assure easy transportation of material. Miles after miles of rails were put down and to-day the nation is bound industrially and fraternally together by these endless bands of steel. Our transportation system takes care of the materials, but it cannot deal with the supply of energy which is absolutely essential if civilization is to advance still further. And I might say that the failure of a sufficient energy supply always has been and still is the most serious handicap which retards civilization.

"The United States should be covered with a mesh of power-transmission lines. That, however, is not a scientific problem; it is an industrial problem. Think of the boon to business and home when every locality in the country, no matter where it may be located, can have at its door cheap heat, cheap light, and cheap power!

"Go back to the nineteenth century again for a moment. Then virtually all mechanical power, artificial heat, and a great part of the artificial light came from coal. All such energy, however, suffers from one great disadvantage, namely, it cannot be transported in its original form more than a few yards.

"You can employ steam formed by burning coal as a direct power in a factory by using gearing, belts, and pulleys. If, however, you have another factory half a mile away you cannot use any of this direct steam power. Coal energy expressed in steam cannot be used for distant work of any kind; you have to attach it directly to the material you wish to work on. In addition to that, steam energy cannot be distributed in small quantities to serve a great variety of purposes and it cannot be stored. Steam power must be used where and when it is generated, and it must be used to the full strength of its production.

"On the other hand, electrical power knows none of these defects. It can be sent over wires for hundreds of miles from where it is made. It can be made all the time. What cannot be used at the moment of production can, within limits, be stored for future use. And it can be distributed in large quantities as well as in small quantities to meet every manufacturing or domestic need that can be thought of!

"Yes, it is certainly true that just as our steam railroads and express companies take care of the transportation and distribution of materials, so civilization requires a system of transmission and distribution of energy—and, I can tell you, our electrical industry is beginning to take steps to meet the requirement.

"When we see local electrical distribution systems combining, the big electric systems of our cities reaching out over the country, transmission lines interconnecting to networks covering many thousands of square miles, it is not merely the result of higher economy of cooperation, of mass production: it is the same process which took place in the steam railroad world some time ago. In the case of the railroads it was a necessary requirement of coordination to carry out the function of carriers and distributors of material. In the case of electric systems it is a question of transmitting and distributing energy.

"We must realize this progress and the forces which lead to it if we are to understand what is happening, assist in the proper development, and avoid, in the creation of the country's electrical network, whatever mistakes may have been made in the development of the railroad network of the country."

Dr. Steinmetz paused. I asked him how he believed the universal distribution of electrical energy eventually might be accomplished in this country.

"We already have thousands of electrical generat-

ing plants," he replied. "The work of these plants is being coordinated and new plants are being erected to fill the gaps which exist. It will be a simple matter to arrange business relations between the plants.

"Remember how the railroads do it. If I want to go from New York to San Francisco, I go into a railroad office and purchase a ticket. Then I get on a train and go. Before I arrive at my destination I may have traveled on a half dozen different lines, but that doesn't interest me particularly. I am interested in making the trip comfortably and in safety. The managements of the railroads, however, get together and decide between themselves what portion of the money I paid for my ticket each shall receive.

"It will be simple to apply the same principle to the transportation of electrical energy. Let us suppose the electrical power is collected into a national network of trunk lines and measured by meters as it comes from each generating station and as it goes to each customer or each distributing station; where the transmission system of one corporation interconnects with that of another, a meter charges for the power received from the other system, and gives credit for the power sent out. A credit would be established for each contributor and a charge made to every consumer. And what, tell me, would the consumer care where his current came from so long as it was sufficient for his needs and was cheap? It would not make the slightest difference to him.

"With the development of the nation's energy supply by electricity, electric power generation, transmission, and distribution will become a public necessity rather than a public utility, and corresponding changes must occur in its legal status.

"It must be made impossible for local interests, such as private persons, corporations, municipalities, or States, to interfere with the nation's energy supply, by making impossible or uneconomic regulations, forbidding the passing of transmission lines, etc. That is, the transmission network must have the right of eminent domain: to take legal steps to condemn private property irrespective of the consent of its owner, just as the railroads have.

"National supervision will be necessary by an efficient and nonpartisan Federal commission, which will safeguard the public interests against abuse of power by the transmission systems, and safeguard the transmission systems against interference by local, municipal, or State authorities.

"It is interesting to note that the present development clearly indicates that electric-power development is properly a national rather than a municipal or State activity."

Traction and Trunks

I EXPRESSED the opinion to Dr. Steinmetz that within, say, the next ten years or so the electrical age truly would have arrived. He agreed with me that it was not only possible but probable. Then there was a pause.

During it I pictured in my mind's eye hundreds of thousands of miles of trunk wires, stretching out like the web of a gigantic spider over every part of America. I pictured new and old manufacturing plants, the tailor who presses my clothes in his little shop around the corner and the farmer two hundred miles away all taking light or heat or power, or all three, from the same trunk line. I pictured the industrial development of those towns and cities now known as "dead" for the want of cheap power.

I thought of the railroads and I mentioned them.

"By considering traction," said Dr. Steinmetz, "I can give the best illustration of the industrial reorganization required to derive the full benefit of electric power.

"There are to-day more passengers carried in our country by electric than by steam railroads. But these electric railroads usually are not electrified steam railroads, and not the electric locomotive but the electric motor car carries passengers and express or freight.

"It has been my experience that very often a study of the electrification of a railroad shows no economical advantage in the replacement of the steam locomotive by the electric locomotive, even when passenger service alone is considered.

"But so also, in the early days of steam, the steam engine in place of the horse in front of the stage coach was no success. Yet the stage coach has gone and the steam locomotive has conquered; but it did not accomplish its success by replacing the horse. This was achieved by developing a system suited to the characteristics of the steam engine.

"At the same time it is true that in some cases an electric railroad may follow a course parallel to a steam railroad, offer better service at a lower price and show better returns financially than the steam railroad. I will explain what appears to be a contradiction.

"The steam locomotive is most economical in the larger units. The economy of steam railroad operation depends upon the concentration of the load in as few large units as possible. Exactly the reverse is true in electric traction, where economy depends upon the distribution of the load as uniformly as possible in space and time; that is, in small units at frequent intervals. It is for these reasons that the steam locomotive has grown and grown in size and power, while in electric traction even the small trailer of surface cars, so frequently used in the earlier days, has virtually vanished.

"Electric traction under steam railroad conditions shows marked economy only on roads which have such heavy traffic that the maximum permissible train units follow each other at the shortest possible intervals. I do not believe that the electric locomotive will universally supplant the steam locomotive in this country until there is a heavy increase in the traffic. So if you, like many other people, have any idea that in five years or ten all the railroads in the United States will have been electrified, you may dismiss it. The steam locomotive is here to stay, for a time at least. And so, I might add, electric traction is not only coming, but is here. Of course there is no doubt that electric locomotives will come more and more into general use, even on former steam roads, as the country develops."



Dr. Steinmetz—*a man of small figure, large brain, and penetrating eye. Asked what he considered the most important problem of the day, his reply consisted of four words: "The transportation of electricity"*

I recalled to Dr. Steinmetz the recent successful experiments in wireless telephony.

"When the problem of transmitting the voice across the Atlantic Ocean was solved a few weeks ago," said he, "a new avenue of communication probably was opened to the general public. I do not doubt at all that in the near future many of the messages now sent by cable will go over the wireless telephone, or rather, more correctly, the radiotelephone. Neither do I doubt that for sending messages long distances overland the radiotelephone will come into general use. But I fail to see how it can ever be used for local telephoning.

"The best way to illustrate the action of the wireless is to compare it with a searchlight beam. At the point of origin the light ray is slender, say about three feet wide. A mile away the ray will have broadened out scores of times. Ten miles away it will have grown hundreds of times larger. As the distance increases the size of the ray increases. So is it with the wireless.

"You might direct a wireless telephone message from New York to Paris. In Paris the antenna would connect with the regular telephone and the person called could sit at his desk and converse. A disadvantage exists, however. For any person who had erected the proper sort of a wireless at any point in or near Paris or between the sending and receiving stations and beyond also could hear the conversation. In this respect the wireless telephone is similar to the wireless telegraph.

"Consider the searchlight again. If an absolutely perfect searchlight could be made, the ray it cast would be of uniform thickness its entire length. It is because nothing can be absolutely perfect that the ray of the searchlight spreads out. If a perfect wireless could be made, the wave could be directed at one place and would not be diffused. But you can no more make a perfect wireless than you can make a perfect searchlight. It is because of the fact that the waves spread that I say the wireless telephone will never come into general use for telephone distribution. Its promising function is that of replacing telephone toll lines, especially long ones, and to establish communication where wires cannot be carried."

I found Dr. Steinmetz much interested in the electrical propulsion of ships.

"The American dreadnought *California*, now building in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn," said he, "will, so far as I know, be the first electrically propelled warship in the world. With its completion the United States again will have assumed the lead in battleship construction!

"In ships the great steam engines long ago were replaced by the steam turbine because of the latter's superior efficiency, greater reliability, and small space occupation. Steam turbines drive all large high-speed ships. All the navies of the world have adopted the turbine. A number of years ago, however, the United States built three fast cruisers. One had reciprocating engines, one had the English type of turbine, and one had the American type. The turbine ships proved their superiority in speed, but at the same time it was also proved that in ship propulsion the steam turbine does not give as great superiority as it does in stationary power plants. It was this discovery that led to the present electric propulsion.

"By revolving, the propeller of a ship pushes the water backward and thereby pushes the ship forward. The speed with which the water is pushed back and sucked in at the front of the propeller is limited. When the speed is too high the suction becomes too great and the water does not flow in.

Also Our Navy

"CONSEQUENTLY a vacuum is formed in front of the propeller, which, therefore, naturally loses its power. Propeller speed usually is limited to from a hundred to two hundred revolutions a minute.

"In the steam turbine the work is done by a steam jet passing through the blades of a turbine wheel. The speed of the jet is very high. It travels thousands of feet per second—faster than a rifle ball—and the turbine wheels are forced to revolve at a great speed. The turbine reaches its best efficiency at speeds of fifteen hundred to two thousand revolutions a minute. So, you see, the application of the steam turbine directly to the propeller shaft makes for inefficiency. With the electric drive, however, the losses of power in turning the motor and the generator are small. And the electric drive permits running the turbine at high speed and the propeller at the low speed, thereby giving general all-round efficiency.

"In battleships the use of steam turbines directly on the propeller shaft has two further disadvantages which are overcome by the electric drive, or, as I may say, the electric transmission from high-speed turbine to low-speed propeller. Turbines give efficiency at one exceedingly high speed. That is all right for ocean liners bent upon making quick passages. Battleships, however, must have two efficient speeds, a fast speed and a cruising speed. Furthermore, electric machinery has more perfect control.

"The American navy may well be congratulated for being the first to (*Continued on page* 34)

HIS OWN SALVATION

FURTHER TALES OF "THE CAMPS OF CHAOS"

BY SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY SIGISMUND DE IVANOWSKI

IT WAS after Gayle Outremont, Cronin Hess, Thorpe Calgour and Thorpe's sister Trudis, now happy Mrs. Outremont, discovered Davidson Creek in the Upper Stewart country that the four held a candlelight consultation in the Outremont cabin in Dawson City concerning their old friend Alabama Horbeed—a consultation in which they analyzed Alabama's erratic actions and discussed his immediate welfare.

Right up in the van of the Davidson Creek stampede, at the heels of the four and of their nearest competitor, Tivoli Slavin, Alabama had been hustled by the partners on to Slavin's ground after a well-directed jaw punch from Thorpe Calgour had stopped Tivoli's staking.

Thorpe as the discoverer located Discovery and One Below, upon which latter claim he promptly installed Trudis. Outremont held Two Below. Cronin Hess held Three Below. Lucky Alabama's prize was Number Four. His claim was as rich as any of the claims of the first four stakers, and, like the first four, he sold it the night of the wedding banquet in Dawson City to Gunderhein of the Gunderhein Syndicate for thirty thousand dollars.

"What you fellows goin' to do with your stake?" Alabama asked the partners after the banquet.

"Plant her in other creek holdings," Cronin Hess told him. "You'd better do likewise, Alabama. Thirty thousand dollars is a lot of money. Opportunities is good in the Klondike now, and it'll grow like slander."

"No, I'm goin' Outside with my stake," Alabama solemnly proclaimed. "I wired my woman in Los Angeles not five minutes ago that I'd struck it and was comin' on the jump. I can't go back on my word. Her and the two little tykes are lookin' for me and yearnin' for the stake. It travels to them, boys, as a proper man's earnings should travel. I'm goin' to hit Dyea over the ice as soon as the ice'll bear me all the way, and I'll sail with poke intact. I've never been what you'd call a frugal character, but here's where I draw the poke strings. Mark me, not an ounce do I spend in the frivolities of the golden city, not even for a haircut or shave. There's barbers in Los Angeles."

BUT that vow was just after his sojourn on famous Duncan Creek amid the gouged creek limits and timber-stripped hills, when the search for the missing pay streak went on in an orgasm of toil and there was never the pop of a cork, the click of a roulette wheel, or the sound of a dance-hall fiddle within hundreds of miles. Engulfed in social and gregarious Dawson, while waiting for the swift open waters of the Thirty-mile and Fifty-mile to freeze, things took on a different aspect. Like many a stiffer man, Alabama fell to its potent lure. Here in the Mecca of the gold lands his poke was invested in his eyes with stupendous worth and insidious elusiveness because of the gayety it could buy. Excess of golden dust upset his mental balance and reacted on his physical organism. He forgot his solemn proclamation regarding his going out. Ounce by ounce he fell from grace, wasting his substance in riotous living, ramping all winter all over Dawson and leaving a trail of yellow dust as he ramped. Nor did the summer bring him respite. He did not go forth on the creeks according to the custom, but hugged the golden city hard, and fall found him with the grains in his poke running out like the sands of an hourglass.

Most of it was running into Rooney Ryan's drawers at the Troandike Saloon, a house formerly owned by Tivoli Slavin and which had passed over to his associate Ryan after Tivoli's death by drowning in the Klondike River, and because Hess, Outremont, and Thorpe had been instrumental in locating Alabama next them on Davidson and were responsible for the existence of his stake and because Rooney Ryan had forced a drink on Alabama, started him on his prodigal path and was persistently keeping him there to the profit of the Troandike, the partners felt morally constrained to do something.

"I tell you, Gayle, Thorpe, and Tru," declaimed Hess, pounding the plank table with such emphasis that the tallow candle, stuck in the neck of a pickle bottle, sputtered and jumped, "if we don't, Alabama won't have an ounce to his name. And the wife and two kids in Los Angeles can look their eyes out and yearn their hearts out for his coming. It's a piercing pity any way you glimpse it. Rooney's mostly to blame, of course. But at that I never thought Alabama'd copper himself for such a varnished fool!"

"That's the curse of this land," philosophized Gayle, dreaming eyes fixed on Trudis, who was doing up the supper things while listening to the talk—"prodigality like his. It hoodooes political economy and puts any kind of administration on the bum. Still, it's the way it hits the most of them. When the big strike comes they lose their sense of values, they lose their ballast, they go up like a balloon, and when the gas gives out you find them lying quiet in a snow bank."

"Well," returned Cronin determinedly, "it's up to us to see that there's no snow-bank stunt for Alabama Horbeed. He's a nice fellow and a true friend when he's sober. Then there's the wife to be considered, and the kids likewise. I know how it is with the family that waits at home. I know just how them three's banking and building on Alabama's stake and what it's going to do for them. I'd hate like thunder to see them disappointed and mebbe in want, all for the greed of Rooney Ryan. Oh, there's no two ways of squinting at it, boys! Alabama sure has to pike for the Outside!"

"He's missed six late boats already," Thorpe pointed out, "but there's one more left before the ice sets fast. You say the word, Cronin, and I'll take a handful of pack lashings, truss him up till he can't even roll, and sling him aboard."

But Cronin shook a grave and disapproving head.

"That play's no good, Thorpe," he appraised. "Forcing him would only make him balk. That's the way he's constituted. He'd break out at Whitehorse before ever he caught the other steamer above the cañon, or he'd go on the tear at Skagway. No, he's got to take out his own passport and ship of his own free will. Then he'll go through. And in order to ship of his own free will he's got to renounce his evil ways, he's got to get such a jolt in the conscience as'll clear his delirium tremens and reveal the error of his course."

"A sort of spiritual shake-up, eh, Cronin?" smiled Trudis. "But remember the devil in the form of Rooney Ryan sticks pretty close. How are you going to compass it? Hypnotism? Christian Science? Or mediums?"

"Mebbe we'll have to mix them doses," was Cronin's enigmatic reply as he reached for his bearskin coat. "But it's got to be done just the same, and it's got to be done in a hurry. The *Victorian's* due to sail at seven in the morning. So I'm going to pull away from you for a bit your devoted husband and your equally devoted brother, Tru. Ain't got any objections—serious, have you?"

"Not if it'll help Alabama," laughed Tru.

"It'll help," declared Cronin. "We're going to locate some more of the boys, take them over to the Troandike and frame up a cure for Horbeed."

Burrowing deep into the bearskin coat as he went, Hess stepped out of the doorway, and his partners, Gayle and Thorpe, dutifully followed. The frost of the late autumn night bit keenly against their fire-warmed faces as they emerged and descended the hill, their moccasins crunching crisply in the six inches of snow that covered the slope. Below them on the flat at the base of the hill glittered the thousands of lights of Dawson and across the Klondike River the thousands more of Klondike City. Between, like ivory foam on a summer stream, surged the mush ice which the Klondike was throwing into the Yukon, and down the Yukon itself great, grinding floes ran a ghostly race.

CONTINUALLY the floes jammed and, aided by the ragged fields of shore ice, heaved up in gigantic dams. Then the night was filled with the snarl and roar of baffled waters, with the crash and boom of smiting ice, with the conflict of earth's forces, the struggle of the rebellious freedom-loving river against the shackles of the Arctic frost. Time after time the Yukon broke its bonds and hurled down the débris of the ice in a chaotic wreck, but as fast as the powerful current freed itself the Arctic tyrant reached out clammy hands for another grip, and Hess, Outremont, and Thorpe, watching the turbulent struggle as they twisted down the hillside, knew that navigation was perilously near its close.

"She's working for a bang-up freeze," declared Cronin. "The *Victorian*'ll be bucking ice all the way to Whitehorse. It's plainly Alabama's last chance home."

"Sure the outermost rim of his last chance," agreed Outremont, pointing a fur-gauntleted hand at the northern sky. "Look at the borealis. Watch when it flares, partners. See the red in it? Just like a trace of blood on the snow. It's certain winter when she crimsons that way. And the stars are shaking. That's another sign."

From the snow path which had led down the steep in serpentine curves the three turned into Main Street and stumped along its brilliant white way. Although it was getting on late, business was booming as at noonday, for the departure of the last steamer of the season was a momentous event, the regretful closing of the summer chapter of the Northland life, and transactions of many months were being crammed into as many hours. Cronin, Gayle, and Thorpe passed rows of glittering stores and restaurants till they came to Dawson Barracks. There they looked in, but Inspector Strickland, whom Hess sought, was nowhere about. So they turned back from the river to Gunderhein's office. In the office sat Gunderhein's secretary, walled round with stacks of papers.

"Seen anything of the old man himself?" asked Cronin.

"Over at the Troandike," the secretary answered without lifting eyes from the papers. "He's there with Strickland and a lot more watching Alabama Horbeed perform. Alabama's some contortionist to-night, they tell me. So long, men. Sorry I can't be in the fun. But I'm loaded down with the bills of sale of these Sulphur Creek Fractions. They got to be paid to-morrow."

THEY left Gunderhein's secretary among his ramparts of papers, wheeled up a side street past the Omar Opera House, past Bongrine's Emporium, past a warehouse in the process of erection, past two cabins and a dog pen full of howling Malemutes, and opened the door of a roomy log building roofed with troughs. The place was full of smoke, heat, and music. Amid the smoke a mob of men crowded around the stove and the gaming tables and whirled in a blurring maze upon the dancing floor at the back of the building. Beside the stove, beaming benignantly through the halo formed by his cigar, showed the well-known face of Inspector Strickland of the Mounted Police, and in the next chair to him sat the tall, thick-chested, mobile-featured Gunderhein.

"Just looking for you, boys," greeted Cronin, shoving up. "The clerk in the Syndicate's office told us you were here. But where's Alabama? Seen much of him?"

"Seen much of him?" echoed Gunderhein. "We haven't seen anything else to-night. He's been a blaze and a flame and a meteor and a planet in our eyes. He's rioted all over the Troandike like a starving man in a bakeshop. Couldn't get fun enough. The big stunts he did I disremember, but I'll tell you some of the little stunts. He jumped in there at Table Four and coppered every bet that was laid. Savvy? Every bet! Didn't matter who laid it or how much was laid. Alabama coppered all the same and quit loser to the tune of eleven hundred dollars. Then he faced round and bought wine enough to drown the house. Yes, sir, bought all the wine in the Troandike, one hundred and fifty-four bottles at ten dollars a bottle. No wonder Rooney Ryan considers him his especial care! No wonder he won't let him go for a fling in any other house! This is the biggest night he's had yet, and that wine was a shocker. For, you see, Alabama smashed what wasn't used just to get his money's worth. And, to cap it all, what does he do but waltz round the ballroom floor, a girl on each arm and his pocket poke upside down in his teeth; upside down, I say, with the poke strings loose and the gold paving the floor as he waltzed. Piff! Twenty-two hundred dollars gone while you light your pipe!"

"And four thousand eight hundred and forty dollars gone while you smoke a cigar!" totaled Strickland.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Hess in dismay. "That's the pace he's hitting, eh? And Gayle and Thorpe and me was figuring on sending him out on the *Victorian* in the morning. Mebbe there's no use sending him? Mebbe his stake's all blowed already?"

"Not all of it," informed Strickland. "What's left of it is in his main poke over there by Ryan's gold scales right under Ryan's guarding eye. It's the shape of a punctured football, Cronin, and sagging fast. Rooney won't stand for giving it up till there's only the buckskin left."

"Won't he?" growled Cronin speculatively. "But where's Alabama got to? He ain't in vision."

. . .

"In the rest room," Gunderhein, interposing, took up the tale. He nodded toward a side door behind which it was the custom of the Troandike management to deposit those who had ceased to be assets and could be considered only as nuisances. "Like an orthodox planet, finally brought to balance! If you want to send him out, you'd better put him aboard while he's asleep and get Captain Cambonne to lock him in a stateroom."

"Our mentalities must be twin systems, Gunderhein," observed Thorpe. "I suggested tying him up with pack lashings."

"No, boys, nothing like that," warned Hess hastily. 'No strong-arm tactics for Alabama. He wouldn't stand for them. He'd break the very minute he got a chance to break. He's just like a high-strung horse. You've got to get him going by pure persuasion."

"Go on and persuade, then," laughed Strickland. 'We haven't had a miracle in camp for a year."

"I can't do it alone," explained Cronin. "No more than Gayle, Thorpe, and me do it ourselves. We need your help, Strickland, and yours, Gunderhein. And we need the help of a sucker as slender and supple as an eel."

"That's Thorpe Calgour," decided Strickland. 'He's the youngest man here, and the slenderest. And anybody who's tackled him knows how supple he is. You've no objections to playing eel for Cronin, have you, Thorpe?"

"Not if he doesn't skin me," chuckled Thorpe. 'But what's the frame-up that's been brewing in you, Cronin? Let it out, and we'll all go you the limit."

HESS took a swift glance toward the bar, behind which Rooney Ryan pompously presided, and another glance round the group by the stove.

"Anybody here who ain't a friend of Alabama Horbeed's?" he demanded. "Anybody here who doesn't want to see him break his bondage to Ryan and go Outside to his wife and kids with the remnant of his stake? Anybody here who ain't willing to go the limit, as Thorpe intimates, in lending Alabama moral support?"

"Not a degenerate one!" the group chorused.

"All right," beamed Cronin. "Draw in close, boys, and I'll show my hand."

Tilted chairs came down in a ring, and bodies bent forward expectantly while Hess outlined his plan in terse whispers. Then the chairs tilted back and bodies straightened up as a ripple of restrained mirth ridged the faces of the group.

"Cronin," snickered Gunderhein, "you've missed your calling chasing pay streaks. You sure should have been a comedian. I've a notion to draw up a contract as your manager and bill you at the Omar Opera."

"And mebbe I'll sign your contract if the rehearsal pans out all right," grinned Hess. "It's time we started yon rehearsal. Do you know it's getting near midnight already? We'll have to spread ourselves and get the stage set and the footlights lit. But first we've got to see about his poke. Come on over to the gold scales, boys, and see how much is left in her."

The company arose from around the stove and lined up in front of the gold scales which stood upon the end of Ryan's ornate bar.

"What'll you have, boys?" asked Ryan, presuming that they desired refreshments.

"We're not imbibing," Cronin told him. "We imbibe only with our friends. You're our hereditary enemy, Rooney, an enemy to society in general and to this committee in particular. It's Alabama Horbeed we've come to converse about. How much is left in his poke?"

Ryan, with a scowl, lifted it on to the scales.

" 'Most ten thousand dollars," he computed.

"And ain't you falling down faint with shame?" demanded Cronin.

"What'd I fall down faint for?"

"For shame, I said. You've stolen the other twenty thousand—stolen it from Alabama's wife and kiddies down in Los Angeles."

"Stolen!" glared Ryan. "I ain't done no such thing. Don't you accuse me of that. He got his money's worth, didn't he? And you know he'd blow it anyway, so he might as well blow it in the Troandike as anywhere else."

"He wouldn't have blowed an ounce only you exercised wiles and lures and blandishments," reproached Hess. "There's no use in denying. We know. All the boys here support my contention. We're jointly and solidly convinced that you stole his twenty thousand, and we're just as solidly convinced that you won't steal the remaining ten thousand."

"Here, lay that down!" shouted Ryan, as Cronin reached for the poke. "That ain't your dust. It belongs solely to Alabama, and he's the only man as can give orders for its disposition. You lay it down, or I'll have Strickland arrest you."

"Go on and arrest. I'm going to keep it. It goes with Alabama. He sails at seven in the morning on the *Victorian*."

Ryan's eyes widened. He leaned back against his glittering pyramid of glass and put his hands to his sides. "Haw! Haw!" he chortled. "That's a good one. Alabama's sailing, is he? And him in the rest room now. I bet you the drinks he doesn't."

"And I bet you the twenty thousand dollars you stole that he does!"

IT WAS an unexpected challenge to Rooney, and, moreover, such a challenge as in the spirit of the country and before the crowd of witnesses he could not ignore without crawling. Ryan was no crawler at any stage of the game, and least of all in his own house, the Troandike, under the sardonic stare of twenty pairs of eyes. He leaned forward, and the fire grew in his cheek.

"I call your bluff," he accepted, crashing down his fist. "You think talk's cheap and I'm easy to flip, but I'm not. You'll find that out, and you'll lose your twenty thousand as sure as the freeze-up's here.



"I call your bluff! You think talk's cheap and I'm easy to flip, but you'll lose your twenty thousand as sure as the freeze-up's here"

I know Alabama. I've known him longer'n you. He won't sail any more'n this roof'll fall in. The *Victorian!* Seven in the morning, eh? Got his passage all booked! Tarnation, and him in the rest room now. I take your bet!"

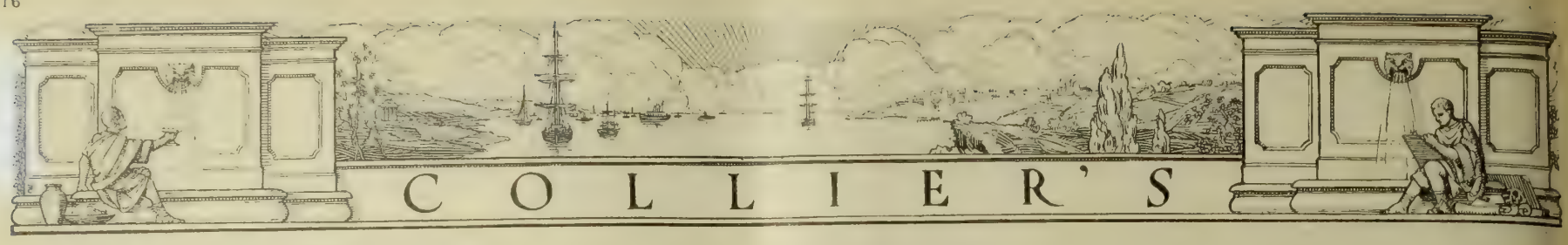
"All right," smiled Cronin, "make your twenty a marked check. I'll do the same. Gunderhein'll hold the stakes. I don't want to skin you, but I sure do want to give Alabama back his own. So Gunderhein'll inclose your check in the poke. Savvy? I want to emphasize my financial disinterestedness. I don't stand to make a cent on the deal."

"Sure not," sneered Ryan, scribbling his check which Gunderhein duly inclosed in the poke. "You stand to lose—lose your twenty thousand. But there's a string to this bet. You're not to strong-arm Alabama. Anybody could put handcuffs on him and carry him aboard. That won't win. Understand me? He's got to go aboard himself."

"Through purely moral persuasion," assured Hess. "I hang to your string. Now you hang to mine. You're to keep your mouth shut during the course of persuasion where Alabama's concerned and not restrain him by any word or enticement. Is the bet still on?"

"Still on, Cronin. Rush to your own loss, fast as your legs'll let you."

"With pleasure, Rooney! You follow up to Gayle's cabin on the hill and (*Continued on page* 46)



Wilson's Luck

WILSON is on the negative side of preparedness. The people who have studied preparedness and who are following it earnestly are dismayed by the meagerness of the program he has planned. But when BRYAN comes out and attacks WILSON because he is for preparedness, that puts WILSON in a position which the general public will accept as being in favor of preparedness. It is all very deplorable. A real fight on this issue would be betwen ROOSEVELT and WILSON. They really represent the two sides of the question.

Republican Chances

WE WELCOME McCALL—by virtue of his election to the governorship of Massachusetts, a presidential possibility. He will make it possible for Massachusetts to cut a dignified figure in the convention. We are by no means sure that he can be elected President, or even that he can get the nomination, but he can come very much nearer to doing both than Senator WEEKS, who was in the way of getting the Massachusetts delegates up to the time when this month's election projected McCALL into the foreground. McCALL is eccentric, old-fashioned, and reactionary, but he is scrupulously high-minded, honest, and scholarly. He represents no interests and never would represent an interest. He has the scholarship which would restore some of the dignity and glamour of the older days in politics. Massachusetts can send a McCall delegation and feel that she is living up to her best traditions.

The Weeks Candidacy

THE ONE CANDIDACY that is being pushed with organization and aggressiveness is that of Senator WEEKS. This fact indicates a preoccupation on the part of those who are back of him which is likely, if they persist, to have consequences unpleasant for the Republican party. Senator WEEKS is by occupation a stockbroker. Now stockbrokerage is a perfectly respectable occupation, with as high an average of personal rectitude as any other calling. But the fact is, nevertheless, that there is a prejudice about stockbrokers sufficiently widespread to make it impossible for a stockbroker to be elected President of the United States. The political intelligence which fails to take account of this fact is not easy to understand. Senator WEEKS'S candidacy is being fostered by men who have money, and a headlong confidence in the power of money and organization to accomplish what they want it to accomplish. He is being put forward rather frankly as the candidate of the property-owning class. We have noticed a little paper in Boston, called "The Capitalist," which is very excited about the Weeks movement. If we are to have a candidate of the capitalist class, the logical complement would be a candidate of the capital-less class. And if the first class ever forces it to a show-down, it is likely to turn out that the second class will have more votes. The aggressiveness of the Weeks candidacy is very unfortunate. The men who are dominant in the Republican party ought to stop it. A candidacy which would give all the Democratic writers and cartoonists in the country an opportunity to have fun with the various corporations which have been floated through the banking house in which Senator WEEKS was a member might add to the joy of nations, but it wouldn't get very far in any other respect. In justice these things ought not to be said without also saying that there is nothing in the official record to Senator WEEKS'S personal discredit, and that his career in Congress has been one that his friends can defend with a perfectly good conscience.

Our Country

ROLLIN KIRBY'S cartoon on the page opposite means something. The true quarrel of the extreme pacifists is not with the Administration—it is with the world they live in. Those who read history carefully (including the war news) know well enough that ours is not a world of automatic righteousness, that some men still wish to rule over others, and that their schemes of tyranny are plotted with pains and craft and launched with brutal force. Into this world our United States came as the fulfillment, not only of a dream, but also of a task. Those who preach peace at any price may vainly imagine that theirs is the truer patriotism, that they more exactly express the soul of our country, but they are wrong. They express the sheltered ideals of which our country's strength has made it possible for them to dream. If these men, including Mr. BRYAN, believe in President WILSON, they must believe also in his duty to look after the defense of the nation. Their failure to do this arises from their inability to see what the United States is: not an abstraction of liberty and justice, but a nation seeking liberty and justice in this present world. Our country's flag is a symbol of more than drifting peacefulness, and HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT got the truth of this into a poem called "The Flag Goes By":

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;
Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

We Need More Officers

WEST POINT is UNCLE SAM'S school for army officers, and costs a great deal of money. According to the New York "Evening Post," it takes $20,000 to educate a boy at West Point as against $12,000 at Annapolis and $2,500 at Harvard. ("Harvard," as Mr. VILLARD explains, "has not UNCLE SAM to draw upon.") But West Point is not only costly—it fails to train officers enough. Colonel TOWNSLEY, superintendent of the Academy, reports that twelve hundred or thirteen hundred cadets might be educated at West Point *if only that many appointments were made.* The present average is about six hundred. That is partly, at least, because the actual mode of appointment, through Congressmen and politics, is obsolete and unreasonable. It is an unpleasant reminder of the outworn system under which the United States was not a nation, but only a loose federation of mutually jealous States. "The Outlook" prints an editorial commending Colonel TOWNSLEY for urging that the West Point cadetships "belong to the people," rather than to individual Congressmen, "and should be open competitively to all the youths eligible to compete." Colonel TOWNSLEY recommends that a law be enacted "requiring competitive examination be held for each vacancy." This is a sound suggestion, and Congress should not delay acting upon it. What the United States army needs to-day, more than any one thing, is more trained officers. Here is a way of getting a good many more of them without even increasing our plant.

Justice

THE SUPREME COURT of the United States, Justice HUGHES writing the opinion, has declared that MIKE RAICH is not to lose his job as cook in a restaurant at Bisbee because of an Arizona law against employing aliens. We hope this decision will sweep away the whole miserable mass of State and municipal regulations discriminating against alien labor. If people are good enough to be let into this country, they are good enough to work in it.

A Tip for Some Business Men

A RECENT BOOK on these matters says of the people of our country: "They spoil more business through lack of good manners than in any other way." This is worth thinking over by those planning to get foreign trade—especially if in South America and the Orient.

The Basis of Business

A STRONG AND ABLE MAN named THEODORE N. VAIL is paid a large salary as head of the Bell telephone system in this country. He was talking about general business conditions the other day, and put it this way:

> We are the luckiest nation on the surface of the earth. We ought to be congratulating ourselves and doing our best to help one another. All employers should be willing to give a living wage to their employees, and all employees should be willing to give generous service for the money they are paid. All consumers and users of service or commodities should be eager to pay a fair price for others' goods and service, and then they can get a fair price for their own.

Yes, you have heard it before—it's just another statement of the Golden Rule.

The New Age

WE MAY BE on the verge of startling developments in electricity. The engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, headed by JOHN J. CARTY, have made it possible to talk by wire and wireless from New York to Honolulu and Paris. NIKOLA TESLA is to share the Nobel prize in physics with EDISON

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

and thinks that it is for his recent discoveries in the wireless transmission of electrical energy. What these things may mean to the future life of our race cannot be clearly imagined. But we think the great electrical service of the last fifteen years has consisted in the tireless, detailed working out of the application of this agent to the needs of daily life. Our country has been gridironed with telephones and trolleys; thousands of generating stations have been put to work; railroad terminals have been made cleaner and almost indefinitely more efficient; and countless inventions have brought electricity into the constant service of business and of the home. This process has gone on so quietly and steadily, and with such cumulative effect, that it takes a distinct effort to recall what things were like before these uses of electricity became so many and so universal. The miracles of yesterday are the habits of to-morrow. The public problems of regulation and control must be viewed from this standpoint of unceasing growth, for the supreme public interest concerning electricity is that the possibilities of the future shall be realized, that this force shall become an even more basic factor in our everyday life. This is a matter, not of cutting financial melons, but of founding a new sort of civilization. We are only at the beginning of the age of electricity, and no one can say what advances are yet to be made.

World's Champion!

WELL, she's gone and turned the trick! Lady Eglantine, we mean, the White Leghorn of Delaware College. Her 365 days are up and she's run true to form right up to the finish. Three hundred and fourteen eggs in that year is the exact figure. If you don't realize what a mark that is, stop to consider that in a former contest a prize Plymouth Rock laid only 286 and a Rhode Island Red but 256 eggs. And that the average for the ordinary, common or garden, hen is about seventy eggs to the year. The New York "World" prints a dispatch from Carlisle, Pa. (where the Indians come from), about a hen named Queen Elizabeth that has laid 343 eggs in 343 days. This is a cock-and-egg story, and we don't believe it. Delaware College's Lady in White is the real champion. In fact, the whole pen of five Leghorns rounded out the year with a total of 1,211, an average of 242 eggs per pullet. White Leghorns are it.

Kirby, in the New York "World"



"You Unchristian Bird!"

Speaking of Crops—

SELF-CONFIDENCE is like the rainfall on your farm. A scarcity of it gives nothing a chance to get started; a moderate amount promotes growth; too much rots away everything before it can come to a head.

Fools

EVERY SO OFTEN Brother BOOZE inspires some editor to take pen in hand and deliver himself. Thus the "Post-Dispatch" of St. Louis says:

> Everyone agrees that a man who spends his earnings for drink is not only a bad customer for all except liquor dealers and saloon keepers, but he is a fool. He is just as much of a fool if he spends his earnings on food alone, or jewelry, or tobacco, or theatres or motion pictures, yet we do not ask that all people be forbidden these things because fools squander their money on them.

Still, at the moment, we do not recall ever having seen a woman who would not prefer a gold wrist watch to a blow from the fool she married; nor a little child who would run under the bed to avoid the fool who wanted to take him to the movies. And, try as we may, we are unable to recollect ever having seen two fools or three fools or four fools buying each other ham in a butcher shop and later on trying to murder one another with link sausage. Speaking scientifically, there are fools and fools—and then some.

Romance on the Sea

WHEN HIS FATHER'S DEATH makes a boy of twelve head of the family he can usually sell newspapers or run errands for an office or work in a factory. Life closes in on him rather grimly. He may break through and grow up to strength and usefulness, but you cannot grind seed corn to much advantage in the industrial mills of our cities. HERBERT JOHNSON of Bridgeport, Conn., took his half a lay and shipped for the cod fishing on Captain PETER RANDALL'S fifty-eight-ton schooner *Oriental* out of Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. He hauled traps, cut cod throats, and, in a pinch, saved the ship. As he told the story to a New York "World" reporter, the men were all off in the dories after cod when ice floes closed in on them and ripped away the anchor chain. He called up the cook, a nineteen-year-old girl, and then:

> When MARIE tumbled out I told her to take the wheel and put it hard aport. Then I raised the jumbo, the big jib, and we got under way. In the meantime some ice piled on deck and carried away some firewood and some cod, but we squeezed out of the ice pack and worked into Lark Tickle Cove, where we got another anchor from a schooner there and then put out to sea again after the men in the dories. They had been scattered by the ice, but we found them all.

So "Captains Courageous" is still a true story, and there is more doing on the sea than debating the details of Senator LA FOLLETTE'S Seamen's Bill. New York office boys may be cashing in on their Wall Street tips, but HERBERT JOHNSON has the better job.

Make Some Thanksgiving Now

ENTERPRISING STORES all over the country announced their showing of Christmas goods some two weeks ago or more. Have you bought yours yet? Get the things at once and pack them away where they will accumulate dreams and good will and keep the children guessing. It's not likely that you'll care any more about anyone at Christmas time than you care for them now, if you'll only stop and think about it. And the things you buy now will not be stained with the haste and cruelty of that infamous preholidays rush. At best the carelessness of well-meaning people causes too much care and pain. Buy your Christmas gifts this week and make some thanksgiving.

This Particular Thursday

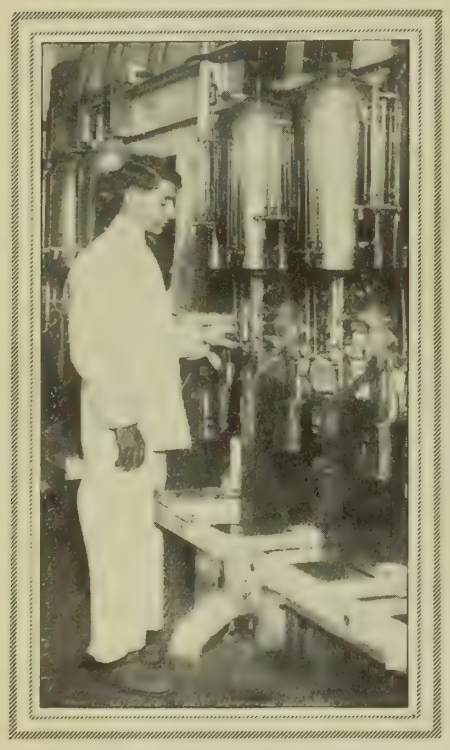
IN LOOKING BACK over the busy and anxious year now closing it is natural to urge thankfulness for food and shelter and safety, for these first necessities of life which we have to-day in greater measure than any other nation on earth. But these are not the essentials. The peculiar fortune of the United States still consists in the dominance here of certain principles of justice and freedom. We have our full share of bigotry and tyranny and greed, of the selfishness that seeks to rule others unjustly, and of the envy that lusts to pull others down; but these evils have not been erected into the governing principles of our community life. There are rulers in other lands, with public opinion to back them, who hold that some races must be kept under, that certain countries are natural enemies and must be crushed to "guarantee" the future safety of their own, and so they reenact the ages-old tragedy of strife and cruelty. The United States has a better working creed than that—a faith that the world is wide enough for all men. This faith is not always proved by our deeds, for the daily record is marred by the carelessness that freedom sometimes brings, by the schemes and compromises of political cowardice, by the shortsighted wrecking haste of strong men absorbed in our changing modern life. But in the long run the planet from which we take our course is the peaceful star of humanity, and it is for this guiding vision, above all else, that we Americans have cause to keep Thanksgiving Day.

Harnessed Lightni



Pioneering with the Electric Cooking Stove

IN THE photograph above a young woman is seen frying lamb chops for breakfast with a recently perfected electric stove and making coffee with an electric percolator. The stove is particularly handy for breakfast cooking, because it can be used as easily in the dining room as in the kitchen, and is free from smoke and soot. Small stoves of this general type are being introduced throughout the country and are expected to become a staple in the near future. But as yet the large electric range is not so popular. Although its future seems to be assured, most people still regard the large electric stove as an experiment and are waiting to see its practical value proved.





ELECTRIC COFFEE MACHINES in one of a string of automatic lunch rooms in New York City. The coffee runs through pipes from the large percolators to spigots on the dining room side of the wall, where the customer drops a coin in a slot and fills his own cup, as in the photograph next at the right



THE TELEPHONE IN THE HEART OF CH
ancient capital of Hunan Province. The
sition among the ignorant. Suspecting that
coolie water carriers started several riots. Chan



KEEPING FLOWERS AWAKE with Mazda blue-bulb "daylight" lamps. This work, in a Cleveland factory, is still in the experimental stage. The lamp is also being tried as a means of making vegetation grow without sunlight



THE NEWEST THING IN RAILROAD ENGINES. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is electrifying 440 miles of its lines, from Harlowton, Mont., to Avery, Idaho, and will use forty-two engines of this type, which have one-third more hauling power than the biggest steam locomotives. The engines will recuperate energy on down grades by means of a regenerating device



THE WORLD'S GREATEST ELECTRIC S
and the camera, which had to be timed for
dozen or more advertisements were flash

in New Roles



ericans laying cables in one of the principal streets of Changsha, the rnized natives welcomed the telephone, but there was much oppo- were water pipes which would cause them to lose their jobs the a population of about 300,000, has only 1,000 local telephones thus far



The Musical Lamp

ABOVE is a snapshot of Dr. Lee De Forest experimenting with his newest invention, the audion or musical lamp. This lamp made possible the long-distance wireless telephone, which became the talk of the civilized world the other day when it was first used to transmit conversation across the continent, 2,500 miles. It is a powerful detector of sound, both near and distant.



A navy captain on the battleship Connecticut talking into a wireless telephone. The Naval Radio Service controls all experiments between American and European stations

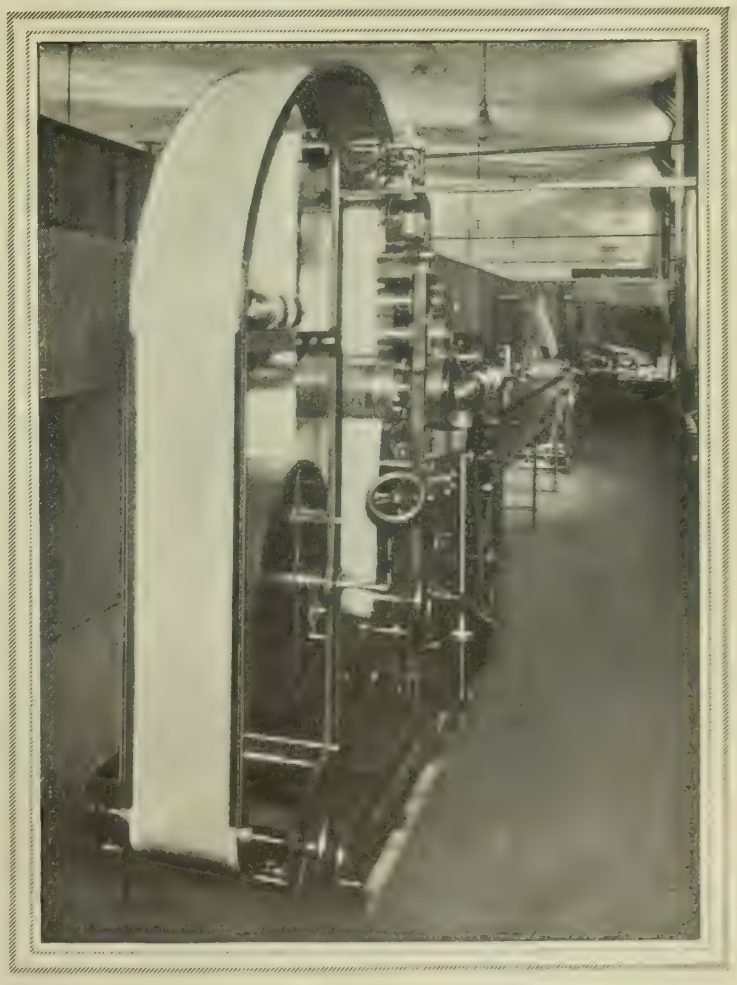


Copyright by T. A. Edison

THOMAS A. EDISON, the electrical genius (at the right), swapping jokes with Senator Tillman of South Carolina in front of the Edison storage battery plant at Orange, N. J. Apparently the young woman with the white hat is a bit shocked by the conversation of the two celebrities



LAY. Longacre Square, New York City, looking north from Times Square. Some of the signs were in motion , failed to record them plainly. The blurring of the top lights in the center is due to the fact half a rame while the lens was open. Thousands of people passed before the camera, but it caught none of them



A NEW ELECTRIC STAMP-PRINTING MACHINE in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving at Washing on, D. C. This device, invented by R. B. Stickney, an employee in the Bureau, and recently adopted by the Government, prints, gums perforates, and coils 350,000 stamps per day. Ten machines of this kind make all the stamps the Post-Office Department needs at a saving of $240,000 a year for Uncle Sam

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BRITISH SOLDIERS, bound for the Serbian front, lowering a horse from a troopship at Saloniki, Greece, the port through which England and France have been rushing men and supplies to reenforce the Serbs

Camera Shots from Three War Zones

Copyright by International Film Service



GENERAL DANKL (right), commander in chief of all the Austrian armies, talking with the mayor of Meran, a Tyrolean town, during a military review following a local victory over the Italians in the Isonzo valley

The Continuous Battle of Champagne

IN CHAMPAGNE, where the two lower photographs were taken, there has been hard fighting nearly every day since the last week in September, when the French began the great assault which routed the Germans out of fifteen miles of trenches. Little spots of ground have changed hands again and again, and in the attacks and counter-attacks a hundred thousand or more men have been killed or maimed. One of the most violent of the recent clashes was when the Germans recaptured Butte de Tahure, a hill from which the French artillery threatened the Challerange-Bazancourt Railway. This railroad is indispensable to the Germans because it is their main supply artery. In all probability Champagne will continue to be the principal slaughter field in the west until one side or the other is decisively beaten.



A steel turret taken out of a German trench by the French in Champagne. The German gunners were locked in the turret by their officers to prevent them from retreating with their trench mates and they died fighting

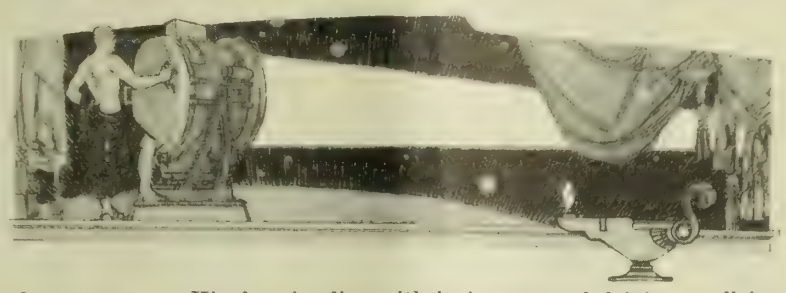
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French aviators in Champagne transferring a large torpedo from a motor truck to an aeroplane before starting on a raid on the German lines. This bomb has about the same destructive power as a six-inch cannon shell, but its hitting average is not supposed to be as high

PIONEERS OF INVENTION

BY ALAN SULLIVAN



ON A PLATFORM in Philadelphia there was recently gathered a group of men the sum of whose active genius may be said to have changed the method of living of the civilized world.

To illuminate a house by means of a waterfall hundreds of miles distant is probably as wonderful as that the human voice may be translated into electrical waves and carried across the continent. Wireless telegraphy with its 250,000,000 undulations a second may be more marvelous than the phonograph; at any rate, the mind is apt to be lulled into a passive acceptance by recurrent wonders. A glassful of water coming down the Rockies will produce 1 horsepower in a far-off city, but the man who buys the power is indifferent as to its source.

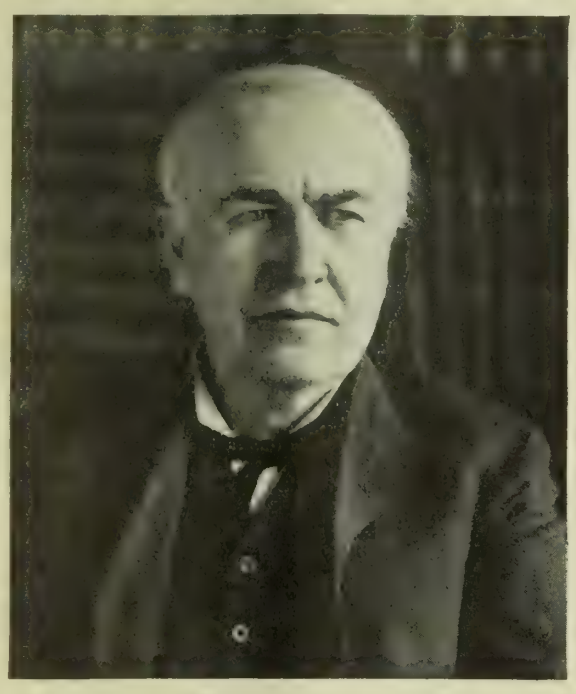
Forty years ago three young Canadians were offered a father's prize for the production of the best talking machine; that is, the imitation of speech by mechanical means. One of them by a brilliant course of experimentation solved the problem of transforming the vibrations of the air into those of electrical energy. To-day there are 14,000,000 telephones and 33,000,000 miles of wire, with an investment of approximately $2,000,000,000.

A little less than forty years ago the carbon lamp had a useful life of eight minutes. To-day it lasts indefinitely. Forty years ago one tramcar company in the United States used 8,000 horses in one city. To-day the horse is liberated and $4,000,000,000 is invested in electric railroads.

Thirty-seven years ago the late Senator Leland Stanford bet Edward Muybridge that the feet of a trotting horse were at no time entirely and simultaneously off the ground. Muybridge undertook to prove the contrary and arranged a series of close-set cameras to which wires were attached. The horse in passing struck the wires successively and operated the shutters of the cameras. To-day the moving-picture business requires that at least sixteen exposures be made per second. One result is that the depiction of animals in motion has been radically readjusted. Forty years ago it was not possible to transmit energy more than two or three miles. To-day the economical radius is not technically but commercially determined. The motor car, the skyscraper, the electrical utensil, all were still below the horizon. The largest electric motor or generator was only a few horsepower. Individual machines now produce 40,000 horsepower. For all of which the pioneers are mostly responsible.

Thus there seemed to radiate from this amazing group a series of achievements which were instantly seized on by a waiting world. France, England, and notably Italy, did much in brilliant experimentation and pure science, but, with the exception of the invention of wireless telegraphy, it was largely left to the practical, insistent men of the New World to humanize and commercialize the new industry. Here were less conservatism and a larger scrap heap.

Frank Sprague was up in a skyscraper. If you could put a soul into a gyroscope, you might get a faint idea of his restless, impatient, ceaseless energy. He simply can't lie down. He seems to be full of wire springs that constantly coil and uncoil inside of him. His eyes are bright and full of motion. His voice is high-pitched and carries a touch of dominance. His face is alive with insistency and driving force. It is the face of a fighter who is unable to recognize defeat. His sentences end with a click like the snapping of a switch that closes the circuit of his speech. There is impetuosity in every word and gesture. He roams, light-footed, about the room, and appears to be literally magnetized. One could visualize him ripping into the heart of things with the sharp fury of a predatory and scientific hawk.



Thomas A. Edison

Back in 1881, Frank Sprague, then in the United States navy, installed a system of electric bells on the *Lancaster*, and he admitted recently that soon after it was difficult to know whether the captain was calling the first lieutenant or the cook. He himself, however, heard another call and, hankering for the Crystal Palace Exhibition in England, struck for leave. He landed with $20 and a skinful of youthful ambition, and it was at the Crystal Palace that the electrical virus got possession of his system. The inevitable result was his resignation from the navy and a job in Edison's employ at Menlo Park, N. J. He took with him memories of the London Underground Railway with its dirt and smoke. Somewhere in that grimy abyss came his first vision of the electric road.

The Birth of the Electric Car

AT MENLO PARK Sprague made his first discovery—he could not take orders. His own inner flame had begun to burn too fixedly. There was born then the Sprague Electric Railway and Motor Company, in virtue of which he was to act as salesman, treasurer, electrician, wireman, and bookkeeper. Ponder on that, you modern man with the overload. He was also to pay himself a salary of $2,500 a year. He borrowed it and paid up, both ways.

A year or so later, with much experience behind him, for experience came fast in those days, he cast cynical eyes on the Manhattan Elevated. This was about the time that the Edison interests had electrified a piece of track in the old Durant Sugar Refinery on East Twenty-fourth Street. The conductors were there, but no vehicle. Sprague seized the opportunity and electrified a flat car, and incidentally electrified Jay Gould to the extent of banishing forever his interest in that method of propulsion. Came later another test with Cyrus Field as observer. Net result, a sale of one-sixth of the Sprague capital for $51,000. Then Sprague began to cut ice—actually—with a motor-driven machine on the Boston West End road.

The Richmond Street Railway is the mother of all the trolleys. There were forty cars—think of the amazing confidence of the designer!—twelve miles of track, and 10 per cent grades. The contract was to erect the complete equipment in ninety days. As Sprague says, no sane man would have taken it. But when the track was anchored to its foundation of Virginia clay, and the last section of wire strung tight, he risked his reputation and with characteristic daring set the whole system into operation with a turn of the wrist. Never has he done anything more typical of himself. It was the trolley car of to-day, with the spring in its pole and the motors on its axles and all its weight available for traction.

Then Sprague switched—literally switched—into electric elevators and put six—not one, but six—into the Postal Telegraph Building. Getting into one, he operated them all, and that was the birth of what he called the multiple-unit control, or the method of governing any group or number of electrical units from one central master point. They use it on the elevated to-day.

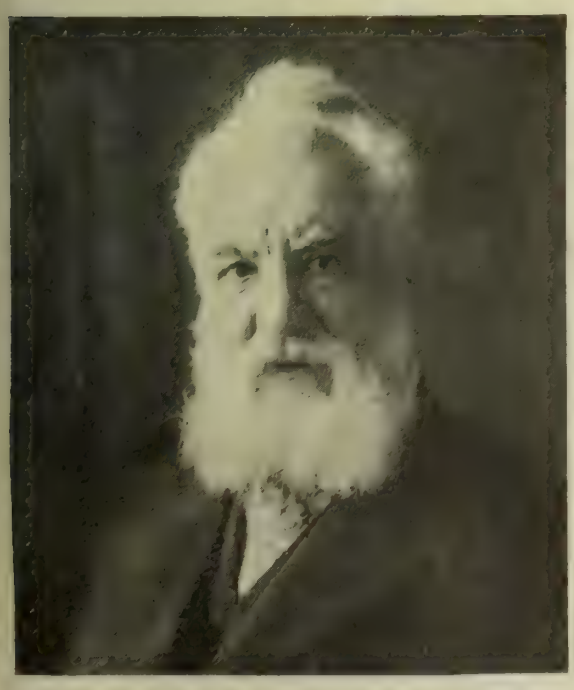
But to get back to the Manhattan Elevated, which seems to have had a dominant influence on Sprague. He ached to electrify it, and in 1891 made an extraordinary offer to equip a two-mile system with perfect trains and operate them to the satisfaction of the Rapid Transit Commission or else lose the cost of the whole undertaking. Would the commission give him the opportunity?

The commission wouldn't, but Chicago would. Followed notable experiments, and in November, 1897, Sprague put twenty Chicago cars into operation. Before the day was over he had taken off seventeen—one in flames—but with the other three he pushed a steam train round a curve. This brought the Manhattan Elevated to time. It also made the subway possible.

I think he still regards the multiple-unit idea as his pet, for without it he could not have successfully controlled those flying trains which began shuttle-like to crisscross the cities of the New World.

Looking back at it all, it presents a series of fights, exertions, experiments, and exasperations which would have daunted one less virile. But, looking across the table at Sprague, it is difficult to imagine how it could have been otherwise. He reveled in a contest. To-day his high cheek bones, powerful jaw, lean, bulldog, tenacious face, and expression of recuperative ability almost without suggestion of any particular age, all testify to his qualities. What a fighter the navy lost!

Sprague smiled when asked about the future. "There is a good deal of nonsense being talked," he said. "Long-distance transmission is limited because the pressures involved are difficult to regulate and insulate. There is an economic balance which marks the limit. If you pass this, the expense becomes so great as to mean commercial loss. We use the present voltages for domestic lighting, for instance, because they strike that economic balance at which light and service are parallel with cost. As for transportation, the world will go more slowly as far as electrical motor power is concerned. There is, however, one tremendous service which this energy will provide for the traveling public, and this is a system of train control which will automatically interpose an agency of safety between the engineer



Alexander Graham Bell



Frank J. Sprague

and the danger point. This is all worked out now. It has been amply demonstrated and is applicable to any type of steam or electric road. Electrical energy won't pull transcontinental trains, but it will govern them—govern them absolutely. In a general way, I don't expect anything revolutionary in electrical lines. We shall rather refine and improve what we have."

When one talks of Sprague one naturally thinks too of Thomson and Edison. The one added vastly to the trolley-car motor and the other built the first American experimental electric railroad. As a result of competition, the early mechanical achievements of all three became merged in the General Electric Company, and over the great Lynn works of this huge organization Elihu Thomson still exercises a benignant sway.

The inventors of the eighties were, in fact, like a group of keen-eyed children exploring the shores of a new-found sea and grasping at the flotsam and jetsam borne in by its ceaseless and marvelous waves. Then each hurried off to investigate his finds. Thomson had a sackful.

A day with him at Swampscott is memorable. He is of middle height, with broad shoulders, quiet, gentle, deep-set eyes, and brows that are markedly high. It is a strong, unwrinkled face. His voice is level and full of gentle modulations, his whole manner courtly and suave. Added to this there is an air of youthfulness through which shines a mobile and delicately poised intelligence. He appears ready to exhibit almost any facet of genius. It all blends in a balanced personality that seems to be able to move through a conflicting world with a minimum of friction, and always with a keen, fresh pleasure on work—a pleasure which does not isolate him from the genial offerings of life. There is, too, an extraordinary power of observation and concentration, from which he turns to new profundities for relaxation. I have never seen a man who expressed his individuality more happily than Thomson or one who can more gracefully set the sails of his mind to any communicable wind the day may send him.

There is nothing academic about him now, even though he was a professor of chemistry at twenty-three. As a professor he naturally gave lectures, and just as naturally it happened that one evening he allowed two wires of his apparatus to touch each other. They were carrying current. Curiously enough, they stuck, and Thomson, with a touch of annoyance, tried to pull them apart. But they continued to stick. Now, if Thomson had not had the brain of the inventor and been as well a great physicist, the thing would have ended there, and the art of electric welding might have lain undiscovered for years. The Philadelphia blacksmiths might, moreover, have maintained that somewhat high charge for their services which they forthwith cut in half when the ends of wagon tires began to be clamped together and the current turned on. Thomson expects the familiar rows of rivets to disappear from the liner's side, because, forsooth, her plates will be welded, not riveted.

Thomson-Brush Triumphs

BEFORE all this came the cream separator, and after it followed the improved motor which enabled Sprague's trolley cars to run somewhere more nearly on schedule time. Then the modern meter was evolved. It will be observed that most of Thomson's products were fine, delicate things that used electricity in ways peculiar to himself. He seemed possessed later with the fixed idea of determining to what extent electricity could be used as heat, and he fused sapphires, because they have a high melting point, in an original and tiny electric furnace. Long before this—in fact, at the very beginning of his career—he had cleared the public mind of a widespread fallacy. It was popular in the eighties to speak of three kinds of electricity: static, chemical, and frictional.

The first was ready-made, such as lightning; the second you made with evil smells in a jar, and the third might be drawn from the back of a cat by the stroke of a friendly hand. One wonders whether it was some reflex sense of amusement on Thomson's part that produced his cream separator.

This same betterment ambition brought him into touch with Charles F. Brush, also in the eighties. The carbon rods of the arc lamp were fed toward each other as they shortened but fed irregularly. Thomson blinked, then added his contribution—an automatic device that established the business more firmly. Not content with this, he went to the other end of the wire and improved the generator. There was room for it.

Finally he went back over the ground and built one of the first transformers—the apparatus which raises or lowers electrical potential or pressure. In fact, by the time he had added his own brains to those of two or three other men, electricity would come and eat out of one's hand.

A talk with Thomson will illuminate—at least his end of it will—almost any scientific subject. To relieve his brain of the clamor of the Lynn works, he oscillates between color photography and astronomy. Is it necessary to say that he built his own 10-inch refracting telescope and ground the lenses himself? And to the man who is debating between a twin six and an eight cylinder, it may be interesting to know that in the Swampscott stable there is a steam-driven motor car seventeen years old. Is it necessary to say that he built that too, and, what's more, that it runs like a charm? It has a flash boiler and is oil-fired. Does this suggest those first models of a certain well-known company?

Thomson's work, as a matter of fact, turned out a species of refined product which required no finishing touches.

So far as the arc lamp is concerned, there was a happy combination between Charles F. Brush and the Swampscott scientist. The first real arc lamp was Sir Humphry Davy's. He used two charcoal sticks and two thousand small batteries something over a hundred years ago. Fifty years later Faraday started a system of arc beacons on the Strait of Dover, and at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876 the arc lamp was exhibited. Then Brush got to work. This was that memorable year in which the first telephone broke into public speech and Edison invented the phonograph. The shores of the sea of science were littered with marvels.



Charles F. Brush



Elihu Thomson

Charles F. Brush might be called an intellectual viking. Six feet three he towers, with huge frame, broad, flat back, and vast, smooth shoulders. Such a body seems immune to all attacks of time and circumstance. His hair is silvered, his brows black, and his eyes brown. His chin is square and dogged. The bright gaze expresses a mind keenly alert. There is something quizzical about it, asking whether you are aware of the joke that he is so quietly enjoying himself. One could imagine him on the bridge of a liner swathed in oilskins and glancing with just that same lift of the brows into an easterly gale. He reminds one of the oak, "storm-strengthened on a windy site." He moves with the ease and calmness of all big men. In his voice there is a consciousness of power.

The first thing Brush really built was a dynamo, and being short of energy he hitched it up to an old horsepower used for sawing wood. The idea was that the horses should drive the dynamo. They did. Then came the arc lamp to hook on to the dynamo.

There was an enterprising man in Cincinnati called Longworth. He bought the first lamp. It called forth comments from the crowd that assembled to see it burn. One person solved the mystery. "That arrangement at the top," he announced, "is the can that holds the oil. That side rod is the feed tube. It's the old game played in a new way." Whereupon a doubter demanded: "If it's an electric lamp, how large is the hole in the wire that the current flows through?"

A little later the Public Square of Cleveland was illuminated. People wore smoked glasses. "Your light is poor," they decided. "It's true, we can read at night in any part of the square, but—"

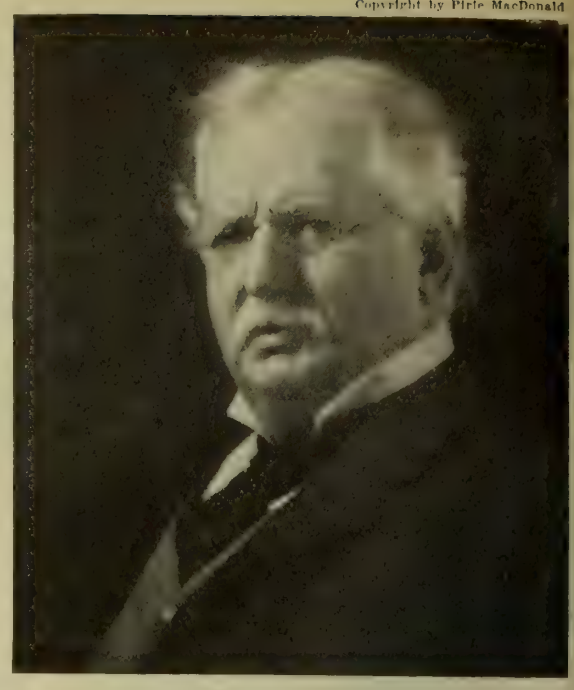
"Take off the glasses," suggested Brush.

"But we would be blinded if we looked at your lamp."

"Do you stare at the sun?" chuckled the inventor.

The new industry was fairly on its legs when there occurred to Brush a sobering reflection. What resource had he if the power went off? Batteries? The only battery was not commercial. It had to build itself up before it got to work, by forming an oxide on one lead plate. He worried over this and took a short cut. Why not supply the oxide in the first place? He supplied it, and the father of all modern batteries sizzled into action. Simple enough, but nothing could better illustrate the flexibility of the true inventor, the power to dissociate himself from the ordinary way of doing things. To-day the storage battery is the trump card of the central station. It is played confidently when all other sources of power go out of business. It is the great electrical equalizer. There is a certain famous patent numbered 337299, covering the storage battery in the broadest sense. Frequently attacked in the Federal courts, it has never been defeated. It was issued to Charles F. Brush.

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Theodore N. Vail

Edison the Wizard

IT IS a question whether the work of Brush is in any way linked with that of Edison, but the success of arc lighting no doubt made it plain that there was a tremendous field for interior illumination and that for this purpose the arc light was not suitable. And if there is one achievement more than another for which electrical men pay tribute to Edison, it is the system of distribution and division of electrical energy.

The phonograph, the moving picture, the stock ticker, multiplex telegraphy, all speak for themselves. But that marvelous and intricate network by means of which the man who pushes the button supplies his own needs from the power house sprang full-fledged from Edison's brain. There is romance in the five-year tropical search for bamboo lamp filaments, and there is the carbon transmitter through which one's voice speeds over the telephone, but as pure achievements fraught with prophetic insight these must rank second. Between 1880 and 1908 Edison took out no less than 375 patents in this one branch of industry. As for the other branches, it would probably be easier to state what he has not done.

I found him in his library in West Orange, N. J. A large man—a genial man, patient and benign. Familiar indeed seemed his face. Here again was the composite visage. The forehead is that of a seer, while mouth, chin, and jaw are firm and dominant. They might be those of a commander in chief. The eyes are most noticeable, being luminous and lustrous. At times they blaze, then are tempered into a softened radiance. It is of his eyes that one is chiefly conscious when talking to Edison. There is so much in them, and it is all so swiftly and magnificently mingled. His hands are nobly modeled. They betray flexibility and a deft delicacy of touch. Loosely

(*Continued on page* 37)

THE UNGIVEN KISS

BY VIOLA BURHANS

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL



The men started to leap by, but I covered them with my gun. "Get back, or I'll—"

MY WRIST watch pointed to four o'clock in the afternoon, but in the Cedar Point Reserve, which I was approaching, kerosene lamps were already lighted. I could see them twinkling through the dense smoke. Small forest fires had been on the gain now for a week, in spite of the efforts of the rangers to shut them in. Like a sullen, dirty blanket the smoke hung unstirringly above the underbrush, burning one's lungs and eyes and at times hiding the sun.

My yellow-streaked pony fretted along uneasily. Once a line of birds flew over my head in a blind, straight direction. I longed for wings to follow them. It seemed so useless to return to my boarding house. Mr. Stephens, my employer, had sent me home early—which meant that more than half of twenty-four hours would elapse before I saw him again.

"I might as well wait for a train in a hot-air vacuum," I reflected, sliding down and giving the reins to my landlady's boy Jim.

"Sweat any?" he inquired, with his friendly, pumpkin-gash grin.

"A little. Mr. Stephens thinks the men will have the fires out by to-morrow."

"I suppose a fellow that writes yarns all the time has to think a lot of things that ain't so," Jim commented as he led Bly away.

I smiled as I went upstairs. It was suffocating in my room. As I leaned out of the window the atmosphere made me think of a stealthily crawling gray beast working toward one's throat. Suddenly, with harsh squawks that sounded almost human in the muffled air, my landlady's fowls flew over the picket fence and headed for the pond in the next field.

Toward dusk Mrs. Reynolds knocked and came in.

"Supper's ready," she announced, "but I guess we women'll eat alone to-night. The men are all out fighting the fires."

"They are no worse," I assured her absently.

She looked at me queerly.

"They don't have to get any worse," she remarked. "If Congress had made the appropriations for these reserves that we've been asking for, they'd have been out long before this—if they'd given us trails and telephones and horses. But I guess Washington is a long way off when it comes to men burning!"

"Men—burning!" I stood stock-still.

"That's what'll happen if there comes up any wind. *This* reserve is protected, but—what was that?"

Another fowl had squawked.

"Your chickens. They are all going over the fence—"

"To the pond," she interrupted. "Let them. They've more sense than humans. I wouldn't coop them up if I could."

"But these fires have been smoldering for a week," I reminded her. "They can't be so serious as you think."

"Not if no wind comes up," she repeated. "But we haven't had a drop of rain for three months, and the woods are dry as tinder. It wouldn't take more'n a breath of air to fan this whole mountain into hell. And I know what that'd mean. Chunks of fire hurled through the air, and—"

"Who is out?" I intercepted mechanically.

"Everybody, besides a lot of hired hands from Butte. Working like mad to get done now what should have been done before in daylight and under blue skies."

She rose—a not unpleasant figure in her starched wrapper, with her keen, kind eyes and chiseled, yellow face.

"Better come down and eat now, Miss Ferris," she suggested, turning in the doorway.

"I have had my supper," I said after a moment's reflection. "Miss Stephens made me tea, and something hot in her chafing dish. So please don't keep the table standing."

After she had gone I looked out again. The smoke hung as unruffled as ever. Nature lay lumpish, like a sleeping animal, but across the cañon the mountain glowed a sullen red. I experienced a restless feeling. "Everybody," Mrs. Reynolds had said.

Did that mean— Was that why Mr. Stephens had sent me home earlier than usual?

Then I smiled. So far as work went, Mr. Stephens kept all sorts of hours. And as for Mrs. Reynolds, she was a dear, but an awful fidget. I had known her to get upset if a pan of biscuits proved to be a failure; and once she wasted a whole gallon of molasses because it came over from the store in a can marked "Dynamite."

So far as I could see, the fires were no worse than they had been yesterday. So I sat back in my chair and began to think of something vastly more important to me than all the fires that had ever crackled through these timber reserves in the Northwest.

A BRAND-NEW, incredible thing had happened. And only seven days ago at that!

I have fallen completely in love with Edgar Stephens. And he has no more idea of this state of idiocy on my part than he has of the gaseous tail of Halley's comet. For which I'm thankful! For if it is true, as I've read, that the comet gets around only once every seventy-six years—and considering that its last near-visit was unpleasantly recent—I may, after all, be doomed to "safety first." What Mr. Stephens finds out seventy years from to-day I am practically certain will never cause me to blush!

But *to-day*—if he knew—I should die of—well, I don't know of what, but the doctors would name it afterward.

Edgar Stephens, in my estimation, is the one flyless-ointment novelist on earth! He can't spell anything with more than four letters in it, but he can write like a cotton factory on fire. For two years I have been his stenographer, and in that time we have turned out some dripping-red, good work. I say "we" because I can spell, and an up-to-the-minute rhetoric is exactly like a family Bible to me.

I think Mr. Stephens pays me a salary for this hand-me-down knowledge on my part and for taking his dictation. Sometimes it makes me feel—or it did until lately—like a small English dog that has had its nationality whipped out of it and is timid about attaching itself to Yankee bump and bristle. For everything above chamois gloves knows that women aren't meant to fiddle around forever with commas and capitals and words like "feaze" and "ouija" and other dictionary stickers. Mr. Stephens would spell them "faze" and "weja," and I think he is right.

Six months ago he came out from New York to this timber reserve in Montana. He lives like a savage in a shack that he built himself, with an annex to it for his sister Henrietta.

Henrietta's hobby is clothes. She brought out, among other things, a trunkful of silk stockings and suede shoes and stoned hairpins—beauties! And she spends half her time looking over Sing Fat's Coast Catalogue. From the way she gets herself up you would think she had yet to see forty and that this wilderness howled with men. It does, but not her kind. When it comes to stories, she is all brain, but in so far as "roughing it" goes she takes to the West exactly like a cat to a market basket with the lid down. She is really enough of a joke to get in a London newspaper—where it is quite probable that she would be taken seriously.

Edgar Stephens adores her. She lets him alone, for one thing. Then they quarrel for hours over his stories. Henrietta can tell from looking at the label on a piece of fur whether it comes from Seattle or Miami. Her judgment on his novels is as hard as nails. And her tart really seems to be for art's sake. I think he likes that about her.

When Mr. Stephens first told me he was coming out here, and requested me to have my things ready to accompany him and his sister, I rebelled flatly—like a pig on ice. I asked him what was the matter with New York? He told me. When he finished one would have thought that the whole town fronted the River on East Ninth Street. Had I believed him, I should have welcomed a chance of leaving on the first train, boat, truck, ferry, cab, or surface car out. But I did not believe him. The town was in my bones—down under my skin—and at that time I did not know that he had got in so much as my wrist bone. (Now I would live on the sand side of a pyramid with him!)

"You can get a stenographer out there," I ventured testily.

"Impossible," he replied briefly. He was always brief with me. "I will make it worth your while," he added, balancing a blade of his pocketknife on his finger.

At that I turned on him in a kind of fury. I expressed my mind.

"Then you will go?" he said when I had finished. And to my surprise I replied meekly that I would.

That is why I am now housed in this small room. From the first I hated this room. Its walls are done in pink plaster. They look as sickish as stale claret. There is an infuriating picture of St. Cecilia looking imbecilely upward, and the mantel has a velvet lambrequin which for some reason I have always wanted to claw down. In justice to comfort, though, I must admit that the furniture is pine-smelling and clean. And Mrs. Reynolds, if I would allow her, would look after me as if I were a baby sensitive to everything but bright colors and talcum powder!

For nearly the whole of half a year now I have slung astride my horse and reported promptly at nine o'clock at Mr. Stephens's shack. Henrietta invariably has a cup of coffee for me—with condensed milk in it. And while we drink and gossip (she is a friendly soul and deadly lonesome in this primeval forest) Edgar sits and smokes as silent as an unused room in a blind factory.

But in the six months I've been here I have learned a little of my West. Renwood Hicks, one of the men

at the house, taught me to shoot and helped me buy my .32 revolver. He showed me how to hobble my horse and advised me to stick on him even if there were an earthquake! (There seemed to be a succession of them when I first learned to ride.)

BUT he never told me—how could he? I now reflected as I sniffed in the hot, still air. Besides, nobody tells you the things that happen. Only those that don't.

In town I am sure that I could have kept my head. But out here everything *goes* to your head. Before these fires started the air was like blue, bubbling champagne. Life was a kind of tingling thrill, deep within you, that kept calling and calling and wanted to be answered. Every breath was like some delicate, stinging intoxicant.

Probably that is why I have lost my senses entirely. For now, I firmly believe, I could play Nero and go on fiddling with my thoughts about Edgar Stephens if this whole reserve should burn! And it all came like a bolt from the blue. Exactly a week ago I dressed as usual in a board-stiff shirt waist (the laundries out here adjoin stables and are about as efficient) and walked on time to a dot into Mr. Stephens's barnlike room, with the fire crackling like blazes at one end and Henrietta fine-seaming her brow over Sing Fat's latest price list. Mr. Stephens rose as I came in, and after saying "Good morning" moved over to his dictating chair.

That was the signal for Henrietta to leave us. She went into the next room, and I flattened out my pad ready for work. My employer did not at once begin to dictate. I was used to that, so I waited, biting my pencil and staring at him. I dared to, for his eyes were closed.

Then, in a flash, it happened. At first I turned deadly cold, then the most beautiful feeling went over me—as if roses were dropping in my lap or as if the Lord himself had decreed that I should never again be lonesome or useless or unhappy.

I stared and stared. Out in the kitchen I heard Henrietta ripping the lid off a condensed-milk can. She seemed like somebody in a dream. I felt as if scales were falling from my eyes. I wanted to stick them back quickly, and yet I wanted them to fall.

Mr. Stephens's face seemed brand-new. I had known for two years that it was different, and indifferent, except at those rare times when something I said flashed a smile over it. Now, to my surprise (for although I am unreasonably long-haired, I am not a poet), I found myself recalling that smile and comparing it to sunlight filtering through a leafy break in a remote wood—gone the moment the leaves shifted again mysteriously close.

This "fine business" no doubt shocked my gray matter back to its usual prosaic arrangement. For immediately I remembered what invariably followed that smile: an impersonal quiet, a curt suggestion almost of dismissal which (and for the first time this puzzled me) had always made my body feel exactly like a lump of quarry stone.

I had never minded this before. I suppose it had been a case of stone eat stone. But now instinct seemed to breathe in me like a wounded bird. Something told me that I must f i g h t against this feeling. He must never know; for once I wilted or shook in Edgar Stephens's presence he would play up to the part. He would dismiss me briefly, and get—another machine. He had no patience with nerves. It was work, work with him.

As I sat there in rigid silence, suddenly it seemed to me that I hated him—hated him for his blindness, for his tall, gaunt assurance, for his keen face and quiet, fascinating presence. No ups and downs to it, no nervousness, not one taut string in his whole body! It seemed like cruelty to animals that the man I loved should be put together in this never-to-be-taken-apart way!

Then the next second I knew that I was as far from hating him as I was from the peaceful Sphinx. Instead, without moving an inch, I turned squarely around and began to worship him in the most disastrous, head-on way you ever heard of!

Once he opened his eyes and lighted his pipe. I suppose he had done those identical things two thousand times in my presence, but now when I met his brown, rather small eyes, that told me nothing, yet hinted at knowledge centuries old that I did not know how to read, I wanted so desperately to translate their message that I nearly turned myself inside out, as it were. And from the good, everlasting things his grave face, dark as a rain-washed stone, made me think of, it might have been a monument. Not that I favor cemeteries, but somehow, all at once, everything he did and said was holy.

It seemed to me at times that he could look straight through me, even with his eyes closed, chiefly because I wasn't worth enough for anything or anybody to board up solidly. Have you ever felt so little that you would fit into a dog kennel and be lost like "Clementina" in the Municipal Building? That's the way I kept on feeling then—until he began to dictate.

All this happened only a week ago—like the fires. And for seven solid days I've been fighting against the eternal order of things: that he is a man and I am a woman—which, when you come to think about it, is rather a handful to fight against. But I made out very well. I contrived to be ice and steel and brain and attention, and we turned off some good work.

But to-night? Perhaps it's the smoke, the choky feeling. Besides, I don't have to fight in my room. If I feel like staring at the flabby St. Cecilia and saying: "Oh, Lord, how long?"—as if women have calendars!—it is my own affair.



I never before realized that a man hanging over a horse could be so heavy. But I hung on

And if I swish about this caged room as much as I like—in my slippers, so Mrs. Cowan under me can't report me in the morning—that, too, is my own discomfort. But the more I swish the more I think of only two things: one is that, no matter how it sounds, it's the holy truth that I would rather kiss Edgar Stephens's lean, unconcerned face than go tamely into the whitest, harpiest heaven ever foreshadowed by the Prophets and assured by the gospels! Evidently:

I am no saint, niched in a hollow wall,
For men to worship. . . .

And secondly I want—*tremendously*—Edgar Stephens to take me just *once* in his arms! Is it unreasonable to want *anything* once?

Yet I suppose if Mr. Stephens knew of this desire on my part it would scandalize his hair straight (which it is, anyway)! And if some kind of seismic disturbance ever precipitated me into his arms, I know it would mean nothing to him at the moment, except a chance to rescue me; for which, under such circumstances, I would never forgive him! But later—afterward. . . . I don't believe he has any idea what some alive, halfway at least sensible woman—

I STOPPED short. Even in the heat I shivered, for a demoniac breeze had sprung up. The papers on my desk rustled. I sprang to the window. The low ruffle of smoke was whipped away, and a patch of dark sky showed, as big as a saucer only, with one red-burning star in it.

The next instant the mountain across the cañon leaped red, like some live, writhing thing. Streams of fire, driven by the wind, threw flaming brands of pitch, pine, and fir, and from the underbrush oiled spines blazed up, to the sickening crackle of the flames. Slopes of pines and firs splashed down, wasted. The limbs of the trees were covered thick with dried moss, and the fire fed on this, jumping from branch to branch. Up and down the hillsides it went, with the swiftness of an express train.

Shaking and terrified, I closed the window. Mrs. Reynolds's words stood out like flame: "Everybody is out." I thought of Edgar Stephens's shack, dry as pitch. I knew his Eastern, idealistic ideas. . . .

The next moment I was jerking into my "waders" and coonskin coat. I filled a bottle with water, saturated a gunny sack, and crammed both into a pigskin bag which I slipped over my shoulder. Under some lingerie in the bureau drawer I found my revolver, and, g r a b b i n g it hastily, sneaked down the back way to the pump in the yard. Here I got as wet as I could, and, drenching a handkerchief, b o u n d it over my mouth and nostrils.

I was going to ride straight into the fire. But as I unhobbled my horse I felt very pig-headed—about something.

In another moment Bly was plunking, sure-footed, over the bridge across the cañon. The smoke was denser a l o n g the mountain road. Once my horse staggered and fell, and I whipped a piece of burning bark off his singed coat. The next second he was up, and on we went, beating the scream of the fire in the distance and dodging pieces of l i g h t e d foliage that dropped about us.

We encountered foresters and guards with their crews of men—many of them caged in cañons; others, exhausted and scorched, s t u m b l i n g through the woods to the nearest lakes and trenches.

It seemed a week before we crisped across the familiar "burn" and came in sight of the cabin: a frail dot of blackness in a hell-red world. There was a muddy sizzle of water in the next field, and in this, waist-high, her soused hair hanging in strings about her face, I surprised Henrietta. The moment she recognized me she waved her hands imploringly:

"Save me!" she choked, panic-stricken.

"Go back!" I shouted above the roar of the fire as she started to come out. "You are safe. Keep wet. Where is Mr. Stephens?"

"Help me out! Tell me where to go. He forced me in here. My hair is burning. I am broiled!"

"Nonsense!" I snarled. It was a real snarl, for I hadn't nearly cooked just to find Henrietta comfortable in a pond. "Water is about the only safe spot to-night. Where is your brother?" I shouted again, wading in and wetting my clothes a second time.

"Gone with Mr. Daniels and a crew of men toward Riverton's Mine. If he had had any sense!" she choked—"to leave me alone like this, in this snake hole—"

The wind carried me her last words, for already I had wheeled my horse in the direction of the mine, which I knew was deserted. Thankfulness pricked through me. He was a man, out fighting with the other men!

I spurred on my horse, avoiding as well as I could the burning branches overhead. The hot air bit my lungs, even through the wet cloth over my mouth, and the shaggy hair of my pony was burned crisp in spots.

IT was difficult to see more than a few feet away through the heavy smoke, so I came upon Mr. Stephens unexpectedly, and for a second I scarcely recognized him. The flying gravel and dust, together with the heat and smoke, had changed him into another man—not one at the moment to love, but to work and die for!

He had soaked some bagging in water and wound it around his suit. I saw that he was guarding the mouth of the mine into which he had forced the men under his care—sheep-lost, rebellious men who, if it had not been for his revolver, would have whined and wandered to their death.

My pony stopped within a foot of him, and I slid down. When he saw me he started in quite an ugly way: "Miss Ferris!" (and from the surprise in his voice I might have been a sherbet in an excellent state of preservation), "what in the name of—" He stopped. "Got any water?" he finished curtly. I replied by dashing over him what little I had.

HE seemed to shrink under the splashing—as if I had thrown pearls under his feet and told him that I expected him to be swine enough to trample upon them. "I meant for yourself. You'll need every drop to-night."

"I am drowning wet. What can I do to help?"

"Nothing. What brought you here?" And without waiting for me to reply, for which I was thankful, he added: "Got your revolver? Good! Go into that tunnel and stay there until this hell is put out. Take your horse with you—" He broke off, for at that moment a blazing branch dropped across the entrance of the mine, and as if it were a signal a man rushed defiantly out: "Damme!" he yipped, "if I'll stay in that hole another minute! What d'you mean, boss? Goin' to kill us like rats in a trap?"

"Get back!" Mr. Stephens forced him with his gun.

"There's no air!" the man raved. "We're breathing ground. Two men have died."

"You'd all die outside. You would breathe fire."

I saw my employer stagger slightly, and I calculated rapidly the number of hours he must have been breathing this fire-bitten air. But the half-crazed man, seeing his opportunity, fought to pass, and in an instant he was joined by two of his wool-headed comrades. Then, for the first time, I realized how the strain and heat had told on Mr. Stephens. He reeled, and his revolver rang down at his feet. With an animal-like choke the men started to leap by, but I covered them with my gun:

"Get back, or I'll—"

I did not have to finish. I think they took me for a man. At any rate they took my revolver at its face value. Cowed and stupefied, they crawled inside, filling the air meantime with their piteous shrieks for mercy, for air, for water. By this time Mr. Stephens appeared to be himself again.

"Thanks," he said. "Now, you get inside. The men won't try that a second time. But keep your revolver in sight."

I did not budge. "What about you?" I questioned.

"I'm all right now. Daniels left me in charge of these men. Easy enough job to pull them through if they don't all lose their wits at once."

"But they're half-crazy," I asserted. "It may take us both to hold them in check again. And at least I can shoot."

"God knows what brought you out a night like this!" he said, as if to himself.

"He does," I assured him solemnly. And then I added more lightly: "Don't worry about me. I'm as wet as a wharf rat!"

"But the smoke—this infernal heat!"

I forced a laugh. "How do you stand it? How long have you been here?"

"Not long. Five or six hours, perhaps."

Six hours, matching his strength against this howling fire and those caged maniacs! Had I dared, I would have forced *him* into the tunnel.

"Then you won't go inside?" he inquired finally.

"No."

"Not even at the point of my revolver?"

"No. I have a gun myself," I smiled back.

We were silent for a time. Then Mr. Stephens spoke: "The old rangers could look out for themselves if the men under them didn't lose their heads. If they had their way, they would go it blind and dash right into this red-hot wood. What do you suppose half of them are doing inside that tunnel? Clawing holes in the ground and dropping trinkets of all sorts into them for identification in case they don't pull out. Raw color, eh? We'll have to write—"

He stopped, and again I saw him stagger a little. "Don't talk," I suggested.

The redness and heat continued to sweep on down from the mountain. On the slopes slender trees dropped like jackstraws. Once a chunk of oiled spines fell on Edgar's coat, and I whipped it off. Again he seemed to shrink.

"How did you leave Henrietta?" I inquired quickly, and for the second time that night he smiled:

"In the middle of the pond. And one time I had to get her to go in! She resents this fire personally, and was as mad as a hornet because I wouldn't keep her company in the pond."

"What you should have done!" I said bluntly.

He stared at me. I suppose I looked a sight, my cap scorched, and my face smutted with smoke and dirt.

"I hope you are not losing your sense of humor," he remarked dryly.

During the next blistering hour we said little. Once or twice a man poked his head out of the mine, but the sight of our revolvers seemed to put a grain of sense into his brain.

TOWARD midnight—and like the turn of one's hand for quickness—a fresher breeze spanked our faces.

"That means the worst is over," Mr. Stephens said, his voice curiously listless.

We waited another quarter hour, and this time when the men began to crawl out to fill their lungs with the cooler air we let them go. But when I looked at Mr. Stephens I saw with alarm that he was returning my gaze with unseeing eyes. His gun sagged, and the next instant he swayed and fell.

"Get Bly at once!" I called to one of the men. "The smoke—the heat—Mr. Stephens is overcome!"

In a daze Mr. Bennet obeyed me (he was the last of our prisoners to leave), and between us we made out to hoist the only man in the world upon my burned, patient pony, and I started off toward the shack as fast as I could. It was not far, and, thank goodness, Bly instinctively took the right road, so I was free to support Mr. Stephens.

I never before realized that a man hanging over a horse could be so heavy. But I hung on, literally, for dear life. In fact, if my employer had been a camel and it had fallen to me to get him through the eye of a needle, I believe I should have made out so well that from that time on rich men would have en-

Thanksgiving

By JOYCE KILMER

The roar of the world is in my ears.
Thank God for the roar of the world!
Thank God for the mighty tide of fears
Against me always hurled!

Thank God for the bitter and ceaseless strife
And the sting of His chastening rod!
Thank God for the stress and the pain of life,
And oh thank God for God!



Get some fun out of life

Don't let the everlasting three-meals-a-day problem tie you down to constant drudgery.

When you think of dinner think of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is a nourishing wholesome appetizer which makes a "go" of any dinner, hearty or light.

Have it for the children's luncheon and your own when you are tired or busy. Have it for the family supper or the emergency meal at any time.

Prepare it as a plain tomato bouillon or a rich cream of tomato—or in any of the various tempting ways in which it is so easily prepared. It calls for only three minutes' time and no trouble whatever. Why not order a dozen *today?*

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds **10c a can**

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



What do you say to coffee that is always just right and piping hot, ready to pour in almost no time.

Hotpoint Valveless Percolator

Use this valveless percolator and make coffee wherever there is a lamp socket

On side board or invalid's tray—

—put the cold water into the pot

—insert the switch plug

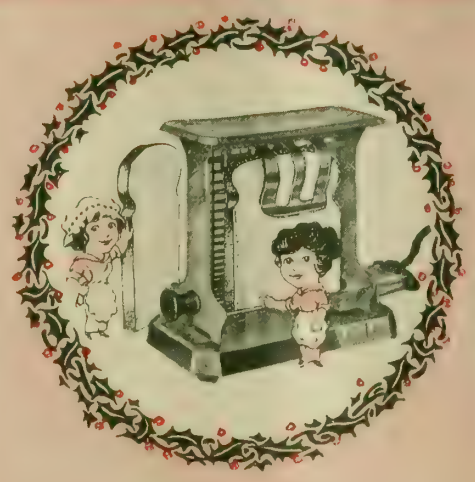
That's absolutely all there is to it.

In less than half a minute warm water begins to filter through the coffee.

Let it percolate 6 to 10 minutes, depending on quantity and strength.

Percolator is simple in construction as there are no floats, valves or traps to get out of order. No brush needed.

9 cup Nickel Machine $9.50 Canada $12.50
6 cup Aluminum Pot $6.00 Canada $7.50
7 cup Nickel Pot $8.00 Canada $10.50



You enjoy your toast piping hot and crispy brown, making two slices at a time as wanted.

Hotpoint El Tosto

Right on the table—anywhere.

And it is such good toast, too. Made in front of the glowing coils—no fumes to contaminate, no smoke.

Just perfect toast, on the dot.

Only one hand used to place bread under clamp and remove toast.

Costs less than one cent to make ten slices of crunchy toast.

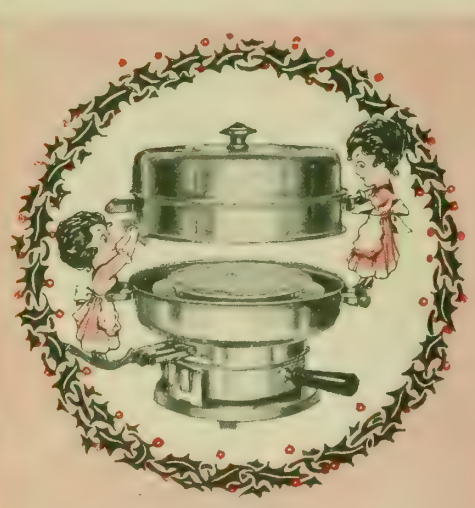
El Tosto is made of pressed steel, heavily nickeled and highly polished.

Shelf to keep plates or food hot.

Ebonized handle makes it easy to move. Fibre feet protect the table.

It's the gift spirit personified.

Hotpoint El Tosto $3.50 Canada $4.50



At last an electric oven that does so much, so cheaply, that the wonder is it wasn't made sooner.

Hotpoint Ovenette

Up to its capacity Ovenette (11 in.) will bake as quickly as a large oven.

It makes electrical baking economical.

Ovenette sets on to one of the Hotpoint open-coil stoves—El Grilstovo (shown above) or El Glostovo, which attach to any lamp socket.

Small operations are expedited by omitting the middle ring.

With ring in, it roasts a chicken to perfection in regulation time.

Made of pressed steel, nickeled and highly polished. Ebonized handles.

Ovenette (has no heater) $2.50 Canada $3.25
El Glostovo (7 in. stove) $3.50 Canada $4.25
El Grilstovo (8 in. stove) $5.00 Canada $6.50



Let not the charm of chafing dish cookery be spoiled by fussing with lamps and matches.

Hotpoint El Chafo

Simply connect it and then devote yourself to cookery and your guests.

Attaches to any lamp socket—boudoir—den—dining room—or on the porch.

Even heat under complete control.

Heater is immersed in the water pan, hence is highly efficient for boiling water and liquid foods.

Food pan holds 4½ pints.

El Chafo is made in two styles, highly polished nickel and very ornamental. Two heats are provided.

El Chafo, model 5, $12.00 Can. $15.75
El Chafo, model 6 (as shown), $15.00 Can. $19.50

Set of chafing dishes to be used on one of the Hotpoint stoves.

El Chafo, model 4 (dishes only), $5.00 Can. $6.50

At every lamp socket in yo
your bidding. Ready ins
vice—cooking—ironing—heati
Inform yourself this week, while all th
and demonstrations. Let them show
convenient it is to do housework electi
And keep the gift idea in mind. Not
combine usefulness with giftiness—t
them in brilliant holly paper with a st
Moreover, the binding guarantee on
satisfaction, which is attested by abou

Hotpoint



You are thinking now of gifts—of
some woman you plan a remembra
pleasure and thoughts of the giver.
The Hotpoint Boudoir Set now offe
ideas—for it is at the same time nove
Designed especially for use in milady'
surroundings, it will win her instant a
While from a practical standpoint, eve
ironing those dainty pieces so often s
dered. And how else can you secure
utility for so little as $4.00. Or only

This new Hotpoint Boudoir Iron is very lig
nevertheless it has ample capacity for all t
lighter, delicate ironing.

While it is handsome it is exceedingly practic

Use at any lamp socket. The iron heats in
couple of minutes and you iron constantly
handkerchiefs, laces, waists and similar lig
pieces. Works equally well on heavy articl

Current (at 10c rate) costs 3c per hour if us
continuously. The narrow point and beveh
edge make it easy to follow seams and plaits.

This light Boudoir Iron includes all the exclus
features of the heavy Hotpoint Irons—hotpoi
attached stand, cool handle, guarantee.

home a willing servant awaits
y to perform some useful ser-
—sweeping—quickly and well.
tpoint distributers have special displays
now much quicker and how much more
y—and the economy of it all.
w completely the Hotpoint appliances
nore so because dealers gladly wrap
g Christmas seal.
appliances insures the user's continued
ee million women who now use them.

oudoir Set



handsome and attractive. And for
hat she will use daily with recurring

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handsome and useful.
idoir and finished to accord with such
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oman will welcome the opportunity of
d or ruined, even when carefully laun-
a fetching combination of beauty and
) for the iron alone.

novel feature is the set of attachments
hat instantly convert the Iron into a curling
ng heater, or an efficient electric stove.
vert the Iron on the stand, put on the tong
ver and slip the tongs into place. The open-
g is large enough for marcel wave tongs.
ntire set specially designed and highly finished,
r Boudoir use, and has sufficient novelty to
ake it doubly acceptable.
oudoir Set consists of iron, bag, stand, cover
nd tongs and is ideal for traveling.

lotpoint Boudoir Set	$4.00 Can. $5.25
oudoir Iron only	$3.00 Can. $3.75
or 6 lb. Standard Hotpoint	$3.50 Can. $4.00



Just a few minutes and you have actually *cleaned* the floors and floor coverings. And they are as clean as when they were new.

Hotpoint Vacuum Cleaner

Simply attach the 20-foot cord to any lamp socket and guide the light, aluminum cleaner over the floor.

The brush picks up all lint and litter which the powerful suction draws up into the double lined dust-bag.

No more "raising a dust" to fill the air and settle on the furnishings.

The air-cooled motor gives greater efficiency and allows wide suction (14 in.) which means rapid work.

No stooping for the handle. Current is controlled by button on handle.

Hotpoint Vacuum Cleaner $27.50 Can. $37.50

Attachments for cleaning clothing, hangings, $7.50 Can. $10.00



Radiant electric heat. Fumeless, pure and clean, like sunshine. Attach to any lamp socket and instantly enjoy the pleasing warmth.

Hotpoint El Radio

A small electric grate that delivers the maximum heat that can be secured from a lamp socket.

Nothing burns, so the air is not devitalized, or loaded with poison.

Comfort-bringer during the "between seasons" weather, and for use in chilly or draughty corners.

A little added heat for baby's bath or comfort for the sick and the old.

Hotpoint Luminous El Radio is formed of pressed steel; outside black and nickel, inside polished copper.

Weighs only 4 pounds. Convenient handle. Heater guaranteed 5 years.

Hotpoint El Radio $5.50 Can. $7.00



Move a tiny lever with one finger. Heat is maintained automatically.

Hotpoint Safety Comfo

Successor to the hot water bottle

Made of pressed steel flexible sections that conform to the body curves.

Costs only a cent to use it all night.

Removable cover. Switch interchangeable on Boudoir Iron and El Boilo.

This successor to the hot water bottle is sold in many Drug Stores.

Flexible Safety Comfo,	$6.50 Canada $9.00
Aluminum non-flexible,	$5.00 Canada $6.50



At any electric light socket you can heat any liquid any time.

Hotpoint Immersion Heater

Fine for shaving-water. Handy for heating baby's milk—a hot lemonade.

A plain, straight cylinder of highly polished metal. Clean and sanitary.

Uses little current. Switch interchangeable with Boudoir Iron and Comfo.

Toilet size (as pictured)	$3.00 Canada $4.00
Kitchen size	$4.00 Canada $5.00
Professional (Crook neck)	$5.00 Canada $6.50

Look for this sign of the Hotpoint dealer:

Hotpoint ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

If you cannot find the Hotpoint dealer, send check to our nearest office. We will ship prepaid. Be sure to give voltage.

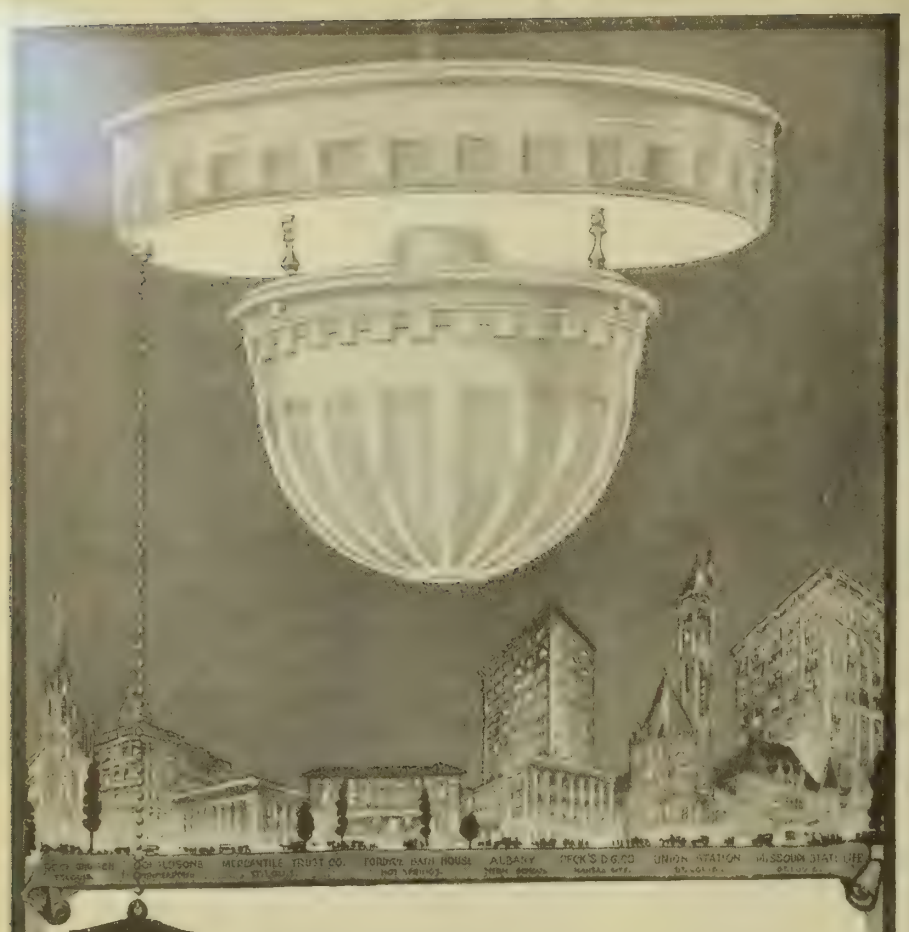
Hotpoint Electric Heating Co.

New York, 147 Waverly Place. Chicago, 2240 Ogden Ave.
Ontario, Calif. London, 38 Poland St., Oxford St., W.

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THEY CAN SWITCH ON THE DAYLIGHT

OCCUPANTS of these Brascolited buildings are independent of the sun for their supply of "*daylight*". When the natural daylight fades or disappears, instead of subjecting their eyes to the strain imposed by dim light or bare, glaring lamps they just switch on the soft, white, eye-comforting light of the

TRADE MARK

BRASCOLITE

DIFFUSION PLUS REFLECTION

PATENTED

Not a new bulb—but a Lighting Fixture
Not just a fixture—a new principle in Lighting

It produces a light that is so uniform, so broadly distributed and so mellow and glareless that it *feels* to the eye like the light of day.

Owners and occupants of Brascolited buildings, in every City in the Union, tell us that they have noted greater working efficiency, better merchandise display, decreased current consumption, less maintenance cost; and, in fact, they have realized all that is to be desired from a lighting system, since they installed BRASCOLITES.

You who have all your life subjected your eyes to the ill effects of inadequate and poorly designed lighting systems will appreciate the wonderful difference between BRASCOLITES and other systems.

You need this system to protect your own eyes, and those of your employes and customers. You need it for its increased efficiency —you cannot afford to be without it.

You should investigate the application of this system to *your* lighting problem—not because thousands of others have installed BRASCOLITES, but because they have *proved* their efficiency and economy through use.

Our engineering department is at your disposal for the solution of your lighting problem. Make use of it.

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on BRASCOLITES—explaining the principle and illustrating many handsome designs for office, store, factory, theatre, club, church, hotel, restaurant, home, etc. On request, we will arrange for demonstration by local dealer.

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DAYWAY Fixture

the fixture that does for outdoor lighting what BRASCOLITE does for interior illumination.



tered the kingdom of heaven with all the ease and insouciance of old travelers!

We crossed the "burn" finally and came in sight of the pond. Henrietta evidently had not moved an inch in her warm bath. But I could see as I approached that whereas before she had been as mad as a hornet now it would take at least a nestful of them, goaded by Penrod-prodding, to describe her state of mind. A ranger, by some sort of miracle, had saved the shack, but I learned later that, beyond advising Henrietta to "stick in the pond," he had paid her no attention whatever. Which had probably accentuated her wrath. Her face, where it wasn't blackened by smoke, looked like a yellow mask.

"Save me!" she screamed again the moment I came in sight. "I shan't stay in this snake-hole another second, fire or no fire!"

"You needn't," I assured her. "The worst is over. But your brother—" I stopped my horse.

"What is the matter?" she inquired, wading out on wobbly legs.

"The heat—nothing serious. If you can help me lift him down—"

"He would go!" she wailed, as if washing her hands of the affair.

I nodded.

"Such madness!" she snapped, taking one look at his blackened face. "This is what Edgar gets for leaving me. Such a country! Is he burned?"

"No—yes. Exhausted, I think. He has been baking in an oven for eight hours."

"Nothing, I assure you, to boiling in a pond!" she waved away my words. And at that moment I could have killed her.

"Not the shack," I said briefly, as we somehow got him off my horse. "He needs air. Bring a pillow."

But I might as well have asked her to fetch out a barrel of flour. For the first time I looked at her closely and noted how really done up she was.

"Go inside and change," I suggested. "Your brother will be all right in a moment." She obeyed with exhausted docility, and I flew ahead for the pillow, some water, and spirits of ammonia. That was about all the shack offered. But I was not alarmed, for while Mr. Stephens was unconscious he was breathing audibly. I fixed him as comfortably as I could, unbuttoned his coat, and laid a wet handkerchief on his face.

THE mountain in the distance was still a sullen, angry red, and the slopes across the cañon were burned close as if mowed. But every moment it was growing cooler, and patches of sky began to show, thick with red-burning stars.

I laid my face down to Edgar's coat. His heart was beating with steady faintness. That meant that it would be now only a matter of time.

And then . . . I suppose I knew that if I did not quickly look into heaven before he came to consciousness I could go on existing forever in my isolated hell! . . . I shot my lips down to those of my employer, and kissed his dear, lean, leathery face as much as I liked—at least, as often as I dared. It was pretty often. In fact, I don't believe that any other man has ever been kissed so often in one minute as I kissed Edgar Stephens!

When I stopped I felt quite faint and wonderful, as if I had somehow sealed myself to a lifetime of waiting for that identical recurrence in eternity. And from then on I vowed to check off every day on the calendar in holy joy that it had gone—somewhere. What was more, the calendar should hang next to the St. Cecilia. So that, even if the weary could not be at rest, the good, at least, should "cease from troubling."

When I finally stood up I felt tingling with some kind of new power. I had never felt that way before. I could not explain it. It was like coming, unannounced and unwelcomed, but yet *coming* into your kingdom.

To one side, my poor old scorched Bly lay in utter fag. I fetched him some hay. It was a beautiful world to me, for it had given me my memory of paradise. And in that connection I felt that there was necessarily nothing further coming to me on the other side. I did not crave wings, and queer done-for peace. I wanted what I had taken—Edgar Stephens's lips. And unless Heaven had kept the mold, and would again offer me these—

My thought stopped short, for Mr. Stephens stirred, and instantly I straightened to a sort of dumb, shame-faced life. He opened his eyes and looked directly into mine.

"What have you been doing with me?" he asked, fully conscious.

"I—nothing—I got you home," I stammered, wishing I could take time to claw a hole in the ground big enough to fit into. "You caved in," I added, like some kind of a stricken fool.

"Those men—?"

"Safe. The fire has burned itself out, nearly. You saved them all."

"*I!*" he laughed. "Where is Henrietta?"

"Getting in dry clothes. She was pretty much done up. She nearly died in that pond."

He laughed again and sat up warily on one elbow.

"Why did you do it?" he asked jerkily.

"Do what? I didn't," I denied, gradually getting on familiar ground. "Lie down and stop talking. You've had a narrow squeak. You need rest." He sat up at that.

"I'm all right. I made an ass of myself at that trench. I've put you to no end of trouble."

"Not at all," I disclaimed politely.

"Don't contradict," he contradicted with that remembered mulishness in his voice. "We Easterners have the spirit all right, but there must be some kind of 'yellow' or water in our blood. We haven't the endurance. Except you. Where did you come by your common sense, your steel, your—"

"I must have borrowed them," I interrupted, laughing. "Anyhow, I haven't them naturally."

"Humph! You came out in this boiling wood—"

"You don't suppose I could sit in my room and see people cook!" I intercepted hotly.

"It didn't seem to bother Henrietta any to stand in the pond and reflect upon the 'fry.'"

"People are different," I advanced.

"Yes, very," he agreed. "Now, tell me why you did it," he returned obstinately.

I looked at him the flash of a second. There was something in his voice that frightened me more than if he had pointed his gun at me. For I knew that once Edgar Stephens wanted to know a thing it was easier to lead a cat away from a cut of porterhouse than to swerve his attention to another subject.

"I have just told you," I lied inadequately, not being bright enough at the moment to gloss over the truth so that he would not recognize it.

After that there seemed to be a pause of three centuries. I fiddled around trying to get Bly to eat more hay. Finally Mr. Stephens spoke:

"I know why you did it."

"Yes?" I returned, trying to assume that bored indifference I had read about. And I twitched like mad at a bramble that had got in Bly's hay.

"You are a blessed little liar!" Mr. Stephens said solemnly. "And I'm another. I've loved you for five months and three days, and I—I was afraid to tell you the truth for fear you'd turn me down!"

I HEARD those identical, unbelievable words, and I just stood there like a slab of granite. There seemed to be a beautiful singing somewhere in my soul, but I couldn't move or speak. I knew that there were about two million things that anybody with sense would do under the circumstances. But I didn't do them—and somehow I didn't care if they got done or not. I just stared and stared at the most wonderful wonder in the world!

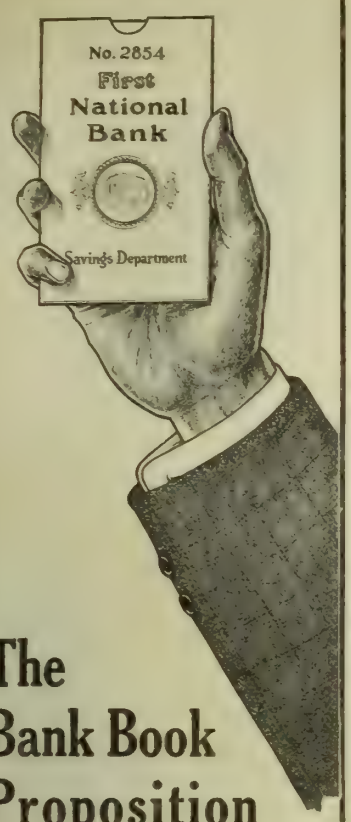
"Come here," he laughed finally. "I'm scorched, and I probably smell like a chimney, but before Henrietta recovers sufficiently to crimp her hair and make us coffee, if you could manage somehow to get in my arms—"

He paused, waiting. It took me about one second to "manage."

"Shells and the Man"

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

is a most illuminating article upon England's condition and prospects in this war. Mr. Marcosson not only interviewed Lloyd-George, England's Munitions Minister, but he also made a careful survey of the subject during his recent visit to England. "Shells and the Man" will appear in next week's Collier's



The Bank Book Proposition

isn't alone one of saving, but of earning power—making more to save. In this a most vital factor is keeping brain and body fit—increasing one's efficiency.

Many on the way to prosperity, bankrupt health and ability by wrong habits of living—among them coffee drinking. For the subtle, cumulative drug, caffeine, in coffee is frequently the unsuspected cause of headache, nervousness, biliousness and many other ailments.

The way to protect one's self against coffee handicaps to health is to quit coffee entirely and use

POSTUM

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Made of wheat and a bit of wholesome molasses, Postum has a delicious flavour much like mild Java coffee, yet is free from drugs and other harmful elements.

There are two forms of Postum: The original **Postum Cereal,** must be boiled; **Instant Postum,** the soluble form—made in the cup by adding hot water. The cost of each is about the same per cup.

You can bank on

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

—sold by Grocers

For Freedom

(Continued from page 7)

which has stood against the present nonpartisan board, have heaped disapproval and ridicule upon many of the innovations you have made since your beginning over three years ago. The large proportion of the prisoners who are allowed beyond the prison walls without guard, your abolition of the striped uniform, your studies in prison fare and prison diet, the educational classes and athletic games and many other ideas of yours, while having had the approval of the board in the hope that regeneration as well as punishment of men could be accomplished, have none the less met with thoughtless but violent public opposition. Cartoons have been shown depicting prisoners having breakfast served to them in bed and putting their shoes out at night to be blacked before morning, etc. Therefore, in order that no real case of breach of discipline can be cited by those who wish to see your work a failure, we advise in the case of the writer of the inclosed letter summary discipline.

The inclosure was a letter to the Prison Board, written by Edgar Calhoun, as follows:

GENTLEMEN—I was yesterday committed under sentence to the penitentiary for a term of eighteen months to two years. There has been some discussion within my hearing in the warden's office as to whether my presence will allow the State to dispense with the paid services of an outside dentist and whether I am to be put at hard labor and devote a part of my time to dentistry. It occurs to me that it will be wise for me to go on record at this time as refusing to do not only any dental work but any work whatsoever. By inherent rights a man's labor is his own. It is so much his own that no human agency can force it from him. It is his own even though he is in prison. This truth has been overlooked by the men and women who have filled prisons. They have gone like sheep without thought and consented to infringement of their natural and constitutional rights. Not I. To-day there is no living soul, man or woman, who is my friend. I want none. Single-handed, I am going to show to this institution, and if possible to the world, the outrage of the State's stealing a man's labor. I will not work. That is final.

From Warden Enright to the Prison Board, October 3, 1912.

Answering your letter of September 28, I desire to say that the Prison Board has misunderstood me if its members have been led to think that I will tolerate any lack of prison discipline. The men inside here can testify to the contrary. It is true that the ordinary method of administration of prisons in the United States and foreign countries represents nothing but revenge taken by the State for wrongdoing. Prisons so run increase crime because they matriculate wrongdoers and graduate confirmed criminals. The most wished-for thing in my life is to run a prison which shall take in crooked men and turn them out straight. It can be done. It is no dream. It is based on sense and not on sentiment. As for Edgar Calhoun, No. 737, I have received his "ultimatum" and have sent him into solitary confinement in 737 in the lower tier now unused for other prisoners. Trusting this meets your approval, I am,

Respectfully yours,
SHEL. A. ENRIGHT.

Letter to the Editors of the Southern Monitor *and other dailies written by Edgar Calhoun, No. 737, and forwarded by the Warden:*

I am going mad. Since the first day of October, over three months ago, I have been confined in a cell removed from even the sound of the voices of the other prisoners. No man can last it out. My mind is giving way.

How can I know whether this will interest you and the people of this State? I cannot know. I only know that I am the victim of prejudice, cruelty, and persecution. During the last days of September I gave notice to the warden and the Prison Board that I could do no work. The State can take my liberty. I do not complain about my punishment. When I was asked before sentence whether I had anything to say, I closed my lips. But I must be allowed to say something now because the terrible punishment which I am suf-

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Turn Down Your Electric Lights

The last word in electric-light comfort—ability to **regulate the light!**

A subdued glow for the bedroom, a glimmer for the nursery, a night-light in bath and in hallway for late home-comers, a soft radiance for cozy corner, porch and fireside—you have wished for such lighting luxury ever since you used electricity.

Now you can have it—and **save money** at the same time! The

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give five changes of light—from "full" to "out"—by a silent pull of the regulating chain, and **reduces your current bill** every time you turn it down. Not a lamp, but a neat, compact regulator that cannot break or burn out. Screw it into any socket; use with your regular bulbs. Saves from 30 to 80 per cent by Government test, according to degree of turn-down. "Night light" current costs but a fraction of a cent per night.

How often have you wished for a subdued light when suddenly wakened? Or when caring for baby,—or in the sick room,—or to save your guests from groping for the switch?

Ask your dealer to **show** you the Dim-a-lite: see for yourself what a convenience it is.

Portable Dim-a-lite (No. 23), illustrated $1.00
Portable Dim-a-lite (No. 24), with shade holder . 1.25
Standard Chain Pull Dimming Socket (takes place of the ordinary fixture socket) . . . 1.50

WIRT COMPANY, 5520-28 Lena Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Modern Home Lighting" mailed free on request.

Unconditional Five Year Guarantee

Hello Boys!

Join in the Fun!



Talk about your good times for boys! You'll have the time of your life with Erector! You can build strong models that are regular "giants"—bridges 21 feet long, skyscrapers 8 feet high.

There's a lot of fun in building these big Erector models. Notice the *square* columns of this model. They are exactly like the columns and beams of actual skyscrapers.

Erector is the *only* construction toy with girders like real structural steel. That's why it builds the biggest, strongest and most realistic models.

ERECTOR

The Toy Like Structural Steel

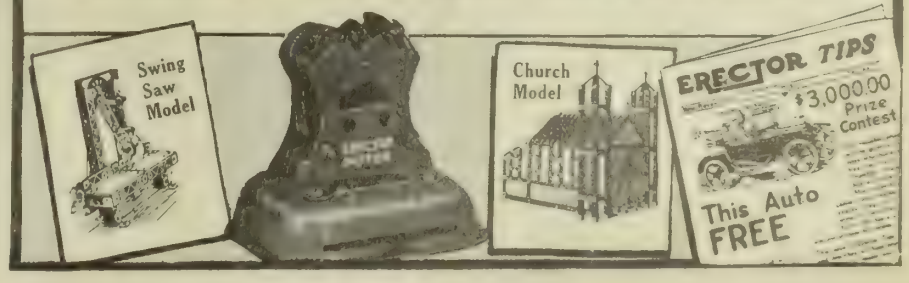
Erector gives you twice as many parts for your money as any other. It builds the small intricate machinery models just as readily as the big ones—thousands of them! 509 are actually pictured in the three big manuals.

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Free Boys' Magazine—Write for free 3 months' subscription to my interesting boys' magazine, Tips, including the big holiday issue in colors which gives full details of my $3000 offer of automobiles, motorcycles, canoes, camping outfits, cameras and other valuable prizes. I'll also send free my new 24-page illustrated [illegible]

Be sure you get Erector for Christmas. Dealers everywhere sell it, $1 to $25. Look at No. 4 [illegible] contains 571 parts and motor, builds hundreds of models and comes in handsome oak [illegible]

A. C. Gilbert, Pres., The Mysto Mfg. Co., 120 Fox St., New Haven, Conn.



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You wake up. Winter's icy breezes have dropped the temperature in your room to that of an ice box. Close the windows and snap the switch of the Sturtevant Electric Heat Blower. In five minutes your bedroom is comfortable, or the chilly bathroom is warmed for the morning tub.

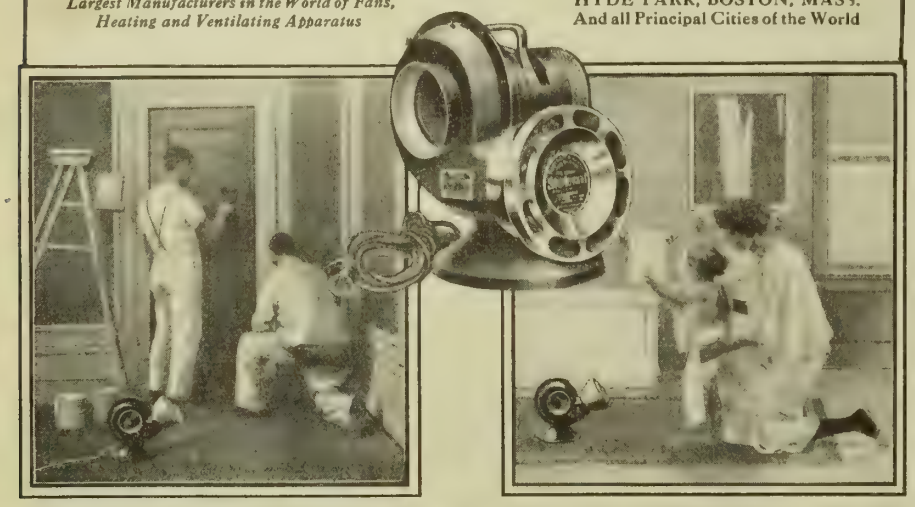
Dries the family wash in unbelievably quick time. After the shampoo, ladies can dry their hair very rapidly. If your furnace draft is balky this little Sturtevant Wonder Machine instantly furnishes a positive draft. In the garage, it supplies heat and quickly dries the car after washing. With heating coils turned off, it cools, ventilates, supplies fresh air, or removes foul air, odors, smoke and heat anywhere.

The illustration shows how compact the Sturtevant Heater is. A motor-driven fan discharges air through heating coils placed in an aluminum casing. A child can operate it. Just attach plug and snap on the switch. Fan outlet can be turned so as to discharge air in any direction. Air temperature controlled by switch. Five sizes. All guaranteed with the Sturtevant guarantee. See this wonder-machine in actual operation in electrical stores in your town or *send for Sturtevant Bulletin No. 219-C.*

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And all Principal Cities of the World



Ice—Fire

One Minute — The Next



These are the extremes which a spark plug must stand in winter. But you never give a thought to these things because your motor is equipped with Champions.



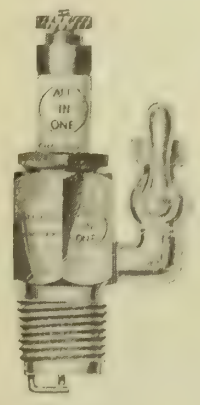
4 out of 5 American made gasoline motors are equipped with Champions.

The men who build the big sellers—**Fords, Overlands, Studebakers, Maxwells** and 85 others specify

Champion Dependable Spark Plugs

"TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD'S TRADE"

Our tremendous output—doubled this year as compared with last—enables us to go to extremes of engineering which lesser production would not warrant.



All-in-One Champion $1.25

These extremes give you that dependable aid to ignition which Champions alone provide

There is a Champion especially designed and constructed to meet the exact conditions imposed by your motor. Your dealer will tell you which one it is and supply your wants.

Be sure the name Champion is on the porcelain.

Champion Priming Plugs Make Winter Starting Easy

It is not enough simply to enrich your mixture with the dash adjustment, or even merely to prime your cylinders, if the day is really cold.

Prime your plugs.

Then you have your rich mixture *right at the ignition point*—right where your *first* spark can fire it.

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Complete satisfaction to the user—free repair, replacement or money back.

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fering is given me only because I asserted that though my liberty be taken away, my labor belonged to me. Let them take me out of this accursed stone-walled cell and murder me in the death house like some creature who has killed his fellow man. Better that than to rob me of my reason.

No man can stand being alone. A dull, uneducated man might stand it for a time, but not a man capable of thought. Sometimes I hear the linen cart roll over my head. Even that is a relief. A silent man, a trusty, comes three times a day with a plate and a tin cup. He says nothing, and goes away again. Pretty business, eh? There is nothing to do but measure—measure everything. I measure with the spread of my thumb and fingers. I measure to see whether my cot is less than two-thirds the length of my cell. I wake up in the morning to find tears streaming from my sore eyes. I wear out the stubs of pencils drawing faces upon the back of my hand. There are no sounds but echoing rumbles and the shop whistles. I cannot see the sun or any green thing. I have seen nothing, heard nothing for ninety days.

I am going mad. Won't the people of the State help me?

Editorial from the Capital Daily Press, *February 8, 1913 (a sample of many editorial clippings):*

Whatever may be said about the condition of our prisons under the former administration, the present management is one of the evils against which the press warned the voters three years ago at the fall elections, when we lent our support to the former Governor. The mawkish sentimentality and reform fancies with which the present warden of the penitentiary has tried to gloss over the conditions has been thoroughly exposed by Dr. Edgar Calhoun, the embezzler, who has made repeated appeals which have now received publicity everywhere and which have disclosed the awful extents of cruelty to which prisoners are subjected. Whether Dr. Calhoun shall be tormented into insanity is for the people of this State to determine. We prefer to stand where we have always stood—for strict discipline for all criminals but cruelty to none.

Extract from a letter written by the Governor to Warden Shelby A. Enright:

In the absence of the chairman of the Prison Board in pursuance of my authority I wish to call your attention, confidentially, to the storm of protest arising from the case of Calhoun. This amounts to a consideration of political significance. When the Prison Board appointed you there was much protest because you had no training in prison work. The fact that you had been a physical trainer in a university for young men was a subject for derision by the partisan press. The Prison Board has since been obliged to stand much pressure owing to the reforms you have introduced. Many persons believe now that a man is going insane under some indefinite form of torture. Only yesterday a young woman came from another State to intercede for Calhoun. Her name is Isabel Wetmore—a girl whose natural beauty is marred by grief. From what she said I gathered that she had been an acquaintance of Calhoun's, but that he had conceived a hate for her on some ground or other. Of course I am fortunate in being able to write to you as a friend instead of writing as in my official capacity only. The young woman's earnestness made me feel the danger of a pity which might affect a vast number of our citizens. Cannot you find some diplomatic way out?

The reply of Shelby A. Enright to the Governor:

When I took charge of the penitentiary it was with the understanding that I was to be protected by the board from the influence of politics.

If the people take an interest in the Calhoun case sufficient to amount to something more than a newspaper agitation, I will tell them five things

(1) That it was within my power to prevent Calhoun's letters being sent to the press, but that I do not believe a man under any circumstances ought to be prevented from stating his case. Therefore I allowed Calhoun to abuse me to his heart's content.

(2) That none of the newspapers are ignorant of that fact, but none have disclosed it to the public.

(3) That Calhoun is not going mad, but is playing his own little drama.

(4) That even if he were going mad, it would be his own choice, for if he does not want to go mad he can go to work.

(5) That before I get through with Calhoun I will have made a man of him.

As to the young woman Isabel Wetmore, I think I know something, and I would consider it a favor, provided you have her address, if you would write her a good, kind letter.

On March 3, 1913, Edgar Calhoun handed to Frisco Davis, a trusty who delivered his dinner, the following written on the cover of a cracker box:

Dear Warden: I quit. You didn't beat me. It was the men. Across the tier corridor there is a little window. When the men passed under it, they gave little catcalls. At first I thought it was one man. But at last I knew it was the voice of the prison. I can fight you, but I cannot fight everybody. The pressure is too great. I can feel it through these thick walls. Everybody is down on me. It is the unfair situation. I can't state my case to these men. They don't understand. So I quit. For God's sake let me out! Let me out into space—space—space!

Extracts from a letter written by the trusty, No. 98, known as a "soup man" under the alias Frisco Davis. This letter was sent to Barney Putz in Atlanta and, undelivered, came back months later to the warden from the Dead Letter Office, arriving after Frisco's discharge:

FIRST SHEET

Friend Barney: I no you don't like addressing no answers to a pen so you don't have to anser, but beleave me this is no sloush of a place. you wood scream your hed off during round 1. and then it wood nock you cold beleave me. they got a warden hear weighing in at about 1 hundred and 90 lbs. and you got to hand it to him to gets away with it. He is a big strong arm guy with a heart as big as 1 of them roasts of beef that Schmitty used to have in the back room, honest the men is with him. why look hear he ain't never said no word to me but to ask what I was going to do when I flew this coop and all ways laff and say you have a rotten business why don't you change it to something where you can make a little money and be able to live with your wife. So you see he ain't a reformer but on the level I think I'll take his advice at that.

FOURTH SHEET

. . . so you see what kind of a pipping this Calhoon is. when I took his note to the warden he red it and says well he ain't unreesonal now. go bring him up hear to my office quick says the warden to the deputy. so as I say, Calhoon come up and he was some white beleave me, and the warden says the men are still at dinner in the hall Calhoun and I am going to give you a chance to speke to them. even if it ain't never been done in a prisson before he says because it is the square deal as you see it. well we went to the hall where there is about 5 hundred men at the benches and Calhoon by that time was like a game rooster ful of fight in his eyes and he and the warden says I will state the case Calhoon and give you last go. the men was about throo eating and near 5 hundred pairs of eyes fell out on to the flor when they seen this guy who had been in solitary. but the warden held up his hand and says how Calhoon wants to state his case and I am going to leave it to you men weather he is right or wrong says the warden because this is as near a democrasy as I can make it and no monaky unless it has to be. I have had plenty of men to go out of hear and talk about this place the way a man would talk about his collidge. it ain't a happy place neither. he says but anyhow it is run for all of the men and no favrites. There is plenty of men hear who likes me and I like them and the reeson I like them and they like me is because we both done what we could for the prisson. It ain't a warden what makes prisson hell or something better. no says he, it is the men what makes a prisson. why is it that men here have a chance? I just told Calhoon why. I told him the reeson a third of our men went outside and no man didn't run away and could be let off wearing stripes wasn't because the one man was afraid of me but first because if he ran away, the others wood suffer and maybe beat him up and



His Christmas Question Answered

FOR weeks he has been hoping that his Christmas presents will include Ives Toys. And of course his dream is going to come true!

Watch how he "bubbles over" with happiness on Christmas morning when he sees his Ives Train and Ives Struktiron. They're gifts that will enthuse any red-blooded youngster. They also give him practical training in mechanics and electricity.

With an Ives Railway your boy lays the track; arranges the switches, semaphores, stations and tunnels; couples the engine and cars; stops and starts the trains—and does everything else that is done on a real railroad.

With Ives Struktiron he builds strong steel models of railroad bridges, elevated railways, signal towers, cranes and derricks operated by the powerful Ives electric motor. He can also construct hundreds of other realistic, practical models, such as aeroplanes, revolving shovels, battleships, "shoot the chutes".

Toy, hardware and department stores sell Ives Trains ($1 to $30) and Ives Struktiron ($2 to $25). Ask to see them.

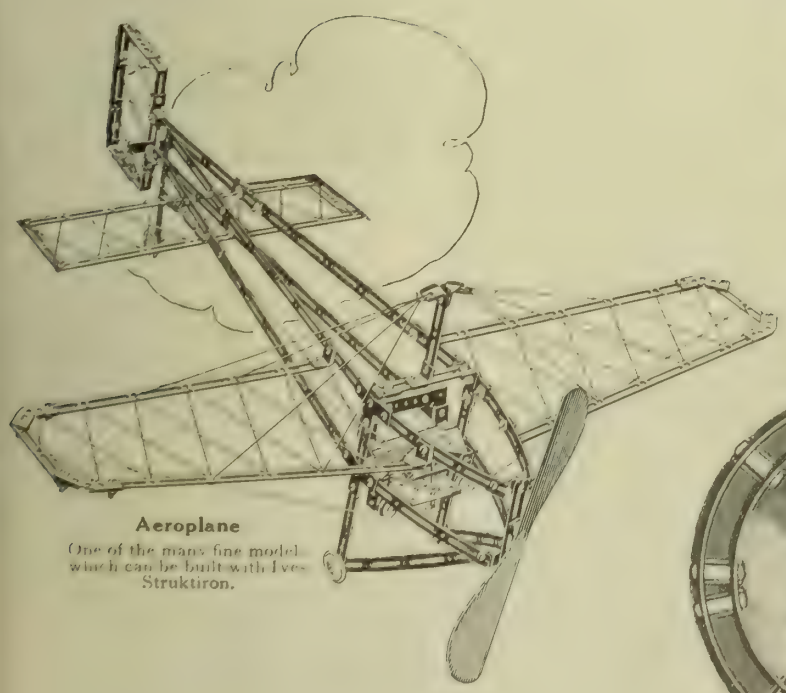
Write for Catalog and names of Ives dealers in your town

A Set of Poster Stamps FREE

Beautifully illustrated in colors. Six stamps show the development of the locomotive from the famous "De Witt Clinton" of 1831 down to 1915. The other six show interesting Struktiron models.

Absolutely free to any boy or parent. Write now (giving toy dealer's name) for complete set.

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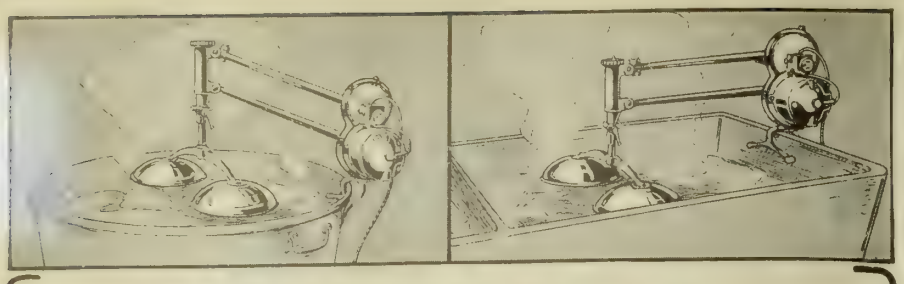
Aeroplane
One of the many fine models which can be built with Ives Struktiron.



Trains **Struktiron**

Ives Toys

Make Happy Boys



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Frantz Portable Electric Washer

Do a week's washing, at our expense, with the Frantz Portable Electric Washer. Our dealer will deliver it to you without charge. You incur no obligation whatever.

All you will have to do is attach the Frantz Portable in ten seconds to your tub—whether stationary or portable—connect the cord to the nearest electric socket, and turn on the current.

Then you simply sit and watch the *vacuum hands* of the Frantz Portable Electric Washer do your washing.

You will see how they force air and soapy water through the mesh of the clothes—no friction—no dirt rubbed in, but all gently and surely removed, *every article being thoroughly aerated at the same time.*



Easily lifted. Instantly attached wherever washing is to be done.

You sit and watch the washing being done more quickly —and better.

Price Only

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Pay at your own convenience in small monthly sums.

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If after a full trial you're not wholly delighted, say so, and we will send for the washer. If you are so delighted that you'll want to keep it, just pay down a small sum that you can easily afford, and a like sum monthly until the exceptionally low price is paid.

A Great Invention

But whether you buy or not, by all means *try* the Frantz Portable Electric Washer. It bears the name of Edw. L. Frantz, who also perfected the wonderfully successful Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner used in over a hundred thousand homes.

Don't put it off. Send the coupon NOW. Remember—no charge—no obligation—but a wonderful opportunity to learn how truly efficient, easy and comfortable your every wash day can be.

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Send me, without charge or obligation, a Frantz Portable Electric Washer for a full week's trial. I promise to handle it with ordinary care, and to hold it at your disposal after trying it.

Name _____

Address _____

second because a man with any sense wood have as much sense as honey bees and honey bees stuck to the hive because

LAST SHEET

good or bad it was there hive so, he says, when Calhoon blew his bazoo some months ago how he wood do no work I ought to left it to you men. you no what a place this wood be without work. you no it wood be hell without work. you men don't want to have work taken away. you no it's the best thing you got—the kindest thing in prisson. you no if I wood never let Calhoon do any work he'd be begging me on his knees for work. you no that there ain't much here but what we do for each other and work and being a part of this prisson the way a bee is part of a hive of bees. if a man learns that it don't cut any ice whether he is outside or inside—he has learned the biggest part of happyness. Now, here is Calhoon who don't agree with me. He thinks happyness is found in being out of line. Go ahead Calhoon he says.

So with that Calhoon steps out with his jaw set reddy to speke and the second he did the hisses come from them men like a lode of coal dumped in a shoot. and beleave me, Calhoon stepped back. then Daisy Maggenis a big stiff who is in for trimming an inspector with a knife threw a buckwheat cake with sirrup on. and it struck Calhoon in the face. and there he stood with the sirrup running down his mouth and chin.

the warden jumps down and lans Maggenis with one wallop he nocks him cold. and then he yells what's the matter boys? Don't hiss Calhoon. he's one of Us. with that I looks at Calhoon and he was swaying around and his legs caves in under him and down he goes sound sleep beleave me.

he was carried to the warden's office and the warden says get up Calhoon, get up. what are you going to do with me says Calhoon. the warden says put on my overcoat Calhoon and he opens the door and there was them open fields and a moon coming up and cold air, etc. come on says the warden, you and I are going for a long walk. and the boob began to cry. all this is on the level. hoping this finds you as well as it leaves me. yours, FRISCO.

From Edgar Calhoun to Isabel Wetmore, March 8, 1913:

If it were not for the warden I could not know where you could be found. He traced you through your call on the Governor. Though I do not understand why you went away from St. Louis to a small country town where you are unknown, I suppose I have no right to ask questions.

Do not throw this aside in anger until you have read it. If I have ever done well by you, it is now, when I will try with all my might to make you understand what neither of us ever understood. Isabel, if we had known! If we only had known!

All my life, girl, I have been in revolt. Like you, I have wanted freedom, freedom, freedom. This was our delusion. We built our lives upon it. Both of us sought a fantastic happiness. But happiness is not a thread somewhere outside the fabric of life; instead it is only happiness when it is woven into a textile of infinite numberless threads of lives.

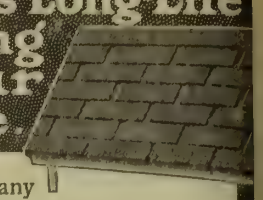
Forever and ever, we in the past sought means to make the world serve us. This was not happiness. No, Isabel, this was the terror. Only by service might we have found happiness, and this and other simple truths we cast from us.

Surely there is no happiness afar off. It is near at hand. Reaching for it in the clouds, we trampled it underfoot.

You wish to know where I have learned all this? Here in the prison, here in the place of loathing. It is here I have learned that a square inch of blue sky is gift enough for man. It is here that I have learned that what we make for service is life, and what we refuse to make is death. It is here that I have learned that you and I could never justify ourselves without asking first whether we two together could serve the world. It is here that I have learned that mankind marches to some great and everlasting tune of product, service, and love. It is here in a penitentiary, among the men who are called "scum of the earth," that in this tune I have for the first time in all my life heard something of God.

I long to march to this tune. It calls me on. Here in the months that remain I shall march to this tune. I shall have labor. I shall be able to practice my profession. It is needed here among

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Standard Guns and Rifles
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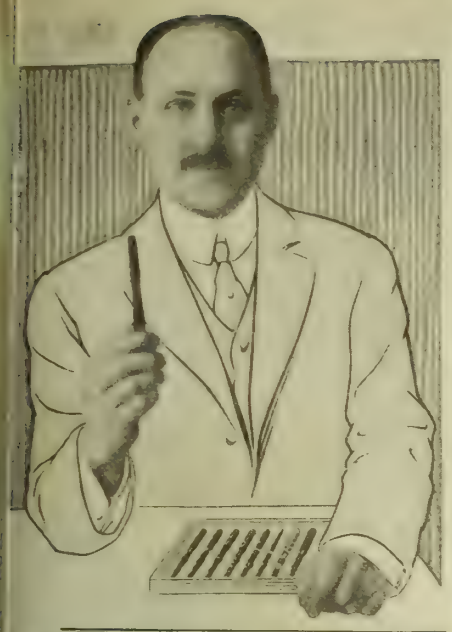
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We make this unreserved guarantee because we know the Conklin is mechanically correct. Its "Crescent-Filler" is the simplest of all self-filling devices, strong and durable, positive in action. The Conklin always writes at the first stroke, because its ink feed is uniform and steady.

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the men. I shall demand the right to be a part of the penitentiary. I shall certainly demand this right. I do not insist that my soul shall be saved. I know nothing about that. And why should I care? Nor am I in fear. All that I want is to be marching to the great rhythm; all I ask is that my thread of happiness shall be woven into the great cloth.

Do you believe that I can love you now as I have never loved you before? I am a convict. I now have nothing to offer but disgrace. I now have nothing to furnish but poverty. I can tender nothing but myself. So I ask nothing. But if there is product and service which we two may give forth together, if you by strange chance still love me, and cannot go forth alone to find happiness, then come to me.

Epictetus said: "The greatest freedom is in bondage." I never knew what he meant.

See how I sign myself: "737."

Telegram from Isabel Wetmore to Edgar Calhoun:

Thank God. I am coming.

A Doctor's Point of View

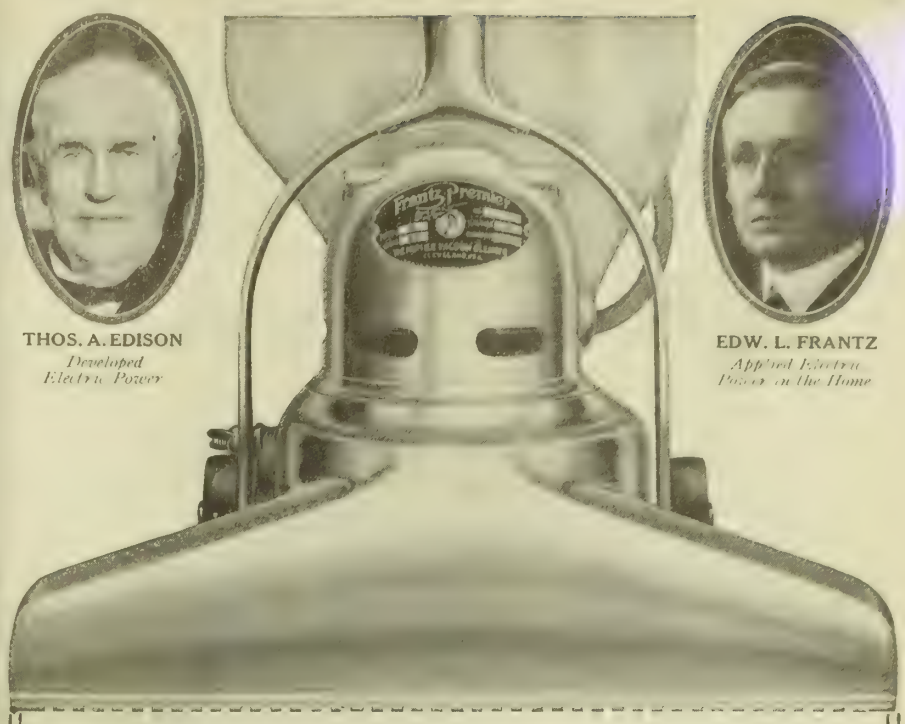
The Science and Art of Resting

BY JOHN B. HUBER, M. D.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES (that philosopher who wrote like a novelist, whereas his brother Henry, the novelist, writes like a philosopher) had a class of tense American women to whom he was teaching practical psychology. They were just one bunch of human strenuosity (there is nothing more potential, either for better or for worse, in the cosmos), and he was explaining to them how to relax. Thereupon that composite feminine electric battery immediately applied itself, at the utmost high tension, to the task—of relaxing.

Dr. Mary Sutton Macy has had considerable service—her patients all women—in a metropolitan neurological clinic. She has found that if those patients are to be cured they have first got to be rested, mentally and physically, in order that the physiological balance be restored. Medicines might meanwhile relieve symptoms, but drugs are not expected in most cases to effect the cure, which can come about only through giving nature a chance to recreate a healthy organism. Experience taught Dr. Macy that merely to send those patients home with orders to rest for a week and then return for treatment would not do; they had to be trained in the science and art of resting. She undertook to instruct personally, and with actual demonstrations, those nervous women. Far best of all, she taught the most of them how to get well without drugs—not all, because in some cases of organic disease medication is "indicated." The patient had to report three times a week; during each visit she was instructed how to achieve muscular relaxation; how to follow this instruction at home daily and frequently for from ten-minute to half-hour stretches. Each woman's progress was noted from visit to visit, and her instructions amplified and continued until she knew how to relax, completely and immediately, from any position. She was made to understand that her ability thus to relax enabled her to acquire in a few minutes an amount of rest equivalent to that ordinarily attained—or unattained—in several hours' "lying down"; and that, once having become adept, a night's sleep in a relaxed manner can give a remarkable amount of restorative vitality.

Here is a detail of Dr. Macy's procedure: She has her patient lie down comfortably and, closing her eyes, give her thoughts to relaxing all her arm and leg muscles, allowing her extremities to lie as sodden, heavy, and inert as dead weights or water-soaked logs. In order to test the relaxation and to demonstrate to the patient its success or failure, she raises an arm by grasping the wrist, or a leg by the ankle, and suddenly lets it go. The completely relaxed limb will instantly fall limp. The least enervation is shown by a hesitation in the fall of the limb or by a slightly continued rise after cessation of the motive power as applied by the physician. This procedure has been found beneficial in several neurotic manifestations.



"If electric power is used to save labor in factories—why not in the country's millions of homes?"

Edw. L. Frantz

These Two Men Brought A Brighter Day to Women

By his wonderful genius, Thos. A. Edison brought to the world of men the aid of ELECTRICITY—the greatest wonder worker of our age.

Edw. L. Frantz carried forward the work into *woman's* world by perfecting those marvelous household devices that make of electricity a *staff of servants*—removing all the needless labor from house-cleaning and clothes-washing.

Over a hundred thousand women are enjoying the comfort, ease, efficiency and economy of cleaning house The Frantz Way. But to convince a hundred thousand more of its unusual advantages,

We Make Now This

FREE TRIAL OFFER

of Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner

That offer means just what it says. You can try the Frantz Premier to your own heart's content. Absolutely without cost or obligation. We deliver the Cleaner to your home at our expense.

Use it for *every* cleaning job—on rugs, curtains, tapestry, upholstery, mattresses, pillows, woodwork, and even metal radiators.

You merely attach the handy cord to the nearest electrical socket and turn on the current. Then the Frantz Premier does the rest. You simply guide it with one hand. The Frantz Premier weighs but 9 pounds. Works in remote corners. The house is *really* clean *all* the time. No sending things outside to be cleaned. No damage to costly articles. Then, if the Frantz Premier hasn't delighted you by saving time, energy and furniture—say so and we'll call for it.

Easy Monthly Payments

If you are pleased so that you will want to keep it, just pay down a small sum that you can easily afford, and a like sum monthly until the low price is paid. Thus you can *buy* a Frantz-Premier on less than usual "rental" terms. And you get the cleaner that is made by the largest concern of its kind in the world—guaranteed *every* way for years of usefulness.

But act now, whether you may want to buy later or not. Send the coupon. You'll be glad you did. You incur no expense or obligation.

THE FRANTZ PREMIER COMPANY

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Send me, without charge or obligation, a Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner for a complete trial. I promise to handle it with ordinary care, and to hold it at your disposal after trying it.

Name _____

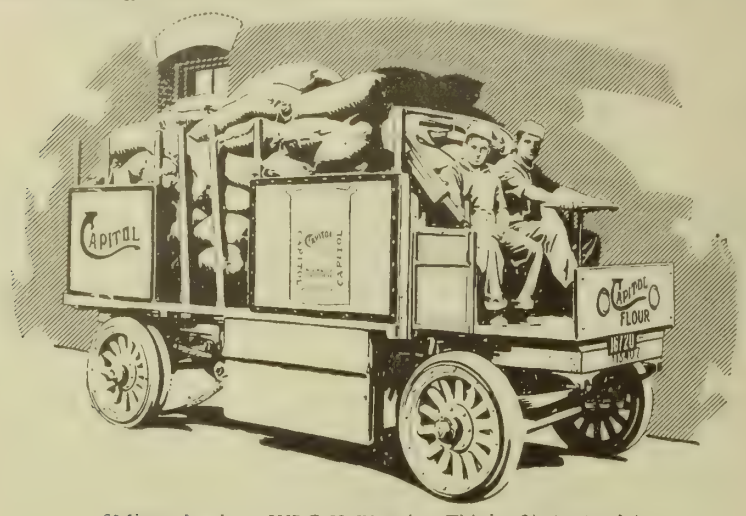
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Heavy duty G. V. Trucks are used in over 90 lines of business. Some cover 60 miles per day, some but 12 miles. They pay on the longer city runs and they pay also in the mill yard where the hauls are not over 100 yards each. Adapting trucks to the *individual needs of the user* comes only through long experience. "Thousands of G. V. Electrics in service" explains why we seldom fail.

The Electric truck is not a competitor of the gasoline truck. Each has its economic field—the Electric for short haul, frequent-stop work, the gasoline truck for the long hauls with few stops.



25 firms already use 1117 G. V. Electrics. This is a 3½ ton truck in Los Angeles. We build six models, 1,000 to 10,000 pounds capacity

In the city where heavy loads and frequent stops must contend with street congestion and waits at warehouses and terminals, the Electric is by far the most efficient, satisfactory and economical truck. The more scientific delivery becomes the more Electrics will be used.

The Electric excels in three essentials—*long life* which means low depreciation—*dependability* which means fewer breakdowns and *economy of operation*—which means fewer parts replacements, lower wages for driver, low insurance rates and so on. These things the ledger shows in black and white, and the firms who heed buy the G. V. Electric for work in its field.

Send for Catalogue 115 and data on G. V. Trucks in your line of business. Or send for "How much does it really cost to operate Horses?"

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Write Quickly for Catalog

YOU'll have barrels of fun with a Lionel electric locomotive; couple to it Pullmans or freight cars; get switches, semaphores, electric lights, track, etc. Make the trains scoot around with a touch of your finger. Run 'em on batteries or from electricity in your house with a Lionel Multivolt transformer which saves batteries. (See below.)

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250,000 boys own them—Join us—this quarter million of happy boys. Lionel Electric Trains are safe—no shocks. They're steel—not Cast Iron—and won't break. Are highest grade of material throughout but not high priced. Unconditionally guaranteed. Finished handsomely in colors and gold. Models are faithful reproductions of originals seen on our prominent railroads.

Write Quickly for New Boys' Catalog—written specially for YOU, crammed full of pictures. New photos tell you why you'll have such a dandy good time with Lionel Trains.

Section of Lionel rail free—Most toy dealers, electrical stores and department stores sell Lionel Toys. If you'll go to your toy dealer, find out if he sells Lionel Trains, and tell me when you write for catalog—I'll include a special section of rail—free.

J. Lionel Cowen, *A Friend of Boys*, President

THE LIONEL MFG. CO.
48F East 21st Street, New York City



A Glimpse Into the Future

A Talk with Thomas A. Edison

BY WILBUR HALL

CAN you imagine the attitude of a really great strategist toward this blunt question: "When will the European holocaust end, and who will be victorious?" He has all the facts; he knows what was expected of certain war engines, and in what respects they proved a disappointment; at his finger tips he has the approximate disposition of the several forces engaged, and what paper strengths are shown for each of the nations in the mêlée. But our query stops him dead. He approaches it with temporization, ponders it with misgivings, sounds it for shoals, and shakes his head. "In a general way—" says he. . . .

This was almost the case when Thomas A. Edison, seeing America west of the Rockies for the first time in thirty-nine years, was asked at San Diego the other week: "What is the future of electricity?" Mr. Edison knows—who better?—what has been achieved, for the world is indebted to him for a considerable proportion of the practical uses of electricity; he knows what attempts have proved abortive; he understands the field of electrical potentiality thoroughly as far as the mechanical application goes. Yet he stopped dead at the query, and his heavy brows were knitted.

"I don't know," he said.

"What do you believe about it?"

"I believe we are only beginning—that we have scarcely started."

We've Only Scratched the Topsoil

THAT was a broader statement than might have been expected, but Mr. Edison defended it promptly: "I mean that exactly. We have only seen the surface of the possibilities of practical electricity. By that I refer, not only to the number of labor-saving and time-saving machines operated by motors, but to the whole range of possibilities for undreamed-of applications of the energy we call by this name. A few years ago wireless telegraphy was not known—no one thought of it, as no one now could conceive of water running uphill. There are undiscovered possibilities in electricity to-day just as revolutionary as the wireless. I mean exactly that we have only scratched the surface.

"One problem which all who are engaged in electrical research have for solution on their laboratory tables to-day is that of gaining light without heat. The firefly has it; man hasn't. We don't yet understand the firefly, but some day we shall, or, if we fail there, we shall at least be able to produce a glow without warmth by means of electricity. This is only one example of what may be expected in the future.

"Much simpler for the layman is the field of applied electricity. Stop and consider the number of uses to which it is put to-day. It has halved the wise housewife's labors. It lights, cleans, dusts, churns, sews, heats, cools, cooks; it brings the shopkeeper into the kitchen, whether he is one block distant, or ten miles; it is coming to make the ranch wife's lot almost as light as that of the woman in a city flat; it obliterates distance, lengthens the day, and is harnessed to make recreation a problem no longer.

"Take another field—the farm. Take another—the scientific laboratory. Another—the office. Another—intercity communication. Another—gasoline-engine ignition. The battery or cell is a small part of the automobile, the aeroplane, the deep-well pumping engine; and yet without such stored or generated energy every gasoline engine would stop for the last time. There is nothing insuperable in the way of a limitless extension of these activities of electricity.

"I am particularly impressed by the value of electrical energy in mines. Danger has been reduced marvelously. The miner with his electric headlight, equipped with a light battery that will last through a whole shift, is almost immune from the old terror of gas and dust explosions. The mules that once dragged his ore or muck to the surface have been replaced by the quick, efficient, powerful electric locomotive. And that is only a beginning. Storage batteries are almost nothing more than experiments to-day compared to what they will become. For the transmission of electrical energy, especially in cities, the storage battery has limitless possibilities. The progress that has been made in the past will be outstripped in the future—and soon, too."

"Wireless telephony?" Mr. Edison smiled. "The word 'hello' requires several hundred vibrations. Why waste them, when, by splitting them up into dots and dashes, they can be made to carry a thousand words of telegraphy to the minute? Wireless telephony is interesting—but it is mainly sentimental, not practical. Wireless telegraphy—that is the field with the future.

"The two California fairs are wonderful examples of what will be done along another line in electricity—the artistic. San Diego is not a night fair, to be sure, but pleasing use of lighting adds greatly to its beauty. In San Francisco this man Ryan has performed wonders. To my knowledge there is nothing like it in the world—he has pioneered in indirect lighting for artistic out-of-door effects. Both fairs surpass my expectations. I have been delighted by every minute spent at these two show places of California's 1915."

Plain Mr. Edison is not convinced that, for all tastes, indirect lighting is superior to the old-fashioned plan of outlining a building with strings of lamps. "It pleases the artists better," he said, naively. "But there are people who prefer the old plan."

"We know vaguely some of the things which *cannot* be done with electrical energy. But what *can* be done, in spite of what I have said, we don't know. We have only begun to find out, only begun."

Electrifying America

(*Continued from page 13*)

avail itself of electric-propulsion machinery. I believe that the day will come when virtually all warships will be electrically propelled."

It was at this point that I asked Dr. Steinmetz the nature of the experiment that caused the sparks to jump in back of him. In appearance the apparatus was simple. There was a row of switches—twenty or thirty of them, I presume. From the switches wires extended to a little shelf below, upon which was a line of ordinary table glasses, one to each switch. The wires connected with electrodes, two of which had been dropped into each glass. The glasses were filled with a substance that resembled water, and pasted on each was a tiny label containing a formula. It was from the electrodes and through the watery substance that the sparks jumped, first in this glass and then in that. After each spark a stream of bubbles would float upward to the surface of the liquid from the place where the flash had occurred.

Dr. Steinmetz explained the apparatus and the purpose of the experiment to me. I am violating no confidence by telling the readers of COLLIER'S that this master electrician is trying to devise a method of taking up the excess of electric pressure from wires, such as is caused by electrical atmospheric disturbances. During the discussion I mentioned that I knew of one occasion where a corporation leasing telegraph wires which were strung along a railroad right of way had to give them up when the road was electrified and high-tension cables were strung for the electric locomotives.

Dr. Steinmetz informed me that the cause of the trouble lay in the fact that electricity does not travel exclusively inside a wire. The wire, he said, simply directs the flow of electricity, which passes through the air just as in the wireless. To the layman that revelation undoubtedly will come as a distinct shock. I know it upset some of my own private beliefs.

Speaking of Submarines

WE talked of submarine batteries, particularly of those of the ill-fated United States submarine *F-4*, which went down in Honolulu Harbor.

"The trouble," said Dr. Steinmetz, "is that storage batteries need to be looked after and attended to with as much care as if they were babies. If you get care-

. . .

DELCO

ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

ELECTRICITY
AND THE AUTOMOBILE

Electricity has been the great refining influence in the development of the automobile.

From the very beginning electricity has been a vital factor because of the necessity for a spark in the firing of a gas engine.

Of recent years, however, it has become much more than this.

With the development of electric cranking and lighting the whole industry has been revolutionized.

The scope and usefulness of the automobile have been greatly broadened.

The drudgery of cranking and the danger and inconvenience of inefficient lighting have been eliminated.

The heavy gas car has been refined and simplified until it is as easy to operate and control as an electric carriage.

And with the more recently developed type of generator ignition has come an increase in power, speed and flexibility that have added greatly to the efficiency and dependability of the gasoline motor.

Because of all these refinements a broader demand has been created.

Quantity production has been made possible, prices have been reduced and the automobile has become almost universal in the scope of its usefulness.

Electricity has revolutionized the industry.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company is proud to have been a factor in this truly wonderful development.

The first electrically cranked car to appear on the market was Delco equipped.

That was a little over four years ago.

Today 285,000 satisfied owners are driving Delco equipped cars.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company
Dayton, Ohio

Let Electricity Do Your Printing and Typewriting

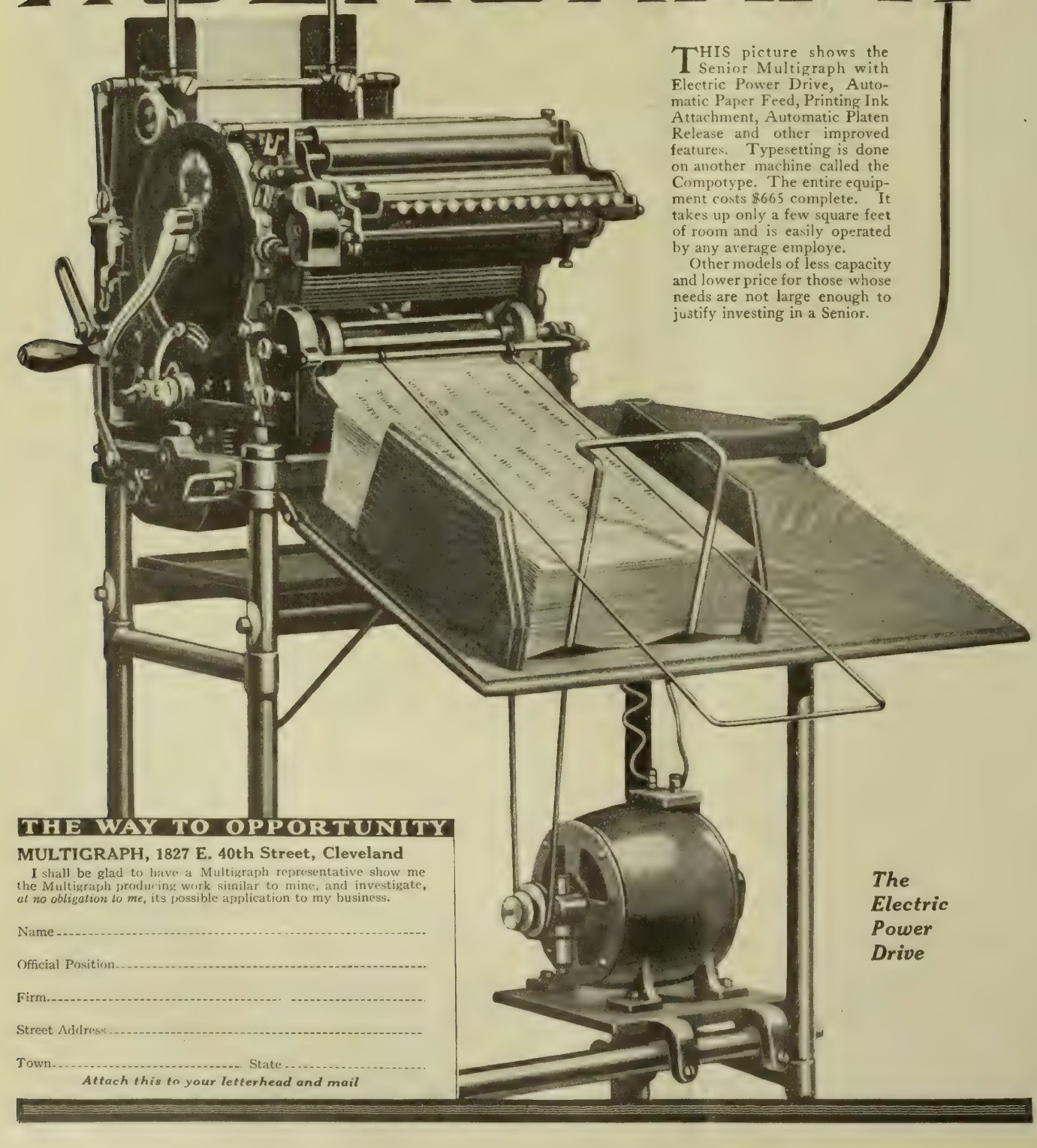
Put a bunch of clean white paper into the automatic feed.

Screw the plug into an electric light socket, switch on the current—

And out of the Multigraph come beautiful typewritten form letters, or office forms, and advertising features in real printer's ink printing at 2400 to 4800 impressions an hour.

One of the first office appliances to be operated by electricity—one of the greatest time and money savers in use today. It cuts your printing bills from 25% to 75% and often pays for itself in a few months.

THE MULTIGRAPH



THIS picture shows the Senior Multigraph with Electric Power Drive, Automatic Paper Feed, Printing Ink Attachment, Automatic Platen Release and other improved features. Typesetting is done on another machine called the Compotype. The entire equipment costs $665 complete. It takes up only a few square feet of room and is easily operated by any average employe.

Other models of less capacity and lower price for those whose needs are not large enough to justify investing in a Senior.

The Electric Power Drive

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I shall be glad to have a Multigraph representative show me the Multigraph producing work similar to mine, and investigate, *at no obligation to me*, its possible application to my business.

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Attach this to your letterhead and mail

less and allow an infant to sit in a draft, it may die. If you do not continually baby a battery, especially in a submarine, you may expect some similar result, and it is difficult, if possible at all, to give the lead battery such care as to keep it in first-class condition under the limitations of the submarine."

How About Nitrogen?

THE conversation turned again to wireless and then to aeroplanes. Dr. Steinmetz said that there was no indication that wireless could ever be employed to propel aeroplanes or any similar vehicles. Its use in such connection, he said, would necessarily be limited to directing or steering.

"What, in your opinion," I inquired, "is the greatest service electricity ultimately may perform for mankind; not next year or next century, but within the next thousand years?"

"In years to come," he replied, "the fixed nitrogen in the soil of the world may become used up! The world uses an immense quantity of nitrogen. All animal life of every description depends upon it. Man himself secures the fuel he needs from the carbons and starches in what he eats—from the nitrogen in his diet.

"Nitrogen exists in two forms—the free nitrogen of the air and the fixed nitrogen of the soil. Free nitrogen as such is useless. Fixed nitrogen is an absolute necessity. Now, to state the situation clearly, the world will starve to death unless we in the end devise some means of obtaining great quantities of nitrogen for the soil!

"There is the nitrogen of the air. It is present in enormous amount. It is enough to say that every acre of the surface of the earth has no less than forty thousand tons of nitrogen suspended above it. It will be the future work of electricity to transform the useless nitrogen of the air into the fixed nitrogen of the soil!

"The work has started too. Germany is now employing artificially produced nitrogen in the manufacture of ammunition. In the Scandinavian peninsula hundreds of thousands of tons of fixed nitrogen are already annually produced. And each process at present depends, at some one point or another, upon electricity.

"However, we personally are not so very near to exhausting the nitrogen in the earth. In a few generations we may be nearer.

"The nitrogen problem is one electricians and scientists are studying as a problem of the near future. I believe that the immediate problem of those interested in the development of electricity is the organization of a country-wide system of trunk lines so that the urban, suburban, and rural districts may all have cheap light, heat, and power.

"If we would assist civilization to develop the resources of the country, lower the cost and raise the standard of living—in a word, if we would progress—we must electrify America!"

Meant for Fun

EDUCATED FLIES

When John Lind, President Wilson's special envoy to Mexico, was running for Governor of Minnesota against William Henry Eustis, the following conversation took place between a Eustis supporter and a Scandinavian carpenter in Minneapolis:

"Well, Ole, who are you going to vote for?"

"I tank I vote for Yon Lind."

"Why not vote for Eustis? There are no flies on him."

"Ya. Da fly he know something, too."

—A. O. C.

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

When war broke out in Europe a Savannah negro had been doing a bone-rattling, banjo-thumping act in one of the London music halls, and, like the Georgia negro who told Judge Latchaw in Kansas City that if released he would go so far that it would take nine dollars to send him a postal card, he wanted to get back home.

Along with a miscellaneous company of Americans he was besieging the American Consulate when a Southerner in the crowd, noticing him, said: "Nigger, what are you doing here?"

Wheeling with the light of discovery in his eye, Rastus replied: "Fo' God's sake, boss, 'sist dis nigger to git back to ol' Geo'gy. I'se so hongry I c'n heah de po'k chops callin'!" —H.

Solving the "Bad-Boy" Problem

BY ALTON D. SPENCER

AIMING to make good men out of bad boys, Floyd Starr has established the Starr Commonwealth for Boys at Albion, Mich. Mr. and Mrs. Starr personally conduct the home.

The object of the Commonwealth is to maintain a real home for the homeless, friendless, and dependent boy; to give to the wild, wayward child of the streets, the so-called bad boy, a chance to make good; to direct, wisely and lovingly, the misunderstood, badgered, and beaten child of ignorant or immoral parents; and to provide for the incorrigible sons of even well-to-do parents a normal, healthful environment, where the lads will be taught the meaning of responsibility and the purpose of law. In no sense is the Commonwealth a prison. It is not a detention home nor a reform school. There are no bolts or bars.

Speaking of the home he has founded, Mr. Starr said: "Personally I refuse to admit that I am dealing with bad boys. There is no such thing in all the world as a bad boy. The incorrigible lad is a child suffering from misdirected energy. Give any boy an outlet for his surplus spirit; give him some sort of interesting work, some creative exercise, and then give him the love every lad craves, and he will make good. The so-called bad boy is the most hopeful proposition in the world. The greater the degree of his badness the more encouraging the situation, for to that same degree can his goodness be developed."

Every boy in the home has his work to do. He is taught the honor and dignity of labor. Each is given a piece of land on which he can plant garden seeds. He is required to tend his own plot and is given an opportunity to market his produce. Every cent he earns is placed to his credit, and from the proceeds of his gardening the child either wholly or partly clothes himself. In this way he is taught the value of money, and is prepared to handle it properly when he leaves the home and goes into business for himself.

The Commonwealth admits boys from six to fourteen years of age and is supported by proceeds from its 40-acre farm and by popular subscriptions. Parents are encouraged to contribute to the support of their sons when able. Little is received from this source, however. The work receives no State appropriation and is, to a great degree, dependent on the voluntary gifts of friends of the boys.

Pioneers of Invention

Continued from page 22

clothed and barethroated, he moves quickly, with the suggestion of a spring in his walk and something of the alert tread of the forest people.

He grinned amiably when the talk swung into science. What was coming? I asked. It seemed strange to assume here in West Orange that anything of any particular economic value had been left undone. How much further could the inventor go? That was the question.

"It's a big question," he said thoughtfully, "and too big to be answered in a general way. There are, of course, two methods of what we call invention. One is empirical and is based on many experiments, thousands of them, backed up by trained observation of all variations from the general result. That is generally my method. Burbank has the same system. He will sow an acre of daisies and search for variants from the common genus. Another kind of invention is that of logical, mathematical reasoning. This, for instance, produced the machine for putting bristles in hair brushes; also my own telephone transmitter. But the main thing is to be always on the lookout for surprises. If a man is a good observer, he will find plenty of these, and they will lead him on to more. We may be on the edge of producing energy direct from coal, but we can only proceed from one thing to another along logical lines."

And that was the thought he left with me. Then another man, who perhaps knows Edison better than any other, nodded and remarked: "He has a wonderful and intuitive knowledge of the natural relation of physical things to each other."

This in itself must have saved Edison much labor—this nose for physics, this gong that sounds in his brain when he deflects from the path of reason.

In his youth he remembered in Canada an old Scotch line repairer who worked for the Montreal Telegraph Company. The Scot undertook to explain the action of the telegraph. He said: "If you had a dog like a dachshund, long enough to reach from London to Edinburgh, and pulled his tail in London, he would bark in Edinburgh." But what puzzled Edison was what went through the dog. To-day, for all his knowledge, he confesses the same ignorance. It's a case of making the unknown do stunts. But think! T. C. Martin, who collaborates with Dyer in that most absorbing "Life and Inventions of Edison," points out that the man of Menlo Park has been one of the most potent factors in bringing into existence industries which have a capital of seven billion dollars. Or, to take another angle, imagine that Edison had never existed.

You can't condense him into a paragraph or dismiss him with a eulogy. Is he being presented with a medal in San Francisco by the electrical leaders of the New World? He will take it and smile his old, benignant smile and say "Thank you," and, hurrying back to West Orange, will put it in a sack with all the others and then demand of Hutchinson and Meadowcroft: "Just how far did things get when I was away?"

If it had not been for Edison's transmitter, the United States courts would have missed one of the most famous patent suits on record. Armed with this device, the Western Union descended on the infant Bell Telephone Company in 1878 like the wolf on a lamb. The Western Union was further armed with a system whose wires formed a network over the country. It was admitted by all that the Bell transmitter was unsatisfactory.

A good many things led up to the fight. Bell had applied for his patent a few hours—hours only—before Elisha Gray filed his caveat. The former was described in just thirty-two potent words. That they were potent is shown by the fact that the Bell interests have carried on some 1,600 suits and lost only two, these of minor importance. To get back to the transmitter. The telephonic sky looked very dark for Bell, Vail, Hubbard, and Sanders. Then Francis Blake happened along with his own transmitter and took Bell stock in payment. He seemed like an angel from heaven.

"It Talks!"

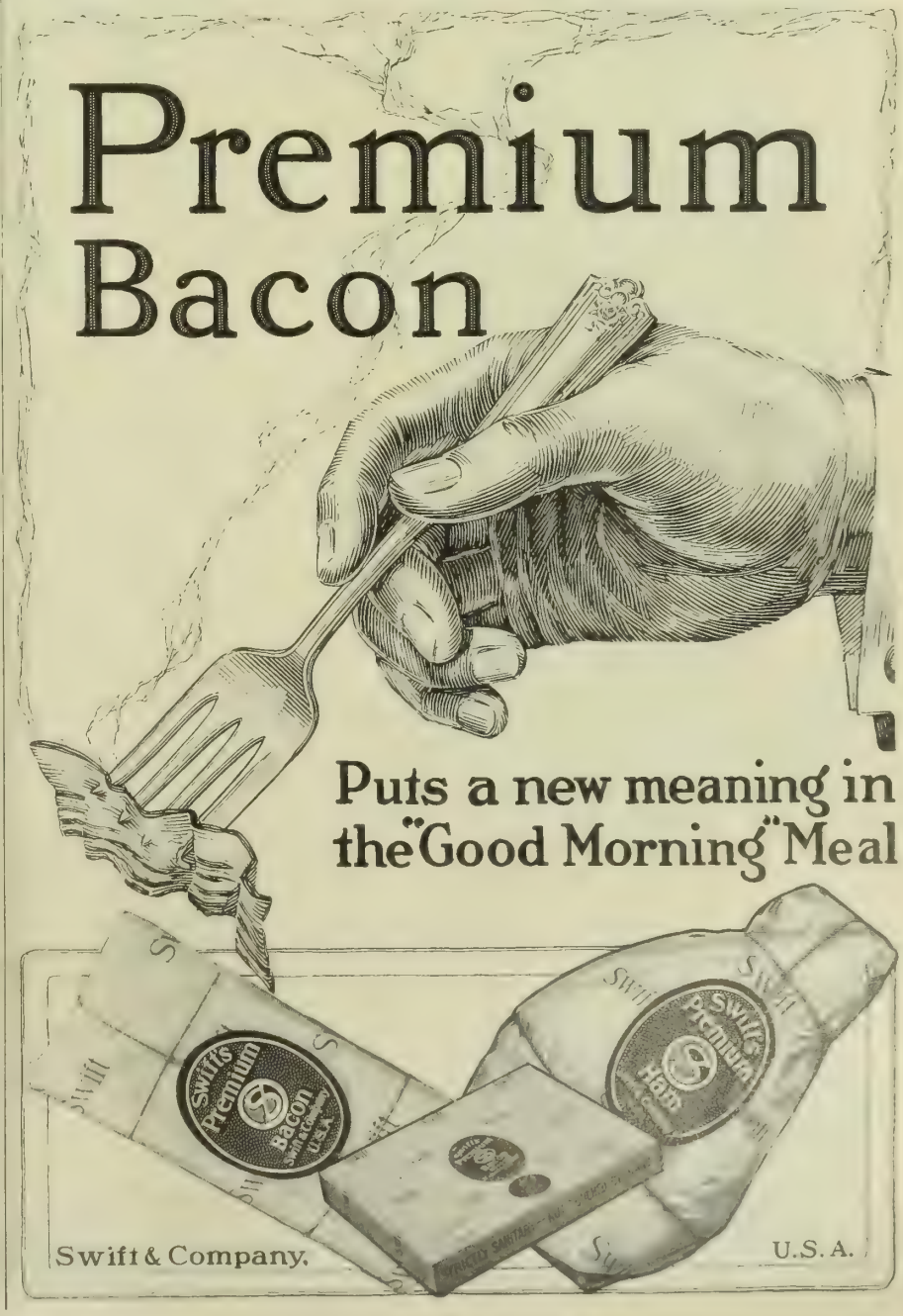
THIS apparatus was so good that the Western Union found itself opposed to a concern that had secured friends at the last moment. The battle opened with an astonishing array of legal brains. It ended abruptly and dramatically. The Bell company carried all its points in virtue of those thirty-two words. It acquired the use of the Edison transmitter. It undertook to buy the Western Union's telephone rights and to keep out of the telegraph business. Americans eventually jumped at the telephone and swallowed it whole. There are more instruments to-day in the Hudson Terminal Building than in the royal city of Madrid.

Back in 1874, Bell had taken an ear from a dead man's head and arranged it so that the vibrations of the diaphragm registered themselves when he shouted into the dead tissue. Then was born the conception of the modern telephone. Two years later, in the old Williams shop in Boston, throbbed the first audible telephonic speech: "Watson, come here; I want you." In another two months Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, walking through the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, picked up a receiver and exclaimed: "My God, it talks!" Not long ago New York chatted with Paris and Honolulu.

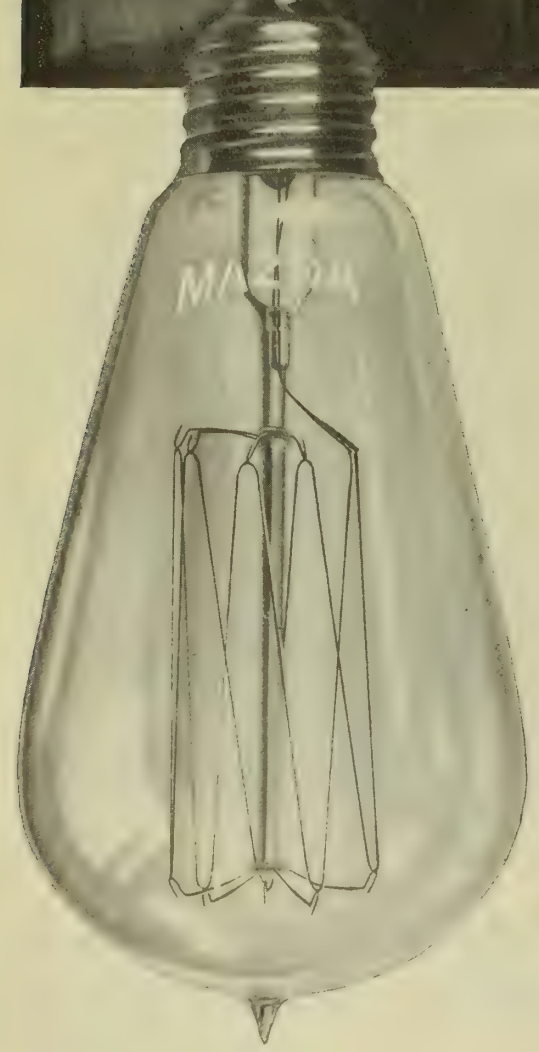
Statistics are beside the mark. It is not so many years since the Bell company ordered $7 worth of material from a New York merchant and was told that the goods were ready and so was the bill. Watson's notebook reveals such items as "Lent Bell 50 cents, lent Hubbard [Bell's father-in-law] 20 cents." Mr. Watson seems to have had a hard time with that family.

Casson says that there are fewer telephones in Asia, with its 850,000,000 people than there are in Philadelphia.









MAZDA

"Not the name of a thing but the mark of a Service"

WHEN you press the electric button and your whole room is flooded with "man-made sunshine" by a small MAZDA lamp, have you ever considered how this lighting is made possible?

The MAZDA lamp seems so simple—merely a glass bulb, a few twists of wire and a brass screw base; yet, scientifically, this lamp is perhaps the most wonderful article in your home.

The mark MAZDA on the bulb indicates that the services of the extensive Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company at Schenectady have been available to the maker of that lamp.

Great corps of physicists, chemists, metallurgists and other scientists, besides electrical engineers and lighting experts, test, select, compare and systematize all available knowledge which may assist in improving incandescent lamps.

This world-wide research draws upon the entire scientific engineering and manufacturing knowledge of scores of laboratories and lamp factories.

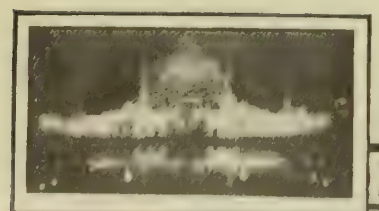
This laboratory is a great clearing house of lamp information which supplies all of the knowledge of processes and materials tested and approved by it to the manufacturers of MAZDA Lamps, so that they may embody in their products all the improvements and developments thought out and wrought out by the ablest lamp experts in the world.

This is MAZDA Service—a scientific service to lamp manufacturers.

When you purchase electric lamps, insist upon MAZDA Lamps and recognize them by the Trade-Mark MAZDA etched upon the glass bulb.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

4326



The Grand Prize, the Highest Award for Electric Incandescent Lamps at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, was awarded to the General Electric Company. The exhibits of the Company's Research Laboratories were likewise honored by several Grand Prizes, Medals of Honor and Gold Medals.

ELECTRIC COOKING is now made a practical every-day Reality



G-E ELECTRIC RANGE

AT LAST—the cleanliness, the convenience, the cool comfort of doing the whole day's cooking by electricity! The G-E ELECTRIC RANGE is so simple, so easily handled, and so thoroughly practical that electric cooking for every meal will soon become universal.

In order that you may see for yourself the advantages and conveniences of cooking with these new G-E ELECTRIC RANGES, arrangements have been made with many electric companies and leading electrical dealers for special demonstrations during Electrical Prosperity Week. These demonstrations will prove that with the G-E ELECTRIC RANGE you can bake, broil, boil, fry, toast—do *all* the work any kind of stove will do; and do it better and easier, without dust, dirt, ash or odor and without special utensils.

The simple touch of a button secures instantly just the heat you want, wherever you want it; and the degree of heat you turn on is always the same without variation. Guess work is abolished when you cook the G-E way.

Cooking by electricity is here to stay! It's the Twentieth Century way. Go see these new G-E ELECTRIC RANGES, learn how you can save yourself time and labor. Seven models give you a choice which will fit both the needs of your household and the size of your kitchen.

Next Week

Electric companies and electrical dealers generally are offering a special E-P-W discount from our list prices on all orders for G-E RANGES during Electrical Prosperity Week, November 29th—December 4th.

SEVEN DIFFERENT TYPES



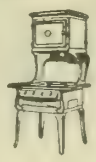
Cabinet

Type S-3 as shown - $125
Type R-3 - - $225
Type R-4 without warmer - - $165

Ovens may be located at either right or left side

Elevated Oven

Type S-2 $90
Type R-2 $165





Low Oven

Type S-1 $[illegible]
Type R-1 $125

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

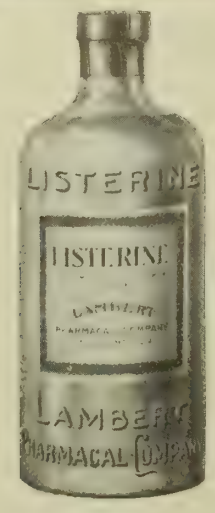
Sales Offices in all Large Cities Agencies Everywhere



The Medal of Honor, the Highest Award for Electro-Thermal Apparatus at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, was awarded to the General Electric Company for their Electric Ranges, Electric Flatirons, etc., shown in their exhibit, the "Home Electrical."

For the scientific care and preservation of your teeth and for all other purposes of personal hygiene, nothing surpasses

LISTERINE
The Safe Antiseptic



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Four Sizes: 15c, 25c, 50c, $1.00

Demand LISTERINE in the original package, brown wrapper, round bottle.

Manufactured only by
Lambert Pharmacal Company
Saint Louis, Missouri Toronto, Canada



Does this not establish a new gauge of civilization? And who says that Philadelphia is slow?

As a matter of fact, Bell's discovery has had such monumental results that the inventor is, so to speak, smothered in his own product. Watson recalls his first sight of him: "A tall, slender, quick-motioned man with a pale face, black side whiskers, and drooping mustache, big nose and high, sloping forehead, who came rushing out of the office and over to my bench."

To-day Bell passes a serene age in probing deep into electrophysics and aeronautics. Lampblack and selenium hold promise of strange developments in their inky depths, because forsooth they have the property of transmitting electricity in relation to the varying intensity of light. If, a few years hence, the man who says "hello" is visible at the other end of the wire, selenium will probably be accessory to the fact. Bell's hydroaeroplanes skim the surface of the Bras d'Or Lakes, where his summer home looks across the hills of Cape Breton. Washington knows him in winter. Science is his personal valet.

And the Coast Was Clear

THE years seem to have invigorated even though they have whitened him. The black side whiskers have grown into a thick, glossy, snowy beard. The high, sloping forehead is crowned with another turbulent tuft, and two deep, vertical wrinkles of concentration mount from the bridge of the big nose. The voice is still vibrant and sonorous. The eyes are still bright. They emit a dark, limpid gaze, vividly acute. They are the eyes of one who, already vastly wise, continually retires to the hinterlands of science and returns invigorated by new discoveries. Bell seems indeed to be fortified anew with recurrent years, to be strangely energized by contact with that mysterious element with which he deals.

It is an axiom that an inventor is only partly effective without an administrator. There is no better illustration than the telephone business. We spoke of the Western Union assault. Both Hubbard and Watson saw it coming and sent for a young man who had reorganized the United States railroad mail.

His name was Theodore Newton Vail, and he was to lick the business into shape. He had no telephone experience when he took the desk beside Watson, but he was full of courage and ability and confidence.

At this time the company was making no money, and it was an uncomfortable situation for the young man. Not only was he bombarded with offers of better positions, but Watson also received intimations that he could sell his interest and would be wise to do so. Deep in the new superintendent, however, burned the clear flame of faith. He believed that above all things a good system and a good transmitter were the essentials for the future. Blake supplied one and Vail wrought mightily for the other. When the tumult occasioned by the Western Union suit died out the coast was clear.

A Great Corporation

THE American Telephone and Telegraph Company girded its loins in 1885. With superb insight it prepared to "connect every city in the United States and Canada and the rest of the human world by cable and other appropriate means." Mark those words "human" and "appropriate." Without the telephone, would five million people rub elbows? And it is just beginning to be apparent how vast is the sweep of appropriate means.

Vail went back to his country home after a notable nine years in which the long-distance field was opened, the Western Electric Company started, and the manufacture of hard-drawn copper wire perfected. But in 1907 he got a call that would brook no refusal. His own family roots were deep in the country, but the individuality of the man had gathered about him a new family, composed of those to whom the telephone industry was the breath of life. They wanted Vail, and wanted him so much that again he took up the reins that still lie in his masterful fingers.

If you employ 200,000 people, your obligation does not end with the pay envelope; so Vail says. Since, furthermore, the telephone transmits speech, it should also transmit manners. It does, and therefore temper is lost at only one end of the wire. And, because the telephone girl has a body as well as lips and fingers and ears, and there is a very complicated system of nerve wiring in each body, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company further animates and sustains the human element that says "Number, please" so many million times a day. It has set up a decent living wage for work performed under sanitary and comfortable conditions, and has provided for sickness, disability, injury, old age, and death in a broader spirit than has yet been done, so far as I know, by any other corporation or government.

And a Man of Mark

ONE meets at rare intervals men whose outwardness reveals with vivid accuracy those inner qualities with which their lives are expressed to their fellow men. Such a one is Theodore Newton Vail. He has, moreover, a peculiar characteristic in that his mind, though massive, is yet agile. Physically he is large, with broad shoulders and deep chest. His lips are full and firm, and from these to the silver-crowned forehead his face betokens an ever-ready potentiality. He suggests as well what one might call the discarding faculty—the ability to choose without hesitation between alternatives. There is, too, an elusive suggestion of the prophet. It is difficult to think of him misreading the signs of the times. His eyes, the veritable windows of his intelligence, denote that one is being weighed and measured, and that somewhere in his brain a process is going on by means of which ultimate and absolute decision will be rendered. With such men argument or anything that will not bear analysis is futile. They are not dazzled, nor do they shrink from any labor which, based on a sound foundation, promises future success. The result is, one might say, a perfecter, an *arbiter industriarum*, wise in the ways of the world. Never a fortune hunter (his wealth did not flow from a wire), he surveys life with calm benignity, believing that greater wonders are as yet unborn, craving no thanks for the part he has so greatly played and paying tribute to all labor but his own.

An administrator like Vail is the economic brother to a man like Samuel Insull. One speaks of Insull with a certain hesitancy. He has a habit of retiring within the barricade of his own achievements and looking over the top with a glance that seems to inquire: "Well, what is your business?"

To Get the Business

ONCE more we revert to Menlo Park, where Insull arrived from England in 1881. The United States was then an electrical maelstrom, and Edison was the vortex. As private secretary, Insull had an inside view of the vortex. He bought its clothes, signed its checks, and wrote its letters. He was alternately amazed, impressed, and inspired till in 1892 he accepted the presidency of the then Chicago Edison Company. Its successor, the Commonwealth Edison Company, controls the entire lighting business of Chicago.

About four years ago Insull asked an editorial friend to give him some ideas for a talk he was about to deliver. The reply was: "Early to bed, Early to rise; Work like Hades and Advertise." Insull a few moments afterward pointed out to his audience that it was quite immaterial to the Chicago company when people got up or went to bed, so small a proportion of its business came from domestic lighting.

Nothing could have better illustrated his analytical mind. Again, in an address to the Bankers' Association, he said that his company had produced a greater saturation of the dollar with electrical energy. In other words, the income was getting larger in proportion to the investment in the Chicago plant. Insull is the sort of man who will take a map of a district, and, figuring on a basis of present and probable population, will determine the possible market for electricity in all its varied forms and then say to his salesmen: "That is the scheme—get the business."

As to his ideas of progress, he holds that the best monument to any man's success is a first-class junk pile. The swiftness with which he discards what is of questionable advantage reminds one of Vail and Edison. He also believes that electric lighting—even though a hundred million lamps are used a year—is destined to become a by-product of the electrical supply business, so diffuse are its modern applications.

Insull is a man of curves. He will prove by a diagram composed of intersecting lines just what it will cost to

ook a 10-pound roast in an electric ove or produce 1 horsepower-hour om a 40,000-horsepower turbine; and, regard to the steak, he will point out at it will shrink less than by any her method of cooking. He indicates, ot as a matter of pride but of inter-st, that the Chicago Commonwealth dison Company turned out in 1912 ore than half as much power as d 303 British companies combined; lso that steam-generated electricity is, spite of every idea to the contrary, neaper than hydroelectric current in ll but exceptional cases. He has, above ll, the magnificent conception of the eal central station, linked mechanical-y to every human need of energy, ap-lying itself not merely to the produc-ion of power for light, or street cars, r manufacturing, but drawing its eco-omic reasons for existence from the conomic requirements of the population.

The electrical pioneers have made their impress upon the method and means of life of the modern world. Yet not one of them would lay sole claim to any given distinction. So complex is invention, so remote the mental process, so subject to a myriad of impulses which come swiftly and silently out of the unknown, that he would be bold and probably unwise who said: "I did it! Unaided and alone, I did it." It is also cheering to discover that one might almost gauge their greatness by their modesty. They acknowledge, furthermore, how much remains to be done. It is the spirit of progression up that ladder whose end is still out of sight in the clouds. Great as they are, still greater yet are waiting to be born. Such is progress and such it must always be. But to these men before whose clear eyes the vistas of electrical science so far unrolled let us offer tribute while we may.

Held to Answer

Continued from page 10

ave just carried me off." Her voice had vonderful tones in it—tones that started nore avalanches inside; but she ap-eared as unconscious of the tones and heir effect as of him. She was making nother note in her part.

"Better practice that 'carry' off tage before we try it at rehearsal," alled the sharp voice of Mowrey. His yes and his remark were addressed to Miss Dounay. Miss Dounay nodded.

"Shall we?" she said, and looked traight at Hampstead, giving him his irst glance into self-confident eyes vhich were clear, brownish-black, with iquescent unsounded depths. In form t was a question she had asked; in effect it was a command from a very cool and businesslike young person.

"I presume we had better," said John, affecting a foolish little laugh, vhich did not, however, get very far ecause the earnest air of Miss Dounay vas inhospitable to levity.

"See here!" she instructed. "I throw up my arms in a faint. My left arm falls across your right shoulder. At the same time I give a little spring with my right leg, and I throw up my eft leg like this. At that instant you throw your right arm under my shoulders, your left arm gathers my egs; I will hold 'em stiff. There!" (Miss Dounay's arm was on John's shoulder, and she was preparing to suit the rest of her action to her words.) 'Without any effort to lift me," she continued, talking now into his ear, "I will be extended in your arms. All you have to do is to be taking your running stride as I come to you, and after that to hold me poised while you bound off the stage. Can you do it?"

WITH this crisp, challenging question on her lips, Miss Dounay completed the proposed maneuver of her lower limbs, and John found himself with the long, exquisitely molded body of a beautiful woman balancing in his arms, while a foolish quiver passed over him and shook him till he actually trembled.

"Am I so heavy?" asked a matter-of-fact voice from his shoulder.

"You are not heavy at all," replied Hampstead, hotly provoked at himself.

"Run then," she commanded.

The resultant effort was a few staggering, ungraceful steps.

"Dounay weighs a hundred and fifty if she weighs an ounce," said a passing voice.

John, as, all chagrin, he deposited the lady upon her feet, saw her lip curl and her dark eyes flash scornfully at the leading juvenile man who, with grimacing intent to tease, had made the remark to the ingénue as both passed near.

"Insolence!" hissed Miss Dounay after the scoffer, and turned again to Hampstead, speaking sharply: "Very bad! You must be in your running stride when my weight falls on you. We must practice."

And practice they did, at every spare moment of the rehearsal during the entire week. From these "practices" Hampstead learned an unusual number of things about women which, in his limited experience, he had either not known or which had not been brought home to him before. Some of these, he presumed, applied generally to all women; others, he had no doubt, were particular to Miss Dounay. As, for instance, when he looked down at her face where it lay in the curve of his arm: that the oval outline of her cheeks was startlingly perfect; that there were pools of liquid fire in her eyes; that her lips were beautifully and naturally red; that they were long, pliable, sensitive, with fleeting curves that raced like ripples upon these shores of velvet and ruby, expressing as they ran an infinite variety of passing moods. The chin, too, came in for a great deal of this attention. It was round and smooth at the corners, with a delicately chiseled vertical cleft in it, which at times ran up and met a horizontal cleft that appeared beneath the lower lip when any slight breath of displeasure brought a pout to that ruby, pendent lobe. This meeting place of the two clefts formed a kind of transitory dimple, a trysting place of all sorts of fugitive attractions which exercised a singular fascination for the big man.

HE used to wonder what the sensation would be like to sink his lips in that precious, delectable valley. It would have been physically simple. A slight lifting of his right arm and shoulder, a slight declension of his neck, and the mere instinctive planting of his lips, and the thing were done! However, John had no thought of doing this. In the first place, he wouldn't—without permission, for he was a man of honor and of self-control. In the second place, he wouldn't because a woman was a thing very sacred to him, and a kiss, a deliberate and flesh-tingling kiss, was a caress to be held as sacred as the woman herself and for the expression of an emotion he had not yet felt for any woman: a statement which to the half-cynical might prove again that John Hampstead was a very inexperienced and very monk-minded youth indeed to be abroad in the unromanticism of this twentieth century. Yet the fact remains that Hampstead did not consciously conspire to violate the neutrality of this tiny, alluring haunt of tantalizing beauty which lurked bewitchingly between the red lower lip and the white, firm chin of Miss Marien Dounay.

But there were other things that John was learning swiftly, some of which amounted to positive disillusionment. One was that a woman's body is not necessarily so sacred nor so inviolate after all; that instead of inviolate, it may be made inviolable by a sort of desexing at will. Miss Dounay could do this and did do it, so that, for instance, when her form stiffened in his arms it was no more like what he supposed the touch of a woman's body should be than a post. In the first place, the body itself, beneath that trim, tailored suit, appeared to be sheathed in steel from the shoulder almost to the knee. John had supposed that corsets were to confine the waist. This one, if that were what it was and not some sort of armor put on for these rehearsals, encased the whole body.

ANOTHER thing that contributed to this desexing was Miss Dounay's bearing toward himself. He might have been a mere mechanical device for any regard she showed him at rehearsals. She pushed or pulled him about, commanded the bend and adjustment of his arms as if he had been an artificial man, and never by any hint indicated that she thought of him as a person, least of all as a male person. Undoubtedly this robbed his new adventure of some of its spice. But a change came. When for five days John was undecided whether he should admire this manner of hers as supreme artistic abstraction or resent it as supercilious disdain, Margaret O'Neil, one of the

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Don't simply ask for a knife and take any kind that's handed to you. That's the way so many dull, poorly made pieces of cutlery find their way into our homes.

It's just as easy to get the best—ask for the UNIVERSAL Brand. Every piece of

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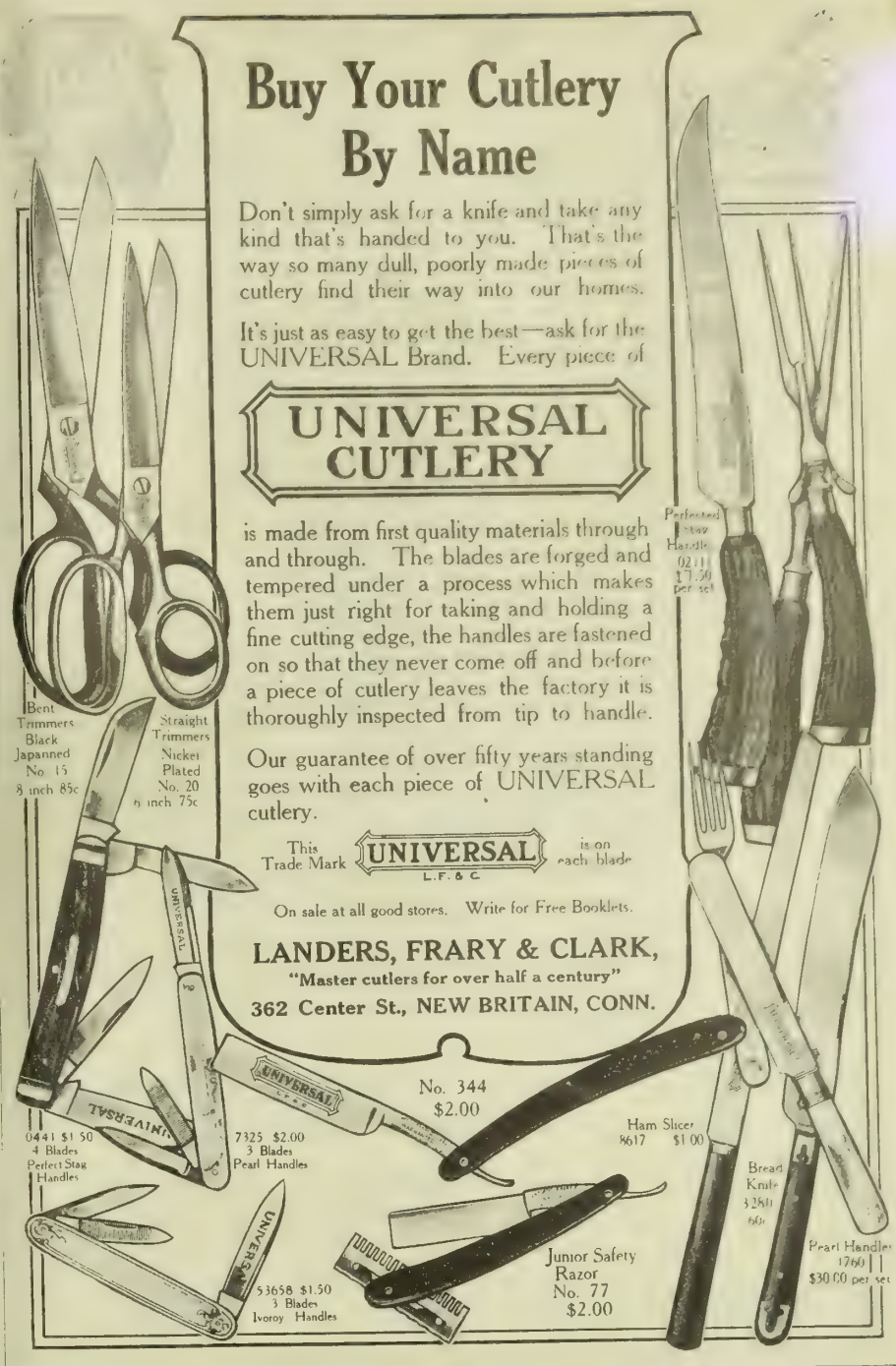
is made from first quality materials through and through. The blades are forged and tempered under a process which makes them just right for taking and holding a fine cutting edge, the handles are fastened on so that they never come off and before a piece of cutlery leaves the factory it is thoroughly inspected from tip to handle.

Our guarantee of over fifty years standing goes with each piece of UNIVERSAL cutlery.

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No. 44 Push Drill. Has *adjustable* tension—you set it to suit hard or soft wood, large or small drill. Saves breakage of drill-points, time, trouble. $1.75.

Eight "YANKEE" Drill-points, 1/16 to 11/64, held points up, in magazine in handle

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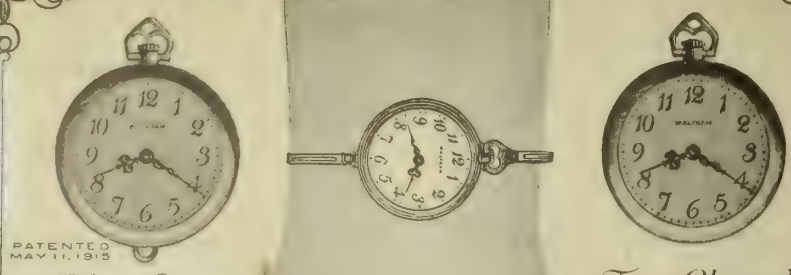
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You can make no better contribution to Prosperity than by doing your Christmas shopping during ELECTRICAL PROSPERITY WEEK —November 29 to December 4.



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The New Waltham Wrist Watch With Disappearing Eye

The bracelet watch is no longer a fad. It is now one of the recognized ways in which a watch may be worn even by conservative people.

The invention of the disappearing eye makes it possible to wear the watch shown above as a bracelet watch, and merely by closing the eye convert it into a regular watch which can then be used as a chatelaine, sautoir or pocket piece.

The novelty and practical advantages of this watch are so obvious that they speak for themselves. As a Christmas gift it is unlikely that anything quite so attractive will be offered to you this season.

Jewelers and expert watch workmen know that Waltham movements will run more accurately and require less attention than other makes. This excellence of manufacture becomes even more important in small watches. If you have ever had experience with ordinary small watches, you will appreciate the need of a Waltham.

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This is the highest award given and the only one of its class. Scientific tests prove the instrumental superiority of Waltham Watches. This is an outstanding fact conceded by horologists.

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Drug laxatives are artificial, and some are habit-forming. Bran is a vital part of wheat.

The most effective form is bran flakes—unground bran. That's what you get in Pettijohn's. And you get it hidden in luscious soft wheat flakes.

This morning dainty brightens every day it starts. Everyone will welcome its taste and its effect.

A week of Pettijohn's will show you that right living requires bran. Prove it now.

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FOWNES GLOVES

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A simple sum in subtraction shows that Fownes gloves have been worn for one hundred and thirty-eight years.

A fair period of time in which to "try out" any product!

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. LIKE A GLOVER'S PARING KNIFE—SHAKESPEARE

YOUR CHRISTMAS PROBLEM SOLVED

The problem of what to give this Christmas is easily solved if you consider the wide range of useful and beautiful things to be found among Things Electrical. The distinctiveness and utility of an electrical gift are sure to delight the recipient and the impression that it creates will be far in excess of the moderate cost.

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PERCOLATORS	SHAVING MIRRORS	ELECTRIC GRILLS
CHAFING DISHES	VACUUM CLEANERS	LIBRARY LAMPS
EGG BOILERS	HAIR DRYERS	BOUDOIR LAMPS
TEA KETTLES	FLAT IRONS	

Buy them at your electric dealers

character old ladies who had constituted herself a combination of critic and chaperon of these "carry" practices, turned, after a word with Miss Dounay, and said:

"We should like to know who it is that is carrying us about."

"Why, certainly," exclaimed John, all of his doubt disappearing in a toothful smile as he swept off his hat. "My name is Hampstead, John Hampstead."

"Miss Dounay, allow me to present Mr. Hampstead," said Miss O'Neil, without the molting of an eyelash.

Miss Dounay extended her hand cordially for a lofty, English handshake, accompanied by an agreeable smile and a chuckling laugh, understood by John to be in recognition of the oddness of the situation.

AFTER this things were somewhat different. There was less sense of strain on his part, and he began to realize that there had been some strain upon hers which now was relaxed. Her body was less postlike; and toward the end of rehearsal, when she was possibly a little tired, it lay in his arms quite placidly, relaxing until its curves yielded and conformed to the muscular lines of his own torso.

Yet Miss Dounay never betrayed the slightest self-consciousness at such moments. Whatever the woman as woman might be, she was, as an actress, so absolutely devoted to the creation of the character she was rehearsing, so painstakingly careful to reproduce in every detail of tone and action the true impression of a pure-minded Christian maiden, that Hampstead, with his firm religious backgrounding, unhesitatingly imputed to the woman herself all the virtues of the chaste and incomparable Lygia.

When dress-rehearsal time came at midnight on Sunday, just after the regular performance had been concluded and John saw Miss Dounay for the first time in the dress of the character, his soul was enraptured. Clad in a Grecian robe, its simple folds were furled at the waist and then swept downward in one billowy leap, unrelieved in their impressive whiteness by any touch of color, save that afforded by the jet-bright eyes with their assumed worshipful look and the wide-flowing stream of her dark, luxuriant hair, which, loosely bound at the neck, plunged downward to her hips. The devout curve of her alabaster neck, the gleaming shoulders, the full, tapering, ivory arms; her sandaled bare feet—yes, John looked close to make sure, and they were actually bare—rounded out the picture.

MARIEN DOUNAY stood forth more like an angel vision than a woman, at once so beautiful and so adorable that big, sincere, open-eyed John Hampstead worshiped her where she stood—worshiped her and loved her, as a man should love an angel. Yet as he looked he was almost guiltily conscious that he knew a secret about this angelic vision—that this chiseled flesh, with rounded, shapely contours that would be the despair of any sculptor, was not as marblelike as it looked; was, indeed, soft to the touch and warm, radiant, and magnetic. And John, blissfully aglow with his spiritual ardor, had no faint suspicion that his secret might kill his illusion nor that his devotion would survive that decease, although something very like this happened on the night of the first performance.

The spectacular second act was on. Things were not going as smoothly as they appeared to from the front. Even the inexperienced Hampstead as he waited for his cue could see that his angel was being enormously vexed by the manner in which Vinicius made his love. Henry Lester was a brilliant actor, but flighty and erratic. During rehearsal Mowrey had much trouble in getting him to memorize accurately the business of his part. He would do one thing one way to-day and forget it or reverse it on the next. To-night Lester was committing all these histrionic felonies. Miss Dounay had continually to adapt herself to his impulsive caprices, to shift speeches, and alter business. The climax of exasperation came when one of the wide metal circlets upon his arm became entangled in the gossamer threads of Lygia's hair and pulled it painfully. Yet the actress was sufficiently accomplished to play her own part irreproachably and deliver John's cue at the right moment to secure the startling entrance already described and thus to be gracefully and dramatically swept away from the rude advances of her importunate lover.

It was at the end of this particular scene and offstage, when the curtain was descending to the accompaniment of applause from the audience, that the death of John's illusion came. For a delicious instant he was still holding Lygia from the floor as if instinctively sheltering her amid the general confusion of crowding actors and hurrying stage hands. Nothing loath, she lay at rest, with eyes closed and features composed as in the faint. To the raw, impressionable young man, Marien had never looked so much an angel as at this moment; and now she was coming to, as if still in character. Her eyelids fluttered, but did not open, and then her lips moved slightly, stiffly, under their load of greasy carmine, as if she would speak. In self-forgetful ecstasy Hampstead bent eagerly to receive the confidence. Perhaps she was going to thank him, to whisper a word of congratulation. Whatever the communication might be his soul was in raptures of delightful anticipation as he felt her breath upon his cheek.

THE communication was made promptly and unhesitatingly, after which Miss Dounay alertly swung her feet to the floor and walked out upon the stage to receive her curtain call, leading Ursus by the hand, mentally dazed, inwardly wabbling, outwardly bowing—trying, in fact, to do just as the others did. But in John's mind now there was a numbing sense of shock, for he could not refuse to believe his ears, and what this angelic vision had breathed into them in tones of cool, emphatic conviction was: "What a damn fool that man Lester is!"

Off the stage again Hampstead stumbled about amid flying scenery, racing stage hands and a surging mass of supernumeraries, like a man recovering consciousness. He wanted to get out of sight somewhere. He had the feeling of having been stripped naked. Every vestige of his religious adoration had been dynamited out of existence. This was no Christian maiden, but an actress playing a part. As for the woman herself, she was very blasé and very modern. At this moment, as he could see by a glance into the open door of her dressing room, she was sitting with crossed knees, head back and enveloped in a halo of smoke, while her pretty lips were distended in a yawn and the spark of a cigarette glowed in her finger tips. "And I am another!" Hampstead muttered, with a sneer that was aimed inward.

Seven minutes later Lygia walked out of her dressing room minus the cigarette and looking again that angel vision, but Hampstead knew better now. He viewed her at first critically, then reflectively, but was presently startled at the gist of his reflections, which was a sort of self-gratulation because this that he was about to take in his arms was after all not an angel, but that more alluring, less elusive thing, a woman.

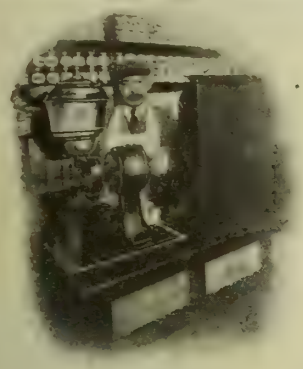
Two more minutes and the pair of stage hands were stretched stomachwise upon the floor, ready to swing open the wings of the gate at the cue from St. Peter, and Lygia was lying once more in John's arms. In the instant of waiting before the curtain rose he had time to notice how contentedly and trustfully she appeared to nestle there. Her breathing was like his, at first, easy and natural; but gradually as the moment of suspense lengthened and the instant of action drew near the rhythmic pulse of both bosoms accelerated as if, heart on heart, their souls beat in unison. John was noticing, too, how soft Marien's body was where the armor did not extend, how deliciously warm it was—indeed, how something like an ethereal heat radiated from it and filled all his veins with a strange, electric, impulsive wishfulness. What was that giddy perfume?

INVOLUNTARILY he drew her closer, with a gentle, steady pressure. At this she raised her eyelids and gazed at him for a moment, contemplatively at first and then passively curious, after which the lids were lowered again while the ripe lips half parted in a voiceless sigh.

So far as Hampstead was concerned, illusion had gone. He knew that he was just a man. So far as Miss Dounay was concerned, he suspected that she was just a woman. But devotion remained. John did not relax his hold. Instead there was a momentary tightening of his arms. "Let 'er go," called the low, tense voice of Mowrey; and with a rustling sound the great curtain slipped slowly upward.

(To be continued next week)

Nov. 29th to Dec. 4th Electrical Prosperity Week


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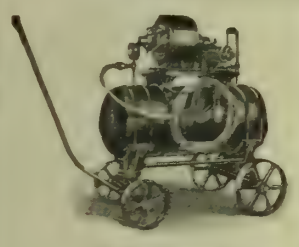
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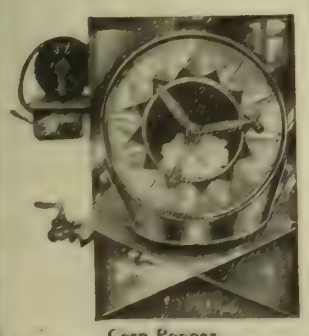
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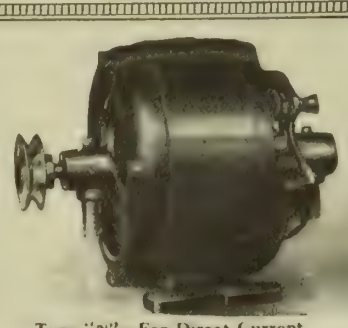
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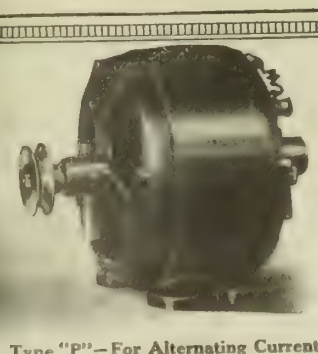
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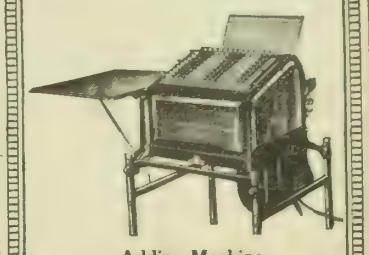
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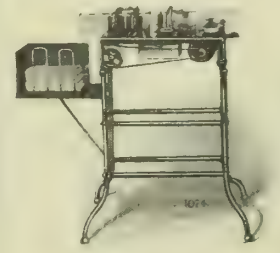

Type "N"—For Direct Current

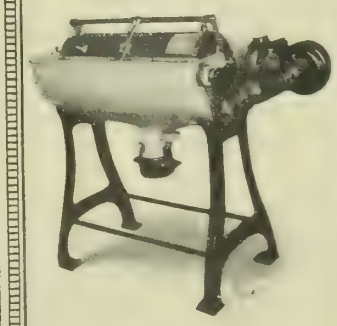

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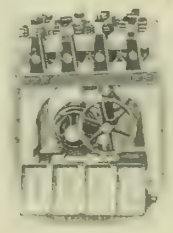
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The WINTER PROBLEM SOLVED





His Own Salvation

Continued from page 15

you'll find how fast I'll go. Gunderhein, you and Gayle take half the boys and gather Alabama. Thorpe and me'll go through town with Strickland and the rest. Strickland'll bring his permit. We'll bring what other fixtures we need, and we'll give Captain Cambonne the tip as we go by."

Gayle and the others immediately carried out Cronin's instructions. They gently gathered the snoring Alabama from his dark repose in the rest room and as gently bore him and his poke through the glaring streets of Dawson and up the dim snow path to Outremont's cabin.

Trudis came forward, all excitement at the entrance of the crowd, but in a few laughing words Gayle explained Cronin's frame-up and besought her help. He was just finishing his explanation when Cronin himself came up the slope with his section of the men. All but him bore upon their shoulders sacks of flour and salt, burdens which they deposited with grunts of relief inside the cabin door. He traveled lighter, hugging under one arm a huge roll of crimson ribbon and under the other arm a huger bundle of scarlet tissue paper.

"Cronin, what on earth are you going to do with those things?" demanded Trudis, who, although she knew, could not forbear to banter the ex-marshal.

"Yes, and what's the flour and salt for?" seconded the amazed Ryan. "Think Alabama's likely to strike a famine going out?"

"Tru," grinned Cronin, "these are adornments for that beloved brother of yours. And you, Rooney," addressing Ryan, "hang on to my string on the bet and keep your mouth shut. You'll soon see what they're all for. You sit over there with Strickland beside Alabama and don't get in the road. We got our work cut out for us. Tru, it's a good cause, and I know you don't mind us taking possession. So go to it, boys, according to the blue prints."

OUTREMONT'S cabin, since it was graced by a woman's presence, was somewhat pretentious and contained two rooms. In the back room, which held a big stone fireplace and bunks, Thorpe and Cronin were accustomed to sleep. In the front room, where stood the Yukon stove, was Gayle's and Trudis's bunk, the plank table and chairs. This layout of the building was peculiarly suited to Cronin's plans. He had had the layout in mind when he made them, and now he hastened their execution. Still hugging his ribbon and tissue paper, he disappeared into the back room with Thorpe and half a dozen more men.

"Here, Mrs. Outremont," protested Ryan, "this has got to be open to the day and according to the contract. They can't try no secret machinations on me. Do I see what they're doing in there?"

"At the proper time, you do," Trudis laughingly assured him. "I'm in on this, and you can take my word for it. All you have to do now is to keep your eye on me. I'm going to help Gayle and the rest."

With her husband and his helpers she plunged into the work on the front room, and Ryan assiduously followed her with his eyes. For Trudis was good to look upon, and she was the life of the undertaking, swift of hand and foot, darting here and there, directing, admonishing, bandying quick words and laughter. Till near dawn she toiled with them as in a labor of love, and Rooney with ever-growing wonder marveled at the transformation effected in the cabin. When their work was done, the front room presented the weird appearance of a frosted cave. The fire was out in the Yukon stove, the table shoved behind the stove and both concealed by a strip of canvas. Walls and ceiling were plastered with flour, and salt covered the floor like snow. In the center of the floor yawned a black gap where a seven-foot plank had been lifted. Through the gap rose a chill air, for the cabin sat sidewise on the incline, one of its sills supported by piles, and underneath the gap was open hillside.

"Ugh!" gasped Ryan, as the frosty air struck him. "You boys are sure strong on ventilation. That breeze ought to wake anybody."

He looked down at Alabama, but the breeze had not penetrated to the latter's consciousness. He snored peacefully on a blanket, unaware of Strickland and Rooney keeping vigil over him, unaware of Trudis's, Gayle's, and the other men's creation, and likewise unaware of the advent of Cronin Hess and his companions, who, with the exception of Thorpe Calgour, stepped forth at that moment from completing their preparations in the back room.

"Where's Thorpe?" demanded Ryan suspiciously. "Mind you ain't working no trick in the dark. I've got my lamps skinned. What's Thorpe doing back in there?"

"Staying to see how it looks," chuckled Cronin. "Don't you worry yourself, Rooney. He'll soon be in evidence. Alabama any way restless yet?"

"Peaceful as a papoose with a suck of tallow," declared Strickland. "See for yourself."

He slid back the cardboard bull's-eye of his dark lantern, which had been fashioned by sticking a candle in a lidded biscuit box and which had been a necessary precaution in the event of Alabama's waking prematurely, and directed the beam upon the sleeper.

MORE than twenty pairs of eyes scrutinized Alabama by the yellow light, but the magnetic power of that stare had no effect. Unmindful of Dawson City, the *Victorian* or Los Angeles, he continued to snore.

"Shame to bring him back to the rank realities of life!" observed Outremont. "Shame to disturb that peace for the turmoil of his destined path. But there's the wife and the children to think of. So go ahead, Strickland. Wake him up."

Strickland reached over with the celerity of a doctor and jabbed Alabama with a long bright needle Hess had borrowed at a drug store. Alabama's body heaved a little and his head, with the eyes still closed, rolled petulantly.

"Aw, Slim, get over," he mumbled, thinking he was reprimanding Slim Sullivan, his bunk mate of several years. "Wake up and go to sleep right. And you'll sure cut your toe nails before I bunk with you another night."

A titter circulated through the group, but Strickland held up a warning hand.

"Whisht!" he admonished. "And hustle, Cronin. He'll be quite lively in a minute."

"All right, inspector. Here, Gayle, you and Thorpe take your tump lines. I'll get my throat cleared for oration. And, Rooney, mind if you open your mouth you forfeit twenty thousand dollars."

Swiftly Outremont sprang to Alabama's head, while Thorpe knelt at his feet. They passed the stout tump lines they held under Alabama's ankles and shoulders. Strickland shoved a third line under his hips. Many hands laid hold of the lines, lifted Alabama bodily up and lowered him into the gravelike gap till he was a little below the level of the floor.

The frost biting at Alabama's back hastened the reviving influence of Strickland's loaded needle. Alabama's eyes opened upon the awesome mouth of the pit wherein he was suspended, upon the crowd of men lowering him in the feeble biscuit box light, upon the frost-rimed cave roof above where played a score of shadows, and his ears quickened to the familiar and stentorian voice of Cronin Hess.

"Boys," he heard Cronin declaiming, "I wish for the sake of our late friend Alabama that there'd been a sky pilot handy, but there wasn't. Father Virgon's a hundred miles down river. He won't be back for two months, not till the ice gets fit for dogs, so this solemn duty by unanimous consent devolves on me. Now I ain't much of a preacher, and I'm going to make the service short. You were all acquainted with the late lamented—"

Alabama's shriek smothered Cronin's voice. "Hold on," Alabama yelled, imploring eyes fixed on Rooney Ryan, who stood beside the ex-marshal. "I ain't dead. Hey, you batty ginks, pull me out! Rooney, make them pull me out."

BUT Rooney, with twenty thousand dollars forfeited if he opened his mouth, could do nothing but stare down like a graven image, denying himself even the luxury of a smile lest he jeopardize his stake. Nor was there any greater hope in the attitude of the men about him. Alabama's convulsive kicking shook the tump lines, but as if there were not the slightest tremor in those lines the holders gripped them tightly, listening with grave solemnity to Cronin Hess's short service.

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And Cronin, surveying the open rave with a sort of passive resigna-on, raised pathetic eyes to the chok-ng Trudis and covered the unortho-ox pause which Alabama's interruption ad occasioned by suggestively spong-ng his eyes with an orange bandana andkerchief.

"With the late lamented Alabama," e went on, "and you know the manner f his demise, how he gambled and rank and waltzed enough in one night kill a dozen Queen Charlotte slanders and fell down of heart failure t the end. We don't need to go deeper nto his shortcomings or into his vir-ues—if he had any. It's a raw land p here. All the men in it are men ith hair on their chests, and it ain't or any one of us to criticize. So let us e glad for Alabama's sake that he idn't come to a more violent end. lso let us be thankful for the sake of he widow and the two fatherless chil-ren down in Los Angeles that he died efore his stake gave out entirely."

HESS raised Horbeed's poke, now prone to sag and with much loose uckskin puckered under the poke trings, and let it thump dully in the alt. "Nearly forty pounds in it yet! lose on ten thousand dollars! A god-end to them as wouldn't have got any-hing if he'd have lived! And right here want to thank you boys who divvied p so that there wouldn't be so much as n ounce of what remained touched, you oys who chipped in and paid for his bsequies, you boys who—"

"Rooney!" squealed Alabama, his voice itched high in terror. "Rooney, make Cronin stop them obsequies. I tell you ain't dead. I tell you I ain't. Murder! Madmen! Massacres! Help! Hel-l-l-p!"

Alabama's appeal for outside aid vi-rated as shrill and as long as a siren whistle, but the ex-marshal apparently eard not even a whisper.

"You boys," with an impelling uplift f the arm, "who kindly acted as un-dertakers, hearse, pallbearers, and sex-ons! On behalf of the widow and the atherless I thank you. It'll sure be a ource of comfort to them to know you tood with Alabama at the end and owered him—yes, go on and lower, boys —into his last resting place on earth!"

The tump lines slipped slowly through he holders' hands.

Alabama's body sank steadily down nto the black pit. Men standing on ither side with shovels in their hands egan to shovel in the salt.

At the impact of the white crystals which he deemed smothering snow Ala-ama emitted a bellow that nearly blew ut the biscuit box light.

"Whisht, wait a bit!" commanded Strickland. "I heard something like a igh. Did any of you men sigh?"

They all with shakes of their heads disclaimed anything other than silent espiration, while Alabama sent up yells hat shook the flour off the roof.

Inspector Strickland leaned over the dge of the grave and listened atten-ively. "There sure is something like feeble moaning down there," he de-lared in astonishment. "It can't be Alabama, but you better pull up a little, boys, till we make sure. We hear so nuch about burying alive nowadays."

Obediently the men hauled up, and Alabama's kicking legs and flailing arms shot into view. Still shrieking, he managed with a terrific effort to throw himself sidewise, and all tangled in the ump lines he rolled out upon the brink of his burial place.

AS if he had seen a ghost arise, In-spector Strickland staggered back and sat down heavily in a drift of salt. His mouth gaped big and round, and his eyes, as big and as round as his mouth, stared dazedly at Alabama.

"Alabama," he protested, as a man who cannot believe the evidence of his own eyes, "you're dead. You can't be anything else but dead. You were dead when the boys gathered you up. You were dead when we had you examined at a drug store, and by thunder, you're dead in my burial permit."

Strickland pulled out a formidable document and shook it accusingly at Alabama, who was struggling with the ump lines.

"Boys," he flared with a show of vio-ent anger, "it sure isn't right for Ala-ama to play up like this. I issue a per-mit for his burial, and he sits up and doesn't need it. It sure isn't right for him to come to unexpected and spoil my reputation."

"But, listen here, Inspector!" com-manded Trudis, leaning forward with a gravity which bordered on alarm. "You

57

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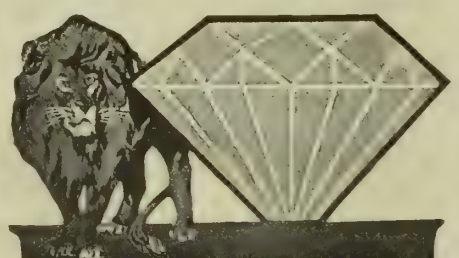
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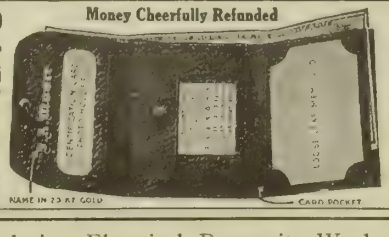
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don't mean you're *allowing* him to come back?"

"Yes," Gayle cut in, "leaving out the matter of your reputation, Strickland, what about his wife and children down in Los Angeles? What about this ten thousand dollars? Are we going to commit the immoral act of starting Alabama again along the riotous road we flattered ourselves he had duly quitted to squander the remaining funds the wife and children should have? By thunder, I raise my voice and say no!"

"And we all raise our voices and say no!" shouted the rest of the men in a clamorous chorus.

"By the hide of Carmack, you're right!" agreed Strickland. "For the moment I forgot them. They're the deciding factor. Yes, you're right. And it's between ourselves. No one can know anything of it. He's dead in the eyes of Dawson City. He's dead in the burial permit. He owes it to those who'll benefit by it to play the man and go on and be buried. So lay hold of the tump lines again, boys. Lay hold and lower away!"

Outremont and Hess made a grab at the lines, but Alabama by frantic struggling and kicking, all the while yelling for help, had contrived to work free of them. He sprang erect and seizing the poke sitting in the salt, swung it round his head like a bludgeon.

"Get back, you massacring maniacs, or you'll get a forty-pound crack in the skull!" he screamed. "Don't you lay a hand on me. I ain't going to be buried alive. Keep away, you ghastly ghouls! Keep away or I'll have the Mounted Police on to you this minute. Yes, and I'll have Strickland fired by higher authority. Captain Constantine'll deal with you geezers, and Rooney, you hypocritical shark, you're the first one I'll have him pinch!"

RYAN'S face grew apoplectic, and speech welled up in his throat, but a significant glance from the ex-marshal choked him off.

"Pah!" sneered Cronin. "Think Captain Constantine's going hunting a man who's properly accounted for by Strickland's burial permit? Think he's coming down in here, anyway? The frost was too hard to dig outside, so we came where it was soft. Do you know where you are? I'll tell you. You're a thousand feet into the heart of the Dome, at the end of the tunnel Gunderhein's Syndicate drove to find the mother lode. That's where you are, Alabama, so far in the earth that you must be next door to the devil himself, and as sure as there's frost on your mustache and snow in your hair, you'll never see daylight again!"

The ex-marshal, assisted by Outremont, was maneuvering his advance while he spoke so that Alabama was forced to retreat toward the doorway of the back room. From that doorway the door had been removed and the space cunningly sealed with tacked-up tar paper coated, like the rest of the wall, with flour.

When Alabama was within a yard of the doorway, Cronin and Gayle made a determined rush at him.

Alabama, still calling for Constantine and desperately swinging his poke in defense, sprang back out of their reach. His heels struck the step. His back struck the supposed cave wall, and he plunged backward through the fragile barrier of the tar paper as a circus clown goes through a paper ring.

IN the moment of Alabama's fall Strickland blew out the light. Cronin, Gayle, and Gunderhein slipped out three more planks of the flooring leaving a wide cavity in front of the doorway. Then, drawing the surprised Ryan with them, Gayle, Trudis, Cronin, and the rest lined up in the obscurity.

Through the hole Alabama had ripped in the tar paper Rooney could see to amazing advantage the artistry of Hess, Thorpe, and the others who had worked in secret upon the back room. In lurid contrast to the frost-rimed front room it glowed like a fiery furnace. Floor, ceiling, and walls were covered with scarlet tissue paper. The upper stonework of the fireplace was likewise concealed, and the opening of the fireplace itself was choked with live coals. A handful of brimstone thrown upon the coals burned ghostly blue, giving out vile, sulphurous fumes. And in the midst of the fumes posed Thorpe Calgour. His supple, sinewy body and limbs were tightly wound with crimson ribbon, and there were other appropriate frills to his costume. Pensive he

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stood, a red-skinned demon, horned, masked, hoofed, and tailed, poking at the coals with a Stick Indian salmon spear that was a relic of the cabin.

The ones outside saw Alabama inside spring to his feet in the glaring inferno, his eyes focused with a horrified stare upon the Satanic figure poking at the coals. "Glowing Gehenna!" he roared.

Thorpe whirled like lightning. "Well, what did you expect after the way you've been rampaging round?" he demanded in an unearthly screech. "Painted Paradise?"

Thorpe jumped three feet in the air and brandished his ugly spear, but Alabama did not stop to state his expectations. Hugging his poke to his breast, he took a fear-blind leap back the way he had come, dropped through the cavity in the flooring, struck the snow-drifted slope between the cabin's piles and tobogganed down the incline.

HOW he passed through the bowels of the earth out of the heart of the Dome and landed on Dawson's flat must have been a festering mystery in Alabama's mind, but it was a mystery there was no chance to probe, for he realized that his Satanic Majesty had also turned the trick. Alabama saw him coming in the lightening gray of the Arctic dawn, red-skinned, horned, masked, hoofed, and tailed, brandishing his ugly spear and making his three-foot air-springs down the hillside.

It was no time for vacillation. Alabama's eyes, sweeping the water front for some quick refuge, encountered the *Victorian* lying at the White Pass steamer landing. From her funnel swirled a trailing banner of smoke, and round her all Dawson City congregated in a mournful mob. Alabama knew what the smoke and the mob meant. Steam was up. Upon a tide of tears the *Victorian* was sailing for the Outside, and the Outside was to him a place of safety where no Satanic inhabitant of the heart of the Dome could massacre him or treacherous friends entomb him alive. So with the vantage of the *Victorian's* deck in view he dashed frantically toward the water front.

Captain Cambonne, living up to the tip Cronin Hess had given him, was on the watch from the pilot house. He saw Alabama coming, and before the latter's feet struck the landing, the *Victorian's* bell began a blatant jangle. It was the notice of the sailing. The gangplank commenced to slide in, and the crowd of Dawsonites raised their voices in farewell lamentations.

"Hey, captain, wait, wait!" gasped Alabama, wildly shaking his poke to signal the pilot house. "Case of—life—or—death! Stop her!"

But Captain Cambonne remembered what the ex-marshal had described and impressed upon him as the psychological move at the psychological moment, and the position of the boat was such as to lend itself favorably to the accomplishment of that move. The shore ice on the river was thick and formidable though the middle current still ran free, and for the accommodation of docking or departing steamers a channel had been cut through this shore ice from the clear water to the wharf. It was the custom to back out of the channel, swing in the free current and head upstream against the running ice, and now Cambonne gave the engine room the order to reverse.

THE *Victorian*, being the last boat of the year, was crammed with passengers interspersed with husky dogs. Because it was a race against the frost and the steamer would make a nonstop run to Whitehorse, all freight for way points on the Upper River had been refused, but the huskies of necessity were exempt from this ruling and passed as human beings. Navigation, generally earlier to cease on the Lower Yukon, was already closed, and those of the Lower River camps like Forty-mile and Eagle City who had no exit by way of St. Michaels were bound out to tidewater over the White Pass. Americans, Englishmen, French-Canadians, Swedes, Russians, Jews, and Poles, all were jammed together, the whole blended into one barbaric mass by a sprinkling of fierce-eyed Sticks, Chilcats, Wrangels, and Queen Charlotte Islanders.

So heavily was the *Victorian* loaded down that she backed but slowly. Almost imperceptibly she moved, but foot by foot the gap between her bow and the landing widened, and to the mourning crowd it semed that the disheveled, sweat-dripping Alabama, bolting suddenly from nowhere through their ranks

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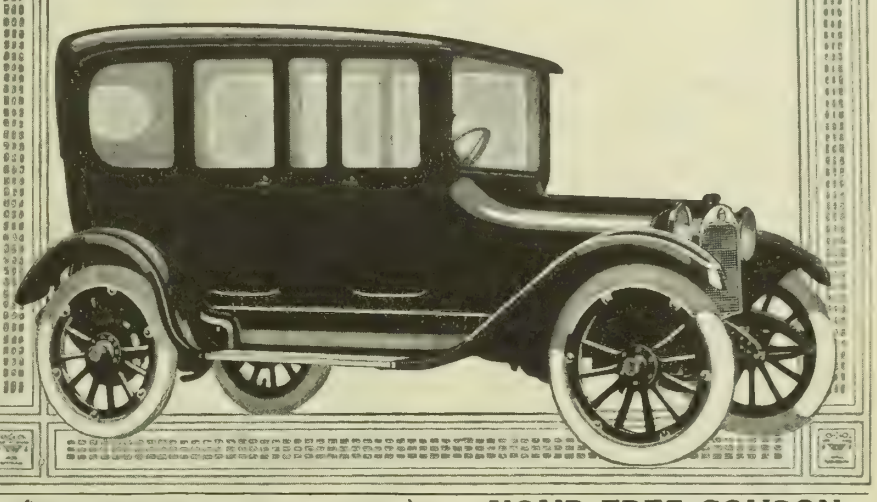
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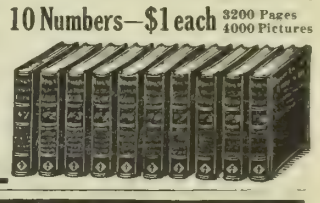
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had lost his sailing. But the crowd did not know the spur behind Alabama. The *Victorian* was fifteen feet out, but under the urge of that spur a fifteen-foot water gap was not enough to doom him to destruction. On the wharf lay a serried pile of inbrought merchandise, boxes, bales, and bags, a mountainous pile that topped the steamer's rail. Up on to the outer wall of this pile Alabama swung from the vantage of a handy truck and ran forward to its highest rampart many feet above the water.

With a straight-arm thrust he cast the forty-pound poke ahead, as one casts a medicine ball. It whizzed past the dodging heads of a score of men and thudded squarely among a knot of warring huskies, squelching the war and scattering the howling beasts below. Then Alabama tensed every muscle in the jump and landed face down on top of a Swede and a Wrangel Indian.

Captain Cambonne rang full speed astern and stared out of the pilot house at Gayle Outremont, Trudis Outremont, Cronin Hess, Inspector Strickland, and many more doubled up with mirth by a cabin on Dawson's hillside, at the rigid, mirthless figure of Rooney Ryan in front and at a red-skinned demon, horned, masked, hoofed, and tailed, sneaking by devious ways out of Dawson's flat to join them. And as he stared and grinned, he could not forbear to reach for his megaphone.

Swiftly he put the small end to his lips and poked the large end out of the pilot-house window. "Rooney, you lose!" he bellowed in a voice that echoed as far as Moosehide Mountain.

Two Little Boys

An Allegory

ONCE upon a time there were two boys. One was the child of rich parents: the other an offspring of the slums. The one was richly dressed and attended by servants: the other clothed in rags.

The rich little boy had tutors to instruct him in learning; he attended gymnasium classes to make him strong and read great and noble books to teach him to be brave. On Sundays he was sent to Sunday school where he was taught the duty of self-sacrifice and devotion to his fellow men. The poor little boy had none of these things.

Now it so happened that both these little boys one afternoon were playing in the park beside the river. And while they were there a child fell from one of the piers into the deep water.

Now which of the boys was it that leaped fearlessly into the water, at the peril of his life, to rescue the struggling child?

The poor boy, you say at once. Not at all, you are quite wrong. It was the rich little boy. Didn't I say that his mind had been specially trained and that he had been taught to be courageous? In he jumped at once.

The boy from the slums simply stood on the bank and said: "Gee, see the young dood jump into the drink!"

By the way, the rich little boy was drowned. They'd forgotten to teach him to swim. Too bad.—STEPHEN LEACOCK.



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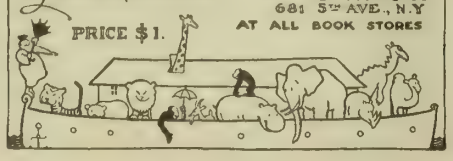
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SHELLS AND THE MAN

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

THE train sped through the long British twilight. Towns, villages—here and there a military camp, with red flags still redder in the setting sun—all flashed by. In the saloon of the private car sat a short, stocky, sturdy man with an expressive Welsh face that went from grave to gay with incredible swiftness.

His long, gray hair rolled over his collar, his eyes looked through you. High above the rattle of the wheels rang his voice, even as his personality dominated all about him. He radiated force.

Lloyd-George was going back to London from Bristol. A few hours before, in a stuffy, packed hall on a side street, he had swept an almost hostile audience to his feet. With eloquence grounded in logic and reason he had brought home to the labor dictators of England the folly of their attitude toward the Government. Vividly and graphically he had laid bare his work as Minister of Munitions. He had gone through the tiresome acclaim that greets notables in a provincial city; he had shaken hands at the station with battered sun- and shot-swept human wrecks home from the fiery altar of the Dardanelles.

A wistful weariness clouded his face, for no man in the British Empire to-day is so pressed with toil. He talked and worked, then silence fell upon him. Brooding, he watched the landscape fly by. Then the talk began again, and it was of the thing that lies dearest to him, the work of munitions. Light flashed in the piercing eyes as he brought down his fist and said with Rooseveltian vigor:

"This war is not a war of human mass against human mass, but machine against machine."

In these words Lloyd-George summed up the task that makes him England's man of the hour to-day, that centers on him, as much as on the khaki host in France, the hope and the future of the empire. As Shell Master of England he holds her very destiny in the fabric of the great organization that he wrought out of chaos and confusion.

The world knows how Lloyd-George rose from provincial lawyer and was Chancellor of the Exchequer at the beginning of the War of Wars. It also knows something about the historic upheaval that exposed England's shortage of high explosives, that sent a whole Government tottering to its fall, created the Ministry of Munitions, and placed the little Welshman in charge. But it knows very little about this newly created branch of the British Government which translated a forlorn national hope into an aggressive reality. What follows hereafter, therefore, is the first authoritative interpretation of the work that has, so far as England is concerned, practically changed the whole face of the war.

Called to a Titan Task

THE moment that Lloyd-George left his desk in Downing Street to become Minister of Munitions it was as if a 42-centimeter shell had suddenly exploded under an antiquated machine. Into the maze of red tape shot an energizing force. The traditional "muddle through" became "smash through," and it set a whole new standard of organized efficiency. Never did man face a more appalling task. It was not as if Lloyd-George had stepped into a position made vacant by some other man: to take up, in other words, the conduct of an established and going work. He had to break fresh ground, create a whole new governmental activity that practically meant victory or defeat for the English cause. More than this, he had to bring industrial order out of disorder. Up to this time sturdy gray-haired man was put squarely the job of finding shot and shell for the British forces. It meant two specific things: first, to speed up existing contracts; second, to open up fresh sources of supply. He had at his command, to be sure, the old English ordnance agencies, together with the sources of neutral supply that had been established.



A wistful weariness clouds Lloyd-George's face, but light flashes from the piercing eyes, and Rooseveltian vigor



But the big and compelling work was to create an English machine for munitions production that would make the nation as independent as possible of foreign factories.

Pause a moment and visualize the situation. You behold a man summoned to a fateful task in the gray hour of his country's history. Greater even than the need of money, more urgent than the plea for men, was the guns' insistent hunger for their devastating food. It called to him from a dozen desperate fields. He heard the call and made answer in a way that soon changed despair to hope and wrought victory out of what seemed impending defeat.

Building an Organization

NOW for the miracle. The one tangible evidence of his new work that lay before Lloyd-George was a piece of parchment with the royal seal proclaiming him head of the new Ministry of Munitions. But vivifying that document was the genius of inspiring leadership and organization, and this genius became the corner stone of the new department.

Lloyd-George is not a business man, but he knows how business things must be done. He knew, among other things, how America had built up the empire of her industry through scientific, close-knit business efficiency. So he said to himself:

"If we are going into the business of making munitions, we must conduct it as a great business organization. We must have veterans of business, not of war."

In other words, Lloyd-George viewed his new responsibility just as any clear-headed American business man would look upon a productive task to which he had been set. The ministry became a gigantic manufacturing concern. Instead of typewriters, shoes, threshers, or safety razors, it was to produce shot and shell.

There was a big difference, however, between this business and a private enterprise. In the first place, there was no worry as to expense; in the second, it faced no problem of distribution because the demand for the product exceeded the supply.

Lloyd-George did what any intelligent manufacturer would do: he created an organization of men of trained and proved experience. He knew that first of all he would have to deal with that most troublous and turbulent of all British problems—labor—so he created a Bureau of Labor Supply. At the head of it he put a man who had spent a lifetime handling men. He was C. F. Rey, who had been a dominating labor factor in the Board of Trade. He felt that no campaign for men and machines to make munitions would succeed without publicity, so he took from the oldest and greatest of all English advertising houses H. E. Morgan, a publicity expert, who once marshaled the battalions of print. He realized that inventive genius would sooner or later help to make a quicker peace, so he established a munitions-inventions branch, and at the head of it put E. W. Moir, one of the most distinguished engineers in the kingdom. And so it went all up and down the line. In every branch of service he placed a specialist who knew his job. This mobilization of England's industrial forces required offices and a large clerical force. The spirit which animated the new Ministry of Munitions is best illustrated by a very striking concrete example. Up to this time the direction of munitions in England had been housed in the War Office under Kitchener's eye. Just as soon as the breath of life and energy had been infused into the work there was a crowding of elbows. "We must have more offices," was the plaint that went up. "All right," said the Government. "You shall have them in due time." The pon-





A munitions volunteer is a workman who volunteers for war work and signs a six-month pledge

derous machine of officialdom was set in motion. The Government pointed its hand across Whitehall to a group of old mansions that lay snugly ensconced in the damp depths of Whitehall Gardens. Here, where the belles and beaux of Thackeray's day danced and dined, the nerve center of the British munitions offensive was set up. The charming old rooms that used to echo with the swish of skirts and the sound of laughter and jest now rattled with the whir of typewriters.

In an office on the second floor Lloyd-George established himself as commander in chief of the forces of shell production. Against the windows nodded the branches of a mulberry tree planted by James I in that good old English day.

But the rooms in these mansions were soon crowded. "We must have more space," said Mr. Rey, "and we must have it to-morrow."

Over at the War Office they threw up their hands in horror.

"It will take weeks and weeks to supply it," they said.

"Nonsense!" said Rey. "We must have one hundred more girls at work to-morrow."

"But there are no offices for them," was the plea.

"Put up tents for them," flashed Rey with an energy which was the voice of a new England geared up to high-pressure work.

Within forty-eight hours a small village of tents sprang up in the gardens behind those old Whitehall mansions. Almost before the last stake was driven an army of girls was at work operating typewriters, filing letters, and indexing cards—all part of the clerical end of the new machine that, through destruction of men, was to work out England's salvation.

"Now for permanent offices," said Rey, for summer was in full swing, and before long the chill winds of winter would be sweeping in.

To meet this request was another typical performance. One by one rose the wooden edifices that were to house the Ministry of Munitions through the war. As a section went up a corresponding area of tents went down. When I first saw this beehive of British activity in September the last piece of canvas had gone and in its stead stood the long, rambling, barnlike structure that was a dynamo of activity.

Enlisting Business Brains

HERE sit the heads of the various departments which control the general operations of the Ministry of Munitions. Realizing that you cannot operate distant works by long distance from London, Lloyd-George set up local boards of government in each of the great ordnance centers of England, places like Woolwich, Sheffield, Newcastle, and Middlesbrough. This enabled the munitions authorities to become familiar with conditions from first-hand contact, to deal with the emergencies as they arose, which saves time and trouble.

For these boards, as well as for his general staff, he enlisted the best business brains of the country. Instead of the fierce competition that had prevailed in the wild struggle for war profits, he now found cooperation among men whose services could not be bought for any price. They rallied around him, first because the really desperate plight of the nation with regard to ammunition had stirred their pride and patriotism, and, second, because they knew that at last they were enrolled under a magnetic and productive leadership.

Go to the headquarters of the Ministry of Munitions in Whitehall to-day and you think for a moment that you are in the main offices of a great American industry. Messengers (in this case they happen to be volunteer Boy Scouts) dash to and fro; there is the rapid fire of countless batteries of typewriters; the whole place hums with a ceaseless movement.

What impresses the Yankee visitor first and foremost, however, is the concrete evidence of scientific business efficiency. It is like going into a highly developed American industrial plant, because you find the walls placarded with the now familiar diagram or pyramid system of organization. In Mr. Rey's office, for instance, you see a complete chart of the Department of Labor Supply. He is the apex of the pyramid, and radiating from it are the names of his subordinates.

Every man's work is definitely laid down on paper before him. Nothing is left to chance or haphazard. The munitions clerk cannot offer the traditional excuse: "I didn't know this was part of my job." In a word, responsibility is definitely fixed.

When you go into Lloyd-George's office you find the apex of the pyramid of pyramids, because radiating from his desk are the wires that bind this whole far-flung organization to the will and the leadership of a single man. He is president and general manager.

A Census of Machinery

LLOYD-GEORGE realized that the initial step in shell production is adequate machinery. Therefore the first thing he did was to take a complete census of machinery in the United Kingdom. He got down its productive capacity on paper almost to a pound.

He soon discovered why the ammunition output was short. Only one-fifth of the machinery appointed for Government work was used for night shifts.

"These machines must work twenty-four hours out of twenty-four," he said. Before a month had passed the only rest that these machines knew was for repairs and renewals.

Another startling revelation in this census of machinery was with relation to machine tools. An amazing shortage in the machinery available for their production was found. New lathes and the guarantee of a continuous supply of lathes were just as important as shells themselves.

Now came another conspicuous example of the new teamwork. Lloyd-George assembled all the great machine-tool makers of the country and put them under direct Government control. It was the first step in what proved to be an almost complete nationalization of British industry. Though this cooperation greatly interrupted many private contracts that these men had under way, and greatly limited their profits, they assented, without exception, to the new order. This step enabled the Government to concentrate on machine-tool production, which was the first great move toward increased ammunition output.

A strong committee of machine-tool makers has been organized which has headquarters in the Armament Building in London, and from this place it directs the entire machine-tool manufacture of the kingdom.

A very conspicuous shortage of machine tools for shells of heavier caliber, which was one of England's great weaknesses in the early months of the war, has been remedied.

Aside from guaranteeing an increasingly large shell output, this concentrated manufacture of machine tools is enabling England to cut down her orders for war materials abroad, which greatly lessens the difficulty in foreign exchange and gold supply.

It also gives the Government control over the output, and it can change caliber as it chooses without delay and at its own will. Besides, it saves time and the risk of transporting material across the seas. In other words, it was just one more step toward making England less dependent upon foreign sources of supply.

Lloyd-George was determined to leave as little as he could to chance. He knew that the giant boilers of British industry must be fed, so he immediately brought about a state coal control.

The whole coal-export trade of the United Kingdom now passed under the direction of the Government. King Coal was harnessed up to the work of munitions. This state coal control means, in a word, that not an ounce of coal can go to an Allied or neutral country without license from the Government.

It guarantees—if labor will only be good—a continuous firing of the furnaces of war.

It is worth mentioning at this point that whenever a coal strike developed in the Welsh fields (and there were a number), it was the Minister of Munitions who, by his personal efforts, brought about peace.

Hot on the heels of these other labors, Lloyd-George took over the control of the royal ordnance factories for the period of the war. This put him in supreme command of every agency for the output of munitions of any kind, and it enabled him to divert the last governmental munitions channel from the obstruction of official red tape.

An Army of Munitions Volunteers

HAVING geared up the machines of the kingdom to the munitions job, Lloyd-George now turned to an adequate manning of them. Here he encountered the most difficult perhaps of all his problems, because the English workman who stayed behind, spoiled by an excess of wages that he had never known before, was rioting in drink and extravagance. In many cases he only worked half a week because he spent the other half in a wild orgy of drink and in sleeping off the effects.

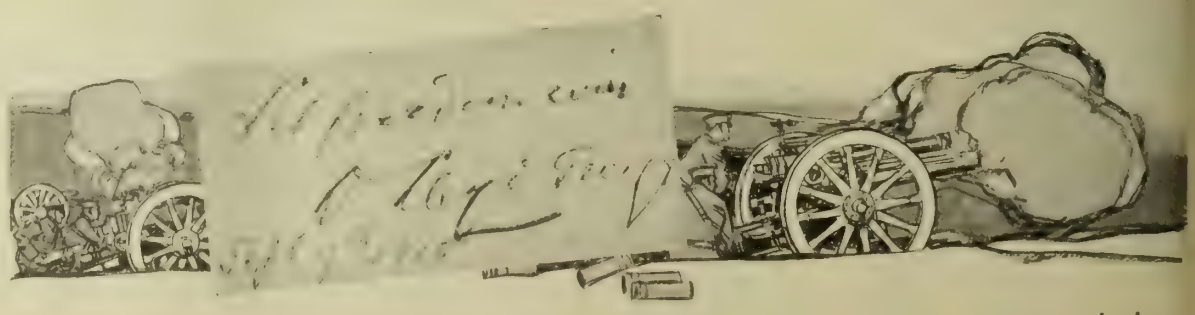
"We must man the munitions machine fully, and in order to do this we must give the men a definite and patriotic appeal," said Lloyd-George.

He now set out to organize what might be called the Lloyd-George Army, or, as it is better known, the Army of Munitions Volunteers. It is organized just like the fighting forces in the field, with a first and second line and the reserve. This reserve is also being devoted to the production of special munitions, such as grenades and bombs, and still another and very highly skilled section of it has been assigned to work on guns of very large caliber to offset the effects of the big Austrian howitzers. Thus again nothing is left to chance.

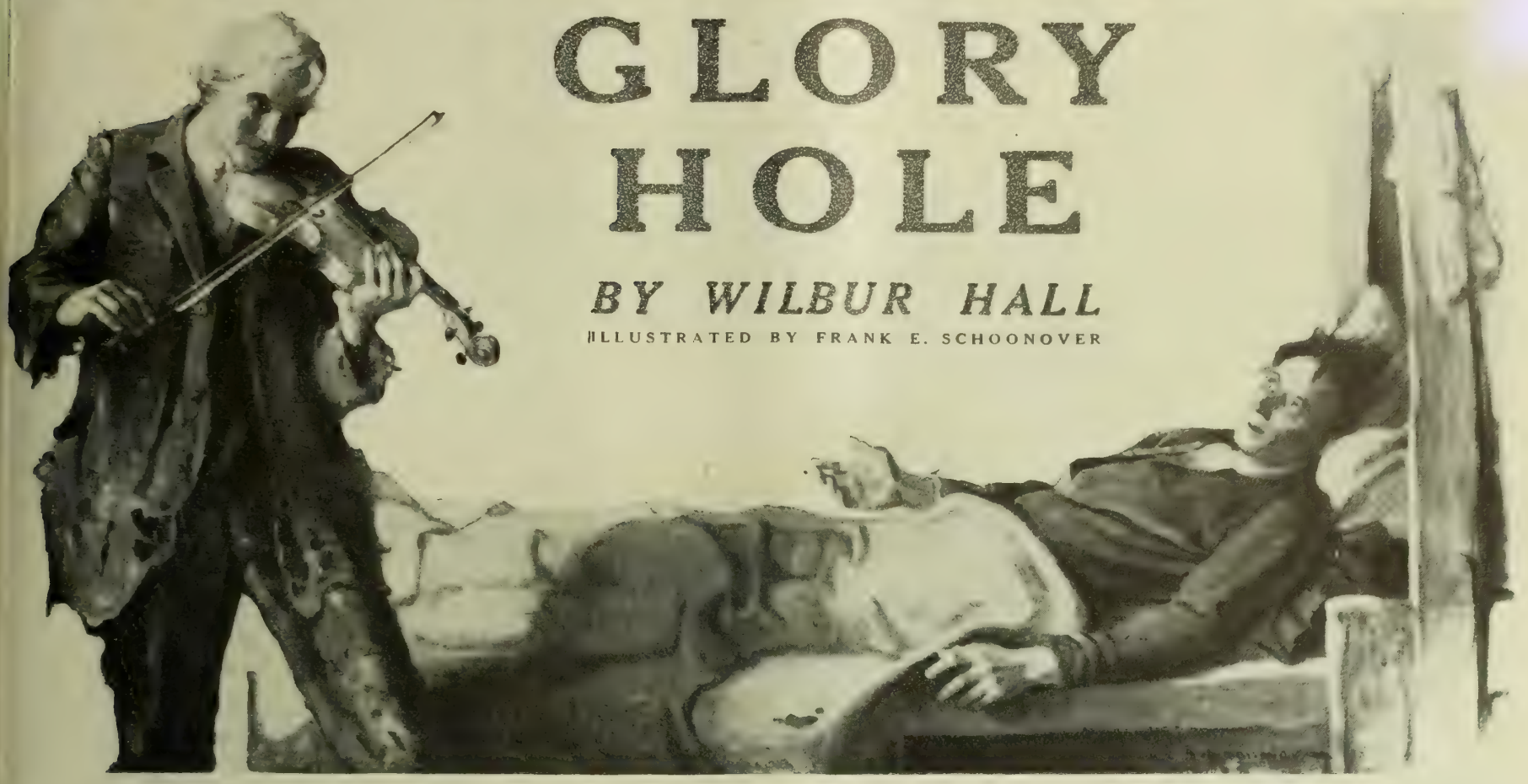
A munitions volunteer is a workman, skilled or unskilled, but in the main skilled, who volunteers for war work. He signs a six months' pledge which gives the Government the power to shift him about from post to post.

Within two months after its organization Lloyd-George had over 100,000 of these volunteers enrolled under the banner of "More Munitions." A serious difficulty was encountered at the start. Many of these volunteers were already engaged in Government work, either in the engineering trades or in shipbuilding.

Some were engaged on Government work, such as making screws and bolts, without knowing that the products of their skill were to be devoted to the enginery of war. To move these men by wholesale from factory to factory would have meant a widespread disturbance in industry. The big task to which the Ministry of Munitions set itself was to get every possible work (*Continued on page* 26)



THE FIDDLER OF GLORY HOLE



BY WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

WHILE Mrs. Foster was in camp, Tom Tenney, the silent old roustabout, stubbornly refused to try her piano. Mike Stadler, the mill constructor, who had heard Tom in Goldfield and Tonopah and Glory Hole years before, said it was because he had a shy way when women were about, so when the super's bride went down to Kernville for a week-end we made it easy for the old man to drop in at the Fosters' cabin. His eyes kept wandering to the piano.

"Strum it a bit, Tom, if you like," said Foster, and old Tenney went over and opened the case like a man who opens a locket to look on the face of a loved one long dead.

"Remember the Glory Hole Tune, Tom Tenney?" Foster asked casually. "The one your fiddler played while you three were bringing me and a hundred others through the plague fever?"

Tom nodded and began to play it. There was something in the melody of an air I had heard masters play—not much, but something. For an hour the uncouth helper, with his frowsy hair, his unshaven chin, his wretched clothes, and his gnarled fingers, bent low over the keyboard, crooning to it, caressing it, and coaxing from it such music as I never hope to hear again. Afterward I asked Foster, but he said: "It's Tom Tenney's story: ask him. Cultivate him."

It was a difficult process, but by chance, one winter night, when the mill had been running for months, Tom Tenney and I were storm bound in the assay laboratory. I remembered then the name of the haunting melody in his tune and told him something of it. My words opened the floodgates of memory, and I heard the story of John Rudd, the strong man known as the Fiddler of Glory Hole.

IT WAS the fiddler who made up that piece and taught it to me [Tom began], but that didn't come till two years after he'd snaked me out of a dance hall in Tonopah in nineteen-three. Booze had a half nelson on me and was turning me over on my back an inch at a time. I started from a kid playing the piano just the same as a little pig scratches behind his ear without anybody showing him how—and once I knew something about what good music was. But I'd forgot all that. I'd gone down the line pretty average fast and had landed in the only place I was fit for—a rough-house hell where anything went that would keep the miners spending money. The Anaconda didn't want good music, because good music sets men thinking, and when they think they get homesick or remorseful or weepy, and quit buying. So I was playing "Money Musk" and "Bedelia" and "Put Me Off at Buffalo," and that kind, and playing lively, too, because there was a drink for me after every tune. When I couldn't see the keys any longer I'd improvise, but it had to be quickstep stuff. They were getting about through with me at the Anaconda because I had the d. t.'s once a month or more, and nickel-in-the-slot pianos had just been invented.

One Sunday morning about three o'clock I was pounding off a waltz, with the room going around me and a black cat with yellow eyes as big as plates sitting on the rack in front of me spitting hot coals on my hands, when a man came up beside me with a fiddle and began an obbligato. I wasn't surprised. I remember hoping he wouldn't turn into a green devil with a sharp can opener ready for me—that was one of my fancies when I was just going off my head from the drink—but as long as he kept playing I didn't mind him. What struck me funny by and by, though, was that the girls quit cutting up around the tables and there was nobody dancing: it began to look as though they saw this man same as I did. Finally I stopped in the middle of a bar.

"Now, if he disappears or starts at my face with that can opener," I said to myself, "I'll know it's time for me to get one more drink and lay off."

But the man stayed where he was, and I turned around on the stool to him. "That's all I know," I said. "Let's have a drink, fiddler."

He was the tallest man I ever saw, and thin. He had long white hands, with dirty nails, and I never heard but one violinist that bowed as well. He was in clothes that had used to be black, but they were shiny and greenish now, and there was rips all over 'em and tatters at the bottoms. His vest was all splotched with grease and spots, and he didn't have any shirt or collar—his hairy, hollow chest showed in the V at his throat. He had a fiddle the color of an old meerschaum pipe, and when he tuned it—well, I'd rather hear him tune that fiddle than hear Paganini play a concerto!

You're right, I knew music once, and had some schooling; but all that got drowned in alcohol, and what's left is like ships they bring up from the bottom of the sea—rusty and covered with shells and slimy things! If it hadn't been for the fiddler—

I got to start over again now, Mr. Rourke. I was saying that I asked the fiddler to have a drink.

He wasn't looking at me or thinking about me. "Go on," he said, sharp as an orchestra leader.

I said: "Fiddler, I been going on all night and I'm out of tunes."

"Improvise, then," he said. "B flat, minor."

So I did. He cocked his big, homely head to one side and began to follow with that violin. The whisky dried up in me. I forgot the Anaconda, the drab girls, the drunken miners, and my own filthy soul, and thought I was young again, dreaming of wonderful things to do in the world. That fiddler played my music a while; then he began to lead, and I followed him—God knows how!—and when we stopped the sun was shining in through the dirty, red curtains over the windows of that dance hall, a little Italian girl was crying in a corner, the bartenders were leaning over the bar, and the room was full of miners and gamblers and roughs, as still as death. And when we were through they didn't move nor applaud. Just stood there.

He wouldn't have a drink; neither would I. When he went out of the room he didn't speak to me, but I trailed along after him, and the people cleared a way. The tall fiddler walked a mile up the hill toward the Consolidated, with his fiddle case over his shoulder and his torn old hat in his hand, and I saw that his hair was snow-white. He paused on a rise and looked off toward the desert, with the wind blowing on his face, and I waited for him to speak. I was trembling all over from the chill and from needing a drink, but I waited.

"They call me Fiddler Rudd," he said finally.

"I'm Tom Tenney," I answered.

He sat down on a rock outcrop and leaned his fiddle against his leg. "Some people think I'm a preacher," he said. "I'm not. Sometimes—like now—I think about God, Tom Tenney. Do you?" I said no.

"It don't matter," he said. "It don't matter what you call it. You and me can't mine; we can't carpenter; we can't sell clothes or booze; we can't deal faro: but we can play tunes and help folks that do the other things—lots of folks that need helping. Smooth off some of the rough places for 'em. What do you say?"

"I'll go with you, and we'll get Silver Lode Warner out of jail and he'll play the guitar," I answered. I don't know why I did it. I didn't understand him. I didn't understand myself! A long time afterward I found that it was something in him talking to something in me, and that what we said or what we understood—the outside *we*—didn't count. On that first Sunday morning it was just blind following. We got Silver Lode out of jail in the end and the three of us began to play together. The fiddler liked Silver Lode: I knew he would. The worst man I ever knew except a wife beater once, and rough and wicked and mean, was Silver Lode; but he could play a guitar and make it sound like a harp or an organ. That was how I knew the fiddler would like him.

WE NEVER made any plans. The fiddler would say: "Let's go down to Goldfield, boys," and we'd go. They were after us all over southern Nevada, and once in a while somebody'd come from farther than that and try to get us away. One fellow was a Jew—had theatres on the Coast. He'd heard about us. We passed it up to the fiddler, Silver Lode and me, and he said no.

"We got our work cut out for us here," the fiddler said. "We ain't after money."

So the fellow went away. It was a fact—we weren't after money. We had as much as we needed for grub and clothes and a place to sleep. I'd quit booze, and Silver Lode didn't get into any of his meanness very often. He couldn't with the fiddler looking at him or turning around awful sorrywise and picking up the fiddle to play one of his own slow tunes on it! He didn't talk much, the fiddler. We understood him when he played, same as all the

mining camp people did. He never preached at them, but he always made them ashamed they was so ornery. I'm not going to try to tell you how, Mr. Rourke—you've got to see what I'm driving at from what happened.

We went to Glory Hole when it was a year-old camp and a hellbender! The scrapings and muck and sweepings from all the other mining camps drifted in there. The fiddler said we could help more there than at any place he knew, and I guess he was right.

It was in Glory Hole that Silver Lode Warner got into his trouble. There was a girl there—a dance-hall girl. Silver Lode was a handsome devil—black hair and eyes, and a way of wearing his clothes and holding himself. I could understand about this particular trouble easy enough, though I'd never had much like it. You can see from looking at me that I wouldn't. But Silver had changed a lot in the two years we'd been with the fiddler, and it was a surprise to us—or to me at least—when Dora Ledoux tangled him up in her web.

She was a woman the world could have got along without, I said then, though from the first the fiddler wouldn't have it that way. A gambler named Fountain — Mart Fountain — was sweethearting it with her when we began at the Nugget Saloon, and he and Silver Lode was sizing each other up before the first night was through, because Dora wore her heart on her sleeve, as the fellow says, and it wasn't far to guess that she was after our handsome guitar player. He played at her too; first, just to see her eyes narrow and her mouth soften; then because she flicked herself out of Mart Fountain's arms in a dance to come over and loll on a chair back near Silver and ask us to have a drink with her on the house. We took one round, because we never put on any airs in a new camp, and Silver Lode looked across to where Mart Fountain was standing behind a faro layout running chips through his fingers and scowling. That was where Silver Lode cut in wrong. I told the fiddler that night because he hadn't seen this, as I thought.

"I know," he said to me. "I know. Rest easy, Tom Tenney—the girl has good in her heart under the bad. And if it's not for the best we'll play Silver Lode out of it when he comes in."

But Silver Lode didn't come in. Not that night nor the next. We played without him, and the third night, after we were through, the fiddler said: "Let's walk a little, Tom Tenney. Our legs need stretching out."

He carried his fiddle along on his shoulder, and he marched me straight to a little shack a mile from the edge of town and pushed the door open and walked in. Silver Lode and the gambler, Fountain, stood opposite each other with a table between them and an upset whisky bottle on it was spilling bad liquor to the floor. Tilted back in a chair, with her hands clasped across her knees, and her long brown-gold hair loose about her shoulders, was Dora Ledoux. She looked like a beautiful child, except for the hard lines around her mouth and her hard eyes.

Fountain turned on us with a curse. "Get out of here!" he screamed. "Get out and 'tend to your fiddling, you mealy-mouthed sneaks!"

The fiddler had given one long glance to Dora; then he walked steadily to where Silver Lode stood wetting his lips. "Got a new little tune I want to practice, Silver," he said quietly, "if these folks'll excuse you."

Silver Lode opened his mouth to answer angrily, but the fiddler looked straight into his eyes and Silver reached for his hat.

As they came toward the door Silver Lode faced the gambler. "Dora picks me, Fountain," he said. "That lets you out. Don't make any mistake."



The bullet from Fountain's gun went smashing through the violin case and into the fiddler's shoulder. Dora screamed and slid to the floor

WELL, at that Fountain whipped out a gun. The fiddler was a step behind Silver Lode, but he sprang in then, holding his violin case out, and the bullet went smashing through the case and into the fiddler's shoulder. Dora screamed and slid to the floor, calling to Silver Lode Warner, but he didn't hear her. He let drive into Fountain's face with his fist, and the gambler went down like wet ore in a chute. I caught the fiddler, because I thought he was going to fall too, but he straightened up and opened the case. It was the thing he thought of first.

His violin was ripped wide, with great gaping holes through her sounding board. The fiddler looked down from his splintered treasure to Fountain, just crawling to his knees. "You've hurt me bad, neighbor," he said. "You've hurt me bad!"

We knew he was speaking of the violin—not of his bleeding shoulder. That was all he said. He led the way out, with another long look at Dora, leaving his fiddle where it lay, and I followed and Silver Lode after me. When we had gone a few steps I turned to look behind, and Dora Ledoux was creeping along, close by Warner's side, pleading with him and clutching at his hand and crying. When I looked back again he had his arm around her and they were walking softly with us toward the town. They left us before we reached our cabin, and I saw that Dora Ledoux was carrying the fiddler's old violin case against her as she might have carried a baby.

It was while the fiddler was laid up with that wound in his shoulder that he worked out the tune—the Glory Hole Tune we've always called it. He had been thinking at it as we went out that night to Mart Fountain's shack, and long before he could hold the new fiddle we bought him he had the thing in his head. He taught it to me first because Silver Lode wasn't with us much them days. He was more with Dora Ledoux. And I picked it out for him on the old box of tin pans we had for a piano in the Nugget as soon as he was able to go down to the saloon. We harmonized it together. You tell me it's an arrangement of a well-known piece, eh? Well, the fiddler may have heard it some time—he had a wonderful memory for music that suited him, as that did—and it may be that's how he got it. He thought it was his own, though. As far as I'm concerned, it always will be—the Fiddler's Glory Hole Tune.

I thought we'd better shake Silver Lode Warner, but the fiddler said no. "He'll need us more'n ever when this blown breeze of a girl flies away from him," he said.

"Will she, do you think, fiddler?" I asked him.

"She will, and soon."

"She's the devil's scum!" I cried angrily, remembering how she had brought us our first trouble together.

The fiddler looked at me, and there was something in his face that made me wish I'd left the thing unsaid. "You're overbold, Tom Tenney," he interrupted. "You're judging without knowing. There's girls for good in the world, Tom, and girls for looks, and girls to wed strong mates, and girls to try men's souls, as I think; and this Dora fits into the scheme somewheres." After that he walked out of the room, and all that day and night I saw no more of him. But he'd have none of my apologies when he came in.

"It's thinking has me, Tom Tenney," he said. "It's nothing you've done or said."

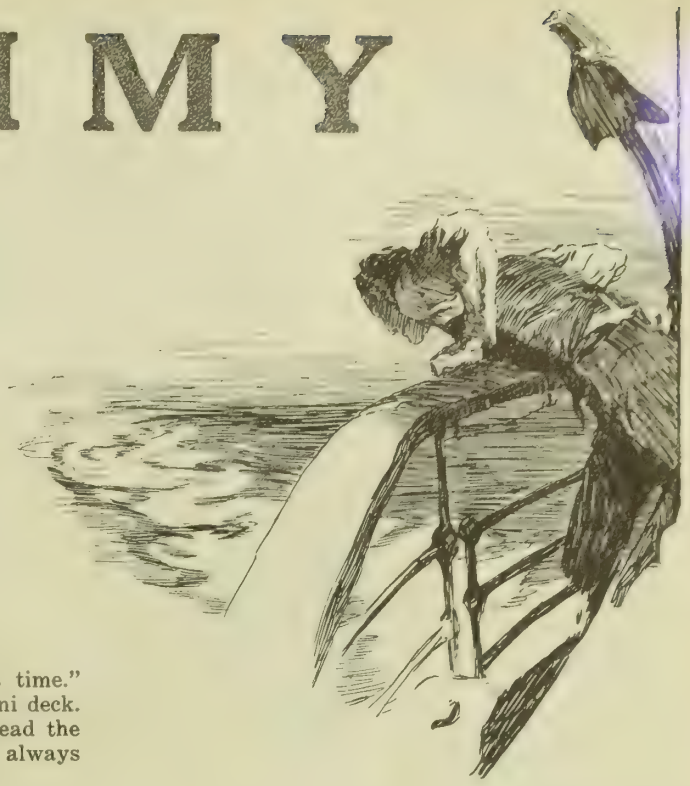
I WAS doubtful Dora would leave Silver Lode, but one day we heard what happened. There were many who came with kind words and little presents for the fiddler, and they always brought the news with them. So we heard how Mart Fountain, the gambler, who had gone over to Johnny after the trouble, had come back the evening before and won Dora again, and how she had left without a word or a sign for Silver Lode. And when they told us she had taken that wrecked violin with her the fiddler nodded but said nothing. (*Continued on page* 33)

THE MUMMY

FU-MANCHU & COMPANY

BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. COLL



I SUPPOSE I did not awake very readily. Following the nervous vigilance of the past six months, my tired nerves, in the enjoyment of this relaxation, were rapidly recuperating. I no longer feared to awake to find a knife at my throat, no longer dreaded the darkness as a foe. So that the voice may have been calling (indeed, *had* been calling) for some time, and of this I had been hazily conscious before finally I awoke. Then, ere the new sense of security came to reassure me, the old sense of impending harm set my heart leaping nervously. There is always a certain physical panic attendant upon such awakening in the still of the night, especially in novel surroundings. Now I sat up abruptly, clutching at the rail of my berth, and listening.

There was a soft thudding on my cabin door, and a voice, low and urgent, was crying my name.

Through the open porthole the moonlight streamed into my room, and, save for a remote and soothing throb, inseparable from the progress of a great steamship, nothing else disturbed the stillness. I might have floated lonely upon the bosom of the Mediterranean. But there was the drumming on the door again and the urgent appeal:

"Dr. Petrie! Dr. Petrie!"

I threw off the bedclothes and stepped on to the floor of the cabin, fumbling hastily for my slippers. A fear that something was amiss, that some aftermath—some wraith of the dread Chinaman—was yet to come to disturb our premature peace, began to haunt me. I threw open the door.

Upon the gleaming deck, blackly outlined against a wondrous sky, stood a man who wore a blue greatcoat over his pajamas and whose unstockinged feet were thrust into red slippers. It was Platts, the Marconi operator.

"I'm awfully sorry to disturb you, Dr. Petrie," he said, "and I was even less anxious to arouse your neighbor; but somebody seems to be trying to get a message, presumably urgent, through to you."

"To me!" I cried.

"I cannot make it out," admitted Platts, running his fingers through disheveled hair, "but I thought it better to arouse you. Will you come up?" I turned without a word, slipped into my dressing gown, and with Platts passed aft along the deserted deck. The sea was as calm as a great lake. Ahead, on the port bow, an angry flambeau burned redly beneath the peaceful vault of the heavens. Platts nodded absently in the direction of the weird flames.

"Stromboli," he said; "we shall be nearly through the Strait by breakfast time."

We mounted the narrow stair to the Marconi deck. At the table sat Platts's assistant, on his head the Marconi attachment—an apparatus which always set me thinking of the electric chair.

"Have you got it?" demanded my companion as we entered the room.

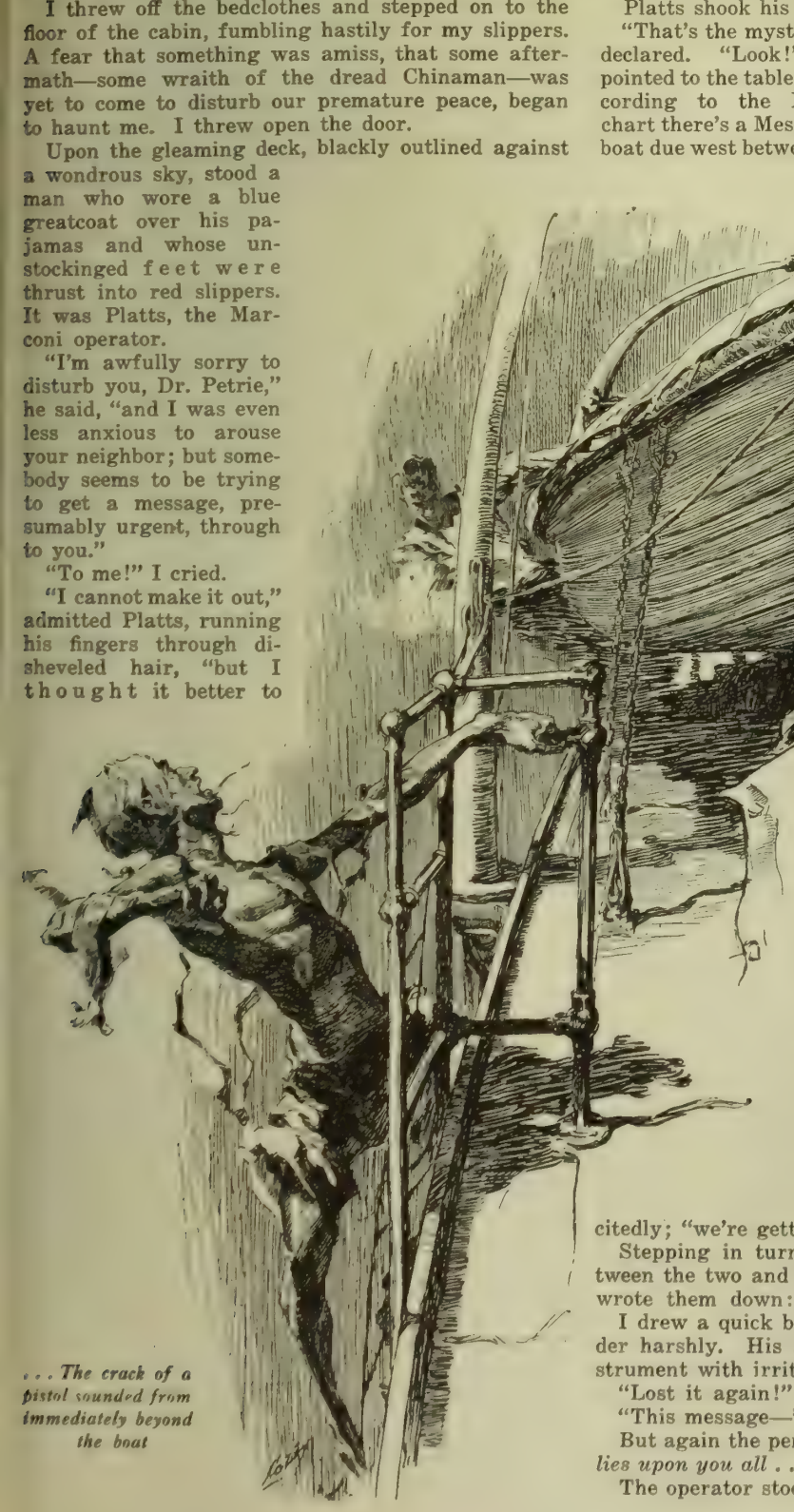
"It's still coming through," replied the other without moving, "but in the same jerky fashion. Every time I get it, it seems to have gone back to the beginning: just *Dr. Petrie—Dr. Petrie.*"

He began to listen again for the elusive message. I turned to Platts.

"Where is it being sent from?" I asked.

Platts shook his head.

"That's the mystery," he declared. "Look!" (He pointed to the table.) "According to the Marconi chart there's a Messagerie boat due west between us and Marseilles, and the homeward-bound P. & O. which we passed this morning must be getting on that way also by now. The *Isis* is somewhere ahead, but I've spoken all these, and the message comes from none of them."



. . . The crack of a pistol sounded from immediately beyond the boat

"Then it may come from Messina."

"It doesn't come from Messina," replied the man at the table, beginning to write rapidly.

Platts stepped forward and bent over the message which the other was writing.

"Here it is!" he cried, excitedly; "we're getting it."

Stepping in turn to the table, I leaned over between the two and read these words as the operator wrote them down: *Dr. Petrie— My shadow . . .*

I drew a quick breath and gripped Platts's shoulder harshly. His assistant began fingering the instrument with irritation.

"Lost it again!" he muttered.

"This message—" I began.

But again the pencil was traveling over the paper: *lies upon you all . . . End of message.*

The operator stood up and unclasped the receivers from his ears. There, high above the sleeping ship's company, with the carpet of the blue Mediterranean stretched indefinitely about us, we three stood looking at one another. By virtue of a miracle of modern science, some one, divided from me by mile upon mile of boundless ocean, had spoken and had been heard.

"Is there no means of learning," I said, "from whence this message emanated?"

Platts shook his head perplexedly.

"They gave no code word," he said. "God knows who they were. It's a strange business and a strange message. Have you any sort of idea, Dr. Petrie, respecting the identity of the sender?"

I stared him hard in the face; an idea had mechanically entered my mind, but one of which I did not choose to speak, since it was opposed to human possibility.

But, had I not seen with my own eyes the bloody streak across his forehead, as the shot fired by Kâramanèh entered his high skull, had I not known, as certainly as it is given to men to know, that the giant intellect was no more, the mighty will impotent, I should have replied:

"The message is from Dr. Fu-Manchu!"

MY REFLECTIONS were rudely terminated and my sinister thoughts given new stimulus by a loud though muffled cry which reached me from somewhere in the ship below. Both my companions started as violently as I, whereby I knew that the mystery of the wireless message had not been without its effect upon their minds also. But whereas they paused in doubt, I leaped from the room and almost threw myself down the ladder.

It was Kâramanèh who had uttered that cry of fear and horror!

Although I could perceive no connection between the strange message and the cry in the night, intuitively I linked them, intuitively I knew that my fears had been well grounded; that the shadow of Fu-Manchu still lay upon us.

Kâramanèh occupied a large stateroom aft on the main deck; so that I had to descend from the upper deck on which my own room was situated to the promenade deck, again to the main deck, and thence proceed nearly the whole length of the alleyway.

Kâramanèh and her brother, Azîz, who occupied a neighboring room, met me near the library. Kâramanèh's eyes were wide with fear; her peerless coloring had fled, and she was white to the lips. Azîz, who wore a dressing gown thrown hastily over his night attire, had his arm protectively about the girl's shoulders.

"The mummy!" she whispered tremulously. "The mummy!"

There came a sound of opening doors, and several passengers whom Kâramanèh's cries had alarmed appeared in various stages of undress. A stewardess came running from the far end of the alleyway, and I found time to wonder at my own speed; for, starting from the distant Marconi deck, I had been the first to arrive upon the scene.

Stacey, the ship's doctor, was quartered at no great distance from the spot, and he now joined the group. Anticipating the question which trembled upon the lips of several of those about me, "come to Dr. Stacey's room," I said, taking Kâramanèh's arm; "we will give you something to enable you to sleep." I turned to the group. "My patient has had severe nerve trouble," I explained, "and has developed somnambulistic tendencies."



"Something—some dreadful thing—like a mummy escaped from its tomb . . ."

I declined the stewardess's offer of assistance with a slight shake of the head, and shortly the four of us entered the doctor's cabin, on the deck above. Stacey carefully closed the door. He was an old fellow student of mine, and already he knew much of the history of the beautiful Eastern girl and her brother Azîz.

"I fear there's mischief afoot, Petrie," he said. "Thanks to your presence of mind, the ship's gossips need know nothing of it."

I GLANCED at Kâramanèh, who, since the moment of my arrival, had never once removed her gaze from me; she remained in that state of passive fear in which I had found her, the lovely face pallid; and she stared at me fixedly in a childish, expressionless way which made me fear that the shock to which she had been subjected, whatever its nature, had caused a relapse into that strange condition of forgetfulness from which a previous shock had aroused her. I could see that Stacey shared my view, for:

"Something has frightened you," he said gently, seating himself on the arm of Kâramanèh's chair and patting her hand as if to reassure her. "Tell us all about it."

For the first time since our meeting that night the girl turned her eyes from me and glanced up at Stacey, a sudden warm blush stealing over her face and throat and as quickly departing, to leave her even more pale than before. She grasped Stacey's hand in both her own, and looked again at me.

"Send for Mr. Nayland Smith without delay!" she said, and her sweet voice was slightly tremulous. "He must be put on his guard!"

I started up.

"Why?" I said. "For God's sake tell us what has happened!"

Azîz, who evidently was as anxious as myself for information, and who now knelt at his sister's feet looking up at her with that strange love which was almost adoration in his eyes, glanced back at me and nodded his head rapidly.

"Something" (Kâramanèh paused, shuddering violently), "some dreadful thing, like a mummy escaped from its tomb, came into my room to-night through the porthole—"

"Through the porthole?" echoed Stacey amazedly.

"Yes, yes, through the porthole! A creature tall and very, very thin. He wore wrappings—yellow wrappings—swathed about his head, so that only his eyes, his evil gleaming eyes, were visible! From waist to knees he was covered also, but his body, his feet, and his legs were bare . . . "

"Was he—?" I began.

"He was a brown man, yes" (Kâramanèh, divining my question, nodded), and the shimmering cloud of her wonderful hair, hastily confined, burst free and rippled about her shoulders. "A gaunt, fleshless brown man, who bent and writhed bony fingers—so!"

"A thug!" I cried.

"He—it—the mummy thing—would have strangled me if I had slept, for he crouched over the berth, seeking, seeking—"

I clenched my teeth convulsively.

"But I was sitting up—"

"With the light on?" interrupted Stacey in surprise.

"No," added Kâramanèh; "the light was out." She turned her eyes toward me, as the wonderful blush overspread her face once more. "I was sitting thinking. It all happened within a few seconds and quite silently. As the mummy crouched over the berth, I unlocked the door and leaped out into the passage. I think I screamed; I did not mean to. Oh, Dr. Stacey, there is not a moment to spare! Mr. Nayland Smith must be warned immediately. Some horrible servant of Dr. Fu-Manchu is on the ship!" . . .

NAYLAND SMITH leaned against the edge of the dressing table, attired in pajamas. The little stateroom was hazy with smoke, and my friend gripped the charred briar between his teeth and watched in an abstracted way the blue-gray clouds arising from the bowl. I knew that he was thinking hard, and from the fact that he had exhibited no surprise when I had related to him the particulars of the attack upon Kâramanèh, I judged that he had half anticipated something of the kind. Suddenly he stood up, staring at me fixedly.

"Your tact has saved the situation, Petrie," he snapped. "It failed you momentarily, though, when you proposed to me just now that we should muster the lascars for inspection. Our game is to pretend that we know nothing—that we believe Kâramanèh to have had a bad dream."

"But, Smith—" I began.

"It would be useless, Petrie," he interrupted me. "You cannot suppose that I overlooked the possibility of some creature of the doctor's being among the lascars. I can assure you that not one of them answers to the description of the midnight assailant. From the girl's account we have to look (discarding the idea of a revivified mummy) for a man of unusual height, and there's no lascar of unusual height on board; and from the visible evidence that he entered the stateroom through the porthole we have to look for a man more than normally thin. In a word, the servant of Dr. Fu-Manchu who attempted the life of Kâramanèh is either in hiding on the ship or if visible is disguised."

With his usual clarity of vision Nayland Smith had visualized the facts of the case. I passed in mental survey each one of the passengers and those of the crew whose appearances were familiar to me, with the result that I had to admit the justice of my friend's conclusions. Smith began to pace the narrow strip of carpet between the dressing table and the door. Suddenly he began again:

"From our knowledge of Fu-Manchu and of the group surrounding him (and, don't forget, *surviving* him) we may further assume that the wireless message was no gratuitous piece of melodrama, but that it was directed to a definite end. Let us endeavor to link up the chain a little. You occupy an upper deck berth; so do I. Experience of the Chinaman has formed a habit in both of us: that of sleeping with closed windows. Your port was fastened and so was my own. Kâramanèh is quartered on the main deck, and her brother's stateroom opens into the same alleyway. Since the ship is in the Strait of Messina and the glass set fair, the stewards have not closed the portholes nightly. We know that that of Kâramanèh's stateroom was open. Therefore, in any attempt upon our quartet, Kâramanèh would automatically be selected for the victim, since failing you or myself she may be regarded as being the most obnoxious to Dr. Fu-Manchu."

I nodded comprehendingly. Smith's capacity for throwing the white light of reason into the darkest places often amazed me.

"You may have noticed," he continued, "that Kâramanèh's room is directly below your own. In the event of any outcry you would be sooner upon the scene than I should, for instance, because I sleep on the opposite side of the ship. This circumstance I take to be the explanation of the wireless message which, because of its hesitancy (a piece of ingenuity very characteristic of the group), led to your being awakened and invited up to the Marconi deck: in short, it gave the would-be assassin a better chance of escaping before your arrival."

I watched my friend in growing wonder. The strange events, seemingly having no link, took their places in the drama, and became well-ordered episodes in a plot that only a criminal genius could have devised. As I studied the keen, bronzed face, I realized to the full the stupendous mental power of Dr. Fu-Manchu, measuring it by the criterion of Nayland Smith's. For the cunning Chinaman, in a sense, had foiled this brilliant man before me, whereby, if by naught else, I might know him a master of his evil art.

"I regard the episode," continued Smith, "as a posthumous attempt of the doctor's—a legacy of hate which may prove more disastrous than any attempt made upon us by Fu-Manchu in life. Some fiendish member of the murder group is on board the ship. We must, as always, meet guile with guile. There must be no appeal to the captain, no public examination of passengers and crew. One attempt has failed; I do not doubt that others will be made. At present you will enact the rôle of physician in attendance upon Kâramanèh and will put it about for whom it may interest that a slight return of her nervous trouble is causing her to pass uneasy nights. I can safely leave this part of the case to you, I think?"

I nodded rapidly.

"I haven't troubled to make inquiries," added Smith; "but I think it probable that the regulation respecting closed portholes will come into operation immediately we have passed the Strait, or at any rate immediately there is any likelihood of bad weather."

"You mean—"

"I mean that no alteration should be made in our habits. A second attempt along similar lines is to be apprehended to-night. After that we may begin to look out for a new danger."

"I pray we may avoid it," I said fervently.

As I entered the saloon for breakfast in the morning, I was subjected to solicitous inquiries from Mrs. Prior, the gossip of the ship. Her room adjoined Kâramanèh's, and she had been one of the passengers aroused by the girl's cries in the night. Strictly adhering to my rôle, I explained that my patient was threatened with a second nervous breakdown and was subject to vivid and disturbing dreams. One or two other inquiries I met in the same way, ere escaping to the corner table reserved to us.

That iron-bound code of conduct which rules the Anglo-Indian had in the first days of the voyage threatened to ostracize Kâramanèh and Azîz, by reason of the Eastern blood to which their brilliant but peculiar type of beauty bore witness. Smith's attitude, however—and in a Burmese Commissioner it constituted something of a law—had done much to break down the barriers. The extraordinary beauty of the girl had done the rest; so that now, far from finding themselves shunned, the society of Kâramanèh and her romantic-looking brother was universally courted. The last inquiry that morning respecting my interesting patient came from the Bishop of Damascus, a benevolent old gentleman whose ancestry was not wholly innocent of Oriental strains and who sat at a table immediately behind me. As I settled down to my porridge he turned his chair slightly and bent to my ear.

"Mrs. Prior tells me that your charming friend was disturbed last night," he whispered. "She seems rather pale this morning; I sincerely trust that she is suffering no ill effect."

I SWUNG around with a smile. Owing to my carelessness there was a slight collision, and the poor Bishop, who had been invalided to England after typhoid in order to undergo special treatment, suppressed an exclamation of pain, although his fine, dark eyes gleamed kindly upon me through the pebbles of his gold-rimmed pince-nez.

Indeed, despite his Eastern blood, he might have posed for a Sadler picture, his small and refined features seeming out of place above the bulky body.

"Can you forgive my clumsiness?" I began.

But the Bishop raised his small, slim-fingered hand of old-ivory hue deprecatingly.

His system was supercharged with typhoid bacilli, and, as sometimes occurs, the superfluous "bugs" had sought exit. He could only walk with the aid of two stout sticks, and bent very much at that. His left leg had been surgically scraped to the bone, and I appreciated the exquisite torture to which my awkwardness had subjected him. But he would entertain no apologies, pressing his inquiry respecting Kâramanèh in the kindly manner which had made him so deservedly popular on board.

"Many thanks for your solicitude," I said; "I have promised her sound repose to-night, and since my professional reputation is at stake I shall see that she secures it."

In short, we were in pleasant company, and the day passed happily enough and without notable event. Smith spent some considerable time with the chief officer, wandering about unfrequented parts of the ship. I learned later that he had explored the lascars' quarters, the forecastle, the engine room, and had even descended to the stokehold; but this was done so unostentatiously that it occasioned no comment.

With the approach of evening, in place of that physical contentment which usually heralds the dinner hour at sea, I experienced a fit of the seemingly causeless apprehension which too often in the past had harbingered the coming of grim events; which I

had learned to associate with the nearing presence of one of the Fu-Manchu's death agents. In view of the facts as I afterward knew them to be I cannot account for this.

Yet in an unexpected manner my forebodings were realized. That night I was destined to meet a sorrow surpassing any which my troubled life had known. Even now I experience great difficulty, in relating the matters which befell, in speaking of the sense of irrevocable loss which came to me. Briefly, then, at about ten minutes before the dining hour, while all the passengers, myself included, were below dressing, a faint cry arose from somewhere aft on the upper deck—a cry which was swiftly taken up by other voices, so that presently a deck steward echoed it immediately outside my own stateroom:

"Man overboard! Man overboard!"

All my premonitions rallying in that one sickening moment, I sprang out on the deck, half-dressed as I was, and, leaping past the boat which swung nearly opposite my door, craned over the rail, looking astern.

For a long time I could detect nothing unusual. The engine-room telegraph was ringing, and the motion of the screws momentarily ceased, then in response to further ringing recommenced, but so as to jar the whole structure of the vessel: whereby I knew that the engines were reversed. Peering intently into the wake of the ship, I was but dimly aware of the ever-growing turmoil around me, of the swift mustering of a boat's crew, of the shouted orders of the third officer. Suddenly I saw it—the sight which was to haunt me for succeeding days and nights.

Half in the streak of the wake and half out of it, I perceived the sleeve of a white jacket, and, near to it, a soft felt hat. The sleeve rose up once into clear view, seemed to describe a half circle in the air, then sink back again into the glassy swell of the water. Only the hat remained floating upon the surface.

By the evidence of the white sleeve alone I might have remained unconvinced, although upon the voyage I had become familiar enough with the drill shooting jacket, but the presence of the gray felt hat was almost conclusive.

The man overboard was Nayland Smith!

I cannot hope, writing now, to convey in any words at my command a sense, even remote, of the utter loneliness which in that dreadful moment closed coldly down upon me.

TO SPRING overboard to the rescue was a natural impulse, but to have obeyed it would have been worse than quixotic. In the first place, the drowning man was close upon half a mile astern; in the second place, others had seen the hat and the white coat as clearly as I—among them the third officer, standing upright in the stern of the boat which, with commendable promptitude, had already been swung into the water. The steamer was being put about, describing a wide arc around the little boat dancing on the deep blue rollers. . . .

Of the next hour I cannot bear to write at all. Long as I had known him, I was ignorant of my friend's powers as a swimmer, but I judged that he must have been a poor one from the fact that he had sunk so rapidly in a calm sea. Except the hat, no trace of Nayland Smith remained when the boat got to the spot.

Dinner was out of the question that night for all of us. Kâramanèh, who had spoken no word, but grasping my hands, had looked into my eyes, her own glassy with unshed tears, and then stolen away to her cabin, had not since reappeared. Seated upon my berth, I stared unseeingly before me upon a changed ship, a changed sea and sky—upon another world. The poor old Bishop, my neighbor, had glanced in several times as he hobbled by, and his spectacles were unmistakably humid, but even he had vouchsafed no word, realizing that my sorrow was too deep for such consolation.

When at last I became capable of connected thought, I found myself faced by a big problem. Should I place the facts of the matter, as I knew them to be, before the captain, or could I hope to apprehend Fu-Manchu's servant by the methods suggested by my poor friend? That Smith's death was an accident, I did not believe for a moment; it was impossible not to link it with the attempt upon Kâramanèh. In my misery and doubt I determined to take counsel with Dr. Stacey. I stood up and passed out on to the deck.

Those passengers whom I met on my way to his room regarded me in respectful silence. By contrast, Stacey's attitude surprised and even annoyed me.

"I'd be prepared to stake all I possess, although it's not much," he said, "that this was not the work of your hidden enemy."

He blankly refused to give me his reasons for the statement, and strongly advised me to watch and wait, but to make no communication to the captain.

At this hour I can look back and savor again something of the profound dejection of that time. I shut myself in my cabin, where I sat mourning my poor friend's tragic end.

Since I had not counted the bells, to this day I have only the vaguest idea (*Continued on page* 31)

HELD TO ANSWER

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

Chapter Three—The Thing Insidious

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. KING

"John is as good as a vaudeville act!" is all the shipping clerks can find to say of clumsy young Hampstead, stenographer in the office of the California Consolidated Railway. But Hampstead has been studying at home after each day's work, and he has added to his book-study private lessons in acting. This gives him confidence and paves the way for business promotion, though his many evenings of work bring him at twenty-four face to face with a most pitiless enemy: blindness. Even this makes for good; he is taken from his typewriter and becomes private secretary to the general freight agent, father of the girl he loves, Bessie Mitchell. Mitchell sees that John Hampstead is too big a man for his job and transfers him to the rate department. Meantime John plays Ursus in "Quo Vadis" at a local theatre and Bessie is just a bit petulant at the sight of Lygia — the beautiful and accomplished Marien Dounay — nestling in John's arms

THE week went by like a shot. On Sunday night the glory that was a very stagy Rome burned down for the last time beneath the gridiron of the old Burbank Theatre. On Monday morning no odor of grease paint and no noxious smell of stewing glue which proclaims the scene painter at his work was in the nostrils of John. Instead, the clack of typewriters, the tinkle of telephone bells, the droning voices of dictators and the shuffling feet of office boys filled his ears.

As if completely to remerge the man in his environment, Robert Mitchell came walking in, tossed a bundle of papers upon the desk, fixed the rate clerk with a shaft of his blue eye, and commanded dryly:

"Ursus! Make a set of tariffs embracing our new lines to correspond with the commodity tariffs of the San Francisco & El Paso."

John colored slightly at the thrust of that name of Ursus, but looked Mr. Mitchell fairly and meekly in the eye as he answered:

"Yes, sir."

"Have them effective July 1," concluded the general freight agent, turning again toward his own room.

Burman, the lordly through-rate clerk, lowered his sleek face behind his books and snickered. John answered the snicker with a scowl and then for a few minutes hunched his shoulders over the documents in the case.

The California Consolidated was being consolidated some more. That was the occasion of the order. Two more roads in the big system had just been pitchforked into the jurisdiction of Robert Mitchell, adding twelve hundred additional miles to his responsibility and pushing him several swift rounds up the ladder of promotion.

These additions made the California Consolidated competitive with the San Francisco & El Paso lines at hundreds of new stations. John's job was to consolidate the freight tariffs of the three lines and make sure that they equalized the rates of the rival at competing stations. It was an enormous task, and the general freight agent had breezily commanded it to be done in ten weeks. That was why Burman snickered. It was also why Hampstead scowled.



Now, a freight tariff starts youthfully out to be the most scientific thing in the world, but it ends by being the most utterly unscientific document that ever was put together. The longer a tariff lives the more depraved it becomes. The S. F. & E. P. tariffs were very old, but not, therefore, honorable.

John turned to the shelf that contained them and scowled again, a double scowl, as black as his blond Viking brows could manage. These were to be his models. They were yellow (a disagreeable color to begin with), each a half inch thick and larger than a letter page—abortions, every one of them! They were pea-vine growths like the monster system which issued them, cumbered with the adjustments and easements of the years.

The flour tariff! The hay tariff! The grain tariff! John took these in his hands one by one and glowered at them. The mistakes, the inconsistencies, the clumsiness of thirty sprawling years were in them. And he was asked to duplicate these confusions on his own system.

Should he do it? No; be hanged if he would! He felt big and self-important as he slammed the first of them face down upon his desk and each thereafter in succession upon its fellow until the pile toppled over, after which, leaving the reckless heap behind him, while Burman snickered again, John stamped out of the room.

"These S. F. & E. P. tariffs are so old they've got whiskers on 'em," he began to say to Mr. Mitchell, "and hairs! And the hair has never been cut nor even combed. They have been tagged and fattened and trimmed and sliced and slewed round till the tariff is issued just to keep up the basis and the tradition and then you look in something else, an amendment, or a special or a 'private special' or sometimes the carbon copy of a letter, to find out what the rate actually is. Sometimes when I call their office on the phone to get a rate, it takes 'em twenty-four hours to answer, and maybe a week later they notify me the answer was wrong. Our slate is clean; why not simmer the figures down to what is the actual basis instead of the assumed one, and publish the rates as we intend to charge 'em and as we know they do charge 'em?"

MITCHELL had listened with surprise at first to this rash proposal. It sounded youthful and impetuous. But it also sounded sensible. Mitchell hated red tape, and he knew that John's idea was the right one; but tradition was god on the S. F. & E. P. They would fight the innovation and fight it hard; they might win, too, and Mr. Mitchell had no stomach for tilting at windmills. However, it might be a good thing for John, this fight; might make him forget that foolish stage ambition of his; and, if he won, might crown him so lustrously that of itself it would save him to a future in the railroad business already assuredly big.

"Do you think you could whip it out with 'em before their faces, John, when the scrap comes?" Mr. Mitchell asked tentatively, but also by way of further firing the soul of the fighter.

"I believe I could," replied the young man ardently.

"Then go to it," said Mr. Mitchell tersely.

John went to it immediately and indefatigably.

But in the meantime there were other considerations. One of these was his growing dramatic ambition. Another was his friend and spiritual adviser, the pastor of the grand old First Church, who, be it confessed at the start, had his virtues, much as other men. His face was round and, like his figure, full to



"It strikes me that this young man has got us all pretty well buffaloed. The trouble is your tariff department needs cleaning out. You've got a lot of old mush heads in there"

fatness. He was a merry soul, and loved a joke. He had a heart as tender as his sense of humor was keen.

But besides his virtues this man of God had also his convictions. His pulpit was no wash-wallowing craft. He steered her straight. To Heaven with Scylla! To Gehenna with Charybdis! Indeed, if there was one man in all Los Angeles who knew where he was going, and all the rest of the world too, it was this same Charles Thompson Campbell, pastor of the aforesaid grand old First Church. Dr. Campbell's hair and eyes were black. His voice had the ultimate roar in it. When he stood up, locks flying, perspiration streaming, and thumped his pulpit with that fat doubled fist, the palm of which had been molded in youth upon the handle of a plow, every nook and cranny of the auditorium echoed with the force of his utterance. But Dr. Campbell's convictions, like most people's, were only in part based upon knowledge.

Some things in particular he wot not of yet scorned. One was the modern novel. Another was the stage!

ON THE morning, therefore, when the good Dr. Campbell read in the papers that the youngest of his deacons had the night before made his début as Ursus in "Quo Vadis," he was not only pained but moved to self-reproach.

In this mood, he dug out all his sermons on the stage, nine years of annual sermons on the influence of the drama, and read them sketchily and with disappointment. Paugh! Piffle! How weak and ineffective they seemed! He delved into his concordance for a text, and found one. Then he drove his pen deep into his inkwell and began to write.

The following Sunday night, Dr. Campbell's red, excited features were seen dimly through dun, sulphurous clouds of brimstone and fire; but to the preacher's dismay John Hampstead was not present for fumigation. The reverend gentleman in his unthinking goodness had quite overlooked the fact that the play in which John was performing concluded on Sunday night instead of Saturday night; and so while his pastor was hurling fiery diatribes at that conspicuously assailable institution, the stage, Deacon Hampstead was blissfully bearing Marien Dounay about in his arms.

But the next morning John read the sermon published in the newspaper, although with such a sense of wrath, of courage, and of humiliation that the very same night he launched himself at the study door of his pastor.

"I was very sorry you did not hear my sermon last night," began Dr. Campbell blandly, sensing the advantage of striking first.

"Brother Campbell, I have come to arraign you for that sermon," retorted John, with an immediate outburst of feeling. "Before the judgment bar of God I say that you spoke what you did not know; I say" (and his voice almost broke with the weight of its own earnestness), "that you bore false witness!"

The astonished minister's mouth opened, but John repressed his utterance with a gesture.

"You will say you preached your convictions. I say you preached your prejudice, your ignorance. I say you bore false witness against struggling women, against aspiring men, against those of whose bitter battlings you know nothing."

The Rev. Charles Thompson Campbell leaned back in silent bewilderment.

"You are condemning the stage as an institution," went on John scornfully. "You might as well condemn the printing press as an institution. You discriminate with regard to newspapers and books. Do the same with the stage. Taboo the corrupt play and teach your people to avoid it. Support the good, and teach the managers that you will. Taboo the notorious actor or actress if you wish. Give the rest of them the benefit of the doubt as you do in your personal contact with all humanity. Oh, Dr. Campbell, you are so charitable in your personal relations with men and so uncharitable in much of your preaching!"

This one exclamatory sentence had in it enough of affectionate regard to enable the minister to contain himself a little longer, under the impassioned tide which now flowed again.

"The stage? The stage as an institution?" John appeared to pause and wind himself up. "Why, listen! The stage function is a godlike function. When God created man out of the dust of the ground and breathed into him the breath of life he planted in man's breast also the instinct to create. That instinct is the foundation of all arts. Man has always exhibited this passion to create something in his own image. It might be a rude drawing on a rock, or only a manikin sculptured in mud and set in the sun to dry; or it might be a marble of Phidias, with the form, the strength, the spirit of life upon it. The painter can go farther. He gets the color and the very visage of thought and even of emotion. Yet each falls short. There is no God to breathe into their creations the breath of life."

THE minister straightened up a little as if to put his understanding more at poise.

"But," continued Hampstead, "the playwright and the actor can go farther. They breathe into their creations that very breath of God himself which He breathed into man. They make a character real because he is a living man. They put him in the company of other men and women who are as real for the same reason; they toss them all into the sea of life together; the winds of life blow upon them. Hate and love, virtue and vice, hope and despair, weakness and strength, birth and death, work their will upon them."

"That is very beautiful, John," said Dr. Campbell, "very beautiful."

The tribute was sincere, but John was not to be checked even by a compliment.

"The stage creates and re-creates," he rushed on. "It can raise the dead. It makes men and women live again—Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra, Napoleon and Dolly Madison. It seizes whole segments out of the circles of past history and sets them down in the midst of to-day, with the glow of life and the sheen of reality over all so that for an afternoon or a night we live in another continent or another age. We see the life, the customs, the petty quarrels, the sublimer passions, the very pulse beats of men of other circumstances and other generations than our own, so that when we come out of the theatre into the times of to-day we have actually to wake ourselves up and ask: Which is real and which is art?"

Dr. Campbell leaned forward now. His mouth was open; his eyes were widely open.

"It is that which gives the stage its dignity and power," concluded John. "It is the highest expression of man's instinct to create a new life in a more ideal Eden than that in which he finds himself. When you condemn the stage you condemn the creative instinct, and," exhorted John, with the sudden sternness of a hairy prophet on his desert rock, "you had better pause to think if you do not condemn Him who planted that instinct in the human breast."

HAMPSTEAD had now finished, but the minister was in no hurry to speak. He felt the spell of the picture which had been painted, but he felt still more the spell of the young man's holy enthusiasm.

"You must have thought that out very carefully, John," he said.

"Brother Campbell!" answered John fervently, "I have done more than think it out. I have felt it out. I propose to live it out!"

But Dr. Campbell had kept his head amid this swirl of words, and his return was quietly forceful.

"The stage of to-day," he began, "as I know it from the newspapers and the billboards, never seemed so vulgar and damnable as it does now after your glorious idealization of it. I, as a preacher of righteousness, must judge of such an institution externally, by its effects. I have weighed the stage in the balance, John, and I have found it wanting.

"Isn't it possible," the minister continued, in a kind of sweet reasonableness, "that there is something insidiously demoralizing or infectious about it? Take your own experience now, John. You are a Christian man. You have been soaking yourself in the atmosphere of the stage for a couple of weeks. Bare your soul now before God, examine it, and answer me if you are as fine, as pure a man as you were before you went there. Are you?"

"Of course I am," ejaculated Hampstead impulsively.

"Think now," commanded the minister, in low, compelling tones; for, having controlled his emotions the better, he was just now the stronger of the two. "Are you . . . John?"

Hampstead opened his mouth eagerly, but the minister's repressing gesture would not let him speak. The young man was literally compelled to think, to search his own soul for a moment, and as he searched a telltale flush came upon his cheek, and for a moment his glance broke. There was an embarrassing moment of silence during which this flush of mortification deepened perceptibly.

The minister was a wise minister. He read the sign and asked no questions. He upbraided not, cackled no exultant "I told you so."

"Let us pray, Brother John," he proposed after the interval, and knelt by his chair with a hand upon the kneeling Hampstead's shoulder. The prayer was short, and as they rose from their knees John felt a sudden impulse to defend the stage from himself.

"It was my own fault," he urged; "the fault of my own weakness in unaccustomed surroundings. It was not the fault of the surroundings themselves nor of any other person. Besides, it was nothing very grave."

"Deterioration of character is always grave," said Dr. Campbell as he walked to the door with his caller, and the minister's tone indicated his conviction that this particular deterioration had been grave indeed.

But the thing insidious—if it was insidious—gnawed deeper and deeper into the heart of John, until inwardly he felt himself an actor, although outwardly still a railroad man and daily hurling himself into the task of tariff reconstruction which, with Robert Mitchell's concurrence, he had so eagerly assumed. It was a definite thing to do, this building of the new tariffs; it was big, it was difficult, it was worth while; therefore it appealed to the fervid idealism of his nature.

But the result of all John's months of trenchant labor did not appeal so favorably to William N. Scofield, freight traffic manager of the S. F. & E. P. Railroad Company, who had his office on the top floor of a tall, gray building that stood in the days before the fire on the corner of Kearney and Market Streets in the city of San Francisco.

SCOFIELD had a domed brow and the beak of an eagle, eyes that pierced, and a mouth which closed so tightly that it was discernible only as a crescent-shaped pucker above his spikelike chin. He was a dominant soul and a man of parts, but also of passions, and his hand trembled with rage when it held up the first of that Los Angeles upstart's ambitious contributions to the science of tariff making. The new publication was not yellow, but white—in token of the clarity it was meant to introduce.

"How did they make it? this . . . this blotch!" the traffic manager exploded, repeating his interrogation with other embellishing phrases not properly reproducible, and then slamming the offending white sheets down hard upon his desk—much harder than John had slammed the yellow ones—this impudent, white-livered thing that was an assault upon the customs he, Scofield, had instituted, and time itself had honored. "Telegram!" he barked to his stenographer. "Robert Mitchell, Los Angeles. Insist immediate withdrawal your entire line of commodity tariffs, series J. Basis carried in our own tariffs is only one we will recognize."

Mitchell answered: "Decline to withdraw; our tariffs issued on actual basis on which charges are assessed."

The fight was on.

Arming himself cap-à-pie with tariffs, amendments, letters, and memoranda, Mitchell two days later followed his telegram to San Francisco. Most of his resources, however, were packed behind the wide, blond brow of John Hampstead, who accompanied his chief and was more eager for the fray than he. The battle began on Monday morning about ten of the clock, and was not finished with the day. The field of action was a room of this same gray building, where Howison, general freight agent of the S. F. & E. P., sat at the end of a long table, flanked right and left by assistant general freight agents, rate clerks, and even general and district freight agents called in from the field, all to convince Robert Mitchell and his lone rate clerk sitting at the other end of the table that their new tariff was a hodgepodge, without practical basis or the show of reason to support it. Scofield himself did not take a seat in the battle line, but looked in occasionally, either walking about nervously or sitting back of Howison.

On the afternoon of the second day the enemy traffic manager appeared to watch Hampstead intently for half an hour. Again and again the keen old fighter saw his allied forces attack, but invariably this self-confident, smiling young man—with a ready citation, the upflashing of a yellow "special," the digging out of a letter or a telegram from his files, or occasionally even of an old freight bill issued by the S. F. & E. P. showing exactly what rate had been assessed—triumphantly repelled the assaults, until reverses began to be the order of the day.

"It strikes me," Scofield remarked sarcastically, "that this young man has got us all pretty well buffaloed. The trouble is, Howison," he glowered, "that your tariff department needs cleaning out. You've got a lot of old mush heads in there."

With this warning shot into his own ranks Scofield arose, went discontentedly out, and never once came back. Keener than any of his staff, he had already foreseen defeat.

But the battle of the J tariffs raged on throughout the week, and it was not until late on Saturday afternoon that John, standing in one room of the suite in the Palace Hotel charged to the name of Robert Mitchell, flung the pile of papers from his arms into the bottom of a suit case with a swish and solid thud of satisfaction. Victory from first to last had perched upon his tawny head. He had met good men and beaten them, and he had a right to exult.

Mr. Mitchell, too, was feeling exultant, and proud beyond words. He came out of his room and stood in the door of John's. His hands were deep in his pockets; his large black derby hat was pushed far back from his bulging brow. On his great landscape of a countenance was an odd, pregnant expression.

City Roofs

(*From the Metropolitan Tower*)

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

ROOF-TOPS, roof-tops, what do you cover?—
Sad folk, bad folk, and many a glowing lover;
Wise people, simple people, children of despair—
Roof-tops, roof-tops, hiding pain and care.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, O what sin you're knowing,
While above you in the sky the white clouds are blowing;
While beneath you, agony and dolor and grim strife
Fight the olden battle, the olden war of Life.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, cover up their shame—
Wretched souls, prisoned souls too piteous to name;
Man himself hath built you all to hide away the stars—
Roof-tops, roof-tops, you hide ten billion scars.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, well I know you cover
Many solemn tragedies, and many a lonely lover;
But ah! you hide the good that lives in the throbbing city—
Patient wives, and tenderness, forgiveness, faith, and pity.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, this is what I wonder:
You are thick as poisonous plants, thick the people under;
Yet roofless, and homeless, and shelterless they roam,
The driftwood of the town who have no roof-top and no home!

"Well, Jack," he began after an interval of silence, "what about the stage?"

John started like a man surprised in a guilty act, although he had known for months that this was a question Mr. Mitchell might ask any moment; but the decision involved seemed now so big that from day to day he had hoped the inevitable might be postponed.

"I shall be naming a new chief clerk in a couple of weeks now that Heitmuller is to become general agent," Mr. Mitchell went on half musingly, as if to forestall a hasty reply to the question he had asked. "The new man will be in line to be appointed assistant general freight agent very soon on account of the consolidations."

FOR a moment John saw himself as chief clerk, sitting in the big swivel chair at the high roll-top desk, with all the strings of the business he knew so well how to pull lying on the table before him; with clerks, stenographers, men from other departments, and that important part of the shipping public which carried its business to the general freight office all running to him.

And from there it was only a short, easy step to the position of assistant general freight agent.

Only the man who has toiled far down in the ranks of a railroad organization can know on what a dizzy height sits the chief clerk, or how far beyond rises the assistant general freight agent.

"Your advancement would be very rapid," suggested Mr. Mitchell, flicking his flies skillfully upon the whirling eddies of the young man's thought.

John had achieved enough and glimpsed enough to see that the "old man" was right. Advancement would be rapid. Mitchell would soon go up the line himself; he could follow him: general freight agent, assistant traffic manager, traffic manager, vice president in charge of traffic—president! with twelve thousand miles of shining steel flowing from his hand, which he might swing and whirl and crack like a whip! The prospect was dazzling in the extreme, and yet it was only for a moment that the picture kindled. In the next it was dead and sparkless as burned-out fireworks.

"You have a strong vein of traffic in your blood," the general freight agent began adroitly, but John broke in upon him.

"Mr. Mitchell," he said, and his utterance was grave, "I am sorry to disappoint you, but it comes too late. A year ago such a hint would have thrown me into ecstasies. To-day it leaves me cold. I have had another vision."

The face of Mitchell shaded from seriousness almost to sadness, but he was too wise to increase by argument an ardor about which there was (to the railroad man) something not easy to be understood—something, indeed, almost fanatical. Instead, Mitchell asked with sober, interested friendliness:

"What is your plan, Jack?"

"To resign July 1," John answered, for the first time definitely crossing the bridge, "to come to San Francisco and seek an engagement with some of the stock companies playing permanently here, even though I begin the search for an opening without money enough to last more than a week or two."

"Without money!" exclaimed Mr. Mitchell in surprise.

"Yes," confessed Hampstead, flushing a little; "my salary was not very munificent, you know, and I have usually contrived to get rid of it almost before I got the pay check in my hands."

MR. MITCHELL'S small, prudent eyes looked disfavor at a spendthrift.

"However," he suggested, "you have only yourself to think of."

"That's another point against me," confessed Hampstead. "I have some one else to look out for. My brother-in-law is an artist, you know, and he has not been very successful yet, so that I hold myself ready to help with my sister and the children if it should ever become necessary."

"That's a handicap," declared Mitchell flatly.

"I won't admit it," said John loyally. "You don't know those children. Tayna's the girl, nearly twelve now, a beauty if her nose is pugged. Such hair and eyes and such a heart! Dick's the boy, past ten. He's had asthma always and is about a thousand years old, someways. But they—"

Hampstead gulped queerly.

"Those two children," he plunged on, "are dearer to me than anything in the whole wide world. You know" (and his tone became still more confidential while his eyes grew moist), "it would only be something that happened to them that would keep me from going on with my stage career."

Mitchell's respect for John was changing oddly to reverence and a fatherly feeling. He felt that he was getting acquainted with him for the first time. He resolved that he would not tempt him, and that if it became necessary he would help him. However, before he could express this resolve, if he had intended to express it, the telephone rang. Hampstead answered it, stammered, faltered, replied: "I will see, sir, and call you in five minutes," hung up the phone and turned to confront Mitchell with a look almost of fright upon his face.

"It's William N. Scofield," he exclaimed. "He wants me to take dinner with him at his club to-night."

A disbelieving smile appeared for a moment on the wide lips of Mitchell; then understanding broke, and his smile was swallowed up in a hearty laugh.

"He wants to offer you a position," Mitchell said when his exultant cachinnations had ceased. "Look out that he doesn't win you. Scofield is a very persuasive man. He nearly got me once. Besides, he has more to offer you than I have."

Hampstead pressed his hand to his brow. Under his tawny thatch ideas were in a whirl.

"What shall I do?" he asked rather helplessly.

"Stay over," commanded Mitchell unhesitatingly. "Ring up and tell him you'll be there."

"But there's no use anyway," replied John suddenly, getting back to the main point. "My mind's made up."

"No man's mind is made up when he's going to take dinner on the proposition with William N. Scofield," answered Mitchell oracularly.

"And you?" asked Hampstead, suddenly aware how good a man at heart was Robert Mitchell and quite unaware that he had seized that gentleman's pudgy right hand and was wringing it in a manner most embarrassing to Mitchell himself. "You—"

The telephone was tingling. "Mr. Scofield wants to know," began a voice. (*Continued on page* 24)



To Claude Kitchin, Esquire

DEAR MR. KITCHIN, you have stated with figures which are notoriously reliable that you are opposed to preparedness. You have shown the vast expenditures which preparedness has involved in Europe and which, in turn, it may involve in the United States. We agree with you that the figures are vast, Mr. KITCHIN. Nevertheless we are for preparedness. A country like the United States, with its untold resources, could well afford to insure peace by the expenditure of half a billion, a billion, or even two billions. For the citizens of our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, yes, and for the citizens of the land between these seaboards, to feel secure in the development of the country and its natural wealth, these billions are not too high a price to pay as an insurance premium. But it is very possible that Europe, as Lord ROSEBERY has said, with its back broken or all but broken by the vast armaments built up even prior to the present war, will dream of disarmament rather than of preparedness. If that should prove to be the case, may we not point out to you, Mr. KITCHIN, that our very readiness for preparedness, our very address to this gigantic task, may prove the most potent factor in disarmament, in world police, in world courts, or any other means that the nations of the earth may devise to avoid war in the future? The fact that those nations will see that the big and dread cycle of armament is about to begin all over again in the Western Hemisphere may give them that horror of the whole business which will prove the turning point in the world's attitude toward this barbarous way of national existence. Long since the higher type of mankind has seen that armed fighting is not the way to settle differences. Nations, notoriously below individuals in ethical standards, still lag behind. Our readiness to prepare and our beginning to prepare in 1916 may prove the paramount factor in turning the world from folly to wisdom. Our attitude would then be that we with our wealth and resources could still make ourselves ready to defend our land; but should they in the reaction from the horrors of war turn their thoughts toward disarmament, we in the process of preparation would be better able to lead the world in disarmament than could any of the more or less broken nations in Europe after the war. That is why we believe in proceeding with a program of preparedness, Mr. KITCHIN; and when the time comes to think of perpetual world peace we could discard the folly of armament from strength and not from weakness.

Local Pride and Local Facts

STAR DIFFERS FROM STAR IN GLORY and each part of the U. S. A. has its own peculiar merits. Experience teaches us that in mentioning localities it is safest to stick to the merits. This makes pleasure rather than progress. We all believe in betterment, in making things more nearly right as the years go by—why is it then that the publication of unpleasant facts as to a city is so inflaming to the inhabitants thereof even when praise is added? Why don't people get sore at the things that are wrong and wipe them out? Righteous indignation is concerned with the existence of evil. For example: Mr. F. S. GARRISON, who is superintendent of the burglary and plate-glass insurance department of the Travelers' Indemnity Company, tells the Casualty and Statistical Society of America in the course of a purely technical address that:

> It is well known that burglaries occur more frequently in some cities than in others. The highest residence rates are for risks located in Chicago, Ill., and San Francisco, Cal. It was found some years ago that the loss ratio on residence business in those cities was so high that it was impossible to make a fair profit on the business.

Suppose we had made that statement in an article or editorial; would the embattled editors of Chicago and San Francisco have come forward with constructive suggestions for bettering police protection in their cities, or would they have landed on us with whatever was handy? You know the answer. And yet facts are facts even in the proudest cities, and it is men's business to better them.

"British Cowardice"

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, who has been one of the most free-spoken of American commentators upon the great war and has found a great deal to criticize in the British scheme of things, heads an editorial in his St. Louis "Mirror" BRITISH COWARDICE. Mr. REEDY is more or less ironical. In discussing the sad case of the young Englishmen (and Irishmen) who have tried to sail from British ports to America in order to avoid probable conscription, he reminds us of the mote-and-beam anecdote. It is well that Americans should not forget their own Civil War record when the draft was ordered. Mr. REEDY does the reminding:

> Men cut off their thumbs or a finger or two so they could not fire a musket. Men had their teeth drawn so they could not bite off the paper cartridges. Men claimed the protection of British citizenship. Men pretended to be deaf and blind. There were more than forty-seven varieties of malingering in those days. Lots of men fled to Canada or to Europe. Wealthy men paid substitutes to take their places when they were drafted. CLEVELAND did this, and so did BLAINE. We had our share of cowards, and a goodly share it was. There were even draft riots in New York. But the great masses of men in the North were loyal and brave, and so are the great masses of men in Great Britain and Ireland. Cowardice is the decided exception and not the rule in the British Isles when its population yields a volunteer army of nearly four million men. The English are no more cowards than the Germans are the brutes or fiends they have been painted in some English prints.

If there were anything to add to Mr. REEDY'S paragraph it would be this: Nothing is more dangerous to any nation than indulgence in dislike plus contempt for a neighbor. Germany's great ante-bellum error was undue scorn for France, Belgium, and England. Especially England.

Is This Science?

A CORRESPONDENT of the London "Spectator" quotes from GEORGE GISSING'S "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," published twelve years ago, this bitter little paragraph:

> I hate and fear science because of my conviction that for long to come, if not forever, it will be the remorseless enemy of mankind. I see it destroying simplicity and gentleness of life, the beauty of the world. I see it restoring barbarism under a mask of civilization; I see it darkening men's minds and hardening their hearts; I see it bringing a time of vast conflicts, which will pale into insignificance "the thousand wars of old," and, as likely as not, will whelm all the laborious advances of mankind in bloodstained chaos!

Such was the classicist's view in 1903. Some people would say that GISSING'S dark vision has already been realized and enacted.

Osborne—and McCall

THE ENTIRE SEAMY SIDE of New York politics is shown again in two recent investigations. THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE has brought hope into Sing Sing despite the unspeakable vileness of the jail quarters there; he is helping those who will to make men of themselves. But he interferes with all the old grafts—selling drugs and liquors to the prisoners, skinning on contracts, peddling favors to politicians' understrappers; and his views as to prison farms threaten the profits of the jail builders. So there is money available for downing OSBORNE, and they get after him in one "probe" after another, conducted by investigators who denounce him before starting in and who rake up a magpie's hoard of foolish testimony from tainted sources. The opposite case is that of EDWARD EVERETT MCCALL, chairman of the Public Service Commission and ex-Tammany candidate for Mayor, who is a stockholder in some of the corporations he is "regulating." The law creating the Public Service Commission appears to bar him from membership therein. But the crowd that wants OSBORNE out wants MCCALL in, and they will stick to him—for their own purposes. These two cases abundantly illustrate the darker corners of New York's politics. What Governor WHITMAN does in these matters will go far toward determining his future as a leader.

Weeding Their Own Patch

WE NOTE that on a fair day in November the justices of the Appellate Court of New York disbarred thirteen lawyers, suspended seven from practice for one year or more, censured six, and referred charges against two others to the official referee. If this keeps up we'll think more of what is left of the legal profession, and New York will be a safer place.

Apropos of That Turkey

EATING is in France a social act. That perhaps justifies the French statistician who figures that a man of fifty has spent 1,500 of his days at table. Fifteen hundred days is a long time—especially as the same man has walked only 800 days and worked only 6,500 and spent only 6,000 in sleep. If literature is, in MATTHEW ARNOLD'S phrase, "criticism of life," has eating received its due share of attention? Sleep has not, in spite of all Dr. FREUD'S screeds about dreams, and those of all his pupils in all countries. As for eating in literature, it is seen at its best perhaps in RABELAIS, in the English novels of the eighteenth century, in WALTER SCOTT'S novels, in anecdotes of DUMAS *père* and BALZAC, and, above all, in CHARLES DICKENS. There is more about eating and drinking in DICKENS'S novels than in any other novel-

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ist—and isn't DICKENS the most popular novelist? Perhaps this is no accident; at the theatre we have observed that nothing holds the crowd so surely as a table scene—in spite of the shocking insufficiency of stage meals. That spaghetti supper alone would have made DAVID WARFIELD a hit in "The Music Master." The questions we have ventured to raise here are appropriate at a season when one stands hungrily midway between the Thanksgiving turkey that was and the Christmas goose that—as yet—is. We rather hope that Mr. PHILIP HALE will elucidate in the newspaper whose ornament he is: the Boston "Herald." Mr. HALE knows more about miscellaneous food and literature, not to mention music, than any other Yankee journalist.

Prosperity—and the Tariff

DECEMBER finds the business of our country at high tide. The basic industries such as iron and copper, telegraph and telephone are in full blast, while the railroads are breaking all records for money earned in moving the gigantic output of our fields and factories. The business year is closing in a great rush of work well done, and the industrial power of the United States is proved again to the satisfaction of all but the croakers. The signs of this change had been clear for some time. In the great textile region about Philadelphia the manufacturers had had it dinned into them for months that low tariff meant ruin even though the war had practically stopped all imports. The turn upward caught these factories short of everything, and now they are refusing orders while hustling for workers, materials, and tools with which to enlarge their production. To win business here one must have clear-eyed faith in the United States and its future. Our country is all right and will be more so. It is entirely possible that the end of the war may bring conditions which will make tariff changes expedient. If such conditions come, this nation must achieve the efficiency and governmental mobility to meet them as quickly as they arise. The best means toward this end is a tariff commission.

A Creed for the United States

SOME OF THE UPLIFT HISTORIANS have more or less disparaged the fame of DANIEL WEBSTER, but no one has ever made a better statement of our country's essential faith than did WEBSTER in these nine words:

> Justice is the great interest of man on earth.

Then and Now

TO SHOW THE MARCH OF PROGRESS in agricultural aids, a town in Vermont at its Old Home Week gave over a part of the festival parade to the following section:

> An old wooden plow, followed by a sulky plow; a handmade tooth harrow, followed by a wheel harrow; handmade manure forks, followed by a manure spreader; two men with ancient hoes, followed by a riding cultivator; two boys on foot with sprinklers, followed by a driven spraying outfit; two men on foot with scythes, followed by a mowing machine; men with rakes and forks, followed by a horse rake and tedder driven by a young lady; two women with sickles and men with cradles, followed by a reaper; two men threshing grain with old flails; two men cleaning the grain with fans; a man with a winnowing mill in operation; a modern thresher.

That is driving home simultaneously the chronological contrast and the moral. And you can't beat the picture method. If that pageant did not "show" the old-line farmer, nothing ever will except a farm mortgaged and eventually lost. Fortunately there are more and more farmers nowadays who resemble the one sketched in tripping parody by the "Canadian Courier":

I remember, I remember,
  The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun
  Came peeping in at morn.
You'd hardly know the old place now,
  For dad is up to date,
And the farm is scientific
  From the back lot to the gate.

The house and barn are lighted
  With b.ight acetylene;
The engine in the laundry
  Is run by gasoline.
We have silos, we have autos,
  We have dynamos and things;
A telephone for gossip
  And a phonograph that sings. . . .

The little window where the sun
  Came peeping in at morn
Now brightens up a bathroom
  That cost a car of corn. . . .

Money well spent at that. Modern science applied to the life of the farmer doesn't mean merely an increase in efficiency and bank balance. It brings with it comfort of the body and refreshment of the soul. And that is real progress.

Friend—Hic!—Highball

WE HAVE WITH US THIS EVENING, ladies and gentlemen, WILLIAM J. MCKENNA and WILLIAM RIDDLE. MCKENNA may not be known to you all, but he is the author of the "Lyric and Music" of a song called "Friend Highball." We don't want to know anything about the music, for here are the words of the chorus:

Friend Highball—Friend Highball,
  You've been a good pal to me;
Years may come—years may go,
  Forever my comrade you'll be.
Friend Highball—Friend Highball,
What memories you recall.
  When trouble draws near me,
  The first one to cheer me
Is my good old Friend Highball.

Let us for the moment leave WILLIAM Number One weeping maudlin tears of comradeship into his glass while we turn to Number Two—WILLIAM RIDDLE, Mayor of Atlantic City. Here is a part of his creed—as outlined to the New Jersey Retail Liquor Dealers' Association:

> Some of the best things I ever did in my life were done while I had a couple of highballs under my belt. I have always maintained that the ideal life is made up of . . . 25 per cent good booze. The most successful year I ever experienced was in 1896, and I remember that I was soused most of that year.

You know best, Mr. Mayor, and we're glad we can bring such soulfellows as you and BILL MCKENNA together. MCKENNA, shake hands with the Mayor! We hope you two can find a distillery somewhere where you can shut yourselves up and get acquainted.

The Boy's Place Is in the Home

A MAN named DOBIE has coached winning football teams at the University of Washington (Seattle) for some six or eight years. He prefers to have his athletes live at home, eating carefully and working hard, to be sure, but in their natural surroundings. JOSEPH DANA ALLEN, head master of the successful Nichols School at Buffalo, applied this broad principle to all secondary education in an address made to the fathers of his pupils:

> You do not teach a boy how to make a home by keeping him away from one during his formative years; how to meet local problems by sending him out of the way of hearing of them; to feel a responsibility for and a joy in his church by bringing him up in another religious atmosphere; to resist the inevitable temptations of the world by giving him almost a monastic life until he goes to college. It is the testimony of the ablest college teachers that boys from boarding school are more carried away by the greater freedom of college life than are the boys from home. Your boy needs his home in his native city with his home church surroundings; he needs mother's loving care and sister's refining companionship, and you, if you will permit me to say it, need the steadying force of leading him aright by precept and example as you also need the brightness and the joy of his fellowship.

It is a fine thing that we are getting away from the medieval notion that young people must be uprooted in order to make them grow.

The Human Heart

THIS WAR has shown again the unchanging courage of mankind, and it has shown also their unfailing helpfulness. Behind the cruel meanness of conquest-plotters, the muddling of demagogues and the corruption of political parasites, we see this fundamental background, this world of the human heart. Aviators honor their foes and take pains to send home news of them. Soldiers of all races have to be held back from facing certain death in trying to aid their wounded comrades. A captive German officer may revert to his attitude of trained insolence, but in the trenches his men are his "boys." An Englishman in Red Cross work at Gallipoli writes:

> The nurses are tiptop, and the orderlies a revelation. They are so gentle and patient. The shattered, and in many cases dying, men cling to them like frightened children, and they comfort and soothe them like any woman. I did not think they had it in them. They are just an ordinary set of ruffians in everyday life.

Add to this the endless accounts of unselfish devotion to others on the part of the home populations now at war and you get a clear vision of what people are. Not what they may become under some system of evangelism or method of education or hygienic discipline or economic Utopia, but what they are now, to-day, with all their imperfections that so vex and harass reformers. If a fairy godmother could give this sad old world one gift, it might well be a magic to turn this dumb love into power, to establish the policies of kingdoms and empires upon the unselfish fairness and the helpfulness-unto-death that even now is warm in the hearts of common men.

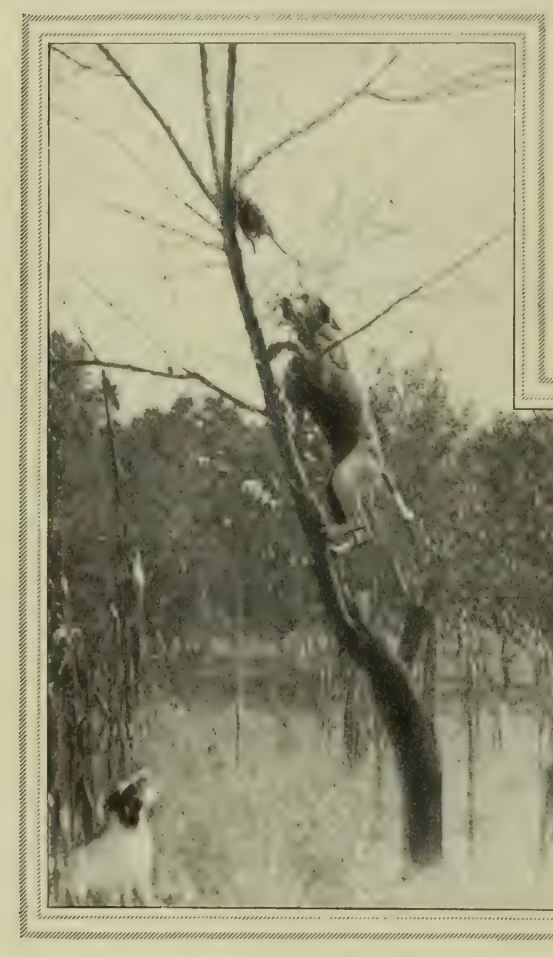
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U. S. border guards snapped during a lull in the battle.



Stray Mexican bullets killed one of our men and wounded six



Agua Prieta and the Ebb of Villa

THE recent battle of Agua Prieta, just across the border from Douglas, Ariz., in which General Villa, with 13,000 men, was beaten by a Carranza garrison of 4,000 under General Calles, is regarded by many as the turning point in the war in northern Mexico—the beginning of Villa's finish as a menace to the newly recognized government. The rebels were beaten largely because they ran short of food and ammunition, and since their retreat to Naco Villa has had a hard time getting grub enough to keep them in a fighting humor. Hungry Mexicans do not fight well, even for Villa. Some of the Agua Prieta Federals, who have been reenforced by 5,000 men and abundantly supplied with food, arms, and ammunition, are seen in the photograph in the upper right-hand corner. The two boys are only fourteen years old. The tall man is an American.



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An amazon in Obregon's army

A Houn' Dawg That Climbs for 'Possums

AT THE left is a snapshot of a tree-climbing 'possum dog. When this remarkable canine, which belongs to Rube Carter, a Georgia negro, and answers to the name of Coon, trails his quarry to a tree with reasonably low limbs, he goes right up and brings it down. Other 'possum dogs are content to sit on the ground and bark until their masters either climb for the game or cut down the trees. Coon was never taught to climb. He picked up the accomplishment on his own account. In this photograph he is making his way up a peach tree after a dead 'possum placed there to make him perform before the camera. When asked to give Coon's pedigree Rube said: "I dunno his ancestahs. He's jes' a houn', I reckon."



THE NEW TUNKHANNOCK VIADUCT, part of a 39.6-mile cut-off built in northeastern Pennsylvania by the Lackawanna Railroad at a cost of $12,000,000. This bridge, which is half a mile long and 240 feet high, helps to shorten the Lackawanna 3.6 miles, reduce the time between New York City and Buffalo by 20 minutes, and save many millions of dollars in steam power. It took five locomotives to pull a big freight train up some of the hills on the old route; two suffice on the steepest hills on the cut-off

POOR OLD SKIRTS

BY IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

DUFF WEATHERS did not learn to creep with strength engendered wholly by the lactic fare which nature, physicians, and most mothers are agreed is the most suitable for young humankind. Milk of bottle and of breast was scarce with Duff's mother, who in less than a round dozen of years was constrained not only to bear and to wean a baker's dozen of offspring but also to attend to considerable scrubbing and laundering for more fortunate matrons. So much manual and maternal duty would irk most women. And Duff's long-boned, sallow mother herself was one of a large, ill-fed family circle. Perhaps she was not altogether to blame that she had never corraled much dietary wisdom. Perhaps she honestly thought that what invigorated her in her hours of weariness would invigorate her progeny. At any rate, it is regrettable but true that at the tender age of ten months Duff knew very well what stale beer tasted like, although Mrs. Weathers was not extravagantly liberal in her ideas of what would nourish a babe, and always conscientiously diluted the beer. Which was more than many mothers in that neighborhood took the trouble to do.

Duff's father possessed all the usual attributes usually belonging to the usual scrub lady's prolific husband; one adjective embraces the whole lot—worthless. Mr. Weathers was of as little worth as a worn-out rubber boot. He drove a cab—when he wasn't too drunk to prop himself on the seat. But long before Duff grew up he departed for that land to which all cabmen, worthless or worthy, drive at last.

A year or so later Mrs. Weathers followed, and to the scattering kindness of various orphanages and homes fell all her offspring except Duff, who was twelve years old and preferred to look after his own young life. And it must be confessed that he did not greatly miss either parent; not nearly so much as he would have missed Joe Bosophogulos, who had a corner news stand near Duff's home neighborhood. Joe, an olive-complexioned, sixteen-year-old cosmopolite, had taught him to shoot craps, sell papers, play twenty-six—which in itself is a course in mathematics—and differentiate between ball players of varying degrees of skill and of personality. All of which served to round Duff's education.

So, though orphaned, he continued to sleep and eat under Joe's kindly patronage, which was inspired solely by a certain fine altruism. Joe liked Duff's small, hungry, deferential face, fringed insolently by uncombed, stringy, mud-colored hair. Joe, though, was not a person of means. A news stand is not a steel trust nor a gun factory, and the eating was not always regular. But it was not the vapid fare of orphanage or juvenile home, which for all its regularity and vapidity is reputed to have a singularly bitter flavor.

In time Joe made Duff a friend of his friends: such influentials as bartenders, porters, the bossy distributors from the downtown newspaper offices, an alderman's office boy—who was thirty-one years old and gray at the temples—the shyster chauffeur of a shyster lawyer, and, most important of all, Joe's brother George, an olive-skinned, twenty-five-year-old cosmopolite who ran interesting errands for a professional bondsman whose work and profits were affiliated with those of the shyster lawyer. Such a circle of friends was bound to have a share in the molding of young Duff's character and career. Very soon his small insolent face acquired a peculiarly alert look; though (perhaps owing to his unwise, harassed mother's erratic ideas of nourishment) that face did not seem to grow much larger, even after his small legs had lengthened themselves by some fifteen inches.

From newsboy he rose to be messenger boy for various more or less distinguished gentlemen, mostly politically engaged. As a wits sharpener he had happened into a grand route. By the time he was seventeen he knew that shyster lawyers and professional bondsmen are nothing to brag of in the acquaintanceship line and that for him who has the price life holds rich restaurants, limousines, and diamond cuff buttons.

When he was twenty he knew: that governors are human; that women are frail; that aldermen are as prone to mistakes as sparks to fly upward; that every man has his price; that the choicer folks of the world do not wear diamond cuff buttons; that cafés are not so hilarious as most good folks wistfully and enviously imagine; that type is more dangerous than cannon; that life yields most to him who gets lustily out and scuffles for most; that the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skin and Republicans and Democrats likewise are brothers, especially when there is any "bloomin' loot"; and that politics is the big dish of life, with girls, baseball, and poker as the chief condiments.

"How touching, and on election day! What kind hearts there are in this world!"



From his twentieth year to his twenty-fifth he merely perfected himself in such knowledge—took a post-graduate course.

ONE oxygen-breezed, sun-frescoed day in late winter, in his twenty-sixth year, Duff Weathers swung blithely into the office of Alderman William Downson, his patron, friend, employer, colleague, mentor, and boss.

Duff had plenty of reason to be blithe.

To begin with, such was his usual condition. He was at an age which claims blitheness as its own—unless hunger, sickness, or the bridewell has laid hold of you. Duff was so healthy he could sleep ten straight, invigorating hours without turning; he had just satisfactorily breakfasted on cantaloupe, potatoes, ham and eggs, and coffee, and his relations with the prison institutions of his native city were such that the day before he had successfully demanded the pardon of three young hoodlums who from jail had appealed to him for liberation—and whom his dear friend, Alderman Downson, would presently need to paste posters and rumors around town.

Duff had extra reasons, too, for blitheness. The winter morning's sunny crispness was tonic. And he was sporting an elegant new chic-collared overcoat. Duff's mother, lying twelfth from the wooden gate of the potter's field, would have turned happily in her cold bed had she been able to see the gladness of raiment sported by her son. And perhaps, since she was his mother, her tired bones would have relaxed in restfulness had she guessed that this son was as used to taxicabs as she had been to a galvanized tub.

But the big reason for Duff's joy of soul was the approach of spring—beautiful spring with its fields of violets and of baseball. Duff welcomed it as a soulful star welcomes first night after weeks of dragging rehearsal. Besides baseball and violets, spring holds an election day.

To Duff Weathers election days were the excuse for there being years. He thoroughly enjoyed every hour of the days of contest preceding—from the first noble elocutionary "In response to the earnest solicitations of my friends I have consented, notwithstanding my preference for private life—" to the last hoarse "It's a lie! They stuffed 'em themselves—" And so this morning he was glad, and he was sure the alderman's office would be a glad place, and, radiant as an early gold-and-lavender pansy that brightly perks its head above a March snow layer, he swung into that office with an exuberant willingness for work far too seldom displayed by toilers in this slothful, shiftless old world.

To his surprise he perceived that his patron and boss showed none of blossomlike radiance of spirit. The alderman and the four or five other men in the room rather resembled pansies that winter, though scudding before spring's onslaught, has slapped with a back-reaching icy paw as a warning not to be so cheekily premature another year. They were as triste as frost-blackened, wilted petals.

"Why the gloom?" blithely queried Duff, nodding at all present, and then admiring his own glossy yellow walking stick before he put it down.

"Why!" coldly grunted Downson.

He was a pursy, medium-complexioned gentleman, minus hair except a light-brown crescendo ridge along the top of the back of his neck, minus eyebrows and lashes except a creamy sprinkling like the down of a peach, with a dyspepsia-mottled, aggressive lower jaw and with large hazel eyes which sometimes were as explosive as a lighted fuse, sometimes as expressionless as the open door of an empty ballot booth, sometimes as despairing as those of a starved crow.

This despair was not due to things spiritual nor to such temporal matters as the filling or unfilling of elective offices. It came from a fear that a small growth on his upper lip was cancerous. Worrying over it, he sometimes forgot whether Swedes or Irish predominated in certain precincts of his own ward.

"Why!" he now repeated sourly. "Hell—that's why?" Then he bitterly wished that all women were drowned in the middle of the deep sea.

Now, to his own party William Downson was known as a reliable member; to the opposition as a canny and unscrupulous trickster; to his underlings as a man of brains; to his overlings as a most usable person. To no one in all the world was he known as a Lothario or emotional neurasthenic. He lavished his emotions on the game of politics and a fat, phlegmatic though pleasant-faced wife whose picture figured effectively in his campaigns.

Moreover, scrutinizing him, Duff saw that the hazel eyes were explosive-expressioned. By which he knew that the cause of the strong language was exasperating but not vital. When a vital annoyance presented itself to the alderman, such as a grand jury indictment, his eyes became yawning vacuums as far as expression went, and he did not swear; he meditated.

Duff, of course, knew that suffragism was a shadow over politics. He guessed (and guessed correctly) that the present gloom was caused by Mrs. Cora Caldwell, an ex-school-teacher and present wife of a prosperous real-estate man, who had taken up her residence some months previously in Downson's ward for the express purpose of running for the office which Downson had held so long that he thought it belonged to him by quitclaim deed.

But the spell of this scientific twentieth century was over Duff. He reasoned that the present-day arc lights, X-rays, and tungstens are capable of dispelling any shadow. Anyway, what is a shadow? Nothing—literally. You can walk around it or over it; or if you don't happen to be looking its way, but are engrossed in thought, you needn't even know there is a shadow around.

"Forget it," blithely advised Duff. Then, with a

charming little mingling of pride and modesty, he adjusted a small silver medal that adorned his coat lapel, and thus drew the attention of all present to it.

A sallow young man at the other side of Downson's long flat desk said slightingly: "Oh, we heard you got it!"

From a smaller desk next the window George Bosophogulos, now swart, fat, and nearly forty, sneered: "Oh, you Adonis!—I don't think!"

Duff grinned and primpingly patted the mud-brown cowlick which topped his thin, alert face.

"What is it?" boredly asked the glum Downson.

WITH more charming mingling of pride and modesty, Duff explained that at the dance given by the Milliners' Union the evening before he had been voted the handsomest man present.

"Think of it!" disgustedly remarked another sallow young man at the end of the desk.

"It's unthinkable!" scorned George. "Him!"

Alderman Downson lost some of his bored look and some of his glum look, and thoughtfully inspected his young lieutenant. Duff bore the inspection with a gentle grin. "Ain't I sweet?"

Aloud Downson figured that Duff must have got the medal for his winning young ways rather than his pulchritude. Anyone with a nose that began as a cave-in and ended as a door knob—

Duff continued to grin gently under this candor. "Maybe it is my ways," he admitted with the modesty of a man who is not wont to brag but cannot bring himself to deny his own worth.

George Bosophogulos looked up from a tabulation of Polish tenements and snorted.

"At any rate," Duff added blandly, with a pregnant glance at George, "I don't have to put a blind ad in the 'Tribune' to get a partner for any grand march."

The hint of a guilty flush topped George's swartness. The two sallow young men laughed in enjoyment of it. But Downson continued to inspect Duff thoughtfully. And presently he said in a tone of peculiar blandness and with the vigor of one who has indeed heard exceedingly good news: "I am glad to know this, Duff."

Duff grinned.

"Very, very glad," thoughtfully and paternally repeated Mr. Downson.

He beamed on Duff.

Something in the thoughtful prolongation of that beam made Duff Weathers slightly uneasy. He had a hunch such excessive gladness boded him no good. In politics hunches are regarded respectfully. They are potent things. They have been known to move legislatures after press, law, and pulpit have failed. Duff feared right away that his boasting had been unwise. And immediately he learned that as a hunchist he was a success.

"I believe you're just the man," said Downson.

"For what?" hastily.

"To swing me some women's votes," blandly.

"*Me?*" in dismay.

"You!" brightly.

"None of the girls I know live in this ward," quickly objected Duff. "Except Milly Brown, who sings in Joe Bosophogulos's café. And she's going to Denver next month."

"I don't mean girls." And Downson waved such away with two pudgy fingers. "I want you to go over to that Women's Municipal Lodging House, just opened on Eighth Street, and coax some of *them* into the fold. Our fold." Again Downson beamed on Duff, who stiffened.

"You don't mean that flop house for old skirts?"

"Exactly," with crispness. "And I am sure you—"

"I won't," flatly announced Duff.

"Won't you?" said Downson. He did not say it unkindly, nor threateningly, nor grievingly. He said it mechanically, as many politicians, evangelists, and mothers get in the habit of repeating another's words, possibly to save themselves the trouble or the indiscretion of putting forth words of their own.

"Why, they don't count," said Duff in scorn. "They're all down and out."

Downson gloomed. "Don't they count? They've all got a vote, and that Caldwell woman is just the nervy one to go and hector them into casting it! I'm glad the women like you—"

"They don't!" hastily. "They despise me. All that ever met me. They loathe me. I've been turned down a hundred times. Even Milly Brown, who is twenty-nine years old—"

"Fie! Fie!" rebuked his chief. "You're too modest, my son. And modesty, dear Duff, has no place in our business. Or in danged few others," warmly. "Except on a platform, and even there you don't want to get careless and use it riotously."

Duff assumed the look that would be worn by a color bearer who has been ordered to stay in camp and read psalms to the general's old maiden sister while the remainder of the regiment charges the enemy.

Seeing, Downson explained that he had just learned that the ward held more women than men—"owing to the danged tenementers will never stay fixed, but must go moving into new precincts every time a landlord raises the rent!"

He added that it would be a sorry day for his party if the primaries didn't favor him. But the outlook was doubtful. He wasn't taking any chances. He simply had to have a light sprinkling of women's votes.

Just a sprinkling. Duff understood, not being at all stupid, that a sprinkling might, without drawing undesired notice, be surreptitiously increased to a fair-sized puddle. But an absolutely dry ballot box could not be sprinkled, even by those most versed in the art of unobtrusive sprinkling, without incurring unpleasant comment.

"What'll I say to 'em?" he fretted.

"Oh, I wouldn't presume to dictate to you in that little detail," amiably said Downson with a genial smile at the medal on Duff's breast. "You'll know best. I give you leave to say anything," pleasantly, "that'll bring them to the polls to vote for me." He beamed affectionately at the scowling Duff.

"What'll I give 'em?" he demanded.

"Anything," amiably. "But be sure you give it in the sweet name of charity—you know a woman is so darn treacherous she'd accept a bribe and spend it and then be conscience-impelled to vote the other way and have you arrested to boot."

George Bosophogulos unamiably observed that doubtless the whole gang'd sell their souls for a pair of shoes. One sallow young man indignantly agreed to this observation. The other sallow young man indignantly disagreed, saying they'd sell 'em for a shoestring.

BUT a week elapsed before Duff sulkily attended to the matter, and then only after repeated wrathful orders from Downson, who was in a bad humor over the tumor on his lip.

"What with the direct primaries and the citizens' leagues and those women, there's darned little pleasure in politics any more," he grumped. "But believe me," darkly, "there's a lot of you that it ain't going to do any good to have me lose!"

Duff perforce agreed that the fortunes of himself and of Downson and of various other gentlemen were joined like the sepals of one wind-blown calyx, and that evening, about seven-thirty—when he judged the women patronizing it would be most in evidence—he sought the Women's Municipal Lodging House.

It was a narrow, three-story, rickety frame building which fifty years before had been swaggeringly pink-and-gray painted, and one of the then young city's choice residences; which thirty years before had been a somber, select boarding house; which twenty years before had been a somber, by-no-means-select rooming house; which ten years before had been a torn-papered apartment house for some twenty broken-tongued families whose unwashed numerous young cumbered its corridors like maggots; which five years before had served for a conglomeration of piffling factories—glove, necktie, belt, etc.; which a year before had been unrentable; so the owners rented it to a welfare league as abiding place for women who had no other.

The entire first floor had been thrown into one large room, which was lobby, reception room, warming place, and employment office. It was furnished with a number of cheap pine chairs, white muslin window curtains (which chilled it somehow more than if there had been none), and at one end a desk at which sat the woman in charge. She was stout and spectacled, with a trim, firm, stern face surmounted neatly by a small, firm, stern, iron-gray pompadour. Duff recognized her as Miss Eliza Harper, who had once held an office in the City Hall through the kindness of a certain judge who held his ermine through the kindness of a certain senator who was under deep personal obligation to William Downson. Therefore Duff did not feel it necessary to stand on ceremony with her. He nodded casually, remarked that he'd like to look around, and proceeded to look.

He saw a collection of women; old mostly, stooped mostly, grim-faced mostly; faces black-rouged with care, or gray-powdered with hunger; seamed, emaciated, bloated, stolid, sneaking—Duff glanced over them unemotionally enough. From his creeping days he had been too familiar with the sight of derelicts, male and female, to respond sentimentally to any collection of miserables.

But he stood hesitant, not knowing what move to make first. Had the collection been masculine he would have known well enough—drinks for all, and a second if you want it, boys! And he did not doubt that a large share of this crowd, skirted though it might be, would jump tigerishly to such an invitation. But—he suppressed a grin—that wouldn't sound nice to welfare leaguers.

His eyes fluttered over them all; like a woman at market trying to choose a hen for Sunday's dinner, he humorously thought. From the nearest chair an oldish, large-boned woman in cast-off brown clothes regarded him stolidly; from another a sullen old creature in wet rags; from another an emaciated thing of possibly sixty-five with great, gaunt black eyes that might have been beautiful once, looked ingratiatingly and half held out a drug-tremulous, begging hand; three silent, solemn, stolid women dragged their feet to the desk; Eliza Harper assigned them beds— And then, in the farthest corner, Duff saw a woman younger than the others; much younger. She could not be thirty, though she was several years past twenty.

She lay tiredly back in her chair, her eyes closed. She was slight-shaped. She wore a rather shabby black serge suit. A small, rather shabby black velvet hat came down over her ears, quite hiding her hair and leaving visible only the small, white, fatigued face. She had a wistful red mouth.

Duff swung over to her. He drew a chair beside her and sat himself on it. At the scraping of the chair she unclosed her eyes. They were dark brown, darker perhaps because of the drowsiness in them.

Upraised, they questioned Duff.

"What's the matter?" questioned he sympathetically. Very sympathetically. (Duff's voice, when he chose, was mellifluous.) Now something in the tired brown eyes put an extra thickness of honey on it. Something in the soft sweet brown eyes made Duff's heartstrings to tug. It was a darn shame that a girl like this—

"Matter?" in a soft, uncertain tone.

"Need a job?" kindly. Oh, superlatively kindly, and he rapidly thought of several men who needed an office assistant. "I've been sent over here to help you folks who are out of luck"—wording it as delicately as possible.

SHE opened her eyes wide. Duff saw that as soon as she opened them wide they were very wide open indeed. And there was a disconcerting coolness in their soft depths.

She rose, picked up gloves and purse that had slipped to the floor. Duff noticed that though gloves and purse were not expensive they were very neat and far from worn out.

"Thanks," she said. "But I'm—employed at present." The cool light in her eyes flickered, as though mirthfully. She walked over to Miss Harper, whispered, giggled, adjusted her small hat—which somehow didn't seem so shabby as it had to Duff's first glance—then departed into the street. And Duff noticed that her heels were trim and unshabby, and they clicked over the bare floor with capable, decisive little clicks.

He walked over to Eliza Harper. "Say, who is she?"

"She?" Miss Eliza Harper had taken many civil-service examinations, but she was still a woman. It is possible that sex loyalty put the hint of demure mirth back of her spectacles. "That is Miss Fanny Soper. She is electioneering for Mrs. Cora Caldwell. Poor girl! She's awfully tired to-night."

In the course of the next few weeks Duff met Miss Fanny



There was visible a small, white, fatigued face; a wistful red mouth



Ten passively eager women had been furnished with ten nickels by the insolent little red-haired baggage. They thanked her! *Duff fairly choked*

Soper often. The Women's Municipal Lodging House seemed to be her temporary headquarters. He learned that she had been merely a ten-dollar-a-week stenographer until she joined—at fifteen dollars a week—Mrs. Cora Caldwell's large hired staff of assistants. It was a very large staff. Mr. Caldwell enjoyed and admired his wife's ambitions, and was generously willing to further them to the best of his ability. Duff rather thoughtfully reported this to Downson, who glumly told him that the news was ancient history to *him*.

At Duff's second meeting with Miss Soper her dark-brown eyes twinkled meanly. He felt the red travel to his mud-colored cowlick, and he had a fervid desire to slap her small, white, insolent face. Like most people who are too clever to make many blunders, Duff felt the more temper over an occasional one.

But after this second meeting she insolently assumed a large way of looking past him or through him or over him—though she was a foot less in stature—or not looking at him at all, that sent purple instead of red as far as his cowlick. And somehow—though Duff himself was careful never to mention it—the affair became known. Perhaps Eliza Harper, in spite of her spectacled severity of visage, had more sense of humor than she obtained credit for, and found this too good to keep. Downson's large staff of assistants howled, and Downson himself chuckled while he anathematized Mrs. Cora Caldwell's generous husband.

Duff took howls and chuckles with a stiff grin. But he came to dislike Fanny Soper as he never before in his airy, busy young life had known how to dislike anyone—even Joe Bosophogulos's fat brother George. This dislike was unholy, unrighteous, goose-flesh-producing. And about this time the main object of his existence came to be, not to work hard to help his friend and patron Downson secure the nomination on primary day, but to work violently to keep Mrs. Cora Caldwell, as represented by Fanny Soper, from getting it.

Considering her pallor and insignificance of features—for her cheeks were flat and her nose small—she had an aggressiveness of countenance that Duff could not understand until one day her small velvet hat happened to slip up a trifle, disclosing a wisp of hair over one ear. And the color of that wisp—

Late that evening, over beer and pretzels in Joe Bosophogulos's café, Milly Brown, cabaret singer and Joe Bosophogulos's belonging, besought Duff to admire her new hat, a chic little turquoise satin affair that hid all her bleached goldenness. "Don't you love little hats?" she demanded, one blue eye on Joe, who had one black eye on a slim girl at another table.

"No, I don't!" responded Duff with altogether more warmth of tone than the subject called for. "I abominate those infernal little dewdads! You never can tell if a woman is gray-haired or red-haired."

Milly, surprised and amused, withdrew her attention from Joe. "My! What gray-haired or red head has fooled the poor dear?"

DUFF scowled and confided to Milly that he always did dislike a girl with crimson locks. His first love had had 'em. He was fifteen, and she accepted his affection and candy coolly and gave her affection and his purchases to another boy, a squint-eyed huckster's aid. And long after, when one of Joe's transient dancers, with hair of flame, had asked him prettily to cash a check—and he had cashed it—it hadn't been worth quite the flame of one match head. Milly acridly remembered the dancer. Joe, too, had been "easy."

Duff wore the same scowl the next morning when he sought Downson and said he had to have some jobs.

"What kind?"

"Scrubbing, I suppose," said Duff crossly. "I'm sure I don't know what else they could handle."

"Oh, those old skirts!" Forthwith Mr. Downson obligingly picked up one of the several receivers on his desk and demanded of a certain Junkins if various factory and office buildings in his hands did not require a quantity of unskilled female labor. Such did? Then Junkins should immediately lay off ten already on the pay roll because Downson had ten who had to be placed. Oh, not permanently. Through the transmitter Alderman Downson managed to convey a wink.

Forthwith Duff Weathers hustled over to the Women's Municipal Lodging House. Ah, she would—would she? Pat their down-and-out shoulders and tuck up their disheveled, unclean hair, and listen sweetly and patiently to their troubles, their driveled, whimpered, whined, boresome troubles, and sympathetically exclaim that it was a shame! and squeeze out hypocritical tears! and wish pathetically that she had a million dollars to divide among them! Little hypocrite! Well, he guessed he could pull off a trick or two that would discount any of hers! He rather guessed that a pay envelope for a week or two would strike those women harder than a year or two of mushy sympathy and meaningless wishes!

He chose a woman at random. It happened to be the emaciated creature who that first night had half held out a begging hand—old Lil, who had come to her sixty-fifth year and found the end of it all was this place for home. And now, as he stopped beside her, her drug-tremulous hand went out ingratiatingly and her gaunt, black eyes dilated with hope—till he explained. Then her hand fell back, her eyes retreated into their blear shadows, she looked around uncertainly, as though for advice. Duff regarded her impatiently. Didn't the woman want work?

He learned that she didn't—she wouldn't know what to do with it. She held out mutely a meager, strengthless arm—and then Miss Fanny Soper stepped up, as though to advise her.

"She couldn't do the work," contemptuously said Miss Soper. "She isn't able."

"What *can* she do?" snapped Duff.

"Nothing that I know of," snapped Fanny Soper. "Except wait for—" She did not add the other grim word, but lifted Lil's old, emaciated, strengthless, purple-veined wrist—then pityingly laid it back. "But if you have work there are other women here who can do it. Mary!"

A large-boned, big-framed, stolid woman came forward. Her hair was gray and she was very near sixty. But her wrists were large and heavy, and her mournful light-blue eyes were eager. She picked nervously at her brown cloth skirt as Duff stiffly told her of the chance of work. And then—

Duff Weathers afterward could not remember how it came about. It seemed that the insolent little red-haired baggage fairly swooped into command of the situation. In about ten seconds—so it seemed—ten passively eager women were lined before him, had been told where to go, had been furnished with ten nickels of car fare by Fanny Soper—and had bestowed as they went ten stammering, broken-tongued expressions of gratitude upon Fanny Soper!

They thanked *her!* They promised *her* any return in their poor power.

Duff fairly choked—he glared—he gathered himself together for damning denunciation.

Fanny Soper pushed up a small flame-hued wisp that had strayed down from under her small velvet hat, and smiled insolently, meanly, triumphantly at him. "I thank you, Mr. Weathers," she mocked. "And those poor women thank you, Miss Harper thanks you, the Woman's party thanks you—"

Duff knew that if he lost control of himself and talked, as he ached to talk, his language would be vastly unbecoming a politician of brains or breeding. And the Woman's party would gloat over the exhibition (*Continued on page* 22)

REO

THE FIFTH



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Chassis—Remains practically the same as 1915. This great chassis has been recognized for the past five years as the standard American automobile chassis. It is unquestionably one of the most accessible automobiles in the world—the simplest, therefore the cheapest, in which to make any repair or adjustment or replacement. Very small changes have been made in different parts of the mechanism. They are such as only an engineer would understand, and their purpose was to eliminate the slightest little sound, and to make this the most silent as well as one of the most accessible automobiles in the world and to further enhance facility of driving.

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Hood Fastenings—New design—pull up and out. Facilitates lifting of hood without the usual inconvenience—just a little detail but of sufficient importance to merit our engineers' attention when it meant greater convenience for the Reo owner. Adjustable buffers prevent rattling of hood-sides.

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TO HAVE ACHIEVED through years of endeavor a motor car of such mechanical excellence—such absolute reliability—dependability, and of such low maintenance cost—is a record of which any corps of engineers might well be proud.

WHEN YOU CONSIDER that the average cost of maintenance for cars of this model has proven to be less than six dollars per car per year (and thousands of owners tell us they have never spent a dollar for replacements or repairs), you will appreciate that the quality of materials in this product must be not only the best the science of metallurgy can produce, but that that quality must be wonderfully uniform throughout.

AND THAT IS THE FACT. A marvelous degree of precision—of absolute accuracy and uniformity—has been reached and is applied to the composition and treatment of metals that go into Reo cars.

THAT IS WHERE REO QUALITY is obtained—that and the equally accurate workmanship for which the Reo factories and organization is famous among automobile manufacturers.

THIS REO THE FIFTH represents more years of concentrated effort on the part of Reo engineers—has been more consistently refined and improved—and for a longer period—than any other automobile in America so far as we can recall.

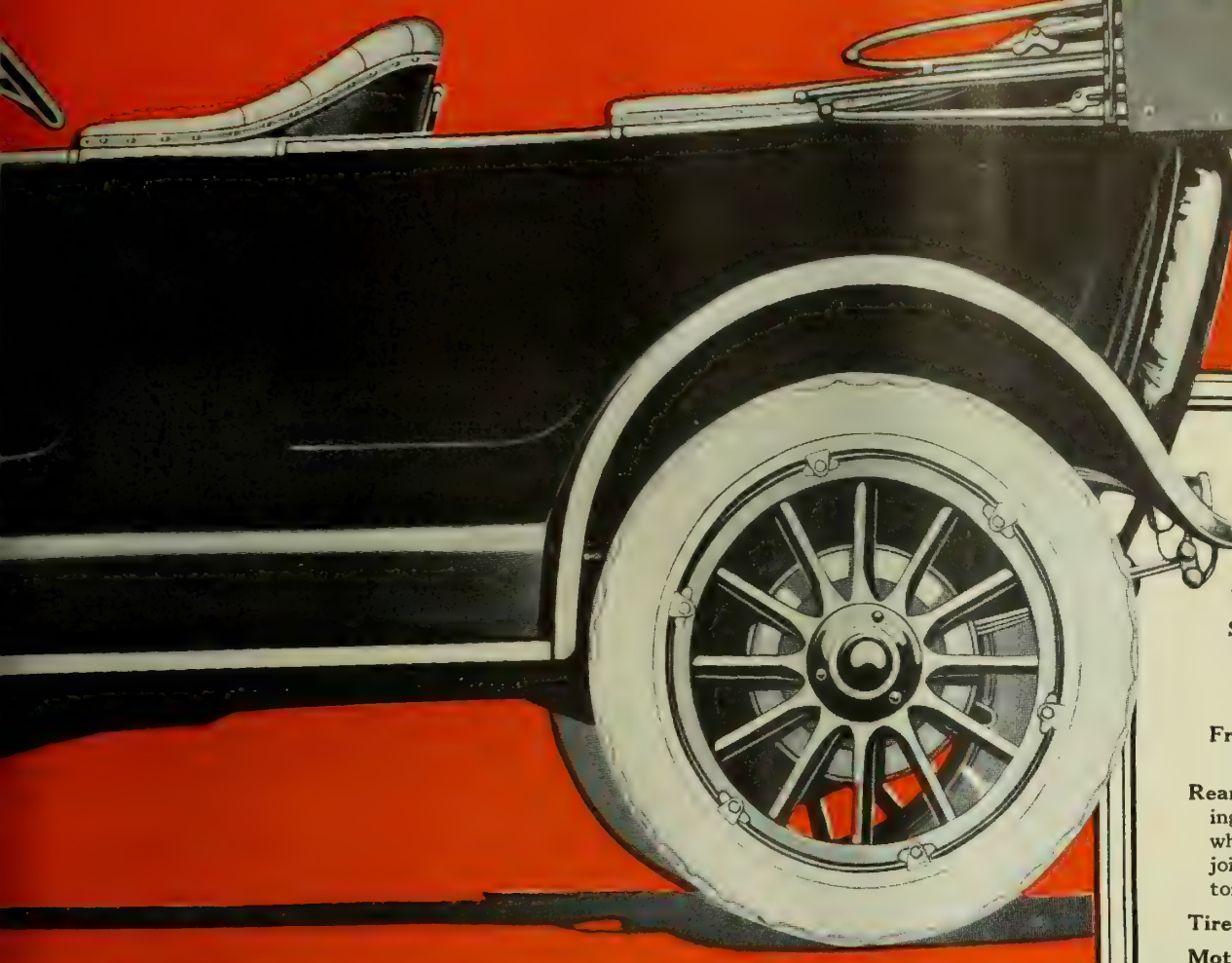
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BUT IF THAT IS an engineering achievement of the first magnitude—and we submit that the extremely low up-keep cost combined with the consistency of performance of Reo the Fifth proves it to be all that—still we believe our greatest achievement has been the placing of this great car—this big, roomy, powerful car—within your reach at its present price—$875 F. O. B. Lansing, Michigan.

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WHY, IT WAS UNDREAMED OF a few years ago—most prospective buyers cannot grasp it even yet.

STUDY THE SPECIFICATIONS—your local Reo representative will supply you with a copy. Consider the power; the wheel base; the bigness of the car in every way. Then look at the finish; inspect the workmanship—the fineness, the accuracy:—

RIDE IN IT—DRIVE IT YOURSELF—for you can easily drive Reo the Fifth if you have ever handled any automobile—and learn at first hand how silent and sweet-running it is,—

THEN REMEMBER that back of all we say and your local Reo dealer says about this car is the Reo guarantee backed in turn by Reo financial stability and Reo integrity. And say then if anywhere else in all the world you can find such value as is represented in this latest edition of Reo the Fifth at its price—$875.

NY, Lansing, Michigan, U.S.A.

Specifications

Wheel Base—115 inches.

Springs—Front—Semi-elliptic—38″ x 2″ with 7 leaves. Rear—three-quarter elliptic. Lower section—44⅜″ x 2″ with 7 leaves; upper section 22 13-16″x2″ with 7 leaves.

Front Axle—I-beam, drop forged, with Timken roller bearing spindles.

Rear Axle—Tubular—semi-floating. Timken roller bearings at differential—Hyatt High Duty roller bearings at wheels, pinion integral with stub shaft—two universal joints in propeller shaft—torque taken by separate torque arms—gear ratio 4 to 1.

Tires—34″ x 4″ front and rear. Non-skid on rear.

Motor—Vertical, four-cylinder, cast in pairs, modified L type with integral head, with inlet valve in head. Valves mechanically operated and protected. Exhaust valve seated directly in the cylinder. Barrel type crank case with three crank shaft bearings. Helical timing gears running in oil.

Cylinder Dimensions—4⅛″ x 4½″.

Horsepower—35.

Cooling System—Water jackets and tubular radiator, cellular pattern. Water circulation by centrifugal pump direct to exhaust valves.

Lubrication—Automatic force feed by plunger pump with return system.

Carburetor—Automatic, heated by hot air and hot water.

Ignition—Combined generator and magneto driven through timing gears; 100 ampere hour storage battery.

Starter—Electric, separate unit, six volts, connected to transmission.

Transmission—Selective swinging type with single rod, center control.

Clutch—Multiple dry disc, faced with asbestos, with positive and instant release.

Brakes—Two on each rear wheel, one internal, one external, 14″ diameter drums—service brake interconnected with clutch pedal.

Steering—Gear and sector with 18″ steering wheel.

Control—Left-hand drive, center control—spark and throttle on steering wheel with foot accelerator. Positive—thief-proof locking device.

Fenders—Drawn sheet steel of latest oval type—shield between running boards and body—close fitting, quick detachable under pan—aluminum bound, linoleum covered running boards.

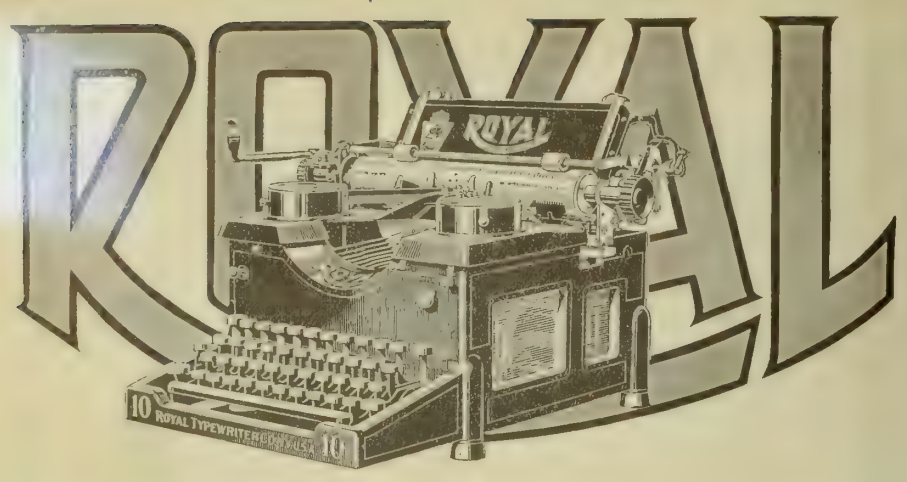
Gasoline Capacity—16 gallons.

Body—Five-passenger—streamline touring car type with extra wide full "U" doors, front and rear. Genuine leather upholstering. Deep cushions and backs.

Finish—Body, Golden Olive, running gear, black; equipment nickel trimmed.

Equipment—Fully electric lighted throughout, improved 5-bow, one-man mohair top with full side curtains, mohair slip cover; clear-vision, rain-vision, ventilating windshield; speedometer, electric horn; extra rim with improved tire brackets; pump; jack; complete tool and tire outfit; foot and robe rails.

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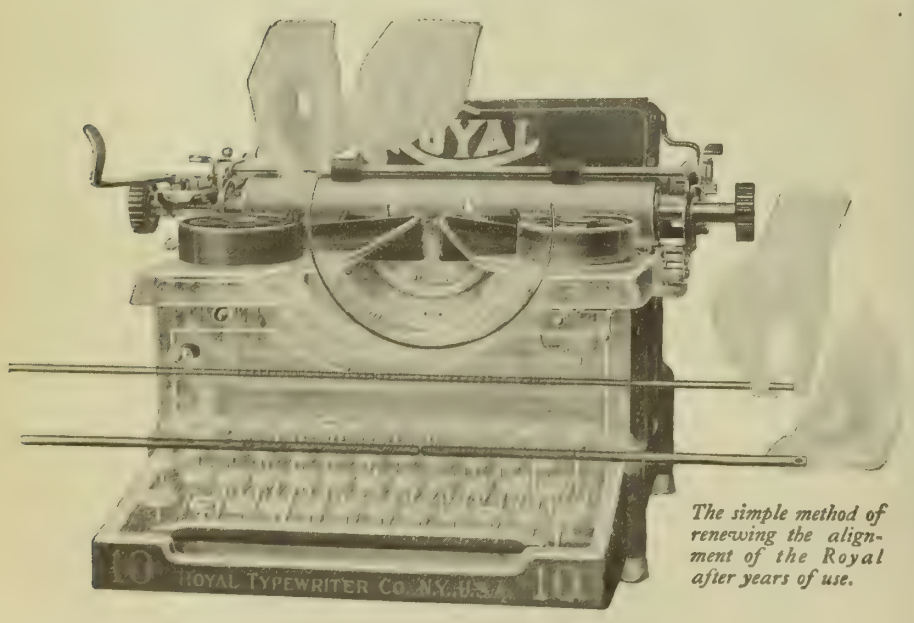
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of feeling and rehash it gleefully. He did not talk.

Later Downson took his fretted mind off bigger matters long enough to inquire if the ten were grateful.

"Grateful!" raved Duff, jumping around from a mimeographed collection of Bavarian statistics connected with the Twenty-seventh Precinct. "Say, women don't know there is such a word in the dictionary!"

Downson sighed; more in sorrow than in anger, he explained to Duff. It was a grand old game—that of politics. He liked it for its own sake—just for the pure joy of playing it. This entrance of women had belittled it, taken away some of the thrill, injected an ingredient of pettiness into it. He added virtuously that he didn't think much of Mr. Caldwell. With a scowl Duff agreed.

"D'ye think we could catch 'em in any crooked work?" asked Downson. "Anything—no matter how small—that we could hang a contest on—"

Duff wasn't very hopeful. "They're too darn careful." But he added viciously that if he *did* catch 'em trying to put anything over—

"Keep your eyes open," said Downson.

"I will," grimly said Duff.

He not only kept his eyes open. He endeavored with all his might to concoct something on which his eyes might light. He looked up an old acquaintance—Ella, a big, blond, lazy pickpocket—and sent her around to tempt Miss Soper or any of Miss Soper's confrères.

Ella came bouncing back in great indignation. "Say! I got insulted! Them women said I was a disgrace to my sex and they could have me arrested for offering to sell my *own* vote! If I can't sell it, how's it mine?"

Unwisely Duff laughed. He had a vision of the little red-haired—

Whereat Ella poured her wrath at him. "I bet you knew all along just what they'd say!" And in high dudgeon she threw politics over forever.

Though Duff laughed, he was nevertheless as much piqued as Ella herself. He wasted half a day framing grim resolves, sarcastic remarks, and ugly schemes, all having to do with the downfall of the Woman's party in general and a red-haired representative of it in particular. But nothing seemed feasible. Incidentally, though, he remembered the ungrateful ten, and on the impulse of the moment took steps to remove all possible reason for their owing him any gratitude. He telephoned Junkins that he needn't keep 'em any longer.

His action had one result, at least. It brought color into Miss Soper's pale face. Red-cheeked, the next day she ragefully faced him. "Of all cheap, mean, contemptible actions—"

"Tut! Tut!" mocked Duff.

"Those poor things were so happy to get the work—"

"Can't imagine what you're talking about," grinned Duff.

"Oh—" Miss Soper choked.

FOR once Duff sauntered from her with a sense of content. For once he had scored. Maybe he could score again.

And two days later, to his amazement, he did—he scored beyond his most sanguine plans. Swinging swiftly around the corner to the Women's Municipal Lodging House, he came upon Fanny Soper in conversation with the large-boned, mournful-eyed woman called Mary. They were standing on the steps. Nothing exactly reprehensible in that of course. But Miss Soper, on the top step, was in the act of handing a one-dollar bill to Mary two steps below her. Duff's eyes danced.

Well, of course that might not have been reprehensible. Charity is a broad and convenient cloak. And Mary, in her heavy, dragging voice, was saying: "Thank you ever so much! If I hadn't 'a' lost that job—but that's allus the way, a bit of work—and then there ain't none—" She sighed draggingly and then she added gratefully—and oh, the delight that swelled Duff's heart!— "And whatever way you want me to vote, you jus' tell me—"

"Ah! How interesting!" sniggered Duff as he stepped up beside Mary.

Miss Soper jumped. She had not seen him swing around the corner.

"Ah!" triumphed Duff. "Right with the goods—"

"How dare you!" snapped Fanny. "I suppose you are trying to make out that I gave her that money for—"

He smiled. "Not trying," politely. "Doing it."

Fanny shrugged her shoulders contemptuously.

"I gave her that," hotly, "to make up for that mean, contemptible trick—"

"How kind of you!" jeered Duff. "But you know, my dear young woman, that such kindness is rather queer, at election time."

Mary, listening, did not understand all, but she did understand that her friend was being jeered at. She came to her help—which did not help Fanny. For Mary announced belligerently: "And don't you forget it! I'm going to vote any way she tells me to! And you can't stop me!"

"Far be it from me to try," suavely rejoined Duff. Standing the two steps below Fanny, his eyes were on a level with hers. Impudently, triumphantly, he grinned at her. And since, as was not unnatural, Fanny had a temper of flame to match her flame-colored hair, she did a natural but hardly ladylike thing. Wrathfully she grabbed Duff's wide, wiry shoulders and shook them.

"Oh, say!" he jeered happily. "Won't this read nice in headlines! Lady electioneer in physical encounter with opponent—"

Wrathfully Fanny's hands dropped. "You wouldn't dare!" cried she.

"Ah! Wouldn't I?" taunted he. "*Wouldn't* I!"

They had forgotten Mary, who stood stupidly beside them. Confused, alarmed by a fracas that she could not understand, she frightenedly pushed the dollar bill, which seemed to be the cause of the trouble, back into Fanny's unheeding hand. Grinning triumph, Duff swung down the steps and off. Fanny's brown eyes blazed after him. Her teeth were tight together. At the corner he looked back. He was still grinning. Fanny stamped into the house.

WHENEVER they afterward met, he grinned at her. She coldly refused to see him or his mirth. Which seemed to amuse him the more.

All his old airy humor returned. He felt that he had squelched beautifully the impudent young woman who had annoyed him so much. Also, as further exhilaration, Downson called him off the undesirable assignment and set him at other work—speech making, rallies, all the so-called "fireworks." That was what Duff enjoyed more than meat or drink. A radiance of good humor was engendered in his soul that lasted till election day. The morning of that day he felt fine. And so when he happened to meet old, heavy-eyed, heavy-footed Mary O'Brien in the street, he called a genial good morning to her. More. He stopped, shook hands with her—it was handshaking season—and congratulated her on this first chance to vote.

Mary did not know what he referred to. Mary was a dense old soul. And Mary was egotistical. Rarely did she get her heavy mind off her own affairs. And now she thought she saw an opportunity to get help in those engrossing personal affairs. She grasped at this unexpected, strange geniality as a cripple grasps at a crutch. Promptly, hopefully, wistfully, she besought the handshaker to give her ten cents. She had heard of a job out north, and if she only had carfare, to get there ahead of anyone else—

Well, Duff was feeling good, as has been said before. And election time was free-handed time. Perhaps habit was strong. Perhaps he had sneakingly felt a bit ashamed over the deceived ten of whom Mary, he knew, was one. Perhaps Mary's slow, heavy, wistful voice, with its unconsciously hopeless timbre, touched him. She went on, beggingly, that work was so scarce—

Generously Duff pulled out a dollar bill—one of a wad itemed by Downson for incidentals—and held it out. Just as Mary's slow, stiff fingers went toward it, Miss Fanny Soper swung around the corner. Her bright brown eyes glimpsed Duff—then according to habit started on a cold, straight-past glance—but they caught the glint of green.

She pulled up pirouettingly. "Ah!"

Geniality vanished in a flash from Duff's face, leaving it hard.

"A put-up job!" he sneered.

"Not at all!" grinned Fanny.

THERE was something about the red-haired girl that put havoc in Duff's accumulated wisdom. He knew perfectly well that it is always unwise to explain. But in spite of this knowledge, incorporated in all political primers, he began angrily: "I simply felt sorry for this woman—"

"How touching!" said Fanny. "And on election day! What kind hearts there are in this world—"

"Say!" roared Duff. "You women would drive a man to meannesses!

What the deuce do you think we want with one pesky little vote when we've practically nominated our ticket?"

Confused, not understanding, Mary drew her stiff fingers slowly back from that all-desirable green in Duff's. Unheeding, Duff's fingers tightened on it. His wrathful eyes were on the mocking Fanny. "Why, you little ninny, half the Wops in the ward have lined their wives up for Downson!"

Fanny shrugged her shoulders, still mocking, and walked off, as though disdaining further talk with him. Duff looked after her, then with another short laugh, half-amused, half-annoyed, wishing he had not lost his temper, he went on his way. And Mary?

FOR a long moment Mary stood stupidly still. She looked puzzledly at her big old palm, as though she half expected to see the good glint of green in it. She drew a long, disappointed, dragging breath.

She looked south down the street. Around the first corner Fanny's small, scorn-tilted head, with one wisp of flame-colored hair showing below the black velvet hat, was whirling.

She looked north up the street. The wide, wiry, expensive-clad shoulders of Duff Weathers swung on in what seemed a very insolence of power and prosperity.

Mary sighed. It was a heavy, puzzled sigh. Then she walked west.

Some blocks to the west ran the river. She reached the river, walked upon the bridge—

It would be an inaccurate description to write that Mary leaped over the railing of that bridge—woefully inaccurate. It had been a long time since there had been sufficient vitality or strength in Mary's old bodily frame to enable her to leap over anything—bridge railing, or the friction of life, or the turmoiling daily effort to find work.

But she put her hands—gaunt, weary old hands—on the top rim of wood. And in an unpercipient interval, when no pedestrian nor vehicle was passing, and while the policeman, back turned, twirled his club at the further end of the bridge, she summoned all her strength and somehow, clumsily, slowly, hardly, but yet quickly enough to elude attention, got her large-boned body, too gaunt for further living, yet too heavy to carry longer and too cumbersome for agile dying—she got it over that railing somehow, and it shot out and down—no, not shot; that word also is inaccurate—it slumped out and down, just as the officer turned and ran her way, and it went heavily into the slimy, tawny, and green ugliness of the ugliest river in the world.

Her going down was a grotesque spectacle enough—were one in the mood to remark grotesqueness. Long, heavy hips that turned over awkwardly and turned again; shabby brown cloth skirt contorting clumsily about them, flapping from the suction made by the passage of her body through the air; big-boned shoulders that convulsively, involuntarily, drew back as the ugly chill of the river water got them; a stupid, wide, upturned face—a very stupid face, the face of one who does not understand, who never has understood, who never would understand—unless, indeed, understanding lies at the bottom of that river; it surely should belong in those ugly green-scum depths—so many have gone down trusting to find it there.

EIGHT hours later Eliza Harper telephoned impatiently to Duff Weathers. Duff was busy. It was the hottest, thickest time of the day. Impatiently he didn't see why he should be called upon to go and identify a stray body—

Eliza snapped at him. She herself could not get away. She could find no one else to send, or she wouldn't ask him. But—this sarcastically—in the recent past he had managed to find plenty of time to waste upon her charges! Surely now—

Something impelled Duff to go—something beside the fact that women could vote and therefore must be treated more circumspectly than in the past. He had a hunch. He tried to shake it off. The flop house held plenty of other women who might have been discouraged. He tried to think that her eyes hadn't been quite so dulled with despair as he remembered them!

But the hunch was still with him as he left the dry sunlight of the street for the damp gloom of the undertaker's establishment; a gloom accentuated, not diminished, by two solemn tall palms in green-painted wooden jars. Past a paper-littered desk and the wastebasket of the office, evidences of busy life, he was directed through a dark corridor walled with indefinable gloom, down a back stairway dim with indefinable dread, into a cement-floored place which held repellent, slablike tables. Three tables held their burden—narrow, sheet-covered affairs. Duff did not shudder. Certainly not. He was not a woman. But he held himself rather stiff as the man threw back the cover from the first of the three forms.

The cold air of the place had, paradoxically, a certain oppressive warmth that made it hard to breathe—you felt clamminess sucking at your lungs' walls. At least Duff did. And the tables looked to him as though they might be clammy to the touch of live fingers. Duff's own strong long fingers seemed to chill and contract as he fancied he made out the outline of forever-chilled curled ones under the sheet.

But when the man threw the sheet back Mary's fingers were seen not to be curled. They lay very straight—five flat across the other five. Large, capable fingers they were, too, in spite of their being undeniably old.

Something in their mute, straight largeness seemed to reproach somebody or something for denying them the work that they had sought. Duff felt a tightening of his throat.

"Never knew a hunch to fail," he muttered. And because he did not like discomfort he turned briskly to leave.

As he turned there came rapid, light steps on the stairs behind him, and Fanny Soper, breathing hard, stood there. "Eliza telephoned—but I wasn't there. I came as soon—I— Oh, it *is!* I knew it would be Mary—"

Duff stood still. He looked frightened—as though he expected reproaches.

But the girl had no reproaches for him. She stood there miserably, guiltily. And Duff stood there, miserable, guilty. Self-reproach, like a rain of sleet, whipped them, stung them. They felt cravenly petty, Duff especially.

"If—if I hadn't interfered this morning!" quavered Fanny.

"It is all my fault," roughly said Duff.

"Between us," miserably she accused.

"Between us," miserably echoed he.

Fanny laid her hand, small, trembling, over the large, straight, passively crossed hands from which the river water had not wholly dried, and began to cry wretchedly, softly, remorsefully. "Poor Mary!" she whimpered.

Duff gulped. "Poor old skirts!" he enlarged drearily.

Afterward he never remembered clearly how it happened. But Fanny turned to him—perhaps because all else in the place was cold and clammy and not to be touched—and instantly, involuntarily and quite naturally, as though they had been waiting for several months for the chance, Duff's arms opened and went around her, and his lips went straight down to the wisp of flame-colored hair that fell from under the small, black hat.

AN hour or so later Duff went back to headquarters. Downson was in a bad humor. There was a distinct new twinge in the tumor on his upper lip. Peevishly he wanted to know where in the name of all that was imbecile his aid had been.

"Busy," curtly. But Duff was only twenty-five. A faint red splashed over his thin, pert face, clear to the mud-colored cowlick. With ostentatious interest he hurriedly asked how the day was going. Downson told him they were ahead, of course, but the women had polled more heavily than had been expected, confound 'em! He pushed corroborating sheets of figures to Duff.

Duff looked at them without interest.

ABOUT the same time, Fanny Soper arrived at the women's headquarters.

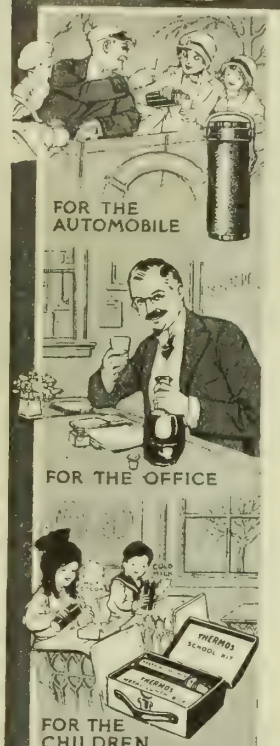
"Dear me!" peevishly said Mrs. Cora Caldwell, a short lady with a pouter-pigeon-shaped bust, domineering gray eyes and a high voice that willingly lent itself to peevish accents. "Where have you been?"

"Busy," said Fanny absently. Much of the snap had left her bright brown eyes, and they had a half-somber, half-happy film of introspection, or retrospection, or something a long way removed from Mrs. Caldwell's vaulting ambition. She added absently: "How's the day going?"

"Oh—they're ahead," crossly. "But we polled heavily in the Ninth Precinct." She pushed a jotted column toward Fanny. "Wasn't that just splendid?"

Fanny looked at the column uninterestedly. "Splendid," she agreed abstractedly.





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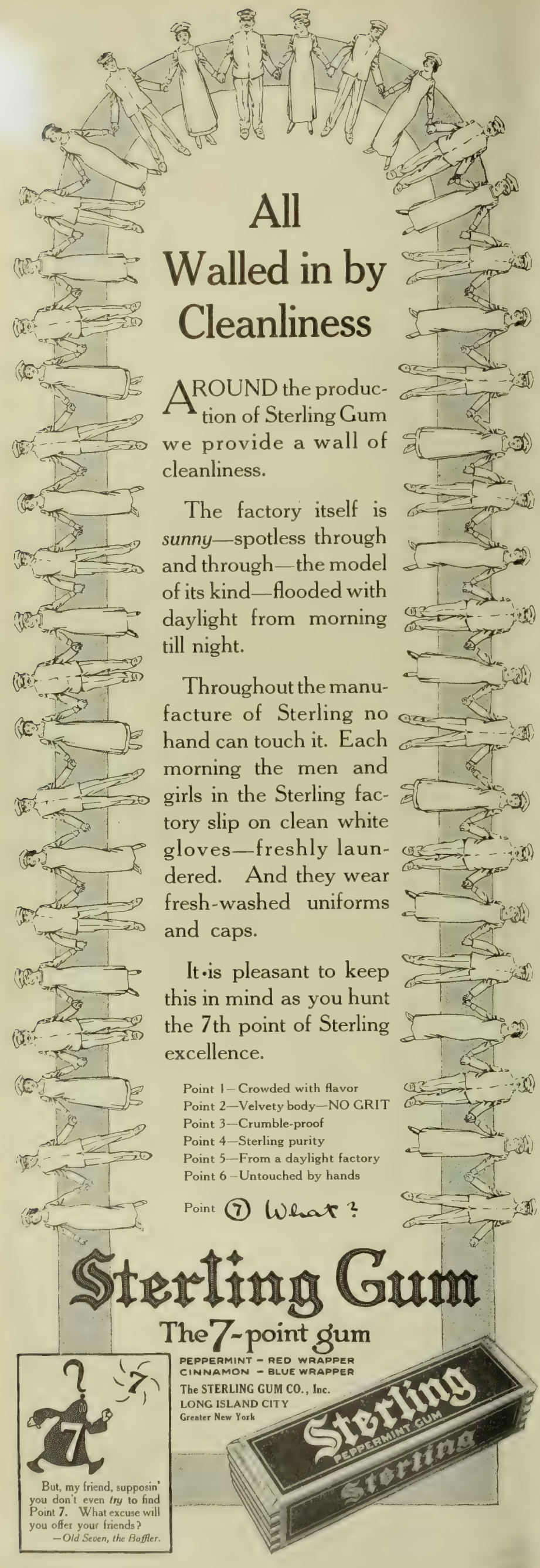
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—*Old Seven, the Baffler.*

Held to Answer

(Continued from page 13)

"Yes, yes, I'll be happy to," interrupted John, not knowing just what tone or form one should take in expressing the necessary amenities to the secretary of a great man.

"Very well. His car will call for you at six-thirty," responded the voice.

Before John could pick up the thread of his unfinished sentence to Mr. Mitchell a knock sounded at the door, at first soft and cushioned as if from a gloved hand, then louder and more determined, and repeated with quick impatience.

"Come in," called Mitchell.

THE knob turned and the door swung wide, leaving the panel of white to frame the picture of a woman. She was young, of medium height and appealing roundness, clad in a traveling dress of dark green, with a small hat of a shade to match, the chief adornment of which was a red hawk's feather slanting backward at a jaunty angle. A veil enveloped both hat brim and face, but was not thick enough to dim the sparkle of bright eyes or the pink flush of dimpled cheeks, much less to conceal two rows of gleaming teeth from between which, after a moment's pause for sensation, burst a ringing cadence of laughter. "Miss Bessie!" exclaimed John excitedly.

"The very first guess!" declared that young lady, advancing and yielding the door frame to another figure which filled it so much more completely as to sufficiently explain a more deliberate arrival.

"Mollie!" ejaculated Mitchell, who by this time had turned toward the door. "What in thunder?"

But the general freight agent's lines of communication were just then temporarily disconnected by an assault upon his features conducted by Miss Bessie in person. During this interval Mrs. Mitchell stood placidly surveying the room, and as she took in its air of preparation for immediate departure, a tantalizing smile spread itself on her expansive features.

"Is this an accident or a calamity?" demanded Mitchell, thrusting Bessie aside and advancing to greet his wife.

"Both!" declared that lady, submitting her lips with more of formality than enthusiasm, after which, feeling that sufficient time had elapsed to make an explanation of her sudden appearance not undignified, she proceeded:

"Just one of my whims, Bob! Next week was the spring vacation; no school, and the poor child was pale from overstudy and so anxious about her examinations (Bessie shot a look at Hampstead) that I just made up my mind I'd bring her up here and let her get a good bite of fog and a breath from the Golden Gate."

"Fine idea!" declared Mitchell. "Fine! Now that you've had it," he chuckled, "we'll start home. I'm leaving at eight."

"You are not!" proclaimed Mrs. Mitchell flatly. "You will stay right here for at least three days and do nothing but devote yourself to your child. And to her mother!" she subjoined, as if that were an afterthought; all with a toss of her chin, which, by way of emphasis, held its advanced position for a moment after the speech was done.

"And the business of the company?" Mitchell suggested with a solicitous air.

"It can wait on me," averred Mrs. Mitchell decisively, taking a turn up and down the room and surveying once more the signs of confusion and of hasty packing. "Many's the time I've waited on it. You can stay, too, John," she said, turning to Hampstead. "I want you to take Bessie to a lot of places Robert and I have seen and won't care to visit this time."

"Robert!" and while her eyes turned toward the windows, two of which opened on a view of Market Street, the new commander began a redisposition of forces, "I rather like this suite. Bessie and I will take the corner room. You can take this one, and Mr. Hampstead can move across the hall, or anywhere else they can put him."

AS an act of possession, Mrs. Mitchell walked to the dresser, took off her hat, stabbed the two pins into it emphatically, and tossed it upon the bed where it bloomed like a flower garden in the midst of a desert of papers, while she, still before the mirror, bestowed a few comfortable pats upon her hair.

"John," Mitchell said jovially, "I know orders from headquarters when I get 'em. You were going to stay over anyway; but use your own judgment about obeying the instructions you have just received."

"Never had such agreeable instructions in my life," declared Hampstead.

"By the way, mother," remarked Mr. Mitchell with the air of one who makes an important revelation, "John is just going out to dine with William N. Scofield."

Mrs. Mitchell turned quickly, and her dark eyes shot a meaningful glance at her husband, while the line of her lower lip first grew full and then protruded. A squeeze of that lip at that moment, Hampstead reflected, would extract something at least as sour as very sour lemon juice. "Scofield is after him," bragged Mitchell.

"Well, see that he doesn't get him," his wife commanded sternly, and then, shifting her somber glance until it rested on Hampstead with a look that was near to menace, inquired acridly:

"Young man, you wouldn't be disloyal? You wouldn't sell yourself?" In the second interrogatory her voice had passed from acridity to bitterness, while the eyes bored implacably till Hampstead at first wriggled, then resented, and replied crisply, standing very straight: "No, Mrs. Mitchell; I would not sell myself!"

"That's right," exclaimed Bessie, stepping impulsively toward Hampstead's side, "do not let her browbeat you. I am sorry to say, Mr. Hampstead, that mother is inclined to be somewhat dictatorial. You see what she does to poor papa!"

"And you see what you do to poor me!" exclaimed that worthy lady, turning on her daughter with surprise and injury in her glance and tone, "dragging me almost out of bed last night to make this foolish trip up here with you. Next week, of all weeks too, when I wanted to do so many other things!"

"Ho, ho!" broke in Mitchell, "so that's the way of it. This trip up here is a scheme of yours," and he turned accusingly upon his daughter, but Bessie smiled and curtsied, entirely unabashed. "Well, then, I don't guess we'll stay," teased Mitchell. "And I don't suppose you knew a thing about Hampstead's being here. That was all an accident."

"It was not," flashed Bessie. "I did. I haven't seen dear old John for a year. I could go in and have delightful tête-à-têtes with him when he was a stenographer, but out in the rate department there are forty prying eyes and men with ears as long as jack rabbits'. He hasn't taken me to a circus or anything for nobody knows how long. You must give him money for theatre tickets, for dinners, for auto rides, for everything nice for three whole days."

Bessie was standing directly in front of her father, her eyes looking up into his, and her two hands patting his generous jowls as her speech was concluded.

John listened rapturously. If only he could have an hour with Bessie right now before—like a man who goes alone to meet his temptation on the mountain top—he went to face the resourceful, the ingratiating, the dominating William N. Scofield. But the telephone announced that Mr. Scofield's car was waiting, and Bessie waved John out of the door enthusiastically.

"To-morrow!" she called to him with a significant inflection as he stood waiting at the elevator. "To-morrow!" and there was a world of joyous anticipation in the thrill of her voice.

FOR an hour and a half at dinner, and for another hour sunk in the depths of a great leather chair in the lounging room of the Pacific Union Club, William N. Scofield had searched the soul of Hampstead, who had not only been led to talk rapturously of his stage ambition, but to reveal the metes and bounds of his interest in and knowledge upon many subjects.

"Gad, but you know a lot," ejaculated Scofield. "Where'd you get it all?"

"I have read a good deal," confessed John, trying to appear much more modest than in his heart he felt, for it was a part of Scofield's whim or of his campaign to flatter him enormously, and he had succeeded.

But for a time now the traffic manager was silent, puffing meditatively at his cigar and staring at the ceiling through loafing rings of smoke in which, as if they were floating letters, he seemed to read the transcript of his thought—the thought that if, beside employing this enormously able young man, he could also enlist in behalf of the railroad as an institution his capacity for fanatical devotion to an ideal, the prize was one worth bidding high for: high enough to win!

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"People like you, Hampstead," Scofield broke out presently, and in his most ingratiating vein. "We all felt that down at the office. You did a difficult thing without making an enemy of one of us. Therefore what your personality can do interests me even more than what you know."

THE railroad man interrupted his speech to shoot an exploratory glance from under veiled lids and went on, calculatingly:

"The railroad business is going to change. Now we tell the Railroad Commission what to do. The time is coming when it will tell us what to do, and we will do it. But the public attitude toward the railroad has also got to change." Scofield's tone had taken on new emphasis. "You would make the type of executive that could change it! The successful transportation man of the future has got to be a sort of ambassador of the railroad to the people, and the executive who best serves the people tributary to his road will best serve his stockholders.

"Do you know who gave me that point?" the traffic manager asked, turning from the vision he was contemplating in the clouds of smoke over his head and looking sharply at Hampstead.

"Naturally not," admitted the younger man.

"Bob Mitchell," said Scofield, and paused while his thin lips coaxed persistently at the cigar which appeared to have gone out. "Bob Mitchell! And I reviled him for his sagacity, told him he was an altruistic fool. But after a while I saw he was right. Then I tried to get him for us, but I didn't succeed. He wasn't as sensible as I hope you will be. Besides, I am going to offer you more than I offered him."

More than he offered Mitchell! There was a sudden jolt somewhere in John's breast, and he wet a dry, parched lip, but did not speak.

"Yes," breathed Scofield softly, almost as if he had been interrupted. "I am going to offer you more. Hampstead!" and the voice was raised quickly, "I want you to be our general freight agent!"

If Scofield had leaned over and kissed him, John would not have been more surprised, nor have known what less to say. "General freight agent!" he croaked hoarsely.

"Yes," affirmed the other coolly, almost icily, while he flicked the ashes from his cigar and enjoyed the sensation his proposal had produced.

"At my age?" stumbled John, still groping, but trying to see himself in the position.

"Why, yes," reassured Scofield suavely. "You tell me you're past twenty-five. Paul Morton was assistant general freight agent of the Burlington at twenty-one. Look where he is to-day—in the Cabinet of the President of the United States. The salary," Scofield added casually, by way of finally clinching the argument, "will be twelve thousand a year."

Hampstead's lips silently formed the words—twelve thousand! But he did not utter them. They dazed him. They rushed him headlong. They made rejection impossible. No man had a right to throw away such a fortune as that. One thousand dollars a month! He felt himself yielding, helplessly, irresistibly.

And then, suddenly as the photographer's bomb lights up every lineament of every face in the darkened room, for one single moment Hampstead saw things clearly and in their true proportions. This Scofield was not a man. He was a grinning devil, with horns and a barb on his tail. He was tempting, trapping, buying him. He would not be bought. *"No, Mrs. Mitchell, I would not sell myself,"* he had said, not, however, meaning at all what that lady herself had meant.

Leaning back stubbornly, his fist smiting heavy blows upon the cushioned arm of the chair, John muttered through clenched teeth:

"No! No! No—I'll never do it. No, Mr. Scofield, I cannot accept your offer. I thank you for it; but I cannot accept it. The stage is to be the place of my achievement. Why, why, Mr. Scofield, the wonderfully flattering offer you have made to me to-night has come because of the training incident to the cultivation of a stage ambition. If it can bring me so much with so little devotion, is it not reasonable to suppose that it will bring me more—very much more? I will not be so disloyal to that which has been so generous with me."

"Say!" broke in Scofield; but John would not be denied what he felt was a final smashing generalization.

"To figure the tariff on human conduct, to grade and classify the acts of life, to quote the rates on happiness and misery in trainload lots. That's what I'm going to do," he concluded, with a glow upon his face.

But by this time a smile of cynic pity had appeared upon the face of the railroad man. "Hampstead," he exclaimed sharply, with a mimic shudder and a shrug of relief as if he had just escaped something, "you're not an actor. You're a preacher." John gaped.

"You're a moralist," asserted Scofield accusingly, "a puritanical, Sunday-school, twaddling moralist. I have misjudged you. I wouldn't want you around at all."

With a look akin to disgust upon his face, the railroad man made a motion with his fingers in the air as if ridding them of something sticky, and arose, not abruptly but decisively, making clear that the interview had proved disappointingly unprofitable and was therefore at an end. John also arose, but bewildered by the sudden change in Scofield's attitude—a change which he resented, and the ground of it. He a preacher? The idea was ridiculous.

Besides, it makes an astonishing difference when one has been stubbornly refusing an offer to have the offer coolly and decisively withdrawn. Something subtly psychological made him want the offer back. The door of opportunity had been closed behind him with a snap so vicious that he wanted to turn and kick it open.

But the thin, talonlike hand of Scofield was hooking the young man's rather flaccid palm for a moment.

"Remember what I tell you," he barked out in parting. "You're not an actor. You're not a railroad man. You're a preacher!" The last word was flung bitingly, like an epithet.

JOHN, feeling uncomfortable, walked out and along one side of Union Square, casting a momentary wondering eye on the twin towers of the Hotel St. Francis, many windowed and many lighted, then turned on down Geary into Market along that wide and cobbled thoroughfare to the doors of the old Palace Hotel. By the time he was into bed he realized that Scofield had shaken him terribly. His decision was all to make over again.

However, there would be Bessie now for three days to help him.

(To be continued next week)

Shells and the Man

(Continued from page 6)

man in the kingdom at work on war supplies without interfering with work on which he was already engaged or impairing the output of his old factory. Many of the great business firms of the country had contracts with foreign countries and with concerns at home. They naturally protested against the drafting of their own men to the Government factories.

With a sense of fairness that has characterized the whole scheme of organization, Lloyd-George caused courts of adjudication to be set up in the munitions offices to consider these employers' protests and decide whether their workmen could be left on their immediate tasks or shifted to the Government-controlled factories. Where it was impossible to shift a man at once he was put in what was called the second line, a record was made of his services and capacity, and as soon as his immediate job was done he was drafted for service elsewhere. Still others who were bound up by longer contracts were put into the industrial reserve.

Out of the first huge enrollment of munitions volunteers not less than 25,000 were shifted at once to the speeding up of the shell output in Government works. This number is increased from week to week.

Recalled from the Colors

EARLY in the work Lloyd-George realized that thousands upon thousands of skilled artisans were at the colors when they could be serving their country as patriotically, if not as ostentatiously, at lathe and bench. He inaugurated a far-reaching recall from the colors, and as a result nearly 15,000 men were transferred from the training



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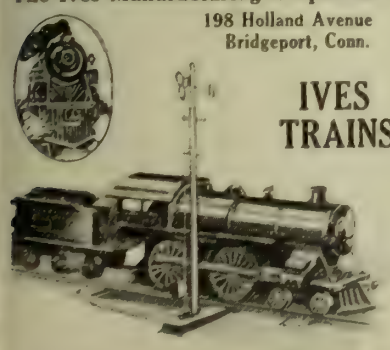
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IVES TRAINS

camps to the factory. A ban was put on the further enlistment of skilled workmen. These munitions volunteers not only receive increased pay but are entitled to wear a war badge, which gives them immunity from the recruiting appeals, many personal, that make the man in mufti a target wherever he goes in England.

Now began a censorship of labor throughout the kingdom. The Minister of Munitions found many skilled laborers working at a task that could be done by unskilled workmen, and especially by women. He began to dilute skilled labor with unskilled to the end that the skilled should be concentrated where skill was required.

Winning Over the Unions

OF course union labor set up a protest, and the munitions work was hampered for months by the many exactions and restrictions that union rules put into the paths of production. It seemed impossible for the moment for union labor to realize the enormousness of the task that confronted the Minister of Munitions and its immense significance to the whole empire.

For one thing, while the Government was bending every energy to increase output, union labor insisted upon a restricted output. I could cite many instances of the handicap that was put on production. At the Enfield small-arms works, for example, a very skilled workman had to regulate his work so that he could earn but one shilling an hour when he could have earned two and a half and at the same time have produced a corresponding amount of work. At the Coventry Ordnance Works a note was circulated among the men calling attention to the fact that a certain very efficient artisan working on a howitzer shell had concluded a job in eight and a half hours when he should have taken thirty-one and a half hours! The men were asked to mock him and generally interfere with his labors.

A Munitions Act that sounded almost like industrial conscription was whipped through Parliament. By its terms the Government could assume control of a factory, direct its operation, and take all its output. It meant real mobilization of factory resources.

One by one the factories of the kingdom that made war supplies or could be adapted to war material passed under Government control. In the first month 100 were registered. The list grew until October 1, when there were 750 so-called "controlled" establishments working day and night and sending forth an incessant stream of shot and shell.

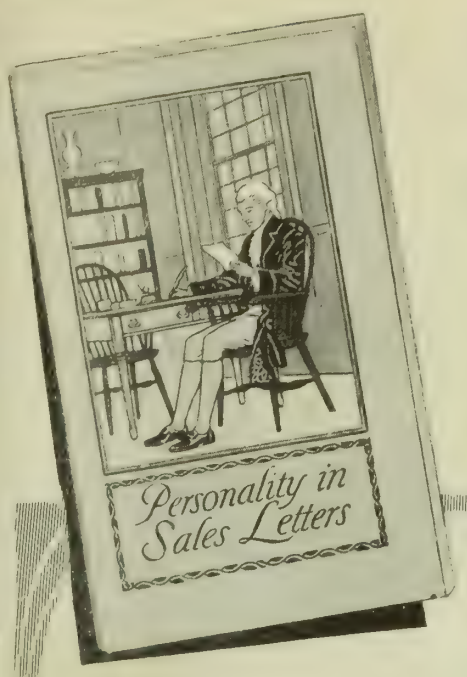
Under the Munitions of War Act, as it is called, this Government control did two specific things that went a long way toward establishing industrial and economic harmony. First of all it limited the profits of the munitions maker and diverted the excess back into the national treasury. By this provision the Government made it quite clear that whatever sacrifices the workmen were making in speeding up the output were not for the benefit of any group of individuals, but for the nation at large.

The Government Is Generous

HOW to establish the Great Divide of the profits was, of course, the great problem. It was decided that the standard amount of profits for any period should be the average amount of net profits for the two financial years of the establishment ending just prior to the outbreak of the war. This prevents anything like confiscation. Besides, the quick "turnover," due to the enormous demand for war munitions, and the increased price of everything gives the employer a very comfortable margin. In addition to this the mill owners are given wide latitude in writing off depreciation of property, for the reason that the wear and tear on machines, due to continuous operation and the use of costly machinery by unskilled hands, is terrific.

As a matter of fact, the British Government has been very generous in its whole attitude in the encouragement of munitions workers. As in France, the Government not only lends money for the establishment of new plants at low rates of interest, but guarantees a long-time contract with a margin of profit that will in many cases enable the man to pay for the improvements by the time the war ends.

The big significance of this provision is that it establishes a precedent for a new and national kind of profit-sharing that may help to solve many



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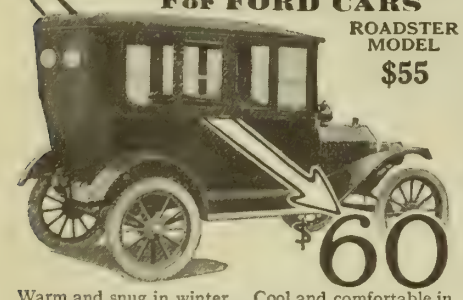
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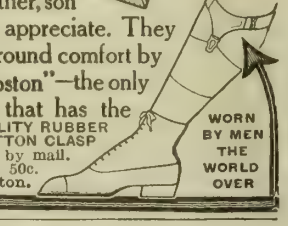
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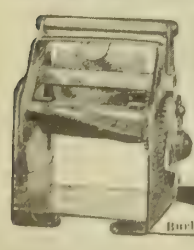
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long-standing industrial problems after the war.

The Bargain with Labor

HAVING drawn concessions from capital, the Ministry of Munitions now made a bargain with union labor. Under the provisions of the Munitions Act all shop rules and customs, and especially the obnoxious restriction of output, are banned during the progress of the war.

Another constructive benefit is the prohibition of a sudden lockout by employers or a walkout by men. If either of these evils is imminent, it must first be reported to the Board of Trade, and twenty-one days are required for a settlement of the dispute. In this way there can be no unexpected halt in productivity. The whole result of the operation of the Munitions of War Act is to establish a teamwork that speeds up men and machines.

The Government guarantees to protect wages and working conditions, and to leave no possible room for further grievance or friction. It establishes munitions tribunals composed of men selected by the Minister of Munitions from panels of employers and employees to arbitrate all questions that arise. In the case of grievances growing out of naval work, one-half of the panel may be chosen by the Admiralty.

The Munitions of War Act has done the war-supply job thoroughly because it relates to "employment or manufacture or repair of arms, ammunitions, ships, vehicles, aircraft, or any other articles required for use in war; or of metals, machines, or tools required for that manufacture or repair." Only the miners are exempt.

On the Industrial Firing Line

I WENT to a controlled munitions factory that has sprung up like magic out of the rich soil of Britain. It was "somewhere in England"—a place that had long been an industrial stronghold; now it is on the first industrial firing line. A pleasant river flows along; the countryside is serene; quiet broods over the abundant farms that hedge it in.

But in the town the great factories belch forth smoke day and night; there is the incessant din of the pounding hammer, the terrific rattle of crane and derrick. Behind all this tumult is the grim significance of war. Where once rails and girders went forth to bind up a world at peace, there now issues a ceaseless flood of shells to destroy.

This plant typifies what has happened or is happening all over industrial England. Its original business was the steel of commerce. When war broke it got a contract to supply the uncut tubing for the famous French 75's. England made no attempt to gear this plant up to shell making.

Then came the revolution that installed Lloyd-George as Minister of Munitions. Through him England expected every factory to do its duty. He became the Nelson of munitions.

"English shells for English guns," was the dictum that went out.

"You shall have them," was the answer that came from this plant, as from hundreds of others.

It had no equipment for shell making, not even a building to house the machines. But before twenty-four hours passed a site had been cleared; ground was broken and a force of men was at work in eight-hour shifts on the foundation. Cables flashed orders for machinery to America.

Two months after that call for shells went forth the factory was under roof and production was well under way. In three months it was turning out 1,000 18-pound quick-firer shell cases a day; when I visited there the output had grown to 1,300.

At first glance there was nothing about this long, high structure to suggest war. In the foundry outside you saw the long flaming tongues of molten metal racing along the rollers; inside you heard the whir of American-made automatics as they hollowed and cut and trimmed the bars that were soon to belch forth destruction.

You got the first sight of coming carnage when the shell cases, smoothed and nosed with brass, came trundling out to the waiting freight cars to be greased and rushed off to Woolwich, where they are charged with the deadly high explosive that has ravaged life from the Rhine to the Dardanelles. All day and all night this endless mill of the God of War disgorges.

To the death-dealing kindred of "Jack Johnsons" and "Busy Berthas" it has added a new terror, the "Lloyd-George Specials," as the Tommies now call the new British-made shells.

Though you may not see it at first, there is a vivid reminder of danger. On the roof an antiaircraft gun pokes out its gray nose; armed sentries march up and down; in an old office building near by is quartered a detail of soldiers. England is guarding her munitions works with redoubled vigilance ever since the Zeppelins found the way to the Thames.

Here, as in other controlled factories, I found the English workman geared up to the new spirit of war production. It is encouraged in various ways. For example, noonday meetings are addressed by Members of Parliament. "The War and the Workshop" is the subject; the burden of the talk is: "By increasing output you not only encourage your colleagues in the trenches but pave the way to a quicker peace." It braces the one-time drones: galvanizes the slackers. It is one more expression of the Lloyd-George energy that vitalizes munitions output.

National Shell Factories

IN addition to the hundreds of controlled plants the Government has built twenty-seven new munitions factories. Some of them are adapted to special needs, such as high-caliber guns, machine guns, rifles, bombs, and grenades for trench warfare.

The value of these factories is manifold. They enable the country to obtain shells cheaper than by purchase in America; they provide quicker facilities for inspection and changes due to the necessities of a constantly shifting mode of warfare; they minimize delay and hazard in transportation; and they go a long way toward making the country less dependent upon foreign sources of supply. More than this, they give the nation a better equipment to meet whatever armament demands peace may bring.

Each one of these new national factories has a local board of management which is familiar with local needs and local conditions. On these boards are the best-known and most efficient manufacturers of the district, who give their time and energy cheerfully and without cost to the country. One of their principal tasks is to keep the machines going day and night.

In order to leave no possible loophole for further delay, three separate large factories have been set up for the exclusive manufacture of the component parts of shells. It may be a fuse or a gauge. Immense quantities of these parts are required, and, while most of them are made in the actual shell factories, these extra mills are a further guarantee of continuous production. They are just one more link in the chain of self-supply that England is forging.

Women and Munitions

PERHAPS no revolution that the Ministry of Munitions has wrought is more radical than the introduction of women into the munitions works. It is not only giving the sex a new opportunity to "do its bit" for the war, but it releases thousands of men for more arduous and exacting work.

Go to the great ordnance works at Woolwich and you find Lady Scott, widow of the intrepid Antarctic explorer, making fuses alongside a cobbler's wife. It is a typical case. As in the great campaign of conservation that is sweeping over England, this community of work in a common cause is wiping out social lines and establishing a real democracy of toil.

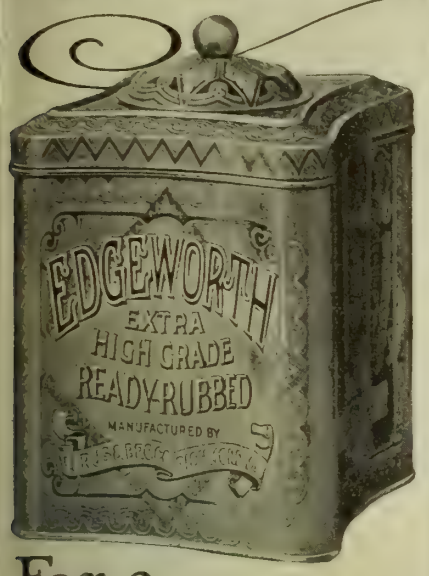
But the men are not to be outdone by this sacrifice of the women. A concrete example will illustrate. In a certain large manufacturing town a group of fifty business men too old for war service have formed a unit for work in six-hour shifts in the munitions factories. Interesting to relate, they put in their best licks between Friday night and Monday morning. Thus the sacred English week-end has at last found a productive use.

The New Industrial Cooperation

HAVING annexed man and machine, Lloyd-George now took a step of the utmost social and economic value by creating what may well be termed a new industrial cooperation. He divided the country into ten cooperative areas in order to use all his available resources to the best possible advantage. Autonomy prevails in each of these districts.

Cooperation is now the watchword everywhere. As an incentive to close

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If you are already an Edgeworth smoker you know that there is no more suitable present you could send to a pipe smoker.

For either the sample or the humidor, address Larus & Bro. Co., 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin and $1.00 for handsome humidor package. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

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cohesion, Lloyd-George points to the great German advance in Russia as a supreme victory for the German workmen, who forgot all their ordinary bickering, class prejudice, and Socialistic leanings in a united effort to produce war supplies.

"This war," he said, in making his first great cooperative plea, "is now a duel between the English and French workmen on the one side and the German and Austrian workmen on the other." And, be it said to the credit of the British workman, he now realizes the responsibility so eloquently put up to him.

The Control of Drink

THE iron rule of the Ministry of Munitions is remaking the British workman too. The control of drink, inaugurated under its direction, is almost worth the price of war.

For years drink has been the curse of the British worker. It was bad enough in times of peace, but with the swollen war wages, due to the speeding up of contracts and the competition for skilled men, this curse only increased.

A drastic code of rules for the shell workers has been promulgated. No workman is permitted to bring alcoholic or intoxicating liquors into a munitions establishment; to appear in such a place under the influence of drink means arrest and trial before the munitions tribunal. A fine of not less than £3 is imposed for every offense. Saloons in towns where munitions factories are located may only be kept open during restricted hours. Women with children are not permitted in public houses.

The result of the drastic enforcement of these rules is a notable decline in drinking. At Newcastle-on-Tyne, Woolwich, Cardiff, Middlesbrough, Liverpool, and other great munitions and docking centers, the decrease in rowdyism and intoxication ranges from 20 to 40 per cent.

More than this, the Ministry of Munitions is making the British workman a more efficient unit. A board of medical supervision has been established in each of the cooperative areas, with representatives in every community of factories. The man who applies for work is given a thorough physical examination, and he is subject to a periodical going over to keep him fit.

The stimulus of pride of country and work is likewise being injected into the artisan. Lloyd-George has established an Industrial Advisory Board on War Output, which consists of representatives from every branch of organized labor. Groups of these men are sent to the actual war front from time to time so that they can see with their own eyes how the munitions they make are being used. The effect of these first-hand expeditions to the fighting lines has been to stir these men, and through them thousands of their coworkers at home, with enthusiasm and patriotism.

One of the most violent of English agitators who went on such a mission to the front said on his return:

"No more agitating for me. I have seen the aristocracy lying side by side in the trenches with the boys from the mills, exposing themselves to a common danger and undergoing a common hardship. I am done with 'duke baiting.' I want more output and less friction in unionism hereafter."

Indeed, out of the fire of this war may emerge a whole new ideal for English labor. If it heeds its present opportunity, unionism will emerge more fit physically, socially, economically. Greatest miracle of all, it is developing for the first time a feeling of national interest and pride: its day as cog in a soulless machine is nearing an end. Thus the war is doing more than many years of useless and prejudiced agitation.

Coming: A British Renaissance

EVEN more thrilling in its far-reaching effect will be the reborn British industry. The momentum of all this heroic speeding up for war will carry over into the days of peace and enable Great Britain to find herself industrially at once. Here is the prophecy of an eminent English engineer:

"When we have crushed Germany the world's engineering trade will be in two hands—the United States' and ours. We shall once more become the workshop of the world. All the devastated countries will come to us for bridges, trains, factory equipment, electric power, stations, tramway systems, gas and electric plants.

"And here is the important thing: we will be in a position to do the job.



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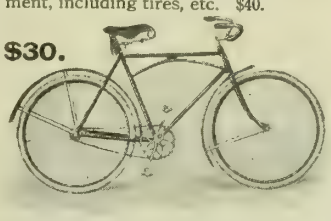
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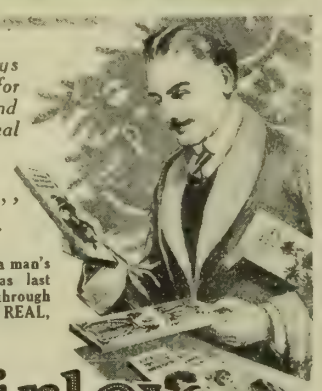
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It only remains for me to speak of one final innovation of the Ministry of Munitions which may possibly have some effect on shortening the terrible conflict. I mean the munitions-inventions branch.

England's Inventions Board

AFTER more than a year of war one of the principal lessons learned is the vast importance of invention. At the outset, creative industry was lost sight of in the swift rush to pour out the supply of old and time-honored weapons. Only aerial warfare received any particular attention, and this development was concentrated, so far as the Allies were concerned, in France.

The superiority of Germany in this respect finally awakened England to the need of an aviation reserve through individual initiative. There were various other provocations, including the powerful Austrian howitzers that pounded their way through Belgium and the deadly German submarines which had revolutionized naval warfare.

I can offer no better evidence of the way England has come to feel about invention than to quote one of the best known of English peers, who said to me:

"I firmly believe that this war will be ended by some new invention—some death-dealing device that will be so terrible in its destruction that man will absolutely shrink from its use."

Realizing all this, Lloyd-George has created an inventions branch that has brought to its council table the very flower of England's scientific and industrial research. It includes such men as Sir Robert Hadfield, one of the greatest of Sheffield steel masters, whose investigations in the chemistry of steel have made him a world figure; Sir Hiram Maxim, inventor of the automatic system of firearms; Sir Joseph John Thomson, the eminent physicist; Professor J. S. Haldane, who investigated gas poisoning at the front and brought about a prevention of its fatal effects; Sir Alexander Kennedy, the famous engineering expert; F. W. Lanchester, the aeronautical authority and motor engineer, and a score of other men equally well known, who have dedicated their lives to practical research.

The chief function of this board is to consider all inventions that bear on war. That the inventive genius of England is stimulated under this pressure is evidenced by the fact that since the first of this year more than 1,000 patents relating to material for war use have been applied for, as against 400 for the corresponding period of last year. Guns and projectiles lead, with trenches a close second. Aeroplanes and airships come third, with periscopes fourth. Bombs, hand grenades, and catapults come next, while, curiously enough, submarines trail last in the roster of invention.

Out of newly created war havoc may come war prevention.

The Message of Munitions

WHAT, then, is the result of this titanic gearing up of the industrial and inventive forces of Great Britain to intensive war output?

Here it is in unemotional figures: on July 1 England's shell production was more than 100 per cent greater than on the first of the year; in two months this has been doubled!

In more vivid terms it spoke on that September day not so long ago when, along the whole western battle front, a terrific avalanche of metal was let loose that cleaved the path for a notable advance. This was the autumn answer that English forge and furnace made to the springtime call for "more munitions." It meant that at last Britain's shell chest was filled!

And now for the man who filled it. We began this article with a glimpse of him; let us now end it with another.

We are back on the train from Bristol. Gloucestershire, Wilts, Berks, Bucks, melt away into the gathering night. The whole landscape is a fly-

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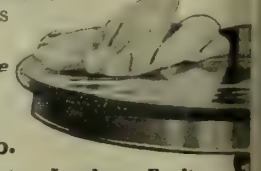
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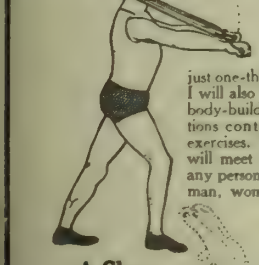
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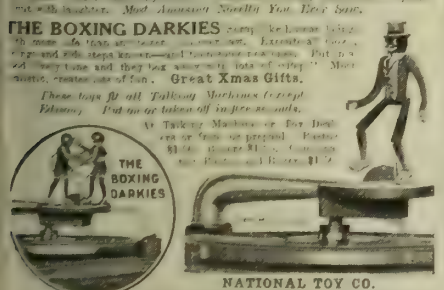


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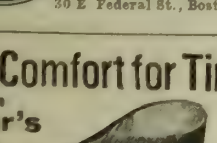
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ing blur. The stocky little man, himself gray and clad in gray, has talked and worked. Now silence is on him again. The environs of London loom up and there is the gleam of many lights.

Lloyd-George stirs himself, and the talk begins anew of war and liberty and democracy. Once more he is all animation, all force. We are speeding into London. Already the gray bulk of Paddington Station, veiled in anti-Zeppelin obscurity, rises in fantastic shape. The trip is over.

"What is the real significance of all these English shells?" I asked.

The little minister thrilled with a passionate energy as he said:

"They not only mean liberty for England, but victory for world democracy in its struggle for equality."

This is the message of British munitions. Out of the steady stream of death-dealing shell may come in the end a new social and industrial freedom.

The Mummy

Continued from page 11)

respecting the time whereat the next incident occurred which it is my duty to chronicle. Perhaps I was on the verge of falling asleep, seated there as I was; at any rate, I could scarcely believe myself awake, when, unheralded by any footsteps to indicate his coming, some one, who seemed to be crouching outside my stateroom, slightly raised himself and peered in through the porthole, which I had not troubled to close.

He must have been a fairly tall man to have looked in at all, and, although his features were indistinguishable in the darkness, his outline, which was clearly perceptible against the white boat beyond, was unfamiliar to me. He seemed to have a small and oddly swathed head, and what I could make out of the gaunt neck and square shoulders in some way suggested an unnatural thinness—in short, the smudgy silhouette in the porthole was weirdly like that of a *mummy!*

FOR some moments I stared at the apparition; then, rousing myself from the apathy into which I had sunk, I stood up very quickly and stepped across the room. As I did so the figure vanished, and when I threw open the door and looked out upon the deck, the deck was wholly untenanted!

I realized at once that it would be useless, even had I chosen the course, to seek confirmation of what I had seen from the officer on the bridge: my own berth, together with the one adjoining—that of the Bishop—was not visible from the bridge.

For some time I stood in my doorway, wondering in a disinterested fashion, which now I cannot explain, if the hidden enemy had revealed himself to me or if disordered imagination had played me a trick. Later I was destined to know the truth of the matter, but when at last I fell into a troubled sleep that night I was still in some doubt upon the point.

My state of mind when I awakened on the following day was indescribable. I found it difficult to doubt that Nayland Smith would meet me on the way to the bathroom as usual, with the cracked briar fuming between his teeth. I felt myself almost compelled to pass around to his stateroom in order to convince myself that he was not really there. The catastrophe was still unreal to me, and the world a dream world. Indeed I retain scarcely any recollections of the traffic of that day or of the days that followed it until we reached Port Said.

TWO things only made any striking appeal to my dulled intelligence at that time. These were: the aloof attitude of Dr. Stacey, who seemed carefully to avoid me, and a curious circumstance which the second officer mentioned in conversation one evening as we strolled up and down the main deck together.

"Either I was fast asleep at my post, Dr. Petrie," he said, "or last night, in the middle watch, some one or something came over the side of the ship just aft the bridge, slipped across the deck, and disappeared."

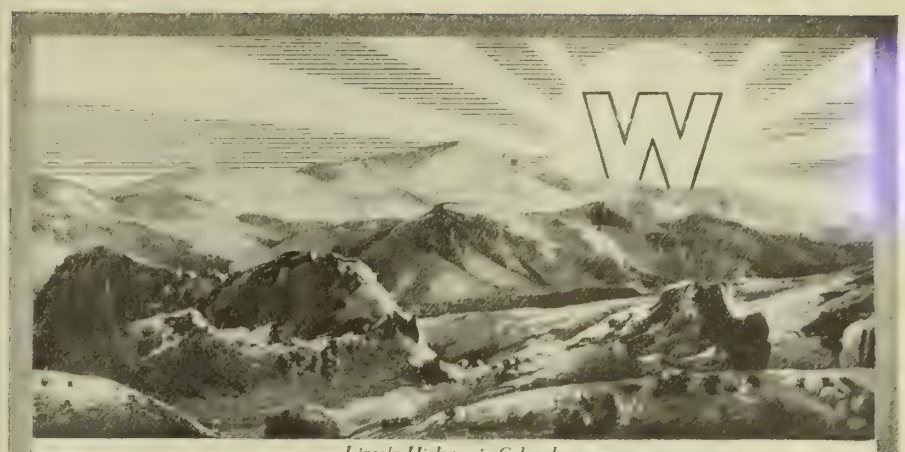
I stared at him wonderingly.

"Do you mean something that came up out of the sea?" I said.

"Nothing could very well have come up out of the sea," he replied, smiling slightly, "so that it must have come up from the deck below."

"Was it a man?"

"It looked like a man, and a fairly tall one, but he came and was gone like



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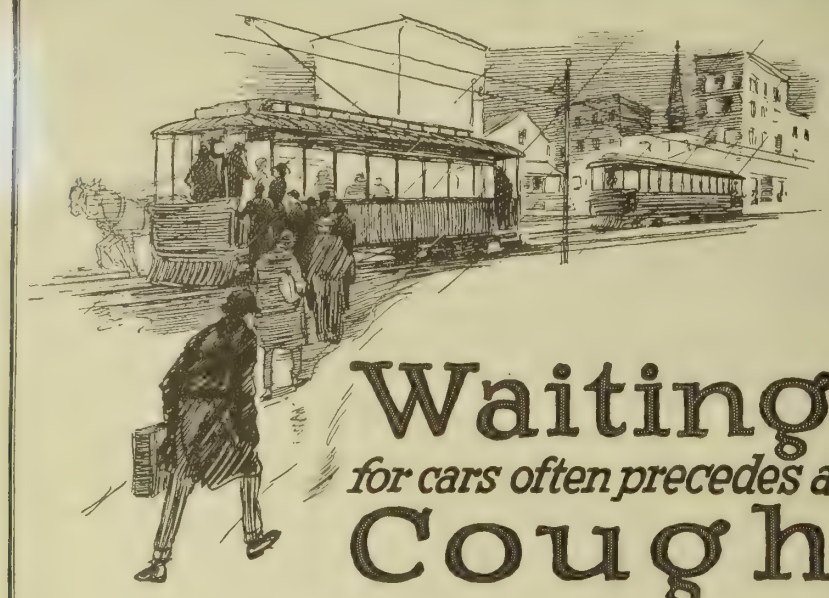
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a flash, and I saw no more of him up to the time I was relieved. To tell you the truth, I did not report it because I thought I must have been dozing, it's a dead slow watch, and the navigation on this part of the run is child's play."

I was on the point of telling him what I had seen myself two evenings before, but for some reason I refrained from doing so, although I think had I confided in him he would have abandoned the idea that what he had seen was phantasmal; for the pair of us could not very well have been dreaming. Some malignant presence haunted the ship; I could not doubt this; yet I remained passive, sunk in a lethargy of sorrow.

We were scheduled to reach Port Said at about eight o'clock in the evening, but by reason of the delay occasioned so tragically I learned that in all probability we should not arrive earlier than midnight, while passengers would not go ashore until the following morning. Kâramanèh, who had been staring ahead all day, seeking a first glimpse of her native land, was determined to remain up until the hour of our arrival, but after dinner a notice was posted up stating that we should not be in before 2 a. m. Even those passengers who were the most enthusiastic thereupon determined to postpone for a few hours their first glimpse of the land of the Pharaohs and even to forego the sight—one of the strangest and most interesting in the world—of Port Said by night.

FOR my own part I confess that all the interest and hope with which I had looked forward to our arrival had left me, and often I detected tears in the eyes of Kâramanèh; whereby I knew that the coldness in my heart had manifested itself even to her. I had sustained the greatest blow of my life, and not even the presence of so lovely a companion could entirely recompense me for the loss of my dearest friend.

The lights on the Egyptian shore were faintly visible when the last group of stragglers on deck broke up. I had long since prevailed upon Kâramanèh to retire, and now, utterly sick at heart, I sought my own stateroom, mechanically undressed, and turned in.

It may or may not be singular that I had neglected all precautions since the night of the tragedy. I was not even conscious of a desire to visit retribution upon our hidden enemy. In some strange fashion I took it for granted that there would be no further attempts upon Kâramanèh, Azîz, or myself. I had not troubled to confirm Smith's surmise respecting the closing of the portholes, but I know now for a fact that, whereas they had been closed from the time of our leaving the Strait of Messina, to-night, in sight of the Egyptian coast, the regulation was relaxed again. I cannot say if this is usual, but that it occurred on this ship is a fact to which I can testify—a fact to which my attention was to be drawn dramatically.

The night was steaming hot, and, because I welcomed the circumstance that my own port was widely opened, I reflected that those on the lower decks might be open also. A faint sense of danger stirred within me; indeed, I sat upright and was about to spring out of my berth when that occurred which induced me to change my mind.

All passengers had long since retired, and a midnight silence descended upon the ship, for we were not yet close enough to port for any unusual activities to have commenced.

Clearly outlined in the open porthole, there suddenly arose that same grotesque silhouette which I had seen once before.

Prompted by I know not what, I lay still and simulated heavy breathing, for it was evident to me that I must be partly visible to the watcher, so bright was the night. For ten—twenty—thirty seconds he studied me in absolute silence—that gaunt thing so like a mummy—and, with my eyes partly closed, I watched him, breathing heavily all the time. Then, making no more noise than a cat, he moved away across the deck, and I could judge of his height by the fact that his small, swathed head remained visible almost to the time that he passed to the end of the white boat which swung opposite my stateroom.

In a moment I slipped quietly to the floor, crossed, and peered out of the porthole, so that at last I had a clear view of the sinister mummy-man. He was crouching under the bow of the boat and attaching to the white rails below a contrivance of a kind with which I was not entirely unfamiliar. This was a thin ladder of silken rope, having bamboo rungs, with two metal hooks for attaching it to any suitable object.

THE one thus engaged was, as Kâramanèh had declared, almost superhumanly thin. His loins were swathed in a sort of linen garment, and his head so bound about, turban fashion, that only his gleaming eyes remained visible. The bare limbs and body were of a dusky yellow color, and at sight of him I experienced a sudden nausea.

My pistol was in my cabin trunk, and to have found it in the dark, without making a good deal of noise, would have been impossible. Doubting how I should act, I stood watching the man with the swathed head while he threw the end of the ladder over the side, crept past the bow of the boat, and swung his gaunt body over the rail, exhibiting the agility of an ape. One quick glance fore and aft he gave, then began to swarm down the ladder—in which instant I knew his mission.

With a choking cry, which forced itself unwilled from my lips, I tore at the door, threw it open, and sprang across the deck. Plans I had none, and since I carried no instrument wherewith to sever the ladder, the murderer might indeed have carried out his design for all that I could have done to prevent him, were it not that another took a hand in the game!

At the moment that the mummy-man—his head now on a level with the deck—perceived me, he stopped dead. Coincident with his stopping, the crack of a pistol shot sounded from immediately beyond the boat.

Uttering a sort of sobbing sound, the creature fell, then clutched, with straining yellow fingers, at the rails, and, seemingly by dint of a great effort, swarmed along aft some twenty feet, with incredible swiftness and agility, and clambered on to the deck.

A second shot cracked sharply, and a voice (God! was I mad?) cried: "Hold him, Petrie!"

Rigid with fearful astonishment I stood as out from the boat above me leaped a figure attired solely in shirt and trousers. The newcomer leaped away in the wake of the mummy-man, who had vanished around the corner by the smoking room. Over his shoulder he cried back at me: "The Bishop's stateroom! See that no one enters!"

I clutched at my head, which seemed to be fiery hot; I realized in my own person the sensations of one who knows himself mad. For the man who pursued the mummy was *Nayland Smith!*

I STOOD in the Bishop's stateroom, Nayland Smith, his gaunt face wet with perspiration, beside me, handling certain odd-looking objects which littered the place and lay about amid the discarded garments of the absent cleric.

"Pneumatic pads!" he snapped. "The man was a walking air cushion!" He gingerly fingered two strange rubber appliances. "For distending the cheeks," he muttered, dropping them disgustedly on the floor. "His hands and wrists betrayed him, Petrie. He wore his cuffs unusually long but could not entirely hide his bony wrists. To have watched him, while remaining myself unseen, was next to impossible; hence my device of tossing a dummy overboard, calculated to float for less than ten minutes! It actually floated nearly fifteen, as a matter of fact, and I had some horrible moments!"

"Smith!" I said, "how could you submit me—"

He clapped his hands on my shoulders. "My dear old chap, there was no other way, believe me. From that boat I could see right into his stateroom, but, once in, I dared not leave it, except late at night, stealthily! The 'second' spotted me one night and I thought the game was up, but evidently he didn't report it."

"But you might have confided—"

"Impossible! I'll admit I nearly fell to the temptation that first night; for I could see into your room as well as into his!" He slapped me boisterously on the back, but his gray eyes were suspiciously moist. "Dear old Petrie! Thank God for our friends! But you'd be the first to admit, old man, that you're a dead rotten actor! Your portrayal of grief for the loss of a valued chum would not have convinced a soul on board!

"Therefore I made use of Stacey, whose callous attitude was less remarkable. Gad, Petrie! I nearly bagged our man the first night! The elaborate



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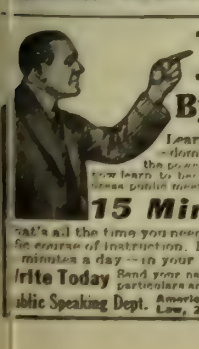
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plan—Marconi message to get you out of the way, and so forth—had miscarried, and he knew the porthole trick would be useless once we got into the open sea. He took a big chance. He discarded his clerical guise and peeked into your room, you remember? But you were awake, and I made no move when he slipped back to his own cabin. I wanted to take him red-handed."

"Have you any idea—"

"Who he is? No more than *where* he is! Probably some creature of Dr. Fu-Manchu specially chosen for the purpose; obviously a man of culture, and probably of thug ancestry. I hit him in the shoulder, but even then he ran like a hare. We've searched the ship without result. He may have gone overboard and chanced the swim to shore."

We stepped out on to the deck. Around us was that unforgetable scene, Port Said by night. Now the ship was barely moving through the glassy water. Smith took my arm and we walked forward. Above us was the mighty peace of Egypt's sky, ablaze with splendor; around and about us moved the unique turmoil of the clearing house of the Near East.

"I would give much to know the real identity of the Bishop of Damascus," muttered Smith.

HE stopped abruptly, snapping his teeth together, and grasping my arm as in a vise. Hard upon his words had followed the rattling clangor as the great anchor was let go; but horribly intermingled with the metallic roar there came to us such a fearful, inarticulate shrieking as to chill the very soul.

The anchor plunged into the water of the harbor; the shrieking ceased. Smith turned to me, and his face was tragic in the light of the arc lamp swung hard by. "We shall never know," he whispered. "God forgive him; he must be in bloody tatters now. Petrie, the poor fool was hiding in the *chain locker!*"

The Fiddler

(*Continued from page 8*)

That night Silver Lode himself came to our cabin, and when I tried to cheer him up—for he was shaken like a man with a mortal hurt—when I tried to comfort him, the fiddler motioned me to be quiet, and he let Silver Lode ease his mind with cursing himself and raving and tearing on, until he was tired and cried like a woman and fell asleep with his head on his arms on the table before him.

"It's the best way with a man that mourns and the worst with a woman," our fiddler said to me then. "Ease a woman with soft words, but let a man pour it out of him. You'll not forget that, Tom Tenney?"

I haven't—for I found it true myself that cursed summer.

WE sat there an hour talking quiet and low, and the fiddler told me about his own woman, that had never been his, but another man's in the end. The fiddler had been a smart boy and had gone to school, but, as he said, this boy's love of his had made him see things out of shape and crooked, and he'd gone wandering. "I've seen a lot of men and women since, Tom Tenney," he said in his big, smooth voice, "and I've found that they all need cheer of some sort. There's only one kind that never fails—music. I think it's because it breaks up the hard shells and let's the gentle things that are deep inside come out."

I saw what he meant—saw it with the understanding I was trying to tell you of—that's so hard to put in words. I saw, too, that he was sad himself for something, and I wanted to help, but there was no way open. I was always clumsy at that. He sat quiet for a minute, and then he said a thing I'll never forget.

"Tom Tenney," he said, "it's the feelings and thoughts and pains and wants we keep bottled up in us that hurt us. When we let them go they cure themselves. The world would be a better place to live in if we all gave out instead of holding back. Music batters down the walls."

With that he reached over for the new violin, and his eyes grew suddenly misty. The wound was in his left shoulder and he couldn't cuddle the fiddle with his chin yet, but he held it against his arm and began to play the new Glory Hole Tune. Gradually the great sadness faded out of his face, and while I sat puzzling about it all Silver Lode woke up. I saw him turn his head

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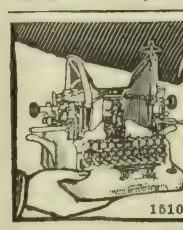
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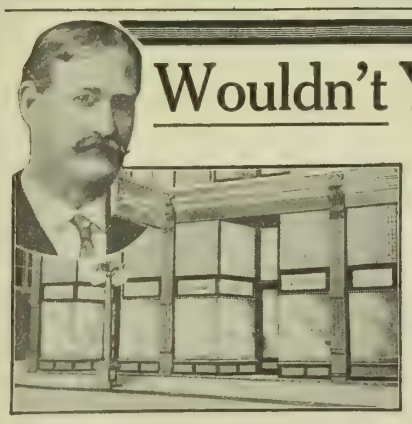
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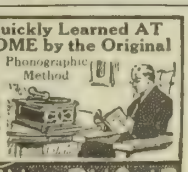


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When the fiddler started it the third time Silver Lode got up, walked to the corner for his guitar, tuned it, and began to feel for the chords. They played the Glory Hole Tune until long after midnight while I hummed, and Silver Lode said at last: "Fiddler and Tom, I ain't going to tell you it don't hurt. You didn't know Dora like I did. But the thing's easier in me now, thanks to you."

"She wasn't your kind, Silver," I said bluntly.

Silver Lode looked at me quick, and his eyes burned. "You don't know her," he repeated. "You misjudge her, Tom. I think she'll come back. If she does, she'll stay."

The fiddler put a hand on Silver Lode's knee. "You're right in that, Silver," he said, and I was surprised at it, you may guess.

FROM that day both of them changed. I could understand about Silver Lode, for I knew by then that the man loved Dora Ledoux, but I couldn't about the fiddler. He was busier than before helping folks that needed help, and his money went faster for all sorts of worthless creatures that hung around Glory Hole. Mostly, though, he was after the downhearted—womankind especially—and many a night he'd leave the Nugget when we were through, marching off with his new violin case on his shoulder to talk a little with some poor wretch and to cheer her up with his fiddling. He had less to say to me and Silver Lode, and he used to sit looking off somewhere beyond any four walls or any bare mountain ranges—'way beyond what we could see of bleak desert and heat waves or the sand beaten up into a fury by the howling devils of winds that blew. We didn't ask him, but something had made him different. Someway I couldn't help thinking it was that girl Dora, because he'd say a kind word of her often.

Once he said: "She took the old fiddle, you said, Silver Lode?"

"She took it with her," Warner answered.

"Maybe it'll bring her back if everything else fails. She's got good in her in spite of her mad, bad moods."

MEANTIME, as summer came on us, and the cold storms from the northeast grew less and less, and we had more squally rains and close, foul-smelling days, Glory Hole changed for the worse. There were few mines about and little work. The camp was headquarters for a lot of wildcatters and speculators, fattening on the strength of development in Goldfield and the other camps. There were hard times in Glory Hole and suffering. We played the Glory Hole Tune often, and you wouldn't believe how solemn music like that would brace up the roughs and the broken-spirited. Silver Lode, always silent now, and me—we didn't count much: it was the fiddler they loved, and it was to him they brought their troubles. He had a longer name now: he was called the Fiddler of Glory Hole all over southern Nevada, and there were few who didn't know of him.

The camp was at its worst, and hundreds had left it when an old prospector came staggering into the Nugget one night with a canvas sack in his hand, and he slumped down beside the fiddler and fainted. The canvas sack fell heavily and burst open, and there spread on the floor a lot of samples of pure gold with mere bits of rock clinging to them—a sight to fill mining men with awe. Our fiddler put aside his violin, gathered up the samples, put them in the sack, and handed it to Doran, the owner of the Nugget; then he had us help him carry the old miner to our shack. The man was burning up with fever and his breath came hard. The fiddler tended him like a baby, for he had known him before, and Silver Lode and I did what we could, but it wasn't much. The second day the old man opened his eyes and looked at the fiddler.

"Play—the Glory Hole—piece," he whispered, and while the fiddler was in the midst of it the old fellow stopped him, whispered a word or two to him, and fell back dead. In ten minutes his body was black—black and mottled. We didn't understand that, but it didn't matter much, as we thought, and we buried him.

But his canvas sack, meanwhiles, that he had brought in had set Glory Hole afire. Everyone had seen the samples. An hour afterward most of

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the town was out in the hills and gulches around the camp. The next morning men began to come from other districts. The day we buried the old fellow the little procession, with the body in a wagon and the fiddler and Silver Lode and me following it, had to weave in and out between those who were rushing toward the reported strike of virgin gold. In a week every inch of ground within two miles had been staked, and those who had had claims before were hiring men and building shacks and tearing up the ground in a fever. Still the gold hunters poured into Glory Hole and the dying camp sprang to life. There was no clue to the location of the dead man's claims, but the samples he had brought in were rich beyond the dreams of the oldest prospector in the West.

HE had brought something beside gold to Glory Hole, though. The day of the funeral Doran of the Nugget came down with a fever and began to gasp for breath, complaining of pains in his chest; then a miner fell sick in the same way—then Silver Lode Warner. Doran died and his body turned black. The fiddler was up two days and nights with the sick, and more came down with it, and I sent a messenger to Rhyolite for a doctor. The messenger came back with the word that no one would make the trip. And by that time a dozen were sick and three more were dead. Each time the body changed to a mottled black. No one knew what to call it else, so we named it "the black pneumonia." Whatever it was—and I've heard that later it was given a name—it was a plague, and it swept Glory Hole and spread to other camps, and the fiddler had all the work he could wish. Of course I helped him the best I knew. We pulled Silver Lode through, but he was a long time recovering. There were plenty who didn't get through at all—plenty, and more!

For a while the gold rush continued as big as ever, but soon there were more men flying out with dread of the plague in their souls than came hurrying in with the gold fever. Then the plague spread so wide and the deaths were so many Glory Hole began to shrink before the eyes of us that stayed. The fiddler worked night and day—I helping him. There weren't many others, for they were badly frightened, and you can't blame them. I was afraid myself when I was alone, but I'd take a drink of whisky and think of the Fiddler of Glory Hole, still striding about with his fiddle case on his shoulder, easing pain and quenching thirst and soothing the dying and talking comfortingly to the best and the worst of them, so that it wasn't surprising many of them thought him a preacher, as he had once told me folks did. No doctors would come. By that time, indeed, the doctors in the other camps were busy with their own sick, cursing our town and our old prospector's gold find, and quarantining against us! No help came for the fiddler—it was his fight, and he fought hard. Odd minutes he'd sit down with what medicine books he could find and try to learn what he was fighting, but he never succeeded. He experimented as much as he could and as he dared, but we didn't have much luck with quinine and none at all with whisky, and the supply of drugs we had or could get didn't give him much chance—one man facing a panic and only me to help, with Silver Lode gradually getting about and begging a chance on the firing line with us.

"I've had it," Silver Lode would say. "I'm plague-proof. Let me take a wrastle at it, fiddler!"

"No," the fiddler said one day; "you're not strong enough yet to watch up all hours or tramp around nights or lift the sick ones. Get out the old guitar and play the Glory Hole Tune, Silver Lode."

So he did, and strummed many and many on their way over the long trail. How many I don't know, for there were days and nights that I lost count, and every hour, so it seemed, some one was screaming with the first pains and the fright. If we could pull a man along out of danger, we'd pack him out of the country—it was so with Foster, the super here. I had him three days and nights, and fought for him single-handed, because he was a young lad with more ahead of him than behind, and that was the kind best worth saving, as the fiddler always said. Foster has a notion he owes me his life, as you may have heard, Mr. Rourke, and he wants to do things for me. That's foolishness. I'd have hiked from Glory Hole the night our prospector died and been glad to go if it hadn't been for the fiddler. It was his doings—the whole struggle—him with the fine, white hands and the fiddle and the old green-black suit of clothes that he never changed only to patch up a little as long as I knew him. He was a big man, with a great, big, loving soul in him—the Fiddler of Glory Hole.

TOM TENNEY paused and walked to the window of the assay office. His throat was dry with the tale he told, but his eyes were wet with his memories of the man of whom he was telling. Below us the stamps in the mill pounded dully, and occasionally the safety valve let loose a screaming cloud of steam. At the windows the white flurry of snow fell unceasingly, but the fire in the little cast-iron stove snapped and glowed and kept back the chill. Old Tom Tenney unhooked the long-handled dipper from the water jar and drank deeply. Then he turned to me again and took up his story.

YOU'D have said that we had it bad enough in Glory Hole by this time, wouldn't you, Mr. Rourke? Well, so we thought—but hear what happened. A big wagon drawn by three skin-and-bones horses pulled in one evening from down Las Vegas way, and Dora Ledoux climbed from it with the fiddler's old violin case in her hand, and went straight up to where he stood resting a minute in the cool air. She seemed changed someway, too, to me, and she took his long, slim white hand and spoke more gentle than I thought her kind could ever speak.

"I came back to find you, fiddler," she said. "But what's between us must wait. Will you look at the man in the wagon?"

The fiddler said: "Fountain, is it?"

The girl shook her head. "No, thank God, it isn't Fountain!" she said. "He got killed in Searchlight, and will never beat a woman again. No, this is a sick man that brought me here. I don't know what his trouble is—I'm afraid though."

The fiddler didn't hang back. He climbed into the wagon, then he called for me.

I went close and he whispered. "It's smallpox, Tom Tenny," he said. "Will you drive the wagon out to the edge of camp? We've got enough trouble without this spreading."

So I pulled myself up to the seat and did as he bade me. When we stopped I unhooked the team and led them away a mile to a gulch and shot them there, all three. It was the safest way, I figured.

When I got back there was Silver Lode standing staring at Dora Ledoux with his heart in his hungry eyes, but not saying a word or moving nearer. The fiddler called down to him to go for hot water and whisky and sulphur, while I got up into the wagon and helped our fiddler straighten the poor man's bed around a little. From Dora, after she'd been brought some clean things and had burned her old ones, we heard the story. The man had learned of the strike at Glory Hole and had started with his wife from their desert ranch 'way to the south somewhere. Coming through Las Vegas, the woman died, and Dora, working her way north toward us, helped him with the burial and came on with him. It wasn't a time or a place to think about appearances. Soon the girl had a sick man on her hands, and she had picked up a straggler to drive the team while she did what she could for the gold hunter.

"I thought I could save him if I got to the Fiddler of Glory Hole," she said. "We've heard about him and his work in Searchlight—him and Tom Tenney."

She spoke my name, but she had no word for Silver Lode, and I thought that queer enough. That was because I didn't know women, and how they do when they're ashamed and sorry and loving.

THE fiddler pulled the new patient through, but the news got around that he had brought in the smallpox, and from that day on the doom of Glory Hole was plain. Probably three hundred were there when the spike team came in with the big wagon from the south. In a week there weren't fifty. And most of those were down with the plague. There was only one other case of smallpox, and we began to think the

How to be Well and Strong

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YOU have it in your power to dictate what shall be your physical and bodily conditions. You have it in your power to choose whether you are to number yourself among those fitted to enjoy the success and happiness that a strong, vigorous body offers. From your own experience you doubtless know what an effort it is to go through each day unfitted for the tasks and pleasures before you, simply because of the lack of sufficient vitality. You force yourself to do your work. You force yourself to enjoy your pleasures; the real zest of life is lacking. Analyze your present physical condition. Learn wherein you are deficient. Correct each weakness intelligently and scientifically.

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Thomas Powell, M. D., a member of "The American Association for the Advancement of Science" and a scientist of note, says: "The history of every human being, healthy or unhealthy, is written in terms of *energy*. The history of the normal man finds expression in terms indicative of the possession of the vital energies—namely, vim, vigor, vitality, vivacity, versatility, mentality, ingenuity, pugnacity, strength, endurance, animal heat, muscular power and nervous energy."

Self-confidence, Courage, Assurance all come from having a surplus of physical energy—*nervous energy*.

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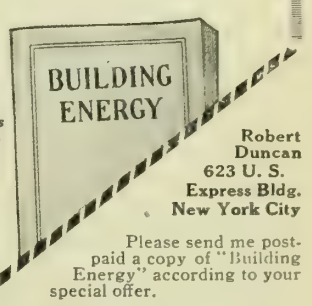
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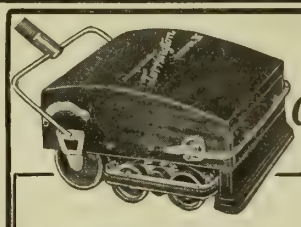
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plague was burning itself out too. Silver Lode was stronger now—almost well, indeed—and he took some of the work from me because I was getting weak in the knees and light in the head from weariness. But not a bit could we relieve the fiddler. As long as there were sick and dying to mind and cheer, and as long as there were dead to bury, he was going—day and night, night and day. And Glory Hole was a sprawling splotch of empty stores and saloons and shacks and worse places, and the five or six of us who could get about still wandered through its empty streets, fighting to the last against the plague because the fiddler fought and wouldn't leave the field until death had his last victim.

MEANWHILE Dora made herself useful cooking for us and helping with the sick as she was told to do, and came through without catching either disease, which seemed wonderful to me. But she didn't speak again to the fiddler of the thing she had come back to him to say. She and Silver Lode Warner talked stiffly when the fiddler or I were around, but not otherwise.

"I'll not be bothering her long," Silver said to me one day. "As soon as the fiddler is through here I'll be clearing out of her way. It's not for me she came back."

It wasn't in me to dispute him—I thought so myself.

There came a morning in early September that began with a heavy rain. The fiddler was out in it with his violin, coming back to our cabin from a room in the abandoned Bonanza House, where he had a man who had been wasting away for a week with "the black pneumonia."

The rain caught the fiddler and soaked him through, and when he came in he was coughing. Dora gave a little cry and ran to him, but he laughed and pushed her away.

"I'm all right, girl," he said. "And we'll be getting out of Glory Hole soon if nothing happens. There's only old Manning and Tim Spellman now, and they're both coming through."

"Then this Bogart you were with last night—" I began, and the fiddler finished the sentence for me.

"Bogart is dead," he said and sat down heavily and wiped the rain from his forehead where it had beaten through his worn old hat. "I've been playing him the Glory Hole Tune for an hour, and when he died he was saying the Lord's Prayer and smiling, even with the pain and the delirium."

I guess we were all thinking more about getting away from Glory Hole than we were of poor Bogart. "Where'll it be this time, fiddler?" I said.

He settled back, looking very old and very tired, and pushed his white hair away from his face. "Dora Ledoux," he said, "come here and let's have a talk all together."

Dora wiped her hands on a cloth and stood a minute looking straight at the fiddler, then she crossed to one corner, picking up the old violin case. With that held against her she went to his side and stopped, waiting.

It seemed unusual and odd to me from that minute, and I felt something coming, but what it was I could no more guess than you. Silver Lode was watching Dora, and I thought suddenly that he was jealous of the fiddler, because it was plain Dora Ledoux had eyes only for our old fiddler that morning. I'd never thought of that before, but as I watched them now it seemed strange to me I hadn't. And I was puzzling that out when the fiddler began to speak.

"Tom Tenney," he said, turning to me first, "you'll remember maybe that once only—the night Silver Lode came home after Dora Ledoux left camp and took along the old fiddle—you'll remember maybe that I talked to you about a woman I loved when I was only a boy?"

I WOULD have said yes, that I remembered it well, and had thought of it often, although I didn't know why he brought it up now—but there was no chance. Dora gave a cry and flung herself to her knees. "Fiddler!" she cried aloud. "Fiddler—you know, then!"

He looked at her surprised. "Know what, girl?" he asked.

For answer she whipped the scarred case open and took out the fiddler's old violin—the color of a well-smoked meerschaum pipe—and held it up. Then we saw that it had been repaired with infinite pains and skill, so that from where I sat no one could have said it had ever been splintered clean through by a revolver bullet. Dora held it before the fiddler and pointed inside the belly through the scrollwork sound hole. His eyes widened and he looked at the girl.

"I found the silver plate in there before I left Glory Hole," she cried. "I knew who you were. I—I didn't want you to know—"

The fiddler waited for her, but she had covered her face with her hands. He was pale now, and I thought the little cough he gave hurt him. But I couldn't move nor speak.

Presently he said in his gentle voice: "I knew you that night in Fountain's cabin, Margaret."

At that name she began to cry. He put one arm over her shoulders and patted her, and I saw his hand was shaking and blue. "I knew then you were Margaret Wells's baby grown up wild, maybe, as your father was wild. For a while I couldn't bear it. Then I remembered that life has some strange turns in its roads and that I wasn't the man to judge you or anyone else. And someway I thought the old fiddle your mother gave me thirty years ago would bring you back if it was best for you to come. All's well now, girl."

HE turned to us. "Tom Tenney, and you, Silver Lode Warner," he said, "will you remember that some old names slip off with old habits and old ways, and will you call her Margaret now? I know you will." He rested a hand still on her shoulder, and not another word did he offer of explanation or story concerning this odd thing. "Now," he went on instead, "I've got good news—and bad. The good news is that, before he died, the old prospector that brought us all this trouble and all this work and worry, and the death of so many strong men—before he died he told me where he had found his gold. I went there once and saw it—enough to be sure that it would make us all rich—all very rich. But I didn't know then whether riches bring any good to folks like us. I doubted it. And while I was mulling it over and figuring how I could help you boys and Margaret the most—because Margaret's worth helping—the plague came, and there was too much to do to mine gold or to think of it."

We were staring with our mouths open, thinking maybe he'd gone mad. Then Margaret—as I learned quick to call her—Margaret looked up and caught the fiddler's hands. The touch of them made her start back with a cry.

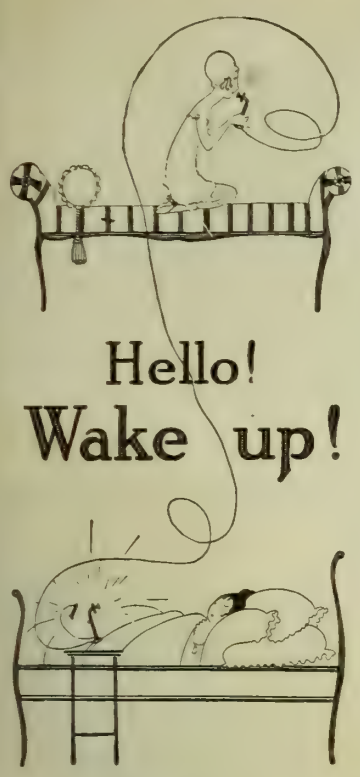
"The bad news, fiddler?" she jerked. "It isn't—oh, my God!"

The fiddler answered her with his whole body—for he fell to the floor in a faint. We rushed to him; we lifted him gently. I looked at Silver Lode, and he moaned.

"It's the plague!" he whispered, but I knew it as well as he did who had been through its pains. It was the plague—come at last to the man who for three months had fought it day and night with all his strength and will, and fallen before it in the end.

I DON'T know what we did for him, but I suppose, just from habit, we did all that we could have done. He was too weak and worn to struggle against the disease now, though. From the very first I knew that he would go and that the Fiddler of Glory Hole was to stay in the deserted camp until it was time for him to face the High Chief and say what he'd done on earth for his fellow men. I didn't even fight against what I knew. I did what I could for him in his sickness and stood that part of it. But nights when Silver Lode and Margaret were taking their turn with him—both of them heartbroken and drawn together at last—I'd walk out toward the hill north of the camp and sit down and cry and plead with God to let me take the fiddler's place. And it was then I remembered how he said: "Ease a woman with soft words, but let a man cry it out of him." I'm not ashamed of the tears I've shed since I've been a grown man—for they were all shed on that hill above Glory Hole, looking down to where, in the black splotches that were deserted and windshook buildings, the one light was burning in the room where the fiddler's deathbed was spread.

Before he died he had an hour's ease from pain, and for that hour he was conscious and talked to us. Margaret asked him why, oh, why, he hadn't left when he could—when he knew of the gold in the hills and when he knew that she would have gone with him and crawled on her hands and knees to serve him for what he had been to her mother,



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and what he had been for gentleness and good to herself. But he shook his head.

"That was my temptation," he said. "I saw that. But there were those that needed me—me and Tom Tenney, here, and Silver Lode. They stayed with me and helped cheer lots and save some."

"If you'd told me about the gold and Margaret, fiddler," I said, "Silver Lode and I would have packed you away and fought it out here ourselves. We're younger than you."

He smiled at me—one of his rare smiles. "I knew that, Tom Tenney," he said. "But I had hard work to trust *myself;* I didn't want to pass the temptation on to you."

Then he told us where the gold lay and sketched a rough plan of it with his shaking fingers. But we had small heart for gold or a search for it then.

Finally Margaret said: "Fiddler, let me try to play the Glory Hole Tune."

He turned over slowlike. "You play it?" he whispered.

"Yes," she said, and took up the old battered violin, and Silver Lode and I sat there thinking of the strange ways of life and the "turns in the roads" that the fiddler had spoken of the night he was taken sick—thinking and grieving and marveling at the girl's wonderful power with that old fiddle. It wasn't true, but it had still something of its old wonderful tone in spite of its mended frame.

And so he died, and Margaret knelt beside his bed, where his body was turning black and blacker before us who had seen the dead that way so often. And she prayed. She prayed, and all her past and her foolishness and her sin rolled from her, and she seemed like a good girl. She was a good girl to the last.

TOM TENNEY stopped. For a long time I sat listening to the steady beat—beat—beat of the stamps in the mill and the sound of the wind soughing through the snow-laden tree branches above us. The fire in the stove had gone low and the room was chill, but I forgot that.

After a while I said: "Did they find the gold—Margaret and Silver Lode Warner, Tom?"

He shook his head. "Dora died with her baby a year after. Silver Lode was broken with his sickness and from grief. He didn't live to hunt for gold."

"And you?"

The old roustabout put his hand inside his shirt and drew out a worn chamois bag. From it he poured a handful of dull yellow nuggets, to some of which clung bits of rock.

"I found the place the day after the fiddler died, and we buried him there with his old violin that Margaret's mother had given him. I never went back. I never will. I don't know where those claims are now and I've no mind to look. Some day some one else will find the place, and the old camp will spring to life again. But I'll not be there—only the old fiddler with the violin he loved crumbling away on his breast, and above him the board we cut: *Here lies the body of John Rudd, a noble man, who was called 'the Fiddler of Glory Hole.'*"

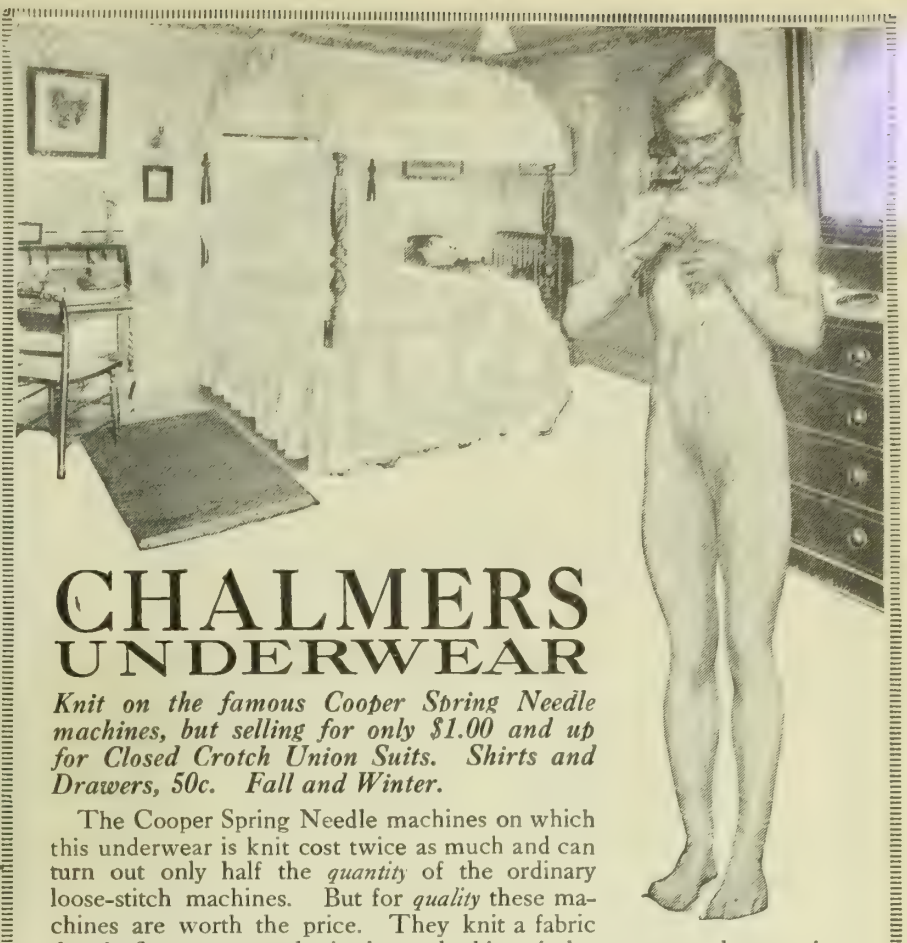
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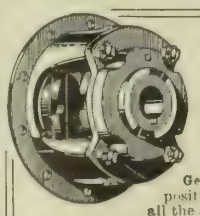
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Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

THE ROUND TABLE

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

SOME folks say that romance, like an ill-nourished plant with stunted blossoms, droops and withers under the fierce blaze of practical and commercial America.

"Money," saith the saddened, penniless philosopher—"all, all is money."

The business man is thought to be no knight, the financier no poet, the corporation no patron of the delicate sentiments. Pessimists would have us believe that men fight these days for an oil well or a dam site, but not for a bit of ribbon or a lock of hair to twine about a brave finger. Shrewd life has become more desirable than noble death. An eight-cylinder car is more to be sought than chivalry. Dollars, diamonds, and dividends! And yet—

Down in the southern part of the State, far from the adamant rectangular prisms and the odors of combustion of great cities, a lady stood in the moonlight. She was clad in a nightgown—a willowy figure moving about under the full-plumed maple trees; her small, bare feet were hesitating upon the dewy carpet of the grass; her loosened hair, not yet tinged with even a prophecy of gray, was blown by the winds of the prairies. She was a lady in distress, uttering her anxiety half aloud. And no knight came to her assistance.

Indeed, no knight was there. Had one been near, he would have seen at a single glance of his fine eye that the lady had come from the house behind her, the great square house with its southern pillared and balconied front, staring out from the little town across the rolling country, across the seas of grain and the clustered dark, verdant trees. He would have felt the dignity in the calm and ancient expression upon the refined face of this old mansion, and he would have been informed if he, to inquire, had reined in his accoutered charger, that this was the house of the Chaddocks and that the lone lady in distress and diaphanous white, now, in 1915, the last of the family, was not known thereabouts as plain Amy, but always as Miss Amy Chaddock.



"It's from McKeen, vice president and general manager of the W. L. & N. road," said the president, smiling indulgently

Below the paling fence a road, almost silvery in the moonlight, ran between the hedges and the waving poplars and the persistent whispering, undulating chorus of the night insects. Amy leaned over the fence, balancing the weight of her slender upper body upon the square pickets, and looked up and down the road. "Judie!" she called. "Judie!"

Whether Amy was still pretty at thirty-two the sunlight would decide, but she appeared so under the round, white moon, and certainly in the cool, quiet night her voice went away across the fields pleasantly, in a way to make the hearer say: "Heaven tell us why that lady is still unmarried!"

But to her appealing call there was no answer; Amy was completely alone!

She measured the well-known distance to the next neighboring house with a glance. The house had shut all its eyes; no light showed from it or near, except where upon the pump an inverted milk pail tried to imitate the moon by reflecting, upon its own round bottom, her silvery light.

Amy had been awakened suddenly. Whatever had startled her into apprehension had not waked old black Mary, for the lady on the steps of the house, now listening intently, could hear Mary emphasizing the rise and fall of slumber.

"She is on her back again," said Amy simply.

Perhaps it had been the herd of cattle driven past or perhaps it had been the whistle of the freight engine at the siding which had awakened Amy. Whatever it was, it had called her in time for quick action.

She began by running into the house for slippers and other attire and a long raincoat, with which protecting garments she started forth down the white-bathed road. Sometimes she stopped to listen again, receiving in her ears only the rustling of the maple, the poplar, and the mock-orange leaves, the hissing of the grain, the blossoms of which were already heavy with milk, and the pulsing choir of crickets. Sometimes she stood on tiptoe to increase the range of vision for her clear blue eyes.

THE dust from the road stirred by the herd of cattle which had passed long ago still appeared to hang in the air as if the warmth of the night had made it too lazy to obey the summons of gravity, but as the turnpike twisted suddenly to the left and dipped down into a hollow where the tree foliage met in arches above it there no dust had been stirred, for the rain of the afternoon shower had not dried in the shady places. It was here, where the aroma of wet woodland filled her nostrils, that Amy suddenly stared down at a shaft of moonlight which had pierced the overhanging branches. She clasped her hands in a vague fear as, bending down, she saw the mark.

"Her foot! The print of it!" she exclaimed and hurried forward. She knew that the crisis had arisen and had involved her. The road declined toward the lowland where in springtime the little brook gurgled. Mists swayed there now, and soon in the thick frosty sea of them Amy could see ahead of her the blurred light of the lantern which hung at the railroad crossing and the freight siding. At the crossing a man sat on a platform with his feet dangling; he was like a sullen ogre, half real and half mist in the circle of iridescent light.

"Who are you?" said Amy, startled.

"The watchman."

"Did a train stop here?"

"It did."

Amy seized the lantern and looked about in the trampled mud, and there, finding once more the shoe print which she had recognized, she gave forth another cry. It was all plain to her now.

"She has gone!" she exclaimed. "Tell me—where does the train go, sir?"

The watchman chuckled like a giant about to dine upon infants and hitched up his belt, first on his right side and then on his left.

"Ho, ho! to Chicago—the wicked city of Chicago, ma'am."

For the moment it seemed to Miss Amy Chaddock that her ancestry, her careful training at a convent in early life, her patience and fortitude when she had lost her invalid mother, her wistful loneliness, her endeavor to maintain the old home, and yet keep up a contact with the outer world had all called out her virtues in vain. Something in the phrase "to the wicked city of Chicago" filled her with a terrifying despair. . . .

She wandered back along the road until she felt that she was concealed from the curious, astonished eyes of the old railroad employee by the mists of the lowland, swaying in the sultry night, and there she sat down upon the mossy root of an old elm—a lonely maiden of thirty-two summers and in tears.

"Judie!" said she aloud.

She buried her fingers in the cool, moist tangle of grass, weeds, and wild flowers. Perhaps wood fairies peered at her from behind toadstools, and gnomes whispered into the pointed ears of Pan their speculations as to the cause of her distress. The shadows of the motionless saplings fell upon the white spread of the moonlight as shadows of starved, rheumatic ghosts, and the dimmed faces of the monsters of the Middle Ages, hidden by the mist, watched her. A strange gray creature, which made progress toward her on all fours, suddenly leaped at her from the surface of the deserted road. It was the comic supplement of a Chicago newspaper rolled and tossed by a mischievous gust of wind from the open sweeps of planted fields. But no knight appeared to rescue the lonely maiden or mitigate her distress. The year was 1915. . . .

IF THERE be complaint that this conscientious chronicle has until now not concerned itself with gallants, with romance, with knights as well as ladies, and with brave deeds or even with Commercial America, there need be no fretful impatience, for the very next scene is laid, by the dictates of Truth herself, at the round table.

The table is of mahogany. And often in front of each seat at the table there reposes a bright ten-dollar gold piece, symbolic of the money gods, of business, of commerce, of picaresque barter, of hard-headed, cold-blooded, soulless corporation affairs. The table is in a room at the general offices of the United Stock Yards and Packing Company, incorporated under the laws of Maine, capitalization $25,000,000. The round table is the directors' table.

Five members of the board of directors were sitting there, shifting their chairs to keep within the benevolent radius of one of the two electric fans which purred and whined from the corners of the wainscoted walls. Sometimes these meetings were held downtown in the directors' room of a certain bank, but when it was necessary to have the books and employees near at hand, the great directorate of the corporation, after a lunch at a Michigan Avenue club, was whisked to the stockyards in a velvet-riding motor car. On this occasion there were great affairs to be determined. Rushton, the head of the sales department, a man of great ability and carrying the appearance of being a member of a House of Lords or a Chamber of Deputies, or some such dignitary, but who said "Absolutely!" and "Put it across," and "We've got to get," had returned through the submarines from England to tell his superiors that if more beef was to go from them to the armies fighting in the western front, "business would have to be done" with Chelton, Meek & Harwood, Limited, English factors who somehow controlled the war orders and insisted that the figure billed to them should be some 30 per cent more than the United Stock Yards and Packing Company intended to receive.

"Nice, old, respectable English house!" was the comment of Gray, the banker, who presented the Hydroplane Cup. "Fine patriots! Sticking their own Government!"

"Nevertheless," replied Rushton, mopping his high brow. "There's how it sits. They said it. They control the situation. Five hundred thousand dollars' worth of beef on the hoof and in tin. Take it or leave it."

Seagrave is a lean man, who has an expression not unlike that of a certain portrait of Abraham Lincoln. He is a lawyer on the board, and holds a great block of the securities. Some look in his eyes tells of an eternal watchfulness for something sweeter in life than he has yet tasted.

"I thought we were here to discuss and approve a means to obtain the money to finance this war order. That is our purpose. We must not pay too much for our money, and yet we must have a regard for the strength of the interest which is to stand behind us."

"Before we're through we may be forced to have two or three million coming along," said Montague, who represents the Jewish interests, taken in with the six small packing companies in 1910.

"That's right, Abe," agreed Milliken. "This is the most important meeting—in a way, so to speak—this board has ever held around this table. No golf for any of us this afternoon."

The discussion became general; it separated into three debates carried on by three pairs talking all at once. Great business men of America were deciding something. Suddenly all turned toward the pale-faced secretary of the corporation, and he read a resolution in a manner of exaggerated precision. The men who listened wore expressions, drawn by the heat of the late afternoon, anxious, money-harassed. Gray rubbed his drooping double chin and his grizzled mustache; Montague, a man of dark skin and lips too bright with heavy red, sat with his fingers drumming on the top of the round table. Milliken, who had begun life as a clerk in a bank in Dublin, Ireland, plucked at his remaining wisps of red hair. Seagrave, in spite of the heat, folded his arms and allowed the judicial look in his eyes to lapse into a mid-July dream.

THEY were all millionaires. Every time the word "profit" was enunciated each man leaned forward and licked his lips just as if a meal of dainty viands had been served upon the round table. The five did not look much like knights.

And then suddenly the door leading into the president's office—Milliken's office—opened and framed in it there appeared the vision of a slender, young woman, with something of the freshness of maidenhood and outdoors in her grace, in her color, and in the clearness of her eyes. She was not a very beautiful young woman; nor was she very young, but this freshness about her was enhanced by a dress which no man would have dared to call out of fashion, but which at the same time might have belonged to her grandmother and yesterday; been taken out of an old cedar chest redolent with the refinement of days long gone.

The five directors, in surprise, rose from the round table. The secretary of the corporation stared out of his cold, amphibious eyes. Rushton thrust his manicured right hand into the front of his white silk coat in the attitude of a member of an Upper House. All of them looked upon Miss Amy Chaddock as they would have looked upon a water nymph rising from a Chicago mud puddle.

"He told me to wait in there," said Amy, taken aback by the number of the men. "Then he went away (I mean the old man with the long eyebrows), and I wanted to see Mr. Milliken, the president of the United Stock Yards and Packing Company. I have a letter for him. And every moment is precious!"



"But it's Judie! It's Judie!" cried Amy, her warm arm about the heifer's neck

THE president smiled indulgently. He wanted to lose his patience, but the other directors were smiling at him. For this reason he thrust forward one of his much-freckled hands and with a bow took the envelope offered him. He slid his finger under the flap and then gazed down in amazement at the communication.

"It's from McKeen, the vice president and general manager of the W. L. & N. Road," said he, looking at the other men.

Slowly one corner of his mouth curled up into a half-embarrassed and half-mischievous smile. "The lady has lost a cow," said he.

All the men standing about the round table opened their eyes and stepped back a pace.

"Her name is Judie," added Miss Amy.

Seagrave looked intently at the young woman and gulped with astonishment.

"Mr. McKeen never got my telegram," the lady went on, excitedly looking from one face to another, as a lady in distress looks about to pick her true knight. "He would have done everything he could, I am sure, because father was one of the original owners of the W. L. & N. years ago, before we lost most of our money. But he said that the freight department said that the shipment had come in last night at the stockyards."

"How is this?" asked Montague, coming around the table. "Why should you want this cow back again?"

"Want her back again?" cried Amy. "Oh, you cannot understand. Mary and I were both asleep. Usually Judie is in the stable, but last week it was so hot, and she is such a pet and always so good that we let her stay on the lawn. And then a herd was being driven past to the freight siding, and Judie was lonesome and just went along with the rest as innocent as could be. I know just how she felt. Anyone might feel that way—I have felt so myself. She thought it was a holiday."

"Instead of being on her way to a tin can," the pale secretary tried to say before Gray, the banker, clapped his broad hand over the merciless words.

"And no one saw her join the herd," Amy went on. "So she came to Chicago. She is the dearest little cow—mostly a Jersey—and has no way to protect herself. She's been my only pet. She knows my voice. And now I can see nothing but cruel knives and grinding machines and other horrible pictures. And any moment it may be too late to rescue her."

Two tears rolled slowly out of the lower lids of Miss Chaddock's aquamarine eyes and slowly down her smooth cheeks, glistening in the slanting sunlight and trembling in the breeze from the electric fan.

Milliken, the stern employer, the executive of iron, jumped toward her. "Wait, wait!" said he in terror. "Don't do that, Miss Chaddock. Oh, please now, Miss Chaddock—my dear Miss Chaddock—this is Miss Chaddock, gentlemen; gentlemen, Miss Chaddock—don't cry, Miss Chaddock. (*Continued on page* 28)

. . .



This convalescent Tyrolean conscript has a few callers from home



Wounded Hungarian soldiers on the way to the operating table

CANNON FODDER

EXPERIENCES IN A BUDAPEST HOSPITAL

BY ARTHUR RUHL

AT THE head of each iron bed hung the nurse's chart and a few words of "history." These histories had been taken down as the wounded came in, after their muddy uniforms had been removed, they had been bathed, and could sink, at last, into the blessed peace and cleanness of the hospital bed. And through them, as through the large end of a telescope, one looked across the hot summer and the Hungarian fields, now dusty and yellow, to the winter fighting and freezing in the Carpathians.

"Possibly," the doctor said, "you would like to see one of these cases." The young fellow was scarce twenty, a strapping boy with fine teeth and intelligent eyes. He looked quite well; you could imagine him pitching hay or dancing the csárdás, with his hands on his girl's waist and her hands on his, as these Hungarian peasants dance, round and round, for hours together. But he would not dance again, as both his feet had been amputated at the ankle and it was from the stumps that the doctor was unwrapping the bandages. The history read:

"While doing sentry duty on the mountains on March 28, we were left twenty-four hours without being relieved and during that time my feet were frozen."

The doctor spoke with professional briskness. He himself would not have tried to save any of the foot—better amputate at once at the line of demarcation, get a good flap of healthy tissue and make a proper stump. "That scar tissue'll never heal—it'll always be tender and break when he tries to use it; he has been here four months now, and you can see how tender it is."

Like Dante's Lowest Circle

THE boy scowled and grinned as the doctor touched the scar. For our English and those things under the sheet he seemed to have much the same feeling of strangeness: both were something foreign, rather uncomfortable. He looked relieved when the bandages were on again and the white sheet drawn up.

"We had dozens of them during the winter — 163 frozen feet and 100 frozen hands in this hospital alone. They had to be driven back from the front in carts for days, sometimes. When they got here their feet were black — literally rotting away. Nothing to do but let the flesh slough off and then amputate."

We strolled on down the sunny, clean-smelling wards. The windows were open. They were playing tennis in the yard below; on a bench under a tree a young Hungarian soldier, one arm in a sling and a girl were reading the same book.

Sunday is a very genial day in Budapest. The café tables are crowded, orchestras playing everywhere, and in dozens of pavilions and on the grass and gravel outside them peasants and the humbler sort of people are dancing. The Danube—beautiful if not blue—flows through the town.



Once again he learns to walk . . .

Pest is on one bank and Buda on the other, beside a wooded hill climbing steeply up to the old citadel, somewhat as the west bank of the Hudson climbs up to Storm King.

I first came on the Danube at Budapest in the evening after dinner and saw, close in front of me, what looked to be some curious electric-light sign. It seemed odd in war time, and I stared for a moment before I saw that this strange design was really the black, opposite bank with its zigzag streams of lamps.

Few cities have so naturally beautiful a drop curtain, and, instead of spoiling it with gas works and grain elevators as we should do, the Hungarians have been thoughtful enough to build a tree-covered promenade between the Danube and the string of hotels which line the river. In front of each of these hotels is a double row of tables and a hedge and then the trees, under which, while the orchestras play, all Pest comes to stroll and take the air between coffee time and the late Hungarian dinner.

The Creeping Melancholy

HUNDREDS of cities have some such promenade, but few so genial and cozy a one as that of Budapest—not the brittle gayety of some more sophisticated capitals, but the simpler lightheartedness of a people full of feeling, fond of music and talk, and ready to share all they have with a stranger.

The bands play tunes from our musical comedies, but every now and then—and this is what the people like best—they swing into the strange, rolling, passionately melancholy music of the country. Wherever the czigany music comes from, it seems Hungarian, at any rate—fiery and indolent and haphazard, rolling on without any particular rime or reason, now piling up and now sinking indolently back as the waves roll up and fall back on the sand. People will listen to it for hours, and you can imagine one of those simpler dare-devils—a hussar for instance—in his blue-braided jacket, red breeches, and big cavalry boots, listening and drinking, and thinking of the fights he has won and the girls he has lost, getting sorry for himself at last and breaking his glass and weeping, and being very happy indeed.

There is a club in Budapest—at once a club and a luxurious villa almost too crowded with rugs and fine furniture. When you go to play tennis, instead of the ordinary locker room one is ushered into a sort of boudoir filled with Chippendale furniture. It is a delightful place to get exercise, with tea served on a garden table between sets, yet when I was in Budapest the place was almost deserted. It was not, it seemed, the season that people came there, although just the season to use such a place. For six weeks they came here, and nothing could bring them back again. They did things only in spurts, so to speak: "They go off on hunting trips to the ends of the earth, bring back animals for the Zoo, then off to their



American nurses and their patients at Budapest. These nurses are now nursing German prisoners in Russia



At a railway station—waiting for the hospital train home-bound out of Russia

country places and—flop! Then there is a racing season, and they play polo and race for a while, then—flop!"

I have never seen such interesting photographer's show windows as there are in Budapest. Partly this is because the photographers are good, but partly it must lie in the Hungarians themselves—such vivid, interesting, unconventional faces. These people look as if they ought to do the acting and write the music and novels and plays and paint the pictures for all the rest of the world. If they haven't done so, it must be because, along with their natural talent, they have this indolence and tendency to flop and not push things through.

It was this Budapest, so easy-going and cheerful, that came drifting through the hospital windows, with the faint sound of band music that Sunday afternoon.

On all the park benches and the paths winding up to the citadel, in a hundred shady corners and walks, soldiers, with canes and bandages, were sitting with their best girls, laughing with them, holding hands. The boys, with miniature flower gardens in their hats, tinseled grass and red, white, and green rosettes, could sit with their arms round their sweethearts as much as they wanted to, for everybody knew that they had just been called to the colors and this was their farewell.

I looked over more of the histories—not in the ward, where one was, of course, more or less a nuisance, but in the room where they were filed in hundred lots. Some of the men were still in the hospital, some had died, most of them gone back to the front. There were many of these foot cases:

"While on outpost duty in the Carpathians during a snowstorm I felt the lower part of my body becoming powerless. Not being able to walk, was carried back and put on train. Next day we were stopped because Russians were ahead of us and obliged to leave train. Waited two days without food or medical attention; then put on train for Budapest."

"My regiment was in the Carpathians, and on or about January 20 my feet refused to obey. I held out for four days and then reported ill. Toes amputated, right foot."

"I belong to German Grenadier Regiment No. ——. On February 6, while sleeping in open snow, I felt numbed in feet. Put on light duty, but on 8th reported ill and doctor declared feet frozen."

"March 12, during heavy snowstorm, Russians attacked us. One of my comrades was shot in stomach, and I took off my gloves to bandage him. All at once our regiment sounded 'Storm!' and I had to rush off to attack, forgetting my gloves. I had both my hands frozen."

"I am field cornet of the —— German Grenadiers. I was, since the beginning of the war, in Belgium and France, and at end of November sent to Russian Poland and January 1 to Carpathians. On February 6, while retiring to prevent the Russians surrounding us, I was shot in thigh at 1,500 yards distance and fell. Within a few minutes I got two more shots."

"That's just like a German," commented the nurse. "They always begin by telling just who they are and what they were doing. A Hungarian would probably just say that he was up in the mountains and it was cold. These soldiers are like big children, some of them, and they tell us things sometimes":

"While in Carpathians on January 20 I reported to my lieutenant, feet frozen. He said dig a hole and when you are quite frozen we will put you in. I stood it another seven days, then we had to retreat. I went myself to the doctor; my feet were then black already. Debreczen hospital six days, then here. Both amputated."

The feet were gone, at any rate, whatever the lieutenant may have said. We returned to the German field cornet.

"He came in walking—a fine, tall man. We had only one place to bathe the men in, then: a big tank—for everything was improvised and there was no hot-water heater—and one of the doctors told him he could use his own bath upstairs, but he said no, he'd stay with his men. He seemed to be getting on all right, then one morning the doctor touched his leg and he heard that crackling sound—it was gas infection. They just slit his leg down from hip to knee, but it was no use—he died in three hours. Practically all the wounds were infected when the men came in, but I suppose he could have picked up something in that bath—he came in walking."



They have had their legs amputated. But the kind people across the way have set aside their cheerful garden for them to live in: The Garden of Legless Men

Through most of the German histories one could see the German armies turning now this way, now that, against their "world of enemies," as they say:

"I belong to —— Regiment German Infantry and am stationed since March 1 in Carpathians. I am in active service since the start, having done Belgium, France, and Russia."

"While at battle of Lunéville, with troop of about forty men stormed battery, capturing them, for which decorated with Iron Cross. Shifted to Carpathians. After march in severe cold, fingers and feet frozen."

"While in France attacking I was hit in head by shrapnel. In hospital fourteen days, then sent to Carpathians on December 7 with Austro-Hungarian troops. Wounded in arm and while creeping back hit five times in fifteen minutes. Lay all afternoon in trenches."

"I think those are the three who came in together one night, all singing 'Die Wacht am Rhein'; they all had the Iron Cross. They were a noisy lot. They all got well and went back to the front again."

Here were three pictures from the Galician fighting:

"Wounded by shrapnel near Peremysl, bandaged by comrade, and helped to house, only occupant old woman. Lay on straw two days, no food. Called to men passing; they had me moved in cart seventy miles to hospital. Stayed eight days; started on train, then taken off for three days, then to Budapest."

"During fighting at Lupkow Pass I was wounded by two pistol shots. First one fired by Russian officer hit me in chest. Ran back to my company, and in darkness taken by one of our officers for Russian and shot in arm."

"While digging trenches struck by a rifle bullet in two places. Lay in trench two hours when found by Russian infantrymen who hurriedly dressed me and put me out of firing range on horse blanket in old trench. Later found by our soldiers, carried to base, and dressed there, then to field hospital, then in cart to railroad station. Went few kilometers by train, but became so ill had to be taken off for two days, then sent to Budapest. Seventeen days. Two months in hospital; returned to front."

"We called that man 'professor,'" said the nurse. "He was a teacher of some sort. There was a boy here at the same time, a Pole, but he could speak English: just out of the university—Cracow, I think. He was in Serbia, and was shot through the temple; he lost the sight of both eyes."

Several in the Serbian fighting had struck river mines. One, who had been ordered to proceed across the River Save near Sabac remarked that he was "told afterward" they had struck a floating mine and that seven were killed and thirteen wounded.

The Serbian campaign was not pleasant. The Serbians do not hold up their hands, as the big children like Russians seem to have done so often. They fight as long as they can stand. Then there was disease and lack of medical supplies and service.

"They came in covered with mud and with fractures done up with twigs—just as they had been dressed on the field. Sometimes a fractured hip would be bound with a good-sized limb from a tree reaching all the way from the man's feet to his waist."

Yet the wonder is what nature and the tough constitution of these young men will do with intelligent help. We came to what they call a "face case."

"Wounded November 4 in Galicia by rifle fire on right side of face and right hand; dressed by comrade, then lost consciousness until arrived here. ['He probably means,' explained the nurse 'that he was delirious and didn't realize the time.'] Physical examination—right side of face blown away; lower jaw broken into several pieces, extending to left side; teeth on lower jaw loose; part of upper jaw gone and tongue exposed. Infected. Operated—several pieces of lower jaw removed and two pieces wired together in front."

From the desk drawer the nurse picked out several photographs—X-ray pictures of little round shrapnel bullets embedded in flesh, of bone splintered by rifle bullets and shot through the surrounding flesh as if they had been exploded; one of two black feet cut off above the ankles—one of a group of convalescents standing on the hospital steps.

"There he is," she said, pointing to a man with a slightly crooked jaw—the man whose history we had just read. "We saved it. It isn't such a bad face after all."

The worst wounds, of course, do not come to hospital so far from the front as this—they never leave the battle field at all. In Turkey, for instance, where traveling is difficult, very few of those shot through the trunk of the body ever get so far as Constantinople—nearly all of the patients there are



Pest from the Buda side. The "Corso" is shaded by the trees of the opposite bank

wounded in the head, arms, or legs. On over a thousand patients in this Budapest hospital the following statistics are based: Rifle wounds, 1,095; shrapnel, 138; shell, 2; bayonet, 2; saber, 1; hand grenade, 1; frozen feet, 163; frozen hands, 100; rheumatism, 65; typhoid, 38; pneumonia, 15; tetanus, 5; gas infection, 5. Deaths, 19—septicemia, 7; pneumonia, tetanus, typhoid, 1.

Peace at Eventide

IT WAS dark when I started downstairs, through that warm, brooding stillness of a hospital at night. The ward at the head of the stairs was hushed now, and the hall lamp, shining across the white trousers of an orderly dozing in his chair within the shadow of the door and past the screen drawn in front of it, dimly lit the foot of the line of beds where the men lay sleeping. Nothing could happen to them now—until they were sound again and the order came to go out and fling themselves again under the wheels. The doctor on duty for the night, coat off, was stretched on his sofa peacefully reading under a green lamp. And, as I went downstairs past the three long wards, the only sign of life was in a little circle of light cast by a single lamp over the bed of one of the new patients, lighting up the upturned profile of a man and the fair hair of the young night nurse bending over him and silently changing the cloths on his chest.

We dined late that evening on an open balcony at the top of the house. People in Vienna and Budapest like to eat and drink in the open air. Below us lay the dark velvet of the park, with an occasional lamp, and beyond, over the roofs of Pest, the lights of Buda across the river.

Up through the trees came the voices of men singing. I asked what this might be. They were men, my friends explained, who had had their legs amputated. There were fifty-eight of them, and the people who owned the big, empty garden across the street had set it aside for them to live in. There they could sit in the sun and learn to walk on their artificial legs—it was a sort of school for them.



Wounded Russian in the hospital at Budapest

I went to see it next morning—this Garden of Legless Men. They were scattered about under the trees on benches two by two, some with bandaged stumps, some with crutches, some with no legs at all. They hobbled over willingly enough to have their pictures taken, although one of them muttered that he had had his taken seventy times and no one had sent him a copy yet. The matron gathered them about her, arranging them rather proudly so that their wounds would show. One looked to be quite all right—because he had artificial legs, boots, and all, below the knee.

"Come," said the matron; "show the gentleman how you can walk." And the obedient man came wobbling toward us in a curious, slightly rickety progress, like one of those toys which are wound up and set going on the sidewalk. At the matron's suggestion he even dropped one of his canes. He could almost stand alone, indeed, like some of the political arguments for which millions of healthy young fellows like him obediently go out to fight.

At a Hungarian Hospital

THE Augusta Barracken Hospital is on the outskirts of Budapest—a characteristic product of the war, wholesale healing for wholesale maiming—4,000 beds and all the essentials, in what, two months before, was a vacant lot by the railroad tracks.

The buildings are long, one-story, pine barracks, just wide enough for two rows of beds with an aisle down the center. The space between the barracks is filled, in thrifty European fashion, with vegetable gardens, and they are set on neat streets through which the patients can be wheeled or carried to and from the operating and dressing rooms without going up or down stairs. Trains come in from the observation hospitals near the front, where all wounded now stay for five days until it is certain they have no contagious disease, (*Continued on page* 26)

A HARVEST OF FUR

FURTHER TALES OF "THE CAMPS OF CHAOS"

BY SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY SIGISMUND DE IVANOWSKI

"WHAT you men poling so hard for?"

At the hail from the Tatonduk's bank Cronin Hess and Gayle Outremont looked up from their boat to see Rooney Ryan in company with Monte Marlin and Seattle Simons grinning at them off the top of a bluff which jutted out as a headland into the river a few miles over the Alaskan boundary.

"Oh, for exercise, sure!" replied ex-Marshal Hess. "We do it every other month in the dark of the moon. It speeds up the circulation, you know, and pries open the pores. Don't you ever think we tore down from Dawson City through Forty-mile, Eagle, and Seventy-mile and turned up here on the heels of an alleged stampede. Thunderation, no! Ours is just a physical culture stunt."

"Who put you on to the alleged stampede?" asked Ryan.

"Inspector Strickland. Stampedes have helped spring to pretty near deplete the population of Dawson, but Strickland, Gunderhein, and a few more's there in their lonely languor. We was stagnating round when Strickland sent us piking out with the news of this stampede."

"Then you pike right back and chastise Strickland as he ain't never been chastised before for starting you out on a constitutional."

"Why? Ain't the stampede any good?"

"A good race, Cronin, but all the entries beat the starter's pistol. In other words, a false alarm."

"Go on, Rooney!" exclaimed Outremont, in chagrin. "Is that straight? Have we ripped nearly a hundred miles to tatters all for practice?"

"You sure have," Ryan assured him, "but there's consolation in the deed. A hundred more men have done the very same thing, of which hundred Monte, Seattle, and me form one-thirty-third. Savvy?"

"We don't know whether to take your word for it or not," doubted the ex-marshal, dipping his pole again. "So Gayle and me'll just slide along and see for ourselves."

"No notion of buying up the creek, have you?" asked Ryan.

"We might have," returned Cronin. "Hard to say. Why?"

"Because if you have I'll sell it to you. The best part of it belongs to me."

Hess whirled round in the boat and shook his dripping pole at Ryan.

"Consarn you," he cried, "we never know when we've got you. First you tell us the stampede's strung on a false alarm, and then you say you've bought the creek."

"Both statements sworn testimony!" avowed Rooney. "Ain't they, pals?"

"Sure," supported Marlin and Simons. "And well sworn at that. We helped do some of it ourselves."

"Then what in thunder'd you buy it for, Rooney?" demanded Hess.

"I took a chance. Bought the rights of a hundred men for a hundred dollars apiece for fear there might be something under cover. They was sore on it from the start, but I was leery. Savvy? Now I'm stung to the total of ten thousand dollars. You can have the bunch for half."

"We'll look it over first," decided the ex-marshal. "Gayle has a wife to keep now, and we got to be cautious. We'll look it over. We're going up creek now."

"No, you won't look it over," dictated Ryan. "We're going down creek now. We're due in Eagle City to-night. Besides, we've slogged a dozen times already over the ten miles or so I bought, and we're not going to do it again. Five thousand she stands. Take it or leave it. What do you say?"

"What do you say, Gayle?" echoed Hess.

"It's like buying a dog curled up on a wolfskin coat," objected Outremont. "You can't see what you're getting. You don't know where the coat begins or the dog leaves off."

"Hear that, will you?" laughed Ryan, addressing his pals. "I knowed they hadn't the nerve."

THE ex-marshal wrinkled up his lips at the laugh. He stared hard at the Tatonduk's right limit, as if to read its possibilities of riches, but all he saw was three or four muskrats disporting themselves at the water line and gnawing succulent roots brought down and grounded by the spring freshets. He shifted his glance to the left limit, but its surface was likewise impenetrable and enlivened only by three or four more rats disporting like the others.

"Pikers!" jeered Ryan, turning off across the brow of the bluff. "Unless they hold four kings, they won't call. Come on, we got to get back to Eagle."

"Hold on," commanded Hess. "You can't bluff us. We call. Your holdings is ours at five thousand. Come down off that bluff, you grinning totem, and we'll write you the bill of sale."

Within three minutes, the bill of sale in his pocket, Ryan was again on his way to Eagle, while Cronin and Gayle continued their course upstream.

"Why'd you do that, Cronin?" chided Outremont, as he scanned claim after claim and saw no surface indications to show any gold concentration. "Just for spite? Gallery plays like that come pretty expensive, and, as you say, I've a wife to keep now. If I'd been doing it, I sure would have pocketed my pride and not paid out five thousand dollars to call a bluff. You know blame well the ground looks barren, and when an old-timer like Ryan passes it up with a loss of five thousand, you can count it well embalmed. Don't flatter yourself that you've bought a hundred creek claims. There's nothing here but the remnants of the ice run. You've simply bought ten miles of débris and desolation."

"No, Gayle, I haven't," returned Cronin. "I've bought a ten-mile muskrat ranch."

OUTREMONT gasped and nearly dropped his pole overboard. "Cronin, Cronin," he expostulated, "stop right there. Your senile dementia'll come soon enough. Don't take a step to meet it."

"Just the same my scheme is sane," declared Cronin. "I didn't tell Rooney what the game was, but if I'd liked I could have given him figures enough to stagger him. Yes, Gayle, and if you like I'll do the same for you."

"Don't, Cronin, don't," Gayle besought. "I'm staggered now. Give me something to steady me. I've kicked muskrats out of my way all my life. I never saw money in them. They're just vermin anyway, Cronin, overrunning the rivers as the house rats overrun houses. They're no good for anything."

"Ain't they? In the fur centers their pelts sell for as much as eighty cents. We can't strike eighty so far up here, but we can sure get fifty cents in Dawson. It's a fine, warm day, and the rats on the Tatonduk are all out. I counted them all along, and the seven just where we talked to Ryan decided me. They've been averaging fifty a mile."

"Well, figured out short, that's two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Bah, Gayle, we'll have to get Trudis here to figure for you. Them five hundred form only the nucleus of the ranch. When it comes to fur time, it's not hundreds but thousands we'll be skinning."

"Like thunder we will! I'm the man from Texas, Cronin, and you've got to put those thousands in my lap before I believe."

"Oh, I'll do it, Gayle! Don't you fluster yourself. We'll hit Eagle City ourselves, get what stuff we need for the ranch and hustle back. And, listen here, partner, I'll put rats in your lap so fast that you'll be a walking dispensary of pungent musk!"

And forthwith the ex-marshal proceeded to make good his boast.

At Eagle City he bought some big rolls of wire mesh with which the dealers were accustomed to net in their provisions against the thieving of prowling huskies. Also he acquired large quantities of sweet apples, imported on the Lower Yukon steamers, of carrots produced on the small farms scattered through the Klondike Valley, and of baled oat hay grown on the Mazie May Ranch up the Stewart River and shipped down for the use of freighters who were attempting to establish a new land trail from Eagle City across two summits into the Forty-mile country.

Of these three commodities Cronin cornered the supply and sent word up to Dawson to Thorpe Calgour to bring his sister Trudis, Gayle's wife, and ten workmen, together with .22-caliber rifles, ammunition, steel traps, and empty barrels, down on the Tatonduk at once.

THE oddity of the ex-marshal's purchases excited the curiosity of Eagle City and, most of all, the curiosity of Rooney Ryan.

"What you going to do down on the Tatonduk?" he asked as he watched Hess and Outremont load the miscellaneous assortment into their boat and two other boats attached to towlines. "Raise chickens?"

"No, Rooney, wire worms!" chaffed Cronin, and drifted out of Eagle without deigning to offer further enlightenment.

But back on the Tatonduk Cronin soon displayed the uses of these for the benefit of Outremont, who, though too sardonically polite to say so, was likewise curious. Across the river at the upper and lower boundaries of the ten-mile stretch the ex-marshal had bought he threw a screen of netting attached to high posts. The bottoms of the screens were heavily weighted with stones so as to sink them some distance into the mucky river bed; the tops rose several feet above the surface of the stream; and the ends, let into trenches in the banks for a rod or so, came finally to the top of the ground and extended out like the wings of a water fence. The lower screen was solid, to bar any exit. The upper one, to encourage entrance, was full of small mesh doors hinged at the top and cleverly constructed to swing but one way, down river. Thus with a little effort at the two strategic points Cronin had his elongated ranch inclosed. There was no need to fence the sides, for the creek claims, two thousand feet in width, sloped up on either limit to the natural barrier of the steep bench ground.

By the time this was finished Thorpe Calgour arrived with Trudis, the workmen, and the cargo from Dawson City, and Hess, putting by the cargo till fall, straightway sent Thorpe and the men forth into the northerly swamps and sloughs, to the head streamlets of other waterways to lay trails of oat hay and of apple and carrot fragments to the ranch, while he, Gayle, and Trudis looked after the ranch itself.

"You from Texas still, Gayle?" Hess grinned as he disclosed his methods. "Just watch me draw them. They're exactly like human beings in regard to their stomachs. They pike where the feed is good."

And of a truth they piked in on the Tatonduk River through the upper screen gateway of the ranch. Once in, they perforce remained, as the ex-marshal had planned. Nor, even if the way had been unbarred, would they have taken leave, for while the trail to the ranch ran thin here in the inclosed section, food was lavished with a prodigal hand, and they swam and burrowed in a ten-mile paradise.

Even Outremont's skepticism was shattered.

"Cronin wins, Tru," he admitted to his wife as he saw the increasing numbers in the river. "He will clear a dollar or two if he keeps on."

"Gayle, you're very dense," reproached Trudis. "You've altogether overlooked the possibilities of this ranch. If you'd ever indulged in nature study, you'd know that muskrats increase about as fast as rabbits, and you know how they thrive."

"Sure," enlarged Cronin, "they bring forth three or four families every season with six to nine kits in each family. One pair has on an average twenty descendants. That means our original five hundred'll be five thousand before fur time. Savvy?"

"Thunder!" exclaimed Gayle. "I savvy now, Cronin. They'll be worth two thousand five hundred dollars."

"Yes, exactly half what I paid for the limits. How long do you think it'll take me to make up the other half and pile on the profits? Say, Gayle, a pair of muskrats is as good as an ounce of gold dust any day, and you don't have to dig for them. And instead of every ostensible pair I'm enticing here I'm in reality getting twenty-two. That's why I've spread such a feast on the Tatonduk and pointed them the way. You just keep your eye on this amazing exodus."

IT WAS indeed an amazing exodus. Word of Hess's and Outremont's doings had traveled up the main river, and men poled down from Seventy-mile, from Eagle, from Forty-mile, and from Dawson City to see. They beheld Cronin Hess as the god in the machine draw rats from every place where the animals congregated in sufficient numbers to repay the labor expended. He drew them off every side stream of the Tatonduk River. He drew them off the head waters of the Ogilvie River, which, like the Tatonduk but on the opposite slope, had its source in the range of hills lying along the 140th meridian and steepled by Mount Klotz and Mount King. And he did not stop at that. He sent Thorpe over on the upper reaches of the Porcupine River and drew them off its waters and from Upper Nahoni, Middle Nahoni and Lower Nahoni Lakes.

Some telepathic call circulated among the little fur bearers, and they answered the call as surely as men answer one another's (*Continued on page* 31)



"Only a landslide!" grated Gayle. "Sure, but somebody's sending her down. Listen! Don't you hear their bars? The cad's dumped the overhang on us!"

AN INTERVIEW WITH SENATOR BORAH

BY HENRY J. ALLEN

The author of this article has been for many years editor of the Wichita Beacon, and in 1914 was Progressive candidate for Governor of Kansas

CAN a man who lives in Idaho be chosen President of the United States?

Have we attained a degree of political homogeneity sufficient to make possible the serious consideration for the presidency of an American, otherwise qualified, but who lives in the tall country of the Far West, outside the zone of political safety which the leaders have established for presidential possibilities?

Other activities have not hesitated to go West for talent wherewith to enrich every department of human endeavor. New York, Boston, and the entire East are filled with financial leaders recruited from that broad country west of the Mississippi. The directorates of big business would show that a preponderance of membership was corn-fed in youth in the West and the mid-West.

In the past, Republican leadership seems to have drawn a geographical circle beyond the sacred limits of which all presidential aspirants have been dismissed with the laconic but somewhat illogical statement: "Too far west."

The Democratic party came as far west as Nebraska for Mr. Bryan, but its leaders came protesting and reluctant, borne on a tide of perfervid oratory which in 1896 set all time-honored boundaries awash.

The Republican party, regarding Ohio always as the Middle West, came to Illinois for Abraham Lincoln and then seemed to write across the western border of that State: "This is the political frontier."

The present year of grace has enlarged the somewhat provincial viewpoint of the Far Easterner in respect to the value of the country west of Pittsburgh, Pa. The man from the Far East and the man from the Far West have been meeting upon common American ground. The Easterner, being deprived of the customary opportunity of crossing the ocean, crossed the continent and became acquainted with the big, vibrant Americanism of the greater country that stretches beyond the Allegheny Mountains.

He found the West of his somewhat vague preconception an astonishingly vital part of America. He found equal suffrage established in the country which he supposed belonged to the grizzly bear. The land which filled his imagination with disconnected romance of cowboy life he discovered to be the center of the activities of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The territory associated in his mind with the things that belonged to the desert and wild life he discovered to be building civic beauty centers, indulging in the uplift, establishing old-age pensions, widows' pensions, vocational training, minimum-wage scales, prohibition of childhood labor, and all of the other advances in democratic government which have caused Western thought to become synonymous with the progressive program.

He found that the amusements of this section did not consist in shooting at the "tenderfoot" who had just arrived from the East. He found the people engaged for their amusements in wrangling over the odd trick at whist, touring the country in motor cars, and getting Broadway attractions at moving-picture theatres heated by steam in winter and chilled by artificial cooling processes in summer.

The suggestion, therefore, that a presidential candidate from the West might be chosen at the Republican Convention may not strike the political leaders as grotesque. Idaho is not as far west to-day as Illinois was in 1860.

A presidential "possibility" from New England recently came West to show the natives the type of "safe-and-sane statesmanship" which New England regards as desirable at this time. By the time he had worked the territory as far west as Kansas City he was impressed profoundly with the severity of the scrutiny he had invited. He came heralded as a type. In all the various communities he was proudly presented by the leading Standpatters as "Exhibit A" in the offering of Eastern standpat leaders for the presidency. He represented "business sanity," "constitutional representative government," "constructive conservatism," "moderation." He was to be the typical exponent of the policy whose effort not only is to rejuvenate big business, but likewise to rejuvenate somewhat the business of being a Republican leader. This has languished since the episode of political kleptomania in 1912.

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The West sees in Borah merely a robust, trained American who has reached his present position through the University of Hard Knocks

He came West expecting grave consideration as a teacher of sanity from New England. He came to give us special treatment. He found an atmosphere that did not seem to demand any special treatment, an attitude of rather keen understanding, a people comprehending perfectly the public issues and grasping so well the New England attitude that he soon realized that he was not being considered as an American product but as a characteristic type from a somewhat localized community. Before he had crossed the foothills of the Rocky Mountains he realized that he had been intelligently appraised. On his way back his speeches indicated that he was a somewhat broader American than he had been on his way out. It is said that he came to have a new realization of what progressive thought means in the West. It is not mere gusto, as he supposed, but the modern challenge of a really thoughtful and accomplishing people, constructive, deliberate, cosmopolitan, and differing from New England in one supreme respect—the unanimity with which the entire population engages intelligently in public controversy.

He found that in the West every man is trying to do a little job of thinking for himself and, while this does not produce what New England regards as a high degree of mental sanity, it does produce a high degree of mental activity, and out of it there comes a free and fearless breadth of vision that transcends all sectional boundaries.

A Western Standpoint

THE West has never objected to a presidential candidate just because he came from New York or some New England State, and it naturally sees nothing impractical in the undoubted boom which the suggestion of Senator William E. Borah of Idaho for the presidency is now enjoying. The West sees in Borah merely a robust, trained American who has reached his present position of national influence through the "university of hard knocks" which has provided the education of so many great Americans. It recognizes the fact that his progressive viewpoint is due to a certain big understanding and not to the accident of his geographical location.

The uncertainty as to whether he will be given consideration in the convention does not arise out of any question touching his personal eligibility as a candidate, but out of the question as to whether geography is still a paramount issue in the selection of a presidential candidate by the Republican leaders.

Senator Borah himself is just as uncertain about this as anyone else. I found him utterly free from any artificial pose in the matter.

The heavy mail that comes to him from all over the Union, particularly from the West and the South, has given him rather an accurate comprehension of his personal following, but Senator Borah is a hard-headed citizen. He has played the political game with the joker running wild. He was at the Chicago convention and he knows that the same influences which decided the fate of the Republican party at Chicago in 1912 are likely to cast the deciding vote at the convention of 1916. He realizes that if the standpat leaders cherish the same animosity toward the progressive program and progressive leadership that they did in 1912, they again may be willing to scuttle the ship rather than see it sail under the captaincy of a progressive crew.

Senator Borah did not use this language, because the figures of speech that suggest themselves to one's mind in Idaho in August have nothing to do with ships and crews. What the senator really said was that if the standpat leaders determined to nominate a standpat candidate they probably would find a way to do it, as they did in 1912. "But," he added, "they will have to fight it out with the Progressives again before they do it."

Senator Borah realizes that even if the standpat Republican leaders decide to make any concession to the progressive element of the party his location will still be used against him effectively. He therefore is determined to make no effort to secure his nomination, but to give his influence and his ability to the securing of a liberal and advanced platform and the nomination of a candidate in harmony with the platform. He knows that Senator Cummins is the other progressive most talked about and that Senator Cummins has decided to be a candidate. He speaks highly of Senator Cummins, sympathizes with his candidacy, and will undoubtedly support it unless the situation convinces him that the progressive forces in the Republican party can make a stronger fight behind some other progressive than behind his Iowa friend. One easily concludes from talking with him that he intends to hold himself free at all times to use whatever influence he may have for the nomination of the most available liberal candidate, and to that end he simply urges in reply to the many letters coming to him that they elect to the convention delegates of the most liberal and advanced views.

Are There Still Three Parties?

SENATOR BORAH is getting ready to make an active campaign in the West to organize the progressive Republicans, but he explains that the paramount consideration in his mind is the uniting of the progressive forces for the fight and not his own nomination. He believes the Republican party will be defeated in 1916 unless it secures the union of both factions behind a progressive leadership; he declares he will cheerfully support for the nomination the Progressive who develops the best strength. Senator Borah is in some respects an old-fashioned partisan. He regards the Republican party as having some sort of a sacred mission and he can become moist-eyed over the vision of its future.

Senator Borah gets ready for the contest of 1916 with full realization of what another fight with the standpat element means. He had control for Roosevelt of all the contested cases before the Credentials Committee at Chicago in 1912. He knows what sort of fight he is going into. He realizes that the words "safe and sane" soon will creep back into the columns of the standpat newspapers; that the country again will be asked to sit in humility at the feet of those who think that God gave to a few men of big affairs the mission of saving representative government in their own way, for their own purposes, and that the word "sacred" wherever used in the Constitution refers exclusively to the rights of property.

This is the essence of the fight in 1916 in the Republican party, as it was in the fight of 1912. Pro-

gressive thought will not follow the conservative type. It is doubtful if it will ever again trust the present leadership of that type to be ordinarily honest in a national convention. While some of the recent utterances of Senator Root in the New York Constitutional Convention amount to a declaration that he has grown weary of the Standpatters' idea of representative government, the men who put Mr. Root forward at Chicago have shown no indication that they share in Senator Root's changing viewpoint.

The present condition in the Republican party, therefore, presents almost as wide a division as it did in 1912, with the exception of the fact that it becomes daily a little more clearly outlined that it will require both factions of the Republican party to make an effective fight against President Wilson in 1916. It is also observable that as President Wilson grows stronger in the country, the chins of the standpat leaders drop a trifle and their attitude toward the progressive faction of the Republican party becomes a little more tinctured with human cordiality. The invitation to the Progressives to come back takes on a new humility.

Following the State elections of 1914, which showed some Republican increases, the attitude of the standpat leaders was about what it was in the Gold Room in the Congress Hotel at Chicago in 1912: No terms were to be offered Progressives. They might be allowed to come back upon proper examination, under a probationary clause. The situation has mellowed since then until now we might be allowed to come back without examination upon a mere verbal statement of belief.

When I found Senator Borah in August he was engaged, under a sun that drove the thermometer up to 110 degrees some days, in an active speaking campaign to bring the Republican party of Idaho back to the progressive ideals from which there has been an effort to switch it since Senator Borah's victory of 1912. That year, under the Idaho direct-primary system, all of the men nominated by the Republicans for the Idaho Legislature were tacitly pledged to support Senator Borah for the United States Senate because Borah had gained the Republican senatorial renomination in the direct primary.

Where Borah Stood in 1912

WHEN he returned from the Chicago convention his first statement was: "I think seventy-eight delegates were seated for Taft that any fair tribunal would have given to Roosevelt, and fifty-two delegates were seated for Taft that no honest tribunal could have denied Roosevelt."

He refused to modify this statement in the campaign, although he was making an active tour of the State as the Republican senatorial candidate. Standpatters in Idaho organized a demand that Borah line up positively and definitely for Taft and approve of the proceedings of the Chicago Convention. He refused to do this, but offered this grim compromise—that any nominee for the Legislature upon the Republican ticket should be excused from voting for him in the Idaho Legislature as the law pledged, if he would declare openly to the people of his district that he did not intend to vote for Borah. None of the members of the Legislature accepted this challenge, and Borah had no Republican opposition in the Legislature, notwithstanding the fact that he never changed his attitude or modified his views as to the manner in which Taft was nominated.

When Senator Borah consented to give an expression upon public issues he made it perfectly plain that he was not outlining the platform of a presidential possibility, but merely giving, upon request, and somewhat offhand, his viewpoint upon various public matters which engage present attention and which will affect the political situation in 1916.

The impression one gets from an interview with Senator Borah is of his instant readiness to discuss any subject of public interest. In the very brief time I borrowed from him on a hot day in August he discussed twenty-one themes of vital public interest; his mind was made up on every one of them, and his statement touching each theme was apparently the result of accurate, clear-cut thinking.

"I believe that preparedness for peace must precede any permanent and efficient preparedness for war," said he, when I touched upon the program for larger army and navy equipment which will come before the next Congress.

"We are apparently about to enter upon an extensive program for building up the navy and making more efficient our army, and we are about to enter upon that program under very adverse and discouraging circumstances so far as our finances are concerned.

"We need to use with merciless determination the pruning knife in lopping off present needless extravagance in governmental expenditures. Mr. Gladstone once said—I can recall only the substance of his language—that the mischiefs which arise from extravagance in government creep on with a noiseless and stealthy step and remain unseen and unfelt until they have reached a magnitude absolutely overwhelming."

When I reminded Senator Borah that some of those extravagances of the recent Congresses had not been creeping with noiseless tread, but had attained both speed and sound, he discussed the extravagances in some detail. He spoke (*Continued on page* 21)

HELD TO ANSWER

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

Chapter Four—The Adventures of an Amateur

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. KING

"John is as good as a vaudeville act!" is all the shipping clerks can find to say of clumsy young Hampstead, stenographer in the office of a California railway. But Hampstead has been studying at home after each day's work, and his studies include private lessons in acting. The confidence he gains thereby paves the way for business promotion. At twenty-four he becomes private secretary to the general freight agent, father of Bessie Mitchell. Mitchell soon promotes him to the rate department. Meantime John plays Ursus in "Quo Vadis" at a local theatre and Bessie is just a bit petulant at the sight of Lygia — the beautiful and accomplished Marien Dounay — nestling in John's arms. John's minister, too, is grieved, and preaches an eloquent sermon condemning the stage on moral grounds. In spite of the clergyman's exhortation, in spite of the offer of an important administrative position in a rival railway, at a salary of $12,000, John is determined to make a career for himself on the stage

"IT'S been a great three days," sighed John.

Bessie also sighed.

They had clambered down from the parapet below the Cliff House and sat watching the seals at play upon the rocks a stone's throw out from beneath their feet. Their position marked the southern portal of the famous Golden Gate, through which a mile-wide stream of liquid blue was running. Across the Gate rose the sheer gray cliffs of Marin County, and beyond those the rugged greens and blues of the mountains, spiked in the center by the peak of Tamalpais. Before their faces the ocean, in swells and scoops of ever grayer gray, ran out to catch the firmament as it fell, illumined in its lower reaches by the sun, which was sinking into the haze above the waters like a lustrous orange ball.

Southward, beyond the green head of Golden Gate Park, the yellow gray of the sand dunes and the blue gray of the sea met in a lingering, playful kiss that swept back and forth in a long, shimmering line which ran on sinuously, growing fainter and fainter till lost in the shadow of the distant cliffs.

The hour was five o'clock. The day was Tuesday. At eight that night John was to leave for Los Angeles. His vacation—the only vacation of his hard-driven life—was to end. The day was nearing its end. An epoch in his existence was also nearing its end. The past was clear as the land behind him. The future was an area of tossing uncertainty. Nothing appeared, no track, no wake, no sail, no sun even. Only far over, beyond the curve of the horizon, was a kind of strange unearthly glow, and on this his eye was set.

For three days his soul had ebbed and flowed like that lip of foam upon the beach, sometimes stealing far up on the land—for him the backward track; then turning and running far out to sea—for him the way of adventure and advance.

But now the ultimate decision was to be made. Bessie saw conviction rising on his face like a tide, a rapt look which snuggled in the hills and hollows and then began to harden like setting concrete among those features which once had seemed not to fit. No one would call that face homely now: interesting, most likely, would have been the word.



"In the name of God, what have you been doing to yourself?"

The gray eyes burned brighter. The lips grew tighter. The chin advanced, moved out to sea a little as it were.

"Follow your star, John," Bessie urged stoutly, though a look of pain momentarily touched her whitening lips. "I shall despise you if you do not."

"The decision is made," John replied solemnly, "and you, Bessie, have helped to make it."

Bessie did not reply. She looked. There was silence between them. Silence, too, was in the heavens; the sun, the waves, the restless wind, for the moment, appeared to stand still. All nature had paused respectfully. A man, young, inexperienced, blind, potential, had cast the horoscope of life beyond the power of gods or men to intervene—and with it had cast some other horoscopes as well.

Hampstead felt the spell of awe his act of will had wrapped about them, but he felt also the substance of his resolution framing like granite in his soul and making him strong with a new kind of strength.

But soon the sun was descending again, the clouds were drifting once more, and a gust of wind nipped sharply, causing the skirts of John's overcoat to flap lustily. Bessie twitched her fur collar closer about the neck and thrust both hands deep into the pockets of her gray ulster. Hampstead passed his own hand through the curve of the girl's elbow, gripped her forearm possessively, selfishly, absently, and drew her toward him. Indeed, Bessie was closer to him than she had ever been before; and yet she had never felt so far away.

"Oh, but it's great to have a woman by you in a crisis," he chuckled happily.

Bessie looked up startled. John had called her woman. But she recovered from the start. He had also called her *a* woman.

"Come to understand each other pretty well, haven't we?" the big fellow observed, still looking oceanward, but giving the arm of Bessie what was intended for a meaningful squeeze.

"Not at all," sighed Bessie, also still looking oceanward.

Hampstead, his thoughts bowling rapidly forward, continued motionless until a white-winged, curious-eyed gull sailed between his line of vision and the water. Then, as if abruptly conscious that Bessie's answer was not what it should have been, he turned and, at the same time, boldly swung her body round till they stood facing each other. Bessie met this gaze unblinkingly for a moment, with her face set and sober; then something in John's mystified glance touched her keen sense of humor, and she laughed her old roguish laugh and flirted the stupid in the face with the end of her boa.

"You great big egoist!" she smiled. "There, that's the first chance I've had to use that word. I only learned the difference between it and another last week."

"Indeed!" retorted Hampstead. "And when did you learn the difference between me and the other word?"

"Well, I'm not sure that there is a difference," she sparred. "Being polite, I just concede it."

"Oh!" he chuckled. "But," and he was serious again, "you say we don't understand each other?"

"Nonsense! I was joking. I do understand you—you great big egoistical egotist! You are just now absolutely self-centered and all, all ambition! And I am secretly—secretly, you understand—proud of you!"

"And you," said Hampstead, drawing her close again, "are just the truest, most understanding friend a man ever, ever had. You know, Bessie, a fellow can talk to you just like a sister. A pretty little sister!" he subjoined when Bessie looked less pleased than he thought she should.

"You've changed a lot, too, in a year," he conceded, studying her face critically. "When you came into the hotel last night you struck fear into my heart, and then kind of made it flutter. I said to myself: 'She's gone—the old Bessie that could be played with. But here's a young woman, a handsome young woman, taking her place.'"

"Did you say that?" asked Bessie happily.

"An exceedingly beautiful woman," went on John as if stimulated by the interruption. "By George, a very corker of a woman! Look at those eyes, those lips, those dimples. Same old dimples, girl!" he laughed emotionally. "And I said: 'Now here's a woman, a wonderful woman, to be made love to—'"

"John!" There was in Bessie's sudden exclamation the surcharged sense of all the proprieties which their relationship involved—that and something more.

"Oh, don't be alarmed!" exclaimed Hampstead, suddenly very earnest and respectful. "I am not leading up to anything. I do not misunderstand the nature of your goodness to me. I am not presuming anything. I am only telling you what I said to myself."

"Oh!" murmured Bessie noncommittally, though she shivered for a moment as if a gust of wind had come again. Hampstead, feeling this, drew her still closer and hunched his broad shoulder to shelter her more as he explained further:

"But it was I, you know, and there was nothing for me to do but to fly. I was for jumping out of the window. Then you suddenly made that wonderful speech about going to the circus with dear old John, and your mother let it out that you wanted me to run around with you here, and I saw that toward me you were the same old Bessie; that for a few days we could be once more just friendly, only two finer friends, because we're both grown up now."

"Yes," Bessie sighed, almost contentedly. "I did want you, John. A girl gets tired of society, of clubs and dances and things, even in High. You know, I get weary of the sight of these slim, pompadoured boys sometimes. I just wanted somehow to feel the arm of a real man, to hear him talk, even if he does nothing but talk about himself, and until this minute in three days has not confessed that I have dimples, and—and a heart."

"Slow about some things, am I not?" confessed John. "Awfully, awfully slow!"

"I will agree with you," said Bessie with a mournfulness that literally compelled him to perceive that she was someway disappointed in him.

"But," he inquired reproachfully, "aside from my usefulness as a social escort and a sort of masculine tonic, you do admire me a little, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," she answered frankly. "I admire you a lot."

"But you're—you're disappointed about something?"

"Apprehension is the better word," she confessed.



"Follow your star, John," Bessie urged stoutly. "I shall despise you if you do not"

"Apprehension? Of what?" John was looking at her almost accusingly. Bessie avoided his glance. She could not tell him what she feared nor why she feared it.

"You think I'll fail?" John demanded.

"No," disclaimed Bessie seriously. "I think you will succeed."

"You think so?" and Hampstead's face lighted brilliantly. "Oh, God bless you for that!" and again he shook her, this time tenderly, and drew her more closely to him as she leaned her head far back to look up into his face.

"Yes," she breathed softly, "I think so."

"And you do not think me silly for turning my back upon solid realities to follow my ideal?"

"No! No!" and she shook her head emphatically. "I honor you for it. You have inspired me, John, and thrilled me. I used to think—how good you are! Now I think—how noble you are! You have made my feeling for you one of worshipfulness almost."

The look in her face did express that. Hampstead noticed it now.

"Ah," he murmured, pressing her arms against her sides, "you dear, impressionable little girl!"

QUITE thoughtless of how unnecessarily close he was drawing Bessie, either to shelter her from the wind or for the purpose of conversation, or especially in the fulfillment of his duty to his charge as guide and protector, John was finding a pleasurable sensation in this position of intimacy, and was just, indeed, upon the threshold of one very great discovery when he made another, perhaps equally surprising, but vastly less important. Looking into the upturned eyes, which, after the canons of Delsarte, he was thinking expressed "devotion" perfectly, a shadow was seen to project itself downward from the upper lids across the iris, as if a storm were gathering on a placid lake. John watched the shadow curiously as it deepened, until it became clear that a mist was congealing in those swimming violet depths.

"Why, Bessie," he exclaimed, amazed, "you are going to cry!"

On the instant two tears trickled from the dark lashes and gleamed for a moment like solitaire diamonds in the setting of ruby spots that had gathered unaccountably upon her upturned cheeks.

"You *are* crying," he charged straightly.

Bessie's expression never changed, but her smooth, round chin nodded a trembling and unabashed assent.

A sudden impulse seized John. The position of his arms shifted. "Bessie," he murmured feelingly, "I am going to kiss you!"

Bessie did not appear half as surprised at this announcement as Hampstead at himself for making it.

"May I?" he persisted.

The expression of devotion in Bessie's swimming orbs remained unstartled, her pose unaltered. Only her lips moved, half parting, while she breathed a single word: "Yes."

Instantly their ruby and velvet softness yielded to the pressure of John's, planted as tenderly and chastely as was his thought of her—for that other discovery that he was on the verge of making had been fended off by the coming of the tear.

THAT night, according to program, John went back to Los Angeles, and a few weeks later, also according to program, he was again in San Francisco, no longer a railroad man, but—in his thought—an actor.

Now calling oneself an actor and being one were quite different; but it took an experience to prove this to John. Even the opportunity for this experience was itself hard to get. It was days before he even saw a theatrical manager, weeks before he met one personally, and a month before he got his first engagement.

When he talked of the drama to actors the way he had talked of it to the Rev. Charles Thompson Campbell, they did not comprehend him; when he talked to them as he had to Scofield, they smiled cynically; when he admitted to one manager that he was without professional experience the admission drew a sneer which froze the stream of hope in his breast.

John thereafter told no other manager this, but learned instead the value of a "front," and inserted in the professional columns of the San Francisco "Dramatic Review" a card which read:

JOHN HAMPSTEAD
HEAVY
At Liberty

"Heavy" in theatrical parlance means the villain. Modestly confessing himself not quite equal to "leads," though in his heart John scorned to believe his own confession, he had announced himself as a "heavy."

This card appeared for three succeeding weeks, but on the fourth week there was a significant change. It read:

JOHN HAMPSTEAD
HEAVY
With the People's Stock Company

The People's Stock Company was new, a ten-twenty-thirty organization, got together in a day for a season of doubtful length in a huge barn of a house that once had been the home of bucket-of-blood melodramas, but for a long time had been given over to cobwebs and prize fights. The promoters had little money. They spent most of it on new paint and gorgeous twelve-sheet posters. Everything was cheap and gaudy. The cheapest thing about it was the company—and the least gaudy.

The opening play was a blood spiller with thrills guaranteed; the scene was laid in Cuba at a period just preceding the Spanish-American War. Hampstead's part was a Spanish colonel, Delaro by name. Delaro was no ordinary double-dyed villain. He was triple-dyed at the least, and would kick up all the deviltry in the piece from the beginning to the end; he would steal the fair Yankee maiden who had strayed ashore from her father's yacht; he would imprison her in an out-of-the-way fortress; court her, taunt her, threaten her; and then, when the audience was wrought to the highest pitch of excitement and the last throb of pity for her impending fate at the hands of this fiend in yellow uniform and brass buttons, the galloping of horses would herald the appearance of Lieutenant Bangster, U. S. N., lover of the maiden and hero of the play. (The navy on horseback!) A pitched battle would result; pistols, rifles, cannons would be fired; the fortifications would be blown away, and Old Glory go fluttering up the staff to the thundering applause of the gods of the gallery.

Delaro was an enormous opportunity; but it was also an enormous responsibility. John went into rehearsal haunted by fear that the carefully guarded secret of his inexperience would be discovered, knowing that instant humiliation and discharge would follow. He had trudged, hoped, brazened, starved, prayed to get this part. He must not lose it and he must make good. The sweat of desperation oozed daily from his pores.



ROMANCE

BY GRACE M. PETERS

TELL me a tale of the picaroons,
Or else of a sailor bold,
Sing me a song of Spanish doubloons,
And whisper of hidden gold.

I'm sick to my soul of social vice,
And of votes for women, too;
The cost of buying a pound of rice,
And what will our Congress do.

Away with all that's timely and new,
Forget the turkeytrot dance,
Eugenist, scientist, banish the crew!
And quaff me the cup, Romance!

So let's go sailing over the sea
In search of Adventures far,
Sail on till we come to Arcadie,
Where our childhood's heroes are.

Let's run in Sherwood with Robin's band,
And prowl with Harun the Wise,
Find Friday's footsteps upon the sand
And joust for our ladies' eyes.

Tell me a tale of knights of the road,
Or else of a Chinese junk,
Sing me a song of jewels that glowed,
Whisper of galleons sunk.

We'll go in quest of the fleece of gold,
Or fight for the fame of Rome;
And not till we've drained those days of old
Will we turn reluctant home.



Halson, the stage manager, was a tall, tubercular person, with a husk in his throat and a cloudy eye. This eye seemed always to John to be cloudier still when turned on him. On the fourth day of rehearsal these doubts broke out in lightnings. "Stop that preaching!" Halson commanded impatiently. "You are intoning those speeches like a parrot in a pulpit. Colonel Delaro is not a bishop. He is a villain—a damned, detestable, outrageous villain! Play it faster; read those speeches more naturally. My God, you must have been playing— By the way, Hampstead, what were you playing last?"

The shot was a bull's-eye. John felt himself suddenly a monstrous fraud and had a sickening sense of predestined failure. In his soul he suddenly saw the truth. Acting was not bluffing. Acting *was* an art. The poorest, dullest of these people, bad as they appeared to be, knew how to read their lines more naturally than he. He was not an actor. He never had been an actor. He was only a recitationist.

"What were you playing last, I say?" bullied Halson as if suddenly suspicious.

But John had rallied. "If I don't get the experience, how will I ever become an actor?" was what he said to himself.

"My last season was in Shakespeare," was what he observed to Halson with deliberate dignity.

"Oh!" exclaimed the stage manager, much relieved. "That explains it. I was beginning to think somebody had sawed off a blooming amateur on me."

John had not deemed it prudent to add that this season in Shakespeare lasted one whole evening and consisted of some slices from "The Merchant of Venice" presented in the parlor of the Hotel Green in Pasadena; and the scorn with which Halson had immediately pronounced the word amateur sent a shiver to Hampstead's marrow, while he congratulated himself on his discretion. Nevertheless he suffered this day many interruptions and much kindergarten coaching from Halson and felt himself humiliated by certain overt glances from the cast.

"The boobs!" thought John. "The pinheads! They don't know half as much as I do. They never taught a Y. M. C. A. class in public speaking; they never gave a lesson in elocution in all their lives, and here they are staring at me because I have a little trouble mastering the mere mechanics of stage delivery. It's simple. I'll have it by to-morrow."

But at the end of the rehearsal John felt weak. Instead of leaving the theatre, he slipped behind a curtain into one of the boxes and sank down in the gloom to be alone and think. But he was not so much alone as he thought. A voice came up out of the shadows in the orchestra circle. It was the voice of Neumeyer, the "angel" of the enterprise, who was even more inexperienced of things dramatic than his "heavy" man.

"How do you think it'll go?" Neumeyer had asked anxiously.

"Oh, it'll go all right," barked the whisky throat of Halson. "It'll go. All that's worrying me is this blamed fool Hampstead. How in time I sawed him off on myself is more than I can tell. However, I've engaged a new heavy for next week."

JOHN groped dumbly out into the day. But in the sunshine his spirits rallied. "They can't take the part away from me," he exulted, and then croaked resolutely: "I'll show 'em; I'll show 'em yet. They're bound to like me when they see my finished work."

And that was what he kept saying to himself up to the very night of the first performance. But that significant occasion brought him face to face with another problem—his make-up.

The matter of costume was simple. It had been rented for a week from Goldstein's. It was fearsomely contrived. The trousers were red. Varnished oilcloth leggings, made to slip on over his shoes, were relied upon to give the effect of top boots. The coat was of yellow, with spiked tails, with huge, leaflike chevrons, with rows of large, superfluous buttons and coils on coils of cord-of-gold.

But make-up could not be hired from a costumer and put on like a mask. It was a matter of experience, of individuality, and of skill upon the part of the actor. All John knew of make-up he had read in the books and learned from those experimental daubs in which his features had been presented in his own barnstorming productions. The make-up of Ursus had been almost entirely a matter of excess of hair, put on by a beard and a wig rented for the occasion. This, therefore, was really to be his first professional make-up, and Hampstead was blissfully determined that it should be a stunning achievement.

In order that he might have plenty of time for experiment, the heavy man entered the dressing rooms at six o'clock, almost an hour and a half before any other actor felt it necessary to appear, and went gravely about his important task.

First treating the pores of his face to a filling of cold cream—all the books agreed in this—John chose a dark flesh color from among his grease paints and proceeded to give himself a swarthy Spanish complexion. Judging that this swarthiness was too somber, he set about to mollify it by the overlaying of a lighter flesh tint; but later, in an effort to redden the cheeks, got on too much color and was under the necessity of darkening it again. Thus alternately lightening and darkening, experimenting and reexperimenting, seven o'clock found him with a layer of grease paint somewhere round an eighth of an inch thick masking his features into almost complete immobility. Next he turned his attention to the eyes, blackening the lashes and edging the lids themselves with heavy mourning. At the outer corners of the eyes he put on a smear of white to drive the eye in toward the nose; between the corner of the eye and the nose he was careful to deepen the shadow. This was to make his eyes appear close together. Down the bridge of the nose he drew a straight white stripe to make that organ high and thin and narrow; while in the corner, between the cheek and nostril, went another smear of white, still to drive the nose up high and sharp.

IN THE midst of this artistry Jarvis Parks, the character man who had been assigned to dress with Hampstead, entered.

"Hello," said John with an attempt at unconcern.

"Hard at it," commented Parks, and began with the ease of long practice to arrange his make-up materials about him, after which, deftly and almost without looking at what he was doing, he transformed himself into a youthful, rosy-cheeked navy chaplain.

"Half hour!" sang the voice of the call boy from below stairs.

John was busy now adjusting a pirate mustache to his upper lip by means of liberal swabbings of the said lip with spirit gum. As he worked he hummed a little tune just to show Parks how much at ease and with what satisfied indifference he performed the feat of transposing his fair Saxon features into the cruel scowls of a villainous Spanish colonel.

But, catching the eye of the character man upon him for a moment, Hampstead was puzzled by the expression, although he reflected that it was probably admiration, since he certainly had got on ever so much better than he expected. It surely was a fine make-up, a brilliant make-up.

"Fifteen minutes!" sang the voice of the call boy.

Hampstead could really contain his self-complacency no longer.

"Well," he exclaimed, turning squarely on Parks, "what do you think of it?"

Now, if John had only known, he had tipped his whole amateurish soul to wise old Parks in that single question, for a professional actor *never* asks another professional what he thinks of his make-up.

"Great!" responded Parks dryly, but again there was that look upon his face which Hampstead could not quite interpret.

"Five minutes!" was bellowed up the stairway.

Hampstead drew on his coat of brilliant yellow, buckled his sword about him, and had opportunity to survey himself again in the glass and bestow a few more touches to the face before the word "overture," the call boy's final scream of exultation, echoed through the dressing rooms.

The corridor outside John's door was immediately filled with the sound of trampling feet, of voices, male and female, some talking excitedly, some laughing nervously, every soul aquiver with that brooding sense of the ominous which sheds itself over the spirits of a theatrical company upon a first night.

Parks, with a final touch to his hair and a sidewise squint at himself, turned and went out. The footsteps and voices in the corridor grew fainter and then came trailing back from the stairway like a chatterbox recessional.

JOHN was alone in the dressing rooms, except for a droning from across the way, and he knew what that was, for the sweet little *ingénue* had told him in a moment of confidence: "On first nights I always go down on my knees before I leave my dressing room." There she was now, telling her beads.

"Shall I pray, too?" he asked, and then answered resolutely: "No! Let's wait and see what God'll do to me."

His throat was acrid. His lips, from the drying spirit gum upon the upper one and the excess of grease paint upon his face, were stiff and unresponsive.

"*Eternal Hammering is the Price of Success,*" he muttered thickly, trying to brace himself. "Now for a great big swing with the hammer." But his spirits sagged unaccountably, and he turned out into the corridor as if for a death march.

At this moment the area between the foot of the stairs and the wings of the stage was a weaving mass of idling scene shifters, hurrying, nervous property men, and a horde of supernumeraries made up as American sailors, Spanish soldiers, and Cuban natives. All was movement and confusion.

The principals had drifted to their entrances and taken position in the order in which they would appear; but they, too, were restless; nobody stood quite still; at every movement, at every loud word, everybody turned or looked or started. The hoarse voice of Halson and his assistant, Page, repeatedly resounded.

(*Continued on page* 23)

Artois, Görz, and the Serb Retreat



A Tragic Note from the War Devils' Chorus

THERE are only three persons in the circle above, yet this photograph would serve to illustrate, in the broader sense, millions of family tragedies in the great war. In this particular story it is a French widow who has returned with her children to the place where her home used to be. Her husband was slain in battle. The snapshot was taken at the ruins of a village recaptured by the French in an attack on the German salient in Artois. The French have kept up a chorus of cannonading in this region nearly every day for more than two months.



AUSTRIANS SCALING A PEAK near Gorz, the scene in the last three weeks of one of the half dozen biggest battles of the war. The Italians fired 300,000 shells in one day

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SENEGALESE TERRITORIALS, commanded by French officers, leaving a Franco-British base on the Greek island of Lemnos, for the Balkan front. A small French army saved the Serbians from an immediate round-up by checking the Bulgarians in their attempt to overrun the southern half of Serbia. The Paris War Office is largely responsible for a plan for sending to the Balkans a Franco-British army strong enough to smash the newly established line of communication between the Central Powers and Turkey



A Bankruptcy in Leadership

IT MUST BE a very superficial observer who has failed to notice that the popularity of President WILSON has receded from its high tide, as has the public approval of his acts. The causes of this are mixed. Stated in the broadest way, it will probably be fair to say that the feeling of the public toward the President is rather puzzled. He has not lived up to the picture of him which the public, with or without good reason, made for itself. The reasons are partly peculiarities of temperament and partly that the President did not supply aggressive leadership at a time when the country's mood would have been better satisfied by aggressive leadership. Anyone who will take the trouble to analyze President WILSON'S career in the White House cannot fail to observe that his achievements have been chiefly literary, chiefly an eloquent and attractive expression of high ideals. This is reflected in a phrase frequently seen nowadays in the public press, namely, that the President deals wholly in ideas and lets ideas take the place of facts and things.

The public feeling, which is disappointment in the case of the President, is somewhat more acute in the case of the Democratic party. The leadership of the Democratic party is stubbornly opposed to preparedness. BRYAN and KITCHIN and the others who are against preparedness are leaders of the party in a much more real sense than WILSON is. These leaders are violently opposed to preparedness. If they fail to express themselves in action, it is because they are willing to defer to WILSON for expediency's sake and with an eye to the election next year. If KITCHIN chose to make a fight, he could muster a majority of the members of Congress against WILSON'S preparedness program and could defeat the President in caucus. WILSON'S course on preparedness is a makeshift one—a middle ground—chosen, one is almost compelled to feel, for expediency's sake. It would be difficult to argue that a party and a President that after sixteen months of warning have added not one soldier nor one sailor to our means of defense represent the feeling of the public at the present time.

"Theodore, with All Thy Faults . . ."

TO TAKE ADVANTAGE of the situation, the Republicans lack only leadership. Those who dominate the conservative side of the Republican party were fully prepared to launch a Root boom early in November. They had identified the new New York State Constitution with ROOT, and they had endeavored to make the public believe that that Constitution was a progressive document. They believed that it would pass, and it was their plan, just as soon as it had passed, to thrust ROOT forward as the Republican candidate next year. That program was broken up by the defeat of the Constitution in a way which was in effect a public rebuke to ROOT. Since then there has been no agreement among Republicans, and the situation is crystallizing into a contest between the progressive and conservative wings of the party, a contest which will probably come to a head and have some public expression at the meeting of the Republican National Committee in Washington this month. If the conservatives name a candidate next year, it will probably be BURTON—not that they love BURTON particularly, but he is a sane and safe man with a record inoffensive to progressives. On the other hand, if the progressives in the Republican party have full control of the situation, they will undoubtedly name ROOSEVELT. If they have only partial control of the situation, they will probably name BORAH or CUMMINS. The most obvious phenomenon in this connection at the present moment is the growing potentiality of ROOSEVELT. The point of view of many conservative Republicans who have in the recent past viewed ROOSEVELT with decided disapproval could probably be expressed now, in view of their political dilemma in the words: "THEODORE, with all thy faults—" To be sure, it won't be any sudden conversion to idealism that will cause the conservative leaders to accept ROOSEVELT. It will be because they want to win. And it will be because the little local leaders in the trenches, who have been out of power and office, want to win. And if HUGHES had been willing to serve their purpose they would not have turned to ROOSEVELT.

Plain Words

WE HAVE SEEN NO STATEMENT of the case of preparedness more forthright than this letter from a COLLIER'S reader who is one of the most powerful figures in the United States:

"As you know, I cannot follow ROOSEVELT on the Belgian situation; but if this nation has the question of preparedness or nonpreparedness before it, there is no middle course; in fact, there is no middle course in any activity of the human race. You must choose for good or evil, one course or the other. Obviously, with the world as it now is, unpreparedness is foolish. Preparedness is the only thing, but false preparedness is worse than no preparedness. The only preparedness worth talking about is complete preparedness, and you cannot get that unless you have everyone preparing as an individual. I have seen no plan advanced toward that end. The nearest approach to it is what ROOSEVELT stands for, but that doesn't go far enough. It may be the best first step."

An Important Anniversary

BE IT REMEMBERED that the Federal Reserve System, now in its second year, has given us a better and stronger financial organization, has tended to take the Treasury out of banking, and has shown itself a long step toward the larger nationalism of the future.

Putting Capital and Land Together

TO IMPROVE OUR AGRICULTURE it is necessary to know something about it. Probably the most striking contrast between our farms and those of Europe is that over here the fields are larger and there are fewer people working in them. This scarcity of labor in contrast with the abundance of land has always been our situation, and the characteristic American improvements in farming have consisted of mechanical inventions (gins, mowers, plows, reapers, seeders, etc.) designed to meet the need thus indicated. Nowadays money must be had, not only for this machine equipment, but also for investment in buildings, blooded stock, drainage systems, orchards, and the like. From nothing nothing comes, and land alone no more makes a modern farm than a modern road. Capital cannot be invested more securely than in modern agriculture, and such investment ought to be productive, not only of safe money profits, but also of a most desirable strengthening of the community's life. The trouble is that banking is traditionally a city business concerned with selling credit for and with directing investment into commerce and manufacturing. These lines have grown up along with the growth of banking, and the three have worked together rather to the neglect of agriculture. The need now is to bring to this most ancient of man's employments the benefit of these modern devices of credit and investment.

What Sort of Rural Credits?

SOME OF THE EUROPEAN COUNTRIES have got capital into the land by means of credit systems which issue bonds based on group mortgages, and our problem is to get the same result here. The United States has never had farming life run by closely knit village or family communities as is the case in Europe. Our unit is the single farmer, and we must deal with him. The difficulty in the past has been absentee banking by mortgage holders ignorant of where their money had gone and land-hog banking by local tightwads intent on squeezing out the last cent rather than on fair pay for honest service. These three-ball bankers have been shown up lately by JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS, Comptroller of the Currency, and it is abundantly evident that the money devil does not confine himself to Wall Street. A natural reaction in this age of regulation is to urge that rural credits be financed by State and Federal treasuries and administered by some system of governmental bureaus. The conclusive argument against this seems to us to be that the productive power of any farm and the financial responsibility of any farmer are both local facts and not likely to be clearly or inexpensively ascertained by any central body. It may be added that our national-pension and river-and-harbor-improvement policies were both intended to meet certain real needs, but that both have become notorious rather than useful. In its earlier stages especially a project of governmental rural credits might need better safeguarding from politics than could be given it. Why not try the more natural course? American bankers are now showing a very active interest in this matter, and they have the precedents of the building and loan associations to guide them. Probably the best thing Congress can do now on this subject is to make the necessary changes in the laws so that rural credit associations can be formed and combined and operated in some practical relation to

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the Federal Reserve banking system. There is abundant capital now available, so that the authority and sound methods that would thus be supplied are the chief present needs. This is not as exciting as Treasury appropriations, but it is the practical and possible next step, and should be taken at once.

"She Hasn't Been Worthy"

ROMAIN ROLLAND (biographer, critic of music, and novelist) is very properly best known for his great novel, "Jean-Christophe." In the summer of 1911 M. ROLLAND was interviewed at Paris by a young American journalist, Mr. GRENVILLE VERNON; and the conscientious American sent him a copy of the interview before its publication in a New York newspaper. As luck would have it, M. ROLLAND'S reply lies before us now. One of its paragraphs, written more than four years since, is at once a triumph in expression and an almost startling prophecy. The author of "Jean-Christophe" is discussing modern Germany:

> Take note that I am no enemy of Germany. I love its old musicians too well, and its poets—above all GOETHE, whom I admire more than any artist of the nineteenth century. What I do not pardon Germany is having betrayed its idealism. It is not that Germany has been victorious. It is that Germany has abused her victory. In 1870 she conquered by arms the first rank in Europe. *She hasn't been worthy of it.* What vital word has she brought us? None. She has crushed us under material force. No moral force has radiated from her. She has left us without light. That light we shall rekindle without her—and, if need be, against her.

In the letters of a thinker who is also a creator, one finds at times the crystallization of the thought of an epoch. But it is not often that we may read at first hand the contemporary letters of such a thinker and creator, crystallizing the thought of our own times. M. ROLLAND'S letter to Mr. VERNON presents the indictment brought against modern Germany by the world at large. "In 1870 she conquered by arms the first rank in Europe. She hasn't been worthy of it. . . . She has crushed us under material force. No moral force has radiated from her." Those sentences might well be engraved in due season upon the tombs of the HOHENZOLLERNS and the HAPSBURGS, and upon the tomb of MOHAMMED V—ally of those most Christian rulers. And fitting it is that France, whose sons are dying that France and free ideals may live, should carve the inscription.

How to Be Happy Though Chicagoans

A CHICAGO COUPLE celebrated their fifty-ninth wedding anniversary some time ago. Believing their long years of wedlock have qualified them as experts on the subject, they have drawn up the following recipe for marital happiness—and the Chicago "Tribune" prints it:

1. Love each other all the time.
2. Keep silent when she wants to argue.
3. Keep silent when he wants to argue.
4. Use good common sense in times of depression.
5. Don't blame your husband when he's doing his best.
6. Don't scold.
7. Have a few children playing around the house.

This married couple have lived up to the seventh of their commandments, and now that their own youngsters have grown up they have seven grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. And we notice this detail of the recipe: these rules are applied to both parties, not just to one of them. We haven't yet arrived at that stage of civilization wherein we honestly apply the Golden Rule in all life's everyday relations, but applying some part of that Rule at home means having a home.

Peace in War Time

BY JAMES STEPHENS

IT MAY be on a quiet mountain top,
Or some shy valley folded in the hills
You take your path, and often you will stop
To hear the quiet music of the rills,
The piping of the winds in branches green,
The murmuring of widely lifted spray
As the long boughs swing,
And hear the twittering
Of drowsy birds as the great sun is seen
Climbing the steep horizon to the day.

The lovely moon trailing her silver dress
By quiet waters, each living star
Moving apart in holy quietness,
Sphere over golden sphere drifting afar,
These you can see, and the unquiet zone
Rolling in snow along the edge of sight.
The world is very fair, and I am free
To see its beauty, and to be
In solitude, and quite forget, and quite
Lose out of memory all I have known
Of everything but this,
And have some peace at last,
And have some peace.

The Man Who Made Money Out of It

THERE IS A LEGAL ASPECT TO CRIME and a human aspect. In the recent action of MICHAEL W. O'HERN, warrant deputy in the office of the Kansas City prosecuting attorney, legal and human aspects seem for once to coincide. Here is the story as the Kansas City (Mo.) "Star" recently told it:

> MICHAEL W. O'HERN, warrant deputy in the prosecuting attorney's office, refused this morning to file a charge against BENJAMIN GROOMS, who shot his son, CHARLES GROOMS, at their home, 2935 Fairmount Avenue, yesterday afternoon because the son, intoxicated and abusive, cursed his mother.
>
> "Even if you had struck a vital spot," O'HERN said, "there would still have been justification. *The criminal in this case is not you, nor yet your son. He is the man who gave your son the whisky.*"

Young GROOMS formed the habit of drinking before he was fifteen years of age. "His attack on his mother yesterday was only one of many, but that one reached the limit," explained his father. All the same, we believe there is hope for such a boy if he can let the stuff alone hereafter; he has had his lesson and we wish him luck at pulling himself together. But what of the man who made money out of it? The Southwest Boulevard booze dealer (barber-shop and pool-room front) has been closed up. He was the little man. What about the silk-hatted distiller of the stuff young GROOMS drank—the distiller who still lives and prospers somewhere in Louisville, or Baltimore, or Peoria? According to MICHAEL W. O'HERN, he is "the criminal in this case." When shall we be civilized enough to act accordingly?

Our Experience Proves It!

WE SEE in one of these New York papers that women have a "Hereditary Fear of Man," that this fear has come prowling down the ages from the time when woman was not safe from the predatory male, and so on. Yes, we can prove it. Some twenty-odd years ago or more we came face to face with our teacher over a small difference of opinion concerning a matter of deportment. We looked her right in the eye as lion tamers do now in moving pictures, and we talked right up as United States Senators have always done. We remember very clearly the haste with which she grabbed into her desk for her ruler. That Hereditary Fear was working. Over what followed we draw a veil—no doubt she did it in self-defense and the interests of culture. We are still sorry we scared her so badly, and it is rather nice to know that it was really her fear of us that made us such a model pupil for the next week or two. You see they didn't have all the advantages of sociology back in 1880-odd, but we can all live and learn and read the papers.

Small—and Great

POETS AND PHILOSOPHERS often speak as if life were all made up of great occasions, crises, mountain peaks looming upward. And yet it is not the early years of childhood that you recall, but the first time you spoke a piece in school, the first time your father had to punish you; not the intangible essence of youth, but your first dance and the little pressed flower; not the incredible wonder of marriage, but the touch of a hand, a few syllables spoken at the hearth; not the abstract miracle of fatherhood or motherhood, but the shaded lamplight shining upon the slumberer in the little crib; not the store of wisdom that comes with age, but the clamor from the grandson on your knee for stories about bears; not the waiting for the final summons, but the benediction of warm sunlight and the sweetness of bird song at dawn. For when the long march is nearing the end, behold! it is not things which seemed great at the time that turn out to be the really great things; rather the daily incidents, the happy faces, the friendly words, the kindly deeds, of those who were our fellow wayfarers.

The Test



Musical history was made a short time ago at Orange, New Jersey.

At the laboratories of the New Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph, 300 phonograph experts were witnesses to an epoch-making experiment.

When the test was done, the entire gathering agreed as one—a modern miracle had been performed before their eyes!

Three factors predominated.

Alice Verlet, the famous Belgian prima donna, whom European musical critics have hailed as the "New Queen of Song."

The New Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph.

And Thomas A. Edison. He alone knew of the revelation to come; of the human voice with all its range, its sweetness, its mellowness, its sympathy and pathos coming from the instrument he had created.

Miss Verlet stood beside the New Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph. Mr. Edison sat with his head bowed upon his hand.

There came the clear notes of the beautiful song, "Caro Nome," from Rigoletto.

Which was singing, phonograph or lady? The ear could not distinguish. Only the eye could discern that Miss Verlet's lips were not moving. The Edison Diamond Disc was singing alone. Then—a greater volume—but *only* a greater volume—Miss Verlet joined her voice with the singing of the Edison Diamond Disc.

Two voices—exactly the same two—were singing together. No one among the 300 could tell which was the more clear or distinct, or more full of feeling.

The song volume decreased. The ear heard but one voice. The eye must tell again. *Miss Verlet's lips were moving.* It was she who was singing.

Faces were lit up with surprise—even with amazement—a modern miracle was happening just before them.

The phonograph and the lady continued their duet to the end. Enthusiasm, almost unbounded, ran through the audience.

Nearly 300 Phonograph Experts Held Spellbound By Unprecedented Re-creation of Music



Quickly these men realized that there had been given to the world a new instrument which years of endeavor had made so complete that even "perfect" failed as a descriptive word.

They could not describe the tone of the New Edison. It was not enough to call it "human, life-like, natural." No more could they describe a beautiful rose as "true to nature." This New Edison was *nature itself*. It *was* the artist in all but form.

The Edison has no tone of its own. It is a perfect vehicle for the re-creation of the artist's voice—or instrument.

New Edison
Diamond Disc Phonograph

No Needles to Change *Unbreakable Records*

The reasons for the absolute perfection of the Diamond Disc Phonograph are manifold. The music passes through a real diamond, traversing a record so hard that human hands cannot break it. Edison records have been played 6,000 times with the same sweetness and fidelity from the last rendition as from the first. Edison records are thicker than any ever made before.

By Mr. Edison's vertical system of recording, used only by him (as against the lateral system), there can be no wear on the record. The recorder makes a polished path which the smooth surface of the diamond stylus merely *floats over*.

The smooth diamond point in passing over the record is as an automobile running over a hill and then into a valley. There is no more wear on the top of the hill than at the bottom of the valley. This is in contra-distinction to the lateral system of recording, which is as a twisting river always wearing away its banks.

Edison dealers everywhere are ready to give you a demonstration of the new Diamond Disc. Ask to see the $250 Diamond Disc Phonograph, which is the official laboratory model.

Special Edison Christmas Concerts are being given everywhere by Edison Dealers. You will be under no obligation if you ask to have your favorite records played for you. Make up your mind to hear a Christmas Concert early. If you would prefer, arrangements can be made to have a demonstration in your own home.

Or, write us for a catalog of records and Diamond Disc Phonographs

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc. **Dept. 2369** **Orange, New Jersey**

COLLIER'S ALL-WESTERN ELEVEN

BY E. C. PATTERSON





First Team		Second Team
Baston, Minnesota	End	Quist, Minnesota
Buck, Wisconsin	Tackle	Petty, Illinois
Blocker, Purdue	Guard	Hanschman, Illinois
Watson, Illinois	Center	Hanson, Minnesota
Dunnigan, Minnesota	Guard	Sinclair, Minnesota
Rundquist, Illinois	Tackle	Shull, Chicago
Squier, Illinois	End	Chamberlin, Nebraska
Russell, Chicago	Quarter Back	Clark, Illinois
Macomber, Illinois	Half Back	Simpson, Wisconsin
Maulbetsch, Michigan	Half Back	Byers, Wisconsin
Bierman, Minnesota	Full Back	Wyman, Minnesota

FOOTBALL in the Middle West not only maintained a high average of excellence this past season but it achieved an even more noteworthy claim to consideration; for it maintained also a high average of consistency where in most other football sections of the country upsets were more frequent than anything else.

Football, under the new game, where there is such constant handling of the ball, has come to a place where uncertainty rules almost as largely as it does in baseball. In the East, for example, Princeton beat Syracuse 3 to 0; Syracuse beat Colgate 38 to 0; Colgate beat Yale 15 to 0; yet Yale downed Princeton 13 to 7.

In the West, and especially in the Western Conference, there was very little of this amazing weirdness of form shifts. Illinois and Minnesota were regarded early as the two best teams in the Conference. They met and fought to a well-matched draw. And then after this both proceeded to defeat Chicago and Wisconsin without any great amount of trouble. Illinois, with her full strength on the field, had slightly the better team, but on the season's results the Conference championship must be divided between Illinois and Minnesota. Both had very fine elevens, well coached by Zuppke and Williams, and both were blessed not only with speed and power but with varieties of play.

Outside of the Conference draw, Nebraska had an exceptionally good season with a high-class machine to send against her opponents, but no just comparison can be made, as Nebraska failed to meet any of the Conference leaders. While Minnesota and Illinois ran true to form, Chicago and Wisconsin furnished surprises. Wisconsin was a disappointment, just as Wisconsin has been before with material that looked first-class. And Chicago, rated well below most of the others early in the campaign, did much better than even her most ardent partisans had ever hoped for, again showing the genius of Coach Stagg. Very few thought Chicago had a chance against Wisconsin, yet Stagg surprised the talent by winning one of the hardest games fought in the West.

Michigan was probably the biggest disappointment of them all. Before the season began Coach Yost looked for a successful year. But at the finish he had known the worst season in all Michigan history, having been crushed by M. A. C. and Cornell and having lost to Syracuse, with only a scoreless tie at Philadelphia against Pennsylvania. Cornell ran up the largest score against Michigan ever made under the Yost régime. While the Wolverines still had Maulbetsch, their line was so exceedingly weak and porous that the great line plunger was rarely given a chance to get started. The climax came when Michigan was unable to score on Pennsylvania, a team that had lost most of its games in the East and some against much smaller colleges and universities.

The arrival of the Oregon Aggies from the Far West showed that not all Western prowess is centered in the Middle West. The Oregon Aggies beat M. A. C. 20 to 0 after that team had beaten Michigan 24 to 0. Yet the Oregon Aggies fell before Washington State College, while Coach Dobie's Washington University eleven continued its victorious march. Football along the Pacific Coast reached an unusually lofty height, yet these elevens were so far away that no basis of comparison can be made against the leading Middle West elevens, and for this reason it is impossible to give any of their men places on the All-Western eleven, which is restricted here to the Middle West.

Football interest was never keener than through the season just closed. Crowds ranging from 18,000 to 25,000 saw the leading games played in Chicago, Minneapolis, and Madison, and there was always sufficient amount of open play to keep the spectators at high tension.

THE ENDS—In selecting an All-Western team there was probably a better balanced field to pick from than many seasons had shown before. In any number of instances there were three or four men for each place with only a slight margin between the leaders and those next in line.

This is shown in considering the ends. Squier of Illinois and Baston of Minnesota were the two leaders, yet Quist of Minnesota and Chamberlin of Nebraska were only a stride behind.

Many critics considered Baston one of the greatest ends that ever played in the West, yet he had no



margin over Squier, the Illinois star, who worked at a disadvantage early in the year through injuries, but who finished with even more brilliance than he showed last year. Both Baston and Squier were powerful defensive players, good at turning in end runs or smashing off-tackle plays. Both were fine blockers and tacklers, and Baston was a first-class man, carrying the ball on the many Minnesota shift plays where the ends were called upon frequently for offensive work.

With these two at the ends of the two wings, the opposing attack would certainly find trouble at the outset.

THE TACKLES—The selection of the two tackles is an even harder problem. Among the leaders there were Buck of Wisconsin, Rundquist of Illinois, Shull of Chicago, Petty of Illinois, Randolph of Northwestern, and Boughton of Ohio State.

Taking Them by Positions

BUCK was the best tackle in the West and one of the greatest in the land. He was both big and shifty, with a fund of experience, and it was almost impossible to start a successful drive through his position. His play carried both versatility and power, and on several occasions the score against Wisconsin would have run much higher except for his alertness at stopping the attack.

Next to Buck comes Rundquist of Illinois, another alert, strong tackle who played his position well above normal ability. Rundquist had very little over Shull of Chicago, but what advantage there was belonged to the Illinois star, who was a big factor in his team's success. Buck and Rundquist belong to the fast, shifty school of tackles who cover more than their share of ground and who work equally well breaking through on defense and opening up for their backs upon attack. They both knew a lot of football and also exactly how to put this knowledge to very good use. But for Buck's wonderful defensive play in the final game of the season, Minnesota almost surely would have added another brace of touchdowns. A man who can play great football on a losing team would be an even greater player upon a winning eleven.

THE GUARDS—Blocker of Purdue and Dunnigan of Minnesota are the two first selections for the guard positions. Their play was wonderfully consistent all the season. Blocker was one of the best all-around forwards in the West. He has played center, guard, and tackle for Purdue and has played all three positions well, showing unusual versatility. He was faster than the average guard and a good man at sizing up the attack quickly and charging to meet it.

Dunnigan of Minnesota gets the other guard position, although he has not drawn as much experience as some of the others. But the Minnesota lineman was a hard, consistent player, one who met each attack strongly and one who, like Blocker, was quick to diagnose the play. He was unusually quick in moving to the point of attack and at breaking through before the play was started.

Among other first-class guards were Sinclair of Minnesota, Hanschman of Illinois, Stromberg of Northwestern, Barron of Iowa, and Stewart of Illinois. But none of these quite came up to the all-around worth of the two selected.

CENTER—Watson of Illinois was the best center in the Middle West. His play was consistent throughout, as he had but one bad pass in the season's big games.

Watson stands as an accurate passer despite the fact that no man was called upon for a greater variety of passing. In the numerous Illinois shifts he was called upon for short, quick passes and for much longer ones, requiring great steadiness and coolness under fire. Watson was also equally alert upon attack and defense. He could always be depended upon to feed the ball to the backs in the right way, one of the main requisites for first-class center play.

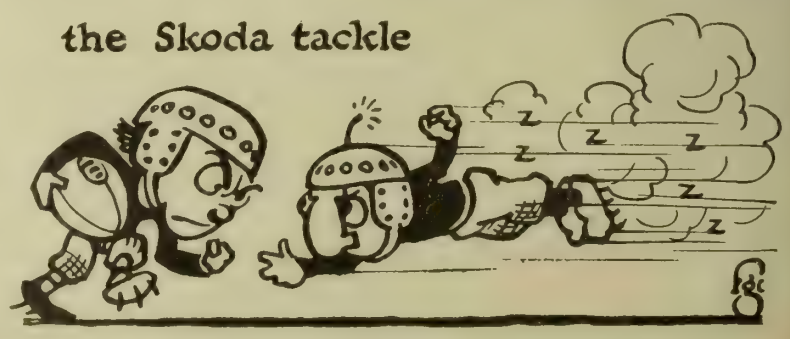
Hanson of Minnesota ranks next to Watson, and the Badger was not very far behind. Fisher of Chicago was another high-class center, but not quite good enough to displace a player of Watson's worth. The Illinois center wins the position by something to spare. Unquestionably he is entitled to first honors.

QUARTER BACKS—The West, as usual, had more than its share of fine quarter backs. The main battle for first place rested between Russell of Chicago and Clark of Illinois. Upon actual ability there was very little to choose, as both were stars. Clark was handicapped by injuries, playing in nearly all the games with an aluminum mask that protected his broken jaw. He was a finished quarter back, but not quite the equal of Russell, who played in every contest and who with a much weaker team showed a mixture of brilliant and consistent play that gives him the award.

Russell was not only a fine field general. In other ways he was a brainy man upon the field. On several occasions where he was doubtful about catching punts he permitted the ball to strike the ground and thus took no unusual chances. He knew when to play safely and conservatively and when to take chances, and in addition to this headwork he was also a good ground gainer and a hard man to stop. With a better line to work back of, Russell would have ranked even higher in his play.

Clark and Russell were not the only good quarter backs in the West. Driscoll of Northwestern, Long of Minnesota, Gross of Iowa, Whitaker of Indiana, and E. Simpson of Wisconsin are other good men. But none of these showed quite the polish and finish and all-around value of the Maroon veteran who was the mainstay of his eleven and who was even better in the big games under hard fire than in most of the other contests.

HALF BACKS—Pogue of Illinois, one of the most brilliant half backs developed in the West in a long



time, was forced out through injuries too often to be considered. While undoubtedly a star, he failed to play in a sufficient number of contests to be selected. But even without Pogue the list of candidates is a long one. First there is Macomber of Illinois, who is not only a star running back but who combines the other essentials for first-class play. Macomber knew how to use his toe as well as his legs and his head. He was a kicker of unusual ability, saving his team from defeat in the Ohio State game through a field goal. Macomber was also good at the forward-passing game, and a half back with all this versatility can hardly be overlooked. Nor can Maulbetsch of Michigan be passed up because the rest of his team happened to be so very far below average form. Maulbetsch was as great a line plunger as ever when given the chance, but, as he himself remarked: "It is hard to gain ground when you are tackled by three men before the ball is passed." Michigan's weak line gave the Wolverine star very few openings, but under the circumstances he did well enough. Where Maulbetsch showed vast improvement was upon defensive play. Here he was at least 50 per cent better than ever before, making the majority of tackles in the Cornell, Syracuse, and Pennsylvania games. In 1914 with a good line he was a great player on attack. In 1915 with a weak line he was a star player upon defense. This combination shows him to be a great half back, one who with an All-Western line would rise to unusual heights.

Macomber and Maulbetsch would make an ideal pair to carry the ball and to fit in various attacking combinations.

Not far behind either is Byers of Wisconsin, who was one of the most consistent ground gainers in the West. Byers was a steady advancer down the field, and to this steadiness he added several long runs. Simpson of Wisconsin and Ballentyne of Minnesota were two other good men, but not quite so versatile as the two selected.

FULL BACK—The best full back in the West was Bierman of Minnesota. With Solon disqualified, the Minnesota captain played the position to the eminent satisfaction of his team and his coach. He was the best line plunger in his section, hitting the line not only with power but with the added faculty of picking the right hole to travel through. Bierman belonged to the alert, open-eyed type of full back who doesn't plunge in blindly, but who knows where to run. He was a big power in his team's success. Strange to say, his closest competitor was a member of the same team. Wyman of Minnescta gets second place, with Patterson of Northwestern deserving mention. It isn't often that one team has two men so capable of playing the full-back position so well.

THE ROUND-UP—This All-Western team would stand as one of the best selected in a long time.

It would have a fine line flanked by two exceptional ends. Defensively this line would have unusual aid in Maulbetsch, Bierman, and Macomber. Any opposing eleven, however strong, would find the task of gaining ground a difficult assignment. In Russell it would have a fine field general and a quarter back of keen ability along all lines. And with Russell, Maulbetsch, Macomber, and Bierman it would have four backs who could show a wide range of attack, whether through the line, off-tackle, around the ends, forward passing or the mid-air route across the goal bar. There would be no weakness at any spot in this line-up, either upon defense or upon attack. There would be both speed and power, a keenness in following the ball and a general alertness at sizing up plays and at forcing any opposing weakness. No one selection can satisfy all demands: the men picked here have shown upon the field under fire their ability to meet all tests.

An Interview with Senator Borah

Continued from page 12

of the tremendous waste in the public-buildings program which had expended in the past two years all over the United States millions of dollars for public buildings in villages of only a few hundred people. He mentioned items of waste in the river and harbor bills and spoke of the "political navy yards."

"The party in power," said he, "wrote into its platform a plank pledging economy. With the virility of condemnatory language which has marked the Democratic habit of expression throughout the years, the last Democratic platform said: 'We denounce the profligate waste of the money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation, through the lavish appropriations of recent Republican Congresses, which have kept taxes high and reduced the purchasing power of the people's toil. We demand a return to that simplicity and economy which befits a democratic government, and a reduction in the number of useless offices, the salaries of which drain the substance of the people.'

"Candor compels us to admit," said Mr. Borah, "that there was ample justification for this plank, and fairness would compel us to concede that the declaration was made in good faith and with intent to modify if not to eradicate this evil. In the very face of this well-justified pledge to the American people we have at this hour the most extravagant and expensive government in the whole history of the Republic. We are spending $200,000,000 annually in excess of the expenditure of those years which the Democratic platform criticizes as profligate. We have created more offices and provided for more salaries during the last two and a half years than during any ten years in the history of the Government for the last fifty years. We had already over 500,000 Federal officers and employees. Since the Democratic Administration we have passed laws which in their ultimate working will call for at least 50,000 more. Notwithstanding this, the refrain which catches your ear when you get within hailing distance of a Federal building is that there is too much service and too little pay.

"In addition to the new items of extravagance and officialism that have invaded the Treasury, the same old shameless waste in the river and harbor bill came along.

"We ought to be, from a financial standpoint, in the very best possible condition to withstand the expense of the necessary program for preparedness. Except for some manifestations upon the part of Mexico that she is disposed to take Texas, we are at peace while war rages about us. And yet in the midst of this peace we have adopted every kind of tax: the tariff tax, the income tax, the special revenue tax, and so on. In addition we have sold some battleships for $12,500,000. Nothwithstanding this, on July 1, our deficit was $64,165,416, and this does not include some ten millions of deficit in the Post Office Department and what seems to be a very large deficit in other departments. If this Government were put upon the basis of a fairly well-conducted business corporation, we could save $300,000,000 a year and get better service than we now receive."

By this time Senator Borah was spiritedly punctuating his remarks with appropriate gestures, and there seemed no immediate hope of getting him off the subject of governmental extravagance.

"It must not be considered," continued he, "that this extravagance has nothing more to it than the spending of dollars. It leads to all forms of annoying and oppressive taxation. It not only demoralizes the service, giving us a faulty and insufficient administration of affairs, but it discourages initiative and enterprise in business and makes men reluctant to invest in productive enterprise. If we could have the same economy in public expenditure that characterizes private affairs, it would strengthen the faith of the people in their government."

Here I tried to switch the senator to some of the other two dozen issues I had intended to ask him about, but he gave one shoulder a hitch, something like the action a football player employs when he is shaking off a tackle, and went on:

"Economy in public expenditure builds the moral fiber of the people. It strengthens their faith in government It breeds confidence and lights up the whole field of private endeavor. But extravagance in public life cannot be eradicated until the people at large are thoroughly aroused, until they realize that its stupendous consequences are at last visited upon them, until they realize that government waste overflows all party lines, permeates the entire body politic, and in its present attitude at this hour is no less than a glaring national sin. The treating of this evil



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successfully lies at the base of the whole program for decent and efficient government, for a return of prosperity, for any efficient and permanent program of preparedness. It is the beginning of any progressive policy that is practicable or has in it any permanent relief.

"I am not opposed to a program of preparedness," said the senator when brought back again to the direct question, "but I should dread to see this extravagance continue and to see it accompany a program of preparedness, for such a program will be expensive enough at best.

Peace or War?

"I THINK it was Mr. Stimson, former Secretary of War, who said that we have spent more money on our army and navy than any nation of Europe, and with less effect. Yet those of us who believe in preparedness are charged with being advocates of war. But we are not. We are for peace, but peace with honor, and peace with honor can be had just as effectually as peace without honor and just as cheaply in the end. I subscribe to the doctrine of Andrew Jackson that 'we shall more certainly preserve peace when it is well understood that we are prepared for war.' Jackson had witnessed our humiliation in 1812 and knew the reason for it.

"The present situation cannot be a happy one, even to those who are for peace at any price.

"I believe we should increase our navy both in size and efficiency. It is our real defense. As to the army, I do not think a great standing army is either essential or wise, but its efficiency should be increased to the very highest possible point, and it should be backed up by some such system as prevails in Switzerland.

"Washington told us that while extending our commercial relations we should have as little political connection with Europe as possible. That piece of wisdom is just as applicable to present conditions as to conditions existing at the time it was uttered. We want a political ocean as well as a physical ocean to remain forever between us and the Old World. The present appalling conflict will leave fires of hatred and suspicion which will smolder the long century through, whatever may be the result of the conflict. Old Europe is dead and the new Europe will pass through the throes of readjustment for decades, socially, intellectually, and politically. Let us keep away from it. I therefore am opposed to these numerous, ambiguous, experimental treaties, intended to promote peace but really breeders either of war or dishonor. These treaties which must inevitably draw us into the political affairs of Europe either will embroil us in their difficulties or will result in our disregarding them in a crisis. The one would be most unfortunate; the other dishonorable from every conceivable standpoint of national decency.

Cultivate South America

"THERE is another element of our preparedness quite worthy of consideration. We should cultivate in every dignified and honorable way friendly relations with the great South American republics. If the Western Continent could be united in bonds of thorough friendship, if we could enjoy not that superficial confidence which finds monotonous expression in the insincere courtesies of diplomacy, but the trust and friendly counsels of great peoples, it would not only lessen tremendously the burden of battleships, but would vastly increase our wealth and commercial prestige. No European nation would want to tread indifferently upon the rights of any Western nation, should it be known that we on this Western Continent were united in a feeling of genuine mutual interest and confidence. Many things have happened since the successful visit of Secretary Root to South America, to destroy the good work which he did. The Monroe Doctrine is positively unpopular, and our actions in Nicaragua and Mexico have given rise to increased distrust. There is no task which, if successfully performed, would be more remunerative in good results politically and commercially than the restoration of complete confidence between our people and the peoples of South America."

When Senator Borah is speaking freely, it takes quick, short action to secure an interruption. When he paused here a moment, I said: "Will the tariff be an issue in 1916?"

"Yes, indeed, the tariff will be an issue in the coming campaign," replied he. "That is, unless our Democratic friends beat us to it by making radical changes in the present law. The present law has not met the expectations of its authors. It has not produced sufficient revenue, for with an income tax and a war tax added we are wrestling constantly with a deficit. It has not reduced the cost of living. The increased cost of living, based upon the price of actual necessities of life, is from 10 to 15 per cent higher than it was when the new law was enacted.

"It has not afforded employment to American labor. At the time of the beginning of the war in Europe, according to the reports of labor organizations and official reports, there were 3,000,000 American workmen out of employment and 1,500,000 more working on half time.

"It has not destroyed monopoly as it was warranted to do. It has not brought prosperity. We suffered from industrial stagnation for two years until relief came from conditions superinduced by war. The law is not satisfactory even in ordinary times and conditions, and it will be more unsatisfactory after the present war shall have ended. There never has been a time when we have been more in need of a reasonable protective tariff than we shall be when this war is ended. If we study the economic effects of the great Civil War in this country, the Austrian war of the sixties, the Franco-Prussian War of '70-'71, the war between Japan and Russia, we shall be advised that after these conflicts there was a surprising increase in economic efficiency and productive power, a surprising proof of the capacity of the supposedly crippled nations to put extra energy and power into the work of production. After peace comes these nations now at war will in a marvelously short period be prepared to invade our markets under conditions with which American labor cannot compete. The European nations will have to sell. They will have to win back their markets. Our conflict with Europe will be a tremendous economic one, and it will begin to arrive as soon as European peace is established.

No Reciprocity!

"I DO not think either that the tariff policy of the Republican party in the future will have engrafted on it any reciprocity scheme with Canada. The Eastern manufacturer may just as well understand once for all that any such scheme will result in the destruction of the whole system. The home market belongs to the American producer, and any plan that results in the farmer's being compelled to sell in a free market and buy in a protected market will not work. If protection is not a system extending to and covering the whole field of industrial endeavor, diversifying industries, developing the varied talents and capacities of a whole people, giving initiative and encouragement to labor in all its varied pursuits, then it is a privilege and indefensible.

"The one thing essential and indispensable in the framing of any new tariff legislation is distinct and accurate data upon which to frame the law. The logrolling process is just as bad under a Republican rule as a Democratic rule and just as bad in tariff legislation as in river and harbor legislation. We ought to have a thoroughly trained, expert body of men furnishing accurate and sufficient data that the law may be framed for the benefit and in the interest of the nation as a whole. The old system is vitally defective.

"There is another problem of great importance. Its solution likely will prove to be very difficult. I refer to a sound and effective system of rural credits. It will take time indeed to work out an effective system of rural credits in this country, but it must come, and the question should never be left out of consideration in reflecting upon the issues which now concern us. The farm mortgages in this country on owned farms are about $1,726,000,000. On tenant farms about $1,320,000,000. The average amount of current loans on farms on account of credits, chattels, etc., is about $3,000,000,000, making a total indebtedness of about $6,046,000,000. The rate of interest upon this debt is about 8½ per cent, to which can be added the constant drain of renewals, commissions, fees, and compulsory insurance.

"We hear a great deal in these days about 'back to the farm,' and it is a wholesome cry. But the young man and young woman will continue to leave the farm and go into other vocations unless we devise some scheme

which will enable the American farmer to avail himself of his securities at a cheaper rate of interest. The interest paid by the farmers annually is somewhere about $510,000,000. The total value of the wheat crop for 1911 was $543,000,000. Whatever temporary prosperity may come by reason of present conditions, by reason of prices superinduced by the war, permanent prosperity and permanent interest in agricultural pursuits in this country demand a system of rural credits. The man who turns his capital but once a year cannot do business upon the same basis and along the same lines as those who turn their capital three and four times a year.

"Yes, I believe that the Republican party will be united in 1916—in fact, I think the rank and file of both wings of the party are united now. Let us go back to the night before the nomination at Chicago in 1912. The progressive forces were pretty thoroughly united. Forty-eight hours later we had separated on a question of method—all hoping to accomplish the same thing, but by different methods. Some believed with unquestioned sincerity that the only method which would prove available was a third party or a new party. Others—and I venture to suggest, with equal sincerity—felt that it was better to stay in the old party, to avail ourselves of its history, its great prestige, its traditions, and its secure hold upon the hearts of millions of voters, and build up our cause within its lines.

"Three years have passed. It seems to me wholly within the facts to say that the third-party plan has not proved to be the right method. It has fallen apart. It was perfectly clear to my mind at Chicago that a third party was wholly impracticable and impossible of final success unless it could supplant the Republican party. The new party could hardly expect to live longer than one campaign unless it took completely the place of the Republican party. For under our institutions and our habits of political thought and under the peculiar conditions which obtain in a certain part of the country, there can be no successful third party except under such conditions as it uproots and destroys one of the other two great parties. It is now as certain as to-morrow's sunrise that the real fight in 1916 will be between the two old parties. That being true, why should we not accept the gage of battle without delay, and even with enthusiasm, put our party in thorough alignment with the best thought and purposes of the nation and fight it out?

"There is another reason why we will be together. The campaign of 1916 will not admit of any half votes—before it is over the alignment brought about by the invisible power of great issues will be complete. 'All around us the world is convulsed by the agonies of great nations.' Every issue dear to the American heart, every question calculated to mold and direct the judgment of a loyal and devoted people—our standing and honor abroad, our relations with the great nations to the south, what we shall do toward preparing for possible conflict which all hope will never come, the protection of the American citizen by his government, the question of a proper tariff, rural credits, the furnishing of employment to American labor, the work to do and a fair wage for doing it—all these and other questions will come up for consideration: questions upon which strong men, loyal men, are to differ. They will be discussed and considered and voted upon. In such a contest there will be but two armies and two battle lines."

Held to Answer

Continued from page 14

As Hampstead descended the stairs upon this strange, moving picture, it appeared to him to organize into a ferocious, misshapen monster that meant him harm, or a python coiling and uncoiling its gigantic, menacing folds. The thing was argus-eyed, too, and every eye stabbed him like a lance.

Emerging upon the floor, John paused uncertainly before this hostile wall of prying scrutiny. Somebody snickered. A woman's voice groaned "My Gawd!" and followed it with a hysterical giggle.

Could it be that they were laughing at him? John felt that this was possible; but he stoutly assured himself that it was not probable.

However, just as his features passed under the rays of a bunch light standing where it was to illumine with the rays of the afternoon sun the watery perspective of a jungle scene, he came face to face with the stage manager. Halson gave one scrutinizing glance, and immediately John saw a look of horror congeal upon his face.

"In the name of God!" he hissed huskily, "Hampstead, what have you been doing to yourself?"

"Doing to myself?" exclaimed John, trying for one final minute to fend off fate. "Why? What do you mean?"

HALSON'S voice floated up in a half-humorous wail of despair as he rolled his eyes sickly toward the flies.

"What do I mean?" he whined. "The man comes down here with his face daubed up like an Eskimo totem pole and he asks me what do I mean?"

But Halson was interrupted by a sudden silence from the front. The orchestra had stopped. The curtain was about to rise.

"Page! Page!" groaned Halson in a frantic whisper. "Hold that curtain! Signal a repeat to the orchestra. Here, you!" to the call boy. "Run for my make-up box. Quick!"

John's knees were trembling and he felt his cheeks scalding in a sweat of humiliation beneath their blanket of burnt grease as Halson turned again upon him with: "You poor, miserable, God-forsaken *amateur!*"

Amateur! There, the word was out at last, and it was terrible. No language can express the volume of opprobrium which Halson was able to convey in it. To Hampstead it could never thenceforth be anything but the most profane of epithets. As a matter of fact, he was never able after to hate any man sufficiently to justify calling him an amateur.

While the orchestra dawdled, while the company of "supers" crowded close, and the principals looked sneeringly on from all distances, Halson made up the heavy's face for the part he was to play, thereby submitting John Hampstead to the bitterest humiliation of his dramatic career.

Yet once engaged upon this work of artistry the stage manager's wrath appeared to soften. Half cajoling and half pleading, he whined over and over again: "If you had only told me, Mr. Hampstead! If you had only told me, I would have helped you."

"If I only had told him," reflected John, beginning all at once to like Halson, and never suspecting that the man in his heart was hating him like a fiend and that his fear that the amateur would go absolutely to pieces under the strain of the night was the sole reason for soothing and encouraging and commiserating him by turns.

But now the orchestra grew still again.

"Aw-right!" husked Halson, and Hampstead heard that ominous, sliding, rustling sound which to the actor is like no other in all the world.

Every chair in the orchestra of the People's Theatre was taken; the boxes were occupied, and as for the odd rectangular horseshoe of a gallery, with its advancing arms reaching forward almost to the proscenium arch, while its rearward tiers rose and faded into distance like some vast inclosed bleachers, it seemed a solid mass of humanity.

The curtain rose on critical silence. The repetition of the overture had given a hint that all was not running smoothly, and at the first spoken word a jeer came from the gallery. The actor stammered and made the foolish attempt to repeat his words, but the attempt was lost in a clamor of voices. Feet were stamped, hats were waved, peanuts and popcorn balls were thrown. The actors braced themselves and went on doggedly, but so did the balconies, and it presently appeared that something like a demonstration was in progress. Swiftly an explanation of these great masses in the gallery and their behavior was passed from mouth to mouth behind the scenes. It said they were six hundred south of Market Street hoodlums who had been hired by a rival theatrical manager to come and break up the performance. Whether this was true or whether the outbreak in the gallery was merely the unsuppressible spirit of turbulent youth, it stormed on like a simoom, gaining in volume as it proceeded.

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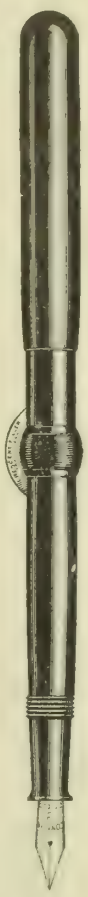
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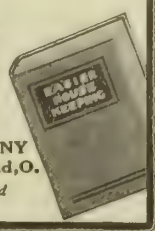
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having paid their thirty cents to witness a theatrical performance, protested; but they appeared soon to conclude that the show in the gallery was the more worth while. Ceasing to protest, they began to applaud the trouble makers and even to abet them.

Behind the scenes panic reigned. The actors at their exits bounded off, panting in terror, as if pelted by bullets. Those whose cues for entrance came snatched at them excitedly, and, like gladiators rushing into the arena, plunged desperately upon the stage. The face of the leading lady was white beneath her make-up as she almost tottered upon the scene. Some instinct of chivalry led the mob to desist for a minute while she delivered her opening lines. But the demonstration broke out afresh as the leading man entered, though he wore the uniform of a lieutenant in the navy. His every speech was jeered. The excitement grew wilder; not a word spoken upon the stage was heard even by the leader of the orchestra.

"My God, what they will do to you, Hampstead!" exclaimed Halson fiercely as a detachment in the gallery began to march up and down the aisle, the rhythm of their steps making the old house shiver like a ship in a storm.

YET of all the actors trembling behind the scenes, it is possible that Hampstead was the very coolest. He had been the most perturbed, the most distraught; but this counterdisturbance made his own distressing situation forgotten. No eyes were riveted on him now. No thoughts were on him and the terrible humiliation he had endured or the wretched failure he was going to make. The best, the most experienced, were in the most complete distress—clear out of themselves. The leading man had become angry, had lost his lines, and did not know what he was saying.

"Stanley's lost; he's ad-libbing to beat the band," John heard Page remark.

Ad-libbing! It was a new word. In the midst of all this confusion John took note of it, and next day learned of Parks that it was a stage participle made from *ad libitum*. An actor ad-libbing was an actor talking on and on to fill space in some kind of a stage wait, or because, as with Stanley, he had forgotten his lines.

Neumeyer, the "angel," came in from the front and added his white, agitated face to the awed groups standing about the wings.

"They've lost half of the first act," he groaned through chattering teeth. "Even when they wear 'emselves out the piece is ruined, because the people downstairs have missed the key to the plot."

"Your cue is coming," bawled Page to John.

"Don't worry, though," croaked Halson in Hampstead's ear, still fearful that his man would collapse. "The piece is going so rotten you can't make it any worse. Cut in!"

But, to his surprise, Hampstead's eye glinted with the light of battle.

"Worry?" he exclaimed excitedly. "Watch me. I'm going to get 'em!"

Halson gazed in pure pity.

"Get 'em," he gutturaled. "You poor, God-forsaken *amateur!*"

But the cue had come. Colonel Delaro, his sword clattering, his buttons flashing, his tall figure aglow with color, leaped through the entrance and took the center of the stage—so clumsily that he trod on Stanley's favorite corn and hooked a spur in the mantilla trailing from the arm of Miss Constance Beverly, the mislaid daughter of a millionaire yachtsman.

Nevertheless, Hampstead was on. He had seized the center of the stage and he filled it full, as with an ostentatious gesture he swept off his gold-lace cap before Miss Beverly.

"What star's this?" shrieked a voice on one side the gallery.

"No star at all. It's a comet!" bawled a man from the other side, cupping his hands to carry his second-hand wit around the auditorium.

THE Spanish War was not then so far back in memory that the sight of the uniform did not speedily kindle a little popular wrath upon its own account, and the demonstration began again and rose higher, but Hampstead became neither flustered nor angry. He maintained his character and his dignity. He remembered his speeches and delivered them in stentorian tones that sounded vibrantly above the general clamor. When the gallery discovered to its surprise that here was a voice it could not entirely drown, it stopped out of sheer curiosity to see what the voice was like, and found it as attractive as it was forceful. Moreover, there was a kind of special appeal in it. It was the voice of a real man—if they had only known it, of a man at bay. He was not Colonel Delaro, plotting against the liberty and affections of a lady. He was John Hampstead, fighting with his back to the wall, fighting for his opportunity, for an accredited position in this poor, cheap, misfit company—a position which seemed to him just now the most desired thing in all the world. Furthermore, he was fighting to justify his own faith in himself and the faith of Dick and Tayna; yes, and the faith of Bessie.

Hampstead was, moreover, used to rough houses. He had faced them more than once on his own barnstorming one-night tours.

The way to get an audience like this he knew was to play it like a fish, to get the first nibble of interest, and then hold it motionless with the lure of some kind of dramatic story. The situation called for a skilled, dramatic *raconteur*, and, in truth, that was what Hampstead was—not an actor, but a recitationist. Moreover, his talks in church circles had given him skill in extemporaneous speaking. It happened that his speeches in this first act completed the introduction of the plot, but they were meaningless without a clear knowledge of what had been already said. Now Hampstead began, at first instinctively and then deliberately, as he played, to gather up these lost lines of half a dozen actors and weave them into his own. The fever of composition seized him. He used the people on the stage like puppets. He made them help him relay the plot while he struggled to grasp the mass child mind out there in front and enthrall it with a story. No better way could have been devised of making Hampstead overcome his terrible faults of action and delivery. With marvelous intensity came more repose. His eyes had been changed by the deft hand of Halson till they no longer looked like holes in a blanket; and he shot out his speeches, never once in that rhythmic, preaching tone, but rapidly, jerkily—plausible or menacing by turns—but all the while convincingly.

Within a few minutes the audience was captured. It lost its enthusiasm for riot and sat silent, following first the story as Hampstead had retold it and then the action which thereafter began to unfold. It was the sheer strength of the personality of the man which made this possible. In his strength, too, the other players took courage; and soon the action was tightly keyed and moving forward to a better conclusion of the act than any rehearsal had ever promised.

AT the fall of the curtain an avalanche leaped upon Hampstead, an avalanche which consisted solely of Halson. He seemed to have a thousand hands. He was slapping John on the back with all of them in fierce congratulatory blows.

"Man!" he exclaimed. "Man! You saved it! You saved it!"

Neumeyer was capering about deliriously while tears of joy were trickling from his eyes. Others crowded round: Stanley, who had the lead, amiable old Parks, Lindsay, Bordwell, Miss Harlan, and the rest.

The audience, too, was excitedly expressing itself with hand clappings and foot stampings.

"Scatter!" bawled Page.

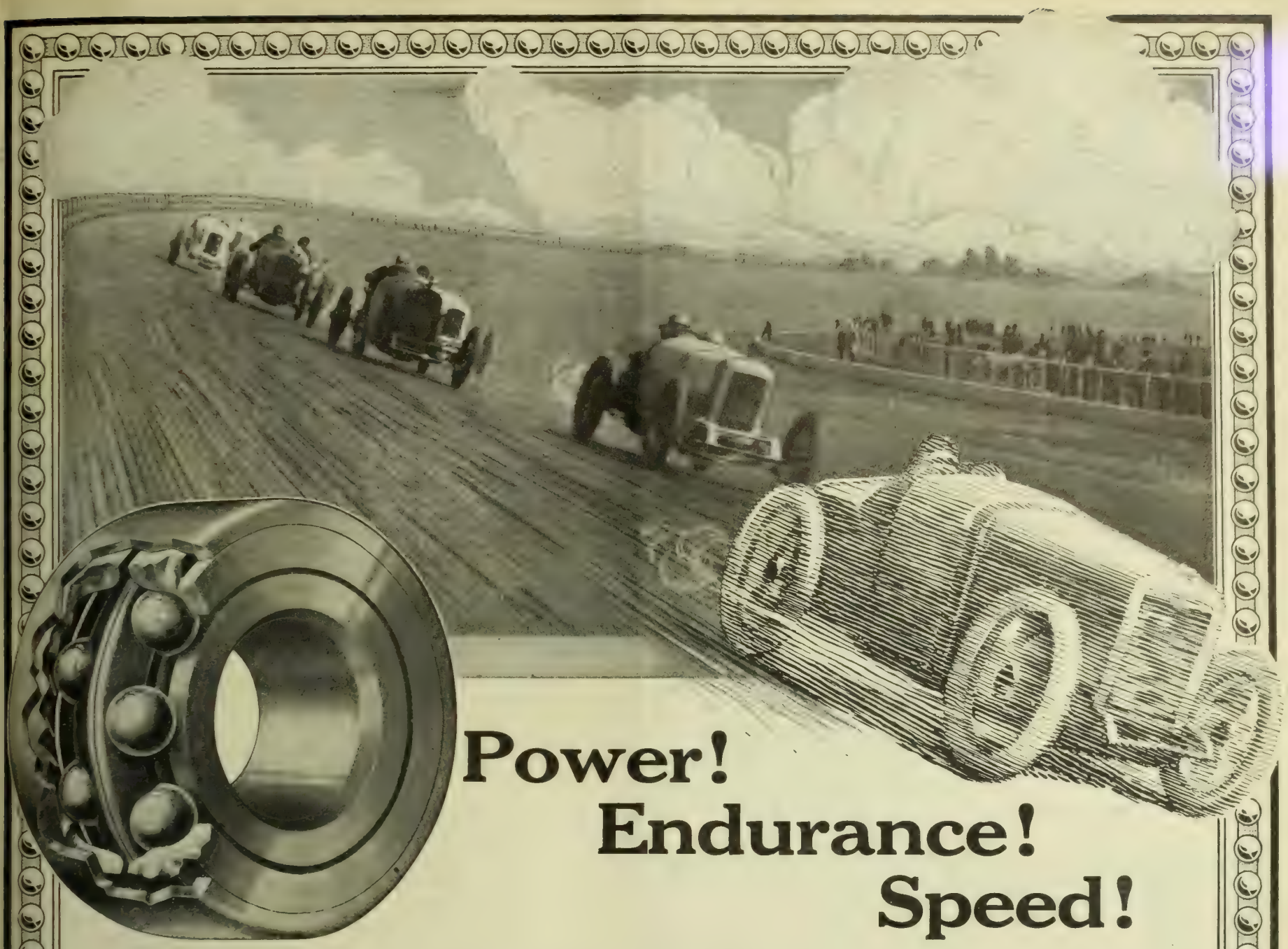
The stage swiftly cleared of people as the curtain began to rise.

"Miss Harlan!" Page was shouting. "Mr. Stanley! Mr. Hampstead!"

In the order named the three emerged and took their calls, but the heartiest applause was for the big man in yellow and red who, quite ignoring the orchestra circle, showed all his teeth in a cordial and understanding grin to the galleries, which thereupon broke out in that hurricane of hisses which is the heavy's hoped-for tribute.

Throughout the remainder of the performance the yellow and scarlet figure of Delaro, with his great sweeping gestures and his vast, bellowing voice, moved, a unique and dominating figure: no doubt the first and last time in which a villain who as a character was without one redeeming quality was made the hero of the gallery gods.

With the final fall of the curtain Hampstead climbed to his dressing room, tired but gloriously happy. All the company knew his shame, the shame of being an amateur; but all, too, knew his power, the power of a man who could rise to emergency, who had commanding presence and constructive force.



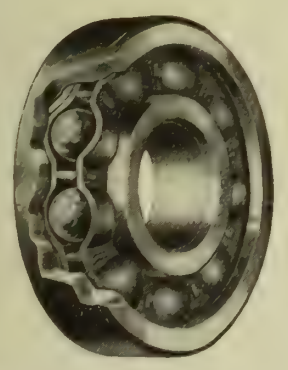
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The dressing rooms were mere partitions, open at the top, so that everybody could hear what everybody else was saying or could have heard if only everybody else had stopped to listen. But, apparently, nobody listened. The strain was over, and everybody talked as if the joy was in the talking and not in being heard. Yet after the first few minutes of excited blowing off of steam there came a lull as if everyone had stopped for breath at once.

INTO this lull Dick Bordwell, the juvenile man, as he wiped the grease paint from his face, lifted his fine tenor voice in the first half of a queer antiphonal chant by inquiring loudly above his four wooden walls toward the common ceiling over all: "*Who is the greatest leading woman on the American stage?*"

"Louise Harlan!" chanted every voice on the floor, their tones mingling merrily as if they were playing a familiar game.

"Right-o," sang Dick and chanted next: "*Who is the greatest leading man on the American stage?*"

"Billy Stanley!" chorused the voices with shrieks of laughter.

"And who," inquired Dick with an insinuating change in his voice—"*who is the greatest juvenile man in America?*"

"Rich-a-r-r-r-d Bordwell!" screamed the magpies.

"Right-o-right!" echoed Dick with a grunt of immense satisfaction; and then he went on chanting his interrogatories as to the rest of the company, desiring to be informed who was the greatest character old man, character old lady, soubrette, light comedian, and stage manager, concluding yet more loudly with: "*And who is the greatest amateur heavy on the American stage?*"

As if they had been waiting for it, the voices burst out like a college yell: "*John Hampstead! John Hampstead is the greatest amateur heavy on the American stage!*"

THE spirit of fun and hearty good will with which this initiation ceremony had been performed was salve to the bruised, excited soul of John. Besides an ever-present sense of meanness and hypocrisy from the concealment he had practiced, the man had suffered a feeling of extreme loneliness that had at no time been so great as now when, the strain of the play over, all these children of the stage were romping joyously together. Now they had included him in the circle of their magic fellowship. True, they had used the hateful word amateur, but that was in play, and he was sure they would never use it again.

And he was right. From that hour some of them who liked him showed it; some who disliked him showed that; some merely revealed themselves as cool toward him or appeared ill at ease in his presence; but never one of them, by word or act, failed from that moment to recognize his standing as a man entitled to all the freemasonry of their unique and fascinating profession.

But the climax of this climactic night for John was reached when, descending the stairway, Halson honored him with an astounding confidence.

"Marien Dounay joins the People's to-morrow," he whispered excitedly.

"Fact!" he affirmed in response to John's look of sheer incredulity. "She's a spitfire and a genius. She can do what she likes. She's quarreled with Mowrey. She's coming here to spite him. Pie for us while it lasts, huh? She opens as Isabel in 'East Lynne.'"

John knew that Mowrey had come up from Los Angeles and was just opening a long season at the Grand Opera House; but Marien Dounay—almost a star—in that threadbare play, "East Lynne," in this out-at-elbows company and in this old barn of a house! Impossible!

This was what John was thinking, but he was too weak to give it utterance. He wanted Halson's information to be true whether it was or not. Yet in the midst of the elation which began to kindle swiftly he remembered what Halson had said to Neumeyer Saturday in the dark of the orchestra: that a new man had been engaged to play the heavies.

A WAVE of bitterness surged over him, and yet, he reflected, things must be changed. They would scarcely let him go after to-night, so he mustered courage to inquire: "By the way, Halson, what do I play in 'East Lynne'?"

"You play the lead," affirmed Halson with dramatic emphasis.

"The lead?" John gulped, struggling as if a cobblestone had just been tossed into his throat.

"Sure! You'll get away with it, too," declared the stage manager with overenthusiasm, slapping John heavily upon the back as the big man turned away quickly, utterly unwilling that any, save two or three not there to look, should see into his face.

It would scarcely have diminished his joy to know that he was getting the lead simply because Archibald Carlyle was such an unredeemed mollycoddle that the leading man usually chose to enact the villain Levison.

(To be continued next week)

Cannon Fodder

Continued from page 9

and switch right up to the door of the receiving room.

The men give their names, pass at once to another room where their uniforms are taken away to be disinfected, thence to the bathroom, then into clean clothes and to bed. It is a city of the sick — of healing, rather — and on a bright day, with crowds of convalescents sitting about in their linen pajamas in the sun, stretcher bearers going back and forth, the capable-looking surgeons with their strong, kind faces, pretty nurses in nunlike white, it all has the brisk, rather jolly air of any vigorous organism, going full blast ahead.

We had been through it, seen the wards of strapping, handsome, childlike Russians, as carefully looked after by the Hungarians as if they were their own, when our officer guide remarked that in an hour or two a transport of 400 new wounded would be coming in. We waited in the receiving room, where a young convalescent had been brought out on a stretcher to see his peasant family—a weather-beaten father, a mother with a kerchief over her head, two solemn little, round-faced brothers with Tyrolean feathers in their caps. Benches were arranged for those able to sit up, clerks prepared three writing desks, orderlies laid a row of stretchers side by side for fifty yards or so along the railroad track.

The transport was late, the sun going, and I went down to the other end of the yard to get a picture of some Russians I had seen two days before. We had walked through their ward then, and I remembered one very sick boy, to whom one of the nurses with us had given a flower she was wearing, and how he had smiled as he put it to his face with his gaunt, white hand. "It doesn't take long," she had said, "when they get like that. They have so little vitality to go on, and some morning between two and five—" and sure enough his bed was empty now.

A troop train was rushing by, as I came back, covered with green branches and flowers. They went by with a cheer—that cheer which sounds like a cheer sometimes, and sometimes, when two trains pass on adjoining tracks so fast that you only catch a blur of faces, like the windy shriek of lost souls.

Then came a sound of band music, and down the road, outside the high wire fence, a little procession led by soldiers in gray blue, playing Chopin's "Funeral March." Behind them came the hospital hearse, priests, and a weeping peasant family. The little procession moved slowly behind the wailing trumpets—it was an honor given to all who died here, except the enemy—and must have seemed almost a sort of extravagance to the convalescents crowding up to the fence who had seen scores of their comrades buried in a common trench. Opposite us the drums rolled and the band began the Austrian national hymn. Then they stopped; the soldier escort fired their rifles in the air. That ended the ceremony, and the hearse moved on alone.

Big Gun-Shy Convalescents

THEN the convalescents drifted back toward us. Most of them would soon be ready for the front again, and many glad of it, if only to be men in a man's world again. One of the nurses spoke of some of the others she had known. One man slashed his hand with his knife in the hope of staying behind. Even the bravest must gather themselves together before the leap. Only those who have seen what modern guns can do know how much to fear them.



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The train came at last—two long sections of sleeping cars. An officer stepped off, clicked his heels, and saluted, and the orderlies started unloading the men. Those who could walk at all were helped from the doors; the others—men with broken hips, legs in casts, and so on—were passed out of the windows on stretchers held over the orderlies' heads. In the receiving ward they were set down in rows before the three tables, most of them clutching their papers as they came. Each man gave his name and regiment, and such particulars, and the address of some one of his family to whom notice could be sent. It was one clerk's duty to address a post card telling his family of his condition and that he was in the hospital. These cards were already ruled off into columns in each of which the words "Lightly wounded," "Wounded," "Severely wounded," "Ill," "Very ill" were printed in nine of the languages spoken in Austria-Hungary. The clerk merely had to put a cross on the proper word. Here, for instance, is the Lightly-wounded column, in German, Hungarian, and the other dialects: "*Leicht verwundet, Könnyen megsebesült, Lehce ranén, Lekko raniony, Lecko ranenki, Leggiermente ferito, Lako ranjen, Lahko ranjen, Usor ranit.*"

The Comradeship of Pain

A NUMBER were Russians—fine, big, clear-eyed fellows with whom these genuine "Huns" chatted and laughed as if they were their own men. On one stretcher came a very pale, round-faced, little boy about twelve, with stubbly blond hair clipped short and an enchanting smile. He had been carrying water for the soldiers, somebody said, when a piece of shrapnel took off one of his feet. Possibly he was one of those little adventurers who run away to war as boys used to run away to sea or the circus. He seemed entirely at home with these men, at any rate, and when one of the Hungarians brought him a big tin cup of coffee and a chunk of black bread, he wriggled himself half upright and went to work at it like a veteran.

As soon as the men were registered they were hurried out of their uniforms and into the bathroom. At the door two nurses in white—so calm and clean and strong that they must have seemed like goddesses, in that reek of steam and disinfectants and festering wounds—received them, asked each man how he was wounded, and quickly, as if he were a child, snipped off his bandages, unless the leg or arm were in a cast, and turned him over to the orderlies. Those who could walk used showers, the others were bathed on inclined slabs. Even the worst wounded scarcely made a sound, and those who could take care of themselves limped under the showers as if they had been hospital boarders before, and waited for, and even demanded, with a certain peremptoriness, their little bundle of belongings before they went on to the dressing room. Discipline, possibly, though one could easily fancy that all this organized kindness and comfort suddenly enveloping them was enough to raise them for the moment above thoughts of pain.

What a Wound Is Like

AS they lifted the man on the dressing table and loosened the pillow-like bandage under his drawn-up thigh, a thick, sickening odor spread through the room. As the last bit of gauze packing was drawn from the wound, the greenish pus followed and streamed into the pan. The jagged chunk of shell had hit him at the top of the thigh and plowed down to the knee. The wound had become infected, and the connecting tissues had rotted away until the leg was now scarcely more than a bone and the two flaps of flesh.

The civilian thinks of a wound, generally, as a comparatively decent sort of hole, more or less the width of the bullet itself. There was nothing decent about this wound. It was such a slash as one might expect in a slaughtered ox. It had been slit further to clean the infection until you could have thrust your fist into it, and, as the surgeon worked, the leg, partly from weakness, partly from the man's nervousness, trembled like a leaf.



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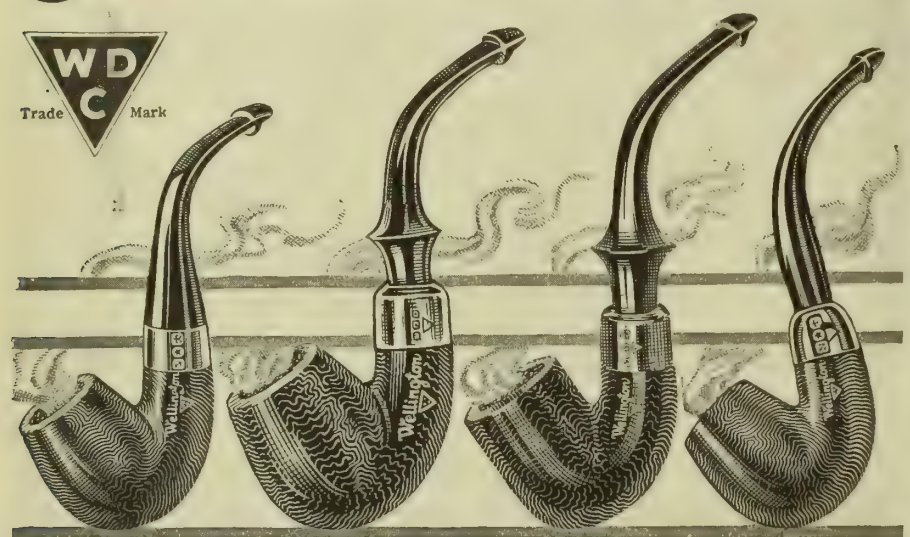
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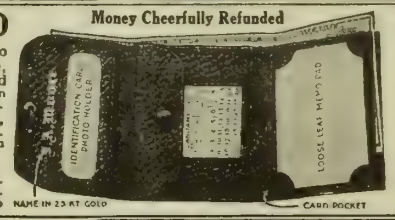
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First the gauze stuffed into the cavity had to be pulled out. The man, of an age that suggested that he might have left at home a peasant wife, slightly faded and weatherworn like himself, cringed and dug his nails into the underside of the table, but made no outcry. The surgeon squeezed the flesh above and about the wound, the quick-fingered young nurse flushed the cavity with an antiseptic wash, then clean, dry gauze was pushed into it and slowly pulled out again.

The man—they had nicknamed him "Pop"—breathed faster. This panting went into a moan, which deepened into a hoarse cry, and then, as he lost hold of himself completely, he began a hideous sort of sharp yelping like a dog.

This is a part of war that doctors and nurses see: not rarely and in one hospital, but in all hospitals and every morning, when the long line of men—" 'pus tanks' we called 'em last winter," muttered one of the young doctors—are brought in to be dressed. There was such a leg that day in the Barracken Hospital; the case described here was in the American Red Cross Hospital in Vienna.

Such individual suffering makes no right or wrong, of course. It is a part of war. Yet the more one sees of it and of this cannon fodder, the people on whom the burden of war really falls, how alike they all are in their courage, simplicity, patience, and long suffering, whether Hungarians or Russians, Belgians or Turks, the less simple is it to be convinced of the complete righteousness of any of the various general ideas in whose name these men are tortured. I suspect that only those can hate with entire satisfaction and success who stay quietly at home and read the papers.

As to the Peevish Press

I REMEMBER riding down into Surrey from London one Sunday last August and reading an editorial on Louvain—so well written, so quivering with noble indignation that one's blood boiled, as they say, and one could scarcely wait to get off the train to begin the work of revenge. Perhaps the most moving passage in this editorial was about the smoking ruins of the Town Hall, which I later saw intact. I have thought occasionally since of that editorial and of the thousands of sedentary fire eaters and hate mongers like the writer of it: men who live forever in a cloud of words, bounce from one nervous reaction to another without ever touching the ground, and, rejoicing in their eloquence, go down from their comfortable breakfasts to their comfortable offices morning after morning and demand slaughter, annihilation, Heaven knows what not—men who could not endure for ten minutes that small part of war which any frail girl of a trained nurse endures hour after hour every morning as part of the day's work.

If I had stayed in London and continued to read the lies of but one side, I should doubtless, by this time, be able to loathe and despise the enemy with an entire lack of doubt, discomfort, or intelligence. But having been in all the countries and read all the lies, the problem is less simple.

A Modest Proposal

HOW many people who talk or write about war would have the courage to face a minute, fractional part of the reality underlying war's inherited romance? People speak with pleasant excitement of "flashing sabers" without the remotest thought of what flashing sabers do. A saber does not stop in mid-air with its flashing, where a Meissonier or a Detaille would paint it—it goes right on through the cords and veins of a man's neck. Saber wounds are not very common, but there was one in the Vienna hospital that morning—a V-shaped trench in which you could have laid four fingers flat, down through the hair and into the back of the man's neck so close to the big blood vessel that you could see it beat under its film of tissue: the only thing between him and death. I thought of it a day or two later when I was reading a book about the Austrian army officer's life, written by an English lady, and came across the phrase: " 'Sharpen sabers!' was the joyful cry."

Be joyful if you can, when you know what war is, and, knowing it, know also that it is the only way to do your necessary work. The absurd and disgusting thing is the ignorance and cowardice of those who can slaughter an army corps every day for lunch, with words, and would not be able to make so trivial a start toward the "crushing" they are forever talking about as to fire into another man's open eyes or jam a bayonet into a single man's stomach. Among the Utopian steps which one would most gladly support would be an attempt to send the editors and politicians of all belligerent countries to serve a week in the enemy's hospitals.

The Round Table

(*Continued from page 6*)

I beg you. Look, see! I beg you! Wurra, wurra!"

These last words he had not said since the days when he was worth only twenty thousand dollars.

"But I am so *helpless,*" argued Amy.

"No, no," Milliken protested. "These are powerful gentlemen."

"They can't find Judie!" Amy said dolefully. "I raised her from a calf. She is the last of the old Chaddock stock. How can they find Judie? Perhaps she already is—is—is—dead."

"Oh, no," Montague said, gesticulating to add authority to his pronouncement. "Judie is not dead. She may be in danger. That is something else again. But no gentleman would let an—an innocent cow die like a dog. Not at all, madam. I would spend thousands of dollars to prevent it."

"Would Judie know her own name?" asked Gray thoughtfully. He is a practical man.

"Of course she does—or did!" answered Miss Chaddock indignantly. "She is intelligent. She would speak for a carrot. Don't laugh, sirs. It is true. Of course, this all means nothing to you, gentlemen. But it means so *much* to me!" Two more tears appeared in the corner of her eyes, wetting the long lashes again, and a gulp of the soft throat shook the two tears off on to the green carpet. This time all five men, protesting, leaped toward the maiden in distress with words of cheer, words of protest, words of promise.

"Don't cry," said the first knight.

"We are with you—with both feet!" added the second fat knight, puffing at the end of his awkward words.

The third cavalier pulled out a clean, white handkerchief, as if to offer it, and then blushed.

Seagrave touched Amy's slender hand with a timid finger. "It will soon be six o'clock," said he. "We can't decide much more. I move the meeting adjourn subject to call, and, in order not to violate parliamentary law, I move also that the board is constituted a committee of the whole to search for one Judie, the lost cow of Miss Amy Chaddock of Chaddocksville."

The pale secretary of the corporation sneered skeptically, but he was wrong; the five directors of the United Stock Yards and Packing Company, about their round table, Irish, American, and Jew, all stiffened slightly as if some brave spirit of chivalry had entered the room. Almost imperceptibly each made a movement as if to draw some imaginary blade of Damascus to pledge service to his lady.

"And now, Milliken, have your operator on the switchboard call Joslin of the Yards Company and read him McKeen's letter," said Seagrave. "There's a rough description of the—of Judie—in it, and the freight shipment and car numbers and all that."

Gray leaned toward the ear of the president. "There really isn't a minute to lose," he whispered. "The shipment was probably a lot of scrub cattle, and, according to their condition and weight, turned in with a thousand head of packing-house slaughter stock. She may already have been driven over the bridge."

"Sh—sh!" said Milliken. "Don't be a crape hanger!"

FOR a moment Rushton, the fifth and newest member of the board present and voting, felt a touch of conservative sentiment. He said: "Gentlemen, after all, the business we met to transact is not completed. Such an order—why, of course—there are hundreds of thousands at stake—in a sense—"

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Gray, as if to caution a fellow knight against being untrue to his vows. Montague indicated Amy, who was gazing wistfully out the window at the endless expanse of pens, brick-paved alleys, and fences; Seagrave glowered. Therefore



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Rushton, feeling his guilt, said blithely: "Well, if we are all to set in motion a search for Judie, we must have horses."

Miss Chaddock could not understand why horses were necessary, but Milliken told her that their search back and forth might take them over two or three hundred acres of the stockyards.

"We can provide a side saddle for you," he added.

An hour later the genius of organization had made felt its power; before the sun had gone down efficiency engineering had been dedicated for the moment to a cow; before the electric lights had begun to appear in the smoky haze of the city to the north, and red and green eyes had begun to shine from the railroad yards at the west, the might of the American dollar had been laid by Gray, intoxicated by the excitement of the chase, at Amy's feet. It was he who had offered to any man of the Yards' night crew who should bring Judie, still on the hoof, to her mistress, an absurdly adequate reward.

NO one know exactly who generaled the campaign. Months afterward Milliken, who had tried to take command, insisted that it had been Seagrave. Seagrave remembered distinctly that it was Milliken riding a white broncho.

"Who insisted upon staying with Miss Chaddock himself and directing Gray, perspiring freely, to take command of the patrol who watched the various miles of runways leading toward the slaughter houses?" asks Milliken. "It was Seagrave. Who told Montague, who could hardly stay on his bony nag to ride from pen to pen, that, long after dark, Abe was leaning over the fences trying to see the tawny color of an undersized Jersey? Seagrave."

"And who will forget the plaintive voice of that prominent member of the Board of Trade calling out to the endless and astounded lady cows: 'Judie, Judie, Judie. Oh, Judie, Judie, Judie'?" says Seagrave in defense. "It was you who told him to do it, Milliken. Who rigged up the searchlight which you had to play over the property at the time of the big strike so that Rushton, acting the fool, could examine the pens of cattle through a telescope? Heaven preserve us! It was you!"

They recall in the club, sitting behind the large windows overlooking the lake, that nine o'clock came and no Judie had been found. The men of the Yards' night crew had brought up, driven up, rounded up, and paraded in review before the half-frightened and half-heartbroken Miss Chaddock more than half a hundred "suspects," as they called them.

"He answers to der name of Choodie," said a big German, presenting his entry for the reward.

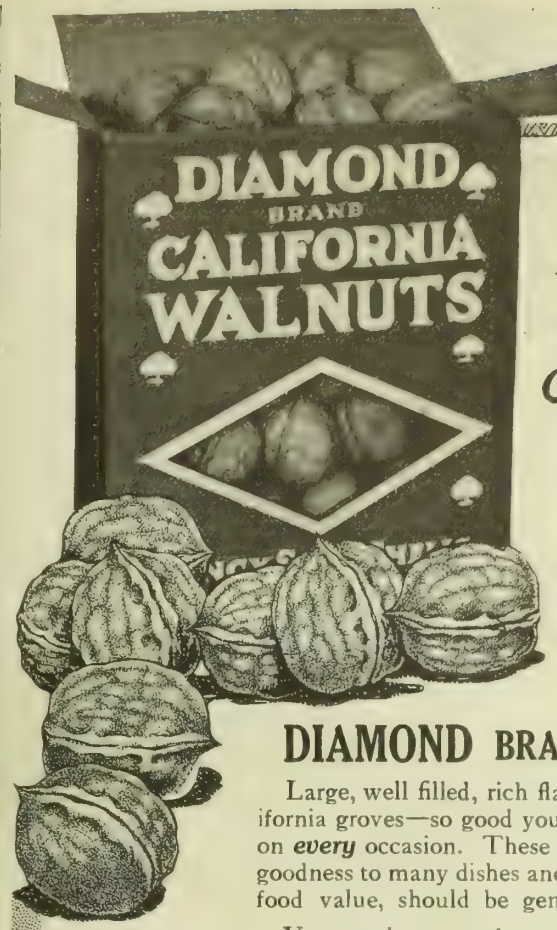
"Try Jessie," said Seagrave. "Anyhow, that isn't the cow. The one we are looking for has an entirely different expression on her face—a calmer, a more ingratiating, a more refined, expression."

EVEN Amy laughed when another man presented three applicants for the reward at one time, and argued that each one of the three must be Judie. Reports came into the offices of the United Stock Yards and Packing Company by courtesy of the president of the Yards Company, who had been reached by a toll line somewhere at a country club "out north," and who had insisted upon "keeping in touch with the situation."

"It seems so dreadful to keep important men away from their business and their dinners!" said Amy Chaddock to James Seagrave. "I feel so guilty because no one who is used to dealing with so many cows can possibly see how anyone can love *one* cow."

"I can," the lawyer said. "I have a feeling, too, that it would be a state of happiness to be able to value one cow rather than have a fondness for a million. But we, in the city, are deluded by numbers and by sizes. We see the world through a telescope, and, as some one has well said, it is only made larger by the microscope. We live in a big world and grow small; it is only you who live in a small world who can really grow large."

Amy clasped the pommel of her saddle with her slender brown hands and thoughtfully gazed across the endless pens, the fence tops, numberless shadowy forms of restless steers moving uneasily, as their ceaseless bellowing indicated their instinctive apprehension, and voiced their recognition that something was wrong in their lives.



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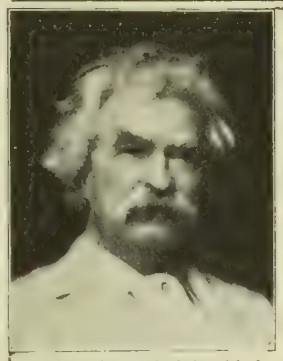
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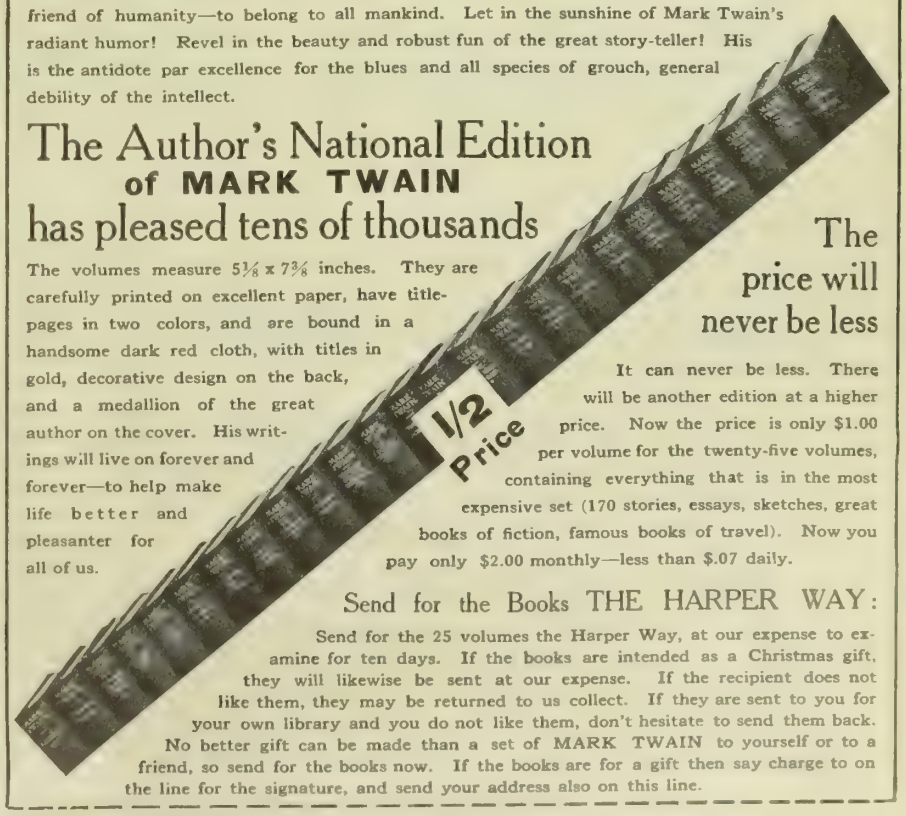


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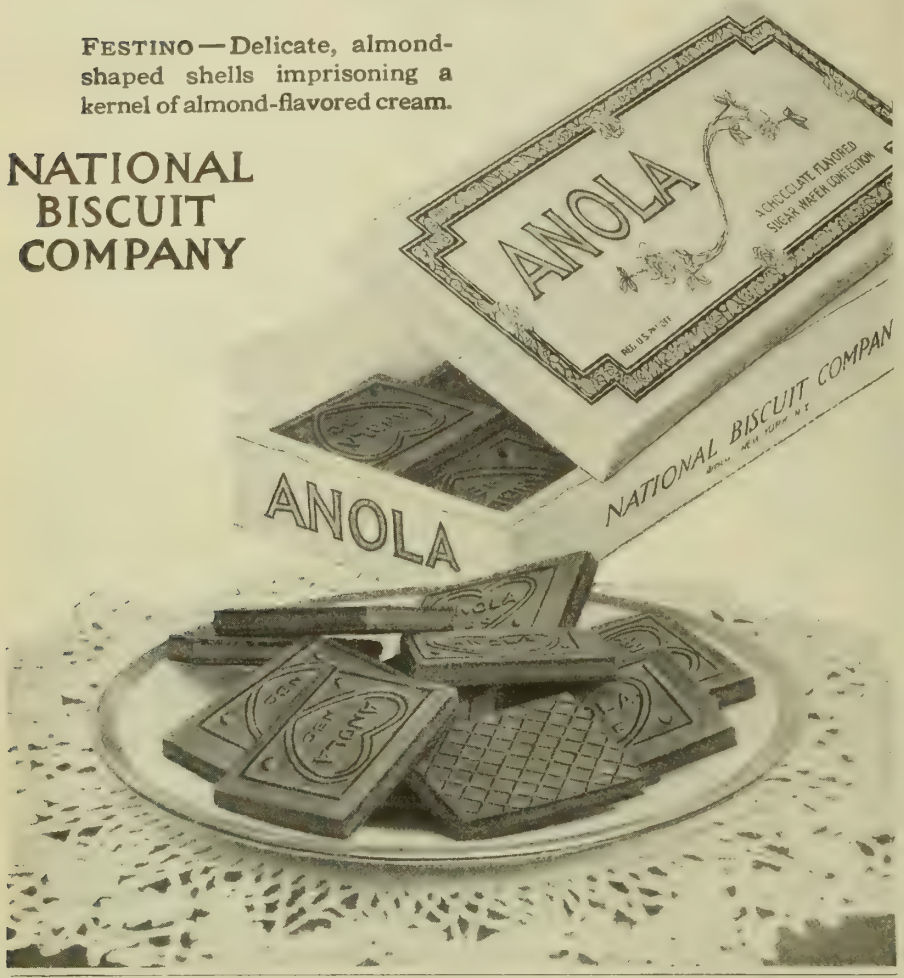
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Under the haze which hung above the vast acreage of the yards the sun had left a lingering glow which imperceptibly had been replaced by the red steam of the city. Once she turned to look at the strong, deep-lined face of the man whose thoughts had compressed his lips and who, for the moment, showed only in his eager eyes the youth which remained in him.

"I'd think, then, that a real man or a real woman would try to rise above the condition you have described," said Miss Chaddock. "The great victory would be to grow large in the midst of a life where there was an excuse for being small."

Seagrave turned toward her quickly; the lines in his face had softened.

"Thank you for that," said he.

Amy looked at him as if she were about to address to him an inquiry, but it was he who asked the question in the clear incisive voice with which those who have heard him conduct cases are familiar:

"Back in your town, Miss Chaddock, where the women may develop great visions, is it true that the men do also?"

"I am afraid they don't," said Amy, and instinctively looked down at her fingers upon which no rings appeared.

"Ah!" the lawyer said. This exclamation was characteristic of his cross-examination of witnesses, but there was now a peculiar satisfaction in it.

The voice of Montague came to their ears again. The overweighted financier was still persistent in his plan of going from pen to pen calling: "Judie! Judie! Judie!"

The search, however, had been fruitless. In the heart of the lady and of each zealous knight of the directors' table there had come the sinking sensation of failure. Amy shook the reins of her pony and galloped down the brick-paved alley between the fences followed by Seagrave, who understood her distress, smiled at it, and yet felt uncontrolled sympathy for it.

MEN at the stockyards who in the weeks which have passed recount the adventure of Judie and the lone maiden from Chaddocksville, and who laugh at the thought of the power of the one little Jersey cow to shake the organization of corporations which in the aggregate do a business of a hundred or two million a year, more or less, regret the undramatic ending of the incident. It bade fair to have a climax of some kind, worthy of the art of Byron, Homer, and the moving pictures.

This was not to be.

According to Seagrave, it was exactly nine-twenty. He had reined in his horse under an arc light for the purpose of looking at his watch. And then and there he heard a noise.

The noise was not a gurgle. It was not a cry. It was not a sob. It was not a squeak. It was not a chuckle. It was not a word in any language known. The noise was merely the sound of a woman's unspeakable joy rising from a woman's throat.

"Look!" said Amy, pointing. "Can you believe it? Look!"

Over the top rail of one of the low pens was stretched the neck of a pretty little Jersey cow. The arc light illuminated her calm face and shone into the depths of her great brown eyes.

"Pooh!" said the famous lawyer. "She's not excited. The peace of ancient days is in her face. She looks to me like the mistress of a profound philosophy."

"But it's Judie! It's Judie!" cried Amy, jumping off her horse and throwing a warm arm about the heifer's neck. "And she *isn't* in a tin can!"

"Wurra! Wurra!" blew Milliken when he had heard the news. It was the second time he had used the phrase since the day when he was only worth twenty thousand dollars.

Montague, banker, promoter, patron of the arts, tried to dance. "Look, look!" said he. "What were my presentiments worth? Positively—everything!"

"That's what I call American efficiency," chortled Gray.

"Going some!" said Rushton from the steps of the United Stock Yards and Packing Company offices. "We certainly put it across!"

THEY were knights celebrating a renaissance of romance, but they did not know it.

Amy, with her hand upon Judie's neck, which moved a little as the little Jersey swung her jaw from side to side under her black, wet nose, may have realized something of the real spirit of the directors' table.

She had found upon that table beside her hat a little bunch of pinks which she had bought earlier in the day. They were still unwithered.

"One for you—and you—and you," she cried, gayly tossing a flower to each. "How can I tell you how much I thank you? How can I tell you how sorry I am that I interrupted your—what was it? War orders?—with my foolish little quest—your big business."

"We had almost — practically — finished," protested Abe of the Board of Trade.

"It was nothing," exclaimed Gray, mopping his forehead.

"It was sport—good clear sport," added Rushton, trying to imitate a British peer.

"You must go back to all your wives and all your dinners," said Amy. "You good, excellent *gentlemen!*"

"First send telegrams to McKeen of the W. L. & N.," Seagrave suggested. "And the president of the Yards Company, and, for the rest, keep it out of the newspapers."

"Wait. Not so fast," Milliken said. "I've ordered a box car for Judie. Permit the United Stock Yards and Packing Company to offer her transportation de luxe to her home, Miss Chaddock. And I've already ordered dinner for all of us at the club."

THE club is not the other club. There are two at the yards. The one Milliken meant was the Hoof and Horn. And that evening, for the first time in the history of the old institution, an embarrassed, blushing, happy lady presided at the head of the black walnut table where the names of bankers, famous cattle experts, presidents of the United States and of universities, ranchers, cowmen, and distinguished English, French, and German packing-house stockholders are carved. When the smoke of the cigars had risen into the rafters above the table, and weird shadows danced on the walls, and Milliken had telephoned home twice as if to attempt to convince by repetition of improbability and was asked to sing "Delia of Dublin" again; when the coffee was cold in the little cups and the night breeze from the lake far away blew the silk curtains and made the candles hysterical, Gray and Rushton withdrew into the library for a conversation in which the name Chelton, Meek & Harwood, Limited, English factors, often recurred. Montague went to the telephone and did not reappear. Milliken went out to find him.

Far away some clock struck the hour. Amy looked up to find the steward's assistant yawning behind his hand.

"Where are the others?" exclaimed Seagrave suddenly. He had awaked to find himself leaning across a rumpled white napkin and shading his eyes so that he could look at Amy as he listened.

The steward's assistant twisted his face into a knotted expression so that it should conceal emotion of whatever nature.

"They've gone, sir. Yes, sir."

"Gone!" exclaimed Amy.

"They preferred not to disturb you, sir," said the servant with a cough. "That was the message they left. Shall I call a taxi? Very good, sir."

"It's like this, you see—" began Seagrave, much flustered. "They—they thought I'd take you to your hotel. It was a—what shall we say?—a common consent, no doubt."

"It is very kind of you," laughed Amy Chaddock. "I only wonder why they chose you?"

And here we come to the end, or rather the real beginning of the end, of the truthful chronicle of the Maiden in Distress, the little Jersey cow, and the Millionaire Knights—the rapacious, commercial, money-mad, romance-killing, practical American business men of the directors' round table.

Because Seagrave, who looked a little like one of the pictures of Abraham Lincoln, showed in his eyes a new light of youth, and from his eyes it spread until it seemed to Amy that the great lawyer, by sorcery, had been transformed into a rich and powerful man with the heart of a boy.

"I wonder why they chose you?" Amy had asked.

And Seagrave, looking squarely into Miss Chaddock's eyes, said: "It must have been because I am the only bachelor."

"Oh!" exclaimed she. "Are *you* a *bachelor!*"

Which for the intelligent is sufficient.

A Harvest of Fur

(Continued from page 10)

spoken summons. The call was a basic impulse, and each food trail to the ranch was only the fostering of the impulse, the crystallizing of the vague summons into a definite impression, the turning of it into a settled direction.

ITS exploitation brought the crowds from the river camps, and even Inspector Strickland and Gunderhein, who was a member of the Yukon Council, spared the time to come down and spend a day looking over the ranch. Strickland and Gunderhein, besides being the greatest fixtures in Dawson City, were close friends of Hess and Outremont, and their visit was duly appreciated. "I never would have imagined it, Cronin," confessed Gunderhein, as he and Strickland left that night to catch an upbound steamer at the Tatonduk's mouth. "Why, your ten miles of river are teeming with rats."

"Yes, I have the miles marked and a tally kept on each mile," informed the ex-marshal. "Where they averaged only fifty to the mile when we took hold, they now average four hundred and fifty. That's as high as they'll go, though, because we've depleted the source of supply clean up to the Nahoni country. But we're satisfied. We can keep Thorpe and his men at home now. We want to build a bit of a dam to back up stagnant water for their houses. They can't all burrow in the bank."

"You'll have an awful haul in the autumn," Gunderhein observed. "And not a soul in the Yukon, except maybe a few Indians, ever saw coin in muskrats. They aren't even mentioned in the game laws."

"With the five hundred we started on and the four thousand we lured here, we'll have on a basis of twenty descendants to each pair just forty-nine thousand five hundred rats this fall," calculated Trudis, whose brain was quick at figures, "and they'll be worth at half a dollar apiece just twenty-four thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. That's an immense profit on the original investment of five thousand."

"It certainly is," chuckled Strickland. "Rooney Ryan'll go crazy when he hears what he threw away. I'll take good care, Cronin, to see he gets all the statistics, and you'll see him down here on the jump."

"All right, send him along," grinned Cronin as he shook farewell. "He jeered at me for a piker when I considered whether to pay him five thousand for the outfit, and now I'll turn back the laugh. Sure, send him along."

IT was not long before Ryan came in company with Marlin and Simons. So scant was the Tatonduk's volume below the dam the men had put in that Rooney and his friends were obliged to leave their boat at the river's junction with the Yukon and walk up. From the top of the dam they saw the Tatonduk transformed into a shallow lake twisting between the high bench grounds flanking the creek limits. The watery waste was studded with the domed, rush-built houses of the muskrats, and religiously patrolled by ten of Thorpe's workmen in poling boats. There was a boat to every mile. Each workman had to feed and keep guard upon the rats which inhabited his mile, while Cronin, Gayle, Thorpe, and Trudis oversaw the whole estate. The ex-marshal was down at the dam with Thorpe and Gayle when Ryan and his pals topped the structure and gazed with jaundiced eyes across the sparkling waters. "Is my hearing good?" demanded Ryan with astonishing abruptness. "I'm hearing from Strickland in Dawson as you men didn't buy one hundred Tatonduk creek claims from me. Instead of that he says you bought a fur farm under false pretenses. He says as how you had five hundred muskrats spotted on the stream in the first place, as how you drawed in four thousand more from somebody else's hunting ground, and as how them four thousand five hundred rats'll increase to forty-nine thousand five hundred and clear you nineteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. That's what I'm hearing from Strickland. Is my hearing good?"

"I can't say as there's anything very much amiss with your acoustics, Rooney," Cronin replied. "If you always listen that hard, there'll never be any shiny ear trumpet parting your hoary locks."

"You sassy rascal! You're admitting you took advantage of me?"

"Advantage nothing! You said the ground was no good. I didn't. You fixed the selling price. I didn't."

"But you never told me them ten miles of placer holdings averaged fifty muskrats to the mile, and you never told me them five hundred would increase to five thousand."

"Bah! Where were your eyes? Or your brains? Now I s'pose you'll have the gall to ask for some compensation."

"Ask!" sneered Ryan from his scornful height. "I'm asking nothing of you, not so much as a bedraggled muskrat hair or a scale from their slimy tails."

"Then come along and I'll show you over the ranch," invited Hess. "We sure take pride in this ranch."

"No, sir," Ryan refused. "On the ranch of any men so mean as to pick my pocket to the tune of nineteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars I'll never set foot. And that's straight."

"Now there's a riddle for you, Cronin," laughed Trudis, who had slipped down from the cabin in time to hear the fag end of the controversy and see Ryan go off in a rage. "What can he do to the ranch if he doesn't set foot on the ranch?"

"Lots of things, Tru," growled Hess. "He can dynamite the dam, go up to headwaters and start a run of logs, top a mountain lake and send us a tidal wave or divert the Tatonduk's source and drain us dry. Right here's where we'd better increase our vigilance. Thorpe'll have to get up more workmen from Dawson. We'll put on a night and day shift, guards at the dam and the upper gateway, and an outpost above that again to tell us if anything's coming. We have a valuable ranch here, and we ain't going to lose it through the ebullition of Ryan's spleen."

All these precautions and more were taken, but neither did Rooney visit them nor send them any sign. River draining, tidal wave, log run, dam dynamiting, and many other conjectured disasters failed to materialize. Through the sweet summer months when the crocus brimmed the cups of the hills, when daylight ran twenty-four hours long, when the exotic sun poured his fire alike into human and savage veins and filled them with delirious delight, the muskrat ranch rippled and sparkled and thrived as only that breed can thrive. Twenty-two hundred and fifty pairs with a celerity that borrowed something of the magic flung litter after litter of kits upon the thickly domed water, and the kits seemed hardly to have taken to swimming before they, with something of the same magic, leaped suddenly to maturity.

Through this period they were visible by the hundreds, but when autumn came, with real darkness in its nights, they were visible by the thousands, gliding from dome to dome and from shore to shore at the apex of a V-shaped ripple, their whiskered noses sniffing suspiciously and their yellow teeth flashing under the starlight at any who dared disturb them. During the summer and the early fall they consumed an enormous amount of food. Besides the natural water-plant food in the whole ten miles of ranch, the warders supplied them with several tons of oat hay and many boatloads of apples, carrots, cabbages, and parsnips. But the partners did not begrudge an outlay of a few hundred dollars' worth of food in the face of the myriads before them. They fed them conscientiously right up till the end of August before they gave the order to kill. Winter-killed or spring-killed pelts would have been worth more money, but it was necessary to reap the harvest of hides before frost could hamper them, because, as many of the Yukon streams habitually did, the Tatonduk would freeze to the bottom during the winter.

SO on September the first the harvest began. Traps were used to the utmost so as to take as much uninjured fur as possible. The steel ones were employed in various ways, set in notches cut in logs, between strips nailed on an 18-foot board, under baited sticks stuck in the banks, in their runways, feeding beds, burrows, and in the entrances to their houses, the traps in all cases being concealed with water-soaked leaves and grass. The wire-mesh box traps, 8 inches by 10 inches by 2 feet, with swing doors in the ends hinged at the top and opening only inward, were

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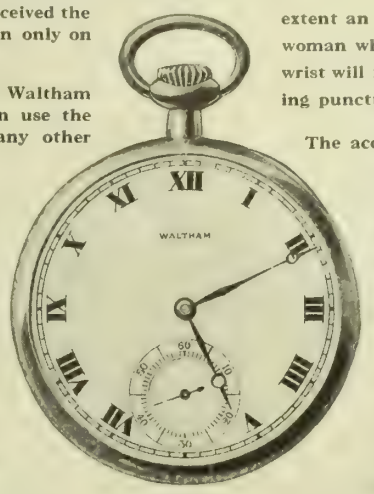
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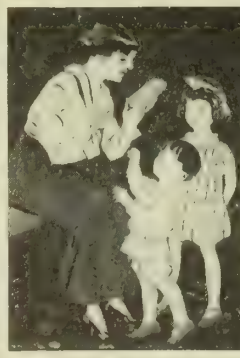
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placed anywhere in the shallow water. Some of the barrel traps were used open-ended and staked all round with stakes and crosspieces over the tops which rose about 3 inches above water; others had 10-inch square holes cut in their sides, two slats nailed across each hole, and boards placed on the slats parallel with the barrel, the whole contrivance sunk so that the boards were even with the water; while still others were made with loose heads pivoted on a central rod to swing like a round damper in a stovepipe and weighted so as to come back automatically to position after each capture. The bait for all the styles of traps was oat hay, apples, carrots, or parsnips.

IN addition to the huge daily catch of all the traps, the .22-caliber rifles were continually used, the small ball, generally placed in the heads of the animals, practically leaving the fur unspoiled. For all the cunning old rats which succeeded in evading capture by any other means, this .22 bullet was the inevitable fate. Still, even with all these facilities for capture, the harvesting of the fur was a colossal undertaking, so colossal that it took every one of the twenty-three men, besides Cronin, Gayle, and Thorpe, working night and day for a full month, to clean out the ranch.

The cased pelts were stretched on shingles, several thousand of which the partners had bought in bunches from the sawmill at Dawson, and hung up in relays to dry on the roof beams of the whipsawed board building which housed the workmen.

"Ten thousand, Cronin," Gayle announced, consulting his tally book as the last relay went up on the first of October, "and thirty-eight thousand one hundred and twenty-four already off the shingles. That's forty-eight thousand one hundred and twenty-four altogether. And now, Tru, is your chance to help out in a pinch. You have charge of the dozen men that'll hike up to Dawson to bring down dog teams to move all this fur, and they'd better start at once. It's going to be an early freeze-up this year. There's ice in the river already, and she's closing fast."

In the face of the freeze-up Trudis sped off with her men in the poling boats, fighting rim, skim, and mush ice as they sped, their toiling figures sheathed with the first driving snow of the season. They were to come back on the young ice as soon as it would bear, and while waiting for them through nights that grew longer, frosts that bit harder and snow that fell deeper the three partners and the rest of the men dried and removed the last lot of pelts from the shingles and turned and aired the catch of already dried skins hanging on all the walls and all the beams of the immense bunk house.

WHEN these were properly attended to and pronounced by Cronin in prime condition, fit to be baled, everybody rested from toil and yarned and smoked of nights in the partners' more comfortable cabin which they had thrown up but a dozen yards from the bunk house. They were smoking and yarning thus the night before the dog teams were expected from Dawson, and the eleven men whose duty it was to sleep on guard among the furs had not yet stepped across when without warning there came a tremendous crash on the side of the cabin. The cabin door bowed under some powerful outside thrust, split in the middle, and banged back against the wall, revealing in its place a big granite bowlder.

"Earthquakes! Eruptions! World's end!" exclaimed Cronin calmly and without moving from his seat.

But Gayle, exclaiming nothing, leaped upright. He jumped for the bowlder and attempted to squirm through a crevice between it and the door jamb, but a smaller bowlder trundling down struck him a glancing blow on the shoulder, pivoting him sharply about.

"Look out, Gayle!" admonished Hess, springing after him and pulling back. "You can't get through. You'll be brained and mashed to matter. What you so excited for, anyway? It's only a little landslide on the bench ground!"

"Only a landslide!" grated Gayle. "Sure, but somebody's sending her down. Listen! Don't you hear their bars?"

For a second the men in the cabin listened. Amid the rush of rock and frozen earth which was walling up the doorway with a 10-foot wall there came the clink of iron bars prying on stones.

"Ryan, the cad, sure as shooting!" ejaculated Gayle. "He's dumped the overhang of the bench ground on us! Just as we did to bury those muskrat carcasses!"

He sprang for his rifle, but cast it down again with a helpless gesture, for he saw in that moment that the 10-inch square window of the cabin did not face the bench ground but looked downstream. "The ax, Cronin, the ax is what we want!" he shouted. "Where in thunder did you leave it?"

But Thorpe had dived for it under the Yukon stove, and it was he who swung it on the 10-inch window, cutting into the sill to enlarge the space. The cabin was of logs. The sill log was big and stubbornly knotty. Thorpe wrestled with it for ten long minutes, and during every one of those minutes the other men hung upon his blows, their shoulders involuntarily heaving with his, their lips mumbling imprecations with his, for in the whipsawed bunk house only a dozen yards away they could hear the hurried movements and the rustling of dried pelts. Presently sounded the crunching of many feet retreating to the river bank, but silence obtained before the chopped section of the sill log flew out. Swiftly the imprisoned men leaped through and rushed across the space which separated the two buildings. But they were minutes late. The bunk house was swept clean of furs, and a mile up the Tatonduk echoed the shrill whine of steel sled runners on the ice.

"Dog teams, Thorpe," reminded Hess as the former made a race for the river. "On the dead run, too. It's no good chasing them."

"I'm not chasing them," explained Thorpe over his shoulder. "I'm going to look at the tracks. You get the guns and we'll trail."

WHILE Gayle and Cronin armed themselves with their heavy sporting rifles and each workman took one of the light .22-caliber weapons which had been used on muskrats, Thorpe, making use of the searchlight flash of the aurora, examined the tracks on the bank.

"It isn't Ryan," he announced as the others came up. "No white man at all. They were all Indians."

"You sure?" asked the ex-marshal.

"Of course. Look at their toes." Thorpe pointed to the turned-in toe on each snowshoe imprint. "Maybe fifty or sixty Indians—likely Nahoni country Indians. We drew the rats off their hunting ground, and they came and took them back."

"Heavens!" blurted Hess. "That's one contingency I sure overlooked, boys—those bucks in the Nahoni District. Of course when they came back off the posts for their fall hunting they found the ground clean bare of fur, and here's the result. It ain't Ryan after all. I wish it was. I'd sooner handle a white man with injured feelings any minute than an Indian in the same mood. We'll meet trouble when we trail them down. But that doesn't matter. We still got to go on and trail."

All night they trailed, and just before dawn, when the aurora's blazing carnival ceased and the last deep obscurity, forerunner of the light, crept across the snows, they broke suddenly upon the Indian camp just over the divide between the Nahoni country and the Tatonduk's headwaters. It was a big camp, a huge, snow-walled rectangle scraped to earth, floored with spruce boughs and divided down the middle by a long stringer of fire. Beside the fire lay a muddle of dogs, sleds and bales of furs. Across the bales sprawled a mob of Indians, fifty-nine of them, carrying on some sort of tally with and receiving some sort of dividends from three white men squatted in the fire's glow.

AT the crunch of snowshoes on the slope the three white men raised their heads, and Hess, who was leading the file of pursuers down the divide, recognized Ryan, Marlin, and Simons.

"Hello, there!" saluted Ryan in polite surprise. "What you fellows doing up here?"

"What you doing yourself?" bellowed the ex-marshal.

"Buying furs."

"Buying!" Cronin's bellow subsided into an astonished gasp.

"Sure; I'm done now and all paid up. I got the Nahoni bucks' full catch at ten cents apiece. That's Indian laziness for you. They'd sooner sell for ten cents here than go to Dawson and get fifty. The middleman makes forty cents a pelt, and you bet I'm the busy middleman."

"Forty cents a pelt, eh?" growled Cronin. "That's some profit. How many did you buy?"



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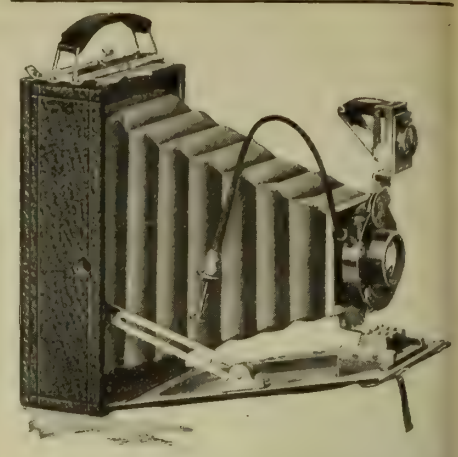


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"Not by a thundering sight you won't! Blast your carcass, Rooney, you stole them furs, every stretched skin of them, out of our bunk house at the ranch."

"Go away, Cronin," pooh-poohed Ryan. "I ain't never been near your ranch since the day I stood on your dam and boycotted it at a glance. Have I, Monte? Have I, Seattle?"

"Not within miles of it," declared Monte.

"And neither has Monte nor me," supplemented Simons. "So if you're thinkin' of lawyers and courts, Hess, just remember we have an armor-plated alibi."

"But you fellows sent others to the ranch," accused Cronin—"them brazen bucks of Nahonis. They dropped a ton of bench ground in our doorway and cleaned up while we was chopping out. The bales there is ours, and we're going to take them."

"Cronin," warned Ryan solemnly, "you lay a hand on them furs and I'll go straight to Dawson and put the Mounted Police on to you. I've bought and paid for them furs. Where the bucks got them I couldn't be sure. I didn't see them get them. Neither did you. Even if they stole them, as you say, instead of caught them, as they say, you can't prove it. Even if you're morally certain them pelts by the fire is yours, you can't testify to it. All muskrat skins look alike. You can't swear they're yours. And Monte, Seattle, and me'll back the Indians to the limit. So if you're still convinced we're singly or jointly guilty and want to take it out of us, just go on and start something."

AT the challenge both Gayle and Thorpe leaped forward, but Hess grabbed them by the arms.

"Hold on, Gayle! Hold on, Thorpe! You don't want to see a massacre, do you? Them Nahoni bucks have cocked rifles in their hands. Don't you lift a finger."

"Heavens, Cronin," snarled Outremont, "I never took you for such a quitter! You're going to let him keep those furs?"

"What else can he do?" cut in Ryan, grinning ogrelike in his triumph. "I've got your goat staked fast."

"No, you haven't, Rooney," contradicted the ex-marshal, as he forcibly backed Thorpe and Gayle up the divide. "We're going up to Dawson to speak to the Mounted Police ourselves. You think you're going strong, but in the golden city you'll sure strike a snag."

"Go on then," jeered Ryan. "Get as many police as you like. I got a stand here that all the police in the country can't touch."

At top speed Cronin led the way down the southern slope of the divide and on down the Tatonduk Valley. They did not stop at the ranch but swung on at a lurching run over the Alaskan boundary to the Tatonduk's mouth.

ALL the way Gayle and Thorpe denounced Cronin for a quitter and darkly hinted at a dissolution of partnership. But Hess did not waste his wind in answering. He saved it to back his snowshoe stride. He turned at night from the Tatonduk's mouth up the Yukon, and shortly after, just below Seventy-mile, ran into Trudis and her men driving down their dogs and sleds from Dawson. "What's the matter?" demanded Trudis in amazement. "Why are you footing it in, and where are the furs?"

"Turn the huskies round, Tru," requested Gayle, slumping loosely on the sled beside her. "We won't need the sleds now. Ryan's kindly freighting in our furs for us.

"I'm going to ride and sleep as I ride," he further explained to her. "I've been swinging shoes for a day and a night steady. But don't you let the drivers stop except to breathe the huskies till you make Dawson. I don't know why, but Cronin Hess thinks he knows."

Through Eagle City and Forty-mile, sleeping darkly in the white waste beneath the flashing aurora and the pulsating stars, the teams pressed on. But a wind was drifting the Yukon's broken trail. The going was heavy, and it was an hour after noon of the next day before they swerved up the Dawson bank and turned into Main Street.

In the doorway of the Alaska Commercial Company's store fur-wrapped Gunderhein was idly gossiping with In-

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. . . 10

spector Strickland of the Mounted Police. At sight of Outremont on the foremost sled Gunderhein ran out.

"What's wrong, Gayle?" he asked. "I understood your wife took out the drivers and dog teams to bring in your furs. What's happened?"

"Ask Cronin Hess, Esquire, Champion Quitter, there!" returned Gayle.

"Yes," put in Thorpe Calgour, "ask him what's happened those forty-eight thousand one hundred and twenty-four pelts!"

HE pointed dramatically at the ex-marshal as he ran after the sled of Gayle and Trudis winding up the hill.

"Gayle and Thorpe both got a whale of a grouch, Gunderhein," smiled Hess, gazing after them a little wistfully. "But it ain't anything to get mad over. I'm only letting another fellow freight in our fur."

"Another fellow! Who?"

"Rooney Ryan."

"Calamities! He got back at you after all?"

"No, he only thinks he has. Don't you remember, Gunderhein, a private conversation we had one day several months ago, the day you and Strickland visited our ranch? Don't you recall the antidote I prescribed for this very crime if ever Ryan should commit it?"

Gunderhein's face lightened. His humorous eyes ridged deeply and a silent laugh heaved his big chest. "I do, Cronin," he answered. "Oh, I sure do!"

"Well, we got to swing it quick. Ryan'll be here before the evening shadows fall, and they fall in the middle of the afternoon now. Can you get to Strickland on the jump?"

"Sure, I was talking to him when you came up the river. The Yukon Council meets at half past two, and he has some reports of cases to present. He'll be gone over to the Legislative Building in a minute. I'll have to leg it to catch him and put him wise."

"All right, Gunderhein, but mind we got to swing it quick. Tell him to come back by the Barracks and get a squad of husky privates. I'll meet you at the river bank."

Meanwhile Gayle and Thorpe were grinding out their grouch by preparing to build a fire in the cold cabin on the hill. They were savagely splitting kindling on the doorstep when Trudis pointed out of the doorway.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "Mounted Police gathering on the river bank by the Barracks!"

Gayle and Thorpe stared thoughtfully at the flash of scarlet tunics on the Yukon's spotless shore, then went on and built their fire and came back to stare at them anew.

"Others are joining them," declared Tru. "I see Cronin there and Gunderhein and many more."

There was something significant in the attitude of the crowd. It was pointing at a long line of loaded dog teams toiling up the river, and the suspicion flickered through the minds of Thorpe and Gayle that perhaps Cronin hadn't altogether quit. So they throttled down the fire, closed the cabin door, and, hooking their arms within Trudis's, slid swiftly down the slope on their moccasins.

They plunged through the forefront of the crowd right under Cronin's nose, but Gayle and Thorpe never deigned to notice him. Their gaze went studiously past him and remained fixed upon the line of sleds on the river ice.

THERE were twelve sleds and an armed Indian driver for each sled, besides Ryan, Marlin, and Simons. It was evident that Rooney had been taking no chances of being ambushed on the trail. Halfway down the line he saw, even as Trudis, Gayle, and Thorpe had seen from the hill, the glow of red uniforms against the snow, and he ran forward to Marlin and Simons at the head.

"They're going to arrest us, but don't you resist," he warned. "Don't you raise an eyebrow, and don't you let them Indians do anything to prejudice our stand. I see Strickland and Gunderhein confabbing together, but let them do as they please. We got a stand here that all the Mounted Men in the country can't touch. If Strickland wants your guns and the bucks' guns, let him have them."

That was indeed Strickland's want.

He signed to his privates to gather in the firearms. "These are confiscated," he informed Ryan; "also the furs. And, you, Marlin, and Simons are under arrest."

"On Cronin Hess's warrant, eh?" demanded Ryan, sneering at the ex-marshal.

"No, on my own warrant," Strickland told him. "I'm game warden as well as police inspector, and I arrest you for infringement of the game laws."

"What in thunder do you mean?" roared Ryan. "I ain't broken no game law. Muskrats ain't even protected."

"Yes, they are too!" proclaimed Strickland, flourishing a typed document. "There's a closed season on muskrats in the Yukon from May the 14th to October the 2d. Here's the Order in Council applying it, and it's retroactive to May the 14th of this year."

"It's a brassy forgery," scoffed Rooney. "There ain't no such thing."

"Gunderhein!" exclaimed Strickland, turning in pained surprise to the Syndicate man. "Listen to that, will you!"

GUNDERHEIN puffed up his cheeks into an expression of severity and shook a belligerent fist between Ryan's eyes. "Don't you dare slander your legislators!" he blazed. "I moved that by-law myself not half an hour ago. It was passed in accordance with legislative requirements, due readings and all. I can vouch for its legality. So go ahead, inspector, do your duty."

"Rooney Ryan," declaimed Strickland bombastically, "you are in possession of muskrat pelts taken in the closed season between the dates of May the 14th and October the 2d of this year! The pelts are confiscated and will be sold by auction, the proceeds going into the Fund for the Preservation of Fish and Game. The number of pelts, I am informed on the authority of Cronin Hess, Gayle Outremont, and Thorpe Calgour, is forty-eight thousand one hundred and twenty-four. The penalty for each infringement of the law is twenty dollars. So you are fined nine hundred and sixty-two thousand four hundred and eighty dollars, half of which fine goes to the said informers, Cronin Hess, Gayle Outremont, and Thorpe Calgour."

Ryan wilted suddenly and collapsed upon the sled behind him. "Oh, great Celestials!" he moaned. "Strickland, that's nigh a million dollars. I'll never pay it. I'll never have it to pay it."

"Well," compromised Strickland with a grim smile, "though the option under the law is imprisonment, I don't want it said that during my term of office I ever incarcerated a financially helpless man. I think confiscation and the sale of the furs'll satisfy the law's demands, so I here and now remit the law's half of the fine. But, of course, the remitting of the informers' half rests with the informers, Hess, Outremont, and Calgour, themselves."

"By thunder, inspector," Cronin Hess spoke up, "you've set a noble example of lenience, and we'd be sordid skinflints not to emulate it. So if Gayle and Thorpe is satisfied, for my part you can cut our ten-dollar a skin reward down to, say, fifty cents. Are you satisfied, Thorpe? Satisfied, Gayle?"

"We're satisfied, Cronin," apologized Thorpe and Gayle, reaching their partner's humble hands. "Shake!"

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FILMLAND AS IT WAS AND IS

BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ONLY a few years ago two pilgrims, fleeing from cloudy weather, arrived in Los Angeles from the frozen East. The reader will please understand that southern California is the American Italy and the Home of Climate, hence it is customary for its inhabitants to refer to the unfortunate East as sweltering or freezing, as the case may be. The Western Riviera recognizes no Eastern spring or Indian summer. Coming back to our pilgrims, it had been cloudy in Chicago. They were not searching for sunshine on account of their health; their business demanded it. The enterprise which they represented was a new one in America, furnishing employment for a few hardy pioneers. Nobody on examining that infant industry would have prophesied a giant to come, and if Francis Boggs and Thomas Persons had been hailed as the vanguard of a mighty army, soon to bring millions to the city where they were bringing dollars, Boggs would have been astounded and Persons would have turned in a call for the padded wagon. Yet they were pioneers, and it is a pity that the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles missed meeting them with a brass band.

The chances are that they did not feel much like a vanguard with an army behind them, but like a couple of ordinary men with a lot of work in front of them, for they were the entire scouting wing of the Selig Polyscope Company—the first motion-picture outfit to invade Los Angeles. Their employer had said: 'Go west, young men, and far enough south to find sunshine!"

Francis Boggs was the director, the stage carpenter, the scenic artist, and author of the scenarios. In his leisure moments it was his duty to find and employ the 'actors," not one of whom had ever faced a lens. Very few of them had ever seen a stick of grease paint. Thomas Persons had an easier job. He was merely the business manager, the camera man, the treasurer, the bookkeeper, the custodian of the wardrobe—he carried it in a steamer trunk along with the other suit—and the master of properties. When he had nothing else to do he helped with the carpentering and scene painting. Two men—count 'em—two.

This would be a fine place to say something about the number of motion-picture plants now operating in southern California; to tally the acres given over to the film industry; to mention fifteen millions of dollars as a reasonable and press-unagented estimate of yearly expenditure; to marshal and march the before-mentioned army in swift and dazzling review, but we are now concerned with the vanguard—two men, wondering how they were going to get away with it.

The reader is fairly well informed as to the magnitude of the present-day motion-picture feature productions, else have the press agents labored and manhandled their decimal points in vain. The reader knows of fortunes spent to secure effects; of stage stars lured from the spoken drama by four-figure-a-week salaries; of five-figure-a-year directors—some of them tell us they get six—and, if the reader does not know all these things, we may tell him about them later. We will not inspect the army in its present form, for our business is with the vanguard and the first motion-picture work done in southern California—the water stuff for "The Count of Monte Cristo." Tom Persons recalls it as follows:

"The main thing, of course, was to find a studio. For twenty dollars a month I rented the roof of a building on Main Street and the landlord threw in some dressing rooms on the top floor. Boggs went out on a still hunt for actors. It wasn't so much a question of types in those days as it was of finding some one out of a job and desperate enough to take a chance.

"As I recall it, most of the studio stuff for 'Monte Cristo' had been made in Chicago. We had to find some one to double the Eastern Edmond Dantes, and it was in the cards that the double was going to get wet aplenty. Our great scene was to show Edmond emerging from the sea, shaking his white whiskers, and saying 'The wor-rld is mine!' No production of 'Monte Cristo' would be complete without that.

"Boggs found the right man at last—a hypnotist in a dime museum—and after we had seen him work we knew he had nerve enough for anything. He said that hypnotism was not being recognized to any great extent, and that for a dollar and a half a day he was ours for anything short of manslaughter. We rented the white wig and beard for him at the shop of a theatrical costumer, who took one look at me and demanded a ten-dollar deposit.

"We went down to the coast to make the big scene and found a place with plenty of rocks and breakers in it. We dressed our hypnotist up in rags, helped him on with the wig and beard, and warned him to be careful of 'em. While I set up the camera so as to get a good shot at the breakers, Boggs explained the business of the scene to the actor.

" 'You duck down in the surf behind that big rock,' said he, 'and get wet all over because you've been swimming, see? Don't come out until I tell you to. When I yell, get up on the rock, spread your arms and look up in the air.' There was no talk about registering this and that in those days; a director's instructions had to be dealt out in words of one syllable. The patter talk of the trade came later.

"The hypnotist said that he understood, but no sooner was he down in the surf than he began to yell for help. It was deeper than we thought. Boggs was furious.

" 'Stay where you are! We want to get a good water picture before you come out!'

"I kept on turning the crank, because a big boomer was rolling in and I wanted to get it as it broke, and the hypnotist kept on yelling, but he quit as the wave hit the rock. When the spray had blown away, Boggs yelled for Edmond.

" 'Come on there! What's the matter with you?'



Geraldine Farrar dancing the seguidilla in rehearsal. The famous American prima donna welcomed the opportunity to become a double star by appearing in a movie "Carmen" produced "at a cost staggering even the press agents"



Rajah, prize tiger, does his bit at Selig Zoo, Los Angeles

"In my capacity as camera man I kept on turning the crank, but I began to have misgivings when Edmond failed to show. Pretty soon I caught sight of him, going out to sea with the undertow. He was clear out of the picture too, so all that film was wasted.

"'Jump in after him!' I yelled to Boggs. 'He's drowning!'

"'Never mind him!' Boggs was excited for the first time on the trip. *'Save the wig and beard!'*

"Our actor finally hung up on a big rock, and the next wave brought him ashore, more dead than alive. The first boomer had knocked the breath out of him; he was bruised from head to foot and half full of salt water, but he was game—with a business slant to his gameness. He said that for fifty cents extra he would make the scene over again, and he did. I've often wondered what became of that fellow—the pioneer film stunt actor of the Pacific Coast!

"Just for comparison, in those days we made one-reelers at a cost of $300, and that, mind you, included everything—Boggs's salary and mine, the actors, the costumes, the properties, the raw film, and the rent of the studio. That's what it cost us to do 'Carmen'—if you can imagine 'Carmen' in one reel. We did her on the Main Street roof, mostly, without a señorita or a bull—a sort of a catch-as-catch-can 'Carmen.' The joke of it was that we thought it was a great achievement and that we were making a record that would stand for some time, but now—" And Mr. Persons laughed.

PERHAPS Tom Persons laughed because he was thinking of the difference between the "Carmen" of the Main Street roof and the "Carmen" recently staged by the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company—a production which starred Miss Geraldine Farrar at a cost staggering even the press agents, careless as they are with ciphers—a production calling for streets in Seville and real señoritas and fighting bulls and imported matadors, each tiny detail reproduced with an accurate fidelity merciless to the bank account. Mr. Persons may have been thinking of a single "set" in the Lasky picture, a representation of the entrance to the Plaza de Toros in Seville, correct in all its appointments and near enough like the real thing to fool the most experienced globe-trotter. This set was built only that it might flicker upon the screen for a moment or so and give a thrill to a jaded public—built at a cost twenty times that of the entire "Carmen" of the roof!

Put the two "Carmens" side by side, and you have the whole amazing story of the growth and development of the motion-picture industry in Los Angeles—which means the world, for Los Angeles is now the center of the world's film production. Between them you have a bit of industrial history as strange as fiction, unbelievable save when backed by figures and statistics. And this film giant is growing every day. Suppose we look back and see why Tom Persons was justified in thinking his "Carmen" of the roof a notable achievement.

In its beginning the American motion picture was a crude affair, but it contained the germ of development because it was able to pay its own way from rawest infancy. Human curiosity guaranteed it a good start, but left its future blank. A photograph that moved was a new thing under the sun; people had to see it in order to be convinced of its existence. Beyond the seeing, they asked little. They flocked to the early moving-picture exhibitions as they still flock to see Bosco the Snake-eater and the Dog-faced Boy: not expecting any entertainment save that primal one, the gratification of curiosity—and that is about all they got, if the truth must be told. They went to see a freak photograph and got no more than they demanded.

The pictures which were shown in those days seldom lasted over half a minute, for film manufacturing was also in its infancy and most of the negative stock came in 25-foot lengths. An express train at top speed, a man jumping off a bridge into the river, a horse race—anything so long as it contained plenty of *motion* and the audience went away happy, wondering what on earth they would invent next.

But there is such a thing as satisfying curiosity and feeding it to the point where it will hold no more. The time came when the first American film producers woke up to this fact. The stream of dimes and nickels was dwindling to a thin trickle. The people admitted that photographs could be made to move; they also strongly hinted that they would no longer pay to see them move unless they possessed an added interest. They were tired of express trains.

"Oh, very well," said the modest magnates of that prehistoric period. "Suppose we give 'em little plays—little comedies—with actors?"

Then the moving picture, as we know it to-day, was born. Do you care for a bit of expert testimony about those early comedies and plays? There is, in each motion-picture company, at least one man who qualifies as an all-around expert. He knows as much about the director's business as the director himself; he recognizes talent in a stage carpenter and condemns the clumsy hand; he can tell good acting from bad, but nobody ever asks for his opinion, because he is only the camera man. He is not paid to criticize but to turn the crank. His not to reason why; he listens for the word and grinds out the film; that is what he is paid to do. Nothing escapes his eagle eye, any more than it escapes the eye of his camera. He sees everything, hears everything, knows everything, and says mighty little. Allow us to present Mr. Frank Griffin, a veteran of the tripod who has photographed more famous motion-picture comedians than any other man in the business.

"In the old days," says Griffin, "the camera man had no cinch, believe me; Sandow would have earned his money if he had been turning a crank then. The camera weighed more than 200 pounds and it was as big as a soap box and as complicated as a typesetting machine. In addition to this, it was fitted with a straight lens—the only kind on the market—and you never could tell when the blamed thing was going to kick or buckle and ruin a scene. Nowadays the best cameras weigh less than 40 pounds and a man can carry his whole outfit under his arm.

"I was among those present when the trick film went out and the movie drama came in. We had no recognized film actors in those lovely days; it was a sort of catch-as-catch-can with nobody barred, and well do I remember the 'dead line.' The actors were responsible for that. They were so very bad that we had to photograph them as small as possible; nobody was allowed to get closer to the camera than 25 feet. At that distance you could hardly tell whether an actor was laughing or crying; facial expression was a thing that we avoided.



Danger? This is only the trained leopard of the Selig Zoo

"Stage sets were not built in those days—they were painted on canvas. 'Props' were few and far between. If we had a parlor set that called for a piano the scenic artist painted one on the top of a table and tacked it on the canvas. It was a crime to spend more than $150 on a picture, automobiles were unheard-of luxuries, and we had to ride to and from the 'locations' in the street cars.

"We tried our hand at comedies, and as action was the main thing desired in those days the 'chase' came into prominence. Do you recall the old-time film comedy? It didn't need any plot at all; only an excuse for a lot of folks to chase somebody, and the actor who couldn't run was an actor out of luck. The rougher the ground they covered and the harder the falls they took, the better the picture. Literally speaking, we ran one comedy company all over Pennsylvania, and at the end of the summer they



Photographing a balcony scen in "Old Heidelberg" at Reliance Majestic Studio



Mme. Nazimova (left) at Griffith Studio; David Griffith in light suit and Panama

could have qualified as cross-country champions. We also had a whack at the drama. I believe I turned the crank on one of the first Civil War pictures ever made in the United States. Our boss—he is one of the big men in the business to-day—thought that something might be done along the lines of the late unpleasantness between the North and the South, and the director faked up a story of some sort, overlooking only one vital point. The boss had a marked peculiarity; he never would stand for an actor with a beard. I don't know that I blame him much at that. The old saying 'False as a wig' should be changed to read 'False as a beard.' Somehow, moving-picture whiskers seldom register right or photograph right. I don't know why, unless it's because very few actors know how to put 'em on.

"THE punch in our little old war drama depended upon the appearance of an actor made up to look like General Grant, and the director had no end of trouble fixing a hamfatter to take the part of the Northern commander. He arranged things to his own satisfaction at last, cigar and all, and just as I was grinding out the big scene of the piece, who should walk into the studio but the boss! He took only one look at what we were doing and then we heard from him.

"'Hold on! Everything stops right here!'

"The director tore his hair. He was temperamental, like most of 'em are to this day.

"'What's wrong with it?' he asked.

"The boss pointed to the bogus General Grant.

"'Whiskers don't go in any piece of mine!' That was all he said. I thought the director was going to choke.

"'But that's Grant—General Grant! He'll have to wear a beard!'

"'Not in any picture of mine, he won't! You'll have to shave him!'

"Honestly, that thing really happened. Without whiskers there was no Grant; without Grant there was no kick in the story. The director refused to palm off a beardless commander on the public, so he scrap-heaped the war drama and went at something else. . . . Yes, the game was a little bit crude in its beginnings."



Sultana, the camel, with Kathlyn Williams

A little bit crude, yes. Is it any wonder that Boggs and Persons thought their 1,000-foot "Carmen" a wonder, a masterpiece, and a record breaker? They believed they were establishing the limits of the picture game, but they were only plumbing its possibilities. Early spring saw them on their way to Colorado, where they turned out one hilarious reel a week, dealing for the most part in cow-punchers and cattlemen, thus giving the Western drama its start.

In the fall of 1909 Francis Boggs came back to Los Angeles at the head of a company of real actors, and the Selig studio was established on South Olive Street. At about the same time the American Biograph Company located at Twelfth and Georgia Streets, half a mile away. This company was under the direction of a thoughtful, rather reserved young man named Griffith.

Boggs and Griffith were pacemakers by natural inclination and mental equipment. They did their own thinking and were not afraid of an idea because of its newness. They studied the possibilities of the camera with an eye to discovering new effects in photography with which to beautify their pictures and add artistic value to them. They realized the importance of good acting and demanded it; as the performers increased in ability, the camera crept closer to them.

The dead line was a thing of the past, and in rapid succession there came the close-up, the fade-in and fade-out, the vision, the keyhole and binocular effects, the sunset silhouette, and the use of the telescope lens. The films began to tell real stories in an interesting way, and the improvement in the class of entertainment offered was soon felt in the market. European pictures began to lose their vogue; here was something American for Americans and the five and ten cent customers indicated a strong preference for the California product. The dollars began to pour into the hands of the exhibitors.

There was money in film manufacturing—big money—and then began the western march of the film makers. Los Angeles offered them more sunshine than could be (*Continued on page* 28)

WHAT HAPPENED AT EL RANCHO VERDE

BY VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATED BY CONVERS WYETH

EL RANCHO VERDE lay like a green gem in a golden setting, fair with its alfalfa fields and its grove of tall cottonwoods and palms huddled about its living spring. A great adobe house, cool and deep and dark and so old that none knew its precise age, sat in its patio in restful dignity. About it and the huge corrals behind swarmed a host of dusky people (Mexicans, Indians, half-breeds) with soft eyes and leisurely feet.

Horses whinnied in the fields and ran along the fences in long lines of shining beauty, for it was plain that some heart that ruled the rancho loved its steeds, so fine were they, so varied, so evidently well bred.

Wide fields, green with grain and pasture, stretched far on every side, watered by a perfect irrigating system from the hills that rose toward the north, snow-capped and barren, a rampart between this little paradise and the cold north.

But only El Rancho Verde was bright with the living green, for beyond its tended area stretched an illimitable land as yellow as gold in its summer aridity. Cattle roamed there in untrammeled liberty: wild, long-horned creatures among whose surging herds the life of a man on foot was a bagatelle. These belonged to the land by right, its ancient heritage, and to the men who rode the yellow plains El Rancho Verde with its growing acres was an eyesore, an affront. They hated its slim-legged horses with their arching necks, its silent servants, its air of calm and devil-may-care, and they hated what it stood for.

They would have hated its owner, too, save for a law so old that they bowed to it as the dust mote rides on the air, in helpless unconsciousness, for the owner was a woman.

On a morning in July this woman stood at the gate of one of the fields with a slim foot on a lower bar and two brown arms, bare to above the elbows, folded on its top. She wore a short dark skirt, a man's silk shirt, open at the throat, and a sombrero. She was slender yet round with that delicate fullness which makes for beauty. Her hair was black and soft and full of curls, so that it came about her face in falling wisps. Her eyes were gray between black lashes—sweet, swift eyes they were, loving and tender, yet prone to change like lightning at sight of cruelty or wrong. And they were seductive eyes, too: a coquette's eyes by every sign. That she loved all decent life was apparent in her every glance.

"Manuel," she said severely, "I told you *not* to let Sanchez handle that gelding. He has ridden him again. I can see the mark of a surcingle."

A graceful lad, half Mexican and half Hopi, snubbed up by the rope in his hand a beautiful young horse and brought him round to the gate with a swing and a curvet.

"No, señorita," he said softly; "I think Sanchez—"

"Manuel, would you try to fool me, you young scamp?"

And she laid a hand on the boy's arm, reaching across the gate. Manuel looked into her eyes and his dark ones melted gently.

"You see here," she went on, "turn him a bit. See that?" With an accusing finger she pointed to a barely perceptible line, faintly pressed in the shining skin around the handsome body.

"Tell Sanchez," she said solemnly, "that if he backs that colt again I'll send him off the rancho."

"Si, señorita."

"And you, Manuel, if you don't—"

But she turned from the gate with the sentence unfinished, for the thunder of hoofs roared suddenly into her perception and a horseman came pounding through the cottonwoods and out toward her. He was a handsome, big man, vital and full of strength, with the life flowing in him abundantly. The horse he rode was worthy of him, a magnificent animal—black as coal from flying foretop to fringed fetlock—that bore the look of conquerors.

THE woman leaned back against the gate, spread her arms out along it, and smiled at him.

"U'm," she said. "No—no laces, neither any corn salve nor liniment. Peddlers not allowed."

"So?" laughed the man. "Then mebbe you can tell me the way to the nearest soda fountain?"

She shook her head.

"Seems sort o' strange," he grinned. "Live here?"

She nodded.

"Name Landon—Miss Van Landon?"

Again she nodded.

"Ah, have I ever been interduced to you?"

At that the woman laughed aloud and, leaving the gate, reached up a hand and, taking his eagerly outstretched one, shook it heartily.

"Still at your old tricks, Bert," she said; "and still riding that—ah—that animal, I see. Did I understand you to say it was a horse—a real horse?"

The man dismounted with a lithe swing and dropped his rein.

"You did," he averred gravely; "an' what's more he's the *best* horse, bar none, on these here plains. If he wasn't, I wouldn't be aridin' him."

"Huh!" she said. "Huh! If I could ever make up my mind to let you run him against Yusuf— But I couldn't think of it."

"No? Well, Miss Smarty, some day we'll run that race we ben atalkin' about fer this last year, an' Black Bolt'll run your Yusuf off his feet—kill him astandin'."

She looked at him sidewise, a wondrous glance of contempt and tenderness that went to the man's head like wine. They had left the gate and were walking slowly toward the singing grove of cottonwoods, all silvery in the little wind, and once in their shelter the man caught at her hand hanging in the folds of her skirt.

"Van," he said swiftly, "Oh, Van! Honest, I might's well be dead as live without you. Ain't you never goin' to say the word?"

He swung her round toward him and his hungry eyes devoured her face. For a moment she answered his look with eyes that promised and gave royally. Then she became smilingly impersonal. She pulled her hand away and shook her slim shoulders in a little impatient gesture.

"You come on in," she said; "you're a little dippy with the heat. I'll have Rosendo make you a cool drink."

The man fell into her mood instantly, and following her into the patio among the palms took off his wide hat to wipe his face with a huge red kerchief.

He sat down in a deep wicker chair while she went with swift steps away into the remote regions of the old house, to return presently with Rosendo and tinkling cups and little sugary cakes.

"This is solid comfort, Van," he said pleasantly and fell to like a boy.

"Where you going?" she asked. "And who you

after now, you old hard-hearted rascal? I hate that thing."

And reaching over suddenly she flipped his vest aside to show the star gleaming on his shirt beneath.

"Sorry," he said succinctly, "but they got to have a sheriff, ain't they?"

SHE nodded reluctantly.

"And they natchelly need the best man in the county, don't they?"

"From the conceited man, oh Lord, preserve us!" she said; "yes, I suppose so."

"Well, I'm him. And I'm after a horse thief from down El Como way."

"Horse thief?"

"Yes, horse thief. And if I get him—when I get him," he corrected gravely—"he's agoin' up for so many years he'll never need a horse when he comes out."

"My Lord, Bert," said the woman a trifle sharply, "you—you're hard. Don't you have any pity for the poor wretches you catch?"

He shook his head and reached for two more little cakes.

"Why should I? They know better. They all know better."

"Yes, y-e-s, I suppose so," she said, but the pretty eyes traveled out across the wide yellow plains with a little frown between them. "And what sort of a chap is this one?"

"Young kid—Caliente Kid they call him. He's a bad one too. Been at these tricks for two years and he's only nineteen now."

"So young! Oh, Bert, think of shutting up in jail a boy like that. And for years and years!"

"Yes, an' think of him comin' 'long here some night and runnin' off your Yusuf that you're so proud about!"

He had her there, for the blood of anger rushed into her cheeks at the mere thought. She was hard to impose upon, a fighter for the last little line of her rights. But with the irrefutable logic of the woman she fell back upon her sex and her own charm.

"He wouldn't run off *my* horses, I'll bet," she said.

"Lord love us! And who's conceited now?"

"Not I. But come on out and take a look at Yusuf—you've eaten enough of Fanita's sugar cakes now to spoil your digestion. I'd hate to board you, Bert Cardigan."

The man picked up his hat, brushed the crumbs from his leather chaps with elaborate care, and followed her out of the cool patio, around the house to the corrals at the back.

Here, in a little paddock all his own, Yusuf stamped and wheeled in mere excess of spirits. At sight of him the sheriff's dark eyes lighted, for, despite his pose of studied depreciation to Miss Van Landon concerning this horse, he knew him to be a prince of the blood. And a prince he looked, this Yusuf, playing in the summer sunlight. He was white as the silver snows on the bleak caps to the north—clear, almost blue-white. His body was lean and beautiful in every line and curve. There was not a mark of any kind upon him. His beautiful head sat on his slim neck royally, his delicate nostrils flared and fell like a woman's bosom, his eyes were wide and full, and they shone like jewels in his silver face.

There was about him a slim ferocity, if one might call it so, like the look of a fine steel blade; something tempered and reliable, yet delicate and wondrously pliant.

Van's sensitive face flushed with rapture just to behold him and to know him hers.

"Bert," she said solemnly; "there isn't a horse to match him in the country. Go bring your Black Bolt here and let's compare the two."

Cardigan went without a word, and presently he led up to the paddock fence that great black beast which had been his good friend for three hard-riding years. And truly it was worth studying, this comparison, for the two horses were as unlike as daylight and darkness, yet both as incomparably splendid. Where Yusuf was light and bore the very presence of the fleet wind in his aspect, Black Bolt was heavier with a look about him of endurance past estimating. He, too, was lean, but in a different way. The muscles slid under his heavy skin like twisted cables. He stepped with a strength and assurance that suggested dauntless courage. He was a conqueror by every sign, relentless, resistless in progress. He was scarred from service—had been saddle-galled and branded. And he was as fine in his way as Yusuf, a splendid creature, strong, courageous, and Bert Cardigan knew him to be faithful.

FOR a long time the two owners stood and looked at the animals. Then the sheriff turned to the woman.

"Van," he said, "there's no use in this world talkin' about 'em. They're both kings, both A1, both the best of their kind. Nothin' but a test will ever decide between 'em. And some day we'll make it—eh, sweetheart?"

But Van grinned like a boy and shook her head.

"Not unless there's a reason," she answered, "and a good one."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just feel that way about it."

"Well, however it rests, I've got to be agoin'. Been on trail for two days now an' I can't waste time."

He sidled up to her on the lee side of Black Bolt and took her hand with a covert glance around.

"Won't you give me a kiss, Van?" he begged softly. "Just one."

But Van Landon slapped his cheek and flung away.

"Go on about your wicked business, Bert Cardigan," she said; "my kisses aren't waiting for every comer."

But as the man flushed a bit beneath his wholesome tan she snatched his hand tight in hers and pressed it hard against her breast. The little action was loving and sweet, and it took the sting from her words. The sheriff shook his head in perplexity.

"You women," he said; "I'll never know you in this world."

"Hope not," said Van, "you'd lose interest in life if you did, Mister Man. Good-by—and I hope you never catch that boy."

And as he rode away she stood long by the paddock fence watching him.

IT WAS two days later. El Rancho Verde droned in its happy indolence. The vaqueros had come in from the plains, for Van Landon had some cattle of her own, and there was the rattle of riding gear and the clink of spurs about the stables and corrals. Van herself lay stretched in a hammock beneath the cottonwoods, her hands under her head and her eyes smiling out at the pageant of sunset on the illimitable land.

Far as the eye could see the great yellow plains stretched away to the south and west and east, a wondrous canvas spread for the Master's colors which lay upon it in huge washes of mauve and lavender and pink, each delicate gradation of shade merging into the next, to grow into splashed crimson and the deepest purple where some lift or dip intensified the haze or lightened it.

"Glory be!" she sighed, "what a glorious world it is, and how glad I am, O Powers That Be, to live in it!"

She put one slippered foot to the hard-beaten earth beneath her hammock and started to swing herself. But at that precise moment there came the sound of a horse's feet on the stone flags behind her, and she flung up instantly, her whole body alert.

There, between the cottonwoods, she saw a sight that brought her up standing.

A little cow pony stood heaving in the light, its haggard head drooping, its body wavering on spread legs as if it had run to the last limit of its endurance. Sweat and dust, dried and caked upon its hide, spoke eloquently of a gallant effort long sustained. It was the little horse that drew first the eyes of this woman who loved horses. Then she saw its rider. With a long breath she went forward and put her hand on the leather cuff that incased his wrist.

"Boy," she said gravely, "what are you running from?"

The stranger jerked his hand away, snatched up his rein and struck his spurs into the pony's side, but the little horse was done, and besides Van had caught its rein close to the bit. (*Continued on page* 30)



It was a magnificent finale, a sight for men and gods. Like the wind he flung by the other horse, and two lengths ahead he went by the corral gate

fetching a hat, leaping into the arms of his master, and tangoing on his hind legs. Later, dramatic necessity compels the dog to play dead, or almost so, when for the purposes of the plot he is supposed to have been run over by an automobile. The characters scurry about the stage in search of one thing or another, but Jasper never stirs from the sofa where he has been placed nor does he keep more than one eye open and that a sorrowful one.

"Young America" concerns the turmoil created in the life of a lately wed suburban couple when the wife decides to assume the guardianship of a boy who has been convicted of stealing chickens. Her quixotic act, which is deftly motivated in the play, almost drives her husband out of the house, but he begins to share her enthusiasm for the boy when the youngster's depth of feeling is shown after the accident to the dog. The final curtain finds wife, husband, boy, and dog happy despite the fact that they have decided to see the New York Giants play two games of baseball.

The play affords good opportunities to Miss Peggy Wood, William Sampson, Percy Helton—and the dog. The second act is laid in a children's court, and there is a suggestion of a desire to treat the subject of juvenile delinquency, but it is not carried far. An earlier play, "Just Boys," by Katherine Browning Miller and Allena Kanka, made an attempt to deal with the children's court in rather more comprehensive fashion, but the play was technically weak and, in spite of an exceedingly fine act in a juvenile court, could not hold its place in New York.



Emily Stevens as The Unchastened Woman in the last part of her career

Failures afford exceedingly interesting matter for comment this season, not because of any grave mistakes in popular judgment, but simply because several unsuccessful plays have combined conspicuous virtues with conspicuous faults.

"Moloch" deserved failure, and yet it was a representative and eloquent piece of work. Beulah M. Dix undertook to strip war of romantic flubdub and reveal it as grim business. Her play marked the dramatic retribution which has been piling up against war in ever-increasing volume as "Secret Service" has been tossed on top of "Shenandoah" and upon them "Under Fire." "Moloch" protested that playwrights lied when they sent heroes and subheroes galloping to glory with flashing sabers. War, says "Moloch," is a business carried on for the most part without enthusiasm to a doleful and inconclusive issue.

The usually sure-footed George M. Cohan has slipped this season in writing "Hit-the-Trail Holliday." The play has attained success, but it will not add to Mr. Cohan's recently won reputation for craftsmanship and it will not achieve the smashing success which the subject warranted. Cohan undertook to dramatize Billy Sunday. Here was, and is for that matter, an American subject essentially dramatic and possible of treatment in almost any vein from tragedy to farce. Cohan chose farce, but unfortunately he did not make his choice until he had written one act of comedy. On top of this mistake the author kept his play offstage. Billy Holliday, a bartender, is enlisted through a personal spite into a fight for temperance. In his first appearance as a public speaker he quiets a hostile audience and scores to such an astonishing extent that the managing editor of the New York "Tribune" is induced to prepare a newspaper for the second act topped by the eight-column head: "Booze Expert Turns Temperance Preacher."

The big meeting, however, occurs some time between the first and second acts, and the audience is allowed to see Holliday in action only once, and then he proves a rather unconvincing speaker. After the first act, which is a careful and convincing picture of the happenings in a small-town barber shop, the play develops into a more or less conventional farce of the doings of a man upon whom has suddenly been thrust prosperity. Possibly the most surprising thing in Cohan's failure to produce an adequate Billy Sunday is his seeming inability to write the slang which Billy Sunday speaks.

"I've got a gospel gun that shoots straight," Billy Sunday once said. "It's loaded with rough on rats, ipecac, rock salt, and barbed wire." The Cohan ordnance lacks some of these elements. At any rate, Sunday's observation: "Do you think that because you say there isn't any hell that turns the hose on it?" is not equaled by Cohan in spite of the fact that he deals not infrequently with the place of torment. "Aw, you go to hell," is Cohan's favorite treatment of the subject.

George M. Cohan is a quick, although shallow, observer of American life. He has a command of colloquial English and a strong sense of theatrical values. But Sunday possesses all these things and in greater measure. He is, we think, more nearly the great American dramatist than George Cohan.

The play of the season which has proved to have the widest and most certain appeal is "The Boomerang." It is not a great play. The very fact that everyone likes it is proof that it is not new in subject matter, technique, or acting. It is as light as a pancake and as palatable. Discussion of such a play is difficult, for much of its charm depends upon extremely deft acting which is difficult to describe.

(*Continued on page 26*)

THE STRAIGHTENED ANGLE

BY EDGAR WALLACE

ILLUSTRATED BY T. DE THULSTRUP

SOMETIMES in the street you meet a man and check in your walk to speak to him. He, too, half stops, searching your face with a scrutiny which is half bewilderment and half-pleasant anticipation. Then, as a third observer would see, the interest fades from both faces; there is a muttered and incoherent apology on both sides, and you continue your several walks.

Psychologists have a ready explanation for the phenomenon, but Professor von Shellhorn of the Zurich University calls it by a German term, which means "Angle-Unity," meaning thereby that the human family is represented by many triangles and that triangles are only straight lines which follow different directions, but which, on occasions and by some mysterious process, are straightened out again.

But for this theory and for the common character of the experience I should not tell the story of Lieutenant H. B. Meredith of the Fourteenth Kents and the Staff Officer.

It was a tradition of the Fourteenth Kents that they despised loopholes, were contemptuous of periscopes, and that they obtained their knowledge of enemy movements by a mysterious divination with which the Fourteenth Kents, alone of all regiments in the British expeditionary force, was gifted.

Coming back to Hesle from ninety-six hours' trench duty, the Fourteenth Kents were reproached, what time they rested in the battered village of Soissant, with a lapse from military vigilance—a lapse which had caused the gentlemen who addressed the reproach considerable labor.

These were the Fifty-fifth City of London Regiment, and they had just been relieved from the trenches to the left of those recently occupied by the Kents, and were, in consequence, chief witnesses for the prosecution as well as judge and jury.

"Asleep in your trench last night, wasn't you?" asked one of the Londoners politely.

To which there was a confusion of reply, for every man of the Kents within earshot replied at once with certain vitriolic prefixes which need not be repeated.

"I only arst you," said the unruffled Londoner, "because, owin' to our bein' on the spot providen-ially, so to speak, we managed to save the line."

It may be explained that a half company of the enemy had seized the Fourteenth's trenches the night before, and had only been expelled after fierce and deadly bayonet fighting, in which no less than three battalions of the brigade had been involved.

"Perhaps," suggested a sympathetic Londoner with a large piece of cheese in his hand, "you didn't see the bosches comin'—"

"How could we," sneered a man of the Fourteenth, "when the blighters came out of your trench?"

A lie, and an insulting lie, moreover, but the Londoners showed no resentment. They had reached their billets three hours before, and had changed into clean clothing and had fed, and, in consequence, they could afford a tolerance of attitude toward a "crush" that had yet four miles to march, were weary, hungry, and as short-tempered as soldiers become after ninety-six hours of trench duty.

"So long!" chorused the tormentors as the word "March!" came snapping down the Kents' line, "make a night of it—you had your sleep last night." The Kents departed in anything but dignified silence.

"Territorials," said a broken-nosed private from Bromley, and, as he said it, it sounded a challenge to the wisdom of Providence; "perishing counter-jumpers, that go out on a Saturday afternoon with a gun pretendin' to be soldiers!"

"A bloke of the Grenadiers told me," said his companion slowly, "that when the Guards took over their trenches they found every bloomin' section from traverse to traverse full of their boots!"

"Boots?"

"What they jumped out of the first time they heard a Crump ["The Crump" is the German 8.2, and is so called because it bursts with a noise which is best described by the word] go off," said the other.

Ahead of A Company three weary officers walked abreast of Rider, the captain, and his two subalterns.

"You heard that infernal terrier?" asked the skipper fretfully. "That is the sort of fool talk that spreads up and down the line and is believed by the whole army."

"But why did B Company go back, sir?" asked the subaltern.

"Because they were ordered back," said the other shortly. "A staff officer turned up in the trench at one in the morning and told them to retire. The telephone wires had been hit and cut, and there was no chance of confirming the order."

"Who was the officer?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"The only man who knew him was young Meredith, and he was bombed getting back to the trench. According to the men, Meredith knew the officer and shook hands with him as though he were an old acquaintance whom he had not seen for years—nobody else knew him."

There was a silence broken only by the orderly tramp of feet.

"It's rum, sir," said Baston, the subaltern, after a while; "in fact, it looks as though the whole thing was a put-up job—by the enemy, I mean. They've often sent fellows into the trenches disguised as our staff officers—"

"I think we had better all shut up," interposed Rider testily. "There will be a court of inquiry, and until then we must rack our brains and recall Meredith's friends—he hadn't many, poor chap."

Another long pause.

"Did we get Meredith's body, sir?" asked the third officer, and Captain Rider shook his head.

"That's the most curious thing of all," he said. "According to Sergeant Beale's statement, Meredith was killed, not in the recovered trench, but beyond. The sergeant says that the star shells were lighting up the ground as though it were broad day, and that he saw all that followed. No sooner had Meredith fallen than a big Prussian—a private—leaned down and picked the boy up as if he were a child and carried him back to the German lines under a perfect hail of shrapnel."

"Are we sure he is dead, sir?" asked Baston, and his superior nodded.

"There's no doubt about that," he said shortly. "Beale saw— March to attention!" he roared, for ahead, with a little sinking of heart, he saw a group of officers standing by the side of the road, and recognized not only the brigadier but the divisional general.

"Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," said he *sotto voce*. It was his favorite quotation in these days, and he had occasion to employ it fre-

quently, for war is not only a trouble, but a begetter of trouble.

The court of inquiry was held without any preliminary fuss. A white-mustached general of division, a keen-faced brigadier (he had started the war as a major), and the puzzled colonel of the Kents formed the informal tribunal, for informal it was, having as its object the unraveling of a mystery rather than the filling of voluminous minutes of evidence.

"Would you know the staff officer again, sergeant?" asked the brigadier.

SERGEANT BEALE, a taciturn man, brick-red of face and blue of chin, nodded.

"Yes, sir—I'd swear to him."

"And you say that he came down the communication trench and greeted Mr. Meredith as though he'd known him for a long time?"

"Just like an old friend, sir."

"What did Mr. Meredith do?"

The sergeant licked his lips as one who has a story to tell.

"Mr. Meredith, sir, seemed took aback for a minute. Then he says: 'You here! By gad, I am surprised!'—those were his words, and the way he shook the staff officer's hand showed me that he was glad as well."

"Did the staff officer say anything?"

"Nothing that I heard, sir. He spoke in a low voice, and afterward Mr. Meredith said 'Certainly,' and gave the order for the whole section to be evacuated and for us to fall back. I never saw the staff officer again and I did not see Mr. Meredith till after the counterattack, and then I saw him being carried off the field by a German, who seemed taking his orders from an officer."

The divisional general asked a question or two, and the sergeant was dismissed on an errand.

"It is inexplicable," said the senior officer; "Meredith was as straight as a die—I know his people and have known him since he was that high. His father has a brigade at the Dardanelles."

"I know Colonel Meredith too," said the brigadier; "in fact, he is a crony of mine." They consulted together for a while, and the sergeant was again sent for. He came with a little valise, which he laid on the table.

"This is all Mr. Meredith's private kit, sir," he said.

The general took the leather case and shook out the contents. There was a bundle of letters in a firm, official hand, and another packet of letters written in a sprawling feminine hand, which the general looked at for a moment before he slipped them into the pocket of his khaki jacket.

"My daughter," he said gruffly, "and these are in his father's writing"—he indicated the other bundle.

There was a diary half filled with the cramped writing of the dead boy and a pocketbook with a few papers and two photographs.

The first of these was the head and shoulders of a middle-aged man in uniform.

"His father," said the general, "you know—what is the matter, sergeant?"

THE sergeant was staring at the photograph, his mouth open, his every attitude betraying amazement.

"That's him!" he gasped.

"Who?"

"The staff officer—the officer that spoke to Mr. Meredith!"

There was a dead silence, the three officers regarding their subordinate in astonishment.

"That is impossible," said the brigadier, "absolutely impossible."

He thrust his hand in his pocket and took out a crumpled field-telegraph form.

"When I knew that the boy was killed this morning I cabled his father—here is his reply thanking me and asking that the body should be sent to England."

"But he may have returned from Gallipoli," said the colonel; "officers are constantly arriving."

The brigadier shook his head and smoothed out the telegram.

"It's him, sir—I'll swear it is him!" protested the sergeant vehemently. "And look, sir!"

The general had moved the first of the photographs, revealing a snapshot photograph of a laughing man in civilian garb. "That's how he looked when he laughed!"

"H'm," said the general after a pause, "that will do, sergeant."

When the man had gone the three officers looked one at the other.

"Of course it's absurd," said the brigadier quietly, "and yet—the boy said 'You here! By gad, I am surprised!'—the whole story fits in."

"I give it up," said the divisional commander and rose from the table. "If I were a believer in the supernatural—but I'm not, thank God!"

And there the mystery of the late Lieutenant Meredith of the Fourteenth Kents might have remained but for the fact that two days later the Ninth Wiltshire Regiment, while holding the fire trenches before Richebert d'Avoue, were visited by a staff officer who ordered the first line to be evacuated. An attempt to secure confirmation by telephone failed owing to the fact (which was not discovered until daylight) that the wire had been scientifically cut. The officer commanding took the precaution of sending a messenger back to the battalion headquarters, and spent the time chatting with the staff officer. When the messenger returned (and with him the adjutant of the Wiltshires), carrying instructions to hold on like grim death, the staff officer had disappeared—none knew whither.



"'You here! By gad, I am surprised!' The way he shook the officer's hand showed he was glad"

Four nights later a mysterious staff officer walked into the map room of the Divisional Intelligence Department and carried away certain confidential plans of the British blockhouses on the La Fosse Taubers line, signing the book for their receipt.

Divisional corps and army commanders on this section of the line met by appointment at a little hotel in Methen, which is army headquarters.

"There's a pretty poisonous spy at work," said Sir George, the army chief, "and I think we'll catch him. He is evidently wandering at large in our midst. On Saturday next we will—"

He outlined a certain scheme.

On the Saturday afternoon the military police on duty at the village known as the Rue de Quatre held up a motor car driven by a solitary staff officer and, at the point of their revolvers, induced him to alight. "But, my good man," he smiled, "I am an officer of the General Staff."

And he indicated the brassard about his arm and the scarlet band which ran round his cap.

"That's all right," said the corporal of police grimly, "but it doesn't alter the fact that you're a prisoner."

Now, this had been the order of the army chief.

On the appointed day—which was that Saturday—the order had been passed by word of mouth that every staff officer in the army, whether he were general or youthful aid-de-camp, should from sunrise to sunset wear a glove on his left hand—and no other.

And commanders of battalions, batteries, and companies had been secretly instructed to arrest and detain every staff officer who passed into their orbit who was not so attired.

There were many arrests, but that is beside the point. The main interest for the moment lies in the fact that the smiling officer at the wheel wore two gloves.

The divisional general, the brigadier, and the commander of the Fourteenth Kents were summoned hastily to army headquarters.

"I think we have bagged your staff officer, general," said Sir George, and gave particulars of the capture.

"We had better have him in," he concluded, and dispatched his A. D. C. to escort the prisoner. Presently the door opened and the officer ushered in the captive.

The divisional general sprang up from his chair as though he had been shot.

"Good God!" he breathed. "Colonel Meredith!"

THE prisoner said nothing. He merely raised his hand in salute and smiled at the acid-faced army commander.

"Sir George Chelyn, I believe," he said.

Sir George turned to the general.

"Do you know this officer?" he asked.

The other nodded slowly.

"He is Colonel Meredith, sir; he is commanding a brigade at the Dardanelles—"

"On the contrary," interrupted the prisoner pleasantly, "I am Colonel Baron von Kreissler of the Great General Staff and I am engaged in Intelligence work."

Sir George rang a bell and an officer appeared from an inner room.

"Send Major Grey of the Intelligence to me," he said.

"Admirable Major Grey," murmured the prisoner, "he passed through the Staff College in 1910 with honors and married the daughter of Dr. Sandy of Shrewsbury. He was in debt in 1911, owing to the failure of the Birkbeck Bank, in which he was a shareholder, but was saved by his father-in-law."

He repeated this as a child repeats a lesson.

"You see," he explained apologetically, "we know these things in our department—he also knows certain details."

Major Grey came in at that moment, a short but dapper man wearing pince-nez.

"Do you know this officer?" asked Sir George.

The newcomer gave the smiling prisoner a brief glance.

"Yes, sir," he said, "he is Colonel Baron von Kreissler, chief of the Intelligence of the fourth German army."

"Have you ever seen Colonel Meredith?" asked the brigadier.

"No, sir," replied the other.

"You are certain this is Von Kreissler?" demanded Sir George.

"Absolutely—I have seen him a score of times in Berlin and in Mayence."

"True," admitted the prisoner cheerfully, "and now, gentlemen, I should be glad if you will give me the benefit of a summary trial. Frankly, I am very tired of life, for I have twice lost that which makes life worth living."

He paused and then repeated in a low voice: "Twice—twice!"

The smile had gone from his face now, and it was old and careworn. The forehead was puckered and the sensitive mouth beneath the bristling mustache drooped pathetically.

"Will you sit down, colonel?" asked Sir George gently.

He sensed a tragedy out of the common, and there will always be between soldiers, however bitter their enmity, a sympathy beyond civilian understanding. Besides which he had endured a loss in the war which had left his own heart empty and desolate.

THE man accepted the chair which the aid pushed to him and sank down, his face in his hands.

Presently he sat up and the ghost of the old smile flickered at the corner of his mouth.

"You think I am—what shall I say, weak? My own general thinks I am mad. For myself, I also. Herr General, I will try your patience for a moment if you will be so kind—may I have a glass of water?"

This they brought, and after a while he spoke: "I have a son—my only son and my only friend, Lieutenant Otto von Kreissler (*Continued on page 24*)



Shelton, Cornell *End* | Abell, Colgate *Tackle* | Spears, Dartmouth *Guard* | Peck, Pittsburgh *Center* | Schlachter, Syracuse *Guard* | Gilman, Harvard *Tackle* | Baston, Minnesota *End*

CAMP'S ALL-AMERICA ELEVEN

BY WALTER CAMP

THE strangest of all strange football seasons has staggered to a successful close—successful because by a sudden reversal of form the tension, instead of dying out on November 13 for Eastern possibilities, was increased by Yale's victory over Princeton, and this led to the possibility of the unexpected occurring in the Harvard-Yale game. But that game proved that "Garrison finishes" and last-hour frenzy are not a sound basis for success against a seasoned, well-coached team.

The season began in a commonplace way. The first games of all the so-called big teams went off in the traditional manner.

Then, suddenly and without warning, things began to happen, and within the next few weeks Yale had gone down before Virginia 10 to 0, and to Washington and Jefferson 16 to 7; Harvard had been defeated by Cornell 10 to 0; Pennsylvania had been beaten by Penn State 13 to 3; Dartmouth had been smothered by Princeton 30 to 7; the Army had been beaten by Colgate 13 to 0, and the Navy had not won a game all the season! By that time Cornell, Pittsburgh, and Colgate were so far along that it looked as if they would finish the season without a defeat. The edge of appetite was just about to be dulled because, as these three did not meet each other and as every other team of prominence in the East had been beaten, the finish of the season looked like an anticlimax. Then came the final lap and with it a riot of exciting happenings.

The three Eastern teams that had not been scored upon were Colgate, Cornell, and Pittsburgh. Harvard, Washington and Jefferson, and Princeton were regarded as following closely. Syracuse and Yale were down in the ruck. But there was yet history to be written. Now arrived the fateful 13th, and Syracuse snowed Colgate under, while Yale defeated Princeton, and Pittsburgh put an end to any aspiration of Washington and Jefferson. Even Cornell had a bad fright, for Washington and Lee, with another Barrett on her team, had the Ithacans well-nigh dazed in the early part of the game, running up a score of 21 to 7, only, however, to be overtaken gradually by Sharpe's better organized and more persistent attack, combined with Captain Barrett's brilliancy. Michigan had been beaten by the Michigan Aggies, the Michigan Aggies then outclassed by the Oregon Aggies, and these beaten in turn by another Pacific Coast team.

The above-mentioned victory of Yale over Princeton, together with these other extraordinary results and the excitement caused by the reports of Washington and Lee's early lead on Cornell, served greatly to whet public appetite once more. Those who did not look beneath the surface saw great chances for the rejuvenated Yale team, with the spirited coaching of Shevlin, to sweep Harvard to defeat, and also possibilities of something extraordinary happening when Pennsylvania met Cornell, or of Penn State's defeating Pittsburgh. Anything might occur, they argued, in a season of this kind. Illinois might lose to Chicago, and Minnesota might be defeated by Wisconsin. Of course the largest crowd was present at the Harvard-Yale game, and Yale, in the first few minutes of play, in spite of having lost the toss and the wind, carried the ball up to Harvard's 20-yard line, and thus made the huge crowd eager for the unexpected. The tumble came when Yale fumbled and, within striking distance, lost the ball to Harvard. But this was not enough. Mahan punted, Yale muffed the catch, and the Harvard end seized the ball and went over for a touchdown! From that time on, with the exception of a few minutes toward the end of the game, Harvard, with her "run-from-kick formation," feinted and thrust until Yale was fairly exhausted with almost superhuman attempts to stop the blows which came in unexpected places and threw her defense into disorder. Mahan, Gilman, and King were the Harvard stars, but the rest of the team worked like a well-oiled machine and held Yale powerless to do any damage. The final score was the worst beating Yale had ever received—no less than 41 to 0—coming within seven points of the score of 48 to 0 that Yale made against Harvard in 1885.

	FIRST ELEVEN	SECOND ELEVEN	THIRD ELEVEN
End	Baston, Minnesota	Herron, Pittsburgh	Heyman, Wash. & Jeff.
Tackle	Gilman, Harvard	Buck, Wisconsin	Cody, Vanderbilt
Guard	Spears, Dartmouth	Hogg, Princeton	Dadmun, Harvard
Center	Peck, Pittsburgh	Cool, Cornell	McEwan, West Point
Guard	Schlachter, Syracuse	Black, Yale	Taylor, Auburn
Tackle	Abell, Colgate	Vandegraaf, Alabama	Halligan, Nebraska
End	Shelton, Cornell	Higgins, Penn State	Squier, Illinois
Quarter	Barrett, Cornell	Watson, Harvard	Russell, Chicago
Half Back	King, Harvard	Tibbott, Princeton	Abraham, Oregon Ag.
Half Back	Macomber, Illinois	Oliphant, West Point	Mayer, Virginia
Full Back	Mahan, Harvard	Talman, Rutgers	Berryman, Penn State

Nor did any surprise happen in the West, for Minnesota defeated Wisconsin 20 to 7, and Illinois beat Chicago 10 to 0, thus leaving speculation as to championship in the Middle West based only upon relative scores, for Minnesota and Illinois had previously played a 6 to 6 tie.

On Thanksgiving Day Cornell defeated Pennsylvania after the latter had led all the way up to the fourth period, in the end running wild over the red and blue 24 to 9, and Pittsburgh decisively ended Penn State's aspirations 20 to 0. The powerful Syracuse team, too, was tied by Montana—suggestive evidence of Western prowess. On the Saturday after Thanksgiving the Army and Navy met in New York under wretched weather conditions, but before a huge crowd. The Army had been tied by Holy Cross and beaten by Colgate, Villanova, and Notre Dame, and the Navy had been beaten by Georgetown, Pittsburgh, the North Carolina Aggies, and Ursinus. The Army, thanks largely to Oliphant, won 14 to 0. Yet, no matter what is said, the Army-Navy game is always an exciting contest. The abandon of the two schools, in the way they play the game, is worth seeing at any time, and New York was full of football enthusiasm. Thus came to a close a season of startling surprise, and yet it may be fairly said that for the most part the teams ran reasonably true to their real form, though they were at times somewhat erratic. Cornell and Pittsburgh were undefeated, and, although Cornell defeated Harvard, Pittsburgh could claim that her final game with Penn State was a more decisive victory and more conclusive than was Cornell's over Pennsylvania.

It was a pleasure to welcome back into the American football fold Columbia University under Coach Metcalf, and also to find the University of California taking up the game once more on the Pacific Coast.

The season marked the culmination of deterioration in several of the formerly so-called big teams, notably Yale and Pennsylvania. To win in football requires the apparent contradiction of the czar principle and the consent of the governed—let there be no mistake, it requires both of these factors. It may go under any name you please, and the same system may sometimes be known as a "head coach with sole authority" and at other times as a "board of coaches," with a captain or field coach in charge. But one is exactly the same as the other; it means that one man must have the general planning of the campaign, however lieutenants may carry out the principles of it, and he must have the "consent of the governed," and by that is meant, not the consent of the players alone, but of the assistants and would-be advisers.

From practical experience I would say that when a man really cares for football as a sport and has played (*Continued on page* 26)



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Barrett, Cornell *Quarter* | King, Harvard *Half Back* | Macomber, Illinois *Half Back* | Mahan, Harvard *Full Back*

COLLIER'S

The Case for the Navy

JUST ABOUT THIRTY YEARS AGO the first Cleveland Administration was confronted by a situation resembling the one that now opposes the Administration of Mr. WILSON. Mr. CLEVELAND was the least imaginative and excitable of men. He held in the greatest detestation the kind of vainglorious bullying, called militarism, which has brought tumult on the world. But, besides being conservative, he was a man of watchful intelligence. He had no illusions about the kind of world he was living in. He did not pretend to believe things that he knew were not true. With all his inclination toward peace, he was the last man on earth who would think of going unarmed in an armed camp. In one of his messages he wrote:

"The nation that cannot resist aggression is constantly exposed to it. Its foreign policy is of necessity weak, and its negotiations are conducted with disadvantage because it is not in condition to enforce terms dictated by its sense of right and justice."

Observe the language. To *enforce* terms. Not to plead in vain for justice, but to *compel* it by force of arms. He did not want a navy (he said) which was no more than "a shabby ornament of government," but one adequate to carry out, should the necessity arise, the purpose for which navies are actually built.

When he took office this country was at peace. There was no coherent public demand for a real navy. The Naval Board had made recommendations which had been disregarded. Ridicule of our inadequate sea forces had exhausted itself against the mesh of indifference, incompetence, and corruption at Washington. But he and his advisers were far-looking men. They foresaw the destiny of the Republic and how it might be delayed through the jealousy of other powers. The greater the destiny the greater the danger. So, on their own motion, without much urging by press or public, they set to work boldly and, above all, PROMPTLY to create a force that could offer stern resistance to any attempt to despoil our shores. The fruit of this courageous policy of real leadership was the navy, which. fourteen years later, scattered the fragments of the Spanish fleet along the southern coast of Cuba for thirty miles, with no material damage to our ships and with the loss of only one life, sank the vessels in Manila Bay, and was strong enough to treat with open contempt the impudence of the Prussian admiral. Great and intelligent work was done later than 1888, but it was in the four years from 1884 to 1888 that the keel was laid not only of ships of war but of a national policy of defense that eventually made our navy an object of pride for our people and of respect for the people of other countries.

Of course it would be ridiculous to attempt a direct comparison of the navy which the Cleveland Administration scrapped with the navy of to-day. The navy of 1884 was obsolete, badly planned, badly armed, badly manned, and, on the whole, badly commanded. The public has cause to believe that within the limitations set by Congress the present navy is a thoroughly sound fighting force. Perhaps we have doted too much on this favorite of the American people. The navy is undoubtedly undermanned and underofficered. Moreover, it is reasonable to believe that its relative power is not as great as it was at the beginning of the European War. It stands to reason that the forces of the nations engaged have gained a knowledge of maneuvers and marksmanship, warlike ruses and makeshifts, which could only be developed by the practice of actual warfare. But accepting the opinion that, man for man, officer for officer, gun for gun, we need not fear comparison, many other elements must enter into a consideration of the adequacy of a navy—wealth of the nation guarded, length of its seacoast, extent of its ocean-borne commerce, number and remoteness of its colonial possessions, conspicuousness of its position among the powers, importance of its legitimate ambitions in the eyes of other nations, the attitude of foreign peoples to its people, the state of mind of the world, and, of course, the strength of any government that might be led by avarice or jealousy or anger to strike at it.

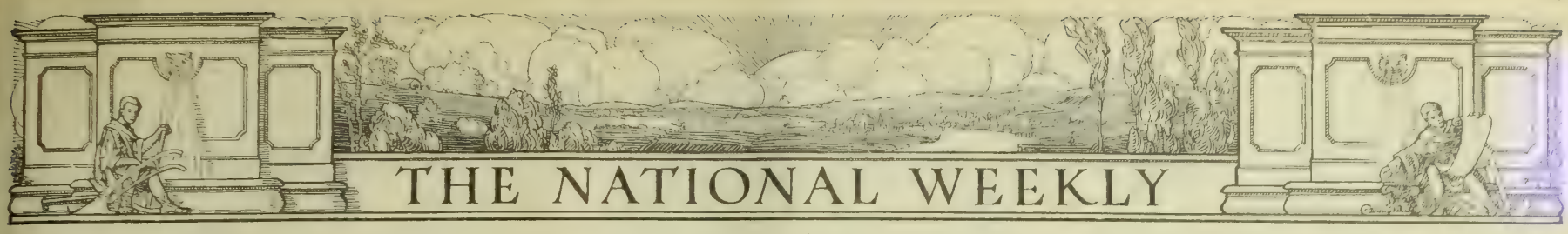
A farmer may leave his door unlocked. A bank must have watchmen for its premises and steel vaults and barred windows to protect its treasures. It is obvious that the armored tug which is navy enough for a Central American republic would be insufficient for Brazil or Chile. A poor and unenviable country like Spain has less need of a large navy than a rich and enviable country like France. As for England, with her vast, remote possessions and her enormous ocean-carried trade, it is essential to her very existence that, at any expense short of bankruptcy, she should maintain a navy proportioned to the treasures guarded, the difficulty in guarding them, and the probability that it will be necessary some time or another to fight and to win in order to save them.

All these arguments are so elementary that it seems a waste of time to repeat them. But they have not apparently entered into the calculations of the people who think that by patching up the present navy, building a dreadnought every two or three years, and adding a few destroyers and submarines from time to time we will solidify our first and practically only line of defense beyond all danger. Judged by the considerations here presented, it is at least doubtful whether the present navy is a much better protection for the United States of 1915 than the navy of thirty years ago was for the United States of 1884. It is still more open to question since Germany apparently has revived the medieval conception of war as a sudden, unheralded raid on a huge scale, with the purpose of plundering a neighbor's country and holding his principal cities for ransom.

Consider the difference in the situation in 1915 and that in 1884. Thirty years ago our population was about half as numerous as it is to-day—our wealth about one-third as great. We were untroubled by quarrels with foreign nations. We owned no possessions in the Pacific. We had not extended our protection over Cuba. Our sea trade was smaller. Our relations with our neighbors were pleasant. Mexico was enjoying a period of calm that promised to last forever. There was a powerful undercurrent in England against progressive increases in armament. Germany had given no sign of venturing on a program of vastly enlarged naval construction. The Panama Canal was not in existence. Japan appeared content with her position as a minor state under the affable patronage of other governments. Moreover, we had not challenged for a place among the world's powers. In fact, the great European nations did not affect to conceal their contempt for us, and their press treated the patriotic declamations of our politicians as the effusions of so many Jefferson Bricks.

Time has changed the situation in nearly every particular. We are the second-richest country in the world. At the end of the war, in all likelihood, we will be the richest. We have taken possession of the Philippines, Hawaii, and Porto Rico. We have placed Cuba under our patronage and practically forbidden her to arm herself. We have acquired an enormously enhanced stake in the commerce of the seas. We have built the Panama Canal, thus exposing another vulnerable spot. Events and our own ambitions have elbowed the country into a place among the great powers with all the dangers that the position implies. Never very conciliatory toward foreigners, always a little too cock-a-hoop in our assertion of the greatness of the race, we have done nothing to soften the envy of other nations. Benevolent neutrality during this war has produced anything but a return of benevolence. It is the general observation of Americans living abroad that we are insanely hated by Germany, suspected by England, and feared by Japan. Only in France—which indeed is the only country to which we could reasonably look for these sentiments—do we find confidence and even affection. But France is in no sense our competitor, and her democracy and ours are natural allies.

While these changes have taken place in our relations with foreign nations, events have marched swiftly all over the world. England has built, and is still building as fast as her engineers can rivet the plates and mount the guns, a navy exceeding the wildest dreams of the big-navy advocates of a few years ago. Germany, which thirty years ago had little or no sea power, has constructed, and presumably is still adding to, a thoroughly equipped modern navy, fit to offer battle to any but the British navy. Japan has shaken off her tutelage. Her national aspirations for control in the Pacific are unbounded. Her pride is raw from the anti-Asiatic laws. She has been obliged, through deference to the necessities of her alliance with Great Britain, to suppress her complaints. But it is not at all likely that after the war she will be any longer the docile pupil of the British Government. In the meantime Mexico has become the scene of the most savage and ghastly civil war in the history of modern times, and not only



is a threat against our domestic peace, but offers herself as convenient prey for the first power that is unscrupulous enough to take advantage of her weakness and our own incapacity to act effectively as her guardian. Worst of all, at one stroke of the sword, the Prussian war party has loosed all the evil passions of barbarous Europe, which may never be pent again during this generation. And while these perils have mounted, our navy has sunk from second to third or (more probably) fourth place. In a few years, with Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, Russia, and Japan building and building, inventing and experimenting with new devices, and seasoning ships and men in the priceless experience of actual fighting sea service, who can say where our navy will stand?

This is the situation which Congress must face. COLLIER'S does not believe it can be met by scamping military measures or rhetorical promises. The public, we feel sure, will not tolerate trading of the national safety for temporary political advantage or for appropriations to "improve" creeks and swamps, build expensive post offices, and maintain antiquated navy yards and useless army posts. The one issue before Congress which stands above all other issues is the creation of a force capable of offering a reasonable guarantee of safety to this country. The public demands no less and will accept no less. It wants to live its life in security and without forebodings, to maintain republican institutions, and to use the seas as a free highway. Moreover, it demands that the action taken at Washington shall be as prompt as the need is urgent. It is not interested in coddling proposals to spread an expenditure of five hundred millions or five hundred billions of dollars over a period of five or ten years. The pigeonholes of the Navy Department are filled with such "programs" of the past. How can one Congress bind another? The good sense of the country wants to know what *this* Congress and *this* Administration intend to *do*, not what they propose to pass on to their successors.

Mr. WILSON has had more than a year to study the problem. He must be fully aware of the public feeling and know that it will not tolerate halfway or dilatory measures. He has in his possession the recommendations of the best expert opinion, civil and military. He can choose between them. They may differ in detail. We believe they are alike in substance. It has been stated that all agree that the increase should be far more extensive than the Secretary of the Navy has intimated, that it should include the newest developments in the science of ocean warfare and that it should be immediate. If, with all the knowledge obtainable before him, he is still in doubt as to his course, he can do no better than to follow in the footsteps of the only other Democrat who has been President of the United States in fifty-five years.

Last Call for Christmasing

BY THIS TIME you ought to have most of your Christmas things bought *and sent*. If you don't finish up this week, you will be subtracting from peace and good will, and adding to the total of tired eyes and aching feet that annually make the holidays less than they might be. True goodness is made up of steady consideration in small things. HENRY FORD can do a spectacular thing, but fine things are possible to *you*.

In View of the Coming Primaries and Elections

IT'S EVERY MAN'S BUSINESS
How his Representative voted on

The Tariff. Increasing the Navy. Child Labor. Currency Reform. Literacy Test for Immigrants. Panama Canal Tolls. Federal Aid for Good Roads. Freeing the Philippines. Convict-Labor-Made Goods. Anti-Trust Legislation. Woman Suffrage. National Prohibition

and other important matters coming up during the Sixty-third Congress. Also, everyone should know something about his Representative's attendance on the sessions of Congress. The important roll calls in the House of Representatives during the Sixty-third Congress may be obtained from Collier's Washington Bureau, 1121 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C., free of charge. (The important roll calls for the Sixty-first and Sixty-second Congresses, covering the tariff, labor measures, postal savings bank, pensions, and other important matters may also be obtained from Collier's Washington Bureau. The NAME of the ONE Representative whose record is wanted MUST be given. The entire House of Representatives comes up for election in 1916.)

THESE RECORDS ARE PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MARK SULLIVAN

The Men Who Made Money Out of It

LATELY the Spokane (Wash.) "Chronicle" had a sad editorial paragraph about what happened to a certain young farmer. It was a dirty booze robbery of the type sickeningly familiar to the police of all our cities. This man was starting things on a small ranch near Spokane and had worked all summer in the Palouse harvest fields to get money with which to support his family next winter. He came through town with $250 in gold, got drunk, "lost" his money somehow (he doesn't know how), and now his family will have to be helped through the winter. His headache is no good to them. The point is that another page of this same issue of the "Chronicle" carries a three-quarter-length, double-column ad of a "Trainload of Whiskies." The whisky advertiser maunders along about his friends, his honesty, business ability, and anxiety to sell you all the whisky you "want or desire" in five- or ten-gallon lots. The "Chronicle" is sorry for the poor boob who was jagged and robbed, but why does the "Chronicle" line itself up as a part of the booze-vending system that betrayed him? The "Chronicle" sees plainly enough that this drink bill has to be paid by the community and that the community will still be paying after the saloons have been closed; but how does the "Chronicle" know that some of this simple farmer's $250 hasn't finally come across its own counter in pay for whisky advertising? That editorial paragraph ended in a pious note: "Another year may make a difference." It will if those who see the evils of booze get busy. It is the hog-itch for profit that keeps booze going, and this means those who boost it as well as those who sell it.

A Real Speech

WHEN the cannery fanatics were busy last winter in the New York Legislature trying to get a seven-day week for their employees they brought up greed's usual interminable and innumerable arguments. A Tammany man named AL SMITH beat their measure with this eighteen-word address: "Nowhere have I read in the Bible, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy—except in canneries.'" Those who overload the Congressional Record please copy.

Altgeld Wrote This One for Us

GOVERNOR ALTGELD of Illinois is better understood by most of us to-day than he was in his lifetime—though some of us were keen enough to appreciate his qualities then—Minister to Belgium BRAND WHITLOCK, for one. This year Secretary of State WOODS of Illinois places in his "Blue Book" Governor ALTGELD'S message to young men—a ringing invitation to service and to ideals:

"Young men, life is before you. Two voices are calling you—one coming from the swamps of selfishness and force, where success means death, and the other from the hilltops of justice and progress, where even failure brings glory. Two lights are seen in your horizon—one the fast fading marsh light of power, and the other the slowly rising sun of human brotherhood. Two ways lie open before you—one leading to an ever lower and lower plain, where are heard the cries of despair and the curses of the poor, where manhood shrivels and possession rots down the possessor; and the other leading off to the highlands of the morning, where are heard the glad shouts of humanity and where honest effort is rewarded with immortality."

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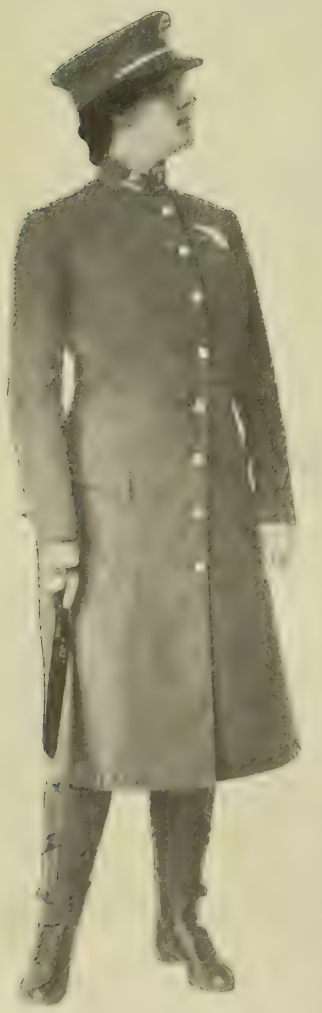
Pavlowa in action. This is unquestionably the most striking photograph ever taken of the famous dancer

Pavlowa the Incomparable and Nippon's Queen of Song



Miura, Japanese prima donna

IN THE upper photographs are two women who divide the honor this season of being the chief attraction of the Boston Opera Company—Anna Pavlowa, universally acknowledged to be the greatest of all classic dancers, and Madame Tamaki Miura, Japan's only prima donna. Pavlowa, with her Russian ballet, formed a combination with the original musical concern, and is risking a fair-sized fortune in a tour of all the big cities between Massachusetts Bay and the Golden Gate. This is the first time so large a ballet was ever made a regular part of a grand-opera organization. Madame Miura, whose principal work this year is in the title rôle of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," made her début in Tokyo twelve years ago as Eurydice in Glück's "Orpheus and Eurydice," and won international distinction in London in 1913. Her musical education began when she was only six years old.



Blanche Payson—The Handsomest Woman Cop in America

SAN FRANCISCANS say that Miss Blanche Payson, special policewoman in the Zone at the Panama-Pacific Exposition all summer and fall, is the handsomest cop in the country, and our photograph of her, reproduced at the left, seems to verify the assertion. But good looks are not Miss Payson's only distinctive characteristic. She has proved herself to be an exceptionally capable all-around cop. Nobody has ever called her a copette. That word would be a misfit, because she is six feet four, weighs two hundred and four pounds, and has the strength of a trained athlete. Protecting girls from mashers was one of her specialties during the exposition, and many offenders whom she arrested complained that she handled them too roughly. Miss Payson was employed as a special policewoman by the Palace Hotel, one of the big downtown hostelries, to assist women guests across the street, and she worked on the job just eight minutes before the management paid her to break the contract. She attracted a crowd that congested the sidewalk traffic so that guests could hardly get in or out of the hotel. She hopes to become a regular member of the San Francisco police force this winter.

A Girl Agitator for Jobs for Women

AT THE right is a portrait of Miss Hermione Farnar-Bringhurst, aged nineteen, who a short time ago marched barefoot at the head of a great procession of London women claiming the right to work for England. Her costume of black and the flag are symbolical of the war tragedy of Belgium. The radical suffragettes in England are still bitterly hostile to the Government, but there seem to be few grounds for complaint in the matter of employment. The demand for women workers, especially in positions requiring skill, is greater than the supply. Emergency schools are being started by the Government to train women for clerical work.



"HERE HE IS"

BY GUSTAVUS S. PAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SNAPP

PROBABLY it was because of the weird storm outside that we had not sunk into bottomless despondency. The wind, if not strong enough to tear off the tops of the western mountains and to rend the whole frame house to its cellar stones, was at least trying to demonstrate that there could be no peace on earth that evening. Up the river somewhere a dam had broken suddenly at sunset just to insinuate, by disabling the power house, that the light of the world was, after all, not very trustworthy. And yet the wind and the darkness were not depressing to us. On the contrary, they had wrought us up to their own devil-may-care spirit so that we were even able to simulate animation over a game of whist by the rays of a kerosene lamp in that furniture - crammed little sitting room.

We were four. Mere chance had tossed me only the day before into this boarding house with these three strangers: but some subtle feeling of similarity in the hopelessness of our cases had united us after dinner on this virulent eve before Christmas. It was the woman, of course, who, shuddering at the tempest without and yet smiling with a nervous attempt at gayety, had suggested that this was the very night for us to stay here around the card table. All I knew of her then was that she was a moderately attractive little failure at home making who had dropped into town from "the East" to domicile herself here for a quiet divorce. Her eyes showed suffering. The professional gambler, a smooth-shaven, conservatively well-dressed fellow, self-controlled to the smallest muscle and wordless, had seated himself at her right. Since rumor, through the whispers of the landlady, said that for some time he had been entirely out of the gambling business without having established himself in anything else, my curiosity had been aroused and was still unsatisfied. Opposite him sat Porges, a big, puffy-faced mining engineer, who openly acknowledged that he was "down and out," flat on his back, as it were, in the midst of a "perfectly good desert." It naturally follows that I was Mrs. Child's partner, and I, well, I was a newspaper man with a recently shaken conscience, the result of a single month in this particular community. Tacitly, but palpably, we were of one mind that Christmas could mean little to any of us but sluggish brooding.



He ranged his eyes over us. "Were—were you looking for an honest man?" Porges at length jested boldly

THE game proceeded excitedly with a queer series of giggles and exclamations from Mrs. Child and a rattle of remarks that were intended to be clever from Porges. I am a miserable bridge player, and Keene, the professional gambler, whose specialty, I believe, had been a roulette wheel, was not much better. We tossed out our cards recklessly and took our defeats and the overvehement comments of the others as hilariously as our different dispositions would allow. Keene's hilarity consisted of a noiseless chuckle between just barely opened lips; mine was a sort of automatic convulsion.

Such hollow gayety, however, could not long continue. Inside it a tremendous pressure was straining so at this thin mirth that sooner or later it had to burst. We were all a bit relieved when, at the end of the third game, Porges leaned back in his chair and yawned ominously. The screech of the wind through the rooms above us made me shiver in the pause. Then our big companion happened to glance out of the window. Straightaway his eyes gleamed.

"Ha! Diogenes!" he exclaimed.

Turning to look, we saw an old man whose scraggy, gale-blown beard was illumined by a lantern over which he bent as he trudged uncertainly forward.

"Go to the door—quick." Porges nudged Mrs. Child. "He's looking for an honest man. Go and call out: 'Here he is!'"

She hesitated.

"Go ahead!" Porges and I urged her. "We dare you!"

Impetuous, then, she arose and rushed to the vestibule. The three of us trooped behind her. By the time that she had pulled the door open and stretched out her head until she could distinguish the figure with the bobbing lantern, his faltering steps had taken him some thirty yards from our sidewalk. She leaned out farther.

"Here he is!" she cried abruptly.

A chance gust took the words from her mouth and swept them along straight toward the strange passerby. To our amazement he, hearing them, halted, turned slowly, and after a second of indecision began to plod back in obedience to the summons.

Porges laughed softly. Step by step the old man toiled onward, swinging the lantern gently before him and peering ahead through the blustering darkness. Until he reached the edge of the yard we watched him in fascination. About him there was now a certain air of naïveté and childlike assurance that for the moment absorbed us. Mrs. Child brought us partly to our senses by wheeling around and staring in real dismay up into our entranced masculine faces.

"What can we do?" she vented in a tragic whisper.

I saw Keene thrust his right hand into his trousers pocket and, with a slight start, draw it out again—empty. In my own pocket, I realized, was nothing but a useless cent piece. Probably not one of the four had so much as a dime with which to get rid of the brittle old fellow.

"Was it you that called?" he queried finally, not ten feet away, while we stood there gaping.

"Yes," Porges said after an instant, during which the wind derided us. "Won't you come in—and get warm?"

Our guest deposited his lantern inside the porch railing and without a word followed us in to the scene of our recent diversion. In the flicker of the lamplight I felt a new uneasiness, an indefinable awe before this fragile patriarch who had been ensnared most unexpectedly by our foolishness. Mrs. Child, from the depths of the first rocker she had stumbled against, was gazing at the toes of her shoes in a brown study. The professional gambler regarded the visitor with a fair attempt at apathy. Our large friend coughed lightly.

The patriarch, balanced on the brink of the landlady's varicolored couch, dangled his withered hands between his spread-out legs and, with calm expectancy, ranged his eyes over his disconcerted captors. I have never seen another tanned old face that showed the tranquillity and humanity which that lantern bearer's countenance expressed to me then. Perhaps it was all due to the lamplight, possibly to the storm and our stirred nervous systems, but we each, I am sure, imagined that his features had a mellow glow that was past our understanding. In fact, even the faded brown coat, buttoned tightly across his chest, and the red, knitted muffler wrapped around his neck had to me an almost supernatural appearance. Soon we were all coughing.

"Were — were you looking for an honest man?" Porges at length jested boldly.

The eyeballs above the sharp nose and ragged beard glistened. "I—I s'pose I was—" he astounded us by answering ingenuously, "—come to think of it."

In vain the yellow-haired little emigrant from the East struggled to swallow her emotions.

"You didn't expect to find him here?" the engineer blurted.

His cynicism had its rebuke, however, in a look of gentle deprecation. At that look I recognized for the first time how far this mild personage was from a Diogenes. Cynic the old man certainly could not be in his thoughts, and I fancied that he hadn't gone to the extreme of a tub dwelling either. But what was he, this wanderer in search of an honest being? I decided that at least he was reasonably happy.

"You can't," he observed, interrupting my meditation, "you can't never tell."

"Why?" Mrs. Child murmured.

He scrutinized her keenly.

"Because things ain't never what they seem," he responded unsatisfactorily.

In the tone of that vague, commonplace response, nevertheless, there was an echo of some incomprehensible faith that tantalized us.

"Tell us how you happened to go past here—with the lantern," Mrs. Child commanded impulsively.

"Why, I was jest lookin'—lookin'," he explained slowly. "A thing ain't never lost. It might be anywhere, but it's somewhere. And somebody," he said, "Somebody"—his voice capitalized the S—"knows where 'tis. Well," he concluded in a voice of triumph, "I was jest aknowin' that He'd tell me, and you see!"

BUT we didn't see at all. Something—I guess it was a devil—argued to me that the explanation was a harmless mental wandering; and yet its mysterious simplicity had opened my tear glands.

"Then you did lose something?" Porges remarked.

"No!" the old man ejaculated. "I didn't have to go very far before you called out 'Here it is!' So it wa'n't really ever lost, was it?"

"All right. What was it you seemed to have lost?" Porges demanded sharply.

The credulous one surveyed us for an instant with quiet wonder.

"A pocketbook, jest a pocketbook," he said. "I s'pose I dropped it on my way home. But I knew all along it was safe, even if it did have seven thousand dollars in it. That didn't make any difference. I wa'n't afraid. Anything that's lost ain't. I knew enough to know that, and so I jest started out with the lantern to find it."

Mrs. Child held her breath. To myself I was saying: "It's only another bit of Christmas unhappiness, another proof that 'the spirit of the day' is one great illusion."

"How did it happen"—Keene broke his silence for the first time—"that you had all this money with you?"

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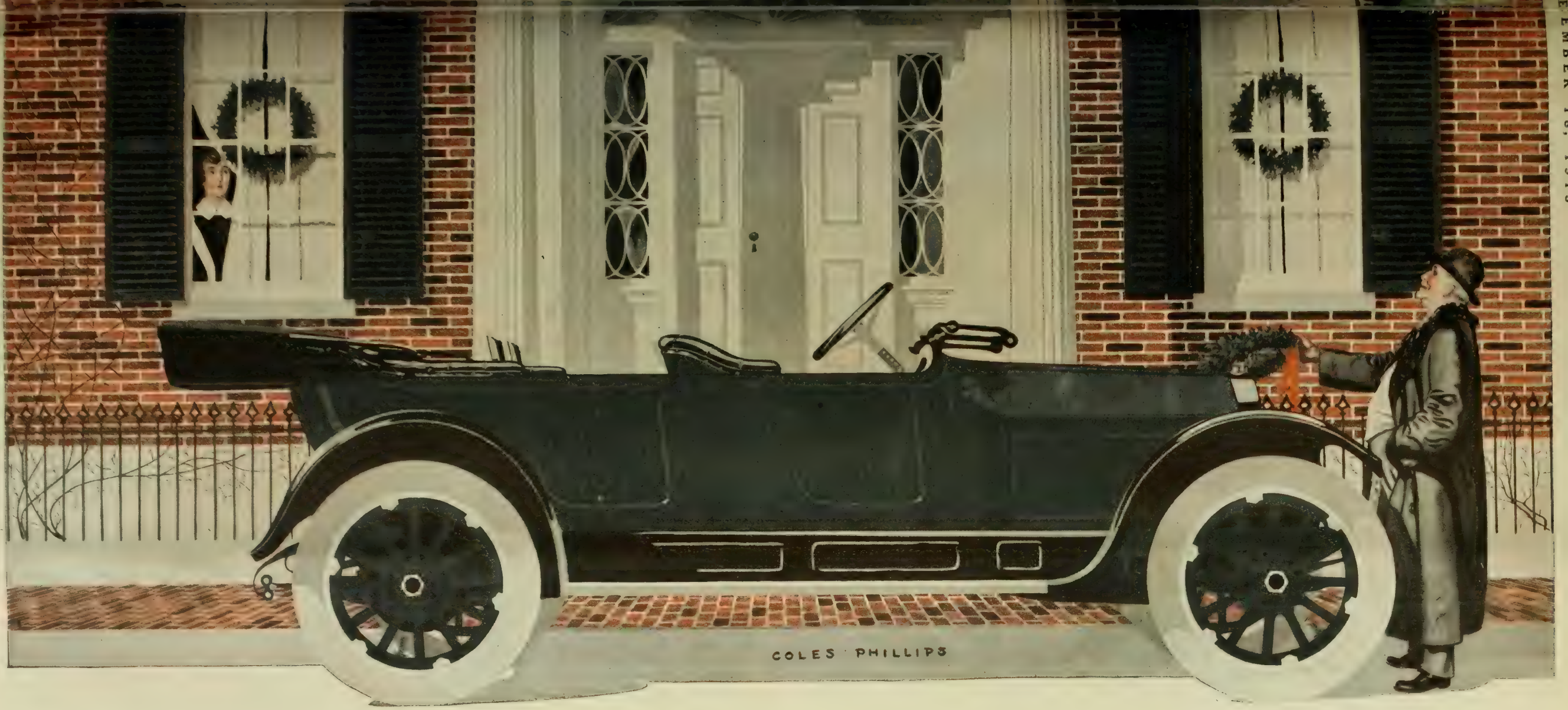
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"You see, I had some property"—our visitant tried to clear up the point—"jest a little piece of land with a house on it up north of town. I was asavin' it for my daughter. She was good to me. I lived with her, you know," he half apologized. "But last month she died. That—that was all right," he hastened to add; "I hain't lost her. She's jest as alive, jest as close to me, as she ever was. She's jest gone into the next room," he declared quaintly, "because—because her work's there for a little while." He paused. The interval was filled with a gulp from the little divorce seeker. "Now that she's gone there, though," he continued serenely, "I sort of had to have something to live on. So, you see, I had to sell the place, and, well, a man bought it today and paid me the money right down. That's my Christmas!" he finished, smiling.

"That wasn't all you had to live on!" Porges burst forth with smothered mutterings that should have been profanity.

"And you lost it?" Mrs. Child seconded him with a gasp.

THE real tragedy of the stranger's experience now almost overwhelmed me. Who could dare inform him that we hadn't found his money? The ignorant cruelty of the joke, the brutality which must awaken him from his glad sense of security, the reversal of the last bit of peace on earth, I felt would be more than I could stand that evening. And I was only a heartless journalist. "It ain't lost, though," he was reminding us joyously.

"Yes, yes, it is," the woman among us choked out. "We pretended you were looking for an honest man," she said with what sounded like a sob. "'Here *he* is!' was what I called, and I didn't mean it."

The old man, unmoved, regarded her meekly.

"Oh, we haven't found anything!" she avowed through her tears. "We're lost ourselves. We've lost everything—everything we ever thought we had—and now we've lost ourselves!" she repeated.

How she managed to express for us what was in all of our hearts, I don't know, but she did express it fully in that one utterance. It was clear, moreover, that the stranger understood it.

"Didn't mean it?" he mused aloud. "You hain't found anything?"

Then he smiled a second time. The smile thrilled me.

"What makes you smile?" Mrs. Child implored him. "Don't you see that you've been mistaken?"

"No. Nothin's lost," the old voice reiterated. "Somebody knows where 'tis, and He'll tell us."

Like the breathing of a heavenly presence the words came to us; we received them in silence. The hush, I believed, was part of the inspiration. For once I had actually the ineffable sensation of him who, unawares, has entertained a seraph.

"Everybody's afraid," our seraph quavered.

Outside I heard the wind encircling us, whipping the trees with long swishes, curling around the bare bushes, shrieking down our small chimneys and in at our windows, denying in a wail the angelic message, screaming out the relentlessness of evil.

"You are," the presence informed the fair-haired refugee.

We listened humbly.

"You're afraid you've lost something," he challenged her; "now, ain't you?"

She bowed her head in acquiescence.

"Somebody knows where 'tis," he reechoed.

"Where happiness is?" she besought him.

He nodded.

"And He'll tell you," he assured her.

"We used to be happy together," she murmured in a reverie. "I'm sure it was happiness," she reaffirmed, "but now we've both lost it."

"What was the matter?" He led her forward gently.

For an instant she didn't know how to answer him. The change in the talk had come about swiftly. Sometimes we meet the person with that mysterious sympathy which, forgetting self, leads all others to forget him and his affairs, and to talk with him only about their own troubles. The influence of that sympathy drew forth all of Mrs. Child's tribulation.

It was the story of nine-tenths of all the separations—the foolish old tangle of three. She related it artlessly, eagerly, without a trace of self-consciousness, and we heard it in the same transmuted spirit. Of course the misunderstanding had started absurdly. For the summer he had sent her away to his father's cottage on the seashore, promising to come out himself every week-end. Then week after week he had written excuses. The business was in a precarious condition, all his time was taken up with trying to find some one who would invest in it to help him out, now he had a scheme that he thought would save him—so the excuses had run until she had become impatient. In her impatience, finally, she had gone back to the city one day, and on the train a "friend" had told her the news. His scheme was merely that he had interested himself in a rich young woman and had interested her in his investments. Apprised of this, she, his loyal wife, had gone straight to his office and asked him about the account; he had lamely tried to explain, and she, wretchedly sure of his guilt, had flung herself out of the room—to leave him forever.

"That was what I thought," she said, "when I went down in the elevator that day. But even then," she went on, twisting her handkerchief, "it might have turned out all right—if I hadn't gone back to the cottage. His father and mother—well, they saw I was—unhappy," she faltered, "and then they tried to explain for him. And I knew already the real explanation! I just couldn't stand it," she asserted tearfully. "Twelve weeks I waited—nine whole days after I went to see him—and when I couldn't stand it any longer," she said piteously, "I came out here."

"You're afraid," was the old man's comment as she finished. "You're afraid you've lost him, and he's afraid he's lost you."

Obviously his analysis of the trouble was correct.

"But what can I do?" she appealed to him.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "Go back."

In his fervor he leaned forward until the rays of our lamp struck directly the thin hairs that covered his baldness. "I can't," she pleaded. "He doesn't even know I came out here."

"You're afraid," once more he charged her almost gleefully. "Nothin's lost. Don't you believe him yet?"

"Believe that he only wanted to save the business—that the whole affair was only a business matter?" She halted abruptly and answered her own question. "Yes—I believed that before I'd got across the prairies."

"Don't be afraid," the presence begged her. "Somebody," he harped, "knows where happiness is, and He'll tell you."

MARVELOUS indeed was the soft light deep in her blue eyes as her fear straightaway collapsed before that steadfastness. I lacked courage, however, to anticipate what might be the ultimate result of that collapse. Bewilderment still kept me among the sign seekers.

"Am I afraid, too?" Porges broke the stillness.

The shriveled optimist replied with a mute interrogation. Anxiously I watched the mining man. He might slip past the chance into obstinate reticence; but he didn't.

"Lost out in everything I've tried," he boasted. "Just when I needed the money, too. Don't you think I ought to be happy?"

"What did you want it for?" the stranger inquired shrewdly. (*Continued on page* 24)

HELD TO ANSWER

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

Chapter Five—A Stage Kiss and Others

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. KING

"John is as good as a vaudeville act!" is all the shipping clerks can find to say of clumsy young Hampstead, stenographer in the office of a California railway. But Hampstead has been studying at home after each day's work, and his studies include private lessons in acting. The confidence he gains thereby paves the way for business promotion. At twenty-four he becomes private secretary to the general freight agent, father of Bessie Mitchell. Mitchell soon promotes him to the rate department. Meantime John plays Ursus in "Quo Vadis" at a local theatre and Bessie is just a bit petulant at the sight of Lygia—the beautiful and accomplished Marien Dounay—nestling in John's arms. John's minister, too, is grieved. But John declines a big railroad job and decides on a stage career, Bessie saying yes—to this. Bluffing his way into a small company, his queer make-up stamps him as an amateur, but his talent for oratory enables him to save a play that is being hooted off

FOR the strange freak of Miss Marien Dounay in joining the People's Stock Company the papers found ready explanation in artistic temperament. The brilliant young actress, so the story ran, taking umbrage because Miss Elsie McCloskey, twin star of the Mowrey cast, was chosen to play a part for which Miss Dounay deemed herself specially fitted, had resigned in a huff, and thereupon, to spite Mowrey, had signed with this obscure stock company playing a dozen blocks away, where it was believed her popularity would be sufficient to punish the well-known manager in his one vulnerable spot, the box office.

But there was one person interested who did not care a rap why Marien Dounay was playing Isabel Carlyle, the wife of Archibald Carlyle, at the People's Stock this week in the time-frazzled drama of "East Lynne," and that was the man to play Archibald. She was there, and that was enough for him, swimming into his ken at the first rehearsal like a vision of some glory too entrancing to belong to anything but a dream.

Yet if that crude actor fancied himself on terms of more than bare acquaintance with this exquisite creature, his imagination presumed too far. Miss Dounay's bearing made it instantly apparent that she gave herself airs. One comprehensive glance was bestowed upon the semicircle of the company. Hampstead's portion was, more and less, a look and a nod. The nod said: "I know you, puppet." The look warned: "But do not presume. Stand."

John stood, wondering. As rehearsals progressed, his wonder grew into bewilderment. Miss Dounay treated the whole company cavalierly, but she treated him disdainfully. Her feeling for the others was simply negative; for him it appeared to be positive.

As an actress, it developed that she was "up" in the part of Isabel, having played it many times. She had, moreover, ideas of how every other part should be played, and was pleased to express them. Nobody protested, Halson least of all. She was a "find" for the People's. As a director, too, Miss Dounay was masterful. A languid glance, a single word, a very slight intonation, had more force than one of Halson's ranting commands. And she was instinctively competent.

HAMPSTEAD, despite his own sad experience, watched her open-mouthed. This young woman, it appeared, was an intellectual force as well as a magnetic one. She cut speeches or interpolated them, altered business, and in one instance rearranged an entire scene, while in another she boldly reconstructed the conclusion of an act. The storm center round which much of this cutting, slicing, and fattening took place was the awkward beginner himself. She heckled him unmercifully about the reading of his lines, ridiculed his gestures, and badgered him to madness.

On the fourth day of this John moped out of the theatre, head down, reflecting bitterly upon the illusory character of woman, of which he knew so little.

As the days went on John's wonder grew.

Miss Dounay apparently treated Hampstead with mere indifference, but actually she found a thousand little ways to show utter repugnance. After the first shock John's combative instinct and his pride led him to face this situation, so difficult for a gentleman, unflinchingly. Taking her hands, pressing her to him, patting her cheek, playing with the wisps of hair upon her temple, he conscientiously rehearsed the part of the affectionate, doting husband. His very sincerity, it would seem, must have been a rebuke to the woman. She must have seen that his heart was stirred by an unexplained feeling toward her, and might have observed, in his determined bearing under the galling fire of her man-baiting, something noble.

Here, if she could only perceive it, was a man who had turned his back on at least one of the kingdoms of this world to become an actor; a man who would endure anything, suffer anything, to add to his knowledge and skill in that difficult and all-demanding art—which, indeed, was why he laid himself open to her polished ridicule by overplaying every scene, overemphasizing every word, overexpressing every gesture and emotion.

But she never relented, not even on the night of the first performance. Instead she became more aggressive in her antagonism, her method changing from subtle scorn to open derision.

Now, among experienced actors there are a great many things which may take place upon the stage unsuspected of the audience. On this night, all through the tender exchanges of that first act, Miss Dounay seized upon intervals when her back was to the front to throw a grimace at John—to do or,



"Thank God!" he groaned, dropping to his knees beside her, where, seizing her hand, he began to press his kisses upon it

sotto voce, to say something irritating or ludicrous that would shake him out of character or, as the profession puts it, "break him up." John steeled himself against all of this and went on playing with that dignity of earnestness which seemed to characterize all his life until it would appear the climax of malice was reached when, as Miss Dounay hung about his neck, she laughed in the midst of one of his tenderest speeches and whispered: "There is a daub of smut on the end of your nose."

TO JOHN this communication was an arrow poisoned by the subtle power of suggestion. Was there smut upon his nose? If there were and he touched it with a finger it would smear and ruin his make-up. If he did not remove it, the audience would observe it the first time he came down stage and laugh. On the other hand, he did not believe there was smut upon his nose. How could it get there? In no way unless some joker had doctored the peephole in the curtain just before he peered out at the audience.

Smutted or not smutted—to touch his nose or let it alone?—that was the maddening question. The puzzle and the doubt disconcerted him. His memory faltered, his tongue stumbled, and a feeling of awful helplessness came over him. He *was* breaking up! He *was* out of character. This devilish woman had succeeded. She saw it too. John read the exultation in her eyes, and it filled him with indignation until a wave of wrath surged over his great frame like a storm. Miss Dounay saw his eyes grow suddenly stern with a light she had never noticed in them. One arm was encircling her in a caress, the other hand rested upon her shoulders. For one instant she felt this embrace tighten into a grip that was terrifying. The man's position had not changed. To the audience it was still a pose, an expression of endearment.

But to Marien Dounay it was an ominous hint that this great amiable child had in him the primal elements of a brutal strength. A look of alarm shot into her face and she whispered: "Don't, John! Don't."

The tone of her voice was pleading. She, the proud, had cringed. She had called him John. She had surrendered.

"It was just a mean little fib," she whispered, and for a moment clung to him helplessly.

John, greatly surprised, was not too much surprised to feel the surge of victory. For one moment he had lost control of himself, but in that moment he appeared to have gained control of Marien.

"And they say there is no satisfaction in a stage kiss," he whispered to himself as he leaped upward to his dressing room.

THE next night Miss Dounay gave John her forehead instead of her lips to kiss, but she heckled him no more, and it was perfectly obvious to him, as to Parks, that she helped him deliberately and had been helping him all along by her stage direction.

"If you've got her interested in you, you're fixed for life," grumbled Parks wistfully. "That girl's going up the line, and she's got stuff enough to take somebody else with her." There was a suggestion in this which John resented.

"I'm going up too," he rejoined with the defiant exuberance of youth, "but on my own steam."

Parks looked at John, up and down, and laughed—just that and nothing more. The old man's frankness was comforting at times; at others disagreeable. John moved away, irritated, and his head went up into the clouds of his dreams. But there was something in what Parks had suggested that kept coming back to his mind. True, Miss Dounay never exchanged more than the merest words of courtesy with John off the stage. But on the stage and at rehearsal it really did seem as if there was a very nice little understanding growing up between them.

Offstage John dreamed of going to call upon her. In his little room he thought of her much and hungrily. That he should think hungrily was not strange since he was hungry. His salary was twenty dollars a week. To have half to send to Rose and money to meet his wardrobe bills, he lived on two meals a day. The morning meal was taken at nine-thirty. It consisted of coffee and cakes, and cost ten cents. The evening meal was taken at five-thirty. It was a grand course dinner that went from soup to pie, and its cost was fifteen cents. The tip to the waitress was a smile.

WHEN one goes supperless to bed, dreams come lightly and are fantastic. John's dreams were of banqueting after the play with Marien Dounay. Greenroom gossip had it that Marien lived royally, but in modest thrift; that her French maid, Julie, was also cook and housekeeper; that Marien's disposition was domestic and yet convivial; that instead of a supper downtown in one of the brilliant cafés she preferred the seclusion of her small but cozy apartment, and the triumphs of Julie at a tiny gas grill, supplemented and glorified by her own skill with the chafing dish; that there were nights when she supped alone, but others when a lady or two, or much more likely a gentleman, or mayhap two gentlemen, were honored with invitations to this feast of goddesses; for tiny, efficient, ambidextrous Julie was in her way as much of an aristocrat as her mistress and as skillful in imparting the suggestion that she was herself of some superior clay. Subject to the whims of her mistress, she, too, had whims, and made men—and women—not only respect but admire them. Rumor said, too, that if an invitation to one of these midnight revels with toothsome food under the personal direction of this flashing beauty ever came, it was on no account to be despised, especially if a man were hungry either for beauty or for food.

John Hampstead was hungry for food, and now, too, he began to feel hungry for beauty. This last was really a new appetite. John, through all his struggling years, had, of course, his thoughts of woman, as all men have, but vaguely, as something a long way off—indefinitely postponed. Yet ever since he carried Lygia in his arms these thoughts of woman had been recurring as something nearer, more tangible and more necessary even. As for that kiss in the garden scene of "East Lynne," well, there was something wonderfully awakening in that kiss.

On the night that Miss Dounay completed her engagement at the People's (for her tiff with Mowrey was over in four weeks) the opportunity came to John to submit his feelings to more searching experimentation. It had been his custom to wait in the shadowy wings each night to see the object of his solicitous interest depart, supposing himself always to be unobserved. But on this last night Marien surprised him into thrills by walking over into the shadow with the cool assurance of autocratic genius and saying: "Come home to supper with me, John."

At the same time Miss Dounay took the big man's arm as comfortably as if the matter had been arranged from the week before last. John walked out as if on air, but hurriedly. That soft touch upon his arm made him hungry with indescribable anticipations. Moreover, he was stirred by an itching curiosity concerning the whole of the intimate personal life of Marien Dounay. Who was she? What was she? *How* was she?

Yet on the very threshold of the little apartment his sense of what was conventional in the world out of which he had come halted him.

"Should I?" he asked huskily as the door stood open. "Would it be—proper?"

"Most particularly proper, innocent!" laughed Marien. "At the theatre Julie is my maid; at home she is my housekeeper, my social secretary, my companion and chaperon."

While the light of reassurance kindled on John's face, Marien gently drew him inside.

"Behold!" she exclaimed with a stage gesture when the door was closed behind him. "My temporary home, my balcony window overlooking the street, my alcove wherein I sleep, the kitchenette in which we cook; behind that the bath and back of that Julie's own room. Isn't it dear?"

DEAR. That was a woman's word. Bessie said that about her invitation paper for the Phrosos.

"Dear?" he breathed, comparing it in one swift estimating glance to his own barren cell. "It's a paradise!"

"So much more seclusion than in hotels," declared Marien, and then went on to say in that sort of tone which belongs to an air of frank and simple comradeship: "So much less expensive too. Do you know what saves a girl in this business? Money! Ready money. And do you know what ruins her? Extravagance, debt. We are very economical, Julie and I. We have what crooks call "fall money," laid by for any emergency. That's what you'll need to do. Save half your salary every week. There'll be weeks when you don't play, weeks when you have to go to expense. You may be ill or have an accident, or your company will close unexpectedly. Save. Save your money!"

Marien uttered these bits of practical wisdom, which were to John the revelation of an unthought-of side of the character of this exquisite young woman, while she was conducting him toward the window.

"Sit here," she commanded. "Look straight down Turk. See the lights battling with the fog. Listen to the waning music of the night in this noisy, cobbly, clangy city. Don't turn your head till I say!"

THE lights were indeed beautiful, each with its halo of mist. The clanging bells of cars and even the horrible squeak of the wheels as they turned a curve, with the low singing of the cables that drew most of them, did rise up like the orchestration of some strange new motif of the night that lulled him till he was only faintly conscious of the opening and closing of doors and a rustling at the other end of the room.

"Now!" called the voice of Marien cheerily, awakening him with a new thrill to the realization of her presence.

She stood at the far end of the room, surveying herself in a long mirror. Her figure was draped rather than dressed in a silken shimmering texture of black, splashed with great red conventional flowers. The garment flowed loosely at neck, sleeves, and waist, and the fabric was corrugated by a succession of narrow vertical unstitched pleats which gave an illusory effect of yielding to every movement of the sinuous body and yet clinging the closer while it yielded. As John gazed Marien belted this flowing drapery at the waist with a knot of tiny crimson cord, and then released her coils of rich dark hair so that they fell to her waist in a fluttering cascade as silky and alluring as the texture of her robe. When she advanced to him the shimmering, billowy movements of the gown matched the rhythmic sway of her limbs as completely as the red splashes upon it matched the color on her cheeks. She came laughing softly and bearing in her hand a pair of tiny red-and-gold slippers.

A divan ran along one side of the room, piled high with cushions. Near the foot of it was a Roman chair.

"Sit here," said Marien, indicating the chair; and John, as if obeying stage directions, complied, while his hostess sank back luxuriously amid the cushions and by the same movement presented a slim, neatly booted foot upon the edge of the divan, so very near to the big man's hand as to embarrass him. At the same time she held up the slippers to his notice and observed with a nod toward the boot: "As a mark of special favor."

For a moment John's face reddened and he looked the awkwardness of his state of mind, his eyes shifting from the boot to Marien's face and back again.

Her face took on an amused, encouraging smile.

"Oh," exclaimed John, blushing with fresh confusion at his own dullness as he bent forward and began to struggle with the buttons of the boot.

"You see," he explained presently, still worrying with the combination of the first button, "you see—well, I guess I don't know women very well." Marien laughed happily.

"Stage women!" John added as if by an afterthought.

"Stage women," affirmed Marien loyally, "are no different from other women—only wiser." Then she tagged her speech sententiously with: "They have to be. Careful! You will tear the buttons off. And you—you are pinching me!"

"I beg your pardon," stammered John. "But there are so very many of these buttons."

AFTER an interval, during which Marien had appeared to watch his labors with amused interest, she asked with mocking humor: "Are you hurrying or delaying? I can't make out."

But John was by this time enjoying the to him novel situation and merely chuckled happily in reply to this thrust. When the shoes were off, by a mystifying movement Marien snuggled first one stockinged foot and then the other into the gold-embroidered slippers, and with a sigh of contentment appeared to float among her pillows while she contemplated with smiling attention the face of Hampstead.

A silver cigarette case was on a tabaret within reach of her hand. "Have a cigarette!" she proposed. John declined, a trifle embarrassed by the proffer. Miss Dounay lighted one and puffed a small halo above her head before she looked across at him again and asked quizzically: "You do not smoke?"

"And I do not think women should," Hampstead replied with level eyes.

"It is a horrid habit," she confessed, "but this business will drive a woman to do horrid things. Listen, Hampstead: It's hard for a man; you've found that out, and you're only beginning. It's harder for a woman; the despairs, the disappointments, the bitter loneliness, the beasts of men one meets! But—" With a shrug of her shoulders she suddenly broke off her train of thought and, turning an inquiring glance on her guest, asked: "You never smoked?"

"Oh, yes," confessed John, "but I quit it. I decided it would not be good for me."

She regarded him narrowly and asked: "You would not do a thing which did not appear good for you?"

There was just a little accent on the "good."

"I have tried to calculate my resources," John confessed, resenting that accent.

Again Miss Dounay contemplated him in silence.



John moped out of the theatre reflecting bitterly

"You are a singularly calculating young man, I should say," she decreed finally. "And how long, may I ask, have you been living this calculating life?"

Marien was making a play upon his word "calculate."

"Seven years, I should say," replied John, thinking back.

"Seven years?" she mused. "Seven? And you feel that it has paid?"

"Immensely," replied John aggressively.

"By the way, how old are you, Ursus?"

This was what the old actor had asked. People were always asking John how old he was.

"Twenty-five," John answered, a trifle apologetically. "I got started late. And you?"

The question was put without hesitation, as if it were the next thing to say.

"A man does not ask a woman her age in polite conversation," suggested Marien tentatively.

"He does not," replied John quickly, "if he thinks the answer is likely to be embarrassing."

Marien's face flushed with pleasure.

"Oh, hear him!" she laughed. "This heavy man is not so heavy after all; but," she added with another insinuating reflection, "he is always calculating. Then," she went on, "you are right. The confession to you at least is not embarrassing. I am twenty-four years old, and I, too, have been living a calculating life for seven years."

"For seven years! How odd!" remarked John, rather excited at discovering even a slight parallel between himself and this brilliant creature.

"Yes," Marien replied. "I ran away from home at sixteen. I have been on the stage eight years. The first year was a careless one. The other seven have been—*calculating* years."

John could think of no language in which to describe the sinister significance which Marien now managed to get into her drawling utterance of that word "calculating." She made it express somehow the plotting villainies of an Iago, of a Richard the Third and a Lady Macbeth, and then overlaid the sinister note with something else, an impression of lofty abandon, of immolation, as if in calculating her life she had laid upon the altar all there was of herself—everything—in order to attain some supreme end.

How beautiful she was! How very, very beautiful! And how magnetic! How she had made the blood bound in his veins when she lay in his embrace as Lygia, their hearts beating, their souls stirring together!

And now she had resigned herself for an hour to his company, had given him her confidence; was waiting, as it seemed, his pleasure—now, while the color came and went in her cheeks, while subdued lights danced in the dark pools beneath lazily drooping lashes, and the filmy gown which sheathed her body clung to it almost with affection, stirring with every breath as if a part of her very self.

Lying there like this, her presence ceased soon to induce thoughts and began to stimulate impulses. Hampstead longed to reach out and lay a hand upon her. She was so alluring and so helpless.

FOR weeks now he had allowed himself to dream of her as possibly *the* woman of his destiny; not admitting it, but still dreaming it. Here in his presence she suddenly ceased to be even *a* woman. She was just woman; and the primal attraction of the elemental man is not for *the* woman. Fundamentally it is just for woman.

As if in response to this new conception the lips parted in a smile that added one more lovely detail to the picture by revealing rows of pearly, even teeth, and her hand began to move toward him through a short arc from where it had been toying with the coil of hair upon her breast.

"Don't touch me—don't," he found himself pleading suddenly.

But already the hand was laid tenderly upon his arm, and Hampstead returned the clasp like one who holds the poles of a battery and cannot let go.

Laughing softly, woman drew man gently to her, his eyes gazing fascinated into the depths of hers, his body bending weakly, nearer and nearer.

"John!" she breathed softly. "John!"

But at the first warmth of breath upon his cheek the explosion came. He snatched her in his arms as if she had been a child, and pressed her to his heart rapturously but violently.

"Oh, woman!" he whispered hoarsely. "Woman! Woman!"

And then his lips found hers, hotly, vehemently, almost brutally, as if he would take revenge upon them for the emotion their sight and touch had roused in him.

She struggled, but he pressed her tighter and tighter, till at length she could resist no longer.

WHEN at length he released the lips and held the face from him to gaze into it fondly, Marien's eyes were closed and her head fell limply over his arm, with the long tresses sweeping to the floor.

In sudden compunction he placed her tenderly upon the divan.

"I have hurt you, Marien; I have hurt you. Forgive me; oh, forgive me!" he implored in tones of deep feeling.

When she remained quite motionless he asked foolishly: "Marien, have you fainted?"

Slowly her bosom rose with a respiration so deep and long that it seemed to stir every fold of her pleated gown and every cushion on the divan, while with the eyes still closed the face moved gently from side to side to convey the negative.

"Thank God!" he groaned, dropping to his knees beside her, where, seizing her hand, he began to press his kisses upon it.

Presently, disengaging the hand, Marien lifted it, felt her way over his face, and began to push back the towseled mop of hair from his brow and to stroke it affectionately.

"I thought I had hurt you," he crooned.

"You did," she murmured.

"Oh, I am so, so sorry," he breathed, seizing her hand once more and devotedly pressing it against his heart.

"I do not think I am sorry," she sighed contentedly, and was still again, the lashes lying flat upon her cheeks, the long tresses in disarray about her head. Lying there so white and motionless, she looked to John like a crushed flower. Her very beauty was broken. As he gazed, remorse and contrition overcoming him, her lips parted in a half smile while she whispered weakly, though still with closed eyes: "The—the calculating life cannot always be depended upon, can it?"

Innocently spoken, the words came to John with the force of a reproach, which hurt all the more be-



Elderly People

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somethin'—the both of you—somethin' you needed to know."

There was a pause. Outside an automobile, perhaps filled with packages, whirred past, and a huge gust rattled our windows. I could see that, though the two men were not satisfied, they had caught something of the spirit of the visitant's faith and had fallen suddenly into an uncanny half submission.

"And how did you find it out?" he began to question more deeply. "How did you find out that the scheme wa'n't honest?"

"The newspaper," Keene remarked laconically; "some new reporter, I guess, made the discovery."

"I was that reporter," I interjected, unable longer to control my conscience. "I was that reporter and I lost my job for the discovery."

PORGES looked at me in amazement. "I'll be damned!" he observed.

"No—you've been damned. That's the trouble," I told him. "You weren't so dishonest as you thought you were. When the suit was started you thought you'd stolen the claims. Perhaps you did; I don't know; but anyway the other fellows have no real right to them even if they get them through the courts. They stole them long before you did, and yet now there's nobody to dispute them."

The ex-gambler's eyes almost pierced me. "It's all gambling," he said. "I never gave up gambling after all."

Mrs. Child, who all this time had been considering only her own innermost thoughts, looked out upon us.

"Mining isn't all gambling," she declared. "I don't believe that a bit. There's right and wrong to it."

Porges laughed.

"We didn't seem to find much right," he commented cynically.

"But that ain't no reason why you can't," said the old man.

Those few words, it seemed, were just enough to open new vistas, to show the remaining possibility of further striving in spite of shaken hope. The two men, staring blankly into the lamplight, straightaway succumbed before that tranquil confidence. So interested was I in them that I had almost forgotten about myself.

"What about me, though?" I finally challenged the prophet. "I've lost my job."

"Lost somethin'?" he raised his voice. "No, you hain't lost nothin'—you're jest afraid like the rest was. There's a place for us all—yours is yours and mine's mine—right now."

HIS insistence was both soothing and stimulating. It sounded good, but it impelled me to tell him all the circumstances.

"They fired me because they were friends of Porges's company and not of the other fellows. They weren't thinking of any right and wrong, and I wasn't either, for that matter. I just thought I'd found a good story. But the other fellows got hold of it somehow through my looking it up, and then they hired a lawyer. That was the end—of us all."

"There ain't any end," the presence contended firmly.

I stood up and began to pace recklessly between the card-strewn table and the whatnot in the corner.

"The beginning, then," I said, "but how are we all going to begin?"

"Jest go back," he advised us; "jest go back and wait."

A hysterical little sob escaped from the woman in the rocker.

"I'll go back," she agreed between gulps: "I'll go back, but how am I to know that what you say is true? How am I to know that I haven't lost—anything?"

"Yes, how are we all to know?" Porges seconded her appeal. "We're all willing to begin over, but you've got to prove that it's worth while."

"You can't prove it," I averred vigorously. "Why, look here, you're as bad off as we are!"

UNSTEADILY he had arisen from the lumpy couch and, trembling with earnestness, he regarded us.

"There's plenty of good mines," he said, almost in supplication, "and there's plenty of good newspapers. It's jest—jest for you to find 'em. That's your work. Go back and do it," he pleaded. "What's ours ain't never lost! It's ours now!"—he looked upward—"and somebody—somebody'll prove it!"

By this time we were all standing, flushed, beneath his superhuman positiveness. Almost in spite of myself, I longed for some of his courage—

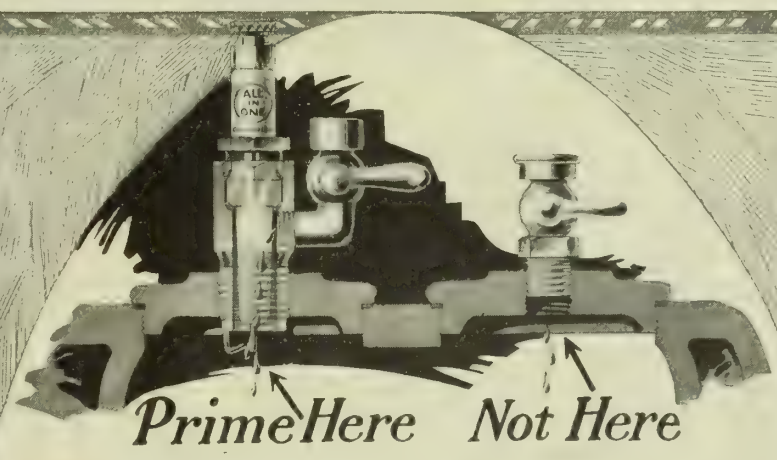
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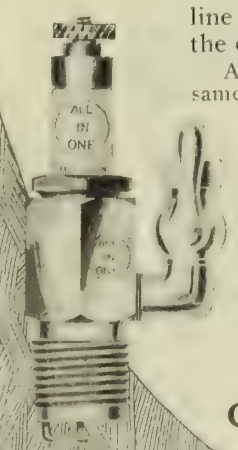
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more than that, I suddenly felt that I had it.

"I—I must go now," he finished with a quaver and moved toward the doorway. "I must go back."

We stood silent. Then, through the rush of the wind outside, we heard footsteps—on our sidewalk. Some one had come up on the porch and was ringing the doorbell. Keene, the unmovable, noiselessly left us and went to the entry. Then, in a moment, he returned, pressing before him into the circle a ruddy-faced boy of ten or eleven. "Here he is!" the ex-gambler announced softly.

"Did—did any of you drop a pocketbook?" the youngster stammered.

Instantly the tears filled the eyes of our patriarch.

"A black pocketbook?" he queried. "A black leather pocketbook with fourteen bills in it?"

For an answer the boy drew something black from behind him.

"That's it—that's the proof!" The words of the old man came in a great rush of joy.

"Found it right in front of the house, so I just thought I'd come in and see," the boy was saying.

WITH his hand on the youngster's shoulder and his eyes glistening, our seraph smiled on us all most wonderfully. "You see—it wa'n't never lost!" he exulted. "Do you b'lieve me now? Do you b'lieve me?"

And in the unanswering stillness, before we, any of us, dared lift our heads, he turned and went slowly with the boy out into the storm.

The Early Crop of Plays

(*Continued from page 11*)

Technically the play of Victor Mapes and Winchell Smith is excellent, barring only a tendency in the latter half of the play to desert light comedy for farce. Martha Hedman shows decided artistry in a quietly comic rôle. Wallace Eddinger as a callow boy in love does the best work which he has ever shown in New York, and Arthur Byron is admirable in a faithful, though slightly satirical, portrait of a young doctor. Good taste is the keynote of "The Boomerang." It is essentially a well-bred play.

"The Unchastened Woman," by Louis Anspacher, is a triumph not only for the author and the actors but for the theatregoing public of New York. Mr. Anspacher has dared to throw aside the convention that virtue must either conquer vice gayly or fall before it tragically. As is not unknown in life, vice and virtue struggle to a draw in this play. The author has not feared to put his greatest emphasis on an unsympathetic character. Caroline Knolys, his heroine—for want of a better name—is neither good nor yet one of those heroically evil women. She is, above everything else, selfish and malicious, but so tenaciously does she remain herself that the character is one which seizes and holds the attention of the audience.

In a singularly happy moment the playwright puts the woman in a position in which she is seemingly humbled and then by a rare stroke he allows her to sweep back to the high tide of malice and leave the play unbroken and magnificent. The unchastened woman is acted by Miss Emily Stevens with great skill. She has learned the lesson which Mrs. Fiske is said to have taught her when she remarked: "Use more facial expression, Emily, and remember to keep your back to the audience."

Christine Norman, as a solid, substantial, workaday woman, makes a splendid foil for Miss Stevens and gives the play another lifelike character. Other studies in the piece are good, and it is altogether excellent in plot but for rather awkward and coincidental gathering of the characters.

"Quinneys'," by Horace Annesley Vachell, is possibly the best example of effort on the part of drama to let a fighting world sleep. This English importation is a pleasant but plodding little play which keeps strictly within four walls and those of the theatre. E. H. Sothern also returns with a slight but amusing play from the other side. Sutro's "The Two Virtues" gives America's most distinguished actor a chance to show his skill in comedy.

Everybody knows Potash and Perlmutter so well by this time that in the dramatic sequel to their adventures Roi Cooper Megrue and Montague Glass have taken the liberty of calling the partners by their Christian names. "Abe and Mawruss" is a better play than its forerunner. The complication which brought about the crisis of the earlier play was distinctly theatrical. Few men in the cloak and suit trade are called upon to confront the problem of what to do with a Russian refugee, but the question of whether or not to incorporate in a stock company is distinctly a matter in the life of Abe and of Mawruss.

It is well that Potash is now simply Abe. After watching Barney Bernard play the part most theatregoers will feel that they know Mr. Potash intimately, for the actor has embodied the character with extraordinary skill. As long as the natural school of acting remains in session Barney Bernard as Abe Potash must have a position close to the head of the class.

The Ever-Youthful Leo

IN order to get away from nature, Leo Ditrichstein has broken into the opera house. It is quite probable that the song birds of "The Great Lover" are nearer popular conception than reality; but if opera singers are not like the characters in the Ditrichstein-Hatton-Hatton comedy, they ought to be. Certainly nobody would wish to amend the personality of Jean Paurel. The combination of sophisticated philanderer and impulsive artist which Mr. Ditrichstein has twice created, once in the writing and again in the acting, is one of the most interesting portraits of the season. The man who plays the part has certain well-defined limits, but nobody knows them better than himself, and since Jean Paurel lies entirely within the boundaries of his kingdom, Ditrichstein gives a performance which will not be forgotten when the play comes to the end of a run which seems sure to be long.

"Hobson's Choice" restores belief in the fundamental humor of life, and Brighouse's little comedy of Lancashire is acted by one of the best balanced casts of the season. Avery Hopwood shows in "Fair and Warmer" that successful farce need not be new in notion. The material of his play is familiar throughout. Any number of playwrights have administered alcoholic stimulation to plots, but Hopwood's characters drink more deftly and in better taste than usual.

All in all, it may be said of the drama of the season that it is not going anywhere in particular, but that it has not the slightest intention of allowing any doubt about the future to disturb its peace of mind or its good humor.

Camp's All-America Eleven

(*Continued from page 13*)

it a number of years and followed it by seeing many other teams play, he gradually accumulates a set of "do's" and "don'ts" which enable him to make progress without repeating the experiments that have proved mistakes. Then if, instead of endeavoring with the blackboard to talk to fifty or sixty men, he gets a few loyal coaches and members of his squad during the winter and spring to talk over the last season and former seasons' plays and possibilities, he soon finds that the whole body of fifty or sixty are rapidly absorbing football. He gradually builds up a football team that will win, because his players are then no longer dummies, but actual thinking human beings who have studied out with him their own problems, who have had a definite interest beside blind obedience, and who, when they go out, are quite competent to develop teams and systems of their own.

It is a wonderful game, and it provides the greatest study in human nature. Haughton has carried it out to perfection; so have Al Sharpe at Cornell and Harry Williams at Minnesota, Stagg at Chicago, Gilman Dobie at Washington, Sanford at Rutgers, Zuppke at Illinois, Donahue at Auburn, Folwell at Washington and Jefferson, Yost at Michigan, Dr. Lambeth at Virginia, and others elsewhere. Tad Jones at Exeter has been accomplishing similar results. So also have Rush at Princeton and Warner at Pittsburgh. They have been beaten (Dobie excepted) sometimes, but that is an incident.

In the great lessons of play developed during the season Haughton of Harvard has been preeminent in carrying the farthest to the front the kick-formation principle, which he describes as follows:

"Perhaps what led more than anything else to the success of Harvard's rushing game was the ever-present threat of Mahan in his kicking position."

He goes on to describe how from this formation Harvard threatened to kick, run the ends, forward-pass, or send the backs. He continues:

"It seemed to me that in both the Princeton and Yale games Harvard's opponents acted as if they feared this play more than anything else, and no wonder, for during the last eight years Harvard has gained more ground through the medium of this play than any other. It was this threat and the corresponding spreading of Yale's defense to meet it that enabled Harvard to work so successfully her delayed passes inside tackle. On only one occasion did this latter style of play fail to gain, and on two occasions it scored touchdowns from 60 to 20 yards. From this same formation Harvard, owing to the uncertainty of Yale's back field as to the exact nature of the intended play, was able to execute successfully the only two forward passes which she tried."

The Need of Stronger Defense

HE also states that Harvard has a lateral pass from this same formation. Wherever any team developed a play, no matter how crude, from this kick formation, it proved at once, even with scant interference, more successful than any other formation, and Harvard reached the point where in both the Yale and Princeton games she made her plays 80 per cent of the time from this arrangement.

Outside of this and certain "spread plays" at Lafayette and elsewhere there were no very marked developments in the season's play. The forward pass was better molded into the scheme of play and its real value appreciated, while a much more accurate knowledge of under what conditions it should be used, relative to the number of the downs and the position on the field, was acquired by the field generals.

The season demonstrated conclusively that a study of the defense is imperative for not only the minor games but the so-called big games. Many are falling behind in this respect, and there are only a few teams in the country that really understand modern defense. Haughton, a thorough student of defensive work, wrote the night after the Yale game as follows:

"Yale formations antiquated. To revert again to the cause of Yale's defeat, the Yale team itself showed perhaps more plainly than words can describe what a fearful handicap it was laboring under. Not only were the formations, both offensively and defensively, of an antiquated order, but the plays, with the exception of one, were too simple to offset the defensive training which the Harvard team has had since the beginning of the season."

In this paragraph Haughton shows what is the matter with the defense of many teams throughout the country.

The All-America team this year includes representative players from over twenty different colleges.

The line selected is a heavy one. It has been demonstrated pretty closely this year that when men of this physique can play football the power they have, both in attack and defense, is well-nigh overwhelming. We have the most agile and clever center of the year in Peck of Pittsburgh, weighing about 175 pounds, but backed up by two guards so powerful that Peck gets a chance to display his agility and not worry about any weight that may be thrown against the center trio: the guards are Schlachter of Syracuse and Spears of Dartmouth, tipping the scales between them close to 500 pounds, and both extremely active as well. Schlachter, in the game where Syracuse destroyed Colgate's hopes of an undefeated season by a tremendous score, was responsible largely for his whole side of the line. At tackles we have Abell, captain of the Colgate team, another heavy man and one of the best linemen that has played the position in several years. He was practically the only man in the Colgate line who could really stem the tide of the Syracuse avalanche. For the other tackle we have Gilman of Harvard, a powerful and thinking player, one of the pair of men that made Harvard's attack so strong this year, and a man not only good on the defensive but a great opener of holes on offense. On the ends we have Baston of Minnesota and Shelton of Cornell, the former one of the best all-around men that the West has ever had, a good receiver of the forward pass, fast in getting down the field, and a good tackler. On the other end stands Shelton of Cornell, one of the men who made Mahan's life so miserable in the game against the Ithacans that Cornell finally won the game, and who throughout the season has played fine football. Shelton and Baston would make an ideal pair, well balanced in speed, but careful and painstaking. At quarter Barrett of Cornell is preeminent in the position, although he could play half back or full back equally well. In fact, he is a star performer all around. At full back Mahan, as last year, is distinctly the choice for the position, not alone on his kicking, but for his running and general perfected performance. The other two back-field positions are made up of King of Harvard and Macomber of Illinois. Had Oliphant played all the season as in the Navy game he might have pushed Macomber out for first place. The team would use the kick formation as its basic form of attack just as did Harvard.

King, Barrett, and Mahan are so strong and powerful that they could pound the line to pieces as well as running the ends, while Macomber, Barrett, and Mahan are all three excellent at forward passes, Macomber being one of the stars of the Middle West in this performance, and, with Shelton and Baston to receive them, this should be a very strong play for this team.

Now, as to substitutes, Higgins of Penn State and Herron of Pittsburgh run the first string ends very closely with Squier of Illinois and Heyman of Washington and Jefferson, barely shutting out such a field as Soucy and Harte of Harvard, Lamberton of Princeton, Chamberlin of Nebraska (former back-field man), Church of Yale, La Plante of Williams, Cohen of Vanderbilt, Sentor of Georgia Tech., Zimmerman of Washington State, Quist of Minnesota, and Stavrum of Wisconsin.

At tackle Buck of Wisconsin and Vandegraaf of Alabama could readily replace Gilman and Abell, while Cody of Vanderbilt is a star of equal magnitude, as is Halligan of Nebraska. Weyand of the Army, Parson of Harvard, Sheldon of Yale, Houser of Minnesota, Beckett of Oregon, Way of Yale, Kellison of West Virginia, Layther of Oregon Agricultural, Wynne of Auburn, Littlejohn of Alabama, Jamieson of Cornell, Shull of Chicago, Berry of Texas, Randolph of Northwestern, and Boughton of Ohio are all quite in the running.

At guard Black of Yale played only at the end of the season, but was first-class. So was Hogg of Princeton, while Dadmun of Harvard and Taylor of Auburn were close up. On their heels were Dunnigan of Minnesota, Coleman of Virginia, Stewart of Illinois, Dobbin of Sewanee, and Bloeher of Purdue.

At center Cool of Cornell and McEwan of West Point push Peck closely, while Wallace of Harvard, Henderson of Georgia, Watson of Illinois, Tandy of North Carolina, and White of Yale were all good.

A Fine String of Men

THE position of quarter finds a string of fine candidates: Watson of Harvard, a great general; Russell of Chicago, a star runner; Scarr of Rutgers, Clark of Illinois, Curry of Vanderbilt, Glick of Princeton, Miller of Columbia, Durham of Washington State, Long of Minnesota, Cahall of Lehigh, and Whittaker of Indiana—all good handlers of the ball.

The back field finds an embarrassment of riches hard to choose from—Tibbott of Princeton, a real star but trying to do a little too much in his final game; Berryman of Penn State, a hard striker; Mayer of Virginia, a star anywhere; Abraham of the Oregon Aggies, a real scorer; Oliphant of the Army, a wonder in the final game; Shiverick of Cornell, a beautiful kicker; Guernsey of Yale, a good drop kicker; Maulbetsch, still a wonderful little player, though shot to pieces in a poorer team than last year; Gilroy of Georgetown, Scovil of Yale, Pollard of Brown, Driscoll of Northwestern, De Prato of the Michigan Aggies, Weldon of Lafayette, Cofall of Notre Dame, Bierman of Minnesota, Westcott of Tufts—all only a shade behind Talman of Rutgers.

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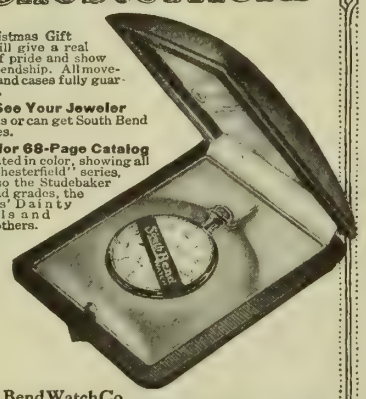
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Filmland as It Was and Is

(*Continued from page 7*)

found elsewhere, as well as a great variety of natural backgrounds for their use—including mountain, desert, and sea; a land made to order for pictorial purposes.

They came in shoals, these film makers; some on capital, some on shoestrings. Some were little men, attempting to play a game which was too big for them, and these fell by the wayside. Some were of larger caliber and capable of development; these grew with the industry.

During the last three years many theatrical barons have entered the film field. Few of them came willingly; they were forced into it against their natural inclinations. Five or six years ago the magnates of the spoken drama pretended to despise the motion picture as a cheap and unsatisfactory substitute for the real thing. They sneered at it in print and otherwise, and refused to regard the silent drama as a rival which might affect their business, then extremely prosperous.

GRADUALLY a change came over these haughty gentlemen, working outward from the pocketbook. New York successes were few and far between, but the big loss was in the small towns. The road companies, always a source of revenue, reported bad business; the one-night stands showed a remarkable falling off. The magnates examined into the situation. Part of the shrinkage was due to financial depression and a tightening up of the money market; the rest they charged to the motion-picture houses, springing up like mushrooms all over the country. Why should father give up $2 a seat to see a No. 4 dramatic company stagger through a New York hit, when for a thin dime per each, yea, even a nickel a seat, he could take mother and the kids to see a brisk, snappy entertainment, spiced with variety and lacking only the sound of the human voice? The sound of the voice was not worth a dollar and ninety cents to father.

The magnates saw the handwriting on the wall, and one by one they began to examine into the profits of the silent drama. They were quick to note that the only cost of a film play was the cost of initial production. After the prints were made from the negative, the "show" traveled about the country in neat little tin boxes—no expensive railroad transportation, no Pullman sleepers, no actors' salaries. And each separate print could go right on working night after night, until it was worn out, when at a trifling cost it could be replaced with a new one.

The theatrical moguls swallowed their pride and enlisted under the new régime—small profits but plenty of 'em—bringing their stars with them. One result of this addition to the film forces has been fierce competition and a matching of dollars spent in ambitious productions, with a corresponding increase in the prices of admission. Another result of the hard times in stageland has been a very marked improvement in the acting offered on the screen. Hundreds of competent men and women, thrown out of work, have turned to motion pictures, and the benefit has been mutual.

And, speaking of increased prices of admission, it is a significant fact that three of the oldest film companies in Los Angeles and vicinity have gone the theatrical invasion one better by forming a combination to market their star features at an admission fee of $2. This experiment will be watched with considerable interest by everyone connected with the amusement business, and, as usual, the ultimate consumer will decide its fate.

FROM the very beginning the successful film manufacturer has been remarkably quick to take a hint from the ultimate consumer as to his likes and dislikes. In this connection it may be truthfully stated that Colonel Roosevelt is responsible in a left-handed sort of way for the development of a very spectacular branch of the motion-picture industry—the use of wild animals in film. The story of the first "animal stuff" furnishes a striking example of the growth common to all branches of this amazing business.

Colonel Roosevelt went to Africa to hunt big game, and some one connected with the Selig plant in Chicago thought it would be a great idea to produce a feature film, taking advantage of the general interest in the colonel's activities. Otis Turner, now a veteran of nine years' experience in the direction of motion pictures and a man of ideas of his own, was intrusted with the rather delicate job of reproducing in Cook County, Ill., an African jungle and a lion hunt, featuring a real sure-enough lion. Mr. Turner speaks:

"Hunting a lion in Africa is a soft snap compared with hunting one in Chicago. Before you can shoot a lion in this country, you must buy him, and if you don't think lions come high, go into the market and see. A lion in the pink of condition, young, strong, and vigorous, costs a barrel of money, and as all this lion had to do was die, we decided that an old one would do just as well.

"We finally found an aged brute with a couple of paws in the grave, and explained to the owner that in shooting him we were doing the lion a favor. The owner couldn't see that argument at all, and when he named his first price on that mangy old flea preserve the lion wasn't the only one who howled. After a lot of dickering back and forth, we finally bought the brute for $600.

"We then built a big cage out in the studio yard, and hid the bars behind a fake jungle of trees and creeping vines. Inside this cage we built a smaller one, also concealed, and from this shelter our moving-picture Nimrod was to pop the lion—with a blank cartridge. I couldn't take a chance on an actor being a marksman too. In order to give the picture an added interest, our gallant huntsman wore khaki, a helmet, glasses, front teeth and a mustache, and was of the sturdy, robust type.

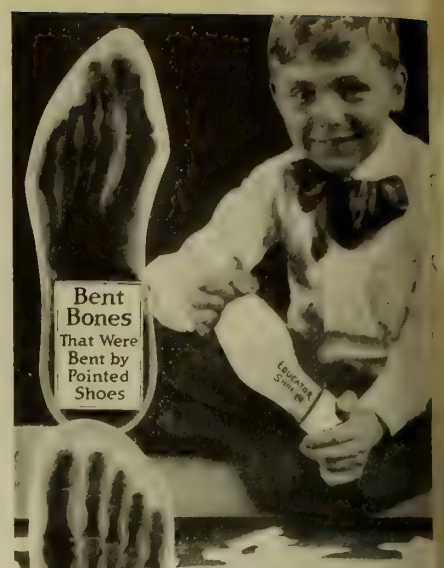
"The big scene, of course, was the actual shooting of the lion, and this was to be done by a young man from the Naval Reserve, whom we stationed outside the big cage. He had never shot any lions before, but he said he felt confident of hitting this one right in the eye. I put three cameras on the scene in order to be certain of getting one perfect film, and when everything was ready the lion was shoved into the arena.

"There was one fight left in his old carcass, and he made straight for our hunter. I gave the signal, the actor fired his blank cartridge and at the same instant the Naval Reserver let drive with his express rifle, but he did not hit the lion in the eye. Far from that. He nicked him on the lower jaw just hard enough to destroy the last of his patience, and the way that lion went for the small cage was a caution! The cage wasn't any too strong, but neither was the lion, so it was about an even thing, and *noise?* The lion roared and the actor yelled, and between them they had a duet that waked up that entire end of town.

"'Shoot him again! Shoot him again!' bawled the actor, but that would have spoiled the picture. We couldn't photograph the lion going round the little cage like a cooper round a barrel. That would have destroyed the illusion. We had to wait for the lion to get out in the open, and this he refused to do. He decided at last that the best way to get into that cage was from beneath, so he crawled under to an accompaniment of shrieks from our imitation colonel, and he stayed there for one mortal hour, growling and snarling and spitting, and every time he moved the actor howled.

"After what seemed like an eternity the lion came out where the cameras could see him, faced the cage, and this time the Naval Reserver did his full duty. We got a very striking picture of the death of a lion, and after that we skinned him—or rather, the actor did—while a lot of negroes sat around with spears in their hands and pretended to be wild men. The film was held back until word came that Colonel Roosevelt had killed his first lion, and then it was released with a bang. It made such a sensation and earned so much money that animal pictures have been in vogue ever since."

The same company which began six years ago with one mangy martyr now maintains a menagerie on the East Side in Los Angeles. It is proudly claimed to be the largest privately owned menagerie in the United States. We do not know a great deal about private menageries, but if there is one which can beat forty-nine lions and eighteen tigers, we will award it the palm. The cat house is also well stocked with leopards, panthers, pumas, and jaguars, and out under the



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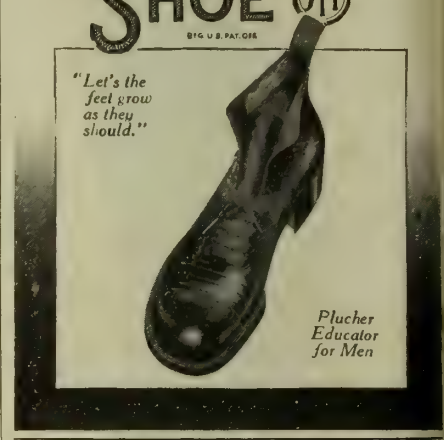
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eucalyptus trees the casual visitor comes upon nine elephants, rocking at their moorings and probably wondering what is going to happen to them next, for motion-picture elephants lead strenuous lives. Then there are the giraffes, Fritzie and Lena, the llamas, the camels, the zebras, the sacred cows, the buffaloes, the monkeys, the bears, the ostriches, emus, and about five hundred other varieties of wild life. Not long ago a picture was made at this studio in which forty lions appeared—forty, count 'em—forty.

THE original investment of $600 now looks more like half a million, but the answer is simple; people like animal pictures and will pay money to see them. Demand breeds supply, hence we also have David Horsley with the Bostock animals, as well as the zoo at Universal City, where one company works continuously on "animal stuff."

Little accidents happen, of course—some tragic, some comical. Performing animals are not always to be depended upon, and then a trainer or an actor goes to the hospital. A short time ago an African picture was being made in which several lions were to be used. In order to secure the proper atmosphere, a score of negroes were hired to act as gun bearers to the actors, and while waiting for the lions to be brought from the cat house and put into the big outdoor cage, these negroes squatted in the grass, naked but for scraps of fur about their loins. Some of the younger men were nervous, but they were reassured by an old negro called "Uncle Joe," a studio veteran who had often worked in animal pictures.

"They ain't nothin' to be scairt of," said he. "They don' use no ba-ad lions in these yere scenes. They all tame like sheep."

The wagon came trundling in with the big cage on it and was backed up to the side of the wire inclosure in which the scenes were to be made. One attendant opened the door of the inclosure, while another one opened the rear end of the cage. Three of the lions, knowing what was expected of them, leaped into the inclosure. The fourth, being a playful brute, saw that there was room between the end of the wagon and the wire inclosure for him to squeeze through and take a stroll in the open, and he did, straight in the direction of the naked gun bearers.

They say that all world's sprint records were lowered that day, from the squatting start. Three of the gun bearers selected the same tree, a sapling barely large enough to support a child. They bore it to the ground, but were too frightened to notice this fact, and continued to cling to it, howling dolefully. One tall ebony son of Ham went over a 10-foot fence on the fly; the testimony is that he ran up one side and down the other without using his hands at all. His clothes are still in the dressing room used by the extra men, for he never came back. Most of the negroes chose the straightaway to the lower end of the zoo, a distance of 300 yards, and their pacemaker was Uncle Joe, who had said that no bad lions were used in moving pictures.

After the runaway was safely housed and the eucalyptus trees paged for stray gun bearers, a young negro took Uncle Joe to task. "Humph!" said he, with scorn. "Didn' you tell us them lions wasn't dangerous? I notice you was leadin' the band!"

"Shucks!" was the airy response. "I des nachelly *had* to run to keep from bein' tromped on by you cowahds!"

THE time has come to give the motion-picture army a swift and statistical review. Figures soothe the minds of the mathematically inclined, and those here presented were not compiled by a press agent. They come from a thoroughly dependable source and undershoot rather than overshoot the mark. First, how large is this army?

There are, in Los Angeles and vicinity, approximately twenty producing companies or studios, as they are called, and this figure takes no note of the fly-by-nighters or the shoestring players—let us say twenty established plants.

These plants employ directors, and each director has a stock company under him. At a conservative estimate, 120 directors work the year round, handling 120 stock companies, and a stock company will average ten men and women regularly employed and on the pay rolls whether they work or not. Then there are the extra people employed by the picture or by the day—twenty for each production is a fair average. This gives a total of 3,600



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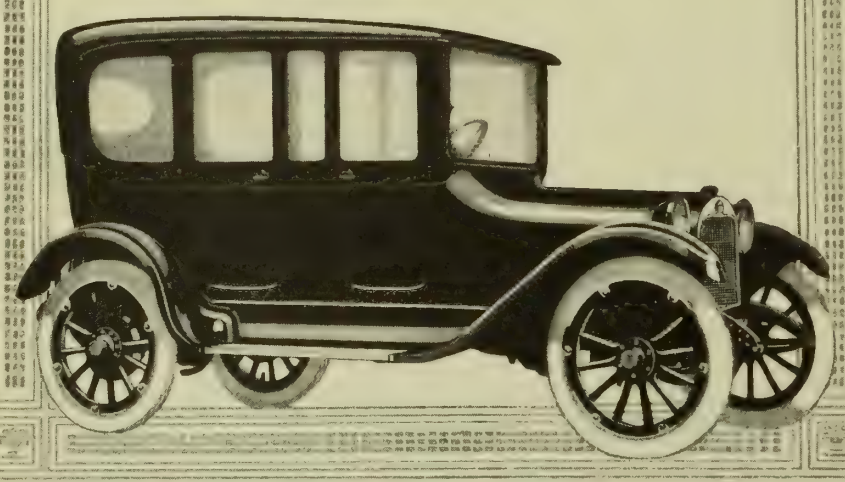
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About half of these directors are making what they call "regular program releases"—the one-reelers and two-reelers. The others are the headliners of the film world; they make the "multiple reel features."

The average regular program release company operates at a cost, let us say, of $1,000 a week. This includes all salaries and operating expenses. The feature productions require a more generous outlay, and $2,000 a week is a modest average. By the year the 120 directors spend the tidy little total of $9,360,000.

We must not forget the stars, specially engaged for these feature productions. They come high—all the way from $500 to $3,000 a week. Sixty stars, say, at an average of $1,000 apiece—and your grand total now stands at $12,480,000 per annum.

TAKE into consideration the amount of money spent in building studios and making permanent improvements in property and your lowest possible total will be $15,000,000. The bulk of this money is placed in circulation in Los Angeles, actors being among our best known coin circulators.

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And what a pity that the Chamber of Commerce did not meet our two pioneers with a brass band!

A second article by Mr. Van Loan, entitled "The Men Who Make the Movies Move," will appear in an early issue of COLLIER'S.

El Rancho Verde

(*Continued from page 8*)

"Stop!" she said. "I am your friend. I'm friend to all the world. Get down and let me feed you."

The boy looked down at her, and his blue eyes were strained and bloodshot. The lines in his young face were those of experience—such lines as make a woman's heart ache to behold in the face of youth. And he was good to look upon, too, with his straight young body, his arrogant mouth, and his shock of blond hair, curly as Van's own.

"Yes," he said thickly; "I'm running—I'm a bad one—a-a—" He hesitated, looking at her dully, and she saw that he swayed in his saddle from weariness; that he was clean beat out.

"A horse thief?" she said gently.

He nodded as if he had reached the end of his string and confession were a slight thing now. "Yes, a horse thief. Will you feed me now?"

Under the fagged tone there was an attempt at bravado, at bitterness, and once more the woman touched his cuff.

"Caliente Kid?" she said. "From down El Como way? Yes, I'll feed you, and what's more I'll help you. Come on down and let's do something for the pony." She pulled him gently, and the boy slid from his saddle so stiffly that he almost fell, and Van caught him in her arms, steadying him.

"Sho'!" he said hoarsely; "I'm—all—in. Four days—four damn—I beg your pardon—four awful days!"

He muttered wearily, but Van was calling for everyone at once, while she gave a jumble of orders and led the stumbling lad toward the patio at the same time.

TWO hours later she sat in the dusky twilight beside the hammock and asked him a thousand questions while he lay stretched in the swaying swing, a mere boy, beaten and tossed by the waves of wrongdoing.

"What do you get out of it, Kid?" she asked gently. "What's the gain?"

The youngster stirred uneasily.

"Nothin', I guess," he said, " 'cept that—that—well, I guess I just got started wrong an' it's some job to beat the sheriffs."

There was a ring of boyish bravado in the words.

"Bah!" said Van Landon. "There's nothing to that. That sheriff is a full man, boy, and no mistake, but I've beaten him at a certain game for several years."

She laughed softly.

"It'd take a lot more courage and

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How to Get Free Bulletins on raising chickens, pigs, turkeys, geese, ducks, rabbits, and cattle; growing fruits and vegetables; canning fruits and vegetables; recipes for cooking fruits, meats, and vegetables; and other subjects of interest to farmers and housekeepers.	*Lists of Bulletins of Special Interest to Women.* These bulletins cover the care and education of children, household topics, and health. The lists tell how to get the documents.
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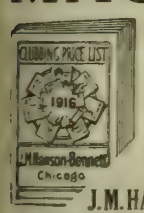
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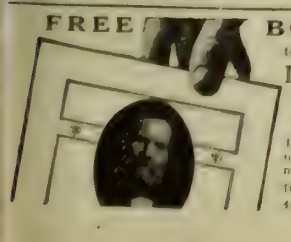
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"How'd you know?" said the boy with a sudden flame of resentment.

"Huh! Would a man—a *man*, mind you—*steal?*"

HE sat up in the hammock, stiffly, wearily, and she saw with a pain at her good heart how hard he had been pressed.

"I guess," he said bitterly, "I'd better be agoin' on. I made a mistake in ridin' in, though Lord knows I couldn't 'a' gone much longer."

Van put out a hand, a soft, thrilling woman's hand, and laid it on his cheek, pressing gently.

"Lie down," she commanded. "Haven't I a right to talk to you a bit when I'm risking a lot to help you? Are you a child or do you call yourself a man?"

"Neither," he said contritely; "I'm a fool."

"Yes," she agreed gravely; "and I'd like to make you over. I lied when I said I didn't think you'd stick. I do. I only wanted to see how your heart lay —what you'd say to it. You've got a good strong chin and a pair of eyes I'd stake a lot on, Kid. I guess maybe you just got off wrong, as a horse does sometimes in its biggest race. And I'm a gambler. Would you believe it? An awful gambler."

"Yes," he said quickly, "I know that. You like the long shot or you'd never 'a' took me in when you had me spotted that first minute, an' the sheriff hot on my trail—th' hellhound!"

"Shut up!" said Van sharply. "That sheriff's a man, I tell you, and what's more he's mine—if I want to take him."

"I'm sorry," said the boy simply.

"Good."

"And he's likely to trail me here, though I made a pretty clean slip when I left him in the hills an' doubled back."

"'Course he will. But I like you." With that inimitable, appealing intimacy that made her so honey-sweet to men she reached out and took his young hand in both of hers, folding it tight between her soft palms. "I like you, boy, and I hate to see you caught and sent up for half your life. And that's what you'll get when Bert Cardigan gets you—*when*, I say, for he'll get you some day if I let you go."

HE stirred in the hammock at that picture, and the fingers she held curled tight around hers.

"God!" said the Caliente Kid.

"Not God, but me," she said. "Now you listen."

And loosening a hand she slipped it into the yellow curls and softly stroked them back from the weary young forehead. She was using her every power, her every art. She had seen them work wonders in older men than this, and she was a wondrous woman.

"Now listen. If I can save you from Bert Cardigan—if, I say, and if I put you to hard, honest work here among my riders, will you stick? Will you stay here with me till Cardigan comes in and take the chance with me? I have a plan already" (in the darkness she looked out across the plains and her eyes began to shine with light of battle), "a glorious plan! If it wins, you will be free, and I will be your friend, and I am the sticking kind, Kid. We'll make another start and this time it will be right. What do you say?"

She leaned close and heard the breath whistle in his throat, felt the electric tension of the great decision.

"It's a gamble," she whispered, "but —aren't we both gamblers?"

"By Heaven!" said the Caliente Kid hoarsely, "we are! If it wins, I'll be a man for you, an' oh, for th' love o' God, stick by me!"

And turning his face against her arm he began to sob like the boy he was beneath all the wrong and bravado.

Van Landon smiled knowingly in the star-hung dark, but there were tears in her gray eyes, too.

TWELVE hours later Bert Cardigan, sheriff, rode into the cottonwood grove again. He was travel-grimed and drawn, and the lines about his stern lips were deep and grave.

Van Landon met him in cool white, starched and fluted, and sweet as a mountain wind. Her sleeves were mere lace frills that left her brown arms



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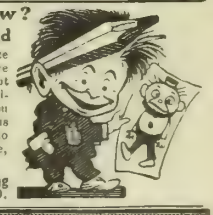
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bare, her throat rose above more lace, and there were trinkets gleaming here and there about her—a necklace of turquoise beads, cunningly woven by the Indians, a girdle to match that hung low about her hips and dangled long flat ends to the hem of her dress. A silver ring set with a big turquoise ornamented the little finger of her right hand.

She was a sight to draw the heart out of a man's breast. Cardigan looked at her gravely a moment or two. Then he smiled in spite of himself.

"You young witch!" he said. "All this is for a purpose."

And with her keenness of perception she saw that he knew it all.

"Yes, sir," she answered, "the Kid is here. What are you going to do about it?"

"Take him to Redwood."

"Yes?"

The word was polite beyond measure, honey-sweet, and drawling.

Cardigan got off Black Bolt and faced her. "Now, Van, dear," he said quietly, "let's understand each other once for all. I know your good heart and that you've set yourself against me in this, thinking my love for you will make me forget my duty. God knows I would do almost anything on earth for you, but I am, according to my modest lights, an honorable man. If I play fair with my honor, I've got to take the Caliente Kid back to Redwood. Now what are you going to make of me?"

VAN squirmed uncomfortably, pointing a slim toe into the hard earth and glancing about. This was her own method of attack precisely, and he had forestalled her, "beat her to it."

"He's just a boy, Bert," she said disarmingly; "just a yellow-haired, blue-eyed boy who's gotten off wrong, and I want to start him over. Couldn't you lose his trail hereabout somewheres?"

Cardigan shook his head.

"I'd find it forever in my conscience," he said, "as long as I held office."

Van threw down the gauge, flashed up her head, straightened her shoulders.

"All right then," she said, "all right! You love me, don't you?"

"Better than my life," he said simply.

"And you like a fair chance?"

"Yes."

"You believe in your Black Bolt?"

"Certainly. But what are you driving at?"

"A very simple solution of this difficulty—for it is a difficulty, Bert. I'll never turn the boy over to you, and if you take him from me by force I'll hate you forever. So this is what we'll do: We've been quarreling for a year about Yusuf and Black Bolt, haven't we? And I said they should never run against each other save for a reason, and a good one. We have the reason now, and high stakes—high stakes, Bert! Oh, the very highest stakes we know!"

Her sweet lips were trembling a bit with excitement, while her gray eyes had gone black between her lashes.

"Yes?" asked Cardigan wonderingly. His heart seemed to lose a beat, then to plunge ahead like lightning. He never knew what she would do next, and he knew her sharpness, her cleverness, so that he saw disaster looming for himself in some vague way. He wet his dust-dry lips. "Name them," he said.

"You shall rest Black Bolt and yourself—there is a panful of Fanita's sugar cakes—and when you are both fit we'll run the race at last, the great race, and I warn you it will be a hard one, to the last ounce of endurance, the farthest stretch of speed! I'll ride my Yusuf and you shall ride Black Bolt, under what they are used to carrying, or you may strip down to a surcingle," she flashed excitedly, "and the stakes shall wait upon the issue. If I win, you shall give me all right to the Caliente Kid. And if your conscience is too strong you can add your office to the stakes. If you win—you and your Bolt" (she laughed a bit shakily and struck her palm to his), "if you win you can take the boy to jail, and to make you run your best I'll add myself to the purse. I'll marry you when you say."

For a moment Cardigan's face went red as flame beneath the dust and grime. Then it turned ash-gray and his dark eyes blazed like harbor lights.

"Done!" he cried. "Done, by—!"

FOR two days the sheriff lay at El Rancho Verde. He was very silent, and Van left him much to himself. He groomed and tended the great black horse with minute care, ran him daily out along the stretching plains, and satisfied himself that he was in prime condition.

He had not seen the Caliente Kid, for Van kept the boy somewhere in the depths of the adobe house, but he knew he was there, that he would not escape. So much he counted on her word and on her charm that drew and held men as honey draws flies.

FOLLOWING her custom, Van was up at the first gray light and far away on Yusuf, flying along the land like a will-o'-the-wisp. They needed no training, these two, for they knew each other's hearts and were satisfied.

On the morning of the third day Cardigan went to Van at the early breakfast with a set to his square jaw that made her thrill for just a second with apprehension, so confident was it so sure of his chances.

"I'm ready," he said quietly. "Shall it be this morning?"

She nodded as she poured his coffee.

"Right-o," she answered, "we're ready too. We'll start at the corral and go to the Devil's Outlook. We'll go fast, Bert, and whoso is ahead there is winner. Is that satisfactory?"

"Perfectly."

"Then let's hurry."

In thirty minutes they stood at the corral gate, Van clad in khaki, her black hair bound tight to her head, and without a covering.

Two boys led out the horses, Yusuf stepping lightly, like a fine lady, his silver coat shining in the sun.

Van flung an impulsive arm about his neck.

"My Lord, Bert!" she cried, "you've lost before we start. In twenty minutes the county'll be needing a new sheriff."

But Cardigan, looking to the bit and the saddle cinches, smiled. Black Bolt looked like a fine machine, a strong, untiring thing of steel and steam, formidable and appalling in his great strength.

On Yusuf's gleaming back there was a small jockey saddle and Van swung up without assistance.

Cardigan mounted; they swung about neck to neck, and Van motioned to Manuel.

"Strike the big bell, Manuel, three sharp strokes. Standing start, and off at the third."

She gathered her light reins and leaned forward.

"Ready."

One! boomed the big bell of the rancho that hung at the corral gate. Cardigan settled his feet in the stirrups; touched Black Bolt gently.

Two!

Tension had dropped suddenly upon them. It seemed no one breathed, neither these two with so much at stake, nor the silent, dark-faced circle of El Rancho Verde's people gathered in the background.

At a corner of the adobe house a blond boy rolled innumerable cigarettes with trembling fingers and dropped them unlighted.

Three!

Like a flash of summer lightning they were off, the white horse and the black, sailing out along the land in such a flight as they had never made before. With the first leap it seemed that each animal became cognizant of an enemy, a rival to be feared.

The open land lay out before them, smooth-cropped by the grazing cattle, singularly free from the prairie dogs that infested it farther south.

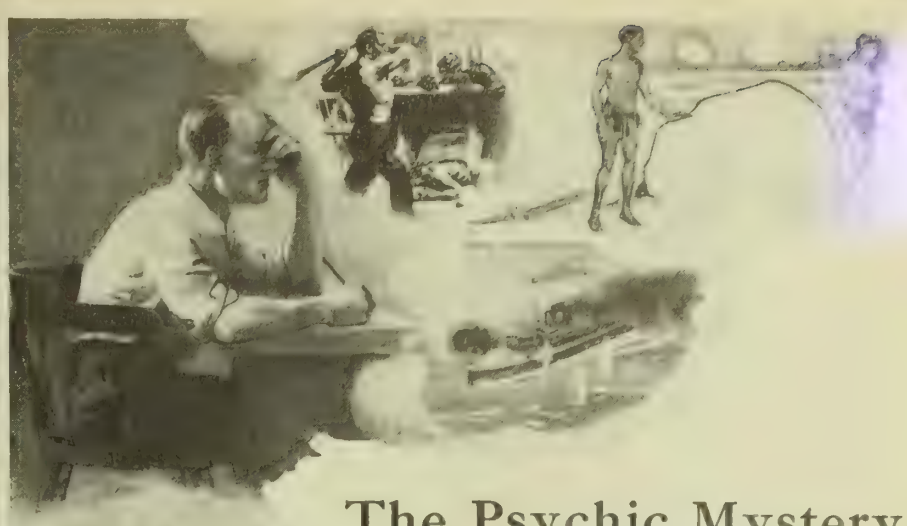
There was no fence, no trail, no stone the size of a man's hand—nothing but the golden land and the barren ramparts to the north, running parallel to their course.

FAR out ahead stood, high and grim in the wash of light, a solitary landmark, a shaft of ancient rock separated from the receding cliffs by the erosion of the elements through countless centuries, the Devil's Outlook. One mile lay between it and the corral gate.

Just once Black Bolt tossed his handsome head, then he stretched out and lay down to work, his great mane flying, his hoofs thundering on the ringing earth.

But Yusuf? Oh, Yusuf, feeling an enemy hanging at his silver flank, went wild with speed. He gathered his slender legs beneath him and spurned the whole wide world. He shot ahead, an arrow, a lance thrown by a giant, a sparkling flame. Fires were lighted in his eyes; they burned in his heart. This land was his and the glory thereof, and he had never known a rival. Therefore he ran away.

But the great black horse behind him had had many rivals, and he had caught them too. He knew the killing race, the anguished speed of the despairing.



The Psychic Mystery of His Time

He believed that he was under the control of a spirit that had passed over the border; of a soul who, demanding earthly expression, had seized him as its instrument.

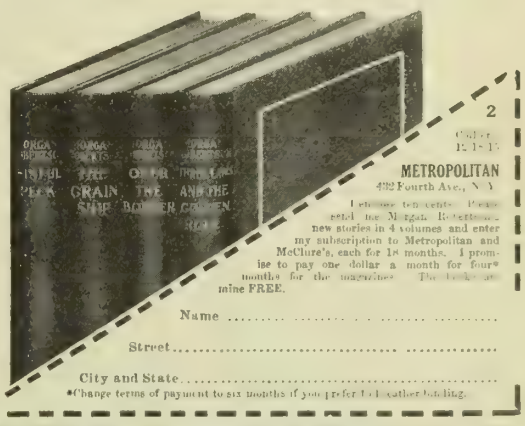
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Slowly he gained momentum, working up as a good engine works up, and presently Yusuf heard the ring of hoofs beside him. Once more the fleet white horse spurted forward.

Neither rider was urging. Both reins hung loose. They knew the mettle of their steeds. The earth went by beneath in a golden blur. The wind sang in their ears with a high, shrill note. It whipped tears into Van's eyes.

NEVER had Yusuf flown as he flew now. He seemed half bird, a feathered thing that skimmed the world below. Time after time he shot away from Black Bolt and time after time Black Bolt crept up. Van gloried in the awful pace, in the way the white horse spurted. The Devil's Outlook was coming toward them with appalling speed. Again she went away from the man beside her. Again he crept up, up—to hip, to flank, to shoulder.

Van felt resentment begin to flame in her heart. Were Yusuf's glorious bursts to fail forever? How long could Black Bolt, so much heavier, keep up the pace? She glanced round once and beheld Cardigan's face pale in the light.

Black Bolt was running evenly, smoothly, untiringly.

She bent anxiously and tried to see Yusuf's eyes. The one she saw was flaming like a beacon, bright, glorious, undaunted. His pink nostril, flaring wide like blown silk, looked like a crimson flower.

"Oh, you darling!" she cried aloud. "You prince, you king! Go! Go!"

The standing rock was just ahead. With a spring the white horse forged ahead, but only for a moment. The black came up, strained to his nose, and together they shot by not an inch apart. Van put a hand to her rein.

"Turn!" she screamed. "Turn! We'll make it back!"

And, circling wide to right and left, they turned and came back together on the home stretch.

At Rancho Verde the roofs were black with people.

A sigh went up from forty hearts when they saw the far dots circle and turn.

"Sancta Maria!" whispered Rosendo. "It's too great a strain for the silver one! Too far! Too far!"

"Never!" cried Manuel, shifting on his moccasined feet. "Hush, fearful one! Pray, if you know how, and help the white bird home!"

Out by the gate the Caliente Kid stood rigid, his fingers, empty of the familiar papers which he had long since dropped in his tension, working involuntarily in the accustomed motions.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "Oh, Lord! And I would have been straight! I would have been straight!"

Down along the land the racers came like swallows. The watchers saw the distance widen between them and the sentinel.

Neck and neck they ran now, for Black Bolt was holding his own better and better. Again and again and yet again the gallant heart of Yusuf sent him spurting from this hateful thing that hung at his flank so relentlessly.

A QUARTER, a half. Van felt the world go by as in a dream. She heard the thunder of the flying hoofs, the whistle of the wind.

Or was it the wind? She strained her ears and an awful sickness took her so that she swayed a trifle in her saddle.

It was *not* the wind, that high, shrill note she heard now. It was the breath whistling in Yusuf's throat! Her Yusuf! Her king of horses!

Tears came into her eyes from her very heart this time. She laid a hand on the silver neck, wet now and darker, and felt him surge forward in answer.

Another quarter. Once again the black head came forward like the form of death itself, resistless, relentless. She hated the black horse wildly. She wanted to reach out and strike that level head.

Nearer and nearer came the buildings; slowly, slowly—oh, her heart was bursting— Black Bolt forged ahead!

A foot, two feet—he was leading Yusuf!

She could feel the heaving of her beauty's sides, the waver in his stride.

And then she saw the corral gate and a young figure that hung upon it, its blond head flung down upon its despairing arms!

Van caught her breath and leaned forward.

"Yusuf!" she screamed. "Oh, Yusuf, darling! Go! Go! Go home! Go home!"

It was a great, a gallant heart that beat under the silver coat. Yusuf was a prince of the blood, built of the truest stuff.

He heard his beloved's voice, felt her hands beating upon his neck, and with the last ounce in him, the last supreme effort, he gathered his fleet hoofs beneath him and went home as only he could go.

It was a magnificent finale, a sight for men and gods.

Like the wind, like hill waters rushing from the snows, like a fire in dead grass, he leaped forward, caught the black horse, breasted him, flung by and spurned the earth between!

A FULL two lengths ahead he went by the corral gate, carried by that divine spark within which made him what he was, a prince of his kind.

And the ranchers went mad for joy as only Latins can. They danced and shouted and crowded about their idols, the woman and the horse, and all the place rang to the uproar.

But Van Landon, trembling in every limb, hung upon Yusuf's neck and cried like a baby. And Yusuf trembled, too. Presently, when the spasm had passed a bit and Van could gather herself together, she looked around for Cardigan. A little way apart he stood by Black Bolt and his strong face had aged wonderfully in its ashen pallor. Still trembling, Van went to him and took his hands.

"Bert," she cried, half laughing, half weeping, "oh, Bert! What a race it was! What a race! And your Black Bolt is a horse, a *real* horse, worthy to run with Yusuf!"

She put out a hand and stroked the wet black side that did not heave unduly.

"But I won! *I won!* Do I get the Caliente Kid?"

"Yes," said Cardigan heavily.

"And—and—does the county get another sheriff?"

"Yes," he said again.

"Then," said this adorable woman, "give me that thing."

And reaching up she tore the silver star from his shirt.

"And now, in winning, I won the right to dictate terms, didn't I?"

He nodded.

"Then we'll send for Father Francis, for I cannot live another day without you. I've loved you so long, Bert! And the rancho needs a man. And—and—Black Bolt shall share Yusuf's own paddock. What do you say?"

With her inimitable charm she raised her eyes to his face and leaned against his breast. And Cardigan opened his arms in a daze and took her into them.

"Van," he said huskily. "Oh, Van, dear! Thank the Lord!"

And the Caliente Kid, coming forward quietly, took the reins of Yusuf and Black Bolt and led them into the paddock.

"Bring me water and a sponge," he said to Manuel; "here's where I get busy on the right road."

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A POET COME OUT OF TAILHOLT

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

DECORATIONS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

THE day on which Edgar Allan Poe died James Whitcomb Riley was born. It was all in the middle of the last century—the good nineteenth century—when the spirit of change, that had been brooding for generations in the hearts of men, suddenly got into their wills and began to manifest itself in realities. Persons who love the weird find creepy pleasure in calling attention significantly to the fact that Mr. Riley's first dip into national fame was through an imitation of Poe's verse—with a certain set of poetical jingles entitled "Leonainie":

Leonainie—Angels named her;
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her
In a smile of white,
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In the solemn night.

In a solemn night of summer,
When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to greet the comer
Like a rose in bloom;
All forebodings that distressed me
I forgot as joy caressed me—
(Lying joy! that caught and pressed me
In the arms of doom!)

Only spake the little lisper
In the Angel tongue;
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper—
"Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you—
Tales but told you to deceive you—
So must Leonainie leave you
While her love is young."

Then God smiled and it was morning,
Matchless and supreme;
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
Earth with its esteem;
Every heart but mine seemed gifted
With the voice of prayer, and lifted
Where my Leonainie drifted
From me like a dream. —E. A. P.

They say that as eminent a Poe authority as William Cullen Bryant was fooled by this practical joke of a twenty-year-old Indiana youth. At any rate, the literary world first turned its eyes toward Mr. Riley because of this imitation of Poe. Hence those who love "the witch tales 'at Annie tells about," "when the lamp wick sputters and the wind goes wo-o-o!" like to pretend that they think the soul of Poe is working its way up through the animal kingdom in Riley.

But in clinging to the unstable theory of transmigration of souls, its doctrinaires have to abandon the simple and time-tried miracle—the miracle of the spiritual genealogy of all poets from age to age. Of course the soul of Poe is living in the heart of Riley, just as the soul of Shelley sang in the lines of Poe, and the songs of Burns, translated into the motif of the day, thrilled through Shelley, and just as Burns took his note from Goldsmith, whose soul was begotten of Dryden, perhaps, or of Ben Jonson, through Shakespeare, on back through Chaucer to Petrarch and Dante, to Horace, to David, even to Lamech, the first poet who in the cave chortled his song of prowess to Adah and Zillah.

The Hoosier poet is a bard of the old line. In him is the immortal soul of song that moves with the race, singing of what it loves: of wars and gods and women, seas and hills and vales, high adventure and lowly plodding, of homes and far journeys, of the visions of the young men and the dreams of the old, and of the prattle of children in the dooryard. Harpers among the herdsmen, prophets at the court, minstrels or troubadours, ballad mongers or laureates, they are all one tribe to which is given the honor and the glory of preserving whatever is fine and worthy in the spirit of the times.

This story is not to be a story of the birth of art in a country community, nor shall it be a disquisition upon the philosophy of self-revelation in humanity along its pilgrimage through this vale of sorrows; far from it. This story will tell how a mild-mannered, blue-eyed little man of five feet five and three-quarters, with hair the color of unroasted peanuts, a mouth sensitive as a woman's, and a good tooth for "chawing terbacker," got the medal of highest honor for poetry from the American Academy of Arts and Letters in the year of our Lord 1912 after a gay and useful life in Indiana.

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James Whitcomb Riley. *The Hoosier poet of the line of Burns, Shelley, and Poe, whose genius has immortalized the charm of childhood. The painting is by John S. Sargent*

The Mute Hoosiers

NOW, Indiana in the middle of the last century made a stage setting for poetry—indeed for all imaginative writing and art—a stage setting that differs radically from the setting of any other part of America. In the early years of the nineteenth century the swashbuckling soldiers from the Napoleonic wars—called in the Western vernacular hussars, with the accent on the first syllable—came quarreling and swaggering across the continent, down the Ohio, and up into Indiana; they were hardy, adventurous, noisy, hopeful, democratic settlers. Joining them were the poor people from the South to whom slavery was an economic menace. They also were quick-tempered, high-visioned, hard-fisted, and of the rough-and-ready type from which pioneers are recruited. These fighting people, ready always to participate in a convention or a mayhem, as the occasion demanded, became known of their neighbors as the hussars, later the Hoosiers. But the cruel monotony of years of hard work piled into decades and heaped into a generation seems to have taken from these gay people, not their gayety, but their habit of expressing it; not their emotional intensity, but its audible form. Life silenced them. Their children and their children's children formed the rugged, sturdy middle-class

stock that had made scores of thriving country towns and thrifty farms in Indiana at the time when Poe died and Riley was born. At that time, in New England, Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa address was shaking the foundations of the Puritan faith; Lowell and Longfellow were singing in their academic cloisters; in the South the easy lives of the leisure classes produced no imaginative literature, save flamboyant oratory. Illinois and Ohio were training their great soldiers and statesmen; there the New England strain, strong in its intellectual activity, was dominant. But in Hoosierdom, before the great Civil War of the sixties, were stories of the struggles of men and women with the wilderness, stories of cruel hardships, heroic sacrifices, iron lives of repression, self-denial, stoic endurance. Among these passionate, speechless people Riley grew to boyhood.



At the age of twenty-two Riley studied law, practiced sign painting, and lived his verse

The Romance of the Poet's Boyhood

HIS father was a country lawyer: good, substantial, middle-class people were the Rileys—upper-class indeed in their town and their State. Steel engravings and perhaps a chromo adorned the walls of the parlor, and the china dog with yellow eyes stared from the mantelpiece. In the bookcase were a few volumes, mostly of history and oratory, with Shakespeare and Bunyan and one or two British poets representing the imaginative side of life. But such books even in their homes were remote from the boys of that day. McGuffey's School Readers supplied literary inspiration to the boys, and in the sixties their imaginations were fed upon the famous dime novel of the period. But books had a small part in the boy life of that day and place. The boy Riley grew up—save for the fleeting hours of school—in the open, "down around the river," which means the creek; or in the barn, that natural playhouse of a boy in a country town; or in that mysterious palace of cool, dark mystery, the town ice house; or in that exhaustless treasury of boy wealth, the alley behind the village stores; or in the wood lot where nuts and grapes in autumn tempted boys to return to the life of the gods; or on the vacant lot, crosscut with paths of grown-up feet, where boys hiding in the high weeds went forth to many a bold adventure of boy errantry. What the musty smell of books must have been to the youth of New England who grew into the scholastic poets of their day the strong stable smells and the stinks of the jimson weeds around the abandoned mill or the slaughter house were to the boy poet of Indiana. Yet because youth was there, because it all flashed before the fresh eyes of childhood, "the earth and every common sight" were indeed "appareled in celestial light." Beauty, after all, does not consist so much in environment (all places are ugly enough to the ugly soul), but in the eyes that see and the heart that feels and the spirit that understands. "On the banks o' Deer Crick" and the "little town o' Tailholt" have in them "the glory and the freshness of a dream," if only the dream is cherished. One of the differences between poets and the rest of us is that poets do cherish their dreams. Hear Riley talking years afterward of his first school—probably as miserable and sordid and disenchanting a makeshift of a school as any boy ever attended. But as he spoke of it in the mellowness of maturity, there came into his face the boy's soul who loved it, and his eyes gleamed with tenderness, his sensitive mouth puckered childishly, and he began chuckling that infectious chuckle that was echoing across forty years and more as he spoke:

"My first teacher was a little old rosy, roly-poly woman who looked as though she might have just come rolling out of a fairy story—she was so lovable and jolly and amiable." He looked down a moment to catch the picture and drawled on: "Her school was kept in a little old Dame Trot sort of a house, with three rooms, and"—here he blinked gayly at the recollection of the detail—"like a bracket on the wall was a little porch in the rear, which was a playground for her scholars"—again the audience had the highly infectious chuckle—"for in those days pupils were called scholars, very affectionately, by their teachers."

Again the poet's eye, still the child's eye, sees the picture, for he says in tenderest voice of sweet reminiscence: "I remember the little lame boy who used to get the first ride in the swing in the locust tree at recess."

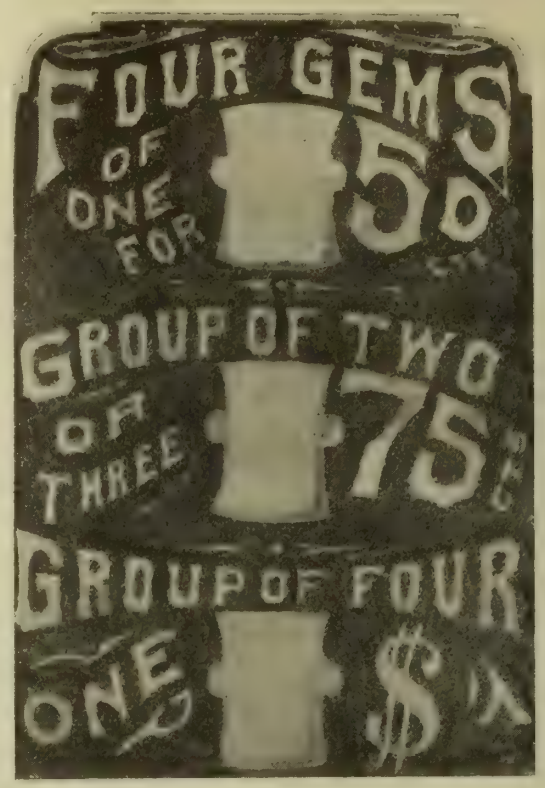
And one wonders if the little lame boy was the child who has become immortalized by the verses—the boy who had "curv'ture of the spine!" But the picture is shaping up again, a picture which might have been brought out of a mean heart in derision, but which came out of Riley's heart in love:

"That teacher was a mother, too, to all her scholars, and her particular care was the drowsy little ones. They were often carried to a sitting room and laid to slumber on a little made-down pallet on the floor. I recall how a playmate and I, having been admonished into silence, grew deeply interested in a spare old man sitting always by the window rocking with the shade of the window drawn down. After a while we became accustomed to the idea, and we sat in a little sewing chair talking and laughing in whispers and giving imitations of the pendulating figure of the little old blind man at the window. Well, the little old blind man was the gentlewoman's charge, and for this reason possibly her life had become a heroic one caring for this old husband of hers, waiting blind and helpless but content at the window for his sight to come back to him—as doubtless it has, now that he sits at another casement!"

There are the trailing clouds of glory, sure enough! And they blow, not from the beauty of the mountains or the mystery of the sea, but from a miserable little three-roomed house in a dingy little weed-grown town, where "they's no sidewalks to speak of," and the post office is "the drug store and the shoe shop and the grocery, all three"—indeed, the "little town o' Tailholt." But there are "the glory and the dream." Doubtless Troy itself was a measly little old stick-in-the-mud town compared with Athens or the home of the Pharaohs. But a poet's eyes saw it and a poet's heart held it and gilded its towers for all time. So let us have some more of these pictures of a poet's boyhood, and remember that it was the common boyhood of a day that is passing quickly out of reality into tradition:

"To my last teacher I owe possibly the first gratitude of my heart and soul, since, after a brief warfare, upon our first acquaintance as teacher and pupil, he informed me gently but firmly that since I was so persistent in reading secretly in school 'Beadle' and Munro's dime novels, he would choose my novels, and Irving, Cooper, Dickens, Scott, and Thackeray were substituted for the dime novels." There is the boy eternal waging the time-old war against the ruthless invasion of the enslaving forces of life, surrendering the raw meat gained by his own hands for the fire-made food of his thraldom! It is the race story in little.

At sixteen young Riley left school—probably because he had finished all the schooling the town afforded. And then life clamped its shackles on him. His father, being of the thrifty, foresighted American type, held to the American tradition of the time that every boy should have a trade "to fall back on," whether he had a profession or not. So he apprenticed his son to a house painter.

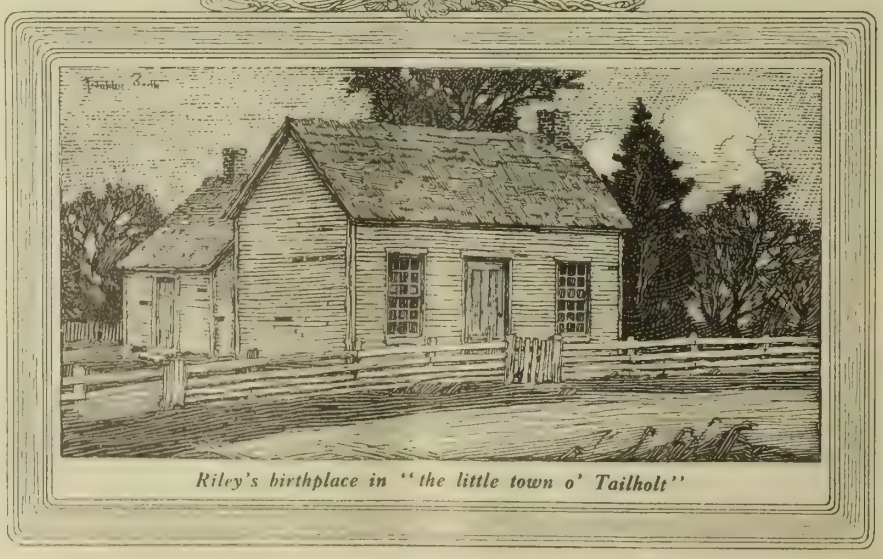


Sign the poet admits he painted for a tintype photographer at age of eighteen in Mooresville, Ind. The owner of the sign recalls Riley's fine violin playing
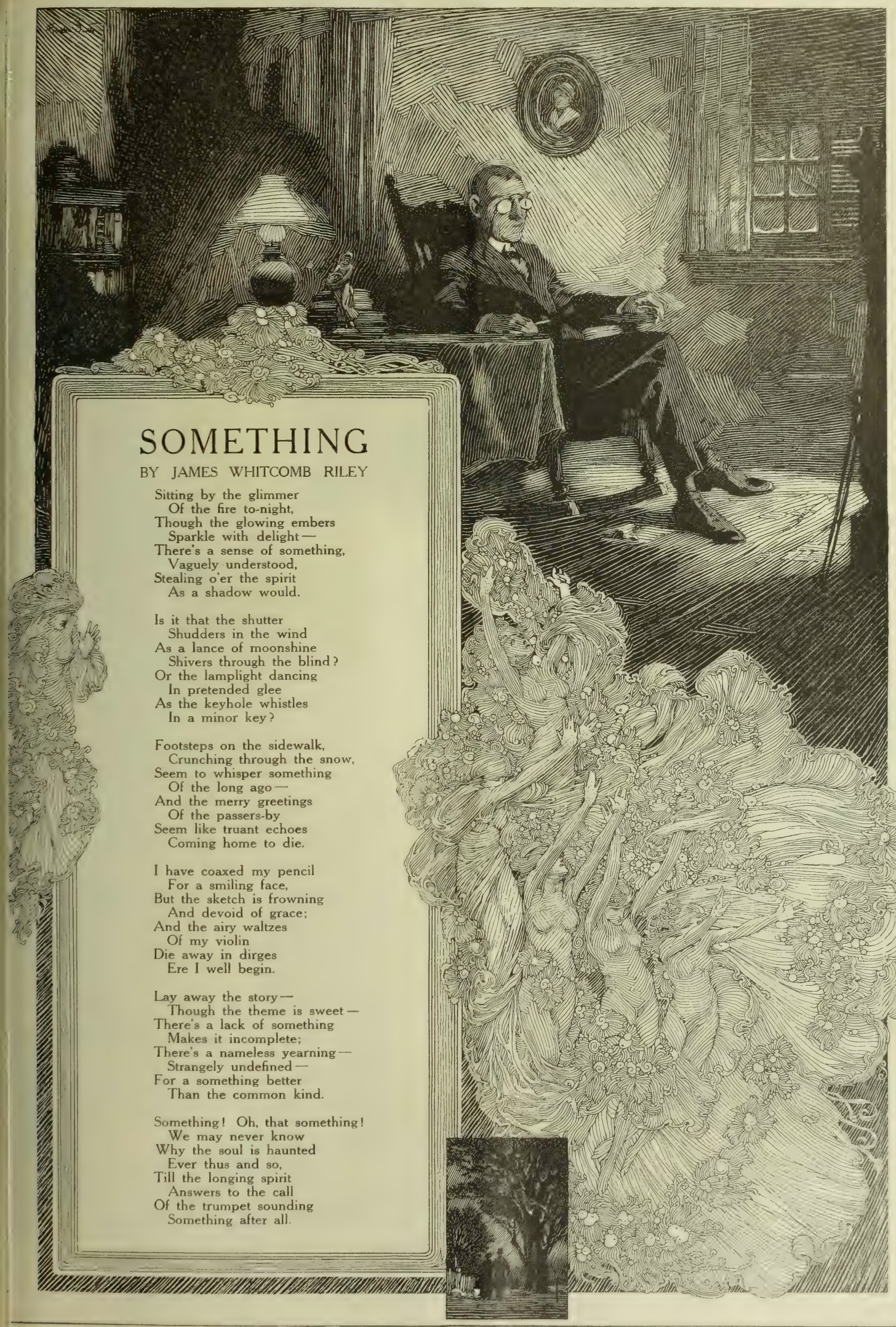
The Girl in the Case

IT WAS a most natural thing that the paint-spattered cub—tow-headed and more or less mean, for he was more or less sheer animal—should be known as "Bud," and so he was known. Now, the pseudonym "Bud" on a boy means, being translated into the language of man, that the boy will fight; that he will tie knots in clothes at the swimming hole; that he will crack rocks under water and give the others the cramp; that he will skate over the ice just frozen after the ice cutters have left; that he will sit cuddled up naked under the water that runs over the dam, not minding an occasional snake, waiting to stick his head up and scare the daylights out of the older girls at a Sunday-school picnic; that he will smoke rattan or cornstalk, suck a grapevine in spring, drink pokeberry ink on a dare knowing it will kill you, wait around outside of church looking in at the girls and beau a girl home at night—and kiss her if she will let him; that he will put worms in a bottle, let them sunfry, and rub the oil on him to make him limber, and burn in his soul to be a peanut boy on the local train or get a leg cut off hopping freight cars switching around the depot. So Riley was "Bud," and there was a girl. No biographer ever has dared to say so. Riley himself never has hinted at the truth. The girl has kept discreetly silent about it. Nevertheless, there was a girl, and she (or they, as the case may be) set the voices to singing in the boy's heart. Where she is or what became of her no one who knows will tell. Probably she married the son of the merchant prince, and for twenty years afterward her mother was duly thankful that she escaped that ornery Riley boy. But she did not die—Riley's verse shows that; and she did not marry him—Riley's verse proves that also. For he is the type of man who might have sacrificed art to life, who would have surrendered his joy in creating visions to the joy of living beautifully. So it's just as well that The Girl did marry the merchant prince and live among the marble-topped black walnut furniture of eminent respectability. For she might have killed a poet. She has, however, wherever she is and whoever she may be, earned the gratitude of a republic by keeping still about the days of "Bud" Riley and the great awakening. So long as we don't know her and she has kept herself studiously in blessed anonymity, let us piece out her romance. They "went together" while "Bud" was learning to be a house painter—dabbling also in the fine arts as a sign painter; learning to etch with acid on glass (almost a lost art these days); learning gold-leaf work and learning to make rimes. He always rimed, but it was her name that first sang exquisitely in his heart. So she must have had a musical three-syllabled name, for, whatever else "Bud" Riley's verse is and was and shall be, it is first of all singing verse. And it sang in his heart a great flood of inarticulate music as he sat on the ladder painting a house, as he tore around town at night tipping up wooden sidewalks, drinking hard cider with the boys, serenading the girls, and in the cool, still hours of midnight whistling homeward by Her father's house in the vain hope that she would know his pipes and be glad. He learned the guitar in those days: first, of course, he mastered the jew's-harp, and, beginning with "Home, Sweet Home" on the

(*Continued on page* 25)



Riley's birthplace in "the little town o' Tailholt"



SOMETHING

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Sitting by the glimmer
  Of the fire to-night,
Though the glowing embers
  Sparkle with delight—
There's a sense of something,
  Vaguely understood,
Stealing o'er the spirit
  As a shadow would.

Is it that the shutter
  Shudders in the wind
As a lance of moonshine
  Shivers through the blind?
Or the lamplight dancing
  In pretended glee
As the keyhole whistles
  In a minor key?

Footsteps on the sidewalk,
  Crunching through the snow,
Seem to whisper something
  Of the long ago—
And the merry greetings
  Of the passers-by
Seem like truant echoes
  Coming home to die.

I have coaxed my pencil
  For a smiling face,
But the sketch is frowning
  And devoid of grace;
And the airy waltzes
  Of my violin
Die away in dirges
  Ere I well begin.

Lay away the story—
  Though the theme is sweet—
There's a lack of something
  Makes it incomplete;
There's a nameless yearning—
  Strangely undefined—
For a something better
  Than the common kind.

Something! Oh, that something!
  We may never know
Why the soul is haunted
  Ever thus and so,
Till the longing spirit
  Answers to the call
Of the trumpet sounding
  Something after all.

THE REAL SANTA CLAUS

BY PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT



"Some bright little sparkler, eh?" he said. "I s'pose you're surprised to see a down-and-outer like me pull a rock like that"

PRIOR to the night he met the shabby little man in the alley leading to the stage entrance and was offered the lead in an unwritten drama of domestic life, Murray Boland frequently had felt that, of all the parts he had played in his time, few had been really great and none had quite measured up to the pinnacle of his artistic ability. While he was, of necessity, temperamental, he was not capricious; he reserved his temperament for his work and spared his associates, and, with a courteous and sportsmanlike appreciation of the playwright's art and feelings, he never used his power to change a script in order to "hog" a scene for himself; what changes he did insist upon always were with a view to harmonizing the play as a whole. However, even with these changes, the personality of the author remained, and often Murray Boland had been tempted to extemporize. Consequently, when the shabby little man offered him the contract for the lead in the unwritten domestic drama, that latent yearning to extemporize—to play a part that would be real in every sense of the word—moved him to accept.

What mattered it that he had not attended a single rehearsal and that the play was to be given its première promptly on the stroke of midnight Christmas Eve, now scarcely more than twenty-four hours distant! Even had his new manager not been so wistful—assuring him he had to have a great character actor to play the part, and that of all the character actors in the world Murray Boland was the only one who could play it to please such a critical audience—the star could not have found it in his heart to refuse. The billing and advertising had already been attended to, the stage set, the props all arranged for, and the house sold out; to deny the shabby little man after all his trouble would have been too inhuman.

It was the latter's tribute of appreciation of the actor's art which really had aroused Murray Boland's interest, for after the dramatic critics have praised one for a decade in the language of the intellectually elect, it is good to meet a poor little nobody and hear him say: "You're the greatest character actor that ever lit on this earth, Mr. Boland, an' I'll bang the eye o' the man that says you ain't." For that is praise indeed, and long since Murray Boland had grown indifferent to praise of the hothouse variety. Consequently this tribute, fresh from the truck patch, as it were, and smelling slightly stronger than spring onions, coordinated with his ideas of realism and offered a welcome break in the monotony of a too-successful existence, for, after all, one may get a surfeit of culture and correct phrasing and long for a good honest oath! And I regret to state that the shabby little man swore for emphasis.

Nearly ten years had passed since the most eminent dramatic critics and a considerable portion of the public had commenced to agree with old man Silverman's press agent that Murray Boland was the greatest character actor in the United States, and a recently completed London engagement had lent support to the shabby little man's contention that he, Murray Boland, was the greatest character actor on earth. He had starred in plays which had succeeded, not because of the critics, but in spite of them; and, since in such plays the star's ability looms up like the spars of a ship in a low-lying fog, it followed that, no matter how vigorously the critics whetted their knives to kill the play, the bloody work was never completed without several kind words for Mr. Murray Boland.

THERE was more of a reason for this than the actor's art, for art minus personality is a frigid thing and the public will have none of it. There were six generations of Bolands in the private cemetery on the old home farm in Kentucky, but the roots of the family tree had been Irish, and from those forgotten forbears Murray Boland had inherited imagination and perfect understanding. It had been ordained that, in heart at least, he should never grow old; at forty he looked thirty and could still read "Huckleberry Finn" and feel all queer and choky as he conjured up the picture of Huck bending over little Buck Sheppard, killed in the feud. His was the great gift of personal charm, and the instant he made his entrance that charm was projected over the footlights and found a haven in the hearts of his audience.

Have you ever watched a panhandler in action? He will stand on a corner, carefully scrutinizing the face of each man who passes him. He may let a thousand pass by; then suddenly he will spring out into the sidewalk, fall into step beside a total stranger, and from the corner of his mouth make a quick plea that generally gets results. He appears possessed of an uncanny intuition which enables him to select warm-hearted victims. It is quite probable that the shabby little man selected Murray Boland for the part because instinctively he realized that the actor was kind.

His friends, who knew Murray Boland for a cultured, college-bred gentleman, born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, often wondered why he had elected to be an actor when he owned a stock farm down in Kentucky and paid a man $5,000 a year and 5 per cent of the purses won to manage a racing stable for him. The reason lay in the fact that Murray Boland was a genius, and genius has a habit of asserting itself. He delighted in acting: to score, night after night, to bring laughter and tears—that was the fascination the profession held for him—and the sporting blood of his hard-riding, hard-drinking, fox-hunting ancestors bade him play the game for the game's sake.

It was not an easy life, and Murray Boland could afford a life of ease, yet he had but one complaint to make. When one excels in any one of the arts he is doomed to answer stupid questions about it for the remainder of his existence, and the price Murray Boland paid for success was hard work and shop talk. One of the few persons he looked forward to meeting with genuine pleasure was a barber in a shop down on Fourteenth Street, New York. The majority of barbers appear to have a strange affinity for bulldogs, but this man had not. Murray Boland frequently rode down from Forty-second Street to be shaved by him, for this particular barber wouldn't talk of anything but horses, and Murray Boland didn't want to talk of anything else! Indeed, often in the midst of his greatest triumphs, while he stood before the footlights acknowledging with gracious bows the plaudits of his audience, the thought would come to him: "Why do I continue to do this? I am a slave to my success, and I am not altogether happy any more, for I am not free. When my contract with Silverman expires I'm going to quit. A man should retire at forty, if possible, and I'm going to spend my old age with the horses."

However, this is not altogether the story of Murray Boland. The shabby little man is in the cast also; so have patience, and in a paragraph or two we will introduce him. It is necessary to explain where they met and why; had they met anywhere else and at any other time there would not have been any story to relate.

It had been long since old man Silverman picked a double-barreled failure—artistic as well as financial. He believed in taking a new play out into the jungle and knocking the corners off it, so to speak, before airing it on Broadway; but, unlike many of his kind, he did not attach a great deal of importance to the results of a "tryout on the dog." Early in the season he had produced a play in Newark.

Nobody had enthused over it, but this had not discouraged Silverman, who had great contempt for the opinions of persons not residents of the island of Manhattan. In the fullness of time he opened on Broadway, where for a month or more the play might have been likened to a damp fuse. It sizzled more or less and finally went out.

Old Silverman said the failure was due to the motion pictures, but Murray Boland blamed the play. He had not been enthusiastic over it, to begin with, and when it failed to register in Newark he had warned Silverman, for he held to a theory culled from Thomas à Kempis: "There is a chord in every human heart; if it can be touched, it will bring forth sweet music." He spent a happy six weeks with his horses before Silverman recalled him. A new play had been found. The star read it, enthused over it, and persuaded Silverman to give it a tryout in a small Connecticut city.

The results had been flattering. The play had been running two weeks now, to a nice little business; there were no more changes to be made in the script; the actors were letter-perfect in their parts, and on the closing night Murray Boland had been called to the footlights and commanded by his subjects to make a speech. Forthwith he had made it; with characteristic modesty he praised the company for the successful presentation of the piece, but most of all he praised the author of the play; before concluding his remarks he quoted Thomas à Kempis when alluding to the quality of it. And that night in the alley he met the shabby little man.

Now we'll go on with the story.

BOLAND had anticipated the meeting, for on his way out the doorman had informed him that a little bum had just been there asking for him. "He's a panhandler, sir," the doorman warned. "I think he's layin' for yuh."

"Thank you. I think he'll be easy to dispose of," Boland answered and swung down the alley, the while he felt in his pocket for half a dollar. As he approached the alley entrance a wizened, undersized man darted toward him; a pale, weak, ineffectual face looked eagerly up from under the rim of an old black derby hat much too large for the head it covered; a dirty hand came up and touched the hat respectfully.

"Mr. Boland, will you stop and let me speak to you just a minute? I'm not a beggar. I—I—please, sir, I wish you would."

The man's voice was eager, enthusiastic, lacking the professional whine of the panhandler. Murray Boland paused and looked down at him.

"All right, old horse," he said gravely. "Anything to make you happy. But suppose we walk. Remember this is Christmas weather and it's mighty cold standing in this damp alley."

"Thank you, Mr. Boland—if a stake horse like you ain't ashamed to be seen walkin' along with a sellin'-plater like me."

"Apparently you haven't won a race this year," the star replied, falling quickly into the other's vernacular.

"The devil's the handicapper an' I'm carryin' weight for age in the Christmas Stakes. I'm lookin' to engage the best actor in the world for a little job to-morrow night, an' you're him. You're the greatest character actor that ever lit on this earth, Mr. Boland, an' I'll bang the eye o' the man that says you ain't."

"Suppose we drop into some quiet little restaurant and talk it over," the actor suggested kindly. "We'd both be better for a cup of coffee this cold night."

"Gawd!" murmured his companion aloud, and, addressing himself: "I knew he was a gentleman." He

shuffled along by Murray Boland's side until they reached a chophouse on a side street. The latter led the way to a booth and gave the order.

"Now, then, Bill," he said briskly, "out with it. I think you said you wanted to hire an actor."

"No, sir, I'm lookin' to hire an artist. I could get a hamfat down from New York to do the trick for a tenth o' what you're worth, but when I'm out to do a job I do it right, an' the best ain't none too good in this particular case. Mr. Boland, I want you to star in a little private sketch that ain't written yet. You'll be the whole company an' get all the applause."

"But I am already under contract, my dear man," Boland began, thinking his good nature had led him into contact with a lunatic.

"This won't interfere, sir. You'll only show one night an' after your regular performance. Besides, this show closed to-night, didn't it?"

"When do you want me to play this part?"

"At midnight to-morrow night."

"Huh! And what is the part?"

THE shabby little man looked around, leaned across the table, and said softly: "I want you to be a real Santa Claus to my little girl—that is, she ain't my little girl no more, but I'm her father, all right, all right. As I said before, I could get a hamfat to do it, only I'm afraid he'd take a run-off at the last minute—an' I just couldn't stand to have her disappointed, Mr. Boland. I sent word I've fixed it up with Santa Claus to call at midnight so's she can see him an' have a talk with him—an', my God, sir, I can't afford no four-flusher. My Santa Claus has got to be real. He's got to be on to his job."

"I'm afraid I will be unable to take the part, Bill," Boland replied seriously. "You see, they pay me about five hundred dollars a night for acting, and I couldn't work for less. You didn't know that, of course, so I think you'd better engage a hamfatter after all."

The shabby little man looked grieved. "Why, sir, you don't suppose I'd have the crust to ask a man o' your standin' to do a job like this for nothin'?" he queried. "No, sir-ee. Of course I ain't got that much ready cash, but I can dig up the collateral," and he rolled something across the table to Boland.

The latter picked it up. It was a ring set in sapphires and diamonds and worth probably a thousand dollars, and as the actor looked at it he started in amazement. It was his own ring, given him years before by old man Silverman after Murray had scored his first great success. Two nights previous his apartment had been burglarized and among other things this ring had been taken. Now the burglar sat before him pleading with him to play the part of a real Santa Claus. It occurred to Murray Boland that he had already played the part, and it was on the tip of his tongue to tell the shabby little man as much, only his sense of humor restrained him. He could not, however, conceal the start of the surprise occasioned by this curious coincidence.

The shabby little man noticed it, but attributed it to another motive. "Some bright little sparkler, eh?" he said. "I s'pose you're surprised to see a down-and-outer like me pull a rock like that."

"Rather, Bill, rather. Where did you get it?"

"Never mind where I got it. Slip it on your finger an' see if it fits."

It fitted perfectly—of course. Together they admired it. The shabby little man broke the silence presently:

"It's worth more'n five hundred, ain't it, Mr. Boland?"

"I think so, Bill. About a thousand, I should say."

"Good enough. I'll be under a little extra expense on top o' your fee, but as I ain't got the cash I'm goin' to ask you to put it up for me. The ring'll cover everythin', with some to spare. There'll be a Santa Claus suit, wig an' whiskers, an' a big pack o' toys, an' the doll, an' I thought we'd slip the night watchman about half a century—"

"What night watchman?"

"Out at the winter quarters o' the circus. I'm goin' to steal the four trottin' reindeer—"

"The *what?*"

"The four trottin' reindeer. Say, them four deer'll handle like four horses. An' there's a sleigh an' sleigh bells—why, you couldn't be a real Santa Claus without the reindeer an' the sleigh bells, could you, Mr. Boland?"

"I dare say I could not. And yet I hesitate to drive four stolen reindeer. Can't we hire them or borrow them with the permission of the owner of the circus?"

"There ain't time enough to reach him. He's in Europe. Besides, they're the only trottin' reindeer in this country, an' we couldn't hire 'em or borrow 'em for love or money. We've just naturally got to steal 'em."

"But how about the night watchman? I'm not anxious to be shot, Bill."

The shabby little man had evidently considered this point, however, for he answered readily: "We'll have to poke a gun in his ribs first, Mr. Boland. Then we'll bind him an' gag him an' set him in a warm place, while we make our get-away with the reindeer. When we're through with 'em we'll bring 'em back, turn the night watchman loose, an' slip him the fifty for his trouble. Then he won't say nothin'."

"That seems to be a reasonable program," Murray Boland found himself saying; "but, before I consider the proposition further, suppose you tell me why you're so set on the reindeer. I must confess your fidelity to detail, your insistence on realism, interests me."

"Could I have a beefsteak?" the stranger queried. "I ain't had a square meal in three days. I had a little cash, but I needed it for somethin' else, an' I didn't dare hock that ring because they'd only give me a couple o' hundred on it an' that wouldn't be enough for your fee, an' maybe they'd think I stole it an'—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," Boland interrupted. Already he liked the shabby little man sufficiently to entertain an aversion to hearing him lie. "Waiter, bring the gentleman a tenderloin smothered in onions and some French-fried potatoes, a cup of coffee, and a piece of hot mince pie."

"Thank you, sir. It's this way with me," Boland's strange guest began as soon as the waiter had departed for the kitchen. "I don't amount to much, but o' course you can see that for yourself without me tellin' you. But I was somebody once. I was a premier jockey. I'll skip most o' my life up to the time I met Millie, because I don't know very much about it anyhow, an' I have to think back pretty far to remember a time when I wasn't sleepin' in



He shouldered his great pack and waddled on

tack rooms or walkin' horses up an' down, coolin' 'em out. I suppose, before I was sixteen years old, I'd exercised horses on every race track in America an' Canada — yes, an' once we went down into old Mexico. Then I become a 'prentice jock an' the old man took to givin' me the leg-up on the two-year-olds an' skates he wasn't bettin' on in the sellin' races. I done so well he let me take out old Grandee in the Thanksgivin' Handicap at Tanforan—that's out near San Francisco. I was up against the best of 'em that day, but there's folks who'll never forget the ride I gave Grandee."

"I remember him well," Murray Boland interrupted. "My uncle bred him, and he was the only white horse I ever saw that could get out of his own way."

"Yes, an' he was eighteen years old when I nosed out Majestic in that Thanksgivin' Handicap."

"Bill," said Murray Boland impressively, "are you the Hand-riding Kid?"

"I was the Hand-ridin' Kid," the shabby little man answered, with a slight emphasis on the verb. "So you knew me in them days."

"I knew of you. I owned Ballantrae—own him still, for that matter—and you won the Sweepstakes with him at New Orleans. What became of you?"

UNCONSCIOUSLY he was addressing the Hand-riding Kid and speaking of him in the past tense.

"I went to hell," said the Hand-riding Kid simply. "An' so you're the Starlight Stables, eh? Lord, how I booted Ballantrae home in front o' that field. We stepped the mile in thirty-eight. But it was that race on old Grandee that made me. I went to Berlin the followin' summer, an' rode for the royalty."

"Get along with your story, Kid," his host warned him. "If you and I start talking horses, we'll never get around to reindeer. You were the Hand-riding Kid and you met Millie and married her. Who and what was Millie?"

"Millie was—Millie is—the greatest female bareback rider that ever showed under canvas. She's the star of the profesh—been ten years with Bell & Tierney's Circus an' don't show no signs o' stiffenin' up yet. But then we was both under twenty when we married. Naturally, both bein' topnotchers in our line an' both bein' interested in horses—say, do you know anythin' about circus people?"

"No, I never trooped with a circus," Boland admitted.

"Neither did I," said the Hand-riding Kid, "but you can't marry a bareback rider without findin' out somethin' about the circus. The lowest o' the low with a circus is the razorback that sets up the big top, an' the highest o' the high is the bareback riders. They're the 'ristocrats o' the business. Generally they're descended from a family o' riders; they marry among themselves an' the family works together. It ain't very often bareback riders marry outside the circus, an' it ain't often they marry outside their class in the circus. They're decent people, with a savin' instinct; most of 'em have fine homes



He stood up in his sleigh and cracked his whip furiously. "Ho, Dancer!" he shouted. "Ho, Prancer! Ho, Blitzen! Ho, Stamper!"

an' all of 'em are prouder'n a ten-time winner—that is, if there's any class at all to them or the show they're with. Anybody that thinks just because a circus woman wears tights and spangles she's in the Broadway show-girl class has sure got an awful awakenin' comin' to him if he takes a chance an' gets fresh. Well, there was a lot o' class to me in them days. I was a premier race rider, an' Millie married me, but for all that her people an' her friends considered she'd married outside her class."

"That was the little rift within the lute that made Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March' mute, eh?"

"It was mistake No. 1, Mr. Boland—an' Millie made it. There's been a good many mistakes made since then, but I guess I'm responsible for all *them*."

"You made money too fast, I suppose. Your head swelled a little when fame came your way, didn't it?" Murray Boland suggested.

"I don't know as I got the swelled head, sir, but I did make money fast. The trouble was I didn't make it fast enough. I was some spender, never thinkin' o' the day when I'd get heavy an' be out o' the runnin'—an' bimeby I noticed I had to sweat out a whole lot to make the weight. There was months that I didn't eat a square meal, an' if I as much as looked at a steak I'd take on a couple of ounces. About this time I commenced to worry about never havin' saved any money—an' that was a bad frame o' mind for me to be in, with all them pirates o' bookmakers an' crooked owners lookin' for the main chance. I might as well own up, Mr. Boland. I took to ridin' to the post with a couple o' tickets on another horse down my bootleg."

"I understand. And one bright day the judges asked you to step up into the pagoda and pull off your boots, eh?"

The Hand-riding Kid nodded sorrowfully. Considering his youth and the environment of a lifetime, there was much that he might have said in his defense, yet he forebore saying it. Murray Boland observed this and set it down to the Hand-riding Kid's credit.

"They ruled me off for life," the derelict continued drearily. "The papers was full of it, an' to make it worse Millie was with me at the time. She'd been out with the circus all summer, bein' under contract when I married her, but when the season closed she come out to California to join me at the winter meetin'."

The unhappy little wretch clasped his head in his hands and gazed at the table. There was a long and painful silence, broken at last by Murray Boland: "Of course you wouldn't admit to yourself in those days that it was the occasional little drink that was putting the weight on you. And when you were ruled off you went on a grand spree to drown the disgrace of it, eh, Kid?"

THE Hand-riding Kid nodded. "I was smashed. I didn't know nothin' except horses, but, Lord bless you, sir, I could tell what *they* were thinkin' about; I could *talk* to them an' they understood my language. I never used a bat on a horse in my life, Mr. Boland. I just rode 'em with my hands an' talked to 'em an' encouraged 'em, an' when the field spread out on the turn an' swept into the home stretch, the horses I rode always had somethin' left for the little ol' Hand-ridin' Kid, an' they give it with a free heart. Mr. Boland, sir, a horse that won't run for the love of a race ain't a horse but a goat, an' I—I—I could make the weight now, for all that I've had a few drinks to-night, but there's nobody that'd trust me with a mount, even if they could. When they broke me, the only thing I knew was horses, an' the only job I could get was groom to somebody that didn't know me. Just think of it, sir. Me—the Hand-ridin' Kid—swipe around a polo stable! Gawd!" He spat in his disgust, and Murray Boland waited for him to go on.

"A swipe can't support a wife, Mr. Boland, an' a circus 'ristocrat can't have a swipe for a husband. You see the position Millie was in, don't you, sir? She'd gone out of her class to marry; everybody'd been sayin': 'Millie'll regret marryin' that Hand-ridin' Kid. He ain't a man. He's a rabbit'; an' now she knew they'd all be sayin': 'I told you so.'"

"So she left you, did she?" Boland queried sympathetically.

"She did not. I'd done her dirt enough—so I left her. It was the least I could do after disgracin' her. An' besides I wasn't leavin' her broke. She'd been ridin' since she was sixteen, drawin' big money, an' she was wiser'n me. She'd saved hers, an' I couldn't lay around an' have her support me. It most broke my heart to give up her an' the baby, though, but I done it."



She gazed with wonder-wide eyes. . . . Then Santa Claus held out his arms and smiled, and with a bound she was at his breast

"Where are Millie and the baby now, Kid?"

"Right here in this town. The circus winters here, an' Millie likes to live close by, so's she can run out a couple o' times a week an' practice. She got a divorce from me for desertion out there in California, an' now she's married again—in the profession. Him an' her works together, an' he's good to my baby."

"And you want the little girl to see a real Santa Claus, eh?"

"Well, it's this way, Mr. Boland. Of course I don't blame Millie a bit for feelin' sore at what I went an' done to her, but she ought to let me see my baby. The last time I tried to see Aileen, Millie called her in. 'Aileen,' she says, 'you've often asked me about your daddy. See that man there. That's your daddy. He's wearin' a suit o' clothes somebody give him—provided he didn't steal 'em—his nose is red from whisky, an' he needs a shave an' a bath. Do you want that kind of a daddy, Aileen?'"

The Hand-riding Kid's eyes filled; the lump in his throat choked him. It was horrible.

"Millie's set my baby against me," he resumed presently. "I don't blame her for feelin' sore the way I went an' disgraced her, but she oughtn'ter tell my baby. I'd never pester her an' Aileen; I just want to see the baby once in a while. I can't help lovin' my baby, can I? She's my own flesh an' blood—an' Millie's settin' her against me."

He choked again, but apparently from sorrow rather than rage. Boland doubted if in that wretched body there was sufficient vitality or stability of character to enable the Hand-riding Kid to attain to the dignity of a man's fury.

"An' so I wanted to do somethin'," the little man went on drearily—"somethin' that would make her remember her daddy an' think well o' him as long as she lived. She's just eight years old now—just old enough to know all about Santa Claus an' believe in him an' watch for him on Christmas Eve. Maybe you know how it is with kids, sir. They go to bed Christmas Eve—so fellers tells me that's had 'em—after hangin' up their little socks near the fireplace; an' they have their little minds all made up to stay awake an' listen for Santa Claus. When he comes they're goin' to sneak downstairs an' have a good, long look at him. Me, I never believed in Santa Claus, because nobody ever took the trouble to tell me about him, but I sorter got a hunch that there never was a kid that did believe in him that didn't figger on surprisin' Santa Claus at work an' gettin' a good square look at him. But the doggone trouble is they always fall asleep! Poor little codgers! You know, Mr. Boland, a kid can't stay awake. He thinks he'll do it, but he just can't—an' while he's asleep Santa Claus comes or he doesn't come, dependin' on the size o' the family bank roll. It's pretty tough on the kids, ain't it?"

"Indeed it is," Murray Boland agreed most heartily. "I've been through it myself and I know."

"Well, I figgered out my scheme an' who I'd get to work it out for me. I've been settin' up in nigger heaven night after night watchin' you work, Mr. Boland, an' it seemed to me that if I went to you an' tole you how it was with me, an' did business on a businesslike basis, you'd understand. I was so sure of it I went ahead an' made all the arrangements."

"In these days it is a compliment to be considered as human as all that. I thank you, Kid. However, go on with your story. I'm profoundly interested."

"I HUNG around Millie's neighborhood all day yesterday, hopin' I'd see her go out, so's I could go up to the house an' see Aileen. But I didn't have no luck until after supper, when I see Aileen's nurse headin' for the motion-picture show. At the corner I stopped her an' asked her if she was Miss Aileen's nurse, an' lifted my hat, politelike, an' she said she was, an' I handed her a ten-case note—the last I had in the world. I says to her: 'That's yours an' another like it if you'll do me a favor. I'm Aileen's father, an' I've figgered it out to give her a Merry Christmas if I can—one that she'll remember as long as she lives. On Christmas Eve I want you to set up an' listen for the sound o' sleigh bells around about midnight. If you hear 'em, look out, an' if you see Santa Claus comin' down the avenoo behind four trottin' reindeer, you wake up Aileen an' let her have a look. Remember, now; if Santa Claus tells me he's seen Aileen at the window, you'll get another ten-case note by mail next day. An' don't you mention' nothin' of this to Aileen's mother. Just go to Aileen on Christmas Eve an' tell her you've had a telephone message from Santa Claus, sayin' that her real daddy has been up to the North Pole to see him an' ask him if he wouldn't make it a point to arrive at Aileen's house just at midnight, so she could know he was comin' an' get a look at him. You tell her,' I says, 'that Santa Claus says this is a most unusual procedure an' absolutely against the rules, but on account o' his great personal friendship for her real daddy he'll do it, an' for her to be waitin'.'

"'She'll want a doll that can go to sleep,' says the nurse.

"'Then you tell her Santa Claus asked you what she wanted, an' you told him, an' he said: "All right, I'll bring her the doll."' So the nurse took the ten-case note an' said she'd set up all night if I wanted her to, an' I took her name, an' told her not to say anythin' to Aileen until I telephoned an' told her it was all right. You see, sir, when I telephone she'll wake Aileen up—

(*Continued on page* 23)



THE MONK AND THE STRANGER

A FAIRY TALE FOR GROWN-UPS

BY HENRY JAMES FORMAN

AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF HIS SOUL" : : : ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

BROTHER IGNATIUS, who had dwelt in the Certosa monastery near to Florence for many years, was known to be one of the most thoughtful in all that phalanstery, and one of those least beloved of his brethren. There was a fine curl to his upper lip, which, if it was not contempt—since that would have been unchristian—at least betrayed his aloofness, by sheer force of mental capacity, from the simple men of his house and habit. It chanced that seemingly the narrowest cell in the monastery had been the one assigned to Ignatius, and so rare are the changes at the Certosa that after a lapse of years the narrowest cell was still his own. He had never complained; he had never even mentioned it. How could he? Life is short, work plentiful, and the domain of thought illimitable.

One day a sprained ankle that kept him in his cell gave him the occasion to realize that his cell was too narrow for him. He lay upon his pallet, thinking with sharpened faculties, and suddenly it struck him that his mind was cramped by the very closeness of his quarters. The four gray walls seemed to press in upon his mind and give him the effect of being imprisoned. To the other monks he knew such conditions mattered nothing, for most monks are, like most men, very simple. But not so Ignatius.

As soon as he could walk he went to Father Geronimo, the prior, and begged for the favor of a roomier cell. Old Father Geronimo smiled gently and granted the request.

"No brother within my memory," reflected the prior, "has ever complained of his cell on the ground of size. Can it be that the good Ignatius's heart has drifted away from prayer and meditation?"

Nothing more was made of the matter and the placid life of the monastery rolled on. The seasons changed. Olives grew and ripened as of yore; busy hands tilled and cultivated those rich upland acres of Tuscany that lay about the Certosa, and matins and vespers were sung after the ancient way. If any brother there were troubled by unhappiness, then no one knew of it. The Certosa is a spot dedicated to neither happiness nor unhappiness in the worldly sense, but only to pious work and prayer.

One sweet day in April the prior glanced up from a sacred parchment upon the leggio before him to find Brother Ignatius in his presence.

"Again," said he, "I stand before you a suppliant, my father. I feel myself a prisoner in my cell. The walls seem to press upon me and hinder my thought. I seek the indulgence of a larger and roomier cell."

The prior smiled soberly.

"Hinder your thought," he repeated slowly after Ignatius, as though tasting the words upon his tongue. "Well," he added with decision, "I shall make you the porter, the keeper of the gate, my brother, and you will have the gatehouse to yourself, the constant freedom of the courtyard and the grounds, and a free view at all times of all the plains and roads of Tuscany."

"Your indulgence, my father, is greater than I deserve," the monk replied contritely. Had he been asking too much? But his spirit exulted in the change. His mind should now have a free range like the very clouds overhead. It was undreamed-of freedom.

TIME slipped on. The tranquil life of the Certosa that knows no change, nor wishes for any, glided away into the hopeful future, of which alone it takes any deep account. Not a brother there but his eyes told of a deepening spiritual welfare with the years and a greater readiness for the heaven to which all aspired. Brother Ignatius alone remained unchanged. An eagerness had indeed crept into his eyes, but it was not toward heaven. As keeper of the gate he was in closer touch with mundane life than were any of his brothers.

Pilgrims passed his door and wanderers, strangers pressing on, whipped perhaps by rain or cares, horses driven by impatient drivers, all the busy life of the world whose urge is other than that of the Certosa, folk to whom prayer and meditation are words rather than the daily portion of life.

Ignatius, I say, saw all this endless pageant of



No sooner did he open his eyes than a great wonder filled him like that in the eyes of a child

days and an eagerness crept into his eyes. It seemed to him that after all he was bound. He was bound to his gate as a hind is bound to his glebe, as a slave to his galley. How could thought range with such constraint? If only he too could wander into the freedom of the plains; nay, more, if only he could lose himself in the labyrinthine city below where the multitudes dwelt in perpetual rejoicing, in eternal freedom to think, to range, to go and to return! That were indeed to live. One night after vespers Ignatius inscribed a letter to the prior because of a diffidence he had to face him again.

"My son," the prior told Ignatius next morning with a shining face, "I have prayed for guidance during the night and my way is clear before me. When you came to this monastery you were little more than a boy. If the walls of this house now constrain you, you must leave them. Nay, I am not being harsh," he added with the benign smile that was his, as he noted a shadow on the face of Ignatius. "I am not expelling. Go, and if you list, after a time, return. The gates are ever open to you. Indeed, my earnest counsel is, go."

Contrition mingled with gratitude in the heart of Brother Ignatius as he thanked the prior, and without further ado he turned his back upon the old walls and wandered down to Florence.

Marvelous was the life of the city. At first a kind of tumultuous happiness seemed to blow perpetually about his ears like a wind, so that he hardly knew what he was about. He had all but forgotten that there were so many women and little children in the world. They filled the streets with a strange liveliness that was part of their ineffable loveliness; and, as for the men—well, the monastery seemingly had no monopoly of grave and sober men. He fell into talk with a Florentine watchman one day near the baptistery and discovered in that simple servitor a truly profound thinker. Besides, that watchman seemed to be greeting pleasantly half the people that passed his station.

"If that," reasoned Ignatius, "be true of one in the calling and condition of a watchman, then how much more wonderful must be the mayor and the aldermen?" Truly, the monastery seemed a very dubious place, with a more than doubtful purpose.

As a boy in his native village Ignatius had learned the rudiments of the trade of a turner, and before long he was able to earn enough at his trade in Florence to keep together body and soul. Weeks and months passed. None came to seek him or even to inquire. The prior, it was very evident, was no recruiting sergeant. If a brother's heart was bent on leaving the Certosa, then leave it he should without let or hindrance. Ignatius luxuriated in his new-found freedom.

He dwelt in a poor quarter of the city and a populous, but once the first days of eye-feasting had passed he was barely conscious of his neighbors. Books in the town were abundant and there were no sacred offices obligatory as in the cloisters. One paused at the baptistery, at the cathedral, or at any church near at hand, and, after such prayer as one had time for, proceeded about one's business. It was a halcyon season. The mind of Ignatius was busying itself with a new theory of the origin of heavenly bodies, and so intent thereon was he that, even when an epidemic ravaged his neighborhood and carried away many children, he was scarcely aware of it.

TIME passed. And, after its own peculiar fashion, time made many things that were strange merely familiar. The freedom of the city life that Ignatius had first exulted in had become after a few summers a weariness. The walls of stone and mortar in crowded, narrow streets have a way of retaining heat that seems to bring them in touch with one's very nerves. It was not like the Certosa where it was literally always cool. But then the Certosa was more than cool. It was an ancient haunt of peace. Peace was indeed domesticated there. But the Certosa, too, had its drawbacks, as Ignatius only too well remembered. The open country, with its plains and vistas, with its illimitable horizon, was after all the choicest background for a thinker.

"Of what use," it occurred to Ignatius, "was all this new freedom if I cannot move where I list, like the wind?" And incontinently he paid his score, left his books in the keeping of the beldam, a room in whose house had served him for home, and, with scrip and staff, departed hence.

Past the great and historic villas Ignatius trudged, those wonder houses now associated with the names of Boccaccio and Palmieri, a lonely enough region for all its splendor. Behind those endless garden walls that skirt the road is wealth enough for whole towns; but there they are, each demesne the property of some one lord, and he invisible. Faring on, however, Ignatius climbed the hill road toward the little plateau of Fiesole, and already he began to experience that feeling of unconstraint, of far horizons, to seek which he had quitted the city. He gazed about him at the hills and the olive fields and at the busy cultivators of those fields. There was scarcely a glance for him, so intent were the men and women upon their tasks.

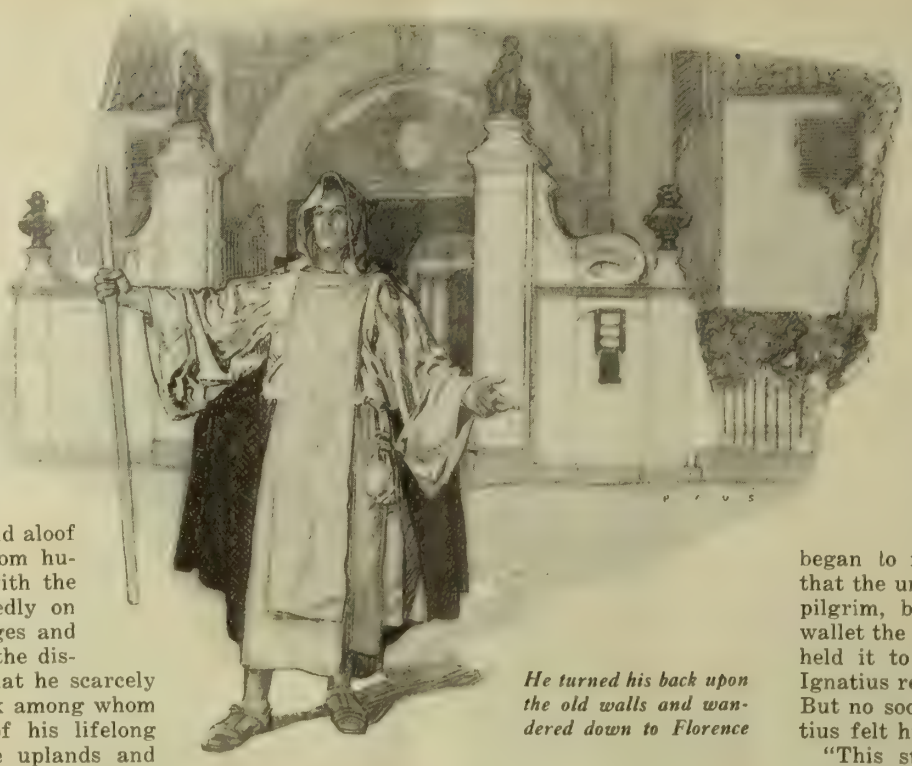
"This endless absorption in triviality," he muttered to himself, "in town and country—is the human race in a conspiracy?"

A team of oxen vociferously driven by a grown lad of eighteen or so passed Ignatius, and the boy, seeing the man's lips moving, took it for prayer and greeted him piously. Ignatius laughed within his heart. All the world was dull and stupid. He was becoming infected himself. No great or illuminating thoughts had visited him that morning, yet

here he was in the open country. This was the home of serfs and bumpkins. Every inch of soil was cultivated and every foot of soil, almost, produced its food. This was all one vast outdoor workshop. What knew these folk of thought or of the inspiration that came from green fields and the distant stars? Only in the hills could such inspiration be found. There, among the gleaming peaks of the Apennines. or, better still, the Alps, lay the immemorial silence that is the thinker's garden, and there peradventure he might find what he was still and always seeking. Thither accordingly he straightway bent his steps.

Now, mountains, as travelers well know, have a trick of seeming near and yet remaining far. Grand and aloof they are and ever seem to recede from human reach. Nevertheless, Ignatius with the zeal of the born seeker strove doggedly on through field and plain, passing villages and cities on his way toward reality and the distant peaks. So intent was he now that he scarcely observed the life about him or the folk among whom he passed on this the final stage of his lifelong quest. He had begun to ascend the uplands and found himself at last on the very slopes of the foothills. He gazed up to the glittering peaks thrusting at the heavens, and they seemed very near to him.

"Yet," he said to himself, "I am only at the beginning of my journey"—which was indeed the case. A melancholy sigh escaped Ignatius, for he was no longer young. Footsore and travel-weary as he was, a black despair began to settle upon him. The mocking demons of ease and luxury swam before him as in a mist; his aching bones and thews cried out upon him for a fool. He turned about to gaze regretfully back upon the road he had come, and then, lest his faith should forsake him, he again addressed himself to his task. But in that one moment when his back had been turned upon the foothills, a very singular thing happened. A stranger, whom he had not at all perceived, was now coming toward him, staff in hand, from the mountains.



He turned his back upon the old walls and wandered down to Florence

A FRIENDLY graybeard was the stranger, clad in the worn habit of a pilgrim, with a face red as an apple, glowing from exertion. They hailed each other, those two wayfarers, as ever lonely wayfarers will, and, taking occasion to lay down their staffs and scrips, sat them down by the roadside for a few moments of talk and repose. The brooding sun of Italy hung over them, and something in the stranger's warm humanity gave even the distant landscape an air of intimacy. It flashed upon the monk that perhaps he was unwillingly fleeing from what he had been so intently seeking. Confidences were not greatly in his manner, and yet, so friendly and amiable was the stranger, and so starved was Ignatius for company, that very soon he found himself telling this unknown all the story of his wanderings and his lifelong quest.

"Now," he concluded, "I am facing those gleaming hills, and not before I reach the topmost of them, all aglitter there in the sun, shall I know true freedom or happiness, or feel my task fulfilled."

The stranger smiled approbation.

"That," said he, "displays a spirit dear to every heart; but, my friend," he added after a brief silence, "I have in the scrip lying here on the grass the means of saving you much toil and weariness, of rewarding you for all your effort." And on a sudden, as the old man began to fumble with his wallet, Ignatius realized that the unknown was speaking as no mere everyday pilgrim, but as one having authority. From his wallet the aged man took forth a pebble and gingerly held it to view as if it were a jewel. Could he Ignatius reflected, be after all touched with madness? But no sooner did he open his lips than again Ignatius felt his influence.

"This stone," said he, "I give thee, my friend It comes from the topmost of the peaks, where culled it. Rub but your eyes with it gently and the light and freedom you seek will be yours. Ever though you stood on the highest peak you could no make them more your own than by the means of this pebble." And the old man laughed softly as he rolled the pebble in his fingers. Clearly he was no jesting, yet the laughter remained in his genial old eyes. "And now, brother," he added, "give me a draft of thy water flask." Ignatius handed him the flask and experienced a strange pleasure in the giving. All his life he had been accustomed to receive

He then took the pebble and uncertainly, as though inwardly protesting his unbelief of such childishness, passed it over his (*Continued on page* 30)

JULES OF THE STRONG HEART

BY WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY E. COWEN

THE quality of a man's courage depends upon many things: sometimes upon his meat and sometimes upon the shining sun. But I know, m'sieu, that a man of great soul can draw courage from himself as the earth brings forth flowers. I have seen it.

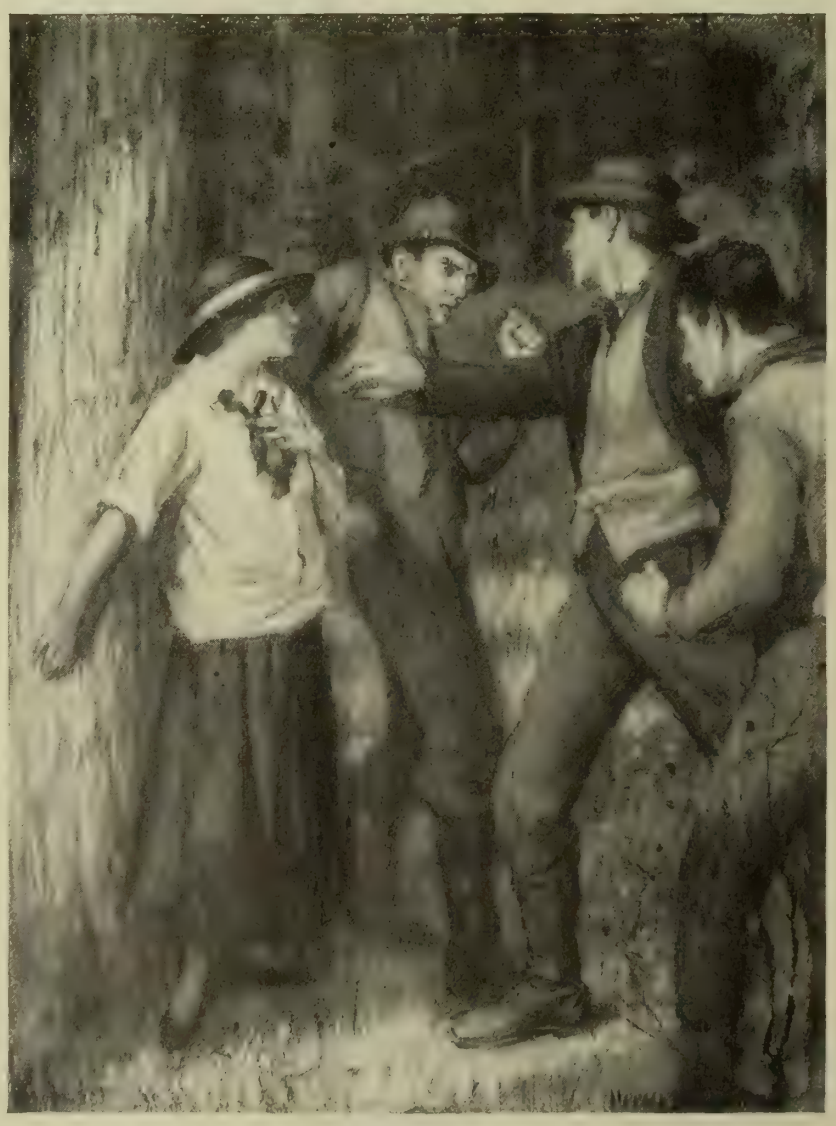
Jules Legrand was a man of great body and strong heart. Yet he himself was greater than these, as all men who knew him felt. It was as though his soul could be seen towering, like a mountain among lesser hills. So you will understand how it was that I counted myself of good luck to be his friend. There is no thing, save one and the love of *le bon Dieu*, that I have held of more worth than his friendship.

We were young but well seasoned with work and some fighting in the lumber camps when Jules Legrand and I, François Beaupré, went down from Canada into the country of Lake Champlain, which is in *les Etats-Unis*, as you know. There we worked on the log drive of Don Flannigan, a true man, and for many weeks we followed thousands of black logs down the Bouquet River toward the lake.

It was the last two weeks of the drive that we came to board at the house of the father of Jean Farnsworth. There were four of us at that house: Don Flannigan, the boss, Jules Legrand, and I, and Jim Smith, a man who was like a bear for strength and quickness. He had been much in cities, and it must have been there that the evil soaked into him as water does into a log that lies too long. Of a certainty it had filled him.

Jean Farnsworth is a name hard upon the tongue, and yet at the end of a day it seemed beautiful. She was greatly desired by each of us; each in his own way. Don Flannigan was of an age to be her father, and I think he put it from him, at the first, as a dream.

I loved her and was at no pains to hide it, for it was the only great thing that had happened to me, m'sieu.



"When mam'selle says 'stop,' you stop!" Jules spoke as if he were remarking about the weather. The girl's eyes flashed like the surface of Lake Champlain on a bright, sunny day

Jim Smith wished to pu his hands on the milk-whit skin of her and to kiss he red hair. This was the na ture of his love, and it was i his face, as the base metal shows in bad dollar. It made me want to stam upon him with my spiked boots. Bu Jules Legrand did not hate him, for h was too big to hate, even as he was bi enough to love with magnificence. Th look that was in his eyes seemed to mak a carpet of roses for the feet of Jea Farnsworth.

What was in the mind of the girl n one of us knew, I am sure. We spok of her not at all. With Jim Smith sh flashed words back and forth, and t Don Flannigan she was like a daughte Jules and I did not know then you tongue so well, and she laughed much a our mistakes. This was the shield sh held up, but I did not doubt that whe the hour came she would lower it fo Jules Legrand. Truly it seemed that n woman could put away his love.

So it came to the day before the end when the men should be paid off and w could go our ways seeking other worl Boss Flannigan hurried to the river tha morning, but Jules and I lagged, hopin for a little talk with Jean. At last we ha to go without seeing her, and this tied ou tongues as we went through a strip forest that was there. We walked int trouble with thoughts chasing dreams.

OF A SUDDEN we saw Jean Farn worth and Jim Smith ahead. Som thing had happened between them, fo they stood silent, facing each othe but whether the girl was angry or not could not tell. Jim Smith took a ste toward her, and she put up one hand- little and white it looked against th green leaves.

"Stop!" she said.

"I'm going to have you!" He smile and took another step. Then her han was against his chest, pushing him bac but it was no more than a feather his weight.

As you see, m'sieu, I am not a weak man, and perhaps I was a little quicker in those days than Jules Legrand. At least it was I who was first over the ground between us and Jim Smith. I struck, and he fell backward until a tree stopped him. He was up as a sapling springs, but the great arm of my friend swept him away. Jules Legrand did not strike: he laid his arm out like a bar across the air and Jim Smith moved with it.

"When mam'selle says 'stop,' you stop!" Jules spoke as you say that it is a nice day, while I foamed within like the white water of the Bouquet.

"Pig!" Even as I said it, Jean Farnsworth made us very foolish, all but Jules. She laughed, and her eyes flashed as Lake Champlain does on a day of bright sun.

"Three little boys!" she cried. "Three bad little boys playing hooky from work!"

Then Jim Smith made out to laugh very well, and he hit Jules with his open hand upon the shoulder.

"That's a good arm you've got! I'm glad you don't use it like Beaupré!"

Jules grunted. He was looking into the face of Jean Farnsworth, and I knew that he saw there, as I did, that the time of her yielding was not that morning; and there was no way of telling whether it would be to him or to Jim Smith that she would give herself. He started on toward the river.

"Au revoir, mam'selle, until to-night. I will come back to the house of your father when we have been paid."

"Everybody will have money!" She laughed, and you could not have said whether there were two meanings in her voice.

I followed my friend. It was the difference between us that I looked back and he did not. Jean Farnsworth was running away like a young deer, and Jim Smith had his eyes upon her with such a look in them, m'sieu, as made me want to do murder. But you cannot kill a man for look, can you, m'sieu?

"Why didn't you beat him into the carrion that he is?" I asked. "Or let me try, at the least?"

"He is a little bug," answered Jules Legrand without anger. "One does not step on little bugs unless they bite."

So there was no more to be said. Without doubt he thought that Jim Smith had but crawled in the hay and it would be a small thing to break his ribs when he could be brushed aside with so much of ease. We did not speak any more until we came to the river where it flows into the lake.

Don Flannigan could curse more excellently than any man I have had the pleasure to know, and he was giving of his best to the gray morning and the wind and the river drivers, and, in fact, all things created in all the world. We stood silently to learn why he cursed with such magnificence.

It was that money to pay off the men could not come that day from the bank at Port James. A freight train had broken herself up on the railroad track, and as yet no steamboats were going upon the lake. No wonder he cursed. There were many who cursed with him, for the men had counted upon drinking alcohol, which is stronger than whisky *blanc*, that night. Those drivers of logs had a large thirst.

WHEN it was that Boss Flannigan saw Jules Legrand and me at the edge of the crowd, and of a sudden he slapped his leg and cursed some more, but with hopefulness.

"You can sail a boat, can't you, Legrand?" he glared.

"Oui, I have sail' boats."

"You'll have your money, boys!" called out the boss. "I know where I can get a sloop, and I'll send Legrand here to Port James. He'll be back long before dark if the wind holds!"

I looked out upon Lake Champlain. The waves were high, of a gray color, and with white upon their tops. The wind swept these tops away. So I spoke into that which was not my business, because I too, had sailed boats and knew it would be a hard trip.

"It is a very bad day, M'sieu Flannigan!"

"He can take a couple of men," Flannigan said with quickness, for there were murmurings among the gang of river drivers. "I'd go myself if I could. Take Beaupré—and Smith."

Jim Smith had come up behind us, and my heart made a jump as I heard his name and saw him. It was bad enough to go out that day in a sailing boat with all true men. And there was the money we would bring back. Yet I comforted myself, believing that he would not dare to fight the two of us.

DON FLANNIGAN hurried along the lake shore toward Valeboro, the village that was there, and almost in a moment the three of us sat in a little boat. Offshore a sloop pulled hard at her mooring. The boss gave to Jules Legrand a little piece of paper and waded out, pushing our boat.

"I'll telegraph that I'm sending a man with a check," he said. "It's made out to the bearer, so you won't have any trouble. Better take good care of it."

"With my life, M'sieu Flannigan," answered Jules, and I saw him fold the check up in a bit of oiled silk.



With eyes on his victim's agony and on his mouth the grin of a dog, "Will you tell now?" he called

"I wouldn't trust any man but you, Legrand, with five thousand dollars!" Boss Flannigan took his hands from the boat and then, with a cry of warning, swung a pistol. Jules had taken the oars and I was in the bow, so it was Jim Smith who caught the pistol and dropped it into his pocket. I do not think Jules more than noticed this, for he had as little fear of weapons as of men, but it did not seem right to me that Jim Smith should carry a pistol in a boat with five thousand dollars. Of a certainty, if Boss Flannigan had thought of him as I did, he would never have sent him on that journey.

There came a cheer from the gang on shore, and then we were at the boat and there was enough to do for all. Smith also had sailed, and it was well. For there was work to make us sweat, and so strong was the wind that I wanted to put a reef in the mainsail, but Jules would not listen. It must be a quick trip, not to bring disappointment to Don Flannigan and the thirsty men of the river.

The wind blew south, and before it we ran toward Port James. Jules Legrand was captain, as he would have been anywhere, and held the tiller. The main sheet could be cleated down with safeness, and so there was not much for Jim Smith and François Beaupré to do, m'sieu, but sit and look at each other with no love. He tried to talk in a slapping-the-shoulder way, but I am not a man of two faces, and I could not. And I saw that behind his jokes he was thinking, thinking.

The sloop went with quickness, skimming and dipping for all the world like a bird as you have seen them skim and dip; and at each dip the spray flew high and wet our faces, even the face of Jules Legrand in the stern. We covered many miles thus. And now I must make it plain to you how we lay as to the shores and the places where men lived.

It was four or five miles away to the gray-green band between lake and sky that was the Vermont State, and we were standing out but a little distance from the shore of New York. Just ahead of us now was a point, and a few miles beyond that Port James. The shore was all rocky cliffs and sand, and as yet no man had built a house upon that lonesomeness. It was a most excellent place for a bad deed.

I had just thought to thank *le bon Dieu* that so much of this journey had been made in peace when the peak halyard parted as though it had been of thread and the end of the gaff went down. I saw Jim Smith staring up at it, and then came the voice of Jules calling upon him to take the tiller. I saw the Smith get up and I saw also that one hand was in his pocket as he went aft. Then what happened was done within the space of a dozen heartbeats.

As Jules Legrand rose up, still with one hand on the tiller, like lightning Jim Smith struck down upon his head with the pistol. It was plunk, plunk, plunk, m'sieu, and Jules Legrand fell over on his face in the cockpit. Even as my legs bent under me to leap I looked at a streak of fire, and smoke was in my face and a sharp pain through me. Then I lay on my back, looking at the gray sky and without much feeling save of weakness.

A bit of line, flapping, was the first thing my eyes held to, and in a kind of fog it came to me that this was the end of the peak halyard and that it had been cut with a knife. At that things were a little clearer. I knew Jim Smith had cut that halyard to make Jules come forward, with a mind not watching for attack. I knew also that I had been shot badly and that the big mainsail was still pulling us on our course, for the throat halyard held up the gaff.

By and by my eyes went away from the rigging and I saw Jim Smith in the stern, his lips pulled back like the lips of a dog in a grin that was not good to see. By now he would have his plan of evil made to the very end, with the devil's help, and it seemed much as though this day was the last for Jules Legrand and François Beaupré. Yet I could not care greatly, for I felt as though the tiredness of a whole lifetime had come upon me.

Of a sudden the boom drew in and the sloop turned so that waves broke over her quarter and half filled the cockpit where we lay. What was the man doing now? Why not heave us over and finish it with quickness? Trying to think sent sparks before my eyes, and I slept, as Jules Legrand was sleeping, close to death.

The same gray sky stretched without end and the same strong wind was on my face when the world came back to me. But there was no dipping up and down. This and the crash of waves told me that I must be out of the sloop and lying on a beach. With that things were somewhat clear. I wanted to know what had happened to my good friend and where was Jim Smith. But the weariness was still like a heavy cover, and it was long, hard minutes before I could turn the mountain that was my head. Then I saw a sight, m'sieu, that never in any little part will leave me until I die.

WHAT I saw was a thing told in old books, as I know now, but in these days held to be against the will of God—it was a man put to torture. Jules Legrand was laid upon the sand with his arms and legs stretched out. Each wrist and each ankle of him was tied to a stake, driven deep, and the torture was being done to him by the gray-blue lake. His side was toward the waves that came pounding in. All the time one leg and one arm were beneath the water, and most of the time one leg and one arm were out of the water. But there was hardly a moment, m'sieu, when he did not cough and spit, for his face was covered by every wave. He could not see them coming unless he held his head up and twisted constantly. Not even the thick neck of Jules Legrand could hold up his bloody head always.

It seemed that this thing must have been done by devils until I turned a little more and saw the face of Jim Smith. He sat on a high bowlder, with his legs crossed under him, and in his hands was a long pole. It was pointed sharp at one end. His eyes were upon the agony of Jules Legrand, and upon his mouth was the grin of a dog. While I looked he reached down with the sharp end of that pole and jabbed the body of Jules Legrand; not enough to make a hole, you understand, but enough to make great pain.

"It's two hours and a quarter!" he called out. "Will you tell now?"

(*Continued on page* 22)

UNDER THE ZEPPELINS



BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

THE best place to observe the war is in America. One sees it there as it is—the sweep of a big and lurid canvas. But in America one does not *feel* this war.

In America the Fact, with a part of its horrors and inspirations, enters the reason. Reason is not realization; realization calls for the senses and emotions, and it is only here that realization comes.

The observer, hoping to see war as one used to see war—from a hilltop with binoculars—now in the day of new, grim, factory-made and dollar-maintained superwar, sees only the drama of a bit of trench, a bit of hospital, the green puff of lyddite, and the shadow of the censor. It is the suburbanite in Yonkers, N. Y., who sees the drama of a continent of trenches and of gigantic economic forces in clash. But in Yonkers and Ashtabula and Des Moines the war touches only the head. It is almost as remote as Waterloo or Agincourt—a thing to be seen in type. Here it is a thing to be seen in the faces of the women and to be heard in the *scuff, scuff, scuff* of the feet of new recruits.

Night settles over London, and London takes night as one takes a blanket, to wrap about herself. Stung by the air raids of "the Huns," as she calls them, she has become a shuttered, silent, sullen city. Her street lamps are shielded above and painted; busses traveling down Piccadilly are darkened; taxicabs move about with the chauffeurs' handkerchiefs bound over the lights. The fixed red glows, the going and coming of pedestrians as ghostly as prowlers in a catacomb, the wet pavement, the moving, bobbing, yellow flicks of vehicles lurching like craft, produce the sensations of one who wanders along an unlit water front. The blocks are endless, deserted warehouses between which the streets are empty slips—the scene for mysterious and strange crimes and the uncanny jetsam of the sea.

"They say the Zepps are coming," says a voice.

"One never knows," another replies with a laugh. "It's really not so jolly to have no information. There's no news issued, you know, but I hear the War Office always has word in advance."

The two voices pass into the gloom; they are the voices of London—patient, matter-of-fact, unexcited—but they are typical, for they are the voices of rumor. London lives on rumor. Nothing is sure in England—nothing but death and taxes, nothing but more money and less men and the fleet. But this time the rumors were well founded. The Zeppelins came. It was the biggest of all Zeppelin raids.

The British censor shudders at the idea of the truth about these raids leaking out. Goodness knows why. The truth is not bad for the English. The raids are spectacular enough, but as a measure of war they constitute a petty piece of business. If I were an Englishman, I should feel some slight measure of pride at the imperturbable calm with which London views these bomb throwers; if I were a German, I should writhe with shame because my countrymen were engaged in such poor sport.

The raid came suddenly into the consciousness from the thick, still, misty night. It was not yet bedtime. *Blip! Blup! Blip! Blup—Blum!*

It is the noise of beating carpets with a rattan cane. Searchlight shafts move the points of their fingers across the sky, trying to pick out the ghostlike shapes of the enemy aircraft.

Woof! Bung! says the antiaircraft gun on the Victoria Arch.

A bit startling, close to one's well-loved self, as one stands staring into the sky.

The shell rises invisibly; shot from a long, thin Archie, as they call these guns, the time fuse and contact projectile burst above into a pretty white star.

"Missed!"

Blip! Blup! Blup!

Scattered about London, the Archies are speaking.

Blum! One of the Zeppelins sailing high has sighted the Thames and has dropped a bomb, probably aimed for the public buildings on the banks. If the Huns up there are able to see more detail of the city than the dark splotch of it on the earth, with the thread of river running through it, then their accuracy of fire is a matter for ridicule. Most of these bombs have burst in the streets rather than on buildings; none of them has ever struck a spot of significant importance. A poor and clumsy sport.

Blum! Blum! Blum! Blum! That is the Germans dropping their so-called "rapid-fire bombs"—bombs with shafts which make a contact with the ground before the bomb itself has reached the earth so that it bursts above the heads of folks and scatters its destruction wider.

A dog howls incessantly out of the dark and close to one's feet. I believe all the dogs in London howl. Men laugh with a little nervousness; women whisper and laugh, but only the dogs raise their songs of woe:

Hark! Hark! the dogs do bark.
The beggars have come to town.

They have killed women washing supper dishes and children asleep in bed, wrecked a delicatessen store and made an audience in a theatre rise to its feet when one of the big bursters dropped outside the door and sing "God save the King," with the steady voices of men and women. They have set fire to a gas main and to some buildings near at hand; they have given a chance for a young fireman to die of burns in the service and, besides, there is a dead cat which has rolled in its agony into a gaping hole in the pavement. A poor sport, this sport of the air. If I were in the caboose of a Zeppelin and as a bomb thrower were so bad a shot that I was certain to miss the Foreign Office and almost sure to spill death on a woman singing a song to herself over her sewing, I would not say "Vaterland." Trying to look at it as a neutral, one would rather use a billiard cue to put out a child's eye.

They kill people, of course. They kill them in London. The censor admits casualties for the first nineteen raids on England of killed and wounded running into the six hundred, but the censored news says little of suburban and coast towns where a day or two after the Zeppelins have come the undertakers cannot fill their orders. No one believes that the whole truth is told, and everyone knows that the week following the raid the mails leaving the country are scrupulously censored so that accounts of the raid shall not leak out. The police keep the curious from approaching the damaged property and appear to resent anybody's wishing to see the holes in the pavement. It is all absurd. London is more terrified by the rumors exaggerating the extent of destruction than it would be by the truth, for the truth is that the damage is not large enough to increase substantially the risks of living in a metropolis. If the aim of the raids is the destruction of England's or London's vital spots, they have been failures; if the aim is frightfulness, it is another miss. London is not in any panic.

Blip! Blup! Blup! Blip! the Archies are at it again. And then there is that shadow of a thing moving darkly across the mottled sky—the shadow of a gigantic cigar. That is a Zepp.

A Night of Poor Sport

FAR above, sneaking across the bowl of the misty heavens, covertly dropping downward and nearer the splotch of darkened area which is London, the thing moves. There is a red glow. Far away over the housetops, where a fire has been started by an incendiary bomb, the Zeppelin hangs over the city, poising for a moment, a fat worm of the air, a smug thing—a thing puffed up with pompousness. Then the searchlight picks it up for a second. It turns to a beautiful metallic ghost. For a moment it is a shimmering thing, almost white. A second later it is lost in the heights and the mottled sky and the mists. Good-by, poor sport, good-by!



Shafts of light sweep the sky trying to locate the ghostlike shapes of the enemy aircraft. They are located, but London has not seen one brought down

I had heard no expression of terror under the Zeppelins. To be sure, an officer who had dined well strode up and down the sidewalk under a portico repeating to himself over and over as if to brace his courage: "Play the game! Play the game! Play the game!" A woman from the doorway said "Fush!" So he went away peevishly.

One feels that one has been under fire, but it is not uncomfortable. It gives one a desire to wear khaki. It aids English recruiting. It makes one wish that an Archie would rip into the outer and the inner skin of a Zeppelin, or that one of the British aeroplanes would hawk the creature from above. There would be joy in seeing the caterpillar of the skies lurch and come rolling down the air. But though they have brought them to earth elsewhere, it has not happened in London. It was a night of poor sport.

An American said: "Why, these Englishmen are wonders. I saw one leave billiards just now during the three minutes of the raid and then he came back and made a run of thirty." Pure swank!

The spirit of London is much better expressed by a woman porter at the door of a hotel. She said: "Along with their bombs they ought to drop pamphlets, you know."

It is difficult to stampede the English. People go about in London with a normal, everyday manner. Those who come from France believe that the English are depressed, but it is only because here the capacity for joy, grief, and excitement is worn out.

But everywhere there is the war face. I saw it first as an officer who had just come from the trenches walked into the light of a Liverpool window to greet the woman to whom he had returned. His was the face. It is metallic. Expressions do not flit across it. Its smile is painful; its smile cracks the dead-in-earnest, grim, meditative face of war. Everywhere there is this face. It expresses hardness, but the hardness is the hardness of premature experience, the inflexibility of old age as compared with the shimmering face of youth. It expresses pain, but the pain is not the pain of fear. It is the pain of quiet sympathy. And yet it is a little puzzled. War has not been cruel to the face of the English. It has put some hate into it; it has made the face lean and hard; it has also put the love which can obliterate self into it.

Give war its due. It does not make the face of a devil. That face is much more the face of a saint.

I saw the officer meet the woman he loved. She and he had both figured the costs of never seeing each other again, and now, in spite of the joy, there was a cold restraint as if some duty were owing to others, and as if one had no right to either joy or grief until this other business—this business of war—was done.



Half a hundred German submarines are missing



It is difficult to stampede the English. Their aerial visitors divert them

A gentleman in London said: "I am an old crock, but I'd go if they'd take me. I am wondering why I would go. Somewhat to kill, but more to be killed, I'm thinking. Body and mind refuse the thought of death, but there is something else in a man ready and willing enough for death. That's why I say more love than hate."

Music Stops the Fighting

A BOY had come in. He had put on khaki a year ago at sixteen. Bright of eye and clear of skin, he had just come from eight months in the trenches with the nip of a bullet in his arm. He took a cigarette and nodded.

"We were opposite a Saxon regiment," said he. "They had a phonograph. They used to play on it evenings, and they'd sing and we'd sing. We took some shots at the music until a Saxon captain said if we did it any more we might smash the machine, and if we went on potting at it they'd stop playing it. So we said we'd not. We'd often come out of the trenches and we'd hang our feet over and talk with the Saxon boys. Nice fellows. But then we'd open fire on them when the talk was over and the war was on."

He was a wholesome, sport-loving English boy of good family. They are the ones who are killed. It is the volunteers and the volunteers of the finest metal who do not come back. They fight and march and wait inefficiently. "One trained man is worth four of them," is the army man's formula. "But they fight and march and wait harder than any."

They do not come back. In the next room I can hear the coughing of an old member of the House of Lords whose line is six hundred years old. One son, two sons, three sons! At last all gone, and so the line is at an end.

Out of England have gone her best blood and her best brains. Willingness to serve, by a cruel jest, has selected the best, and the Englishwoman, stiffening before her neighbors and before the American guest, will say: "A great honor has come to our family. If you read the roll in the 'Times' last Friday, you would have seen that my son—" They also serve whose faces are as flint.

The War a Long Pull

IT IS devastation. They have raised three and a half million men; some number between half a million and a million not at work making munitions are still available. There will be still more required of the women of England before this business is through. They know it, and everywhere they are taking on men's work.

The answer to the great American question, "When will the war be over?" they do not know in London. "A long pull," they say everywhere. "A long pull," is the atmosphere around the Foreign Office. "A long pull," say the military men. "A long pull," says public opinion. Parliament talks now in terms of a long pull. "Half the big incomes and a large share of the industrial war profits," is the long-pull talk. "Turn your shillings into bullets," "Lend your savings to your country," say the posters. "Practice rigid economy," say the farsighted. It is all a part of the long pull. England began with tightened lips; now she has tightened jaws. It is to be a long pull.

"How long?" I have asked.

"As long as one wants," says the tradesman, the conservative, the radical, the aristocrat, the money interests. And everyone mentions the fleet. The fleet is a god.

"We control the passages of the sea—Dover, Gibraltar—all but Panama," says the canny and uncommunicative Government in unofficial whispers, "and there's our Fleet." The Fleet—always with a capital F, italics, or other typographical honors!

There is grumbling and questioning about the fleet. It has not been much upon the stage, but if worst comes to worst, there's the fleet. It is the haunches of Great Britain. If by any chance the Dardanelles expedition has to withdraw, if the defense of Serbia fails, if the allies of England fall down, there is the fleet. At the worst, Great Britain is only pushed back on her haunches, not her back.

England has tightened jaws. For her people there is no talk of peace. No one can see peace ahead. No one can think of terms of peace. This is not astonishing, for here in the whirl of patriotism there is far less understanding of the real nub of this war, and the reasons for it, and the stakes played for it, than there may be in the United States. One sees more clearly with dollars and cents in one's pocket than with rubles, francs, shillings, or marks. Before one of Sir Edward Grey's assistants in the Foreign Office I laid this proposal:

Germany, having become a manufacturer, wants trading outposts and the freedom of the seas in the sense that she may build up a world market with assurance from you, guaranteed by other nations, that, whether at peace or at war, commerce will be uninterrupted. She may have believed that she could not obtain it from you because she had nothing to trade against it. As fast as she built a naval vessel you might build two.

Leaving out causes, it is assumed that the purpose of Germany, when she was once in the war, was to gain something to trade with. When you speak of Germany's evacuating Belgium, France, and Poland, and of her drive toward the Near East in the Balkans, you admit that she has gained something to trade with. Suppose, therefore, a peace proposal based upon the restoration by Germany of all territory and money which she has taken, and on your part an agreement with all the other world powers that henceforth the passages of the seas, indeed the seas everywhere, shall be open to commerce whether in time of peace or in time of war, what will you say to that proposal?

He treated it as unthinkable. Germany must be thrashed. Germany must be curled up. The proposal was absurd. It would mean that Britannia would no longer rule the waves, and ruling the waves is Britannia's mission. So it is always the Fleet, the Fleet, the Fleet.

And then, too, if there were to be any such agreement for freedom of the seas, there must be an agreement that Germany shall not attempt the creation of an armed power which shall menace the freedom of nations on land, and how is such a guarantee to be obtained? So there is no handle by which to pick up peace.

Great Britain has only two ideas for the moment: the suppression of the threatening land power of Germany and the maintenance of the dominating sea power of Great Britain. Whether he knows it or not, and often enough he does not, it is for this that Tommy is fighting. He takes it all on faith.

It is astonishing what the Englishman takes on faith. It would not be astonishing for the citizens of a nation built upon efficiency and obedience to a state system to take much on faith, but it is astonishing for the members of a democracy built on soul and spirit to have so much confidence in the machinery of their cooperation.

When the Bulgarians' sluiceway opens up for the pouring of the enemy into Serbia, it appears vaguely to the Englishman that his Government has been bested in foreign politics. So he grumbles. He writes tirades for the newspapers asking why London is not defended from the Zeppelins, and reads daring attacks upon the ministry perhaps with a "Hear! Hear!"

When the submarine peril grows he grumbles; when that peril is in the process of being obliterated he grumbles.

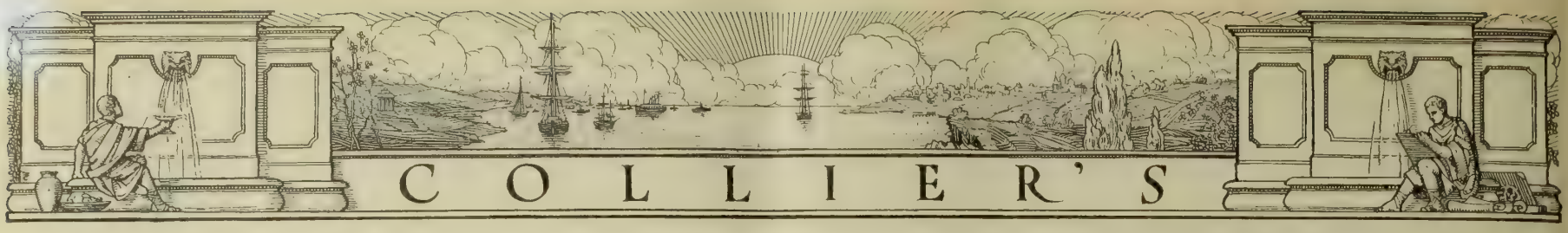
He grumbles at the secrecy with which those things which interest him most are guarded by his Government, but, on the other hand, he grumbles because those secrets leak out.

Submarine-Hunting Devices

IN THE case of submarine suppression a deadly silence prevails. I was curious about the British campaign against the submarine. It is difficult to obtain an admission from the Admiralty that any campaign against submarines has been carried on. I said that in America everyone was interested in that question. The British official answered such a suggestion with a sad and innocent air. He talked wearily; he wrapped himself in pessimism. Watch the British Government official who talks pessimism! Often enough when the Government is crying woe to the heavens it is a season for his enemy's quiet reflection on the vanities of life.

No one has any doubt that England has almost broken the back of the German submarine campaign. No one doubts that half a hundred German submarines are missing.

There is no panacea for the evils of the submarine. The best aid in the sport of submarine hunting, to be sure, is the submarine detector system. You listen at a little underwater-signal device and you hear. You go hunting submarines with the proper apparatus to destroy this (*Continued on page* 29)



The Flame That Never Dies

NEITHER HATRED, nor envy, nor deceit, nor all the legions of ugly human passions that assail the heart, nor rancor between individuals, nor national lust for power, can extinguish it. They may dim but they cannot quench the spark in the heart of man which impels him, as every waning year brings the Christmas, to try to make a few of his fellow men a little happier. Often it is by the method of the gift, perhaps something that cost hundreds of dollars, maybe only a penny card bearing an inscription of good cheer. Frequently it is something intangible, the whole-souled word of greeting to the old lady in a shawl who sells you your paper, or the smile of comradeship which you give the conductor who punches your ticket, or the elevator man who takes you up to your office (fellow workers all). It is not giving that counts, not the bestowal of something valued in dollars and cents, the transference of something from your hand to another's. That is a purely mechanical process, which may or may not create happiness. No; it is the longing to give, the desire to be the cause of another's happiness. To wish to help others is the oldest passion in the world —even a little older than the impulse to overcome others. And it is the deathless passion as well. It needs no Christmas Day to keep it alight, but as long as Christmas continues to provide fuel to make the flame of good-fellowship burn brighter that day will continue to be the richest twenty-four hours in all the year.

What Has the Treasury Got?

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY McADOO had a run-in recently with ex-Senator BOURNE. Mr. McADOO has made some changes in the way the Treasury states its financial condition and claims that the new method is more accurate. Mr. BOURNE, now chairman of the Republican Publicity Committee, says it disguises the facts and has some qualified accountants to back his statement. Now this is not mere political mud slinging. Those who pay our country's taxes are interested in our Government's solvency and have a right to the hard truth. The nature of the National Treasury's business does not change much, if at all, from year to year, and it is disgraceful that after all these years some standard form of statement has not been worked out so as to make possible exact comparisons between different periods and to show current changes clearly. It ought to be impossible for any secretary to alter the accounting reports unless conditions change so as to make it necessary. It is high time the Interstate Commerce Commission was empowered to prescribe and enforce standard accounts and methods for the various governmental departments. Until that is done we shall have no assurance that the bookkeeping at Washington is not blotted by politics.

Bunk Is Still Bunk

WE HAVE SAID that this country's tariff policy ought to be handled as a steady job by a qualified tariff commission and not as occasional well-meant statutes by unqualified Congressmen. That sticks, but it does not mean that we indorse all the tariff shams. When the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" headlines it out that

TOP NOTCH LEVEL OF BUSINESS, REACHED THROUGH EUROPE'S NEED, CAN BE MADE PERMANENT BY WISE TARIFF LEGISLATION

the "Ledger" is merely off its balance. Prosperity does depend on "need" expressed as active buying power; but this last cannot be manufactured by tariff legislation. It depends on the production and distribution of real wealth, on the intelligence, hopefulness, and energy with which the country sails into its work. Social justice is of infinitely more importance than crafty import duties. The other standard sham is the foreign bogy. An outfit called the Manufacturer's Information Bureau sends this out anent Germany:

> It is understood that those who are available for employment now in the various factories throughout the kingdom are steadily at work on goods for export, and that these goods are being accumulated so that at the end of the war, and when trade is resumed, they can be rushed to foreign markets and, undoubtedly, sold at comparatively low prices.

The fact is that Germany has not enough raw materials to make the dyes and chemicals she needs, and that all cotton, jute, silk, wool, and other fiber, and practically all metals, have been taken over by the Government. A German manufacturer must get his materials by special order and in limited quantities. What goods could he "accumulate"? It is just this sort of interested bunk that makes our tariff a political football.

Ancient History

A GREAT MANY PEOPLE who write to us about our anti-German convictions make the point that Mr. H. J. POPPLEMAN of Marvin, Grant County, S. Dak., makes in a recent letter:

> Just quit foaming about the Germans and read your little General History and look up how the English used to treat the Irish.

Quite true. What the English did to the Irish from one hundred to three hundred years ago was much worse than what the Germans have done to the Belgians. But we cannot follow the reason of any man who says that on this account we should now be against the English. The world would never get forward very far that way. It won't do to match an ancient wrong against a present wrong.

Belgium

THE GERMAN CONQUERORS are now taking $10,000,000 per month out of Belgium. This is the same, per capita, as taking $125,000,000 per month out of the United States. The national budget of Belgium for 1914 was $100,000,000, of which over $40,000,000 went toward the public debt, and the Germans are not worrying about that. What are the Kaiser's officials doing with that $10,000,000 per month?

Is He Burrowing Here?

JULES CLAES, editor of "La Metropole" of Antwerp, studied the growth of German influence in Belgium for some years before the war. His book, "The German Mole," shows how Belgium was undermined. Harmless-looking German clerks, backed by such bodies as the Hamburg Association for Business Clerks, took jobs with Belgian concerns at little or no pay, worked up, got hold, and slanted everything toward Germany. Paid German agitators stirred up quarrels between the Flemings and Walloons. German schools and newspapers were planted to make public opinion Teutonic. Belgium is not alone in this, for the same thing was done in Russia, and the present war is popular in Russia because it means the rooting out of German influences. We Americans are altogether too simple and easy about these things, and we would do well to ponder the conclusion proved by Belgium's bitter experience:

> No country can with impunity grant to Germans the same advantages it grants to other foreigners, since Germans employ the advantages derived from hospitality for ends that are hostile to the country that grants them shelter.

Letter from an Honest Man

SINCE THIS PAPER is not markedly pro-German we feel under all the more obligation to give the German side. In that connection we have had recently a personal letter from a man whose mind we have often compared to a camera, an unemotional man who is without prejudice. Recently he went through Germany as a correspondent for us. In a personal letter he says:

> More and more I am impressed, as all Americans who have come in since the war are impressed, with the intense vitality, conscientiousness, and imaginative fervor of these people—and with the naïveté, not to say vulgar ignorance, of the general run of American opinion during the first few months. At home a sentiment has been created, and it is hard to change a sentiment with facts. Indeed, it sometimes seems as if the average American and the race of American editorial writers could be moved only by sentiment—and not honest sentiment at that, but something arranged to fit their peculiarly insular prejudices and ignorance of actual European conditions. Don't fancy that I am pro-this or pro-that, but I do stand for such a thing as fair play and honest statement of facts—not only material happenings, but facts of temperament and intention.

A Real American

THE MAN STARTED as a poor country boy, teaching district school and doing any honest work he could get. He had to, but his energy and purpose were driving all the time toward larger things. He so trained and used himself that at forty years of age he was a power in the great world of finance. But this glittering success was a spur and not a reward. Instead of sitting at a big rosewood desk and sending other men out to do the difficult things, he went himself to establish in South America the necessary banking foundations for our country's foreign trade. This pioneering cost his life, for he died of heart failure while crossing the Andes. Our country's true leaders have been of this sort from the beginning and will be to the end. This man's name was HERBERT ELDRIDGE and he was a vice president of the National City Bank at 55 Wall Street, New York.

To John's utter amazement the woman was Marien. For a moment he stared as if confronted with a specter, then felt his great hands itching while he wavered between a desire to leap upon this coarse creature and tear him to pieces and the impulse to accost Marien with reproaches and a warning. But the swift reflection that she probably knew the man's character perfectly well prompted John instead to the despicable expedient of deliberately spying upon her. Turning impetuously, he ran quickly down the steps in advance of the couple.

There was a lonely and undesirable table, smack against the side of the wall along which ran a row of curtained boxlike alcoves that served as tiny private dining rooms. John selected it "to see the whole show," and as he turned to sit down his eye scanned the interior swiftly for Marien and Litschi. To his surprise they were coming straight at him, Marien leading. Certain that she had seen him and was going to address him, John nevertheless determined to await a look of recognition before arising. To his further surprise, no such look came. Coldly, icily, beautiful to-night, the glitter in her eyes was hard and desperate, with a suggestion of menace in it, reminding John of that momentary intuition he had once experienced that this woman could be dangerous. Her note had warned him not to spy upon her, he recalled. It must be that her discovery of his presence had roused a devil in her now. So strong did this feeling become that it was with a relief as great as his surprise that she brushed by as if oblivious of his presence and passed from view into the nearest box, the curtain of which a waiter was holding aside obsequiously.

When the screening curtain dropped, swinging so near that John could have reached across his table and touched it with a hand, he had a sense of sudden escape, as if a tigress, sleekly beautiful and powerfully cruel, had overleaped him to tear a richer prey beyond. The swinish Litschi, waddling after her into the box, was the chosen victim. Yonder by the curb John had feared for Marien; now, repulsive as the creature was, he felt a kind of pity for Litschi.

Yet with the curtain drawn Hampstead's emotion passed swiftly back to love and anxiety for her. She had not seen him; that was all. The supposed look of menace was the product of his imagination and his jealousy.

As the minutes passed unnoticed, this anxiety grew again into sympathy and consideration. Marien had complained to him of the hard things she had to do. This supper with Litschi was merely one of them. That scene with Manning was another. He reflected triumphantly that she had not welcomed Litschi to her apartment but compelled him to take her here to this public place. Poor, brave girl! She had to play with all these men; to warm them without herself getting burned; to woo them desperately upon the chance: Manning that he might somewhere speak the fortunate word; Litschi that in some greedy hope of gain he might be induced to risk his money on the venture that would give Marien the opportunity for which she had been calculating indomitably for seven years.

But what was that?

John's hand reached out and clutched the table violently, while his body leaned forward as if to rise. What *was* that she had said so loudly he could hear, and so astonishing that he could not believe his ears?

HE HAD been sitting there such a long, long time, thinking thoughts like these, stirred, soothed, and stirred again by the sound of her voice, heard intermittently between the numbers of the orchestra. He had ordered food and eaten, then ordered more and eaten that—anything to stay here and think and wait, he did not know for what.

Waiters bearing trays had come and gone unceasingly from behind the curtain four feet from his eyes; and he knew that they had borne more bottles than food. Several times he had heard a sound like "shots offstage." This sound had always succeeded the entry of a gold-sealed bottle. Evidently they had been drinking heavily behind the curtain, Litschi's voice growing lower and less coherent, and Marien's louder and less reserved, till for some time he had been catching little snatches of her conversation. She had been talking about her future, painting a picture of the success she would make when her opportunity came; but now she had said the thing that staggered him.



"Well, John Hampstead" she sneered vindictively

"What?" he came near to saying aloud; and at the same time he heard the drink-smothered voice of Litschi also with interrogative inflection. Litschi, too, wanted to be sure that he had heard aright.

"I say," iterated the voice of Marien deliberately, as if with calculated carrying power, "that a woman who is ambitious must be prepared to pay the price demanded—her heart, her soul; if need be, *herself!*"

SHE plumped out the last word ruthlessly and broke into a whinnying, half-tipsy laugh that had in it a suggestion unmistakable, as much as to say:

"You understand now, don't you, Gustave Litschi? You realize what I am offering to the man who buys me opportunity?"

Her heart—her soul—*herself!* Hampstead, having started up, sat down again weakly, cold sweat of horror standing out upon his brow.

So this was what she had meant all the time in her speech about the calculating life. She could not give herself up to love him or anyone because she was dangling *herself* as a final lure to the man who would give her opportunity.

Why, this woman was spiritually, morally, potentially, a—he could barely let himself think the hateful word. To utter it was impossible.

Perhaps she was worse! A choking, burning sensation was in his throat. He tore at it with his hands, gasping for breath. He wanted to tear at the curtain—at the woman! How he hated her! She had no longer any fineness that he could desire her. She was a coarse, designing, reckless—prostitute! There! in his agony the word was out. He sent it hurtling across the stage of his own brain. It flew straight. It found its mark upon the face of his love, and stuck there blotched and quivering, biting into the picture like acid. It ate out the eyes of Marien Dounay from his mind; it ate away her pliant ruby lips, her cheeks and her soft round chin, and it left of that face only a grinning hideousness from which John Hampstead shrank with a horrible sickness in his heart.

At this moment the curtain rings clicked sharply under the sweep of an impetuous arm, and with the suddenness of an apparition Marien stood just across the table from him. Her face was highly colored, but the preternatural brightness of the eyes had begun to dull, and there was a loose look, too, about the mouth, the lips of which were curled by a mocking smile.

"Well, John Hampstead!" she sneered, with a vindictive look in her eyes and insinuating scorn in her tones, "now that I have played out the scene, do you think you understand?"

John had risen stiffly, every fiber of him in riot at the horror he had heard and was now witnessing; but his self-control was perfect and a kind of dignity invested him for the moment.

"Yes," he said, meeting her gaze unflinchingly, "I understand!"

The tone of finality that went into this latter word was unescapable. As it was uttered Marien attempted one of her lightning changes of manner, but failed, breaking instead into a fit of hysterical laughter, during which, with head thrown back, her body swayed and she disappeared behind the curtain where the laughter ended abruptly in something like a cough or a fit of coughing.

But John's indignation and disgust were so great that he did not concern himself as to whether Miss Dounay's laughter might be choking her or not. Embarrassed, too, by the number of eyes turned curiously upon him from the nearer tables where the diners had observed the incident without gathering any of its purport, his only impulse was to pay his bill and escape. He shot out as if afraid the building might fall upon him.

SOMEHOW that night he got back to Oakland, and the next morning was again about his work, but the days went by mechanically—days of risings and retirings, eatings and sleepings, memorizing of lines, mumbling of speeches, sliding into clothes, slipping into grease paint, walkings in and walkings off. Through all of these obligations of his diurnal life the man moved with a certain absent-minded precision, like a person with a split consciousness, who does not let his right lobe know what his left lobe is thinking.

He knew, for instance, that a telegram came to him one day with the charges collect and that he paid the charges and signed for the message, but he did not know that the message lay unopened on his dresser while he spent all his unoccupied time sunk in a stupor of meditation upon the thing which had befallen him.

Recognizing that his condition was not normal, Hampstead wondered if he could be going insane. He was eating little; he was taking no interest in his work. He went and came from the theatre automatically, impatient of company, impatient of noise, of newspaper headlines, of interruptions of any sort; anxious only to get to his room, to lower the blinds of consciousness, to throw himself into a chair or upon a bed and relapse into a state of mental drooling. After several days he roused from one of these reveries with the clear impression that some presence had been there in the room, had breathed upon him, had touched his lips and spoken to him. He leaped up and looked about him. He opened the door and scanned the corridor. No one was there. No echo of corporeal footsteps resounded.

Realizing that it must have been his own dream that waked him, he came back sheepishly and sat down and tried again to induce that state of mental dusk in which the odd sensation had been experienced. Soon he roused again with the knowledge that the presence had been with him and had departed; but this time a clear picture of the vision remained. It was a woman. It was like Marien. It was, he told himself, the image of his love. He entertained it sadly, like an apparition from the grave. The vision came again, but with repeated visits its form began to change, until it no longer resembled the form of Marien.

This was exciting; the image might change still further till it definitely resembled some one else.

THIS surmise proved correct. It did change more and more until the identity was for a time completely lost; but as days passed the features ceased to blur and jumble. The eyes were now constantly blue; the complexion was consistently pink and white; the hair was brown and began to appear crinkly; the lips grew shorter and of a more youthful red; the chin broadened and appeared fuller and softer. One morning these rosier lips smiled with a rarer spontaneity than the vision had ever shown before, and with the smile came two dimples into the peachblow cheeks.

"Bessie!" cried John with a welcoming shout of incoherent joy. *"Bessie!"*

But his joy was speedily swallowed up in the gloom of mortifying reflections. Could it be that his love was so inconstant as to transfer itself in a few days from Marien Dounay to Bessie Mitchell, and if it did, what was such love worth? Besides, how could he love Bessie as he had loved Marien? There was no fire in her. As yet she was only a girl.

But at this juncture a memory came floating in of that day on the Cliff House rocks when some vague impulse, which he thought to be sympathy, had made him draw Bessie's face up to his and kiss it. Now, as he recalled it, the touch of her lips was the touch of woman; and her look that puzzled him then—why, it was the look of love!

Hampstead leaped up excitedly. Bessie was a woman and she loved him! And he loved her!

But how could he have been such a fool as to think that he loved Marien?

"Passion," he told himself scornfully, "mere passion."

"She was my first, and I fell for her! That's all," he muttered. "But how could I ever, ever, *ever* have done it?"

Still John had no reproaches for the actress. Instead he found within him a renascence of respect for her, particularly for her frankness. Most women—most men, too, for that matter, he thought—play the hypocrite with themselves and with others. He must do her full credit. She had not done so. She might have ruined him. He owed his escape to no discernment of his own. When he had not understood, she had resolutely played the scene out for him—to the uttermost. It must have cost a woman, any woman, something to do that, he reasoned. Under this interpretation Marien was no longer repulsive to him. Instead he found in her something to admire. Her courage was sublime. Her devotion to her god, Ambition, if terrible, was also magnificent.

"Yet why," he asked himself, "did she let me take her in my arms? Sympathy," he answered at last. "She never loved me. A woman who loved a man could not do what she did in the restaurant. She was very sorry for me; that was all. She let me kiss her as she would let a dog lick her hand." And then he remembered another speech of hers: "If a man is sometimes man, may not woman be also sometimes woman?"

This helped him finally and completely, as he thought, to understand; but it left him covered deeper still with a sense of his own weakness and humiliation.

MARIEN DOUNAY had roused the tender passion in him, and while she was near her personality had been strong enough to center this love upon herself. But when she shook his passion free of her, it turned after circling like a homing pigeon, due upon its course, to Bessie. John saw that this was all logical and psychological. Patently, it was also biological.

But it was mortifying beyond words. He felt that he had dishonored himself and dishonored Bessie. He had supposed himself strong. He found himself weak. He had been swept off his feet and out of his head. He was ashamed of himself, heartily. Bessie, the good, the pure, the noble! Why, he could not think of her at all in the terms in which he thought of Marien Dounay! His instinct for Marien had been to possess. For Bessie it was to revere, to worship—and yet—and yet he wanted her now with an urge that was stronger than ever he had wanted Marien.

Still he experienced no impulse to rush to Bessie. He felt unworthy. He could not see himself taking her hand, touching her lips, declaring his love to her now. It seemed to him that he must test this love before he declared it, and purify it by months—years, perhaps—of waiting, as if to expiate the sin of his weakness.

But in the meantime Bessie loved him, and would be loving him all the time. And he could write to her! Ah, what letters he would write, letters that would not only keep her love alive but fan it while he punished himself for his insane disloyalty. *Disloyalty!* Yes, that was the very word. He knew as he reflected that he had been disloyal ever to yield so to the spell of Marien Dounay. He had been disloyal to Bessie, to his ideals, and to himself.

He turned to where a few days before he had pinned his old Los Angeles motto on the wall of his Oakland room: *"Eternal Hammering is the Price of Success."*

Hammering, he decided, was the wrong word. It was not high enough. He stepped over to the wall and changed the legend to read: "Eternal *Loyalty* is the Price of Success."

He liked that better; so well, in fact, that he lifted his hand dramatically and swore his life anew, not to hammering but to *Loyalty*—loyalty to himself, to Bessie, to Dick and Tayna, and to God!

This gave him a feeling of new courage. He turned away as from a disagreeable experience now forever past. His eyes wandered about the room exactly as if he had returned from an absence, taking in detail by detail the familiar, scanty furniture, the hateful spring rocker, the washstand, the bed, the torn, smoke-soiled curtains at the window, the picture of Washington at Valley Forge upon the wall, and the dresser with its cheap speckled mirror.

His glance had just paused mystified at the sight of the unopened telegram upon the dresser when there was a knock at the door.

With a stride John turned the key and swung open the door.

Bud, the fourteen-year-old call boy of the Sampson Theatre, entered; a breathless, self-important youngster with freckles and a stubby pompadour.

"Mr. Cohen says yer better write a letter ter yer sister," the lad blurted, while his eyes scanned the room and the actor where he stood reaching in a dazed sort of way for the telegram.

"Hey," exclaimed Hampstead, looking up sharply, "my sister?"

"Ye-uh," affirmed Bud stoutly. "Mr. Cohen's got a letter from her and she wants to know if yer sick 'r anything."

"By Jove, that's right, Bud," confessed John with sudden conviction. "I've had my mind on something of late, and guess I've rather overlooked the folks at home. I'll write to-day. Awfully kind of you, old chap, to come over. Here!"

And Hampstead, now with the telegram in his hand, attempted to cover a feeling of confusion before these bright peering eyes by a pilgrimage to the closet, from which he tossed Bud a quarter. The lad accepted the quarter thankfully.

"Say, Mr. Hampstead," he broke out impulsively with an embarrassed note in his voice, "I'm sorry you got your notice!"

"Got my notice?" asked John a bit sharply.

"Yes. Yer let out," announced Bud with unfeeling directness, though consideration was in his heart. "You been good to me, Mr. Hampstead, and I'm sorry you're goin'. Some of the others is too."

BUT John was now roused thoroughly.

"Why, Bud, what are you talking about?" he demanded, turning accusingly on the boy.

"Fer the love of Mike," exclaimed Bud, advancing a little fearsomely and studying the face of Hampstead with new curiosity. "Yer let out and don't know it! What'd I tell 'em? Why, there it is," and he snatched up a blue, thin-looking envelope from the dresser. "Y'got it a week ago when you got yer pay. Y'ain't opened it even."

Hampstead took the blue envelope from Bud's hand, an awful sense of weakness running through him as he read that his services would not be required after the customary two weeks.

"What did I get this for, Bud?" he asked, sensing the uselessness of dissimulation before this impertinent child.

"Y'got it fer bein' dopey," answered Bud reproachfully. "Y'ain't had no more sense than a wooden man fer ten days. Say, Mr. Hampstead," he ventured further with sympathetic friendliness, "yer a good actor when you let the hop alone. Why don't you cut it? You're young yet. You got a future, Mr. Cohen says, if you'll let the dope alone."

Hampstead's face took on a queer, half-amused look. "Is that what he said?"

"That's what he said," affirmed Bud aggressively.

"Well, then, all right, Bud, I will cut it out. Here's my hand on it."

Bud took the hand, a trifle surprised, and feeling a little more important than usual. "Say," he added confidentially, "wise me, will y'; what kind have you been takin'? Mr. Cohen says he's never seen nothin' like it, and he thought he'd seen 'em all."

"Oh, it's a little brand I mixed myself," confessed John. "But I'm done with it. Run along now, Bud. You've been a good pal," and he gave the lad a pat on the shoulder and a significant shove toward the door.

"Glad I came over," reflected Bud at the door, jingling the quarter in his pocket. "Better write yer sister or she'll be comin' up here. Say," and Bud returned as if for a further confidence, "y'never know what a woman's goin' to do, do y'? Las' fall a woman shot our leading juvenile in the leg—because she loved him. Get that? Because she loved him!"

BUD'S drawling scorn was inimitable.

"Y'can't figger 'em, can yuh? Some of 'em wants to be called and some of 'em don't. Some of 'em wants their letters before the show and some of 'em after. Some of 'em is one way one day and the other way the next day. If I ever get my notice—if I ever lose my job, it'll be about a woman. I never seen a man yet that I couldn't get his nanny. I never seen a woman yet that couldn't get mine and get it fresh every time I run a step fer her. Say, Mr. Hampstead—honest—ain't they the jinx?"

Bud had got his hand on the door, but, getting no answer to this very direct and to him very important question, he turned and scrutinized the face of the big man curiously at first and then with amazement as he exclaimed: "Fer the love of Mike! He ain't heard me. Say, Mr. Hampstead! Say!" Bud went back and shook the big man's arm with a look of apprehension on his face and shouted very loud, as if to the deaf: "Say! Come out of it, will y'? Don't write. Telegraph her. Gosh! She might blame me!"

After which parting gun in behalf of duty and of prudence, with a sigh and the air of having done a man's best, the lad got hastily through the door and slammed it after him very loudly.

Bud was right. John had not heard him. He stood with the telegram torn open in his hand:

Charles fell from El Capitan. Body brought here. *Rose.*

For a moment the man gazed fixedly, deliberately but absently crushing the envelope in one hand, while the other held the open message before him. Then his lips moved slowly and without uttering a sound, but they framed the words of his thought: "Charles! . . . Dead! . . . Merciful God!"

For a reflective interval the gray, startled eyes set themselves on distance and then turned again to the message.

It was dated April 4.

April 4? What day was this?

On the dresser was an unopened newspaper. John remembered now he had bought it yesterday, or rather he assumed it was yesterday. He might have bought it the day before, or the day before that, and no doubt had made the purchase because it was less disturbing to hand out a coin than to resist a newsboy's importunings.

The date upon the paper was April 14. If it was yesterday he bought that paper, to-day was the 15th, and Charles had been dead eleven days! What had they thought—what had they done without a word from him in this crisis? What had become of them?

And there were unopened letters on the dresser, three of them, all from Rose. John tore them open, lapping up their contents with his eyes.

"Poor, poor Rose!" he groaned. "What must she think of me?"

The first letter told of the death of Charles and the fact of the lucky sale of "Dawn in the Grand Cañon," which afforded money for the bringing home of the body and its decent interment, but little more.



CONSCRIPTION

BY JAMES WILLIAM FITZPATRICK

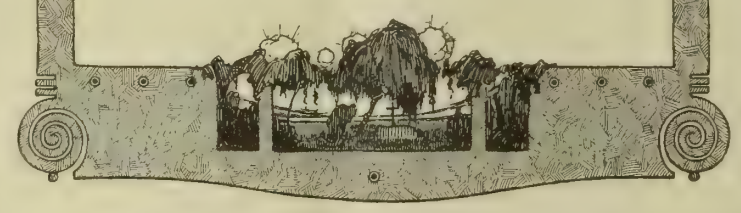
(In a village in the south of Ireland, there are one hundred and ten families. Ninety men went from it at the beginning of the war, and of that number more than three-quarters have been either killed or seriously wounded.)

Th' sea an' th' west wind are moanin'
A message that quickens me fears,
Me sad eyes th' salt spray is blindin'
Or is it th' brine o' me tears?
So sick I am for pinin'
So long since you marched away.

At eve, when th' little folk gather
From th' glen, th' boreen, an' th' lane,
I sit at me dark window weepin'
For me love in its young beauty slain.
So sick I am for pinin'
So long since you went away.

In dreams you come back to me whisperin'
Th' sweet words I'll never hear more,
I wake—an' th' banshee is wailin'
Its keen at me lone cabin door.
So sick I am for pinin'
So long since you went away.

But when in th' gray gloom o' mornin'
Th' spark from th' hearthstone has fled,
Th' ashes are left like th' cold in me heart
For you like th' turf fire are dead.
So sick I am for pinin'
So long since you went away.



The second letter was briefer and concerned with surprise at not hearing from him in response to her message, which the telegraph company assured her had been delivered to him in person. This letter showed Rose bearing up under her grief and stoutly making plans for taking up the support of her children. The third letter was addressed by the hand of Rose, but the brief note inclosed was penned by the kind-hearted Dr. Morrison, the railroad's "company" physician, to whom, as a part of his outside practice, Rose would have applied in case of illness.

"Your sister," Dr. Morrison wrote, "has suffered a complete nervous breakdown. Long rest with complete relief from financial care is imperative."

This letter stirred John to immediate action. He rushed to the long-distance telephone. The telegraph was not quick enough. "Please reassure my sister immediately," John telephoned to Dr. Morrison. "Every provision will be made for her care and that of the children." Not satisfied with this, John sent a telegram to his sister direct and to the same effect.

These messages were dispatched as the first and most natural impulses of the brother's heart, without pause to consider the responsibilities involved; and then, having no appetite for breakfast, John returned to his room to write to Rose.

Poor Rose! And poor old Charles! Such an end for him! No great pictures painted; no roseate successes gathered; just to follow his vision on and on until in absent-minded admiration of a sunset glow he stepped off the brow of El Capitan in Yosemite and fell hundreds of feet to death. Yet John's grief was strangely tempered by the thought that somehow this death was fitting. It was like the man's life. In art he had tried to walk the heights with no solid ground of ability beneath and he had fallen into the bottomless abyss of failure.

For a moment John pitied Charles greatly; yet when he thought of Rose, prostrated, as he was sure, not by grief, but by long anxieties, his feeling turned to one of reproach. When he thought of the children left fatherless, and no provision for their future or that of Rose, the reproach turned to bitterness. He found himself judging Charles very sternly, and a Scripture came into his mind—something about the man who provides not for his own being worse than an infidel.

But in the midst of this condemnation Hampstead's jaw dropped and he sat staring at the pen with which he was preparing to write. The expression on the man's face had changed from concern to one of agony. When the pain passed his features were gray and tenantless, almost the look of the dead, for John Hampstead had suddenly perceived that *his stage career was ended!*

Rose, Dick, and Tayna were now "his own." To give Rose the best of care, upon which his heart had determined, he must have what were to him large sums of money weekly and monthly; money for nurses, for doctors, for sanatoriums possibly; and perhaps Dick and Tayna must be sent to boarding school or something like that for the present, while their higher education must also be considered and provided for.

John knew he could never do these things and follow the stage. He could succeed upon the stage; he had proved that, to his own satisfaction at least; but he could not make money there yet, not for years and years. Marien was right. If he persisted, rewards would come and affluence. But they would come at the other end of life. He must have them now.

Perhaps hardest of all to John was the hurt to his pride, to his self-confidence, the reflection that, having set his eye upon a shining goal, he must abandon the march toward it unbeaten, with his strength untested, or with the tests so far as made distinctly in his favor. It was hard to think himself a "quitter." And yet he could feel the stir of a noble satisfaction in being a "quitter" for duty's sake. He remembered with a certain sad pleasure how almost prophetically he had told Mr. Mitchell that it would only be something that would happen to Dick and Tayna that could keep him from following his stage ambition. Now exactly that had come to pass; yet to make immediate surrender of the ambition to which he had devoted himself with such holy enthusiasm seemed impossible. He knew what he should do, what he intended to do, but he lacked the resolution for the moment.

If Bessie were only here! And yet if she were he would shrink from her presence. He felt just now unworthy to look into those trusting eyes. This time he must face his destiny alone.

His head sank low. His hands were clasped above it, as they had been that night when he was stricken blind. The world was dark before him. Now, as then, he felt sorry for himself.

His face was flat upon the page he had meant to fill with words of love and help to Rose. Above him, on the wall, was the sheet of faded yellow paper that bore his just amended motto. Two pins, loosened no doubt when he changed the word on the legend, had been whipped out by the breeze which swept in through the open window, and this breeze now fluttered the free end of the yellow sheet insistently like a pennant, so that the distracted man lifted his clouded eyes and read again, as if to make sure:

"Eternal *Loyalty* is the Price of Success."

"Loyalty to what?" he demanded fiercely of himself. To his ambition? Or to two little growing lives that trusted and believed in him?

To put the question like that was to answer it. John rose abruptly, snatched the legend from the wall, crumpled it as he had the envelope, and cast it on the floor. He didn't need it any more.

"And yet," he reflected after a moment, "why not?"

"Uncle John, when will you be president?"

Tayna had asked him that one night, and he smiled as in fancy he felt her arms again about his neck, her bare feet cuddling in his lap. The thought roused him. He was not surrendering all ambition when he surrendered a stage career. He was a man of greatly increased ability now as compared with then. Surely a man was pretty poor stuff if, having been defeated in one desire, through no fault of his own, he could not carve out another niche for himself somewhere in the wide hall of achievement. John stooped and recovered the crumpled square of yellow, smoothed its wrinkles reverently and fastened it again and more securely upon the wall above him.

(To be continued next week)

Vox Populi

BY R. C. BENCHLEY

SCENE: *Voting Booth on Election Day.*

ENTER Average Voter, reading sporting sheet. Unfolds ballot laboriously and spreads it out on desk, tips back hat, and surveys ballot. Discovers that he has it upside down. Backs out of booth to have room to turn it round. Spreads it out again, leans over it and glances up and down the lists, humming gently. Tips hat further back. Finds a name on ballot he recognizes. Hunts for pencil. Loses location of familiar name. Finds pencil and gets down to business. Votes for head of ticket as recommended by his morning paper. Forgets what paper said about the rest of the offices so votes straight Republocrat ticket to save time. Finds friend's name again, in another party column. Votes for him too. Anyway, his opponent's name was Harold. Has a suspicion that he has spoiled his ballot, but decides that if they don't like it they know what they can do with it.

Looks at questions submitted for referendum: "(1) Shall the proposed appropriation of $100 for improvements in the East Bilgewater Turnpike be granted?" Doesn't know where East Bilgewater is, and doesn't give a hang about its turnpike. And, besides, $100 is a lot of money. Votes No. "(2) Shall the proposed amendment to the Constitution enfranchising bell boys be adopted?" Has a nephew who is a bell boy during summer vacations. Votes Yes. Looks down list of eighty-seven other referenda. Looks at watch. Votes hurriedly Yes and No alternately, taking up his humming where he had left it.

Backs up against wall in order to fold ballot. Unconsciously detaches pencil from string and puts it in his pocket. Exit, dropping ballot in box with one hand and taking out sporting sheet from pocket with the other. Resumes reading.

Allegorical Float, representing Citizen wrapped in an American flag, exercising his Prerogatives, which somehow seem sadly in need of the exercise.



"That's the way—
I always say—
To have this *Campbell* feast!
I want it when I want it—
Which is once a day at least!"

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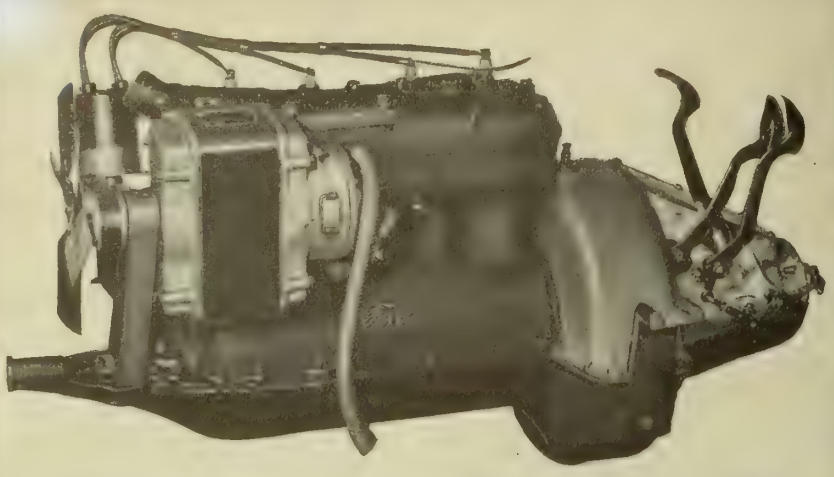
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Jules of the Strong Heart

(Continued from page 11)

Then, in a voice that was not the voice I had always heard in the throat of Jules, my friend answered: "No!"

It was a cry, that word. It was agony; and a wave filled the mouth that had spoken it. It seemed to me, lying higher on the sand, that I would have made any answer to that question if it meant freedom. Jim Smith reached down his pointed stick and I shut my eyes. When I opened them again he was looking at me, and I shuddered.

"So you're alive!" he said.

I tried to speak, but no sound came. He raised his shoulders and looked down with that grin at the body of Jules. So he sat looking for a long time until he pulled out his watch and scowled at it.

"It's two hours and a half! Now will you tell me where you hid the check?"

Jules Legrand opened his eyes and his mouth to speak. A wave curled down. When the water had flowed from between his lips and he had coughed a little while he lifted his head: "No!"

At this the riddle was somewhat answered. I understood now why the shoes of Jules were gone and why his shirt and trousers were in strips. Somehow he had managed to keep that check of Boss Flannigan, and it was to keep faith with the boss that he was paying this price of torture. He had grown the color of a dead man, and yet his will was not broken. He was drawing that great courage from his soul, m'sieu, as the earth brings forth flowers.

"A War Correspondents' Village," by Arthur Ruhl, is one of the most fascinating articles this war has produced. In Next Week's Collier's

There was another time of silence while Jim Smith sat looking sometimes out over the lake, but mostly down at Jules Legrand, with that grin of a dog. It became plain to me with slowness. The Smith had planned very well. It was to kill Jules Legrand and me and then sail to Port James, getting the money. After that he could even go back to Boss Flannigan, first wrecking the boat, with a tale of much trouble. How she had struck a sunken ledge and gone down with Jules and me and the money. And there would be no other between him and Jean Farnsworth.

That was a good plan but for the courage of Jules Legrand. He was more than a man, m'sieu, and Jim Smith began to feel this. The look of an animal caught in a trap came into his face. He was caught in a trap of his own making. It might come to the pass that he would have to go quickly, risking the murder of two for nothing, although they were not likely to come searching before the next day. Yet I could see this fear working in his face, where already were hate and lust for money. He was not good to look at.

THE day wore on; a long grayness. At each quarter of an hour Jim Smith would take out his watch and ask his question after the same fashion. Then Jules Legrand would lift his head and let the water run out of his mouth before he could speak his one word. At last that word became no more than a groan; yet you could tell that he held steadfast. And after it Jim Smith would grin the grin of a dog and reach down with his sharp stick, and I would close my eyes. Many times I thought Jules would never lift his head again. But he was a man of great size, and life was strong within him.

After a time that was like years it grew dark, and I thought that Jules Legrand and I must have long since been dead. Often I seemed to sink down through the earth and thought that death was upon me, but always my eyes opened again to look up at the evil face of Jim Smith and down at the tortured body of Jules. Always I wondered to find myself there, and wondered more even that my friend still lived. That flesh could stand so much I had not known.

Out of the darkness, when I could no longer see the faces of those two men, came the question and answer like the striking of a clock. Sometimes I thought I was in hell, m'sieu, with the devil talking down to us who burned. The red flare of the matches that Jim Smith lit to look at his watch helped me to believe this, and pounding waves became the wails of all the lost souls. I think then that Jim Smith must have been half mad with the canker of his evil deed, else he would have gone. By then he must have known that no human power could break the will of Jules Legrand and make him yield his trust.

I KNOW now, m'sieu, that I was very near to death when of a sudden the night opened like a door and all about us was bright light. I saw again the face of Jim Smith, struck with surprise and terror, and the rolling head of Jules Legrand, with water foaming over it. It seemed as though the moon had come to earth and was sliding across the lake to us. Of course it was a boat with a big lamp in her bow, and I knew this when she beached. Jim Smith jumped from his rock. There were cries and the sound of a gun; and the Smith tumbled over with his head at the feet of Jules Legrand.

At that I fell into one of those times of blackness, and when I came back it seemed that I must of necessity be in heaven. Jean Farnsworth was holding me up in her arms, and I could look into her eyes, for the light was all shining about her red hair. Had Jean died also? But there was joy in that moment, and I did not trouble myself. Were not the arms of Jean about me? That was enough of happiness to last forever.

Then my head turned to one side a little, and I saw Jules Legrand propped up against the big rock where Jim Smith had sat, with Boss Flannigan making him drink from a bottle. His eyes were half shut, with white showing under the lids, and the boss had to tip his head back, for he could not swallow of himself. I thought he was dead, but at last the eyelids moved and there came a twitching into his face. Then he worked his jaw slowly from side to side and lifted up one of his big arms as though it weighed many pounds. He put the fingers into his mouth and took out a little flat something. Don Flannigan tore at it, and then in one hand he held a slip of paper that was the check for five thousand dollars and in the other a shred of oiled silk.

The boss cursed and choked. Then he reached for the fingers of Jules and pumped his arm up and down, like a handle. Dying by torture, m'sieu, Jules Legrand had kept that slip of paper in his cheek all these hours. Neither of us then knew about banks and how the money would have been safe if he had torn up the check or swallowed it. My heart swelled that there should be such a man in the world and that he should be my friend. The thought of it gave me strength. I found my voice and whispered up to Jean Farnsworth:

"That is a man who loves you!"

Her eyes grew sober, and then they smiled down at me.

"But it is a man I love, and he is going to get well in spite of a bullet in his shoulder and half his blood gone!"

It came over me, m'sieu, like dawn in the month of June. It was I, François Beaupré, that she loved! It was almost not to be believed. But her eyes could not lie, and the happiness of it gave me still more strength.

"I thought it was Jules," I said.

"Jules Legrand is the husband for an angel, François." Her arms drew tighter about me. "And I am not an angel!"

My head turned and I looked at him watching us with understanding. His face shone with the greatness of being able to be glad for me. Jules was close, for Jean had moved me near to the rock, and when finally he made out to speak we could hear him.

"Dieu merci!" he gasped. "At least she loves a good man!"

That is all, m'sieu. But now you will see why it is that I hold his friendship, which is still mine, of more worth than all things save the love of God and one other—which is my wife, Jean. Jules Legrand is of too great soul to be happy, I think, for one man cannot have all things.

The Real Santa Claus

(Continued from page 8)

they sleep in the same room—an' Aileen'll think I'm Santa Claus telephonin'. Of course, sir, I couldn't take a chance an' have the little one all worked up—an' then have somethin' slip at the last minute so we couldn't get the reindeer."

"Quite right, quite right," murmured Murray Boland.

"You see what I'm drivin' at, don't you, sir? Millie tells my baby her daddy's a tramp an' that she must forget all about him an' never recognize him if he comes up to her on the street an' tries to speak to her. But if Aileen thinks I've got pull enough with Santa Claus to get him to telephone ahead o' time when he's comin', just so's she can get a peek at him—why, it's goin' to take a whole lot to convince that kid her daddy's as big a bum as she's been told he is. Anyhow, I figger it'll make an impression on her mind, an' as long as she lives she'll never forget the sight o' Santa Claus an' them four trottin' reindeer an' the big pack o' toys in back o' the sleigh an' the sleigh bells an' the snow on the deserted avenoo an' the roofs o' the houses, just like the pictures in the books. She'll wonder about it an' keep her little secret until she's big enough to know there ain't no Santa Claus, an' then she'll keep on wonderin' until she's a young lady—an' then she'll understand. She'll think it was pretty nice of her tramp of a father to go to all that trouble to make her happy, don't you think she will, Mr. Boland? She'll say to herself what you said in your speech to-night, sir: 'There is a chord in every human heart; if it can be touched, it will bring forth sweet music.' That's what she'll say, an' she'll figger that maybe after all there was a chord in the heart o' the Hand-ridin' Kid, an' if somebody'd only took the trouble to touch it—but here's that tenderloin steak!"

"Put it under your belt, old man," his host advised, "and to-morrow night we'll see if we can't bring forth some sweet music. But I hardly think we'll have to steal the reindeer. I'll find out Tierney's address in Europe and cable him. He has bought out Bell's interest, and he'll do anything for me. Why, didn't I sell him those four bays he used in the Roman chariot race last summer, and wasn't he a swipe for my father when he came over from Ireland forty years ago? Don't talk to me of Pat Tierney! I'll have his eyeteeth if I desire them."

IT was midnight before Murray Boland succeeded in locating the manager of Bell & Tierney's circus—one Mr. Larry Donovan. They had awakened the night watchman at the circus quarters out of a sound sleep to locate Mr. Donovan, and they now awakened Mr. Donovan in order to locate Pat Tierney, somewhere in Europe. Mr. Donovan came to his front door in dressing-gown and a very ill humor which was dissipated the instant Murray Boland introduced himself and explained his errand.

"An' where might Tierney be, say you? Sorra wan av me know, but ye might ask the divil that never loses sight av his own. Was it somethin' private an' confidenshul ye wanted to cable him about?"

"I desire to lease, steal, or otherwise acquire for use to-morrow night Bell & Tierney's Celebrated Trotting Reindeer, together with a sleigh, sleigh bells—"

"Wirra, but 'tis the grand little press agent ye are, Misther Boland, playin' Santa Claus to the populace." Nobody ever had to kick Larry Donovan. A hint was always sufficient. "The divil scoort Pat Tierney. I'm his manager, so take the reindeer wit' Pat's complimints an' my blessin', an' see to it (an' sure I needn't mintion it) that Bell & Tierney get the binifit av a brief mintion in the newspapers."

"Nothing doing, Mr. Donovan. This is not a publicity stunt, but strictly a private affair. I could murder the man that gives it to the newspapers. I'm going to play Santa Claus to one little girl—"

"You're not. You're goin' to play it to three little girrls an' wan boy. Take the reindeer to-morrow night, but see to it that ye come by my house, an' telephone before ye come. As for the reindeer, they'll be the bettther for a bit av a run in the snow, an' they're as gintle as Shetland ponies. Sure a child could dhrive thim. Whin do ye want thim?"

"At one o'clock Christmas morning, thank you—"

"I'll have thim ready for you. And now good-night to you, Misther Boland. If I shtay here a minute longer, I'll have me death o' cold—may the divil fly away wit' you, if he only carried you a mile a day."

The door banged in Murray Boland's face, and he returned to the taxicab to impart the tidings of great joy to his companion. "And now, Hand-rider," he continued, "I'm going to ask you to get the remainder of the props. All the pictures of Santa Claus I've ever seen picture the old gentleman with a great knapsack on his back, and it's just bulging with toys. Now, Hand-rider, here are two hundred dollars on account of the change due you on that ring. Right after breakfast you go to a harness maker and give him a rush order for a large knapsack made from white buckskin. My coat being bright red, white buckskin will make a nice contrast when the pack is on my back. After ordering it, drop around to a department store and buy the big sleeping doll; and if I were you I'd buy it dressed, full and fancy. Then buy two more dolls just like it, a drum, an air rifle, an assortment of bugles, games, and other gimcracks and a coaster to lash on the rear of the sleigh and give tone to the outfit. Get Aileen a complete set of doll furniture, cook stove—the whole works, understand? We've got to fill that pack to overflowing, so don't skimp on the props. When you've finished your shopping rent a taxicab and bring everything out to Bell & Tierney's. Don't trust to have them delivered; if you do, you'll get them about New Year. In the meantime I'll wire a costumer in New York to send a man down here with a Santa Claus suit for me."

WHEN Murray Boland reached the winter quarters of the Bell & Tierney Circus at one o'clock on Christmas morning, it was not Murray Boland that stepped out of the taxicab, but Kris Kringle himself. Had he entertained any doubt on the subject himself, it would quickly have been dissipated, for the night watchman and two circus attendants, having harnessed the reindeer and hitched them to the sleigh, were standing by with itching palms and expectant faces. Santa Claus looked the equipment over, saw that everything was as it should be, and distributed largess accordingly. The Hand-riding Kid, fairly exuding the spirit of Merry Christmas, sat in the seat holding the reins; only his profound appreciation of the dignity that attaches to a celebrity kept him from swatting Murray Boland on the back or prodding him familiarly in the short ribs. He contented himself with an admiring glance at his leading man's patent-leather jack boots, his scarlet coat trimmed with ermine, his little round fur-trimmed red turban, and the silvery hair and whiskers framing a face as ruddy as a winter apple. "By Judas," he said, "you're some Santa Claus!"

It was just the kind of Christmas Eve on which one would expect to encounter Santa Claus. There was almost a foot of snow on the ground, and a recent cold snap had crusted it nicely; a full moon cast a silver light over the white landscape, causing the snow crystals to sparkle until the world resembled a fairyland, and as Murray Boland sent the four reindeer scampering down the white road leading to the city he forgot that he was the greatest character actor in the world and became inwardly what he already was externally—the merriest, the rosiest, the kindliest old Santa Claus that ever clucked to a reindeer.

THE team traveled fast, their long, tireless trot taking them over the ground at better than twelve miles an hour. Twice they were halted by policemen, these being the only living creatures that the lateness of the hour and the zero weather permitted abroad, but these halts were merely for the purpose of enabling the guardians of the sleeping city to shake hands with Santa Claus and congratulate him on his originality.

"Everybody gets kind o' human around Christmas time," the Hand-riding Kid observed, apropos of this evidence of the yuletide spirit in the hearts of his hereditary enemies.

Presently they turned into a broad

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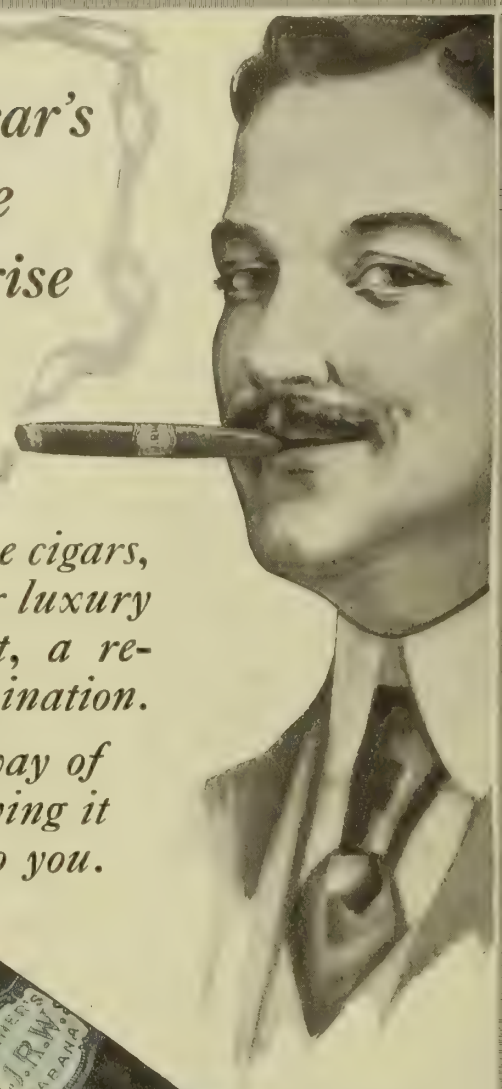


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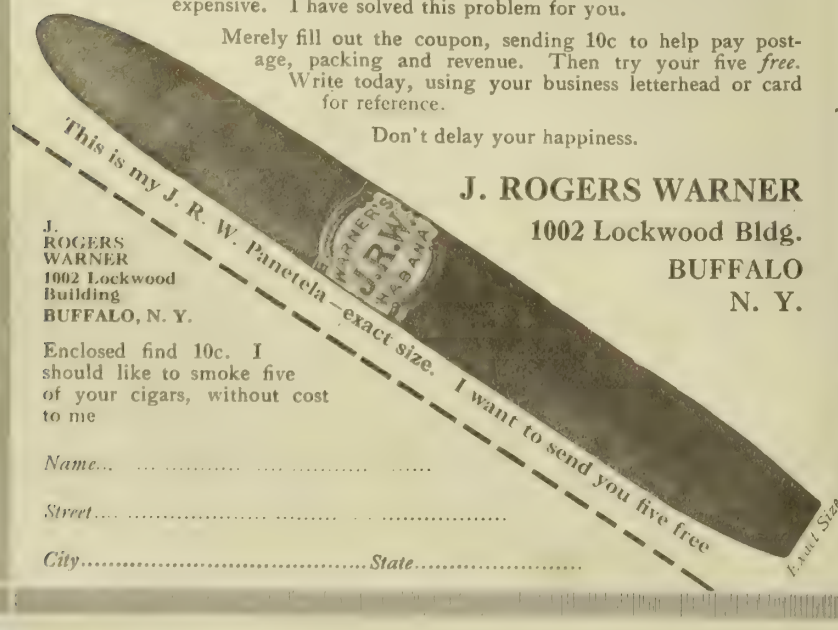
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avenue in the best residential section of the city. "We'll run down past the house an' I'll show it to you, sir," the Hand-riding Kid announced, and a few minutes later he pointed out Millie's home. Santa Claus marked it by the elm tree that stood in front of it, and they continued on for three more blocks before pausing.

"Now, sir," the Hand-riding Kid announced, "I'm goin' to sneak around the next block to the fire house. That's always open, an' I can telephone to Aileen's nurse from there. She told me she'd be downstairs waitin', an' I see a light as we passed by. You wait here until you hear me whistle—this way," and he thrust thumb and forefinger in his mouth and blew a shrill whistle; "an' that'll be your cue to come on." An', listen. When you come, come like you've been wired for but was delayed in startin', an' before you start hang them sleigh bells around the necks o' the leaders. Then just imagine you're turnin' into the home stretch, an' if them reindeer have anything left just speak to 'em an' ask 'em to give it to you. You know how it is with Santa Claus. He's got a whale of a route to cover in a night, an' when he travels he don't let the grass grow under his feet. When you pull up in front o' the house, tie the leaders to the elm tree; there's a couple o' snap ropes in the bottom o' the sleigh."

HE darted away, his grotesque figure casting shadows equally grotesque on the moonlit snow, his run-over heels crunching it as he ran. Ten minutes passed; then down the avenue floated the Hand-riding Kid's shrill signal. Santa Claus, standing at the heads of the leaders, slipped the bell collars around their necks, climbed back into the sleigh, and started down the avenue. He left it presently and circled a block before coming back, and then he came as the Hand-riding Kid used to come when "beating the barrier." Around the corner he swung on one runner; then as he straightened out he laid the lash smartly across the flanks of his team, and from the long, swift trot they broke presently into a gallop. The snow flew from the runners; the peal of the bells, the thud of hoofs on the crisp surface of the snow, the cracking of the whip, and the hearty exhortations of Santa Claus aroused the echoes in the silent street, and a window or two were raised as the wild spectacle flew by in the moonlight.

It was glorious, and for the first time in his career as an actor Murray Boland felt that he was playing a part that called for the expression of his greatest art; as he glimpsed the light upstairs in Millie's house and saw a little white figure at the open window, it came to him suddenly that he was starring in an unwritten drama, and that at last he could extemporize without hurting the author's feelings.

"What an entrance!" he exulted. "And there's the audience on its feet already, dancing in ecstacy. Why, this is my greatest part—Christmas morning and Murray Boland playing to the innocent heart of a child. And now for some acting!"

He stood up in his sleigh and cracked his whip furiously. "Ho, Dancer!" he shouted. "Ho, Prancer! Ho, Blitzen! Ho, Stamper!" He turned his back on the audience and scanned the opposite side of the street as if looking for a house number.. Two jumps more and he would have been into the next block, when clear above the uproar of his passing he heard the acclaim of his audience.

"Santa! Santa! I'm he-e-e-r! This is Ailee-e-e-n!"

SANTA CLAUS turned. He saw her. To prove it he waved his hand at her, and then sat down and commenced to saw at his reindeer, the while the shrill cries in his rear encouraged him. He continued on for a block before he could bring the excited animals under control; then he swung them and came back at a fine fast trot, pulled up under the elm tree, sprang out, tied the leaders to the tree, shouldered his great pack and with exactly the right kind of a Santa Claus waddle started up the steps. As he reached the landing the door flew open and all that the Hand-riding Kid cared for in life stood in the entrance. Santa Claus set down his pack, and they gazed at each other. In flannel dressing gown and slippers the child stood motionless, gazing with wonder-wide eyes, the while her hands pressed her breast as if she would still the wild pounding of her heart at this dream of childhood come true. Then Santa Claus held out his arms and smiled—and with a bound she was at his breast, her arms around his neck, her lips at his.

For several seconds Murray Boland forgot his lines, remembering only that to-night he was the patron saint of childhood. But the thought of possible interruption by Millie or the Hand-riding Kid's successor spurred him to action.

"Bless my frost-bitten old soul," he declared, as with a final squeeze he set her down, "if you aren't even a finer little girl than your daddy said you were! And I almost missed you. If you hadn't called to me, I suppose I'd have been in New York by this time, and after all the trouble your daddy—I mean your real daddy—took to get me to do it, I'm afraid I'd have an awfully hard job explaining things to him. But it's his own fault, Aileen. He gave me the wrong address." He stooped, burrowed in his pack, and brought up the cardboard box in which her sleeping doll reposed. "And here's the dolly he asked me to bring to you. Isn't she a beauty, Aileen? Why, that's the finest doll that's been turned out of my shops in twenty years."

She found her voice at last. "Santa Claus," she queried, "do you know my real daddy?"

"Do I know him?" Santa Claus found that question so funny he had to lean against the alcove wall and laugh. "Oh, my furs and whiskers!" he declared. "I should say I do know him. Yes, indeed, ever since he was a little boy—and let me tell you he was one of the best little boys I ever knew and the best friend I've got on this old earth. Why, when he came all the way up to my factory at the North Pole and asked me, as a special favor to him, to stop in and say 'hello' to you on my trip this year, I didn't have the heart to refuse him—although," he added, "it's strictly against the rules."

She gazed up at him, her little white teeth gleaming in the moonlight as they clamped over her lower lip. "Mamma says he's a bad daddy," she ventured. "He isn't a bad daddy, is he, Santa Claus, darling?"

AGAIN Santa Claus was overcome by his mirth. "Oh, my new cap and moleskin socks!" he declared. "This little girl is going to make me laugh myself to death with her foolish questions—that is, provided I don't get stuck in one of these narrow chimneys and smothered before I finish this trip. Your daddy a bad daddy. Oh, no, no, no! He isn't a bad daddy. He's just misunderstood, Aileen. Your mamma just doesn't know how good he is. Why, if he wasn't a good daddy do you suppose he would be a friend of mine! Oh, dearie me, what nonsense! However, I mustn't stand here all night talking, for if I do you're going to catch cold and I'll have to disappoint a lot of little boys and girls who are waiting for me to come. Bless my soul, I'm not half through my deliveries yet, and here it is almost daylight—and it would never, never do for Santa Claus to be caught out in broad daylight."

"Oh, don't go; please don't go," she pleaded.

"Oh, but I must. I'm dreadfully late this year. Kiss me good-by, now, and run along upstairs with your dolly."

As he held her in his arms he said: "You must never tell anybody but your nurse that you've seen Santa Claus and talked with him and kissed him. It's all very, very irregular, so you mustn't tell a soul. And whenever your mamma tells you your daddy is bad, just remember that everybody in this world is entitled to an opinion, but that Santa Claus told you your daddy is a very, very splendid gentleman. Don't you ever forget it, Aileen. He lives in a far country, but he loves his little girl and he told me to tell you he does."

"I love you, Santa Claus," she assured him. "This kiss is for you and this kiss is for my daddy."

He set her gently down in the dimly lighted hall, handed her the sleeping doll, backed out softly, closing the hall door after him, picked up his pack and waddled back to his waiting reindeer, while a wondering little child stood with her ear to the keyhole listening to the chorus of the sleigh bells—a chorus that grew fainter and fainter as Santa Claus whirled on down the avenue on his way to bring Merry Christmas to the expectant progeny of Mr. Larry Donovan.

"WELL, Hand-rider, it certainly was a howling success," Murray Boland declared as he and the Hand-riding Kid sat at breakfast in the former's apartment five hours later.

"You've been awful kind to me, sir," his guest mumbled soberly, and gazed suspiciously around the cozy apartment.

"Oh, nonsense! Have a cigar," and Boland passed one across to the derelict. The Hand-riding Kid's face twitched; again he gazed around the room; he wore about him the air of a sheep-killing dog. Presently he heaved a deep sigh and faced his host.

"Don't play with me, sir, for God's sake," he pleaded wearily. "I know now why you brought me up here to breakfast. Come clean, sir. What's the program?"

MURRAY BOLAND took out a pencil and a memorandum book and pretended to figure. "As near as I can figure it, Hand-rider," he announced presently, "the expenses of production were somewhere in the neighborhood of seven hundred and twenty dollars, which includes my salary of five hundred. The appraised value of the ring was a thousand, was it not? Well, I have already given you two hundred and here's the balance of eighty dollars due you. Hand-rider, did you ever hear of the Mossbrae Stock Farm, down in the Blue Grass country?"

"Yes, sir. I was there once as a kid, to try out some two-year-olds my boss was lookin' at."

"Well, I own it, Hand-rider, and you're going to take part of the money I've given you and buy some decent clothes; with the remainder you're to buy a ticket to Mossbrae and when you get there tell Dan Sherry I sent you, that he's to give you a job as trainer at three hundred a month and not fire you without consulting me. I have a lot of fine yearlings and two-year-olds down at Mossbrae, Hand-rider, and I'll expect you to make race horses out of some of them. After you've done that and I find you can still make the weight, I might go to the powers that be and get your license restored. At any rate, we can try, and you know, Hand-rider, it never hurts to try anything once, provided it's something on the level."

The Hand-riding Kid stared at Murray Boland with a wide, unbelieving stare. "Don't kid me, Mr. Boland," he quavered. "Don't spoil it all by ridin' me with spurs. After what I done to you I know you don't want me, an' while I'm dog enough to take your food because I'm hungry—or will be pretty soon—I ain't dog enough to take your money or your job under false pretenses. Mr. Boland, I'm a crook."

"I'm sorry you think so. I do not."

"But I—I've been here before, Mr. Boland."

"Yes, I know you were, Hand-rider."

"But you never said a word when I handed you your ring!" the little man quavered plaintively. "I didn't know I was talkin' to the man I'd robbed an' askin' him to do me a favor. If you'd only said somethin'!"

"Why should I? It would have spoiled all the fun. Besides, Hand-rider, that was just one of your mistakes, and after to-day you're going to quit making mistakes like that. You can bring back the other stuff or tell me where you pawned it, and then I'll forget your mistake. In fact, I've forgotten it already, for this is Christmas morning, Hand-rider, and I have to thank you for a mighty merry Christmas. So I wish you'd take that trainer's job down at my stock farm. I really need you and, moreover, I trust you."

"No!" The Hand-riding Kid gasped incredulously. "Why, how can you?"

"Why, you see I'm Santa Claus and it pleases me to present you with a merry Christmas, Hand-rider. Experience has taught me that any man who loves a horse is not a brute, and any man who can love a child—well, he's worth a bet. At any rate I'm going to play you across the board."

The Hand-riding Kid held up his hand. "Boss," he said, "lemme give you a tip. It's direct stable information, an' you can bet the bank roll on it—an' bet it straight. You've entered me in the Futurity; play me to win, boss, an', by God, I'll win pulled up. Listen, boss. To-night when you was talkin' to the kid I was right below you, hidin' behind a bush in the garden, an' I heard what you said to her. You done somethin' for me last night, Mr. Boland. You knew I was a crook—an' you told my little girl I was a very splendid gentleman. You gave me a reputation—an' I'm goin' to live up to it. You—lied—for me—to my lit—tle girl—an' I'll—I'll—"

He broke down sobbing, for a chord in the heart of the Hand-riding Kid had been touched and was giving forth sweet music.

A Poet Come Out of Tailholt

(*Continued from page 4*)

mouth organ and compassing "Lorena" and "Sweet Bell Mahone," then dropping the mouth organ as too restricted, took up the guitar and the banjo and essayed the fiddle. All these he learned by ear. They brought him nearer the ineffable song swelling in his heart.

When he was twenty years old or thereabout, and had served three or four years at his trade, his father thought it was time to put young "Jaywhit," as they sometimes called him, into a profession. So, the chains of his slavery to life being thoroughly cool and hard and strong, they led him upstairs to his father's law office and put him to studying Blackstone. Imagine a youth who could play "Sevastopol" on the guitar and "The Spanish Fandango," a youth who could thrum "Hot Corn" or "Walk in, Walk in, Walk in, I say," on the banjo and make 'er hum, sitting down deliberately to learn that interminable definition of what is the law! Also imagine how long that definition would linger in a head where a line was forever lilting that ran:

When Care had cast her anchor in
the harbor of a dream!

Her face—that "face of lily beauty" and that "form of airy grace"—kept peeking from behind the law book, and the guitar and the banjo kept thrumming rhythms of the unutterable song in his ears, and poor "Jaywhit" forgot faster than he learned.

IN those days he was reading the British poets, and Tennyson's poetry caught his fancy; the music of it and the sad tenderness of the Tennysonian mood impressed him. The young man kept a notebook as he studied. In it he was supposed to jot down thoughts upon jurisprudence. But after forty years it was brought out, withered and crinkled and brown, full of verses. A few of these had been printed in the home paper, the Greenfield "Commercial" (what a name for a repository of poetry!), and these were signed "Edryn"—the name of a Round Table knight of Tennyson's band. These verses, mind you, were written by a doddering old chap of twenty, and the first one in the notebook is entitled "A Backward Look." As verse, it is what any healthy boy with a steady girl and a habit of sad retrospection would write looking down the long, dim vista of four or five years. For instance, read this stanza:

And down to the swing in the locust
tree,
Where the grass is worn from the
trampled ground,
And where "Eck" Skinner and "Old"
Carr and three
Or four other boys used to be,
Doin' "skyscraper" or "whirlin'
around";
And again, Bob climbed for the blue-
bird's nest
Or "had shows" in the buggy shed
Of Guynon's barn where, still un-
guessed,
The old ghosts romp, through their
best days dead.

As verse, Wordsworth might possibly have done worse, but as psychology—the psychology of youth sitting amid the wreck of matter—it is fine. He had heard the music of the spheres; he had seen where Tennyson had caught it; he had bent over the guitar and the banjo to hear it better; but he hadn't caught the song. He was only vaguely gloomy at being bound and gagged and kidnaped from boyhood and sold down the river into life. His emotions had not been touched—deeply.

So the poet "Edryn" sat moodily with Blackstone by day scribbling rimes; by night he probably went out to see the Her who held his heart's core, and was reasonably happy. But the world wasn't running right. The chains of life still blistered and galled the youth. The law irked him so he set out to be a sign painter. He painted signs on barns and fences for local merchants, for tobacco manufacturers, and for medicine venders, sweating and bending over his work on hot sunny afternoons until his back ached at night. Still he hadn't found the road to happiness. He was in the open. He was on the highroad. But his art was a drudgery.

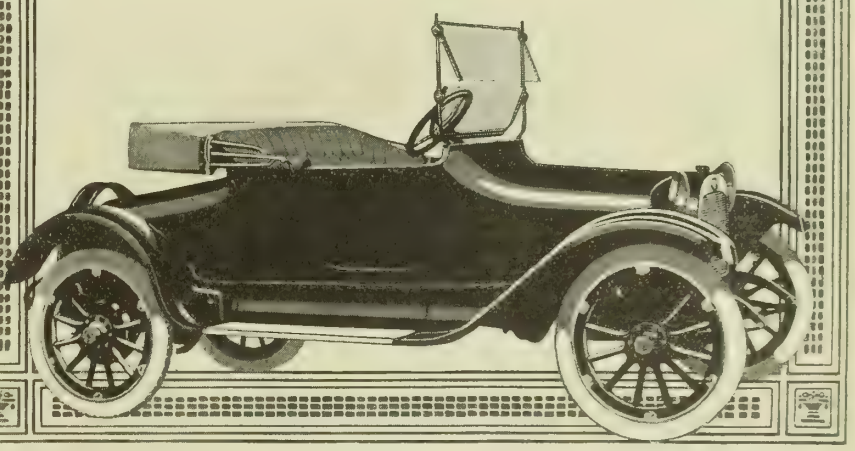
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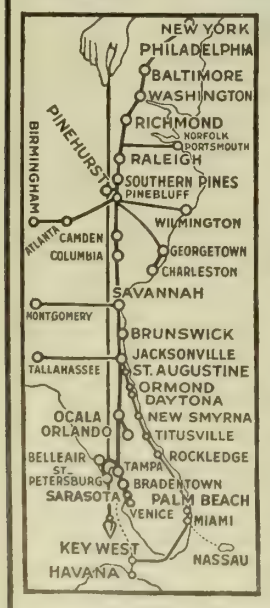
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He was writing verse betimes and reading it too. In the verses in the old notebook are plain evidences that he was following a new lead—the lead of some harlequin of a word juggler. The other day Mr. Riley confessed that it was John G. Saxe. Now, Saxe was to poetry what the banjo is to art, and all his life the Hoosier poet has delighted to lapse into banjo verse.

HOUSE PAINTING, sign painting, nosing into law books, and mooning over Tennyson with the strong sap of youth in his veins—thus early manhood came to young James Whitcomb Riley. He kept scribbling his notebook full of rimes; occasionally he printed a rime in the local newspaper, and was as proud of his achievement as though he had received the laurel crown. There can be no question of the fact that at this time the determination to write, to express himself in verse, had taken hold of him definitely. For we find him out with a merry gang of itinerant sign painters, going through the country—half rollicking, half working, and always hearing the jingle of rimes in his head and sometimes putting the jingles down. The fact that he sought in every town the society of his kind, the youth who saw his vision and heard his voice seems evident from the fact that when the sign painters struck the town of Warsaw Riley looked up a young medical student whose verses he found in the Warsaw paper—Silas B. McManus by name—and the two youths had a kind of literary and spiritual toot, after the manner of youths of the cult of the arts.

In London or Paris, or perhaps New York or Boston, or in a great school town, such a revel is not uncommon, but probably Warsaw, Ind., never saw one before and perhaps she has seen none since. The young sign painter, whose verse had been printed in the Indianapolis "Mirror" and had strayed as far as the Danbury (Conn.) "News," and the young medical student of Warsaw poetical fame went "into an upper room," and the spirit of poetry descended upon them. Mr. McManus writes of it thus: "We got to talking on the street while Riley was painting a sign on a jewelry store, and then, when Riley later got into a marine-blue mood, he hunted me up and we went over to the hotel—to the Wright House—and there, in a desolate old room without a curtain, he confided to me that he also had written some things, and he read me one of his pieces. It is now printed in his works and is called 'A Summer Afternoon.' I knew when he read it that I was listening to a real poet."

How the starved spirit of the youth must have gorged itself at this meager feast of inspiration after a day's work painting signs! And with what eagerness he must have read the little encouraging notes he had from the editor of the then famous Danbury "News"—a semihumorous, semiliterary paper of the times—that accepted his verse.

THOSE were the days when papers like the Danbury "News"—the local papers of the small cities and towns—rather than the magazines, were developing literary talent. The Burlington "Hawkeye" was printing Bob Burdette's humor and Eugene Ware's verse. The Detroit "Free Press," "Texas Siftings," the Milwaukee "Sun," and a few years later the Laramie "Boomerang," and the Estelline (S. Dak.) "Bell" were bringing out men who could write American humor.

The country paper was a sort of literary monitor to the community. In these country papers Riley rimes found a welcome place, and he began to acquire a small local fame. He was invited to recite at church sociables at home in Greenfield, and when he went back to Greenfield after the sign-painting excursion had failed he wrote and read at a meeting of the county bar association the verses that first gave him genuine local fame—verses written in unmistakable sorrow at the death of a local attorney. Looking back over the years, he said the other day, when he had finished repeating these verses from memory forty years and more after they had been composed: "I cried like a child when I wrote those lines—they came welling up out of my sorrow and took shape in spite of me." The first stanza reads:

Dead, dead, dead!
We thought him ours alone,
And none so proud to see him tread
The rounds of fame and lift his head
Where sunlight ever shone;
But now our aching eyes are dim,
And look through tears in vain for him.

There is something of the Riley of later years in the sing and the swing of these lines. But they would not buy bread and butter, and young Riley loafed around the law office again, unable to make head or tail of the law, sending his verse about the country, getting it printed in Indianapolis, treasuring a letter from the Danbury "News" man and another from Ik Marvel of the "Hearth and Home" as jewels beyond price. Those who remember him in those days recall a slim, corn-haired boy with a drooping mustache, blond and languishing—a youth with big, dreamy blue eyes who played in the private theatricals exceedingly well; who occasionally was employed on the local paper, but who didn't succeed chasing local news items. He was playing the snare drum in the town band—having rhythm in his heart, he drummed in numbers! The girls interested him considerably, and because he really had little to do he had some time for those gentle occasions where "lutes were touched and songs were sung." And so he loved and loafed and loathed his Blackstone, read his Tennyson and his Poe, and heard deeply below his senses the music that crept into the rimes he kept putting down in his notebook. In those days the verses indicate that pathos was coming into the rimes. We have all the rights that the "higher critics" have to read back of that pathos its creative emotion. Something of sorrow was touching the heart of the youth, some deep, agonizing sorrow was coming upon him. For the tears in one's art come only from the grief in one's heart. In those days we find by looking at his notebook—scribbled there in the bleak old law office with its hemp carpet runners, its black walnut bookcases, its oilcloth-topped desk, its rough wooden chairs—that the youth was working on a poem rather longer, rather more sustained, and certainly coming from a heart more deeply hurt and touched than the heart that breathed out the previous verses. For two years he was working on this poem—off and on. It was written in 1875—when Riley was in his mid twenties.

And the first version of the poem printed in 1877 opens with lines vaguely reminiscent of Longfellow. As the poem proceeds, however, the real Riley lilt and swing and emotional heart clutch come. The spirit singing below his consciousness for the first time found its sure, clear voice, thus:

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy, till, in shadowy design,
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

Whatever baggage follows Riley to posterity, it seems sure that this ballad of "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" will be in the van. And whatever James Whitcomb Riley may say—and what he says he feels, and what he feels he certainly remembers—the proof in the verses lies indisputable that somewhere back in those Greenfield days, those days "when love lights in the windows hung," those days when the tendrils of his heart were running out and the blood of youth was warm and strong, there was an "old sweetheart." Academic poets may write of the gods from knowledge out of books; one may rime brave and grave by instinct: a poet may get his landscape and his action out of old tales. But his love verses, when they ring as these ring, true and clear and compelling—he dives for those pearls into his own heart. His memory may cheat him and forget the gladness and the sorrow, but underneath memory, beyond consciousness, up from the place where the voices dwell that sing forever to the poet, there the wells of experience feed the springs of art!

ABOUT the year when "The Old Sweetheart" came forth the young poet, whose life up to that year had been a flat failure—for he could not make a living at painting of signs, writing or versifying or at the law—sallied out to high adventure on a medicine wagon. Now, the medicine wagon never has had recognition as a patron of the arts. Yet what the troubadours did for the populace in medieval days, what

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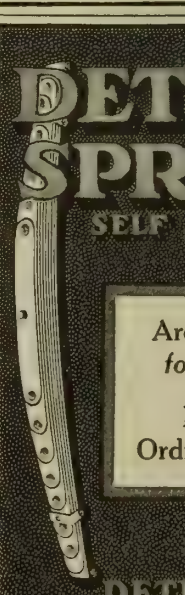
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the strolling players did for the Merrie England of the Tudors, what wandering minstrels did for the knights and ladies of King Arthur's court, the traveling medicine wagon, with its singers and players and chalk-talk artists, did for popular lyric and graphic art in the Middle States and the West right after the war of the sixties in America. Into Greenfield came "Dr." Townsend, with his troupe of singers and crayon picture makers, advertising and selling "Townsend's Magic Oil." After selling medicine for a time the young men in the company gave a free open-air concert. In the van with the merry crew of artists was young James Whitcomb Riley. The call of the road, the spirit of high romance, the joy of the association with his kind, drew him away and without bidding anyone goodby the young man climbed into the wagon and skedaddled for the "twilight's purple rim"! It was a gorgeous journey. He sang a little, he recited his own verses, and wrote new ones; he played the guitar and banjo, and he took up the chalk and made merry with it. It was his wont to stand crayon in hand near a blackboard by the "doctor" during the lecture. While the "doctor" proceeded with his story of the curative powers of "Townsend's Magic Oil," Riley would draw on a blackboard a picture of a man in his coffin who gradually sloughed off the cerements as the "doctor" extolled the "essential oils" until at the climax the man on the blackboard came out of his coffin a well man! It was a great hit. It sold "Magic Oil." And the summer on the footboard of the medicine wagon gave the young poet the one thing he needed, self-confidence. He found what things in the matter of art the people would take and what they would reject. He got such a working knowledge of the people and their tastes and aspirations as no college course could have given him. Thus folk songs are made.

WHEN the minnesinger returned from the medicine wagon to Greenfield there was for him no more talk of the law. He was definitely in the lyric way of life, set out as a producer of staple and fancy poetry, imported and domestic songs, quips and jests. Ambition was firmly set in him; he was no longer an incidental poet working for his board and keep at other trades. He lived in rime and rhythm. He found a job as reporter on the Anderson (Ind.) "Democrat"—a job that allowed him opportunity to fill the paper's columns with verse, and he went about town gathering news—neighborhood items of gossip, the goings and comings of men and women to and from other towns, the deaths and births, the real-estate transfers, the accidents and crimes of the community—but as he went he thrummed verses in his head and set them down for the printer as soon as his regular grist of news was out of the way. In those days he wrote to Mr. Longfellow at Harvard for encouragement—and got it. Those were the days when he was writing rime for the mere sake of rime. He filled the paper with it, and when the editor of the Kokomo "Dispatch," another Indiana country paper, complained that he couldn't understand such nonsense jingles, Riley, replying in the "Democrat," said that he himself was "as much in the dark and as badly worried over it as anyone."

IN those days there was verse in dialect—Hoosier dialect, German dialect, child dialect, and the shirt-sleeve English of the country newspaper—and there was real poetry too. About this time came the "Leonainie" joke. The young poet and his friend on the Kokomo "Dispatch" worked it up. An Anderson paper—rival to the paper on which Riley was writing—was given to jeering the Riley verses. The jeers and jibes got under the poet's hide. So he put up one on his loathed contemporary.

In the Kokomo "Dispatch" appeared the poem "Leonainie," with the explanation that near Richmond, Va., it had been found in an old book by an innkeeper who said that a young man who signed his name "E. A. P." had written the poem on the flyleaf after taking a night's lodging and going on. The editor of the rival paper in Anderson praised this verse, and declared that it showed marks of such unmistakable genius that it left no doubt that Poe was its author. Of course that was Riley's cue to come back with his claim of authorship. But he wanted to give the editor of the rival sheet more time to make a more elaborate fool of himself. And while the rival editor was improving each shining hour, "Leonainie" was spreading over the United States as a great literary discovery—a new and unquestionably authentic poem by Poe. Eastern critical journals were deceived. But Riley had hold of the tail of the bear. He didn't know how to let go. The editor of the Kokomo paper was finding himself hard pushed for details, for authenticated facts, and he let his leg of the bear slip a little, and the rival editor in Anderson discovered the truth. Warned of this the "Dispatch" had only a few hours' time in which to prick its own bubble. And because Riley had not printed in his own paper the story that he sent to Kokomo with the Leonainie poem, Riley lost his job. There was a heartbroken young poet walking lonesomely around the courthouse square in Anderson the night after the truth came out. And after that the runaway delivery horse, the 2.15 train, the girls in the "When" store, the boys at the wagon factory, and the undertaker and the soda fountain clerk knew the muse-ridden reporter no more.

BUT the bread-and-butter question was solved by a job on the Indianapolis "Journal" at $10 a week at first, which grew in a year to the princely munificence of $15 a week—and just for writing verses! He had a column not unlike that which Eugene Field was writing in the Denver "Tribune" and the Kansas City "Times," and with the advertising that came with the "Leonainie" episode James Whitcomb Riley was a name that was becoming known in newspaper offices, along with the names of the minor poets of the day. Traveling men in smoking cars were likely to pull out carefully folded scraps of newspapers containing Riley's verse and to read them to the passengers. And then came that group of the national hymns of Indiana, "The Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems." They were contributed anonymously to the Indianapolis "Journal," signed by a literary Frankenstein, one "Benj. F. Johnson of Boone," and were chanted in the character of a Hoosier farmer singing in the Hoosier drawl—a soft, nervous, self-deprecatory, hesitating, loping-gaited speech into which rime fell easily. These poems, being published by one of Riley's friends—after having been refused by a Chicago publishing house whose editor feared being declassed by the publication of dialect verse by an unknown author—were sold over the counter of the Indianapolis "Journal," and the first edition of 1,000 copies was soon exhausted. And in Indiana at least James Whitcomb Riley was crowned the laureate. The next edition was published by a local job-printing house—Bowen & Merrill. The success of the second edition called for another book of Riley's collected verse, and in this volume were the best of the verses that had been appearing in the country papers of Indiana under Riley's name for ten years. That book sold in carload lots, so the firm of Bowen & Merrill made so much money out of Riley's poems that the firm could afford to begin printing law books! Thus did the Muse take her vengeance on the law.

The decade that led into the nineties brought prosperous days for James Whitcomb Riley. They brought money and fame and substantial recognition in the world of letters. The "Century Magazine" called for his work. The lecture platform demanded him and paid him tens of thousands of dollars willingly every season.

It was in the later eighties that Riley reached the full measure of his powers, and he held without slip or weariness every ounce of his strength for a quarter of a century following. In that time he drew deep drafts into the old spring of his experience, and brought up from month to month and year to year beautiful fancies, lively episodes, dramatic situations, swift, weird glimpses into the heart's secret places—always tuned and timed to the Riley song. In his first years he had frankly and consciously imitated the poets he had read; later his imitations were less conscious and in the end he found himself, developed his own style, sang his own song, and became a poet in his own right.

NOW a poet is not unlike a carpenter or a stone mason or an iron molder. He has to work in the material at hand. If he is a poet of the cloister, he works with books. But Riley never



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was a man of books. He has read widely, but chiefly in imaginative literature. He gets little from his reading. He is essentially an ear-minded man; he grasps and holds for intellectual digestion more surely things that he hears than things that he reads. So the sorrows of the Greek gods, the stories of the heroes of old, the problems of other ages, have no place in his poetry. But the traditions of early Indiana handed down by the old men who as youths felled the forests did interest him vitally. The experiences of the soldiers in the great war of the sixties grip his heart. The love affairs of men and women of his time move him to tears. When he had come to himself as a poet, he could look back on thirty years and more of life among men and women for his material. That life was rough, among strong, unsophisticated, hard-working people, but he loved that life and never laughed at it. He wept—literally—with the people, but never railed at them. And always his environment was the same—a small community, where women worked and men toiled long hours, but profitably; where a broad Rabelaisian humor, not often of the kind Mrs. Boffin would enjoy—a primitive notion of justice, and a contempt for emotional babbling—prevailed: where boys grew to manhood, as Riley grew, with strong virtues, love of truth, respect for life and property, obedient to authority, but where they enjoyed small vices, smoking, chewing, drinking, racing, betting, swearing, loafing in the woods and around the barn, with barnyard manners and barnyard morals and ribald speech. Whittier, who was as truly of the soil as Riley, was a poet of the Quakers; Riley sang of the children of the hussars! And the Hoosiers were not Puritans. Lowell wrote of Bird-o'-freedom Sawyer—but he had political views; he was related to the universe by social ties. But the Hoosiers of Riley's verse have no problems. Riley has gone deeper than the problem of the passing day for his inspiration. He cries not over the wrongs of the people; nor over the misfortunes that come to them because of social or economic conditions. The tears in Riley's verse are for the common heartaches of humanity; he conjures situations which might have arisen in Athens or Troy or Jerusalem; and which will keep on recurring as long as men inhabit the earth. They seem intensely local, these Riley verses; superficial people dismiss Riley's lines as provincial; yet the Riley dialect verses, even when they seem most weighted with uncouth words and Hoosier idioms, are describing relations of men, feelings of men, aspirations of men, creeds of men that are common to the race. The father bidding farewell to his soldier son speaks in the Hoosier tongue: "Good-by, Jim—take keer o' yourself!" But his heart and the Spartan repression of his tenderness make him the universal father of all sons going out into the warfare of life. The verses beginning: "There, little girl, don't cry," are not in dialect, but they are builded upon a theme no more unfettered from the time and the place than that dialect lyric, beginning "Nothin' to say, my daughter? Nothin' at all to say?" Poets show us that the gods are not dead, that the gods are born of the greatest common divisors of all our human emotions. Euripides led us to the gods of Greece; Riley proved that there are gods in the wood lot and the field about the barn. But both poets, the dramatic Grecian and the lyric Hoosier, live among men first and with books only after men have shown both poets where to find the gods and how to know them.

AFTER James Whitcomb Riley had come into his inheritance as a poet he was a most interesting figure in our field of letters. He was indebted to no critic for his recognition. He held his place by popular grant. He went to New York to join a number of famous American writers in an authors' reading, and James Russell Lowell had never heard of him. The other authors at the reading kept their noses in their books, and read softly to their whiskers. But Mr. Riley threw back his head, put his heels together, forgot his hands and legs and body and stood there and sang his heart out while the crowd cheered and cheered! Then they knew him back East. They would have been astonished to know that he got his stage presence on the footboard of a medicine wagon! And they would have been amazed to know how frightened he really was.

For with all his lecturing, with all his success, with all his right to assurance, he has never enjoyed it. And it is one of his human weaknesses that he cannot understand the calm assumption of achievement which gives a lecturer serenity before his audience, which, for instance, buoyed up the late F. Hopkinson Smith and made him able to take his audiences on his knee and play with the crowd—that Riley could not fathom. He threw back his head and sang the song of Hoosierdom, but he sweated in terror every minute he did it! Honors always impress him. The medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters came to him as a beautiful surprise, and he kept the exquisite gold coin near his bed for days in pathetic joy that he should have been thought worthy of it. The thing remains to this day a sacred object in his heart. His modesty and self-depreciation are chronic and have become functional. He loves the human animal; he likes to see the man critter in numbers. A parade gives him joy, unless he has to ride at the head of it; then he wilts. He keeps himself young by living with youth. His motor car never is empty. He goes out to dinners, and enjoys the cooking as well as the company. But he won't talk shop. He makes no pretenses to tastes that he doesn't enjoy.

Once when he planned a trip to Europe he and Myron Reed agreed that as soon as they got to England they would hunt up the grave of Martin F. Tupper, and stone it, as a slight return for his "Proverbial Philosophy"!

HE rejoices in his own humanity. Once an admirer said:

"Mr. Riley, I cried over your verses about the little boy with curv'ture of the spine when I read them."

"Well, madam," replied the poet, with blinking eyes, "you orto've heard me bawl when I wrote it."

He is as surprised at what he has done, and as honestly proud, without the slightest taint of vanity, as if the work had been his friend's. "I am only the willow pipe," he has said many times, "through which the whistle comes."

Indeed, there seem to be two Rileys: one the matter-of-fact Indianian, hale, hearty, normal, and like the rest of us—a rich man as the phrase goes in his town, worth perhaps a quarter of a million dollars, perhaps less, maybe more; a good fellow at the club, who goes down the street in Indianapolis speaking right and left to everyone (a glad countenance showing a merry heart has this Mr. Riley, who in his day has had his taste in neckties and fine linen and good food and smart women and brave men—the Mr. Riley who knew all the stories going and all the popular songs), but behind the mild blue eyes of that Mr. Riley, back of his bland countenance, there dwells the other Mr. Riley, and it is he who sometimes gazes out of the windows of those eyes, illumines the countenance with the glow of another spirit, so that the sensitive, delicate mouth that always quivers with appreciation in the face of the man who walks among men, when the other Mr. Riley looks out, takes its place in the new-formed countenance with the wide-opened eyes, the beaming face, the striking brow. It was the other Mr. Riley that Sargent painted for the town of Indianapolis—a sad likeness, but a great portrait.

A man of the people who writes of the people is James Whitcomb Riley. He holds no scholastic notions of form or method.

Schools have honored him with degrees—the University of Pennsylvania and Yale among others; but degrees have not choked the willow pipe through which the whistle comes.

He has no theories of art. They bore him. "Art," said the lecturer at the dedication of the beautiful Museum of Art in Indianapolis, "is the rule under which the race expresses itself. Art," he repeated at the end of the third half hour, "is the individual's translation of his finite soul into terms of the infinite." And the poet wiggled wearily in his narrow chair, leaned forward heavily, caught himself up, and listened to a discourse that tired him. "Art," began the speaker again, "is the one speaking to the million, the million speaking in one."

"Speaking of art, Harry," said the poet, putting his hands on the knee of his friend, whispering up into the younger face and gazing quizzically into his friend's eyes: "I once knew a feller down in Terry Hut that could stand and spit clean over a box car!"

Under the Zeppelins

(Continued from page 13)

underwater peril, and if one cannot see a submarine, it is convenient to hear a submarine and hear her with an instrument which will disclose the distances at which the submarine is located and the direction in which she is traveling. The submarine has a propeller and an engine whose vibrations are peculiar. A submarine is a blind sort of fish. She has to come up occasionally for air and for a peek through her periscope. If you know beforehand her location, the remaining requisites are one good gun and one excellent marksman. To be sure, it may be necessary to dodge a torpedo traveling at some thirty miles an hour and leaving its froth of bubbles escaping from the compressed-air chamber. But the chance of the submarine to escape is not better or worse at the moment than that of a little whale that has come up to blow.

Out of Britain comes the story of a German submarine that poked up her periscope with its inquisitive and cautious eye somewhere within range of the guns of one of the fleet. The early morning was bright and fair, and luck had decreed that the periscope should be seen at the same moment that one of the heaviest guns on the ship was trained in her direction. There was a tongue of white flame, a bark, and the roar of a big gun bellowing over the sea. The submarine disappeared. The fast battleship circled around the spot to determine whether the disappearance had been by discretion or extinction. It was the latter. There was a nice large patch of oil on the water.

One night not long ago two German submarines ventured into shallow waters on the English Channel coast and touched bottom with their bottoms like two lazy codfish. The tide was going out, and the location of the submarines was within an outer bar. Who has not seen fish caught this way in water pockets? The dawn came, and with the dawn one of the many patrolmen who make up the English coast guard of war time. He is said to have rubbed his eyes with might and main. This was a lucky dawn, indeed.

And then there are the nets. There is a net in the Channel to prevent submarines from slipping into localities where they would be particularly unwelcome. But, also, there are nets which may be set out as one sets out a gill net for more ordinary fish. If you can conceive of a piece of wire hog fencing made of stouter material and having a huge mesh, you have a fairly good picture of a submarine net.

It is hard to see, both under water and on the surface. If fortune directs a submarine into the trap, the net buckles and the hazard that the propeller of the submarine will be entangled is great. The fate of the submarine and her crew thus engaged is not problematical.

Decoying Submarines

SOME time ago the Admiralty had good luck in a different form. A German submarine tender was captured. To persons of intelligence it is not necessary to say that the British flag was not hoisted over this acquisition. The proper devices of destruction were mounted upon her and she was sent out again. "And the little submarine thought she was their bloomin' mamma. They thought they were going home to mother."

She was a good decoy, but not the only one. It has not been difficult to fit up a fast patrol boat with sliding portholes, to paint and rig her to look like a British tramp, and then go forth to invite, with an appearance of innocence, the attacks of the guileless.

"Carry on the War!"

THE Englishman grumbles because these stories which filter through without official sanction are not furnished him with his morning marmalade. He wants to know about the important activities of his own submarines and those of the Russians in the Baltic. They are stopping the Swedish shipments to Germany of magnetic iron ore, so necessary to the munition supply. Great Britain is making more substantial her claims of a blockade of Germany.

The Englishman wants to know all about it, and no one tells him anything. So he grumbles. But he has infinite faith. He believes in the power of his country to come out right. And then there is the fleet.

"We must have efficiency," he says. "There are signs of the Cabinet being in a wrangle, and there is always the question of compulsory enlistment. It's all so messy."

This is only the grumbling of a democracy, a grumbling against the rattletrap way a democracy works when it is asked for an immediate delivery of efficiency.

And so it goes with England, where surely more than half the men in the London streets wear khaki. Here the women are driving munition wagons and acting as porters in hotels. Here the society women work nine hours a day in munition factories. Here women are gate guards on the railroads and are scene shifters in the theatres. Here, indeed, women, bravely taking on more and more of the industrial burdens, are learning more of the enlargement of their sphere than the parlor feminists ever taught them.

London knows that England is at war. But the watchword is: "Carry it on." It has become used to dislike of its enemies. It has even become used to the faces of the women in black.

Squads of men with their equipment pass in the dim of dusk going away. No music, no drums. The pedestrians on the sidewalks do not even stop to look. No cheers. It is war, but London is used to it.

From the street one may look up on to balconies, where from cots hang the listless arms of those who have come home wounded. But no one looks. It is a part of the grind of war. It is a part of the long pull. Carry it on!

In Westminster Abbey a memorial for the dead was being held. The American stood under the towering arched roof toward the dim heights of which the climbing chant of the choir was rising. He had come with his ears adjusted to the rhythm of the feet of the recruits at Scotland Yard—*scuff, scuff, scuff*. And now for the moment this ancient and hallowed place was filled with the spirit of more eternal things than the *scuff, scuff, scuff* of the feet of the recruits.

Perhaps America has been intrusted with their keeping while the others are at war.

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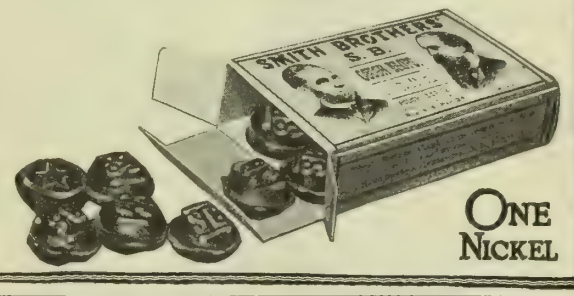
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The Monk and the Stranger

(Continued from page 10)

eyelids. The old curl of his lips, that had not endeared him to his brothers at the Certosa, was once again visible, but only for an instant. For no sooner did he open his eyes and gaze about than a great wonder filled him, like that in the eyes of a child. Was this merely his own foolishness or was it sorcery? Surely his senses, unusually acute, had not on a sudden begun to play him tricks? All things were the same as of old, yet a subtle difference pervaded them all.

THE old wayfarer, first of all, with the same threadbare cloak and the same visage, seemed bathed in a soft, golden light. That, however, might well have been an effect of the slanting sun. But friendliness and love shone from his eyes, so that Ignatius could not choose but love him. It was as though he had found a brother. But that perhaps was the upshot of a little comradeship on a very lonely road. All the plain and the hills, however, had suffered the same subtle change. They were bathed in a radiance that made them all inimitably precious to him. He found himself lingering fondly upon that new and satisfying feeling. Somehow he knew to a certainty now that never more would he be obsessed by the quest for freedom. He felt himself free of all things and of all conditions by reason of an invisible bond that now bound him to all things, to the dust in the road as to the most distant stars. The old man intently watched him and chuckled pleasantly.

"You speak the truth," Ignatius tremulously addressed him. "No need of my faring to the peaks on the horizon, for lo! I have found what I was seeking; all things are one. You are as my brother and I love you more than myself, and I see now that hill and dale, field and peasant, dust and stars, are one, even as you and I." He was becoming strangely eloquent. "Lord, Lord," he suddenly burst forth in the query by which every loving soul is troubled, "how have Thy creatures become so long and so widely separated?"

The stranger smiled and tenderly laid his hand upon that of Ignatius. "That question, my brother, no man may answer," said he slowly, "but this day we have come one step nearer the remedy. Let us rejoice in that."

"I must take the news to my people," firmly declared Ignatius, preparing to gather up his staff and his scrip for the return journey; "I must go back to my brothers of the Certosa and to Florence." The aged stranger nodded approvingly.

"Thou art not the first, my brother," he said reflectively, "to return to the people with this news, nor art thou like to be the last. But that that is thy bounden duty there is no doubt at all. Many will yet discover and rediscover this truth until, at last, all the world shall know that the sufferings of one are the sufferings of all. Meanwhile the great cycles will revolve to their own high destinies. Jov unto thee, my brother," he added with outstretched hand. "I will walk a space with thee on thy journey." More than ever now the stranger spoke as one with authority.

ON they walked under the azure heavens in a glowing silence of brotherhood. A veritable light of human love shone from both their faces.

"Go, my brother," the stranger finally said when it came to a parting of the ways. "Now thou must walk alone, for I must bend my footsteps elsewhere." Tears of love and gratitude blinded the monk's eyes at the parting, and when he wiped the dimness from his eyes and gazed back the stranger was no longer visible. The radiance that had fallen upon the earth, however, persisted, and not a peasant or a child on the way, not a beast or a hillside, but was bathed in the radiant new light. And he who had been scarcely aware of a children's epidemic in Florence—who had seen in every peasant and laborer a fool—now, despite his haste, stooped to pat all the little children in his way, to greet all men and women as his kindred and to pause for an hour to comfort a weeping urchin with a thorn in his foot. A love for all the world now streamed from him like an emanation.

When Ignatius came to the gates of his ancient monastery melancholy tidings awaited him.

"I must see the prior forthwith," he told the aged porter, "for I have news of moment for him—yes, and for all of you, my brothers."

"Alas!" replied the porter, "Father Geronimo is now in his cell dying, they say, of a grievous illness. And when again we shall have so saintly a prior is more than I can declare."

"Then stay me not," pressed Ignatius, "for I must speak with him if he is yet alive. I am of this house—Ignatius—dost thou not know me?"

"Ignatius, the mad—I mean he who fled the cloisters?" stammered the new porter in confusion. "Surely thou hast become much changed, my brother. Thy face, that was wont to be so severe, now all but resembles the saintly prior. Thou hast made a holy pilgrimage, no doubt?"

"Yes, truly, my brother," answered Ignatius, "and I have found an emollient for my old severity; it is of that I must report to the prior."

FATHER GERONIMO smiled when Ignatius, treading softly, came and knelt by his bedside.

"My son," said he, "I rejoice to see thee within the walls ere I take my way hence. A long journeying has been thine these many, many years."

"My father," said Ignatius simply, "it seems I departed but yesterday." And without loss of time he related all his experience from the day he left the cloisters to the moment of his return.

"This house," whispered the prior with his fast-ebbing breath, "is blessed in thee and in thy miracle, my son—let me say my master. That I should have lived to speak with thee! Nay, henceforth thou art prior of the Certosa and his Holiness will surely sanction it." And the prior asked that his scrivener write down his dying wish. "That stranger," he added to Ignatius, "was ever in thy heart, and that pebble—enlighten others with it. That is thy task—thy never-ending task."

"Nay, father," gently protested Ignatius, "that I cannot. No high posts and settled places are now for me. From now on I must eat the bread of humility. Gladly shall I tell my brothers here of the truth that has come to me, but henceforth I am a wanderer. I must fare down to Florence and other populous places so that a greater multitude may hear of it than is here within the walls. My task is plain."

The prior nodded feebly.

"It is well," said he resignedly. "But if thou break in upon their settled ways they may stone thee with stones, as they stoned St. Stephen, or even crucify thee."

"I shall be gentle with them," answered Ignatius, "and teach their little children, my father. Besides, the truth is immortal. Even though they slay me, the truth of our human brotherhood, the oneness of all the universe, in despite of war and wrath and struggle, must prevail."

The prior heaved a deep sigh and expired in peace. Ignatius knelt for a while in prayer for the departed, and when he arose and looked about him he saw that the cell of the dead prior was the narrowest and most austere in all the house.

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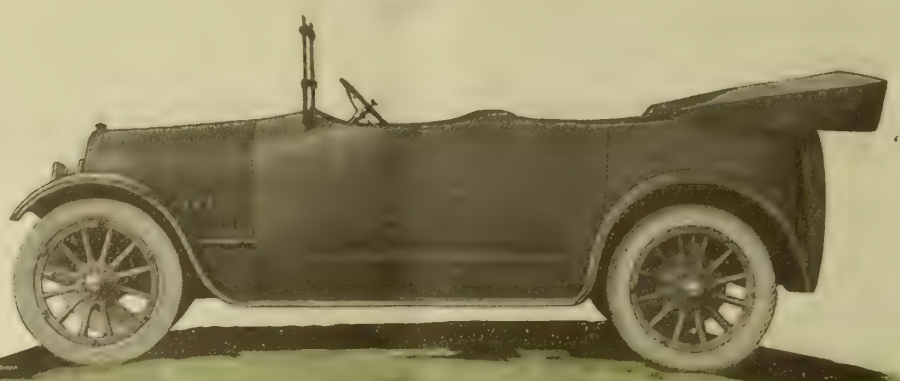
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THROUGH THE DARK

BY CHARLES W. CAMP

AUTHOR OF "THE GRAY MASK" AND "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE"

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

GARTH that early fall morning paused on the threshold of the inspector's office and, surprised and curious, glanced quickly within. It was not so much that Nora sat by the window, clothed in her habitual black, nor was his interest quickened by the fact that she knitted deftly on some heavy gray garment. Rather his concern centered on the inspector, who had left his desk and whose corpulent, lethargic figure moved about the room with an exceptional and eccentric animation.

At Garth's step Nora glanced up, smiling. The inspector ceased pouring his hot milk. To ease the perceptible strain, Garth spoke to Nora: "Seems to me you knit no matter where you are."

"When one knits for soldiers," she answered, "any place will do. I had hoped my example might quiet father. I only dropped in for a chat and a look at him. What a welcome! I'm afraid, Jim, he has something disagreeable for you."

The inspector paused and sat on the edge of his desk. "Maybe so. Maybe not," he rumbled. "I don't like working through the dark, so I don't like to ask anybody else to do it. I've got to, though. Cheer up, Garth. I'm asking you."

He raised his paper cutter and jabbed it petulantly at the desk. "Ever since I got down this morning," he went on, "I've been hounded by telegrams and long-distance calls. Well? Do you want a holiday? It's apt to be a devil of a holiday."

"I see," Garth said. The inspector's manner warned him. After long experience he knew it veiled a grave distrust. "Something out of town."

"Why," Nora asked, "don't you tell us what the case is?"

THE inspector walked around the desk and sighed as he settled himself in his easy chair. "That's the rumpus," he answered, and Garth saw that his eyes were not quite steady. "Don't know anything about it myself, unless they'd like Garth to chase a few spooks. Here's the layout: It's a man who's done me a good many favors. There's no secret—no political secrets. I'm in his debt, and he's asked me for a good detective to go up to his place in New England—not as a detective, mind you, Garth. That's the queer side, the side I don't like. He insists on his man showing up as a guest, knowing no more than a random guest would know. Sounds like tommyrot, but he isn't sure himself there's anything out of the way. He wants you, if you take it up, to live quietly in the house and keep your eyes peeled. He expects you to put him wise to the trouble or to stake your reputation that there isn't any trouble at all. Are you willing to jump into a case blindly that way? He'd like the fellow that swung the Hennion job, but if you turned it down cold I couldn't help it, could I?"

"Nonsense, chief," Garth answered. "Never heard of such a thing, but it sounds interesting. I'll take a shot at it."

The inspector wrote hurriedly on a piece of paper. "Here's his name and address. Catch the ten o'clock from the Grand Central and you'll get up there to-night."

Garth took the slip. Before placing it in his pocket he glanced it over. "Andrew Alden," he read. "Leave Boston from north station on four o'clock train and get off at Deacon's Bay."

"I've heard of Mr. Al—," Garth began.

The inspector's quick, angry shake of the head in Nora's direction brought him to an abrupt pause. He approached Nora and took her hand. "Then I won't see you until after my holiday," he said smiling.

Her eyes were vaguely uneasy. "I agree with father," she said. "It isn't safe to walk through the dark. Won't you tell me where you're going?"

Garth's laugh was uncomfortable. He didn't pretend to understand, but his course had been clearly enough indicated. "I'll leave that for the inspector," he answered. "I'll have to rush and pick up my things on the way to the train."

The uneasiness in her eyes increased. "You know, Jim, as father says, you can turn it down. It might be wiser."

His heart responded to her anxiety. In view of her apprehension it was a trifle absurd that their farewell should impel nothing more impulsive than a handclasp. There was compensation, however, in the reluctance with which she released his fingers.



"Get up!" he said roughly. A tiny flame entered into the base of the rubbish. "Good God, Nora! I nearly—I tried to— ." Her smile grew over my eyes," Nora answered. "It's the loneliest place I've ever seen, and you ought to know I'd remember Mr. Alden's big furnaces and machine shop. I read the papers, father. He's staying up so late this year on account of the enormous war orders he's taken for the Allies. You know as well as I do

WHEN Garth had left, Nora arose and faced her father. "What's all this mystery?" she demanded. "It's easy enough to guess there's danger for Jim, and you know a lot more than you pretend."

"See here, Nora," the inspector grumbled; "I usually give the third degree myself in this place."

She rested her hands on the desk, studying his uncertain eyes. "Why," she asked, "wouldn't you let Jim tell me the man's name?"

His bluster was too apparently simulated. "What did you come down for this morning anyway? No sense in your getting upset. A detective bureau isn't a nursery."

She straightened slowly, her face recording an unwelcome assurance. "Politics!" she cried. "And Jim's leaving from the Grand Central. I know. He's going to Mr. Alden's at Deacon's Bay. I see why you wouldn't let him tell me."

"Place is all right," the inspector said stubbornly. "You've seen it. You were there with me two summers ago. What's the matter with the place?"

"No use trying to pull the wool



Nora recalled the spooky summer she spent near the great ammunition factory: "It's the loneliest place I've ever seen. I know the danger I read the papers"

that that may mean real danger for Jim. What did Mr. Alden tell you?"

The inspector spread his hands helplessly.

"I sometimes think, Nora, you'd make a better detective than any of us. Alden's sick and nervous. I guess that's all it amounts to. He's probably afraid that some German sympathizer may take a pot shot at him for producing shot and shell to kill his countrymen. And he's worried about his wife. She won't leave him there alone, and it seems all their servants except old John have cleared out."

"You said something to Jim about spooks," Nora prompted.

"Thought you'd come to that," the inspector said. "You're like your mother was, Nora—always on the lookout for the supernatural."

"So, I gather, were the servants," she answered.

"Silly talk, Alden says, about the woods back of his house. You remember. There was some kind of a fight there during the Revolution—a lot of men ambushed and massacred. I guess you saw the bayonets and gunlocks Alden had dug up. Servants got talking—said they saw things there on foggy nights."

THE inspector lowered his voice to a more serious key. "The angle I don't like is that Alden's valet was found dead in those woods yesterday morning. Not a mark on him. Coroner, I believe, says apoplexy, but Alden's nervous, and the rest of the help cleared out. I suppose they'll get somebody else up as soon as they can. Meantime Alden and his wife are alone with old John. Confound it, Nora, I had to send him somebody."

"But without a word of this!"

"I tell you I don't like it. I didn't want to do it. It was Alden's idea—would have it that way. Frankly, I don't make it out, but maybe, being on the spot, he knows best."

"There's something here," she said, "that we can't understand—something big. It isn't fair to Jim."

The inspector looked up slyly.

"Jim," he said, "can take care of himself if anybody can. Seems to me you're pretty anxious. Sure you haven't anything to tell me about you and him? If you had, I might make a place for him watching these ten-cent lunch joints to see that customers don't carry away the hardware and crockery. Then all the danger you'd have to worry about would be that he might eat the food."

But Nora failed to smile. She glanced away, shaking her head. "I've nothing to tell you, father," she answered. "Nothing now. I don't know. Honestly I don't know. I only know I've been through one such experience, and if anything happened to Jim that I could help I'd never forgive myself."

THE night had gathered swiftly behind a curtain of rain. Garth, glancing out of the window of the train, saw that darkness was already close upon a somber and resentful world. Pines, hemlocks, and birches stretched limitlessly. The rain clung to their drooping branches like tears, so that they expressed an attitude of mourning which their color clothed convincingly. The roaring of the train was subdued, as if it hesitated to disturb the oppressive silence through which it passed.

The car, nearly empty, was insufficiently lighted. Garth answered to the growing depression of his surroundings. His paper, already well-explored, no longer interested him. He continued to gaze from the window, speculating on the goal toward which he was hurrying through this bleak desolation. The inspector's phrase was suddenly informed with meaning. He was, in every sense, advancing through the dark. The realization left him with a troublesome restlessness, a desire to be actively at work.

The last streak of gray had long faded when the train drew up at Deacon's Bay station, a small building with a shed like an exaggerated collar about its throat. At this hour there was no operator on duty. Only one or two oil lamps maintained an indifferent resistance to the mist. Garth saw a horse and carriage at the rear. He walked to it. "Could you drive me to Mr. Andrew Alden's place?" he asked.

From the depths of the carriage a native's voice replied: "Probably you're the party I'm looking for. If you're Mr. Garth from New York, step in."

Garth obeyed, and they drove off along a road for the most part flanked by thick woods.

Without warning, through an open space, Garth saw a flame spring upward, tearing the mist and splashing the sky with wanton scarlet.

"What's that?" he asked sharply.

The glare diminished and died. The native clucked to his horse. "Mr. Alden's furnaces," he answered.

Garth stirred. "I see. Iron. Steel. And now it works night and day?"

"On war orders," the native answered. "Now you wouldn't think that war would affect us way off here. There's a whole town—board shacks—to take care of the new men—more'n fifteen hundred of them."

Garth nodded thoughtfully. Here at the start was a condition that might make the presence of a detective comforting to his host.

As they penetrated deeper into the woods the driver exhibited an increasing desire to talk, and from time to time, Garth remarked, he glanced over his shoulder. "None of my business," the man said, "but it's funny Mr. Alden's having company now."

Garth smiled. He was certainly on the threshold of a case he had been asked to enter wholly unprepared. "Maybe you'll tell me why," he encouraged.

"Because," the driver answered, "although Mr. Alden stands to make a pile of money out of the war, he's paying for it in some ways. You didn't hear about his yacht?"

Garth shook his head.

"Maybe some of these rough workmen he's got up from the city, or maybe somebody wanted to pay him out. Took it from his boathouse a few nights ago, started on a joy ride, I suppose, and ran it on the rocks."

"Much loss?" Garth asked.

"Total, except for the furnishings."

"Are you one of Mr. Alden's servants?"

The driver's laugh was uncomfortable.

"That's what I meant about his having company. There aren't any servants except the old butler. A woman from the village goes to get breakfast and lunch for them, but she won't stay after dark."

Garth, recalling the inspector's comment about spooks, grinned. "Why did the servants quit?"

The driver glanced over his shoulder again. He hurried his horse.

"Laughing's cheap," he said, "but you can judge for yourself how lonely it is. Mr. Alden's right on the ocean—only house for two miles. You see, he owns a big piece of this coast—woods right down to the water. They've always told about a lot of soldiers being killed in those woods during the Revolution. All my life I've heard talk about seeing things there. Servants got talking a few days ago—said they saw shadows in graveclothes going through the woods. I laughed at that too. But I didn't laugh when they found Mr. Alden's valet yesterday morning dead as a door nail."

Garth whistled. "Violence?"

"Not a sign. Coroner says apoplexy, but that doesn't convince anybody that can't believe the tale."

"Curious," Garth mused.

For some time a confused murmuring had increased in his ears—the persistent fury of water turned back by a rocky coast.

THE carriage passed through a gateway. Across a broad lawn Garth caught a glimpse of lights, dim, unreal, as one might picture will-o'-the-wisps. But the night and the mist could not hide from Garth the size of the house, indicative of wealth and a habit of comfort. That such an establishment should be practically bereft of service was sufficient proof that there might, indeed, be something here to combat. Yet from the driver he could draw nothing more comprehensible than the fancied return of the dead to their battle field, and a distrust, natural enough in a native, of the horde of new men gathered for the factory.

When he had stepped from the carriage he saw that the lights were confined to the lower hall and to one room on the left. The rest of the great house stretched away with an air of decay and abandonment. In response to his ring he heard a step drag across the floor, but the door was not opened at once. Instead a quavering voice demanded his identity.

With some impatience Garth grasped the knob, and, as he heard the carriage retreat toward the town, called out: "My name is Garth. I'm expected."

The door was swung back almost eagerly, and Garth stepped across the threshold of the lonely house. An old man, white-haired, bent at the shoulders, unkempt, faced him. He was out of key with the neat hardwood floor, the hangings, and the wainscot of the hall—a witness to an abrupt relaxation of discipline. "Thank heavens you've come, sir," said the old man.

"Then you know," Garth answered. "What's wrong here?"

But before the other could answer, a man's voice, uncertain, barely audible, came from the lighted room to the left. "Who is that? If it is Mr. Garth, bring him to me at once."

Garth became aware of the rustling of skirts. He stepped into the room, and, just within the door-

. . .

way, met a young woman whose unquestionable beauty impressed him less than the trouble which, to an extent, distorted it. Her greeting, too, almost identical with the old servant's, disturbed him more than the latter's. It was reminiscent of the desolate landscape he had seen from the train, of the forest loneliness through which he had just driven, of the scarlet gap that had torn across the cloud-filled sky. "I'm glad you've come. I—I was afraid you mightn't make it."

Garth's glance appraised the room. It was a huge apartment, running the width of the house. Casement windows rose from the floor to the ceiling. An oak door in the farther wall, toward the rear, was closed. There were many bookcases. A fire burned drowsily in a deep hearth. Before it stood a writing table with an inefficient lamp, and at its side (the point where Garth's eyes halted) a man sat huddled.

THE man wore a dressing gown and slippers. His hair was untidy. From his cadaverous face eyes gleamed as if with a newly born hope. He put his hands on the chair arms and started to rise; then, with a sigh, he sank back again.

"You'll excuse me," he said. "I've not been myself lately. It is an effort for me to get up, but I am glad to see you, Mr. Garth—very glad."

Garth understood now why the voice had barely carried to the hall. It lacked body. It left the throat reluctantly. It crowded the room with a scarcely vibrating atmosphere of dismay. Garth asked himself hotly if he had been summoned as an antidote to the airy delusions of an invalid.

A stifled sound behind him caused him to turn swiftly. He was in time to see the distortion of the woman's features increase, to watch the resistless tears sparkle in her eyes and fall, to be shamed by the laborious sobs which, after she had covered her face, shook her in freeing themselves.

He advanced, at a loss, shocked by this unforeseen breakdown. He took Alden's hand, but the other appeared to have forgotten his presence.

"Don't, Cora," he mumbled. "You mustn't do that any more. We are no longer alone."

Garth glanced from one to the other, answering to the atmosphere of dismay which moment by moment became more unavoidable. Yet what could there be here beyond loneliness, and, perhaps, threats from those against whose cherished principles Alden's furnaces were busy night and day? The loneliness, Garth acknowledged even then, could account for a lot, but, he decided, a doctor was needed as much as a detective.

At last Mrs. Alden resumed her control. She faced Garth apologetically. "It's because I can't get him away," she said wistfully. "And he's sick. Anybody can see that."

"A week or two more," Alden said, "until the works are in running order. Then we'll go back to New York."

"New York!" the woman echoed.

"You've a doctor?" Garth asked.

"From the village," Alden answered. "I'm afraid he doesn't understand me."

"Then," Garth said firmly, "I should let the works go to blazes until I'd looked after myself."

Alden moved his hand vaguely. "It's nothing—cold; maybe a touch of the gout. I sometimes suffer, and my nerves are a little under. Hundreds of thousands involved here, Mr. Garth. You couldn't afford to take chances with that."

Garth glanced at the room's luxurious furnishings.

"I couldn't," he answered captiously. "I'm not so sure about you."

It annoyed him that the lamp on the table failed to drive the shadows from the corners.

Mrs. Alden approached him timidly. "You'll forgive our welcome? You'll try to understand? You may have noticed something about the fall in a remote place. It is very depressing here. If only you could persuade him to leave. You see, we've no servants but old John. Shall I tell him to get you something—a whisky and soda?"

Garth shook his head. "I never drink when I'm at work."

"But you are our guest," she said.

"Our guest," came in her husband's difficult voice.

In neither of their faces could Garth read the reproof their tones had suggested. What point could there be in this abnormal masquerade?

He glanced at his watch. Mrs. Alden caught the gesture. She walked to a cabinet and measured her husband's medicine. "It's time," she said as she gave it to him, "that we all were in bed. Shall I ring for John?"

"I'll ring," Garth answered, "a little later. I should be glad of a word with your husband."

When Mrs. Alden had gone he tried to talk sanely to the sick and melancholy man, urging him to seek more cheerful surroundings. Alden merely shook his head. "See here," Garth exploded at last. "There's no point in your closing your confidence to me. It only makes matters a thousand times more difficult. You're afraid. Of what?"

The other answered with a difficulty that was not wholly physical. He had hit upon this incomprehensible plan and he would carry it through.

"Then it's only fair to tell you," Garth said, "that the man who drove me out talked a little. I've heard about your boat, why your servants ran, and of the strange men with whom you've crowded the village. Tell me one thing. Have you had threatening letters about your contracts?"

"Several."

The deep lines in Alden's face tightened. "Don't think," he managed to get out, "that I'm a coward. I'll stay. My contracts will be carried through."

"No," Garth answered, "you're not that kind of a coward, but there's something else. Don't deny it, Mr. Alden. You're more than sick. You're afraid. What is it?"

Alden shuddered. "A—a coward." The words faltered in his mouth.

"But I don't know what it is. You're to tell me, Mr. Garth, if it's anything."

"This rot about the woods and the spirits of dead soldiers?" Garth asked.

Alden stirred. He nodded in the direction of the rear casement windows. "Just across the lawn."

"You haven't seen?" Garth asked sharply.

"But," Alden said, "the servants—"

This, then, Garth decided, must be the source of the fear the other's appearance recorded.

"Nonsense, Mr. Alden. That's one of the commonest superstitions the world over, that soldiers come back to the battle fields where they have died, and in this time of war—"

"If there's nothing in it," Alden whispered, "why is it so common? Why did my servants swear they had seen? And the fog! We've had too much fog lately—every night for a week. My man died in the fog."

Garth whistled. "Could they have mistaken him for you?"

"There were no marks on the body."

Alden looked up. His voice thickened. "We are talking too much. I—I want you to stay and judge for yourself."

GARTH rose and walked to the rear window. He could see nothing for the mist. He stood there, nevertheless, for some time, puzzled and half angry. The mental and physical condition of his host, Mrs. Alden's shattered nerves, the extreme loneliness, impressed on him a sense of uncharted adventuring.

"Why," he asked himself, "won't these people talk? What do they expect me to find in this house?"

When he turned back he saw that Alden's eyes were closed. The regular rising and falling of his chest warned Garth to quietness. He would not disturb the worn-out man. So he pressed the electric bell and walked to the hall. He met John there.

"Please show me to my room," he said. "Mr. Alden's asleep. Perhaps you'd better speak to his wife before you disturb him." *(Continued on page 26)*



Garth sprang to the window. Mrs. Alden caught his arm, exclaiming, "Don't follow! It isn't safe out there." "I want that man," he said. He gave her his revolver . . .

THE MEN WHO MAKE THE MOVIES MOVE



BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

HE WAS from Iowa, he proudly explained to me, and this was his first trip to California. He looked out of the Pullman window across a wide expanse of sand, dotted here and there with sagebrush and mesquite, and he made uncomplimentary remarks about the country and compared it unfavorably with his own.

"How much of this blamed desert is there?" he demanded. "Seems to me we've been riding through it all day. The land of sunshine and flowers—I don't think!"

Suddenly the tourist stiffened in his seat with a grunt of amazement. He was not without excuse, for against that monotonous background appeared a strange cavalcade. First came a score of Bedouins, superbly mounted and carrying long-barreled weapons. Their bright-colored robes made vivid splashes against the horizon. Then came a camel train, the ungainly brutes plodding slowly through the sand. The tourist's eyes fairly popped out of his head.

"It can't be a circus away out here! Now, what on earth—?" exclaimed the tourist.

"Tha's jus' a movin'-picture outfit, suh," remarked the porter soothingly. "Mus' be makin' 'notheh one of them desert things."

"A moving-picture outfit!" ejaculated the man from Iowa. "But I thought they worked indoors mostly—in studios."

"No, suh," said the porter. "You liable to run on to them anywheres at all."

The tourist flattened his nose against the pane and watched the last camel disappear from view. Then he leaned back in his seat and shook his head.

"I never would have thought it," said he at length. "They go to a lot of trouble, don't they?"

Truth at Any Price

WELL, as a matter of fact, they do. Audiences have been educated to the point where they will not accept a painted strip of canvas for the Sahara Desert. If the scenario calls for sand, the 10-cent customer wants sand for his money and will accept no substitute. Frequently a director ships his entire company hundreds of miles, in order that the photographed backgrounds may harmonize with the story which he is producing. The better the director, the more care he takes in selecting his "locations" for outdoor work, and attractive scenery is not the only consideration. There are other things which must be watched.

For instance, I know one very careful director who made a multiple-reel feature, the scene of the story being laid in Colorado. The picture was made in southern California, and I was present at its first appearance in the company's projecting room. The director sat at his table in the rear, a shaded globe at his elbow and the script in his hand, checking off each scene as it was flashed on the screen.

"Oh—*rotten!*" said he suddenly. "There's a make-over, sure!"

"What do you mean, rotten?" argued his assistant. "It looked all right to me. The action was fine!"

"Action be hanged!" said the director. "Didn't you see that palm tree in the background? I don't know how it ever got by me!"

And because palm trees are not usually found out of doors in Colorado, several extra people were called from their homes, the regular members of the company resurrected their discarded costumes, and the scene was made over again—with the palm tree eliminated. It took one whole morning and it cost money, and probably not one spectator in ten thousand would have noticed that tiny palm tree in the distant background or thought there was anything incongruous in its appearance. It is this painstaking attention to detail, this determined effort for accuracy on the part of the best directors, which has made the motion picture what it is today. It seems somewhat of a pity that so much of it should pass unappreciated.

I once heard the same director giving thanks for a scenario which called for an Australian setting.

"Not because the story is such a good one," said he, "but I won't have to spend so much time dodging eucalyptus trees. They grow in Australia, praise be!"

Oh, yes, there is more to the business than turning a crank!

Occasionally the spoiling of a scene has its comic side, visible to all but the director and the camera man; there are also times when the actors cannot see the joke. For instance, one of the very best rough-and-tumble fights ever registered on film was ruined by an inquisitive tame tapir. This tapir was part of the animal equipment of the plant, and earned a fat living by strolling through jungle scenes in order to give them the proper tropical flavor. He was tame as a sheep, had many friends among the actors and extra people, and roamed about at will, wiggling his long, flexible nose.

The scenario in question dealt with the frozen north, and the big climax was reached when the leading man and the heavy met in a miner's cabin in Alaska, there to settle their differences with bare fists and as much of the furniture as they could lift. Both actors were powerful men who had been selected with an eye to the packing-house finish of the film.

"Now, boys," said the director, "this must be a real fight. If you pull a punch or fake a fall I'll make you do it over again. I want an honest-to-goodness fist fight, and remember that you can't register a punch unless you really take one. You're both husky and can stand it, and if you get bunged up you can lay off for a few days. Give us a real scrap—something that they'll talk about when they go home. Now, this is the business of the scene—"

The fight was rehearsed several times, with the violence soft-pedaled. It was to end with a smashing knockdown, after which the victorious leading man was to sit upon his prostrate foe and, in the vernacular, make him say "Uncle."

"All right—camera!" called the director when everything was ready. The battle began, and it was certainly a real one. Give a motion-picture actor a chance to play in a great scene and he may be trusted to make the most of it, even at the cost of physical discomfort—the picture's the thing!

The two big men fought all over the cabin, smashing the furniture, upsetting the table and hammering each other in savage earnest. Both bore unmistakable marks of conflict when the director signaled for the knockdown blow, and the leading man sent it over without mercy, fairly on the point of the chin. Down went the unfortunate villain, actually stunned. At this precise instant a long, flexible nose appeared in the cabin door, and before anyone could head him off the tame tapir came sniffing straight into the picture! The director lifted up his voice and wept, but his sorrow was a small thing beside that of the actors when they heard what he had to say.

"Awfully sorry, boys, but you'll have to do the fight over again. . . . If it had been a wolf, now, or a Polar bear, even . . . but that long-nosed outrage from the tropics, in an Alaska picture? It can't be done!"

So the leading man and the heavy received temporary patching and first aid, and after a rest went at it again. They were somewhat lacking in steam, however, and the second fight was not as savage as the first. The director will always claim that his most sensational rough-and-tumble went for nothing because a confounded tapir didn't know enough to confine himself to the tropics where he belonged.

Movie Wonderland

"WHAT was the most striking thing you saw in Los Angeles?"

This question was recently put to a distinguished visitor who had spent one morning in Hollywood, where motion-picture studios abound. He answered without the slightest hesitation: "I saw Judas Iscariot getting out of a jitney bus!"

Striking enough for a visitor, no doubt, but Angelenos would hardly regard the sight as worth a second glance. They are not only "picture wise," as the saying goes, but they have grown hardened to movie folk, in and out of their war paint, and refuse to be greatly amazed at anything they may do. With film comedians swarming the public parks; automobiles whizzing in all directions, loaded to the fenders with painted actors in every imaginable sort of costume; directors borrowing front lawns on which to make scenes, and the restaurants crowded nightly with film stars, is it any wonder that the average Angeleno is a trifle blasé? He might pause



The movie towns that have sprung up at Los Angeles are as amazingly colorful and bizarre as Bagdad of old

to watch Charlie Chaplin do a head spin in an ash can, or hit a friend in the face with a blackberry pie, but for the most part the "old residenter" leaves the breathless gaping to tourists. Judas Iscariot in a jitney bus could interest him not at all.

"Only the movies again," says he, and passes on. It is an old, old story after seven or eight years in Los Angeles.

Now, where do all these actors come from? There are thousands of them in the city, if you count the extra people, who will most certainly resent being overlooked. They count themselves actors, freely admitting to "film magnetism" and "screen charm." The stage has furnished many of the regularly employed stock people—a small army in itself, well equipped and knowing the tricks of the trade. The others come from everywhere—the business offices, the department stores, and the streets. You miss a good-looking young clerk from his accustomed counter and ask what has become of him.

"He's in the movies now."

Sure enough, some day you see him strut into a hotel lobby wearing a sport shirt and carrying a cane, for is he not an actor? And why shouldn't he be one? The hours are better, the work easier, the pay larger, and if the youth has intelligence and a mustard seed of talent as well as good looks, he may aspire to a salary running into three figures a week.

Many a star of the present day came in through the extra gate and stood in line for his first motion-picture money at the end of the afternoon. What if he brought with him no more knowledge of acting than might be gained by watching an occasional vaudeville performance? Isn't the director there to tell him what to do? Most certainly he is. During the progress of a scene the novice hears his voice, outlining every little movement.

"All right, Jack. . . . Come on in. . . . Now you see the letter on the table. . . . Now you pick it up. . . . Open the envelope and read. . . . There's something in the letter that surprises you! . . . Drop it and come down front. . . ." And so on, as long as the camera continues to click.

How a Director Directs

THE novice listens and does as he is told. He hears a great deal about *how* to do things, but mighty little about *why* he does them. This does not worry our young friend; he knows that in case of a mistake the blame will fall on the director's shoulders. The novice is a puppet, personally conducted by the sound of the human voice. He listens and obeys and so gets through his scenes—a human marionette.

After he has learned not to stare the camera out of countenance, or turn his eyes when the director barks at him, there is hope. When he can listen to the pur of the camera and forget that his picture is being taken at each separate click, there is more hope. Thus, day after day, in dozens of studios and under the keen eyes of scores of directors, film actors are being made out of raw material—some of it very raw indeed. The athletic lad with broad shoulders, curly hair, good teeth, a straight nose, and a chin that mother brags about starts the race with a comfortable handicap on the field. He may go far on looks alone; it has been done.

And the director who makes or breaks the novice—ah, he is the king-pin of the motion-picture machine! If he chooses, he can be a czar in his own department—the last word, the one word, an autocrat responsible only to the court of results achieved. There are all sorts of directors. Some of them welcome criticism; they will listen patiently and argue their points. Some of them explode with a loud report at the merest suggestion from associates or outsiders.

I have in mind a director who makes a specialty of thrillers—in fact, he is one of the best thrill merchants in the business. He has the appearance of a kindly, benevolent gentleman of middle age, and no one, to look at him, would suspect the fires banked within. Stunt actors speak his name with mingled reverence and fear; he can think of so many difficult things for them to do. Yes, and dangerous ones too, for without the element of real danger there can be no thrill. This director was preparing for the big scene of a thriller—dangerous enough to suit anybody. A bridge, crowded with charging soldiers, was to be dropped thirty feet into a ravine, and the soldiers were going with it—without the aid of a net. Four ambulances were in waiting, grim reminders that the management had its doubts. Three hundred extra people, three cameras, and a nervous extra man were also waiting. They waited for three hours—long enough to put everybody on edge, including the director himself.



From business offices, department stores, and street corners the would-be film actors come by the thousands. They are lured by the "charm of the screen." Success means excitement and wealth

At last everything was ready. The men who were to yank the props out from under the bridge laid hold of the ropes. The soldiers massed for the charge. The camera men laid their hands on the cranks. The director opened his mouth to give the command—and just then a clerk from the administration office dashed through the crowd.

"Wait a minute!" he panted. "Mr. Blank wants to see this pulled off!"

Mr. Blank, mind you, was the president of the company, the employer of every man present and a person of considerable circumstance in that plant and out of it. The director did not even turn his head.

"Who's making this picture?" he snapped. "Is Blank making it? . . . No? . . . Then let's go! *Shoot!*"

The cameras shot, the soldiers charged, the bridge crashed into the ravine, and nobody waited for Mr. Blank and nobody questioned the director's authority. He was making the picture, and that settled it. As for the ambulances, they went away empty. One extra man sprained his ankle, which is getting off light—for a thriller. The director is the real brains of the motion-picture business, aside from the not inconsiderable amount of gray matter expended on the commercial end of the game, but without competent directors there would be no film to market, so we are safe in regarding him as the mainspring which makes all the wheels go round. If he is a good director, he can take a bad scenario and make a good picture out of it. If he is a bad director, he can take a good scenario and reverse the process.

Opinions differ as to the best method of getting results out of actors. David Griffith, who has always been a banner bearer in the film world, a few steps ahead of the advancing column, believes that the actors should know all about the story before production starts, and the companies under his supervision run through all the scenes in order, rehearsing the action and studying the unfolding of the plot. The success of this method depends largely upon the intelligence of the actors themselves.

Other directors go to the opposite extreme. Some of them absolutely refuse to tell their people anything about the story on which they are working, preferring to explain nothing but the "business" of the immediate scene. As scenes are never made in sequence, the actor who knows nothing of the plot works blindly and is dependent upon direction. At first glance this would seem to be a bad idea. Let us see if it is so bad after all. A veteran director takes the stand, as follows:

"Give an actor the script, and what does he do? He reads his own part, and there his interest ends. If he reads the complete story at all, it's only because he wants to twist it around to fit his part and make it bigger. You never saw an actor yet that thought his part was big enough for him.

"He gets ideas, but not ideas about the general good of the picture. Far be it from him! They're ideas about fattening his own little bit and making it stand out on the screen, and it's a cinch that his ideas won't agree with mine. I know what I'm trying to do, because I see the picture *as a whole*, with the acting parts properly tabbed in the order of their importance to the finished picture; the actor can't see a thing but the scenes where he has the middle of the stage. To prove my argument, here's a sample of the way too much advance information works on the actor of a certain type.

"A few months ago I put on a four-reeler and hired a lad to do the juvenile—young George Whoozis. George wasn't much, but neither was the part, because vealish love didn't happen to be the strong interest in the picture—the *moteef*, if you get me. Young love was only a side dish. The real theme was ree-venge—middle-aged revenge—and my young folks were just clothing-store dummies, drifting in every once in a while as relief. Nothing vital about 'em—and there wasn't any reason why they should have been vital.

"Now, George is a nice boy—so pretty that you want to kick him every time you see him—with a brain about the size of a five-cent sponge, badly diseased with imagination. I haven't got a thing in the world against George, and I think that in time he'll amount to something—say in eight or nine hundred years. Not before, though.

"Well, somehow, somewhere, George got hold of a carbon copy of the script of the story, and bent his gigantic one-cylinder intellect to the task of figuring out where the juvenile came in on the vital interest thing. I couldn't have done it on a bet, but George studied out a way to make that clothing-store dummy stand up. It was the first time I'd ever used George in anything, so there was a surprise coming to both of us. I got mine in his very first scene.

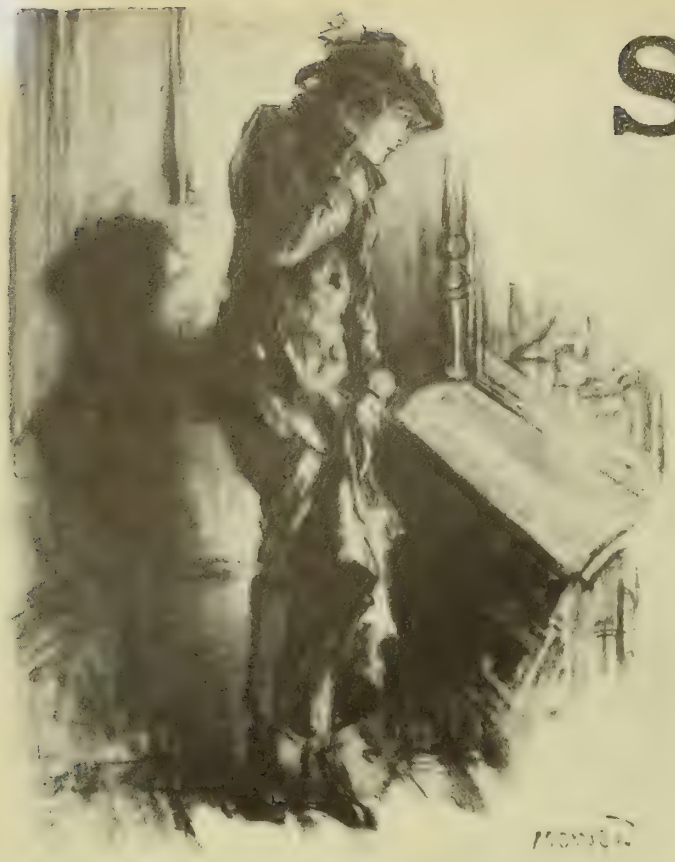
"I went ahead and outlined the business to George and the girl, and asked them to run through the action once. George balked.

"'Excuse me, Mr. Whoozat,' says he, 'but do you really think that "Percy" should be

(Continued on page 21)



Every well-equipped movie plant has its colony of wild animals. They give exotic pictures "local color"



There they were — her shoes. She knew them by heart

SHOES

BY STELLA WYNNE HERRON

ILLUSTRATED BY HAL J. MOWAT

. . . When the shoes became too worn to endure a third soling and she possessed but ninety cents toward a new pair, she gave up the struggle; to use her own contemptuous phrase, she "sold out for a pair of shoes."—JANE ADDAMS: "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil."

EVA opened the door and walked wearily upstairs over the soiled oilcloth runner into the dark and food-scented hall of the Mayers flat. The door of the bedroom was ajar as she passed and, as usual, her father lay sprawled comfortably on the bed, his shoes off, both pillows propped dexterously behind his back. On the table, close to his hand, was a half-empty beer bottle, a murky glass, and a can of tobacco. He was reading one of his interminable, cheap magazines.

As his daughter looked at him, stretched at an angle where the last of the daylight fell best on the page, his fat paunch billowing up thickly under his shirt, his red neck rolling into two folds where he bent it over the book, his square and alcohol-puffy cheeks mounting up under his eyes in mounds of unshaven flesh, her face flushed; her heart began to beat quickly. She longed for strength; she felt that nothing in the world would do her so much good as to seize him, to stand him upright, to make him work; work for his family—to keep him working, under the lash, if necessary.

But she was only a seventeen-year-old girl. There was nothing she could do but talk—and she had long ago realized the futility of that. She turned from the bedroom door, smoothed out the thin manila envelope that the sudden, angry clenching of her hands had rumpled, and made her way to the kitchen.

The air of the kitchen was as hot and moist as that of a tropical greenery, but the odor that filled it was not the odor of sweet-scented flowers, but the Saturday-night smell of corned beef and cabbage. Mrs. Mayers was bending over a huge iron pot, from which volumed up clouds of steam, a fork in one hand, a heavy white platter, half resting on the stove top, in the other. She turned hastily when her daughter opened the door, slid the platter up on the stove, and laid down the fork. Her eyes fixed themselves on the manila envelope, and into them leaped a hungry, ravenous look, a look almost akin to the look of physical hunger that comes into the eyes of a starving man at the sight of food. She came toward her daughter. "You got paid all right, Eva?"

"Sure." The girl held out the envelope.

HER mother took it, wiped her moist, red fingers, and extracted from it a five-dollar bill. An involuntary sigh of relief burst from her as she touched it. She opened her waist, undid a safety pin, drew out a brown bag with a couple of other bills folded in it, placed the new one with them, and deposited the bag in her bosom again.

"That'll just make up the rent," she said. "The butcher'll have to wait again. I can't help it. If he won't give us any more meat, we'll have to make out on what we can get from the grocery. Hillmer kicks, but he always let's me have a little."

Eva's blue eyes lifted quickly and fixed themselves on her mother's face.

"Ain't you going to let me have the three dollars, mamma?" she asked. "You know you promised."

"I can't, child, I can't!" The older woman's tone was half resentful, half fretful, the tone of one helplessly driven to do an injustice.

"But you promised this week *sure*."

"I thought your father would have work this week sure when I promised." She raised her voice. "Now don't bother me any more, d'you hear? It's money, money, money all the time, every way I turn. Sometimes I think I'll go mad. You can't get blood from a turnip, can you? When I ain't got the money, I can't give it to you, can I, Eva? You can get them next week sure. Something's bound to turn up by then."

The girl sat down in a kitchen chair. She examined first the sole of one shoe, then that of the other. "I don't think they'll last to next week," she said anxiously. "They were really all wore out weeks and weeks ago."

Her mother glanced at them. "Oh, they don't look so awful bad."

"The tops, yes. That's because I blacken 'em so well and hide the white places where they're cracked round the tips. But look at the bottoms, ma!"

She held up her feet so that the soles were displayed. There were great ragged holes worn through each; cracks and fissures radiated in all directions. The thinned leather was disintegrating like ice under a summer sun. "And, ma, the heels are so crooked that they throw my feet all sideways, and I can hardly walk."

"Yes, yes, I know they're pretty bad, petty." Mrs. Mayers turned her worried, harassed eyes away from her daughter. "But you got to make them do another week."

The words echoed in her own brain. It seemed to her that her whole life was tuned to this refrain of making things "do" another week, or another two weeks, or another three weeks longer, that she was forever endeavoring to stretch objects beyond their natural time of use, forever madly bringing the sickening chasms between Mr. Mayers's spasmodic periods of work. The black hand of poverty seemed always to hover just above her family, menacing, terrible, eager to close over them, to crush out their hearts, their lives. It seemed as if they had only her mother's strength to push it away, to keep forever pushing it away as it forever returned.

Monday morning before she started for her work at Snider's Five, Ten and Fifteen Cent Store, where she was a sales girl, Eva carefully cut out a pair of soles from a cardboard box and inserted them in her shoes. That night, very delicately, so as not to strain the tender leather, she removed what was left of the soiled and worn bits of cardboard. There were raw, red welts along her feet where the edges of the improvised soles had pressed; there was a painful blister coming on her right heel. But in spite of these inconveniences, she felt a little cheered at her discovery of this new use for old boxes. She cut out and inserted new soles for the next day.

But the next morning it began to rain—the sad, persistent, melancholy rain of autumn. Before she had walked five of the eight blocks between her home and the store, her fair-weather soles had soaked through, peeled off, melted away and mingled with the elements. She felt the cold dampness of the pavement creep through her stockings and lie against her bare feet. All that day between the intervals of waiting on the five, ten, and fifteen cent customers, she picked tiny splinters out of her feet, for the floor of Snider's Emporium had anything but a hardwood finish.

That night, although she was dog-tired and the rain was pelting down in long, slant lines, she stopped automatically before a certain shoe-store window. They were there—behind the plate glass that glistened with rain drops—her shoes. She had picked them out weeks ago, a buttoned pair of gunmetal shoes with thick, firm, water-tight soles, and heels that were as straight as a die. She knew them by heart, from the little oblong white card with the mark $3 on it to the pattern of the perforations on the leather tips. Next Saturday she would have them! She counted the days on her fingers—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. For a moment she lost herself in a dream. She already possessed them; she could feel them on her feet, the heels straight and even, the good, substantial soles between her and the rain-washed pavement.

SHE turned away with a sigh and went on to the end of the block. At the corner she hesitated. If she turned, she could take a short cut to the side street where she lived. But the short cut led through a district which she had hitherto instinctively avoided; a district of cheap, transient hotels, of garish, late-running restaurants where food *could* be procured, but drinks and cabaret usually filled all demands; of wine shops, saloons, and cigar stands, each with its quota of lazy-eyed men and boys hanging around it.

But with the chill autumn rain drenching her and the pavement wearing out her stockings, Eva could not afford to be particular. She turned her head away from the even, unhurried, appraising stares of the men behind the plate glass of the hotel lobbies or gathered in from the rain in cigar-store entrances; but the women who dipped in and out under umbrellas her eyes invariably followed. These women were warmly clad and—her fascinated gaze always fixed on their feet—well shod.



Eva held the shapeless shoes in her hand. They were falling to pieces. She felt the end had come

Wednesday and Thursday it continued to rain. Great holes too big to darn wore in Eva's stockings, and she mended them with pieces from old ones. Every night she scraped the caked mud from the bottoms of her bare, swollen feet, then soaked them in hot water. She caught a bad cold. Her throat hurt her, and her head ached. Her wet feet were like lumps of ice all day—lumps of ice which nevertheless stung and burned. When Friday came she was so utterly miserable that it seemed to her as if she could hardly live until Saturday night when she would get her new shoes.

Every evening she took the short cut through the district of cheap, transient hotels and tawdry cafés, and every evening her eyes, as if drawn by a magnet, noted the well-shod feet of its women.

During this week of misery it seemed to Eva that she suddenly grew up. Sometimes she lay awake in the night, wide-eyed, very still, in order not to disturb her two little sisters who shared the bed with her. She would think with terror there in the dark of the fate of her family. It seemed as if always, since she could remember, they were slipping down the sides of a steep precipice toward a black and horrible gulf of poverty that would annihilate them. They would make terrible and extraordinary efforts at the brink; they would climb away a little piece from the awful edge—then the slipping and sliding down would begin again. Eva had spasms of savage hatred for her father. He could save them if he would. He had it in his power. He could earn good money if he would only work steadily like other men. Her mother could save; they could all of them crawl to a position of safety away from the pit's edge. But all burdens slipped off Mr. Mayers's shoulders with a sort of sickening ease.

With the shadow of such a night upon her she sat Saturday at noon on a bench of the square where she usually went to eat her lunch of bread-and-butter sandwiches. The rain had stopped. She watched the people streaming in and out of the big hotel which raised its gray marble portals just opposite. She looked especially at the young girls who came in the pretty little electrics, lined with lavender or old rose, a single long-stemmed flower nodding in the slender vase opposite them. As she watched them, Eva knew she did not envy them their clothes, their jewels, their fresh skins; what she did passionately envy them was their lack of fear. *They* had no fear of the pit. They hardly knew there was one; they were kept far away from its terrible edge, in pleasant meadows, flooded with sunshine, full of flowers. They grew up like flowers themselves, joyously, carelessly, sweetly.

Saturday evening when she opened the kitchen door the thick, steamy smell of corned beef and cabbage again assailed her nostrils. She handed her pay envelope to her mother and waited eagerly. Her shoes were waiting for her. The stores kept open late on Saturday night. She had seen them in the lighted window as she passed.

Mrs. Mayers took the envelope, opened it, looked at her daughter, hesitated, then frowned and turned away. "Ain't you going to give me the three dollars, mamma?" asked the girl in a low voice.

Mrs. Mayers bent over her cooking:

"You'll have to wait till next week, Eva."

The girl stood silent at the familiar words—stunned, looking down at the floor.

"I simply can't do it, child. Your father didn't get work, you know. No one will let us have anything more now except for cash—an' we got to eat." The mother spoke bitterly, a sense of her own helplessness in her heart.

EVA continued silent. After all, she had known it would be this way, yet she had somehow thought that when her need became absolute there would be some way of filling it. But, yes—they must eat. She felt suddenly as if she were caught in a trap; she did not know what to do or where to turn. No ingenuity would keep the shoes together another week—hardly another day. What should she do?

The kitchen door opened and her two little sisters and her little brother came in. They seated themselves at the kitchen table. Eva did not notice them. She still stood without moving, looking at the floor. A moment later her father came in. He carried a magazine in his hand, his fingers thrust between the leaves to keep his place. It was Mr. Mayers's custom to prop his magazine against the sugar bowl and continue an interesting story during the meal. He even irritably required silence of the rest of the family so that he would not be disturbed during this process. Eva looked up and saw him as he was about to seat himself comfortably at the table. Suddenly red spots glowed on each of her cheeks.

"Papa!" she said in a shaking voice.

MR. MAYERS turned around with mild surprise. "Papa," she said, "I have to have a pair of shoes!" Her voice rose shrilly. "I *have* to have them! I *have* to have them! Look!"

She sat down on a chair and thrust both her feet out. "Why," said Mr. Mayers with vague sympathy, "they're all wore out, ain't they? You ought to get another pair."

"I have no money," answered the girl in a flat, monotonous voice.

"You ought to take it out of what you earn."

One of the myths of the Mayers household was that Mr. Mayers's desultory labor adequately supported his family. He never admitted that Eva's money was not her own. It would have hurt his manly pride.

"I give all my money to mamma." Eva still spoke in the same monotonous voice. She had long ago learned the uselessness of trying to make her father face an issue squarely.

"Well, well," said Mr. Mayers genially, as if he were pleasantly surprised at the charming but unnecessary generosity of a child who presents its parent with one of its toys, "that's a good girl, that's a good girl. Give your mother all your money—eh?" Mr. Mayers smiled benignly.

He thought a moment. "I'll give you money for the shoes Monday," he said off-handedly. "I'll be working again Monday." He sat down and propped his book up. As far as he was concerned the subject was dismissed. (*Continued on page* 25)

PUNDERSON WAITE

BY CEYLON HOLLINGSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY CONVERS WYETH

WAITE. That was his name—Punderson Waite. He was a slow-moving heavyweight of thirty from Kansas—Kansas born, bred, educated, and inspired—and the camp and all Gilpin County recognized him as the strongest man in Colorado or anywhere else. Stories of the size and weight of rock he had been known to toss out of a prospect hole gave credulity heart failure. But as a restorative was always at hand, to the effect that since he didn't know his own strength there was no telling how big a rock he *could* heave over his head, no fatalities ever resulted.

And he was also accepted broadcast as the one man in these United States that didn't know he was alive; that couldn't be excited or startled or frightened or accelerated or angered, or even dispirited, ruffled, or separated from his smile. But certain camp oracles opined it was because he had not yet been stirred and awakened, and prophesied that some unexpected day the right thing would penetrate his hide and inaugurate a vivid dislocation of human events like a powder mill escaping to the sky. And in strict conformity to the world's eternal custom the camp went right on prospecting, digging holes, downing Bud's liquid fireworks and dreaming of millions, and disregarded the warning.

He was six feet tall, and his russet and cherry face, which was roundish and by the canon of art should have been homely, was pleasing to the eye, especially when his genial smile fattened his cheeks. But, after all, no one knew just what he did look like, for a huge comber of tawny, weather-cured mustache hid his mouth and disguised him. He walked with a languid, careless assurance uphill or down, and when he sat he lolled in comfort, and when he stood he leaned on something if he could find it handy.

It was July. The little gold camp was beginning to boom. The fourteen log cabins and slab shacks that had nestled together under the name of Achepex amid the snows and spruce in the narrow deep of Pine Creek Gulch had increased to forty odd.

IT WAS mid evening of a Saturday. Vesey's log emporium and post office was full of prospectors and camp news, and Bud's Poison Bureau across the trail, or "street," was a hazy confusion of tobacco smoke, boisterous sounds, cards, billiard cues, and rotgut whisky.

Waite was sitting on Vesey's counter opposite the stove and docilely enjoying the attempts of the crowd to plague him about the new outfit that had pulled into Elk Gulch the day before.

"Well, if you're goin' to start them girls prospectin', Waite, ye'd better get a map from Ol' Stocks or he'll be lynchin' them," observed Old Vesey with disgruntled sarcasm. He cocked up one black satanic eyebrow sagely and shot a sullenly waggish glance in the direction of a deep, grand voice issuing from under a high-crowned black sombrero. Old Stocks—he of the Indian and booze-fighting record, he of the long frontier face, and the red-gray mustache ropes hanging to his coat collar, he of the long red neck, long black frock coat, and long legs—Old Stocks raised his head magisterially and smiled like an eagle upon the camp's purveyor.

"If he does," drawled Waite, "he'll have to do it quick—before I get around."

"He'll have plenty of time then," laughed some one.

"What—ahum, hum!—seems to be the matter?" asked Stocks with benignant patronage, pacing leisurely back to the stove.

"You," grinned Waite.

"Well, in that case, Waite, I'm always at your service. Ahum, hum! Not only as president of the Achepex Miners' Protective Association, but as chairman of its Vigilance Committee and as a private individual owning this town site and some two hundred full lode claims." Stocks rolled out the ponderous dignities with ruminating deliberation and increasing satisfaction, meanwhile raising himself on his toes and sinking emphatically back to his heels. Waite's answer was disrespectful. He contemplated the others and regaled himself with a puffing sough of laughter.

"What are you laughing at, young man?" demanded Stocks with serene gravity.

"You, you old stiff," grinned Waite, swinging his laced boots idly against the counter. "That lynching resolution was some punkins when the snow nipped our assessment work. It kept outsiders from jumping until we had a chance. But we're working 'em now, and if you wanted to hold yours why didn't you get busy and dig too? You think you're back in '59. Y'ain't. You're up here in Uncle Sam's bosom, ten miles from the courthouse, and y'don't own a scratch."

"Oh, is that so? Perhaps you would like to jump some of my properties?" inquired Stocks, becoming very still and eying him significantly.

"I wouldn't mind," grinned Waite, beating a sleepy rat-tat on the counter with his heels.

Stocks stepped forth with a flourish of his rusty skirts into the open space between Waite and the stove, and, facing the crowd, raised a hand on high.

"I may as well give this camp warning again," he proclaimed autocratically, "that despite renegades and traitors like Waite here and Vesey, and a lot more of the same kidney, and in spite of the people piling into the district, there's still enough of the old association loyal to it and the regulations of last winter to make it a darn serious matter for anyone—man or woman—to jump any of my claims or anybody else's, Uncle Sam's laws and titles to the contrary notwithstanding."

Some thirty men were grouped about the long, low room, and they received his pronunciamento with a gush of dubious laughter.

"Laugh, laugh all you want to," retorted the old scout. "But take me at my word." And he complacently drew out a cigar and lighted it with ostentatious indolence and contentment.

"I'm going home," grinned Waite. And he pushed himself off the counter.

"That's a good place to be," nodded Stocks.

"'Specially when a fella's worked hard all day 'stead of riding round on a lynching bluff like a beggar on a wish horse."

Stocks jerked his cigar from his mouth and glared at Waite's amiable smile while the store laughed. And while the laughter was still crackling and the glare glaring, Waite grinned and lounged his way into the street.

SOON lamplight glowed in the windows of his snug shack over the creek bank a few hundred feet below Bud's, and he sat down before a roaring, freshly built fire. His black pipe had steam up, his chair was tilted and rocking; his feet were up on the stove hearth. He was an impressionable mass of manhood in his way, which, while outwardly a sluggish one, was really primitive and deep. He had perceived the unbroken, trackless glory of the star-sown mountain night as he came along the trail, and had breathed it straight down into his blood. And likewise, the day before in Elk Gulch, when he had stumbled upon that new outfit struggling with the erection of its tent, he had lent two hours of his assistance and breathed in the animation and charm of those two frank-eyed, self-reliant girls from Denver. They seemed to have stepped from a magazine drawing, and brought with them the spell of song and romance that throws its glamour over distant mountains and fair, strange women.

And he was thinking about them now, watching them from the ambush of his mind's eye and breath-

ing them in over and over again. One of them fitted his eye exactly. The other was her sister, and this was all he knew about them beyond the fact that they were up here for the younger's health. They were both shapely and fairly tall, with the handsome semi-regular features of piquant type that assert individuality and resemblance to a father and mother. The older had brown hair and lashy gray eyes. The other's hair was the color of a saddle where the leg rubs it bright, and her eyes were resting places of blue and full of sparkle. She was the one that had the sister.

HE ROCKED there for a long time, long enough for Bud's creosote to develop its accustomed musical aspirations. An undulating bouquet of three or four were weaving down the trail, bawling forth "Suwanee River." They almost drowned the creaking of steps on his platform. Some one knocked, and, on opening, he was surprised to see Vesey. Something was up. And as he placed a chair for the old fellow he looked the long, swarthy, bony face over with shrewd, kindly questioning.

"Lis'n them fools!" exclaimed Vesey with an oath as he sat down and passed Waite a cigar. He thrust another under the left tine of his white mustache, and while they were lighting up they bent their ears to the musical wreckage growing fainter and fainter down the gulch.

"Waite—" Vesey suddenly dismissed the serenade and sat back, peering critically at the other—"Stocks hez got it in fer you over that talk you handed him t'-night. He'll take the first excuse he finds to pull off trouble. Better put on yer gun."

Waite, straightening his legs, rocked far back and smiled thoughtfully at the fire. "O-uh, it's hardly worth while," he drawled. "The darn thing's broke, anyway."

Vesey cocked that satanic eyebrow at him and glowered downright wonder and admiration for some moments. At last he overflowed.

"Say, Waite, lookee here! How long can he swell round warnin' people off here and there and everywhere when he don't own an inch, after the camp finds out how it thinks by talkin' as you does t'-night? Every feller—he feels same as you do. But every mother's son thinks most of the camp looks on claim jumpin' wors'n union men do on scabbin'. And while he'd think 'Glory halleeluja,' he'd be afraid to say it 'bove a whisper if you or any *man* was to start jumpin' Stocks's locations. And so he'd stand back and watch that drunken ol' road agent and his gang try to run ye off." Waite resumed his placid rocking.

"But," continued Vesey, warming with enthusiasm and leaning forward, "a *woman*—specially a *beautiful* woman—could jump the best claims he's got—like the tunnel-site group down Elk Gulch—and every feller'd yell 'Bully fer you' and foller suit and clean the ol' snoozer out overnight. And, Waite, that whisky-swilled ol' hold-up hez gotter go! We've gotter notify the State we've come to our senses or lose out as a camp. He's givin' us all the black eye—the hull State's handin' us the horse laugh. Huh!"—the old fellow for a moment gave himself over to a profound sardonic reflection—"we *certainly* wuz a fine bunch of arnichists last winter. 'Therefore, be it resolved, that this 'sociation declares it a lynchin' offense fer anyone to take advantage of laws under which claims lapse January 1, and we will maintain this res'lution by force of arms.' Beautiful! And now, when we're needin' real capital, it sez: 'Nit. We don't want no truck with a parcel of darn fools.' Stocks and that res'lution hez got ter go!"

"Yep."

"Now, I happened t'get talkin' with them new girls of your'n this afternoon. Wuz comin' by down from Twelve Mile. As gamy a bunch, them two, as ever I see. They like the idee, I'm pretty sure. I explained about Stocks and what a service they'd do the camp by jumpin' that tunnel site—and how really valuable it wuz and they might make a fortune out o' it. 'Fraid? Oughter hear the dark-haired one laugh at the idee. Now I tell ye what I've come fer."

"All right. Unload."

"They've took to you a lot and you've a stand-in by helpin' them yesterday and cuttin' wood fer them all this mornin'. Now persuade them, Waite, to jump that tunnel site. You're the one that can do it. They'll be safe as burros in Central. See?"

"Yep. Go on."

"Go on? It's up to you to go on. Will ye get them to do it?"

WAITE slowly brought his chair to the level and scratched his jaw at the fire. "No-o," he drawled meditatively.

"Y'won't?" Tart surprise — disappointment, exasperation—flared in Vesey's face and lifting voice.

"Would you like me to get daughters of yours into a rumpus like that?" smiled Waite.

"Confound it! Explain the situation to them, and, if they're willin', what's it to ye?"

"They're same as tenderfoot girls. Wouldn't realize what they're getting into. I don't know—you don't know—what they might get into before we could get the sheriff on the job. Besides, one of 'em's sick—next door to a lunger—and mustn't have any excitement."

"Excitement me grandmother! Have ye took them to raise?"

"Yep. Uh, huh!" grinned Waite with chaffing serenity.

The baffled Vesey tightened his jaws on his cigar and glared at him as if debating the wisdom of seizing and shaking him like a stubborn schoolboy. Then he reverted to Stocks, and for half an hour talked about the camp. But at last he worked around to the subject of the girls.

"And ye won't take up with the idee?" he asked.

"Nop." Waite shook his head thoughtfully and decisively just once and gazed at the fire as if the whole question had been most sweetly settled.

"Well, then, see yere! If them girls *should* jump, you'd back 'em up, eh, as agin Stocks? Fight fer 'em?"

"Sure!" Waite blinked his eyes wide open and looked up at the stovepipe. "Huh!" He grunted to himself a soft sneer at the idea of asking such a question. "God, yes!" he mused aloud. He looked around at Vesey and he wasn't smiling. "You bet."

"I thought you would," replied Vesey with a sigh, his eyes sparkling strangely over some new course of thought. But he kept it to himself. "Mum's the word, mind, Waite." And after a bit of irrelevant gossip he departed.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, Waite stood in the trail from Achepex where it curls over the naked crest of Arizona Hill, and gazed down at the new tent in Elk Gulch. Only one of the girls was to be seen: a tiny, soft brown touch bent over the speck of an upended soap box and washing dishes. Smoke from the tent pipe was scrawling a faint blue streak across the rich grays of the background of rocks. Eight high azure miles away, on an eye line above the dark green of Montana Hill's big timber, the stupendous horn of James Peak, an amethystine vision daintily chased with white, displayed the glory of heaven and earth.

He sat down on a "blow-out" and shook tobacco into a cigarette paper, his eye the while tenaciously upon the brown touch. He was shaved to the blood and his mustache had been trimmed. In his best yellow corduroys, new tan laced boots, and go-to-Denver sombrero, he had far from an unattractive appearance. Anyway, he sat there and smoked, his gaze on the saddle-colored hair—for it was she. At last she happened to look up in his direction and stood as if she saw him. He bounded up and raised his hat on high like a Ute signaling. She waved back. He struck the trail into the gulch.

He didn't ask her where her sister was until he had stretched himself out on side and elbow on the ground. She, in brown corduroy, divided skirts, and man's sombrero, was sitting on the soap box near him. "Oh, we've had a caller this morning long ahead of *you*," she laughed with a roguish play of her wonderful eyes. "She's gone down the gulch with the postmaster to look at those claims."

(*Continued on page* 22)



Waite seized him and swung him on high amid a volley of terrified oaths and then dashed him down and away

COMMENT ON POLITICS

THE discussions of Republican leaders when they gathered at the meeting of their national committee at Washington last month centered chiefly around Justice Hughes. It must be admitted without reserve that so far Justice Hughes has guided his course with reference to his possible nomination to the Presidency with complete propriety. But equally there is no doubt that if Justice Hughes means to prevent himself from being the Republican nominee for the Presidency this year he will have to do more than he has already done. Thoughtful men—not only Republicans but Democrats—sum up the situation by saying that Justice Hughes cannot refuse the nomination after he has been nominated, that the only thing he can do is to preclude it before the nomination actually takes place. To preclude it effectively it will be necessary for him, judging by the position taken by influential Republican leaders, to do something formal and sweeping. Precluding his nomination, according to the views of those who are eager to nominate him, means that he must say that if the Republican National Convention in Chicago next June should nominate him he would refuse to accept the nomination. Justice Hughes can go through this form of precluding in two ways: either by a private statement to the Republican leaders or by a public declaration. That he would not choose the private way of doing this is fair to infer from the fact that he is a justice of the Supreme Court and that he has more than most public men a sense of punctilious propriety. He can hardly let the preventing of his nomination be a matter of private negotiation between himself and powerful Republican leaders. Of course what is here said is merely in the way of setting down of the sum of the discussion which comes on wherever Presidential politics is discussed among important leaders. Some who know Justice Hughes best argue that if his sense of propriety should dictate such a course he would not hesitate to do the thing that the Republican leaders claim he cannot do—namely, wait until the nomination is made and then formally refuse to accept it. Obviously it is all a case of guessing at what is in Justice Hughes's mind; and, indeed, that is what a large bulk of the discussion of Presidential possibilities at this moment consists of. It is admitted that Justice Hughes is not a man who reveals his mind to many persons. The question that politicians ask among themselves most frequently is whether there is anybody who has talked with Justice Hughes or who can form any fair inference from anything he has ever heard Justice Hughes say. Up to date it is apparent that no person has been found who has Justice Hughes's confidence in this respect. Persons who knew Justice Hughes well when he was Governor of New York and who are in a position to make inferences from what they knew of him then say that he is very unlikely to accept the Republican nomination. They base this upon two things: first, upon his distaste for public office of this kind. They say that he never really was happy when he was Governor because he was distressed by the pulling and hauling of politicians. Even more important, these persons who think they are in a position to know Justice Hughes's mind say that his feeling about the sanctity of the Supreme Court is likely to be very serious indeed and that it would be his pleasure to affirm the tradition that a justice of the Supreme Court must keep himself inviolate from the thought of political office.

Records of Senators and Members

Collier's Washington Bureau has prepared records showing the votes of Members and Senators on all the important roll calls in Congress since 1909. If one of these records is desired, it will be furnished without charge. Please give the name of the *one* Senator or Member whose record is desired. Address Collier's Washington Bureau, 1121 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

The Alternative

IT IS true that the greater Republican leaders talk Hughes. But through it all one sees that they think of Hughes chiefly as an alternative to Roosevelt. The smaller Republican leaders, the little county chairmen and precinct committeemen throughout the country have only one wish—Republican success. They have been out of power and emolument for a long time and they want to go back. These local leaders have no concern with the personal rancors on the part of the bigger leaders, which make Roosevelt distasteful to them. Their only concern is to win, and their only preference among candidates is to pick the one who is most likely to make the strongest fight against the Administration. They think that Roosevelt is the one political leader who has identified himself in the public mind with opposition to the Administration's policies. This point is most forcibly made in the New York "Tribune." Of the "Tribune" it is not too much to say that at the present time it has more vitality than any other Republican paper in the country:

> . . . In the last few months there has been no mistaking the fact that there has been a real change in public opinion, and men who were long and steadfastly opposed to Mr. Roosevelt as President and as a candidate are daily confessing to a change of opinion and feeling. . . .
>
> Other public men have caviled and crawled. They have not dared to say the invasion of Belgium was a crime, even though not a crime calling for political intervention on the part of the United States, because such a declaration would repel German-American votes. They have not dared to assert that all that America stood for in history and tradition was at stake on the European battle field, and that our cause was the cause of France and of Great Britain. But Colonel Roosevelt has said it—is saying it. Other men in public life and office have mistaken the condition of neutrality for that of *neuter*, and the mistake flows from political anxieties and concern for hyphenate votes. . . .
>
> In this situation there is one man who has neither compromised nor qualified. There is one man who has from the very outset expressed his convictions, his beliefs, his faith, and that man is Theodore Roosevelt. . . .
>
> If the Republican leaders in the capital and the nation to-day are not willing to face the situation that exists; if they do not dare to put their party squarely on record on questions which affect national honor and national security; if they become silent partners in the conspiracy of national betrayal at Washington, believing that they will thus get the votes of the hyphenates while keeping those of patriotic Americans, they will wake some months hence to find that they have delivered themselves bound hand and foot to Theodore Roosevelt, and that they have permitted him to become the single figure in American public life identified with a policy of courage and patriotism which will appeal to the American people in the next campaign.
>
> If the Republican leaders at Washington desire this thing to happen, there is nothing they need do now that they have not been doing for months. Their present policy is all that is required to make the nomination and election of Colonel Roosevelt inevitable. As the situation now stands, Colonel Roosevelt is the only man who can defeat Mr. Wilson, because he is the only man who has offered an honest substitute for Mr. Wilson's policy in the vital question of American honor abroad and security at home. If the Republican leaders cannot see this, they are blinder now than they were in 1912, and they will presently pay for their blindness. . . .

What the "Tribune" expresses is, not that the Republican leaders want Roosevelt, but that he is becoming inevitable.

Some Others

AFTER Hughes and Roosevelt, all the other possibilities represent merely varying degrees of expediency. The one whose candidacy is being pushed most aggressively is Senator Weeks of Massachusetts; but the one who has most strength at the present moment is Senator Burton of Ohio. Senator Weeks's friends believe that ultimately he can command the delegates from the Eastern seaboard and from the Southern States, and the most intelligent and aggressive efforts are being made to accomplish this. Governor McCall of Massachusetts is received throughout the country, and especially throughout the Middle West, with much more favor than Senator Weeks. If Massachusetts wishes really to get somewhere she will do better with her Governor than with her junior Senator.



A Play for the Gallery

THE NEWSPAPERS are not to blame for applauding Secretary DANIELS'S naval program. The President incorporated it without change in his message to Congress, and the report itself is a plausible document, in which the Secretary exultantly proclaims himself a "big navy" man of the most courageous order. But the headlines "Daniels Converted to a Great Navy" and "Daniels Urges Strong Defense" must make the experts of the General Board of the navy either chuckle or swear, according to their natures. They are under a ban of silence more severe than has ever been imposed in this country or, so far as we know, in any other country on earth. But the facts are public property and should be made known.

Mr. BRYAN got out of the Cabinet in June, 1915. A little later the President asked the Secretary of the Navy to procure an opinion from the General Board "as to what the navy must be to stand upon an equality with the most efficient and most practically serviceable." The board promptly replied that "the navy should ultimately be equal to the most powerful maintained by any other nation of the world." At the same time it submitted a building program for the year 1917 *only*, which in its opinion "would be adequate to the requirements of the nation if continued in subsequent years on a similar scale." That is, the board held that example is better than precept and limited its recommendations to immediate necessities.

This report has never been published. The Secretary locked it up in his desk, and, so far as we know, no one except himself and the General Board has seen it.

But apparently it was not satisfactory to Mr. DANIELS, for in October he called for another report on "a building program that will continue for five years with an expenditure of about $100,000,000 a year." The board accordingly framed a statement of the way the money could be best spent. They did not advise all they considered advisable. Undoubtedly they would have liked more submarines if they could get them without cutting down the number of capital ships. But they sacrificed items of secondary importance in order to crowd in the first year as many of the essentials as could be secured. And they expressly said in their report that, while their suggestions for the last four years of the program were indefinite, they "definitely recommended" the items for the year 1917.

Mr. DANIELS did not put these recommendations in a pigeonhole, but he might just as well have done so for all the effect they had on his report to the President. Having sought and received the best professional opinion obtainable, he promptly discarded it. In place of the thoughtfully considered plan of his trained advisers, based on his own specifications, and drawn up to meet what they regard as the urgent necessities of the navy, he offers a program of his own artless manufacture and without the slightest sign that it has been influenced by the skill and knowledge of the board.

The board asked for four dreadnoughts.
He asks for two.
The board asked for three battle cruisers.
He asks for two.
The board asked for four scout cruisers.
He asks for three.
The board asked for $3,000,000 for aviation.
He asks for $2,000,000.
The board asked for $11,000,000 for reserve ammunition.
He asks for $8,000,000.

The board says that 74,700 enlisted men are needed for a full war complement and that it "regards as inadequate any smaller force than 67,000" for peace requirements.

The Secretary places his maximum of enlisted men at 62,991.

On the other hand the Secretary asks for an enormous increase in the number of submarines over the recommendation of the board. In other words, he cuts down the items which his skilled advisers regard as essential and adds to the items which they consider of secondary importance.

The question that arises at once is, if the opinions of the board were of so little consequence, why did the Secretary ask for them at all? Why did he not make up his program without putting these experts to the trouble of working out a plan and exposing himself to a comparison that may prove distinctly inconvenient to the Administration before this discussion is ended? It is impossible to explain his position.

It is no wonder that conscientious officers whose souls are in their work are dismayed by this policy or lack of policy. How can the most hopeful escape premonitions of disaster at the thought of a collision between this country and a scientifically ready and highly armed enemy? What would the renowned valor and intelligence of our officers and men avail in such a contest? If the President and the Secretary will not listen to expert advice, if they persist in making programs without the aid of technical knowledge, what hope is there of building a navy equal to the responsibilities that loom up in the vision of every thoughtful man in the service?

Patrick's Philosophy

SOME CLERGYMEN and others hold that the war is bringing back to full flowering certain of the qualities of human fortitude, simplicity, and devotion which had seemingly been tarnished by the egoism of city life and factory civilization. Perhaps they are right. An Irishman interviewed by FLORENCE D. WHITE is of that opinion. Some one asked PATRICK: "Isn't it a terrible war?" "Yis," he heartily agreed, "ut is; but, sure, 'tis betther than no war at all."

A Letter That Explains Itself

WE ARE GLAD to print this letter from a poet who has suffered misunderstanding at our hands:

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I have read of an East Indian peasant who prayed for rain and of the gods who said of him, "Let us do something for this poor fellow," and thereupon turned the river Brahmaputra into his rice patch. COLLIER'S WEEKLY, with the benevolent intention of defending me from the general charge that as an unaccountable European I must be in the pay of some alien government, declares that I get no profit, but that I put political propaganda into my literary lectures free, gratis, and for nothing. Let me say with all the clearness and explicitness I can command that I neither get the pay nor deliver the propaganda. I have given no pro-German, pro-Turk, pro-Serbian, nor pro-any-other-nationality lecture, nor has any person or persons asked me to give one. The lectures I have given are on purely *literary subjects*, but I cherish a hope that some day I shall get an audience to listen to me address them on the social and economic conditions of present-day Ireland.

Faithfully yours, PADRAIC COLUM.

Mr. COLUM'S lectures are: "Poets of the Cabin and the Roadway," on the folk poetry of Ireland in Irish and English; "Poetry and Oratory"; "The Younger Irish Poets and Prose Writers"; "Ireland on Her Own Account," a lecture on Irish social and economic conditions; "The Irish Literary Movement"; "Fairy Tales I Have Made Up"; a reading of the author's own poems and stories.

The Last Word on Henry Ford

WE SOMETIMES WISH that the men who write the newspaper editorials of America weren't so overworked. One of these times is when we have just finished looking through some hundreds of editorials about Mr. HENRY FORD'S enterprise. Only half a dozen or so could be described as coming from a writer with a fresh or judicial mind. All the others go through the familiar grind of coarse irony and crude invective—Mr. FORD is crazy; he is seeking free publicity; he has a swelled head. Now, the judgment we happen to have is that Mr. FORD won't accomplish very much; moreover, we shouldn't like to see him accomplish very much just now. We want to see Germany punished for what she did to Belgium and in Belgium. Anything that will prevent this punishment from coming home to her would be, to us, a sign that the universe is not run at all to our liking. Nevertheless we are not going to join in the chorus of cheap jibes at Mr. HENRY FORD. Let Mr. FORD have a chance. As that sane and humorous philosopher, Mr. F. P. A. of the New York "Tribune" says, if the sane men have made such a mess of international relations in Europe, why not give the crazy men a chance? They might do better and they couldn't do worse. We suspect that Mr. FORD is really a fine, earnest man whose impulses are not sufficiently corrected by education nor by experience outside of mechanics. For the final word on him we are willing to accept what is said by Mr. H. M. NIMMO of the "Saturday Night," which is published in Mr. FORD'S home town. Mr. NIMMO is ardently pro-Ally, but he has known Mr. FORD a long time. We suspect that what he says about him may be accepted by the country as a final estimate. In part, Mr. NIMMO says:

It is, we believe, a fair estimate of the man to say that he is a mechanical genius of a sweet and lovable disposition with almost boundless ignorance on almost every subject of human knowledge outside of his mechanical specialties. He never had the advantage of an adequate education at school or college, and

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he has succeeded in reaching middle life with far less of the fruits of self-education than many men of the same age with less opportunities. He has read less than the average schoolboy. He would never win a prize in spelling, and what he says so frequently and so verbosely in the newspapers of late months is what others say for him, and write for him, and in large measure think for him.

We do not believe that HENRY FORD is thinking of the money he will make through using his peace expedition to advertise the name of the automobile he makes. Nor are we at all sure that he is not thinking a good deal of his personal aggrandizement in his curious venture. There are men for whom publicity is the crown of life. It is their substitute for enduring fame, pleasing as a glass diamond to the man who cannot get the real thing. CHAUNCEY DEPEW avers that Brother FORD is engaged in "a struggle for the front page." Quite possibly. And yet a year ago we would not have said that. His generosity with his employees, his hospital and charity donations, his interest in his city, all stamped him as a man of philanthropic motives. For all we know his motives in this peace expedition may be entirely philanthropic. But there has been an extraordinary change in HENRY FORD in the past year—from the time, be it noted, that President WILSON sent for him to interpret the state of the country. Mr. FORD, we understand, neither added to nor subtracted from the sum of the President's knowledge, but he came home a changed man. Before that fateful day he was always modest in expressing an opinion about things he did not know or understand, thus conserving a large portion of his leisure hours for other things; but since then he seems to have been talking with increasing velocity and variety.

Conundrum

WHICH IS WORSE: the man who butters you methodically with expressions of the gratitude he doesn't feel, or the one who feels it but never expresses it for fear of being thought insincere?

A Hint to the New Poets

SPEAKING OF EATING—and the Christmas holidays are the time for it—is it an accident that the poetry of food is generally comic in effect or in intention? BYRON it is who affirms that

> happiness for man—the hungry sinner—
> Since EVE ate apples, much depends on dinner

—but is BYRON properly serious? In the same poem he speaks of

> that all-softening, overpowering knell,
> The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell.

That isn't serious! Neither is CALVERLEY'S:

> But hark! a sound is stealing on my ear—
> A soft and silvery sound—I know it well.
> Its tinkling tells me that a time is near
> Precious to me—it is the Dinner Bell.
> O blessed Bell! Thou bringest beef and beer,
> Thou bringest good things more than tongue may tell:
> Seared is, of course, my heart—but unsubdued
> Is, and shall be, my appetite for food.

When SHAKESPEARE'S characters referred to eating they generally did it in a wholesome, matter-of-fact way, devoid of humor. So it was with hearty HOMER, who enjoyed a barbecue with the best. The romanticists, however, never gave their heroes and heroines time out for solid food—one suspects the heroines of RICHARDSON, Mrs. RADCLIFFE, and JANE PORTER never ate anything more substantial than toast and tea. Then came certain ribald humorists who took delight in emphasizing human appetite along with human frailty. According to Sir OWEN SEAMAN, this is the way to make a decadent poem:

> It is fulfilled of precious spice,
> Whereof I give the recipe:
> Take common dripping, stew in vice,
> And serve with vertu; taste and see!

There is something belittling in every reference to eating made by our latter-day poets. Only CHESTERTON is loyal to the elder tradition. No wonder poetry is less read.

Cartoon Drawn by F. G. Cooper



And just as he was dreaming of more easy money!

Good Old Duffy

IT SEEMS TO US we could make a book out of the references which have appeared in this paper to Duffy's Malt Whiskey. Lately a Spokane (Wash.) friend sent us a new variation. Washington goes dry January 1 and DUFFY is getting ready for the change. In one of the Spokane papers appears an advertisement in which Duffy's is described in the old familiar bunk as "a relief for slight indispositions arising in every family," as "your nearest doctor," as "a recognized medicinal whisky," as "made for medicinal purposes only." Finally appear these words, which we have ventured to lift into something approximating the typographical distinction of the original advertisement:

2 BOTTLES COST $2.10 (SAVE 20c.)

Express Prepaid

Cut out and save this adv. for future reference, so that you will know where to find us when your State goes dry.

This seems to us pretty impudent. Can't Washington do something to beat this game?

The Truth at Last

IN ITS DAILY JOB of explaining the acts of German administrators, the Hamburg "Nachrichten," one of the Kaiser's leading newspapers, makes a side reference to *"German officials whose duty is to tame and bridle Belgium."* As a summary of what the Germans have done in Belgium, and why, these ten words leave nothing to be said. Public opinion in this country on the war crystallized about Germany's invasion of Belgium, and hasn't had any reason to change.

Looking Backward

READING THE ACCOUNTS of the war that fill the daily papers, one sometimes gets a discouraged feeling about the direction in which the world is wobbling, but occasionally we run across something like the following. We found it in the Congressional Record, quoted from a birthday speech made by CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW dealing with his youth:

> At that time temperance was unknown. It was an insult to refuse a drink. Most of the public men whom I met in the Legislature died from alcoholism.

From the Watch Tower

TAKING STOCK OF YOURSELF on New Year's Day is like talking things over with your wife. The way you survey past and future is almost identical in both cases. Suppose the two of you are checking up the past together: it is not usually the matters that are pleasantest to contemplate that you dwell on, but the errors, the plans badly laid or badly executed, the ambitions wrongly directed, the children overindulged or narrow-mindedly shackled, the needless misunderstandings, bickerings, recriminations, and heartaches. This is the mood in which you look back, alike when you chat with your better half or converse silently with the better half of yourself. Or suppose it is the future that is at issue. With what high resolve you peer at the horizon line. Now your surmise is all of the good things that may lie ahead: the confidence that you will be brave enough to slough off the littleness and weakness of long standing, the clearness of vision that will enable you to detect reefs in time, the resolve to be broad-minded and tolerant, the determination to resent the sight of injustice or untruth, the anticipated joy of noble deeds planned and accomplished. This is the rosy dream. Not all of it will or possibly can come true. But yours the task—alike in marriage and in all life—so to mold the future that each new year will make it less painful for you to look back upon the past.

Our Picturesque Native Soldiers of the Philippines

IN THE snapshot above, taken just outside a village in Luzon, a model company of Igorot troops of the Philippine Constabulary are seen lined up in their parade uniforms. They are waiting to greet Governor General Francis Burton Harrison, who is on an inspection tour of the principal towns on the island. The men and women on horseback are whites residing in the neighborhood, and in the group of uniformed men between the arch and the crowd of natives on the knoll are American and Filipino officers. The soldiers in the immediate foreground are as well, if not better trained than most of our American militiamen. The group next to the troops are schoolboys who are being prepared for enlistment. There are 327 officers and 4,768 privates in the constabu lary service, and nearly all of them were given thei elementary military training in the public schoo by officers from the regular army posts. They d all kinds of police work, from settling native lover quarrels to driving off bands of murderers an thieves who menace the small back-country village



CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS IN BUENOS AIRES, Argentina, with a street carnival. The trio on the platform are impersonating the three wise men from the East, who, guided by the star of Bethlehem, went to Jerusalem to pay homage to the new-born Christ. At the left are two of the three camels which the make-believe kings rode through the streets on their way to the scene of this snapshot. The light costumes are explained by the fact that Christmas time is midsummer on that side of the equator

Intimate Glimpses of Big Warriors and Small



Albanian Bandits Aiding the Teutons

THE fearsome four in the snapshot above are Albanian bandits—men whose chief occupation is warfare of one kind or another. Albanians of this half-civilized class fight for sheer love of killing and looting. In times of international peace they make a business of slaying and robbing rival clansmen, and when there is a chance to participate in a real war, whether their own country happens to be involved or not, they shoulder their rifles and go on a big man-hunt. In the last few weeks many of these bloodthirsty tribesmen have been reported as fighting with the Austro-Germans against the Serbs in the north while the Bulgar-Teuton forces have been engaging the Serbs, French, and British at the south. As a rule they are not well-trained soldiers. Guerrilla warfare suits them best.



A French Red-Cross Dog in the Role of a Battle-Field Hero

IN THE photograph reproduced above a French Red-Cross dog is seen returning to his masters, two ambulance men, with the helmet of a soldier he has found wounded in front of a German trench. Army dogs usually carry notes from wounded troopers calling for stretcher bearers, but in this instance the soldier was unable to write, and had to send his helmet. Dogs have proved to be a valuable asset of the French ambulance service—so valuable that the Government is paying big prices for huskies brought from far-off Alaska.

Copyright by International Film Service



A GERMAN ARMY DENTIST at work behind the trenches in Alsace. Two patients are painfully awaiting their turn



GENERAL JOFFRE, THE FRENCH COMMANDER IN CHIEF (in dark uniform), talking with members of the staff. He exercises almost as much military authority as the entire German General Staff

Reo

THE FIFTH

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$0

If You'd Have Your REO Wh You'll

AT THIS MOMENT—the day on which this is written—we have on hand orders for immediate shipment of 1700 carloads of Reos!

THAT'S MORE THAN 5000 REOS for which customers are waiting at the other end—all over America—and which we could therefore ship tonight, if the factory could turn them out!

THAT'S A WONDERFUL condition—and yet it is not exceptional in the case of Reo. Always—always—there's a greater demand for, than supply of, Reo cars.

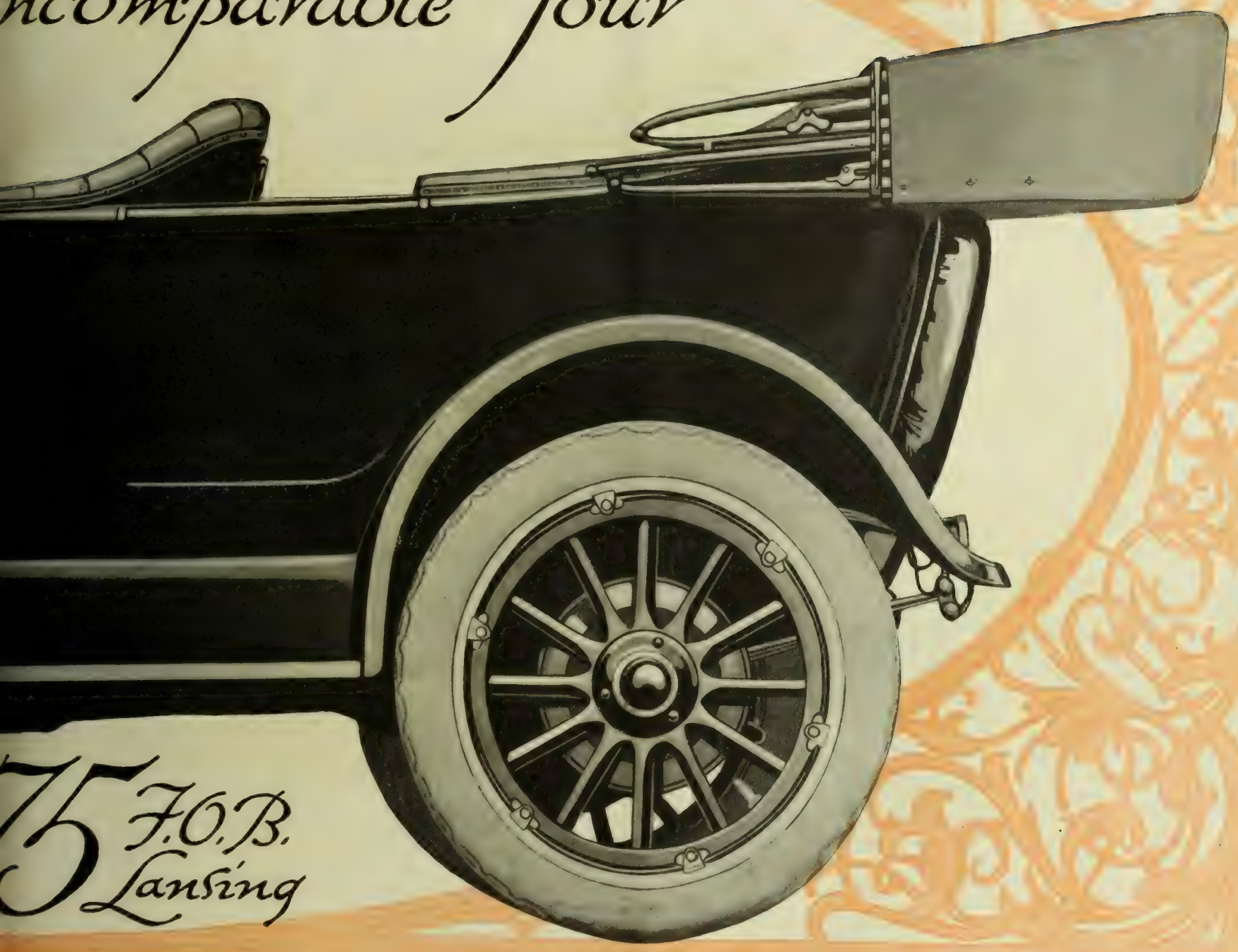
NEVER SINCE THE DAY the first Reo left the factory and demonstrated its quality in service to the first Reo owner, has it been possible for us to make enough cars to supply all who wanted Reos.

NEVER A TIME when you could go to a Reo dealer and say, "I want a Reo," and take it away with you.

IT HAS BEEN NECESSARY always to place your order well in advance of the date on which you desired your Reo delivered.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPA

ncomparable Four"



75 F.O.B. Lansing

You Want It—
lave to Place Your Order Now

THIS AD IS TO TELL YOU—to impress it on you just as strongly as we can—that if you'd ve your Reo when you'll want it your order should in your local Reo dealer's hands now—at once.

N'T DELAY—place your order. Make it a nuine order by paying him a deposit—else, in justice other buyers, he cannot reserve a car for you.

VE HIM GIVE YOU the definite delivery date he can if you order far enough ahead—and then u won't have to wait or accept your "second oice," as so many have had to do every past season.

AND NO MATTER whether your preference or your purse dictates a four or a six-cylinder car; a big, liberal, roomy five, or an equally luxurious 7-passenger car, you can satisfy that desire and still have Reo quality.

REO THE FIFTH, "the incomparable Four," is a great, big, luxurious five-passenger car, and matchless value at $875.

AND THE NEW REO SIX—but why paint the lily? You know that from the day this magnificent equipage was announced—its graceful lines seen and its price, $1,250, named, it has been the talk of motordom.

, LANSING, MICH., U. S. A.

HELD TO ANSWER

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

Chapter Seven—The Troth That Broke

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. KING

"John is as good as a vaudeville act!" say the shipping clerks of clumsy young Hampstead, a California railroad stenographer. But Hampstead takes lessons in acting, gains confidence, and is quickly promoted by the general freight agent, father of Bessie Mitchell. Meantime John plays Ursus in "Quo Vadis" at a local theatre and Bessie is just a bit petulant at the sight of Lygia—the beautiful and accomplished Marien Dounay—nestling in John's arms. John's minister, too, is grieved. But John declines a big railroad job and decides on a stage career, Bessie saying yes—to this. Bluffing his way into a small company, his queer make-up stamps him an amateur, but his talent for oratory enables him to save a play. Marien joins the company and snubs John at first. Then stage kisses become real. John passionately declares his love, proposes, and is rejected, for Marien is ambitious and forces him to think she will stop at nothing. The tragic death of his sister's husband ends his stage dreams

THAT night John Hampstead went to the theatre as usual, but entered the dressing room like a man going into the presence of his dead. Throughout the performance he made his entrances and exits solemnly.

The play for this his final week was "Hamlet," and John's part was the King. Every night, as the Prince of Denmark killed him with a rapier thrust, John enacted that spectacular and traditional fall by which, since time forgotten, all Kings in "Hamlet" go toppling to the floor, where they die with one foot upraised upon the lowermost step of the throne, as if reluctant even in death to give up the perquisites and preeminence of royalty. So hour by hour John felt that he was killing the King in his soul, but the King died reluctantly, always with one foot on the throne.

The last night came and the last hour. Methodically the man assembled his make-up materials, his grease paints, his hare's feet, and the beard he had himself fashioned for the King to wear, and put them away, with their sweetish, unmistakable odor, in the old cigar box. He would treasure them henceforth like sacred things, symbols of a great ambition which had stirred a young man's breast and remembrances now of the greatest sacrifice it seemed possible aspiring youth could be called upon to make.

But no one was to know that it was a sacrifice; not Rose, not Dick, nor Tayna even. They were to think he did it happily and because: "The stage . . . the stage life, you know! Well, probably there are better ways for a man to spend his energies."

But really, in his heart of hearts, Hampstead knew he would love the drama always. He owed it a debt that he could never repay, and some day when he had achieved a brilliant success in another walk of life—when Dick and Tayna were grown and far away perhaps—he would take out the old cigar box and gather his children around him, if he should have children, and tell them the story of his first divinest ambition as one tells the story of one's first love, and of the great sacrifice he had made in the cause of duty, fingering the while these crumbling things as one caresses a lock of hair of the long departed.

NEXT morning, with the theatre and its life resolutely behind him, young Hampstead looked out upon a world that was strange and unfamiliar, as something to which one wakens from a dream.

To make money quickly and steadily and in considerable amounts was his immediate necessity. He remembered, naturally, that only seven months ago William N. Scofield had offered him a salary of $12,000 a year, and he went to see that gentleman promptly.

The traffic manager's eye lighted at sight of him; then the light faded. Scofield did not refer to the offer he had made or the things he had talked about that night in the Pacific Union Club. He only said absently, "I will speak to Parsons."

The next day Parsons offered Hampstead a position in the rate department at $100 a month. John was not greatly surprised. He knew the world was like that.

Of course he might have gone next to Mr. Mitchell, but did not. In the first place, John knew that no position which that kind-hearted gentleman might offer could pay as much money as he must have. In the second place, he felt himself big with a sense of new-grown powers of personality that he wanted to capitalize, not for some employer but for himself.

"Seems to me," he communed as he walked down Market Street, "that I could sell real estate or stocks or bonds; that I could promote enterprises, work with big men, put through their deals, and make a lot of money. I believe I will try it."

An advertisement which seemed to promise something like this was answered by him in person, but it proved instead a proposition to sell books. John revolted at the idea, but the books interested him greatly. The set was designed for self-improvement, and the price was $30.

"Every time you sell a young man or woman a set of these you do good to the buyer," he suggested to the manager with a glow upon his face.

"Exactly," assented that suave gentleman, sighting two prime essentials of a salesman—faith in his own article and a missionary enthusiasm. "You could easily make a hundred a week selling 'em!"



"Bessie!" John murmured huskily after an interval. "Don't speak to me—don't!" she commanded hoarsely without turning her head. John obeyed her humbly, abjectly

Because John needed $100 a week and reflected that the experience would be good training for that higher form of salesmanship upon which he meant to embark, he took his prospectus and started out. The first week his commissions were $7.50. He had made one sale. But he needed $100 worse the second week, and set forth with greater determination. That week he made two sales. "I've almost got it," he assured himself, gritting his teeth desperately. And the third week he did get it. His commissions for the six days were $74.50, for the next week $112.50, for the fifth week $145. John Hampstead was successfully launched upon an enterprise that would care for all his money wants.

And the work itself was happy work. It was no foot-in-the-door, house-to-house campaign on which he had entered. Ways were found of gathering lists of persons likely to be interested. He called upon these people like a gentleman; he was received and entertained like one. His self-respecting manner, his stage-trained presence, his growing store of personal magnetism, his strong, interesting face, with the odd light of spiritual ardor in his eyes and the little choke of enthusiasm that came into his voice, all helped to make his presence welcome and his canvass entertaining. He became an adept in reading character and in playing upon the springs of desire and resolution.

With this went the knowledge that he was becoming socially very skillful, and a new sense of still increasing personal power peppered him with the sparkle of new hopes. Ambition flamed once more. The king in his soul was alive again. He could not only meet people; he could handle them. He felt that as a politician he could win votes, as a lawyer he could sway juries.

He might even turn again to the stage, with the prospect of swifter and surer success, but he had begun already to discover that one cannot go back, that no life ever flows upstream.

Yet the thing which really made the stage career no longer possible was this sense of new powers grown up within him that were not mimetic but creative and constructive and which would insistently demand some other form of expression.

Meanwhile he was making money. Within six months all the bills were paid and he had more than $1,000 in the bank. Rose, who had been in a sanatorium, was, with Dick and Tayna, housed in a cottage on the slope of a hill in western San Francisco where the setting sun flashed its farewell upon the windows and the wide ocean rolled always in the distance.

John was beginning, too, to feel that the time had come when he could go back to Bessie and tell her of his love. The past seemed very far past indeed. The memory of those whirlwind hours of passionate attachment to Marien Dounay was like a distorted dream of some drug-induced slumber into which he had sunk but once, and from which he had awakened forever.

LETTERS had passed frequently between himself and Bessie. On his part these were carefully studied and almost devoutly restrained in expression, but they were none the less freighted in every line with the fervor of his growing devotion to her.

On her part the letters were as frankly and impulsively rich with the essence of her own happy, effervescent self as they had always been. She had expressed a loyal sympathy with him in the shattering of his stage career, but had commended him for his renunciation, while through the letter

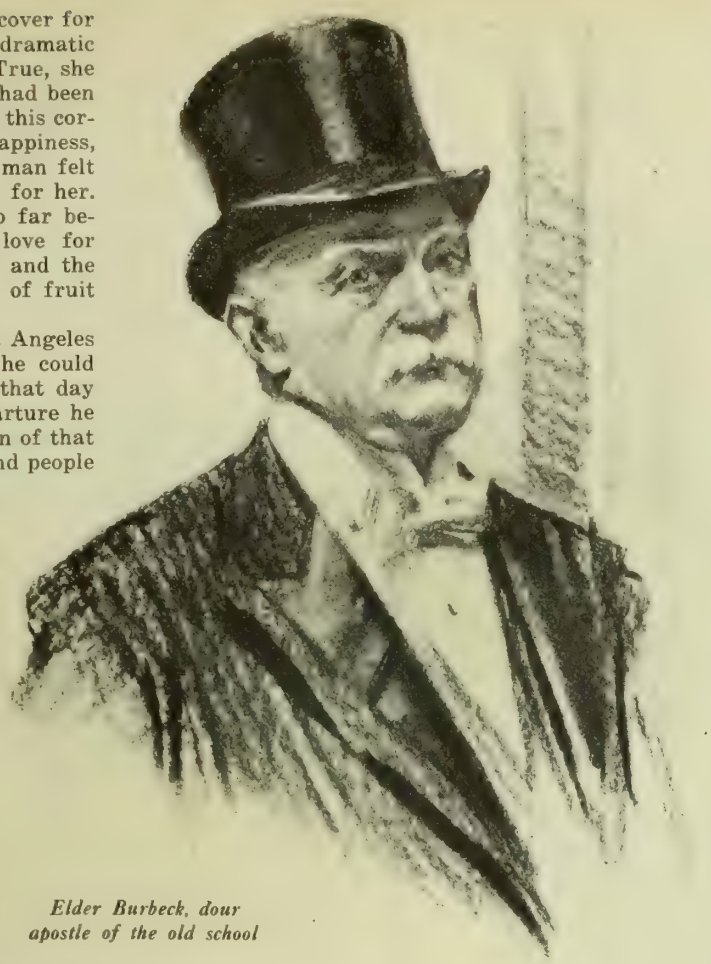
had run a note of relief which led John to discover for the first time that Bessie's concurrence in his dramatic ambitions was never without misgivings. True, she had told him this once, but it was when he had been too deaf to hear. What pleased John most in this correspondence was a quickening pulse of happiness, almost from letter to letter, which the big man felt revealed her perception of his growing love for her.

Perhaps it was this that put the past so far behind, that made it seem as though his love for Bessie had always been a part of his life, and the impulse to declare it a legitimate ripening of fruit that had grown slowly toward perfection.

A day was set when John would go to Los Angeles to visit Bessie. As the time approached he could think of nothing else. On the morning of that day the evening of which was to mark his departure he was canvassing in Encina, a beautiful section of that urban population of several hundred thousand people across the bay from San Francisco, the largest municipal unit of which is the city of Oakland. But thoughts of Bessie so filled the lover's mind with rosy clouds that he had not enough of what salesmen call "closing power."

As it happened, a tiny park was just at hand. It was two blocks long and half a block wide, curved at the ends, dotted with graceful palms, with tall, shapely, shiny-leaved acacias, and covered with a thick sod of grass, laced at intervals by curving walks.

Upon a bench in the very center of this park Hampstead dropped down and gave himself up to blissful meditations. Across the street was a block of happy-looking cottage homes, a fair example of the homes of the great middle-class folk of America, the one class that John knew well and sympathetically, for he himself was of it. On the corner directly before him was a grass-sodded lot, larger than the others, holding in its center, not a cottage but a country schoolhouse structure, painted white and with a small, hooded vestibule out in front. Over the wide doors admitting to this vestibule was a transom of glass, on which was painted in very plain letters the words: Christian Chapel.



Elder Burbeck, dour apostle of the old school

"The house of God does not look so happy as the homes of men hereabout," Hampstead remarked, and just then was surprised out of his own thoughts by seeing the door of the deserted-looking chapel open and two men come out. One was tall and heavy, had a gray mustache, was red of face, and wore a silk hat, a white necktie, and a full frock coat.

"An ex-clergyman," surmised Hampstead shrewdly, because, aside from his dress, the man looked aggressively unclerical.

The other man was slender, with a black, dejected mustache. He was also frock-coated, but the material of the garment was gray instead of black, and the suit looked rubbed at the elbows and bagged at the knees. This man carried a small satchel.

"Some sort of a missionary secretary, I'll bet you," was John's second venture at identification.

Another incongruous thing about the man with the clerical dress was that he had a carpenter's hammer in his hand. Dropping this tool upon the wooden landing, where it clattered loudly, he drew a key from his pocket and locked the door, shaking it viciously to make sure that it was fast. Then, descending the steps, with the claw of the hammer he pried loose a plank some six or eight feet long from the wooden walk that ran across the sod to the concrete pavement in front. He nailed this plank across the door.

"Nailing up God!" commented John, whose mood had become sardonic.

"What's the story, I wonder?" he remarked next. He rose, sauntered across the narrow street and up on the wooden walk till he stopped with one foot on the lower step, gazing casually with mild curiosity expressed upon his face.

THE missionary secretary had noted John's advance and appeared to recognize that his chance interest was legitimate.

"A miserable, squabbling little church," the man remarked, an expression of pain upon his face. "A disgrace to the communion. I'm the district evangelist. I've had to step in from the outside and close it up in the interests of peace. Brother Burbeck here is a leader of one of the wings. He has tried in vain to bring peace."

"I have stood up for the Lord against the disturber," announced Brother Burbeck over his shoulder, while he dealt a vicious blow, as if the head of the nail were the head of the malefactor.

"And who was the disturber?" queried John. "A man of bad character, I suppose."

"No, you couldn't call him that, could you, Brother Burbeck?" ventured the district evangelist. "Just a young man from the seminary with his head overflowing with undigested facts."

"Near-facts, they was *only*," interjected Brother Burbeck sententiously as he held another nail between a hard thumb and a knotted finger and tapped the head gently to start it.

"Rather undermining the faith of the people in the old Gospel," went on the evangelist.

"Takin' 'way what he couldn't never put back," amended Brother Burbeck between blows, and then added accusingly: "He had no respect for the elders, not a bit."

Brother Burbeck's tones as he contributed this additional detail were as sharp as his blows.

"You were one of the elders?" inquired John, in an even tone that might have been construed to mean respect for the eldership.

"I *am* one of 'em," corrected the driver of nails. "I preached the old Jerusalem Gospel myself for twenty years," he affirmed proudly, "until my health failed and I went into undertaking."

"You appear to have your health back," observed John dryly, noting marks of the hammer upon the plank where the nail heads had been beaten almost out of sight by his slashing blows.

"Yep," admitted that gentleman just as dryly.

Looking at Elder Burbeck's large head, with its iron-gray hair, at the silk hat, which stuck perilously but persistently to the back of it, noticing the folds of oily flesh on his bullock neck, the working of his broad, fat shoulders, and the sweat standing out on his heavy jowls, as if protesting mutely against this unusual activity discharged with such unusual vehemence, John made up his mind that he could never like Elder Burbeck. In his heart he took the part of the disturber.

"You know what this reminds me of somehow?" he asked, with just a minor note of accusation in his tone.

"Not being a mind reader, I don't," replied Elder Burbeck, turning on John a look which showed as plainly as his speech that in the same interval of time when John was deciding that he didn't like Burbeck, Burbeck was deciding he didn't like John. "What does it remind you of?" and the elder-undertaker stared fiercely at the book agent.

"Nailing Jesus to the cross," replied John, shooting a glance at Burbeck that was hard and beamlike.

"Hey!" exclaimed Burbeck, his red face reddening more.

"But," explained the secretary, interjecting himself anxiously, as a man not too proud of his duty that day, "it is in the interests of peace. We expect to give time a chance to heal the wounds. In six months the disturbing element will have gone away or given up, and then we can open the doors to peace and the old faith."

"Oh, I see," said John, as instinctively liking the missionary secretary as he instinctively disliked Brother Burbeck, "it is a movement in behalf of the *status quo?*"

"Yes," replied the secretary, smiling faintly as he noticed the shaft of humor in John's eye.

"And Brother Burbeck?" John twitched his chin in the direction of the tipsy silk hat and the vehemently swinging hammer. "He is the apostle of the *status quo?*"

"Yes," assented the missionary, smiling yet more faintly, after which he countered with: "Are you a Christian, my brother?"

"I was a deacon in the First Church, Los Angeles," answered John, "but I've been traveling round for a year or so. Hampstead's my name."

The secretary's face lighted with unexpected pleasure.

"How do you do, Brother Hampstead?" he exclaimed, putting out his hand quickly. "My name's Harding."

"Glad to meet you, Brother Harding," said John; "I've seen your name in the church papers."

"Brother Burbeck, this is Brother Hampstead of the First Church, Los Angeles," announced Harding, when that gentleman, having driven his last nail and smashed the plank a parting blow with his hammer, turned to them again.

ELDER BURBECK'S manner instantly changed. "Oh, one of our brethren, eh? Hampstead? Why, say, I remember hearing you talk one night down there in Christian Endeavor when I was at the Undertakers' Convention. They told me you were going on the stage. That's how I remember you so well, I guess."

"I got over that nonsense," said John easily. "Sorry to hear you've been having trouble in your little church."

"It's been a mighty sad case," sighed the elder, heaving his ponderous bosom and mopping his red brow and scalp, for the removal of his hat revealed that his iron-gray hair was only a fringe.

"By the way," asked John, who was contemplating the bulletin board, "what about the Sunday school? I see it's down for 9.45."

"Dwindled to a handful of children," declared Burbeck, as if a handful of children was something entirely negligible.

John had a reason for feeling especially tender where the feelings of children were concerned.

"But they'll come next Sunday, and they'll be terribly disappointed," he urged. "It will shake their faith in God Himself. They won't understand at all, will they?" The young man's soft heart turned sick at the prospect.

"I reckon they will when they see the church nailed up," answered Burbeck grimly, quite too triumphant over spiking an enemy's guns to consider the mystified, wondering soul of childhood as it might stand before that nailed door four mornings from this, for the day of the crucifixion of the door was Wednesday.

Their task completed, the elder and the evangelist were turning toward the street. "Good-by, brother," said Harding, again shaking hands.

"Oh, good-by, Brother Hampstead," exclaimed Burbeck, turning as if he had forgotten something, and offering his stout, once sinewy palm.

John gave it a grip that shook the huge frame of Elder Burbeck, and made him feel, as he seldom felt about any man, that here was a personality and a physical force at least as vigorous as his own.

"Good-by, Brother Burbeck," John responded, with an open smile, and then, while the two men took themselves down the street in the direction of the car line, the book agent went back and sat contemplatively upon the bench in the park.

"Some day," mused John, "I think I'll build a church, and I believe I'll build it to look like a cottage, with roses round it and bougainvilleas and palms, with broad verandas, inviting lawns, and many bowering vines. I'll make it the most homy-looking place in the whole neighborhood, with a rustic sign stuck up somewhere that says, 'The Home of God' or something like that."

Still musing, the scornful words spoken to John by Scofield more than a year ago on the steps of the Union Club came idling into his mind now as he sat meditatively upon the bench: "*Remember! You're not an actor! You're a preacher.*" He smiled as he recalled Scofield's irritation at the idea, and his own.

That afternoon at five o'clock he left for Los Angeles.

AT THREE o'clock of the next afternoon, which was Thursday, John was sitting happily in the Mitchell living room in Los Angeles waiting for Bessie to come from school. Mrs. Mitchell stood on the threshold leading toward the hall. She was dressed for the street save for her gloves, at one of which she was tugging.

"I have always felt, Mr. Hampstead, that you were a very good influence for Bessie," she was saying guilefully, "and I do wish you would talk her out of that university idea. She graduates from high in June, you know; and she talks nothing, thinks nothing, dreams nothing but university, university, uni-v-e-r-s-i-t-y!" Mrs. Mitchell's elocutionary climax was calculated to convey a very fine impression of utter weariness with the word and with the idea; but John, who had flushed with gratification at the crafty compliment, would not be swerved by either guile or scorn from an instinctive loyalty to Bessie and her ideals.

"I'm afraid I couldn't do that," he said soberly. "My heart wouldn't be in it. Bessie has a wonderful mind. You should give her every advantage."

"Well, talk her out of Stanford then," compromised Mrs. Mitchell, as if in her mind she had already sur-

rendered, as she knew she must. "She's determined to go there. Stanford is a kind of man's school from what I hear. Lots of the Phrosos are going to U. C."

The front door opened and closed and John's heart leaped at the sound of a light footstep in the hall.

Book strap in hand, wearing a white shirt waist and skirt of blue, with the brown, crinkly hair breaking out from under a small straw hat worn jauntily askew, Bessie paused upon the threshold, her eyes asparkle with expectancy.

"John!" she exclaimed with a little shriek of joy. "You—you old dear!" and she came literally bounding across the room to greet him as he rose and advanced eagerly.

Hampstead thought he had never seen such a glowing picture of animal health and the tonic exuberance of life.

"And now," declared Mrs. Mitchell as she managed the last button of her glove, "I must abandon you to yourselves, but don't sit here paying compliments. Get out into the air somewhere."

"Oh, let's," assented Bessie with animation. "Only wait till I change my hat!"

"Don't," pleaded John. "I like that one."

"But I have another you'll like better," called Bessie over her shoulder, for already she was racing out of the room past her mother.

"Good-by. Have a good time!" Mrs. Mitchell lifted her voice toward her daughter racing up the stairs, and then turning waved her ridiculous folding sunshade at John as she adjured: "Give her your very best advice!"

"Never doubt it," echoed John, with the sudden feeling of a man who is left alone in a house to guard great riches.

BESSIE took a whole half hour to change her hat, but she changed her dress as well to something white and filmy that reached below the shoe tops, and by those few inches of extra length added a surprising look of maturity to the pliant youthfulness of her figure. This was heightened by a surplice effect in the bodice forming a V which accentuated the rounded fullness of the bosom and gave a hint of the charm and power of a most bewitching woman ripening swiftly underneath the artless beauty of the girl.

"How do you like it?"

"Wonderful, wonderful!" John exclaimed rapturously, rising as she entered.

Bessie's mood was lightly happy. His was deeply reverent, and there was a world of devotion and tenderness in the look he gave her—a look which thrilled Bessie.

"Bessie," John asked abruptly, "could we get away from here quickly—in a very few minutes—away from men and houses and things?"

Bessie looked surprised. "Of course; we're going out, aren't we?"

"But quickly," urged John. "I have a mad impulse, just a romantic impulse; the feeling that I want to get you out of doors. You are to me like a beautiful flower just bursting into bloom; better still, a wonderful fruit which in some sheltered spot has grown untainted to ripeness. You are so much a part of nature, so utterly unartificial, that it seems I must see you first in a setting of nature's own."

"Your impulse is right, John," Bessie answered with quick assent and an energetic double shake of the hands that held her own.

Not far from the Mitchell residence, on the western hills of Los Angeles, is a little painted park with a maple-leaf sheet of water embanked by close-shaved terraces of green, and here and there a clump of shrubbery crouching so close over graveled walks as to suggest animal forms. From one of these man-made thickets a toy promontory juts into the lake. Upon this point, as if it were a lighthouse, is a rustic house, octagonal in shape, with benches on its inner circumference. Embowered at the back, screened halfway on the sides and with the open lake before, this snug structure affords a delicious sense of privacy and elfinlike seclusion, provided there be no oarsmen pulling lazily or tiny sailboat loafing across the watery foreground.

This day there was none. The stretch of lake in front stared vacantly. The birds twittered unguardedly in the boughs behind. The perfume of jasmine or orange blossoms or honeysuckle was wafted through the rustic lattices; and here John and Bessie, seated side by side, were able to feel themselves alone in the universe.

John, they agreed, was still going to be something big, very, very big, though he still did not know what, and in the meantime he was going to make money, yet not for money's sake.

AS FOR Bessie, she, too, had developed an ambition, and surprised John into delightful little raptures with her statement of it. She wanted to go to Stanford, study political economy, and take part in the new woman movement.

"Bessie!" he broke out impulsively, arising quickly and looking down into her upturned, intent face, "doesn't everything we've been talking about seem unimportant?" Bessie's features expressed wonder and delightful anticipation.

"Everything besides ourselves, I mean," John went on, and then added impetuously: "To me, this afternoon, there is just one fact in the universe, Bessie, and that fact is *you!*"

The light of a shining happiness kindled like a flash on the girl's face, and she threw out her hands to him in the old, impulsive way.

"Just one thing I feel," John rushed along, seizing the outstretched hands and playfully but tenderly lifting her until she stood before him; "just one thing that I want to do in the world above everything else, and that is to love you, Bessie, *to love you!*"

THE words as he breathed them seemed to come up out of the deeps of a nature rich in knowledge of what such love could mean.

Bessie, enraptured, did not speak, but her dimples behaved skittishly and there was a sharp little catch of her breath.

"Just one ambition stands out above every other," continued the man with a noble earnestness—"the ambition to make you happy, to protect you, to worship you, and to help you do the things you want to do in the world. For marriage isn't a selfish thing! It doesn't mean the extinction of a woman's career in order that a man may have his. It is the surrender of each to the other for the greater happiness and the higher power of both."

Suddenly there was a choke in the big man's voice.

"That's what I feel, my dear girl," he concluded abruptly, with a deep note of reverence in his tones, "and that's what I want to do!"

As he spoke John had lifted the yielding hands higher and higher and separated them till one rested on each of his shoulders. Man and woman, the two looked straight into each other's eyes, as they had that day upon the cliff, but this time it was his lip that quivered and his eyes that misted over.

"Well," she breathed naively, "you have my permission to do all those things. I'm sure, John, the biggest fact, the biggest love, the biggest career in the world for me is just *you!*"

Bessie accompanied the words with an ecstatic little shrug of the shoulders and a self-abandoning toss of the head.

Reverently John pressed his lips upon hers and held her close for a very, very long time, while a wave of indescribable bliss surged over and engulfed him. His embrace was gentle, even reverent; but it seemed he could not let her out of his arms. Here at last was one treasure he could never surrender, one renunciation he could never make.

"And to think," sighed Bessie, after a long and blissful silence, finding such rapture in nestling in those strong arms that she was still unwilling to lift her head from where she could feel the beating of his happy heart—"to think how long we have loved each other without expressing it; how loyal we have been to each other's love even before we had grown to recognize it for what it truly was." Bessie looked up suddenly. It seemed to her that John's heart had done a funny thing; that it quivered and missed a beat.

But John ignored her look. His face was set and stubborn. He changed his position slightly and gathered her yet more determinedly in his arms, so that Bessie felt again how strong he was and how much it means to woman's life to add a strength like that.

"Do you know, John," she prattled presently out of the deepening bliss which this enormous sense of security inspired; "do you know that I used to fear for you? For me rather! To fear," she exclaimed with a happily apologetic little laugh, "that you might fall in love with Marien Dounay!"

But the laugh ended in a choke of surprise when Bessie felt the body of the big man shiver like a tree in a blast.

"Why? Why? What is the matter, John?" she asked in helpless bewilderment, for the big face with a profile like a mountain had taken on a look of awful pain, and while she questioned him he put her from him and with a low groan sank down upon the bench. . . .

Bessie's artless words had made John remember as very, very near what, during this delicious hour in her presence, had seemed to be worlds and worlds behind him; had in fact made him feel his shame and guilt so deeply that he could no longer hold her in his arms. Then the story of his infatuation for Marien Dounay had come out, as he had always felt it must some time for the purging of his own soul, even if it were Bessie who would suffer most.

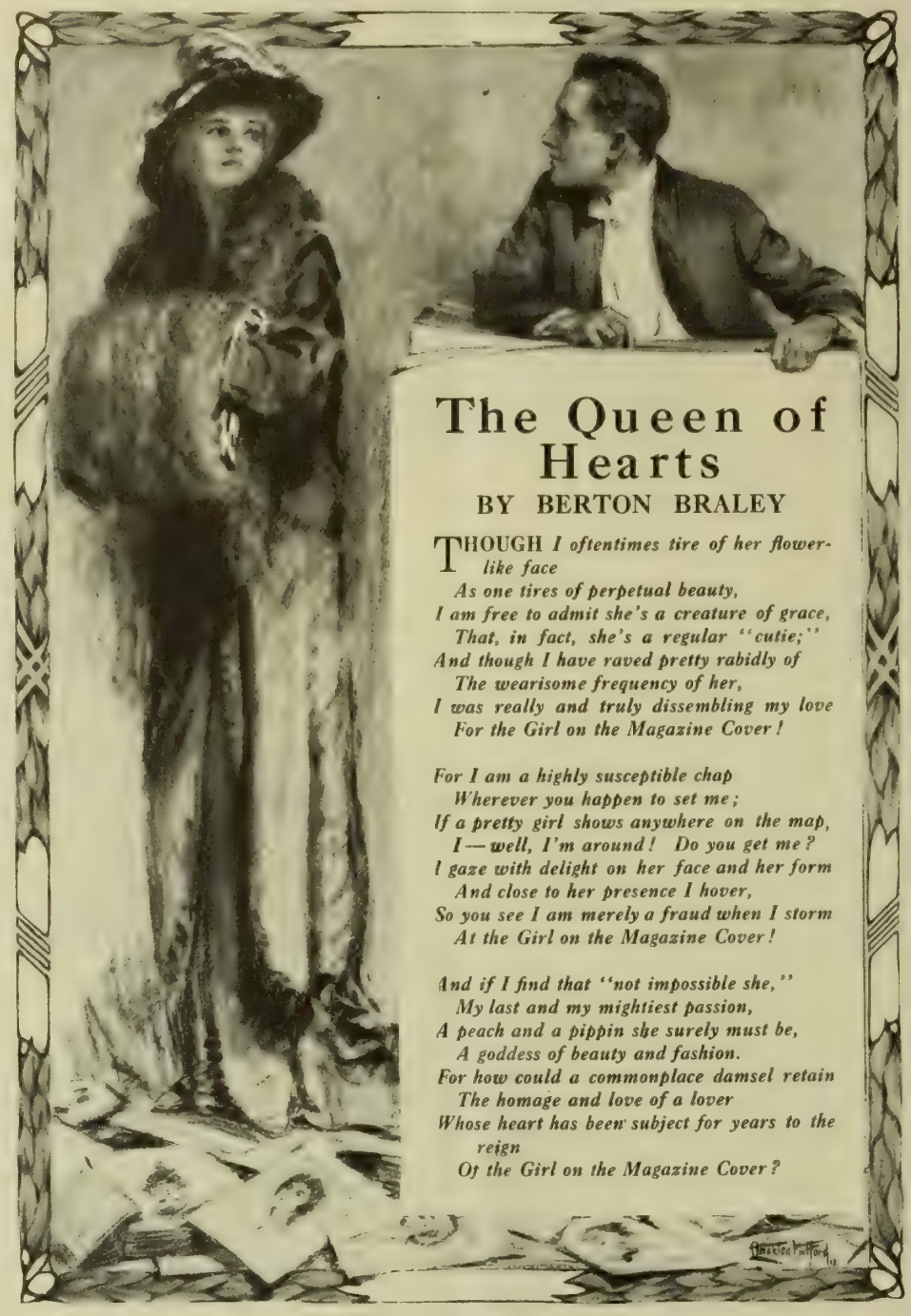
"You can never know how I have reproached myself for it," he concluded. "I have suffered agonies of remorse. Wild with love of you, and the impulse to declare that love, I have stayed away six months. It seemed to me at first that I could hardly get my consent to come at all from her to you; that I must doom myself to perpetual loneliness to expiate my sin."

To the young girl, facing the first bitter disillusionment of love, it came like a flash of intuition that men were like that—all men! They were mere brutes! This intuition maddened the girl, and her disturbed emotions expressed themselves in a burst of flaming anger.

"You may go back to Marien Dounay," she exclaimed hotly. "I do not want her left-overs."

"But," protested John with something of that sense of injury which a man is apt to feel if forgiveness does not follow soon upon confession, "you do not understand!"

"I understand," retorted Bessie with blazing sarcasm, "that you fell hopelessly in love with this woman; that you embraced her, kissed her, worshiped the ground she trod on; that you proposed to marry her almost upon the spot; that she refused you and drove you from her; that for a month you wrote me letters of hypocritical pretense; that when she finally not only repulsed you but revealed herself to you as a woman without scruples you considerately revived your affection for me."



The Queen of Hearts

BY BERTON BRALEY

THOUGH I oftentimes tire of her flower-like face
As one tires of perpetual beauty,
I am free to admit she's a creature of grace,
That, in fact, she's a regular "cutie;"
And though I have raved pretty rabidly of
The wearisome frequency of her,
I was really and truly dissembling my love
For the Girl on the Magazine Cover!

For I am a highly susceptible chap
Wherever you happen to set me;
If a pretty girl shows anywhere on the map,
I—well, I'm around! Do you get me?
I gaze with delight on her face and her form
And close to her presence I hover,
So you see I am merely a fraud when I storm
At the Girl on the Magazine Cover!

And if I find that "not impossible she,"
My last and my mightiest passion,
A peach and a pippin she surely must be,
A goddess of beauty and fashion.
For how could a commonplace damsel retain
The homage and love of a lover
Whose heart has been subject for years to the reign
Of the Girl on the Magazine Cover?

John felt that in this storm of words some injustice was being done him, yet he could not deny that such an outburst of wrath upon Bessie's part was natural, and he humbled himself before the blast.

IN the vehemence of her demonstration Bessie had arisen, and after the final word stood with her back to John looking out upon the little lake which suddenly seemed a frozen sheet of ice.

"Bessie!" John murmured huskily after an interval.

"Don't speak to me—don't!" she commanded hoarsely without turning her head.

John obeyed her so humbly and so completely that she began to wonder if he was still there or if he had sunk through the ground in the shame and mortification which she knew well enough possessed him.

When she had wondered long enough she turned and found him not only there but in a pose so abject and utterly remorseful that her heart softened until she felt the need of self-justification. "You were my god," she urged. "You inspired me! I worshiped you! I thought you were as fine a man as my own father—and finer because you had a finer ambition. I thought you were grand, noble, *strong!*" Bessie stopped with her emphasis heavy upon the final word.

"Is not the strong man the one who has found in what his weakness lies?" John pleaded humbly.

But, as before, his attempt at palliation seemed to anger her unaccountably, and she turned away again with feelings too intense for utterance—with, in fact, a dismal sense of the futility of utterance. She wanted to get away from John. She wished he would get up and go while her back was turned. A sense of humiliation greater than had possessed him, she was sure, had come over her. If the lake in front had been sixty feet deep instead of six inches, she might have flung herself into it.

"But you love me!" pleaded John from behind her, his voice coming up out of depths.

"Do you think I would care how many actresses you lost your dizzy head over if I didn't?" retorted Bessie petulantly, and instantly would have given several worlds to recall the speech. "No! No!" she denied, stamping her foot angrily. "I don't love you. I love the man I thought you were."

"All the same, I love you," groaned John, rising up to proclaim his passion hoarsely and then flinging himself again upon the bench, where with head hanging despondently he continued: "I love you, and I don't blame you for hating me, and you can punish me as long as you want and in any way you want. You can even try to fall in love with some one else if you like. Marry him if you want to. I love you and I'll keep on loving you. No punishment is too great for the thing I've done."

THE effect of this speech on the outraged Bessie was rather alarming to that indignant young lady. When John began to heap the reproaches higher upon himself, she felt a return to sympathetic consideration for him that was so great that she dared not trust herself to hear more of them.

"Take me home!" she commanded hurriedly, walking swiftly by him, but with scrupulous care that the swish of her white skirts should not touch the bowed head as she passed, and no more trusting herself to a second glance at that dejected, tawny mop of hair than to hear more of his self-indictment.

(To be continued next week)

The Men Who Make the Movies Move

(Continued from page 7)

played with such a light-comedy touch as that? Shouldn't he be more—serious?

"Well, sir, it took my breath away. I could only stand and look at him. While I was recovering from the shock, George went on to explain that, by adding a few scenes and cutting out a few, 'Percy' could have a secret sorrow and horn in on the big stuff of the picture. He could discover 'the papers' and get a line on the dark secret in his father's past, thus becoming a combination of Sherlock Holmes, the-heart-bowed-down, and a rescuing angel in the last reel—a sort of god from the machine all the way through.

"'Now, in the script—' says he, and that brought me back to life.

"'Where in the hot hereafter did *you* get hold of a script?' says I. 'Who gave it to you? Since when have you been my assistant director? Listen, George, and try to remember what I say: you're not hired to *think;* you're hired to *act!* There's a difference. Now you run through that scene, and don't let's have any more hogwash about a secret sorrow!'

"Would you believe it? I had to fight with George all the way through that picture! He couldn't get it out of his poor little head that he knew more about it than I did. He wanted to make suggestions and lend me ideas. Come to find out, he'd been working with a director who *liked* that sort of thing! We have a rule now that absolutely prohibits giving out copies of script to anybody. The less an actor thinks he knows, the easier he is to handle."

Hints from a Waiter

MANY men, many minds. There are other directors, who welcome suggestions from their people, and will take a hint from a three-dollar-a-day extra man as readily as from a high-priced star.

"No director can be expected to know everything," explained one of these. 'In the course of his work he covers such a wide range that he cannot possibly have special information on all subjects. For instance, last week I put on an elaborate restaurant scene. One of the extra men suggested certain changes. I questioned him and found out that he had once been a waiter. I welcomed his suggestions gladly and encouraged him to make more. He knew about the inner working of a restaurant, and I didn't. Why shouldn't I have availed myself of the advantage of his experience?

"Some mighty good bits of business get into my pictures which are not even indicated in the script; they are suggested by members of the company. When I find that an actor has brains, I encourage him to use them for my benefit."

So, you see, there are all sorts of directors, and each one is absolutely certain that his method is the best. One method, however, is common to all—the method of preparing a "story" for production. Would you like a peep at the bare skeleton?

Movie Efficiency

IN the good old days when everything went, pictures were made rather hit or miss, with the accent strongly on the miss. A director got an idea, Heaven knows where, and, having that idea, he proceeded to develop it in course of production, much as a man might make a suit of clothes by starting in with the third buttonhole of the vest. Under these conditions the finished product was jerky and uneven, and the scenes poorly tied together. The story did not tell itself well.

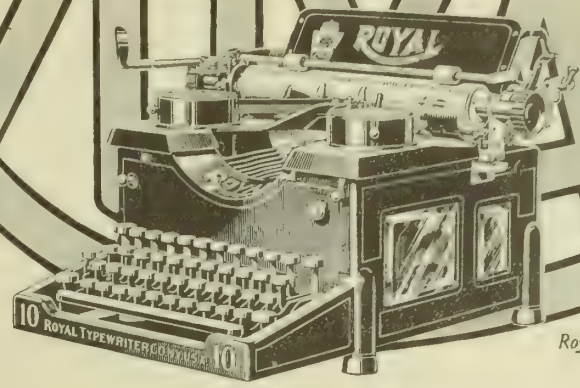
The demand for efficiency resulted in scenario departments, where the raw idea is received, scrutinized carefully for birthmarks, and—let us say accepted with ringing cheers. The raw idea is then parboiled and put through a course of sprouts before finding its way into the hands of a director. Each scene is numbered and appears in sequence, with the action tersely described.

This sort of work is now called "putting the story in continuity form," and requires accurate knowledge of motion-picture technique—oh, yes, there *is* such an animal!—as well as a thorough understanding of the limitations of a camera and fifty-seven other things too numerous to mention. A good "continuity man" is the rarest thing in the business—a jewel highly prized, but not as yet recognized at full value upon the pay rolls. When the continuity of the picture is complete it is handed over to the director, and then the fun begins.

A director who thinks well of himself—and many of them do—will take one look at what is offered him and howl like a wolf. "How can I make a picture out of this thing?" says he.

He then tears the ready-made continuity to shreds and sits up nights building one of his own, unmindful of weeping and wailing in the scenario department. The director is not paid to do night work, but he must, for all his

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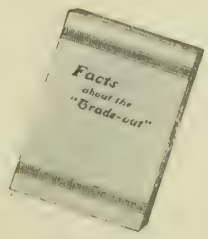
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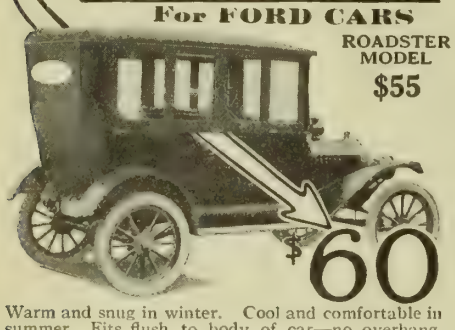
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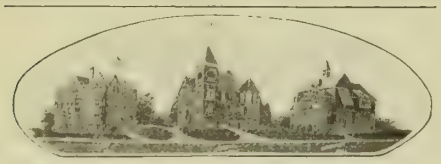
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daylight hours are engaged with the preceding picture, half finished. Life, to a director, is just one scenario overlapping another, a continuous performance in continuity.

Let us consider that this particular bit of night work is done on a regular program release. When it is finished the director counts his scenes and separates them into two divisions—the interiors and the exteriors.

The interiors must be made in the studio, and will require the building of stage settings—more work for the poor director. He now becomes a draftsman, drawing careful plots of each separate interior. He even indicates the position of the different pieces of furniture, specifying the grade required, whether idle rich, comfortable circumstances, workingman or dirt-poor. More than that, a first-class director knows what sort of wall paper he wants and makes demands for a certain sort of pictures to hang against that paper. Some directors, survivors of the hit-or-miss period, are content to call in the stage carpenter and the property man and give orders thus:

"Gimme a barroom, a parlor, a hallway, an attic, and a swell dining room."

The careful director takes no chances, but sets every detail down in black and white.

The cast of characters shaped itself in his mind while working on the script, so he calls his people together, tells them who they are going to be in the next picture and what he wants them to wear. The actors then proceed to secure the costumes required, so that they may be ready against the first call. The stage carpenter and the property man put their heads together over the interior plots. When the time comes they will produce a barroom, a parlor, a hallway, an attic and a swell dining room, as if by magic.

There remain the exteriors, the scenes which can be made out of doors. These the director subdivides under the heading "locations." One group of scenes calls for the seashore; another for a lawn in the residence portion of the city; another for country and woods.

Some evening the actors, looking at the call board, find a notice instructing them to report at nine the next morning in the new costumes and make-ups, and by nine-fifteen they are on their way in automobiles, headed for the seashore, the lawn, or the woods. Work usually begins on the exteriors in order to give props and the carpenter a chance to take a little time over their magic.

Now you would naturally think that the director's hands would be fairly full with his new picture, but while he is at work on it he is also attending to the cutting and trimming of some former masterpiece, as well as glancing over the continuity for the next. A busy man? A Japanese juggler with a lighted lamp on his head and nine balls in the air has nothing on the director!

Still, these moguls of the movie world find time to appear in our midst. We have no great difficulty in recognizing them because of their riding breeches and puttees. The business is a bit young for tradition, but I think the director's costume will, in time, be nothing less. Just why a gentleman who never rode a horse in his life—would not ride a horse on a bet—should garb himself in this manner in order to ride on the soft rear seat of an automobile is something which, until recently, was a puzzle to me. Then I asked a wise film veteran a question:

"Why do so many directors wear riding breeches wherever they go?"

"That's easy," was the reply. "Hobie Bosworth was one of the first directors on the job out here, as well as the first legitimate actor of prominence to go into the motion-picture game. He owned a horse and used to ride to and from the studio, and of course he wore riding togs. He was a pioneer and set the style. These young fellows think they can't direct without riding breeches and puttees—they sort of go with the job."

So, you see, the men who make the movies move are human.

Punderson Waite

(Continued from page 10)

He made no reply. The smile faded from his face and he sat up with his arms on his knees and gazed solemnly down the gulch.

"He was honest about it," she explained after enjoying for a moment the effect upon him. "He told us about laying the project before you and your rejection of it because I mustn't have excitement." She paused the space of a breath and watched him blush and the smile return. "I appreciate that in you—honestly, I do."

"Well, I meant it," he admitted, defying his embarrassment heroically and looking squarely at her and breathing her in. "I don't suppose there'd be any real danger to *you*—if you jump them. But there'd be some excitement in camp and you might get mixed up in it."

"But it would be the excitement of overthrowing a bully — a despot — of freeing the camp from the bugaboo of that lynching resolution. Such noble excitement is pleasure—stimulating."

"Has he persuaded her to jump those claims?"

"Almost, I'm afraid. Such a thing appeals to her—and me, too, I guess. And, really, the idea of danger is ridiculous. A telephone call to the sheriff would settle Mr. Stocks and his plug-uglies were they insane enough to try annulling the laws of the land. Of course it isn't an enterprise that would appeal to the man or woman with a streak of yellow—but there's none of *that* in *us*."

HE did her justice. It was no intentional thrust at him. But it stung him with a warning. One more opposing word from him and she might catch the suspicion that a yellow streak, instead of concern for her, was doing his talking. He arose to his feet. "It'll be noon before they are back," he smiled. "And as this is Sunday they can do no jumping anyway. What do you say to a walk up the hill here to my workings? There's the grandest view of the range in the State up there." And she assented gladly.

Montana Hill is steep, and the timber is tall and dense. The forest naves moaned and rumbled with mysterious far-off winds, while the breeze that blew about them seemed weirdly silent. They climbed slowly, stopping every few hundred feet for her to regain breath. He described the method of prospecting. He picked up float ore and explained about it. She seemed interested and entertained, and somehow he felt at ease and could talk without self-consciousness. But as they mounted she talked less and less, although he did not notice the fact. Her face grew white and sober, and her eyes peculiarly big and bright, but in the violet caverns of the spruce he failed to see that dark circles were deepening around her lids. Up and up they plodded until the timber thinned and became stunted and sparse, and the magnificent hundred miles of peak and abyss yawned before them. "This is worth the climb," he cried, and turned to her a few steps behind him. She was a crumpled lump on the rocks.

Confounded into utter blankness, he stared for a moment. Then with a gulp he jumped for her. He propped her against his knee and pried her lips and teeth apart with the neck of a half-pint flask. He doused her forehead with the whisky. Down went his ear to her heart. Curses on the roaring of the wind! He couldn't determine whether he heard her heart or not, and for the first time in his life he was driven with fear, terror—the panic of a lost child—the bursting desperation of a giant. He seized her up in his arms, hugging her across his breast as he would carry a baby, and started blindly down the mountain at a stride that was in effect a run.

He had traveled a thousand feet perhaps when he felt her move. "Oh, did I faint?" she faltered, abashed and apologetic. "Let me down. I can walk now."

"Not much," he replied grimly, not abating his pace a jot.

"Oh, nonsense!" She laughed in depreciation and struggled in kindly insistence on her request. "I'm too heavy anyway."

He tipped back his head and laughed merrily at the idea. "It's too high for your heart. I ought to be thrashed for being so dumb. Not one healthy man in ten could have stood that climb until used to the altitude. I could carry this weight a week and not know it. You don't walk a step until after a long rest in the tent. Are you comfortable?"

"Yes," she answered firmly, almost austerely. "But you must let me down."

"Well, try it, then," he said, dejected but good-naturedly. But she was weaker than she supposed, and with a compassionate chuckle from him and a little laughing whimper of defeat from her own lips she surrendered and was again swept up baby fashion. His arms had none of the tremor of overstraining. His steps did not shuffle or stagger. He selfishly took a slower pace just to prolong the trip, and laughed low and triumphantly. It was heart singing to sinew, male strength glorifying woman. For the supreme joy of lusty man is to mother a woman as it is a woman's to mother a babe.

And so down the precipitous aisles of the forest she was carried, exchanging snatches of light talk, deploring in ejaculations what a trouble she was to him, laughing a little, sighing a little, but on the whole tolerably content with the accommodations and evincing symptoms of dreaminess. No woman could feel herself but a feather's weight in the cradle of such devoted physical might and not glimpse something of the pristine woman's exultation in possession by her lord. She didn't know this man, but she was proud of his strength—that it was hers. Ten—twenty—all years from now, this Hercules must be like this—safe, strong, unchanging.

Peeping through a screen of saplings near the tent, he saw the sister had returned, and, since his charge had gained strength, he allowed her to walk into view and save the other undue alarm. But he told what had happened and insisted, as an expert in the effects of altitude, that she lie down. He remained some time, and then left to return that evening and find her fully recovered. But during both visits he warily avoided every reference to claim jumping, and as both girls displayed a like reticence on the subject, it was not broached.

He had loafed a while that afternoon in Vesey's, but no one could have surmised from any change in his smile or manner that he had carried a saddle-haired girl down a mountain once too often.

Vesey, that old advocate of heroic measures, kept a facetiously disposed and challenging weather eye upon him but could extract from the guileless grinning face not the slightest clue that he knew of his morning's visit. Stocks was there in all his loud, suave dominance, and pretended to ignore him but he knew it was affectation.

And so, when the gaunt figure in frock coat hailed him as he was passing Bud's in the moonlight on his return from the last call in Elk Gulch, he was not surprised. Stocks fell into sedate step beside him and cleared his throat deliberately. When they were well away from Bud's publicity, the old-timer halted and they faced each other.

"Waite—ahum, hum!—I'm going to play the part of a friend. You're interested in those young ladies over in Elk Gulch and have their welfare up here at heart. Now—ahum!—it has drifted to my ears this afternoon that these same girls are considering the jumping of my tunnel-site group. Advise them not to do it. Yes, *sir!* Do that. I—uh—also want to hand you a word to the wise while I'm about it too. All of which—ahum, hum!—boiled down, reads that this camp is at this minute prepared to not tolerate claim jumping by a man, a syndicate, a hundred-million corporation, or two handsome young ladies. Do you understand me?"

WAITE'S cheeks had been gradually fattening with his famous smile, and now, in lieu of answer, he broke into snickering soughing laughter and walked on without a word or a backward glance, leaving Stocks, in a cold smother of anger, glaring after him. Monday morning, when Achepex lay at the bottom of Old Tiptop's cold, sweet shadow, and the tattered saddle blankets of green timber, the packing rocks and the bristle of naked poles along the far high ridge of Arizona Hill were a gorgeous sun scheme of rose and amber, Waite slammed his door on the aroma of coffee and ham and hit the trail to Elk Gulch. Again he rolled a cigarette at the "blow-out" and watched, and again he signaled like a Ute.

He was on his way to his claims, he told them, and had just dropped around to say good morning. But he lingered. And the way he stood around in their road, smiling and breathing in the saddle hair, stated his case to both girls more plainly than ever his tongue could. If the saddle hair had a modicum of womanly honor in her, common humanity must have urged her to commence the destruction of his hopes at

once. "By the way," he drawled in awkward reluctance at last, "are you going—'m, if you've decided to jump Old Stocks's tunnel site, it might be a good stunt to tell a fellow, so's I can be prepared to back you up—right."

"So you will back us, will you?" asked the dark hair mischievously, pulling the hatpin from her sombrero and fussing with her hair.

"Well, I will do just that, you bet!"

"Then," declared the saddle hair with a ring in her voice, "I guess we have little need to worry."

"Right you are, lady," he exclaimed delightedly, but with a watchdog growl somewhere in his tone. He looked at her and caught her eyes clear and steady in his own.

"When do you expect to plant the stakes?" he asked her.

"If the arrangements are not changed," answered the other, "the postmaster will bring the locations over for us to sign before supper, and then go down and erect them."

He gazed over to the blue notch of the gulch and the sealike band of the plains and scratched his mustache thoughtfully.

"Say, I forgot my ax," he said suddenly as if turning to sordid routine. "Wonder if you would lend me yours for a couple of hours. I've got a little cutting to do. I'll have it back by noon."

They gave it to him, of course; and after a few minutes' talk on the prospects of continued fine weather he struck up into the green timber and soon had faded away in the mountain's mysteries.

Their folding table was spread for dinner in front of the tent, and they were just sitting down when they saw him swinging up the trail from down gulch. They insisted that he dine with them, and he accepted the rare favor as if it were all too good to be true. He told them stories of prospectors and camp life. He helped them with the dishes. He split another day's supply of wood.

"I've—I've done something you may not like," he forced himself to say after an uneasy pause as he prepared to depart for home.

"*You* have?" laughed the dark hair.

"Yes. I got in ahead of you—and jumped those claims — myself."

The girls were nonplussed, dumb. An expression of pain and bitter disappointment crept from the saddle hair's eyes down and over her face; and he saw it and understood intuitively with an icy shock of consternation how she had misunderstood his motive.

"Oh, Lord," he stammered, "you don't think I did it because I *want* those claims, do you? Don't imagine I'm a cur like that. I did it to keep the excitement away from you, and I'll assign them to you in a few days."

It was now her turn to be shocked. She started from her camp stool, knocking it over. "Then there's more danger than you — you've — " Her thoughts were traveling faster than her tongue and her expression now was thrilling him. He laughed.

"I concluded it was the only way to back you. It'll only mean a little fun for me—that's all. And when it's over with I'll assign them to you."

"Oh, assign them! Do you think we're worrying about the ownership if your life—any life—is in danger? And —answer me!" The saddle hair spoke commandingly, accusingly. She pointed to the skinned knuckles of his left hand. "Did you injure your hand as you told us—on a log? Tell me—the *truth!*"

"No," he grinned sheepishly. "I did that on one of Stocks's buddies he had down there on guard. Sidewiped his jaw, and he needed a shave. He grows wires, I reckon. But I must get over to town and be ready to take a hand in the talk, for he came to—leastwise, he was up and gone when I came back that way—and he's over there talking his head off by now, I reckon."

"Did you know there was a guard there when you borrowed the ax?"

"Yes, but I got the ax to cut the stakes."

"Will you have to fight—over there?"

"Put it the other way. *They'll* have to fight me."

"Don't go over—then." She had changed her tactics. Her tone and manner were both pleading and peremptory. Again she thrilled him. Yet he may have been a fool. Any gentlewoman, horrified at the prospect of any man needlessly imperiling his life on her account, might have acted similarly.

"Oh, I've got to go. I've got to settle Stocks."

"I won't let you!" She took hold of his coat. With that touch, that fear for him, she could have led him anywhere, over precipices, into a fiery furnace, perdition—anywhere but away from Achepex and the danger that was impelling her to touch him, the danger that would keep her manifesting that impetuous, self-forgetful anxiety for another which, like pity, is akin to love.

"No. It's got to be 'did'!" he laughed, breathing her in. "Don't worry. I'll come over to-night and tell how it comes out." And then like a savage, brutally egotistic in his love, greedy to torment further signs from her, he added with an ominous chuckle: "If I'm able." And he wheeled away down the creek bank and through the willows and did not look back once.

They watched him until his far-off figure had slowly sunk from sight behind the divide.

"I'm going over there too!" suddenly exclaimed the saddle hair, breaking hurriedly for the tent. But her sister caught and stayed her.

"You're crazy, Janice! You'll do nothing of the sort. You'll be fainting again. What good could you do over there anyway?"

"What good, Kate? I can tell them he's not to blame, can't I?" she protested, jerking passionately away. But her sister was equally determined, and at length apparently succeeded in scolding and arguing her into allowing him to take care of himself. He seemed amply able to do so.

"You'll have that man fixed in the idea you're in love with him yet if you don't watch out."

"Will I?" she retorted with mocking curtness. And then ensued an unsocially silent hour or more.

Suddenly, with an eager ejaculation, the saddle hair sprang from her chair and, unheeding her sister's cry, scurried down the bank and through the willows across the creek. A horseman was coming up the trail from down gulch. She intercepted him. He listened and then alighted, and the saddle hair vaulted into his seat and whirled the cayuse's head up the Achepex trail. At the top her arm was seen to fly up and down as it laid on the quirt, and over the crest she cantered and down between the sky and the rocks, and was gone.

The paramount function of the camp was the arrival of the Achepex stage with the mail every afternoon between two-thirty and three, and half the prospectors in the district were always assembled in and about Vesey's and Bud's as a reception committee. But when Waite tramped past the post office to his shack only a few had as yet gathered. And as for Stocks and his partisans, Waite knew that they would remain invisible until they had a full audience to play to.

He lay down on his bunk with his hands under his head and stared at the roof and waited. At two-thirty he would go up to Bud's.

He glanced at the clock. Two-thirty. He sat up and abstractedly felt the thick, hard lumps on his arms. A sudden trampling on his platform and the darkening of his window brought him to his feet. He flung open the door. Stocks with four of his crowd at heel eyed him with inflexible severity for a moment. Waite smiled knowingly, fearlessly, into their faces and bided their pleasure.

"I'm sorry — ahum, hum!—*very* sorry we have to resort to this extremity," began Stocks in reprobating judicial tones. "It's unnecessary for this committee to go into a bill of particulars. We give you till to-morrow night at six to get out of camp."

Waite's shoulders shook with silent laughter. He drew out his watch and consulted it, rubbing his thumb over its face. Then he spoke: "I'll give you fellows and your whole damn outfit"—here he raised his face and his smile had gone and his eyes were flashing—"just *ten minutes* to move to Denver."

They stared at him in contemptuous amazement. Stocks laughed in his face—a short, insolent, deadly sound—and turned away with a flirt of his hand. "We'll be at Bud's," he remarked derisively, and Waite shut the door upon them.

He stripped off his coat. He removed his tie and unbuttoned his blue cheviot shirt at the neck. He rolled up his sleeves. What arms! He tightened his belt and tossed his hat away, and then stood with hanging hands and sullenly watched the clock. Finally the ten minutes were up. He opened the door and stepped out.

Everyone in camp must have been congregated five hundred feet up the trail between Bud's and Vesey's, and all faces were directed to a woman on horseback who sat in their midst. He stared for a moment, utterly dumfounded. His heart spurted a sunrise joy. There was the proof. She loved him! And the next instant he only saw her as his girl braving and beset by a mob of men. And then came the change like the breaking of a dam. His head swam in a red torrent of fiery rage and his face was transformed with fury. A phlegmy shout, a mad animal roar, startled and whirled every eye to him. They saw him bound from the platform and come head-on with long swinging strides. At his yell the saddle hair gave her horse its head, the crowd opened, and she scampered down to him, meeting him halfway.

SHE leaped from the saddle, her face white and set, and her eyes sleek, deep, dark, and intense. She barred his way. "Go back! Go back!" She reached impulsively and pushed against him. "Please do. They'll kill you!"

"What are you here for? Is that Packard's Bet?"

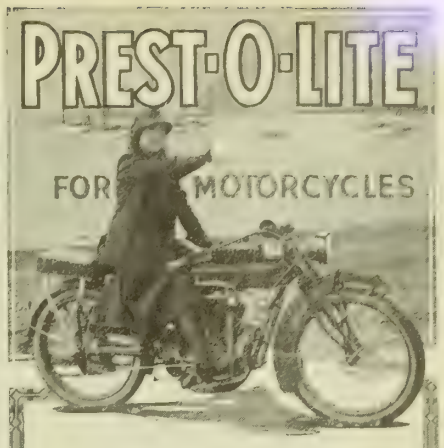
In View of the Coming Primaries and Elections

It's Every Man's Business How His Representative Voted

On the Tariff; Currency Reform; Literacy Test for Immigrants; Panama Canal Tolls; Federal Aid for Good Roads; Convict-Labor-Made Goods; Increasing the Navy; Anti-Trust Legislation; Freeing the Philippines; National Prohibition; Woman Suffrage; Child Labor

and other important matters coming up during the Sixty-third Congress. Also, everyone should know something about his Representative's attendance on the sessions of Congress. The important roll calls in the House of Representatives during the Sixty-third Congress may be obtained from Collier's Washington Bureau, 1121 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C., free of charge. (The important roll calls for the Sixty-first and Sixty-second Congresses, covering the tariff, labor measures, postal-savings bank, pensions, and other important matters may also be obtained from Collier's Washington Bureau. The NAME of the ONE Representative whose record is wanted MUST be given. The entire House of Representatives comes up for election in 1916)

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THESE RECORDS ARE PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MARK SULLIVAN

"Yes, yes! A man rode by and I hired the horse. Don't go up there if you care anything for me—for us."

"What do they say?"

"The whole camp knows about it and knows you did it for me—for us. We'll leave camp to-morrow, and you give up the claims. Oh, do! Yes, yes! Don't go up there."

"Like hell you'll leave camp t'-morrow," he muttered to himself, stepping aside and glaring at the crowd. "Who told you to leave camp?"

"Oh, never mind who," she entreated in a frantic undertone. She threw herself in front of him again and gripped his shirt. He dropped his sullen eyes from the crowd to her, and they softened and he smiled:

"Why have you come over here? Say! Are you doing all this because it's me—*me?*" He pointed to his breast. "Or just because you hate to see any man get k—beat up?"

She made no answer, as if she had lost the power of speech, but she kept her eyes unwaveringly on his, and he saw there all he wanted. He drew himself up with a convulsive squirm and chuckled. "I've got to go up there for your sake. You're *mine!*" He seized her wrist and bent over her. "Tell me," he demanded. "Who ordered you to leave camp?"

She now knew she could never hold him back, and with the knowing came the primitive instincts that had stolen to the surface during her ride down the mountain. "Stocks!" she raved with a barbarian woman's call for revenge, her eyes blazing.

He pushed her toward her horse. "Stay there," he ordered. And then he charged them. The crowd scattered and pressed back around Vesey's, leaving Stocks and a dozen men in front of Bud's. "Let's have a drink," suggested the scout in a loud voice, and with this bravado he leisurely led the way into the saloon.

The last of the dozen had just passed inside when Waite reached the entrance and lunged in after him.

STOCKS was nearest the door, with his back lazily against the bar, when Waite's burly rush darkened the place. "Look out!" barked a voice. Stocks straightened up and, having no time to draw a gun, struck out at Waite blindly, instinctively. He might as well have struck a tree. Without a sound Waite seized him by the shoulder—neck—somewhere near the top and by the belt, and swung him on high amid a volley of terrified oaths, swung him up like a straw dummy and then dashed him down and away with a force that paralyzed every eye. The body crashed upon a table and chairs, and the whole smashed into a confused heap and lay motionless—still. And without a glance at the result or an instant's pause he whirled and leaped at the others.

He was irresponsible, beyond all control, like a runaway horse. His lips were drawn back from his teeth and his countenance was a frenzy of slaughter. He leaped this way and that, seeking only to land on a living thing with his fist or reach with his awful clutches some hold on flesh and blood. And when he did the result was always the same. A yelp of pain and terror, a form writhing in the air, and then a limp, unconscious sprawl of humanity hurled at the floor. After the first few moments no one thought of opposing him. They were panic-stricken. Guns were forgotten. He was appalling to everyone—mad—brute strength gone wild—a lion loose from its cage—a frothing bear charging the throng.

The crowd, banked away out of range of guns, stood gaping, silent and spellbound. A pallid-faced man, his eyes wild with fright, leaped out of the saloon and fled down the trail amid hoots and yells. Another and another followed, and then the audience rushed for the windows and a closer view.

The interior was a mess of ruin. Overturned tables and chairs and saffron-faced, unconscious men strewed the floor. Waite, in the midst of his havoc, his massive shoulders heaving regularly, stood and gazed down at his open hands. Then, as if satisfied with them, he looked at the crowd flowing through the door. His smile broke. One of his victims sat up, rubbing his head.

"There's some four hundred claims flung open for location," called Waite to the mob. "Better get busy." And with this hint he made for the door, paying little heed to the congratulations that were thrust upon him. Men began turning and following him. A number on the outskirts had hesitated and then hied away. As he came through the door he met the delighted Vesey. "She's back in the post office part. Better go see her. I told her I'd send you."

The store was empty, and she saw him crossing the trail and hurried to the front. He saw her in the doorway and her face was a benison.

Just as he had crossed the trail the stage rattled up beside him from where it had been held up by the excitement.

"Hey, Waite! Look here!" It was Hilker, the driver. Waite turned, and Hilker jerked his head toward the back seats. "Here's the husband of one of those girls you have in tow wants to see you—bad!" cried Hilker with a cautioning screw of his off eye.

WAITE'S face, which during all the ferocious time had only reddened darkly with his rage and exertion, and which had never been seen an off-color, fled white at the words. He stared at the one passenger vacantly, yet with a ghastly fright sickening his eyes. He stepped slowly to the stage and, mounting the brake block, pulled himself up and in over to the stranger. Waite's face was scowling worse than it had scowled during the fight. The man shrank back. He was a smallish, plump-faced man of the traveling-salesman type. The girl came out and drew near with some new trouble in her face.

"Which one—is *your wife?*" Waite's voice was low, ruthless, indescribable. No one had ever heard it so before.

"Which one is—" began the man with an astounded stammer. And then he caught fire from suspicion, anger—he didn't know what.

"What's that to you—darn you?" he blustered at a white heat.

"Which one—is *your wife?*" repeated the unknown voice, tightening as it growled the words.

"None of your business!" shouted the man, exploding at the indignity of such a question.

"It *is* my business. Tell me—or I'll beat you to pulp."

"Tell him, y'flabbergasted fool! Can't y'see he'll tear yuh to pieces if y'don't?" advised Hilker with a snort.

"What do you w-want to know for?"

"Because, blank-blank you — I've picked one of them for mine—and God help us both if it's the wrong one." Waite whispered this. The man turned green about the mouth and ears and dropped limply against the seat back.

"Whi-which—one?" he faltered out. Waite's frame crouched closer to him.

"The red-headed one," whispered Waite. Everybody about held his breath for the man's answer while the man, with a sigh and a gesture of collapse and relief, exclaimed thankfully:

"Mine's the dark-haired one."

"And she's not married? The saddle hair?"

"Thank Heaven, *no!*"

WAITE stepped backward to the ground and his head went up as if he had come to the surface after a long dive. A tremendous laughing sigh escaped him. He was grinning. He extended his hand up to the man.

"Shake!" he grinned. And they shook, and when Waite turned there was the girl, confused, crimson, and smiling beside him.

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Shoes

(Continued from page 9)

Eva did not reply. A coldness, a fear gripped her heart. The horrible part of that promise was its definiteness, which somehow always carried a lure of hope—and its certainty of failure. Mr. Mayers was no more sure of work Monday than any other day, and when Monday came he would feel under no necessity of obtaining it. He would have long ago forgotten his promise.

After supper Eva went to the room shared by her and the two little girls. She took off her shoes with the utmost care. She held the shapeless things, with which she had become so tragically familiar, in her lap and looked at them. It was only a matter of hours—a day at the utmost—before they would literally fall to pieces. A feeling of calm came over her—an odd sense of finality.

SHE got up in her stocking feet, put on a freshly ironed white waist and the longest of her two black skirts. She slipped on the shoes again; the length of the skirt somewhat covered them. She combed out and did up, high on her head, her soft, straight brown hair. She brushed and put on her rusty black sailor hat and her little blue jacket.

As she went through the kitchen she stopped, turned to her mother, and said:

"Mamma, will you give me a dime? I want to go to the movies."

"Yes, honey."

Every dime was precious, but in the face of the greater disappointment her mother hastened to grant this request. She had been troubled by the look on her daughter's face at dinner, and she was glad that she was now going out instead of spending the evening alone in her room.

The night into which Eva stepped was clear and moonlit; one of those mild and lovely autumn nights which are sent to cheer for a moment a world weary of dampness and dreariness and all the windy menace of oncoming winter. The shadows of the houses were cut sharply and blackly on a steel-blue matrix of moonlight, and even this poor street of flat dwellers took on something of mystery and romance under the wand of the night.

But all its soft beauty was lost on Eva. She heard nothing but the scrape, scrape of her loose sole edges against the pavement; felt nothing but the intolerable ache in her swollen feet.

She turned abruptly into the district which she traversed every day on her way to and from work.

Here the quiet of the moonlight was lost in multitudinous electric lights; they blazed everywhere; plain yellow electric signs that stood still and said what they meant; mad, multicolored, rainbow-tinted electric signs that whirled and gyrated, bloomed and changed like flower gardens gone mad. The district looked tawdry and unalluring in the daytime, but now, under the radiance of its electric lights, it awoke, like the girls who frequented it, to the artificial life and vivacity that were its nightly business. The doors of cafés swung open and shut; girls, singly, in pairs, or with men, went in and out; strains of music gushed forth. All was set in that brilliant glare of strong light like some gigantic, tropical forest abloom with open-petaled, poisonous flowers that snapped shut on and devoured whatever touched them.

EVA slowed her walk in front of one of the below-street-level cafés, white painted, under a downpour of white light. Above its entrance blazed a sign bearing the words "The Blue Goose"; this was aided and abetted by a scintillating bird with azure plumage pricked out in tiny blue electric bulbs. She stood still a moment, then with a sudden, stiff movement went down the steps. As she crossed the threshold of the door held open for her by a uniformed attendant, she was conscious of the softness and smoothness of the deep carpet against the soles of her weary feet. . . .

Monday night Eva came home from Snider's Five, Ten, and Fifteen Cent Store. When she passed through the hall she noticed that the bedroom was empty. She opened the door of the kitchen. The dinner was steaming on the stove; her mother was wiping the dishes and, as she wiped them, setting the table. She looked up and smiled as Eva came in.

"Papa isn't home yet," she said; "maybe he's got a job at last."

The girl did not answer, and something in her silence caused her mother to stop in her plate wiping and look up. Her daughter met her glance, but in a curious, forced way. Of a sudden, instinctively, the mother's eyes sought the floor. "Why, you—you got your shoes!" she said in surprise.

"Yes."

The mother opened her mouth, caught the question at her lips, and remained silent. Suddenly her eyes caught her daughter's. They stood looking at each other and in that one tortured glance the mother comprehended all. All at once the forced calm of the girl's face broke; little tremors and quivers ran over it; a sort of spasm twitched the corners of her mouth.

Her mother rushed over and folded her in her arms:

"My baby, my baby, my poor, poor baby!" she crooned tenderly over the sobbing girl. "Never mind, never mind, darling, mamma understands."

She patted and kissed the head of the girl who lay in her arms. A passion of tenderness welled up in her heart for her daughter. The tears flowed down her cheeks. She forgot for the moment all her other children. This was her all, her first-born, her baby, and she had come to this.

SHE continued to pat Eva's hair and her wet cheek and soothe her with mother words. But as the girl's sobbing grew less a numbing sadness crept over the older woman. She felt, crushing her soul, the vast weight of forces she did not comprehend; she felt all her powerlessness to save from the world this life she had brought into it. She glanced down past the girl's shoulder and breast—there were her two poor little tired feet incased in their stiff new shoes. She realized with a terrible bitterness that this flower had not had a fair chance to bloom in the garden of life. The worm of poverty had entered the folded bud and spoiled it. This was the terrible thing about poverty: it took the tender young life before it had strength to grow and fight it. This was its awful menace to all the future.

The door opened and closed at the foot of the stairs. At the sound mother and daughter sat up straight, in a listening attitude.

"It's papa! Come, sweetheart, bathe your eyes so's he won't think anything!"

She slipped a towel into the girl's hand and pushed her gently toward the sink. He was an alien. He would judge her as the outside world would judge her. Whatever happened, his pride as a father and the head of a household must be kept from being humbled.

When he came in they were both bent over the stove.

"I got a job to-day, mother," he announced proudly, holding his hands out to the warmth.

"Did you? That's good."

He looked at his wife with a grunt of disapproval. She showed far less enthusiasm than he thought the occasion demanded. The three younger children came in noisily.

"Come, let's sit down to supper," she said. "Come, petty," she turned to her daughter and gently took her hand, "come and eat."

Whatever happened, life must go on. Whatever boats are wrecked, the river does not stop flowing toward the sea.

In the All-America Eleven

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

SIR—I wish indeed we might go back to the old times when I had a few days after the final game of the season to check up the very voluminous records of all the men. This year in this rush there was not time to compare carefully, game for game, the full records of Oliphant and Macomber, the former having come so fast in his final game that he is entitled to first place. The same rush and hurry led to the incorporation of a section of last season's Nebraska records, and led to an error which I hope you have been able to correct before harm was done, in placing Halligan instead of Weyand of West Point, who should have had the position on the third team.

I should be glad to have you print this letter in the interests of both men.

Yours very truly, WALTER CAMP.

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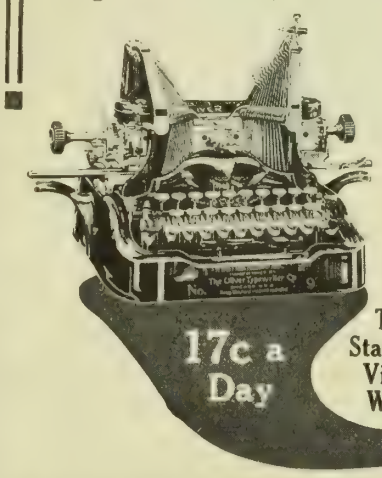
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Through the Dark

(*Continued from page 5*)

John bowed and led him upstairs. "Good night, sir," he said, opening the door. "May you sleep well. It's a little hard here lately."

He hesitated. He cleared his throat. "You couldn't persuade him to send his wife away?" he went on at last. "She's not strong, sir. It's pitiful."

"See here, John," Garth said impulsively, "I know it's against the rules, but tell me what's wrong here. What are you all afraid of?"

The old man's lips moved. His eyes sought Garth's urgently. With a visible effort he backed out of the room. His glance left Garth. When he opened his lips all he said was: "Good night, sir."

Garth closed the door, shrugging his shoulders. Of what a delicacy the threat must be to require such scrupulous handling! "If there is anything," Alden had said. Garth brought his hands together.

"There is something," he muttered; "something as dangerous as the death Alden is manufacturing back there."

He went to bed, but the restlessness of the train returned to him. Reviewing Alden's exhaustion and the old servant's significant comment, he wondered half seriously if sleep refused to enter this house. The place, even for his splendidly controlled emotions, possessed a character depressive, unhealthy, calmly malevolent.

He had lost account of time. He had been, perhaps, on the frontier of sleep, for, as he sprang upright, he could not be all at once sure what had aroused him. A man's groan, he thought. Suddenly, tearing through the darkness, came the affirmation — a feminine scream, full of terror, abruptly ended.

HE threw on his clothes, grasped his revolver, dashed down the stairs, and burst into the living room. There was no light now beyond the wan glow of the fire, but that was still sufficient to show him Alden, huddled more than ever in the chair; and the terror that had quivered through the cry persisted now in Alden's face.

His wife, in a dressing gown, knelt at his side, her arm around his knees. At Garth's entrance she sprang erect, facing him. "It came," she gasped. "Oh, I knew it would. All along I've known."

"Tell me what's happened," Garth commanded.

The woman's voice was scarcely intelligible. "I let him sleep here. Just now he groaned. I ran in. Somebody—something had attacked him. I ran in. I—I saw it."

"Where?"

She pointed to the rear window.

"I saw it going out there. It was foggy. It went in the fog. I couldn't—"

Garth sprang to the window. It was half open. Before he could get through Mrs. Alden had caught his arm.

"Don't follow. It isn't safe out there."

"I want that man," he said.

She leaned weakly against the casement. "But out there," she whispered, "they are not men."

Again she caught his arm.

"Don't leave me alone now that they can come in."

She pointed at her husband.

"Look at him. He saw it in the fog that came through the window. It is all fog out there. Don't leave me alone."

He thrust the revolver impatiently into her hand. "Then take this. Not much use outside on such a night."

HE jumped to the lawn and started swiftly across. Since the intruder had fled this way he might hear him in the woods, might grapple with him. He regretted the loss of his revolver, although he realized it would be useless to-night except at close quarters, and for that he possessed a cleverly devised reserve, which he had arranged on first joining the force—a folding knife, hidden in his belt, sharp, well-tested, deadly.

At the edge of the woods he paused, straining his ears, trying to get his bearings, for he was on unfamiliar ground and the fog was very dense here. It lowered a white, translucent shroud over the nocturnal landscape. Beneath its folds he could make out only one or two tree trunks and a few drooping branches. These, as he stared, gave him the illusion of moving surreptitiously. The moon, he knew, was at the full, but its golden rotundity was heavily veiled to-night, so that it had the forlorn, the sorrowful appearance of a lamp once brilliant whose flame has gradually diminished and is about to expire.

Garth could hear nothing, but he waited breathlessly, still straining his ears. This, he mused, was the place where many soldiers had died in battle, the setting for ghostly legends, the spot where the servants had fancied a terrifying and bodiless reanimation, the deathbed of Alden's valet.

Now that he had time to weigh it, Mrs. Alden's manner puzzled him. She had said *it* had been in the house, that now *they* could come in, and that out here *they* were not men. Had the loneliness imposed upon her intelligence such a repulsive credulity?

He had to admit that imagination in such a medium could project hateful and deceptive fancies.

Then, without realizing at first why, Garth knew he had been unjust. He found his eyes striving to penetrate the night to the left. Surely it was not the old illusion of moving trees and branches that had set the fog in lazy motion over there. He stepped cautiously behind a pine tree. The chill increased. A charnel atmosphere had crept into the woods. As he shivered he realized that this sepulchral place had filled with plausible inhabitants—shapes as restless and unsubstantial as if sprung solely from a morbid somnambulism.

Shadows advanced through the shadowy fog, and Garth could define them as no more than shadows. In one place the mist thinned momentarily, and he glimpsed, apparently floating forward, the trunk of a man's figure. Pallid tatters, such as might survive in a mortuary, flapped about bare shoulders, and from a little distance beyond came a sickly gleam—the doubtful response uncertain moonlight might draw from a bayonet or a musket barrel.

The fog closed in. There were no more shadows. Garth, eager to follow, forced himself to wait. He told himself that the march of phantoms possessed a meaning which would give direction to his task. The discovery of its impulse, he was confident, would unveil the mystery at the house. Against so many only caution was useful at present.

He was glad Nora was not with him. He knew how profoundly she would have been stirred, how ready she would have been to discard a rational explanation for the occult. He could smile a little. In this one respect of vulnerability to superstition he felt himself immeasurably her superior. He was very glad she had not involved herself in such a case. Finally, phantomlike himself, he proceeded through the fog in the direction the silent shadows had taken. He walked for some distance.

WITHOUT warning he stumbled and pitched forward to his knees. Reaching out to save himself, his fingers touched something wet, cold, and possessed of a revealing quality which in one moment drove into his brain the excuse for those at the house, and focused for him their terror of the unexplored world of whose adjacence their solitude must have convinced them.

He snatched his hand back, rendered for the moment without purpose by this silent and singular tryst to which chance had led him in the evil forest. It was necessary, however, to strip the mask of night from the face of the one who lay, defeated and beyond resistance, in the path of the shadowy army. He took his pocket lamp from his coat and pressed the control. The light fought through the fog to the face of the old servant who a few hours ago had begged him to get Mrs Alden away, whose lips had been incomprehensibly sealed.

Quickly he searched for the manner of death: there could be no mere coincidence about two such catastrophes in the same spot. Whatever the coroner's verdict, murder was the only sensible deduction. Yet he found no slightest souvenir of violence. The face alone held a record of an attack—the features were twisted as if from its vehemence, and the eyes appeared to secrete some shocking vision.

Garth sprang to his feet. Alden's sick fear and his wife's hysterical misgivings were placed on a basis far sounder than imagination. A danger, unconformable, but none the less real, skirted their isolated house, had at last, according to the woman, forced an entrance.

Garth knew his limitations. He must have help, and now Alden must be made to talk. He ran back to the house and stepped through the window. The lamp had been lighted. It shone on Mrs. Alden, who bent over the writing table, her gaze directed hypnotically toward the huddled man in the chair. Garth, since he came from the rear, could not see Alden's face at first.

"Mrs. Alden," he said, "I found your man, out there—"

Her hands left the table. She straightened. With a perceptible effort she raised her eyes from the chair to meet Garth's.

"Not de—"

She put her hand to her mouth and crushed back the word. Garth nodded.

"I must have help. Where's the telephone?" He started for the hall.

"Lock that window," he said. "I've left it open."

Suddenly he paused and turned. A sound, scarcely human, had come from the chair—a hollow, meaningless vocal attempt, as though there were no palate behind it, no tongue to shape its intention.

FROM where he stood Garth could see Alden distinctly enough. His head was sunk forward on his chest. His fingers clutched powerlessly at the chair arms. His eyes appeared to have hoarded and just now released all the strength of which his meager body had been stripped. They flashed with a passionate purpose which drew Garth magnetically until he was close and had stooped and was staring into them with a curiosity almost as pronounced as their eagerness.

"What is it, Mr. Alden?" he asked.

The other's fingers continued to stray about the chair arms.

"You've got to tell me what you know—all you suspect," Garth urged. "We've murder on our hands. What do you know?"

Alden's head rose and fell affirmatively. "Out with it."

But Alden did not answer, although his eyes burned brighter, and Garth guessed. "Speak, Mr. Alden," he begged.

Alden's lips moved. His throat worked. His face set in a grotesque grimace. "There's danger for all of us," Garth cried. "The time for silence has passed." Then Alden answered, but it was only with that helpless, futile sound—such a whimper as escapes unintelligibly in the fancied fatality of a nightmare. Garth drew back. Now when it was too late Alden wanted to talk. Now when he had been robbed of the power he craved the power of words.

"Mrs. Alden," Garth whispered. "You know your husband can't speak! Look at him!"

About her advance there was that hypnotic quality Garth had noticed before. He read in her face, moreover, a sympathy and a love that made it as difficult of unmoved contemplation as the helpless suffering in Alden's.

Alden smiled sorrowfully as his wife came close and stooped to him. His hands ceased their straying about the chair arms. They rose with a quick motion, an unsuspected strength, and closed about her white and beautiful throat. She did not cry out. Perhaps there was no time. Her eyes closed. Her lips were wistful.

GARTH tore at the man's fingers. It took all his force to break their hold. And as he fought the answer to a great deal came to him. Alden was clearly insane, and his wife's fear and John's doubt of her safety were accounted for. Yet it didn't answer all. What was the snare of the shrouded army in the forest? What was the connection of the death that had struck there twice?

Alden's viselike grip was broken. Mrs. Alden swayed against the writing table gasping. Alden's whimpering had recommenced.

Garth looked from one to the other.

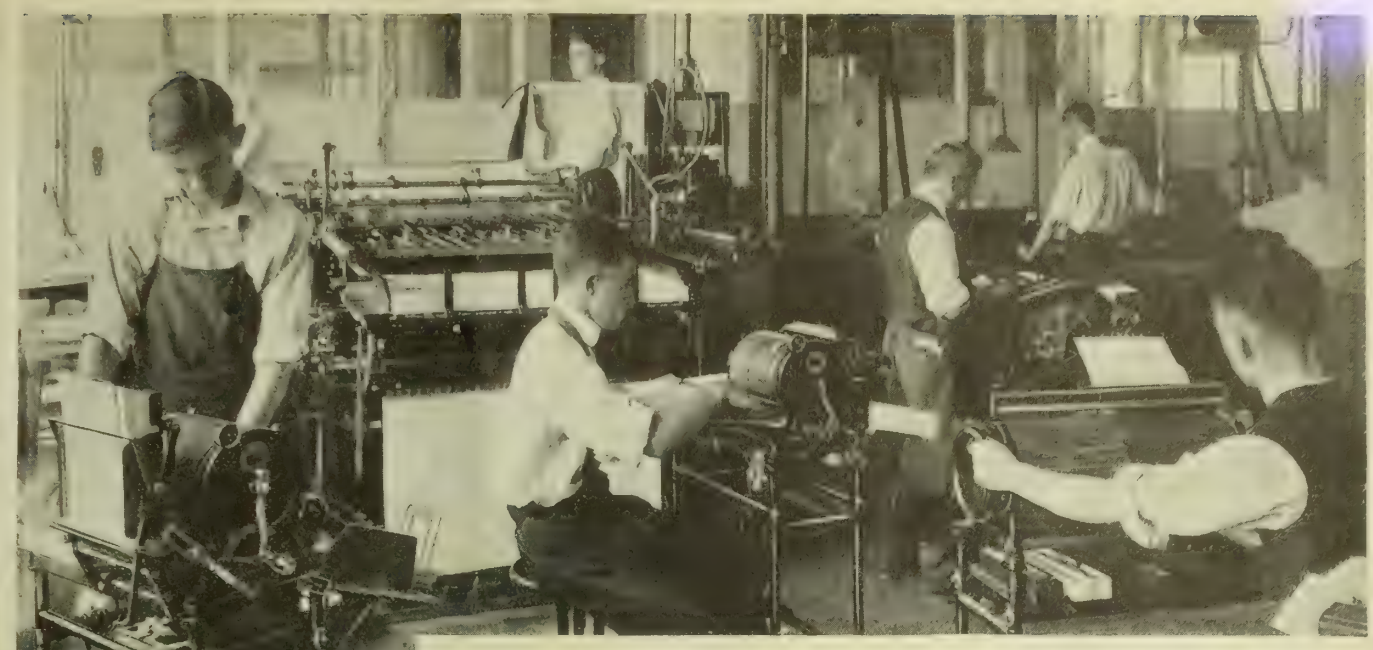
"Good God!" he said.

She turned on him. "Why did you come? It is your fault."

Garth pointed at the cabinet where the medicine was kept. The nightmare whimpering did not cease.

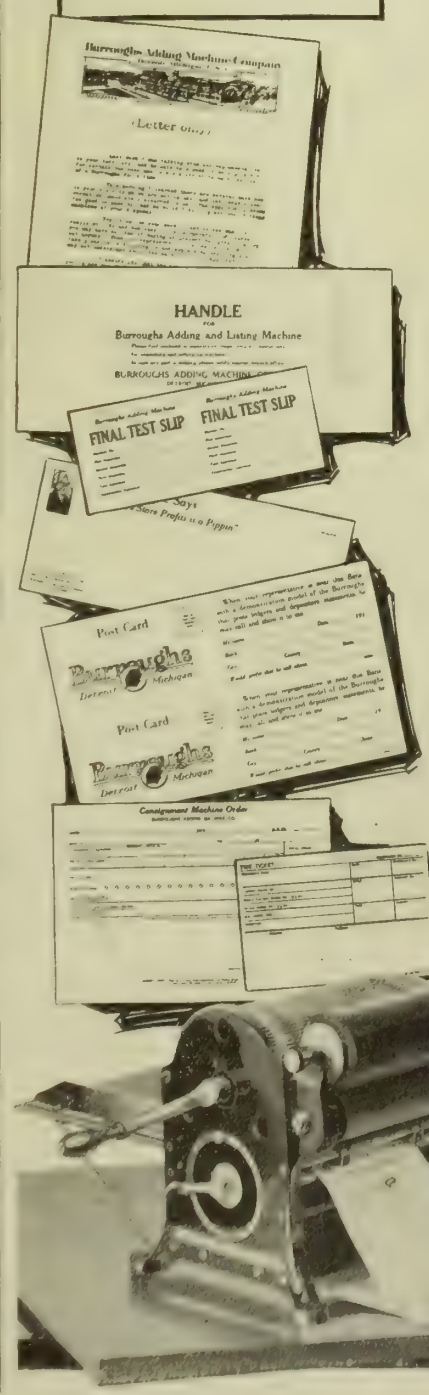
"Get him something," Garth directed. "The doctor must have left you a narcotic."

She walked with a pronounced lurch to the cabinet, where Garth heard her fumbling among the bottles, but he did not turn away from Alden. The imbecile sounds stopped, but the lips worked ineffectively again. One of the hands moved slowly with an apparent unity of purpose. Garth realized that



Above—View of two Multigraphs and Compotype at work in the Burroughs Printing Department. Note Press in background.

Below—Some of the forms produced on the Multigraph, which helped the shop to beat outside bids and still pay a profit.



Putting the Burroughs Print Shop on a Profit Basis

A lot of printing is done in this shop—for the Burroughs Adding Machine Company uses many inside and outside forms, and distributes a large quantity of advertising literature.

Word went out that the shop must stand on its own feet absolutely. The Manager must bid against outside firms on every job; he must also operate at a profit. And his costs are carefully checked by the Company's cost department.

He found the Multigraph, up to its size and capacity, the quickest and most economical machine in the shop. It saved him $165 in the first six weeks and a second one was promptly installed.

Now he is saving an average of $250 a month on work that used to go to the Gordon presses. And the Company is highly satisfied with the work produced.

THE MULTIGRAPH

THE MULTIGRAPH JUNIOR

The Multigraph fits the needs of those with a limited amount of printing and form typewriting as perfectly as those of a complete printing department like the Burroughs. The New Junior Equipment shown below brings Multigraph high quality, convenience, speed and economy within any business man's needs.

$200

THE MULTIGRAPH SENIOR

This is the latest, improved type of equipment such as is used by the Burroughs Adding Machine Co., and thousands of other concerns, large and small. Complete with Electric Power Drive, Printing Ink Attachment, Automatic Paper Feed, Automatic Platen Release and Wide Printing Surface.

$665

Write for Complete Burroughs Story

Every one who sends in the coupon will receive a copy of one of the most interesting folders we have ever prepared. It tells the story of the Burroughs Print Shop and the Multigraph in detail which is impossible in a brief advertisement.

MULTIGRAPH, 1827 E. 40th Street, Cleveland

I shall be glad to have a Multigraph representative show me Multigraph work similar to mine, and investigate, *at no obligation to me*, its possible application to my business.

Name.....

Official position.....

Firm.....

Street Address.....

Town..... State.....

THE SHOP WINDOW

MANY READERS ARE LOOKING FOR JUST THE OPPORTUNITIES OFFERED IN THIS DEPARTMENT. MAKE A PRACTICE OF READING AND ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS. THEY ARE CLASSIFIED FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

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South Atlantic Area—An Empire Of Fertile Lands and opportunities. The Seaboard Air Line Railway traverses six of the richest Southern States from the green fields of Virginia to the orange groves and mid-winter vegetable gardens on the Gulf Coast of Southern Florida. Choice locations for fruit, truck, general farming, stock raising, dairying and poultry at low prices and within easy reach of large markets. Combination of soil and climate with growing seasons from 200 to 348 days affords a wide range of possibilities. Let us direct you to the section best suited to your purposes. Our books of facts and photos mailed free. Ask—J. A. Pride, General Industrial Agent, Seaboard Air Line Railway, Suite D-1, Norfolk, Va.

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Farms In Virginia $15.00 Acre And Up. Easy payments. Mild Climate—No long cold or hot spells. Social Life, Fertile Soil, Good markets—High Prices—On Railroad—Convenient to Trains. Write for free magazine and other information. F.H. LaBaume. Agrl. Agt., Norfolk & Western Rwy., Room 245, N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Money-Making Farms Throughout 15 Eastern States; 1 acre to 1,000 acres. $15 per acre up; several with livestock, tools, and crops included, to settle estates; big illustrated catalogue free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Dept. 67, 47 W. 34th St., New York.

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Hempstead Lawns, 10 Miles From New York; quarter acre for $300; terms $15 cash, $5 month. Hempstead has fine electric train service. Send for maps and illustrated booklet to W. Kaye, 277 Broadway, New York.

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Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes. Underwoods, Olivers, Remingtons, etc. ¼ to ½ mfrs. prices. $15 up—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for catalogue 121, Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago. Ill.

Typewriter Prices Smashed. "Spot Cash." Gaerte will save you money. L. C. Smiths, Olivers, Remingtons, Underwoods, Royals, etc. Your choice of 500 machines at $10 to $15. Guaranteed for 3 years. Send today for descriptive circular. Dearborn Typewriter Exch., Dept. 91, Chicago, Ill.

Special Note: If You Want A Real Bargain In a dandy, high-class, substantially guaranteed rebuilt typewriter of any make—on time, rental or cash—write the big house today. Young Typewriter Co., Dept 316, Chicago.

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Will Pay $5.00 To $50.00 For Large Cent Dated 1799. We pay cash premiums on all large cents, eagle cents, etc., and all rare coins to 1912. Thousands of coins and bills wanted. Send 4c for our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Tex.

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Our "Modern" Duplicator——Yours For $2.40. No Glue or Gelatine. All Sizes. Free Trial. 34000 Users. Standard for 15 Years. Booklet Free. Sole Mfrs., J. D. Durkin & Reeves Co., 339 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

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Have You A Camera? Send A Quarter, Just half price, for latest issues of my three helpful magazines, American Photography, Popular Photography, Practical Photography. F. R. Fraprie, 834 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

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Thermor Waterless Hot Bottle Sends Hot Water Bottles to scrap heap. Exclusive Selling Rights free to responsible party able to finance himself. Real opportunity to establish yourself in big paying business with nominal capital as Distributor Thermor Products. Limited offer. Thermophor Co., 3 Desbrosses St., New York.

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Exclusive State Or County Selling Rights Free To responsible parties able to finance themselves. Best automobile accessory on the market. Opportunity to establish yourself in big paying business, with nominal capital, as distributor. Limited offer. Perfek Device Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Of Interest to Women

Become A Trained Nurse By Home Study course. Nurses earn $15 to $30 a week. Diplomas recognized by best Doctors. Hospital experience given if desired. Established 12 years. Easy terms. Catalog Free. American School for Nurses, 1550 La Salle, Chicago, Ill.

Collections

"Red Streaks Of Honesty Exist In Everybody," and thereby I collect $200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for the story of "Ben Hur and the Bill," free. Francis G. Luke, Cont'l Nat'l Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah, U. S. A. "Some People Don't Like Us."

Motion Picture Plays

Have You Ideas For Photoplays Or Stories? If so, we will accept them in any form—criticise free—sell on commission. Big Rewards! Hundreds making money. Get details today. Story Rev. Co., 21 Main St., Auburn, N. Y.

Write Photoplays, Short Stories, Poems: Big Prices. Constant demand. No correspondence course. Start writing and selling at once. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 346 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Big Prices Paid For Photoplays. Details Free to beginners; no experience or correspondence course needed; begin work now. Producers League, 317, St. Louis.

Photoplays Wanted. Big Prices Paid. Send For our Free book, How To Write Photoplays. Enterprise Co., CS-3348 Lowe Av., Chicago.

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Patent What You Invent. It May Be Valuable. Write me. No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Estab. 1882. "Inventor's Guide" Free. Franklin H. Hough. 538 Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Inventors, Do Not Sacrifice Your Inventions. Get full money value. Reliable book Free. Write R. S. & A. B. Lacey, 618 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills. Musical Pieces. Make Up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 44, Chicago.

Dull Razor Blades

Mail Them At Our Risk! Pay Only If You Like The new Blademaker's edges we put on. Or, ask for prices and free mailing case. Parker-Warren Lab., 107-r W. 42d St., N. Y.

Of Interest to Men

Wanted. Railway Mail, Clerk-Carriers, Rural Carriers; $900 to $1,800 yearly. Examinations soon. One lesson Free. Write Ozment, 126R, St. Louis.

Printing

1,000 Bond Letterheads $1.50. 5M $5; 1,000 Envelopes $1.75. Same paper and work as others furnish. Samples. S. I. Meseraull. Kansas City, Kansas.

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Writers—Stories, Poems, Plays, Etc., Are Wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit Mss. or write Literary Bureau, CW5, Hannibal, Mo.

JOBS

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN AND AGENTS ARE IN BIG DEMAND. TO THOSE WHO CAN QUALIFY, THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENTS PRESENT MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

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Every Household On Farm—In Small Town Or Suburbs—where oil lamps are used, needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin Mantle Lamp, burns common coal oil (Kerosene); gives a light five times as bright as electric. Awarded Gold Medal At San Francisco Exposition. Hundreds with rigs earning big income without previous experience. No cash required. We furnish capital to reliable men. Write quick for wholesale prices, territory and sample lamp for free trial. Address Nearest Office. Mantle Lamp Co., 504 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Mantle Lamp Co., 504 Thermos Bldg., New York City.

Agents—Snappiest Household Line On Earth. Red hot sellers, steady repeaters—big profit. 250 lightweight, fast selling, popular priced necessities. Agents Outfit free. Get busy—Quick—Write today. Postal will do. American Products Co., 3548 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

The Prosperous Agent Is The Davis Agent. Why? Our soap and toilet combinations get the money with Huge profit. Great Crew managers proposition. Repeat orders Galore! Worlds Largest Factory Backs You. Write E. M. Davis, President, K61 Davis Bldg., Chicago.

Agents—Handle Latest Sensation; Little Marvel, self-lighting burner attachment; just out; fits any burner; retails 15c; made by makers of famous Simplex lighter: call, write. Automatic Gas Appliance Co., Inc., 27 East 14th St., New York.

Earn Money Showing Queen Fabric Dress Goods. Honest, ambitious men and women wanted. Whole or part time. Experience unnecessary. Instructions ready. Be first. Queen Fabric Mfg. Co., Dept. 431, Syracuse, N. Y.

Big 30% Commission To Live Agent On New Liberal $2000 accident policy. $5 yearly pays for injuries, sickness. Double benefits, $10. Photo-identification (in leather case) free with policy. Underwriters, 1345-F. Ins. Exch., Chicago.

Live Agents Wanted To Take Orders For Our guaranteed food flavors in tubes (saving 80%). Exceptionally large profits. Exclusive territory. Permanent business. C. H. Stuart & Co., 27 Union, Newark, N. Y.

Sales Agent Wanted In Every County. We Train the inexperienced. If dissatisfied with present wages, write largest manufacturers of transparent handled knives for their offer. The Novelty Cutlery Co., 40 Bar St., Canton, O.

Accept No Agency Until Getting Offer On Ho-Ro-Co Skin and Scalp Soap and Toilet Articles. Our plan new and different. Territory limited; write today. Rothco, 208 N. 2nd, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents Of Ability And High Character Wanted on a new household article. Large profit. Special selling plan that pulls results. Address Merritt & Brock, 59 to 69 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

Plenty Of Sales, Plenty Of Profit—Permanent work, exclusive territory; $1.25 profit each sale. Write Moore Drop Forging Co., C-1011, Springfield, Mass.

Agents: Large Profits. Free Samples. Gold Sign Letters for store and office windows. Any one can put on. Big demand. Metallic Letter Co., 432 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Agents To Sell "Eureka Steel Ranges" From Wagons, on notes or for cash. Big money maker for live men. Catalogue Free. Eureka Steel Range Co., O'Fallon, Ills.

Agents Wanted

L. M. Palmer, Of Glen Allen, Ala., Put Out On trial 108 Wendell Compressed Air Washing Machines. He went around a few days later to collect and in every single instance save one he got the money. This is a brand new proposition. Patented; is an amazing invention. Agents coining money. A sale at nearly every house. Does week's wash in 3 to 6 minutes. Works like magic. No charge for territory. Write now. Wendell Vacuum Washer Co., 939 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Salesmanager With Desk Room Or Office in each county and city; send out canvasssers and sell a 25c and 50c article in every factory, shop and home and double your income from repeat orders each month. Write or call, Bradlee-Wood Co., 3 E. 14th St., N. Y. C.

Agents—Steady Income. Large Manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 72 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents. The Midget Vest Pocket Garment Hanger sells on sight. The most attractive proposition ever offered. No competition. Article fully protected by U. S. and foreign patents. Address The Silvex Company, Dept. C, 171 Madison Ave., New York.

Agents Wanted To Sell The Metropoliphone Talking Machines. Make Big Money easily. Write quick for particulars and territory. Metropoliphone Talking Machine Co., 111 Second Avenue, Dept. 42, New York.

Agents—Kleanol Sanitary Brushes Pay You Big profits; fast sellers; big line. Get information from largest wire twisted brush makers. Kleanol Brush Co., Inc., Dept. 40, Springfield, Mass.

Just Show Them—The New Adjustable Floor And wall mops, dustless dusters and sanitary brushes Sell Themselves. Big line. Big Profits. Agents write Silver-Chamberlin Co., Maple St. & Boulevard, Clayton, N. J.

Agents—Deal In Dollars. Make Dollars. The Jules Folding Portable Electric Lamp contains new, exclusive, patented features. Particulars from Rose Strauss Co., 207 W. 48th St., New York.

Why Try To Sell Stuff That Has To Be Forced on people? Carry goods people really want, will buy, and make a good week's pay for yourself. Luton Specialty Co., 1123 Broadway, New York.

Agents: We Need At Once A Representative In your locality. Work easy and pleasant. No capital required. Big profits. No special qualification necessary. Address M. H. Mathews, Manager, 2717 Third St., Dayton, O.

Make Big Money Quickly—Easily—Selling Articles needed in every home. Others making big profits. Good open territory. Get full particulars. Write today. J. I. Holcomb Co., 820 Draper St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Agents—Everywhere—To Take Orders For Our high grade calling and business cards. Large profits; outfit Free. Formans, Box 693 W, Waterbury, Conn.

Advertising Stickers, Inexpensive And Effective advertising; a universal business help; splendid field for agents. St. Louis Sticker Co., Dept. C, 105 Pine St., St. Louis.

Agents Wanted

A Golden Opportunity Offered Live Men Selling Pure Spun Aluminum Utensils and Specialties. We furnish free Moving Picture Lantern Slides that sell the goods. Our Co-operative Selling Plans will unlock every door in your territory, every hour turned into profit. Write quick and secure choice of territory. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Division X, Lemont, Ill.

Agents—Make Big Money Selling Our 300 candle power gasoline table and hanging lamp for homes, stores, halls, churches; no wick, no chimney, no mantel trouble; costs one cent per night; exclusive territory; we loan you sample. Sunshine Safety Lamp Company, 919 Factory Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Men And Women Earn Hundreds Of Dollars yearly distributing Guaranteed Hosiery from mill to wearer. All or part time. Repeat orders insure permanent increasing business. No capital or experience needed. C. Parker Mills, 2737 No. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents To Handle Exclusively Or As Side Line, New Accident and Health Policy. $5000 principal sum, $100 monthly for accident or sickness. All accidents and sicknesses covered. Premium $10 yearly. One-half above benefits for $5 yearly. Underwriters, Dept. B, Newark, N. J.

Reliable People Wanted To Place Our Eggine In stores and appoint sub-agents. Takes place of eggs in baking and cooking at less than 9c doz. Package and particulars 10c postpaid. Morrissey Co., 4405-15 Madison St., Chicago.

Biggest Hit Ever! 11 Piece Toilet Article Set selling like blazes at $1 with $1 carving set free! Enormous profit! Tremendous sensation! Make big money every week. Write quick! Pierce Co., Dept. D, Chicago.

A Hustler, Man Or Woman, Fair Education, To travel for firm of large capital. No canvassing. $936 per year, payable weekly. Expenses advanced. G. M. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa., Pepper Bldg.

High-Grade Salesmen

Salesman, Exceptional Opportunity To Acquire an established business for yourself. Virgin territory. Automobile accessory that is in great demand. The Proposition you have been looking for. The Liberty Bell Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Salesmen: Pocket Side Line, New Live Proposition, all merchants in towns of 100,000 and under want it. Pays $5.00 com. on each sale. No collecting, no risk to merchant. We take back unsold goods. Easiest, biggest paying side line. Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigel St., Chicago.

Business Building Is A Science That Brings Success. Some never acquire it; some by bitter experience, but more than 75,000 others have sent for the Sheldon Book—the quickest, surest way. Why not you? Write today to The Sheldon School, 527 Gunther Bldg, Chicago.

Agents, Sell "Kant Leak" Rain Coats. $5 Kind for $3.98. Fast Seller; Big Profit. Capital not required. We save you time and money by delivering direct to customer. Comer Mfg. Co., 13 Buick St., Dayton, Ohio.

Great Profits. New Specialty For Merchants. Sells $15.00, your profit $10.25. No competition. Exc. Territory. Free sample. Sayers Co., 401 Wainwright, St. Louis, Mo.

High-Grade Salesmen

Traveling Salesmen Wanted. Experience Unnecessary. Earn Big Pay while you learn by mail during spare time, only eight weeks' time required, one or two hours a day. Steady position, easy work. hundreds of good positions to select from. Write today for free book "A Knight of the Grip", containing full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of our students who are earning Big Salaries. Address Dept. B-47 National Salesmen's Training Association, Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

Substantial Salary And Expenses, Or Commission, selling remarkable labor-saving invention to farmers and people who own cows. Experience unnecessary. Enormous demand. Nothing in market like it. Positions being filled fast all over country. If you want job for your locality, or traveling, write quick for particulars, free sample and salary proposition. DeKing Mfg. Co., Dept. 11 A—Chicago.

Salesmen—We Will Pay You Well. Hardenburg's famous line of Leather Goods, Diaries, and other Advertising Specialties. Product of thirty years' experience. Easy sales satisfied customers, big commissions. A serious offer for hustling salesmen. No canvassers. H. B. Hardenburg & Co., 67 Washington St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Salesmen Wanted Everywhere by a Responsible house. We give $40 commission on each machine sold. You should average two a week. Sell Chemical Fire Engines to factories, stores, Fire Depts., etc. No capital required; exclusive territory; goods well advertised. Ajax Fire Engine Works, 95 Liberty St., New York City.

Wanted—Hustlers To Take Orders For Made-To-measure high-grade men's tailored suits from $9.50 to $22.00. Make Big money weekly. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Wanted—Live Energetic Salesmen. Calling On Grocers, Dry Goods, Boot and Shoe Merchants or kindred trades, to sell sensational big selling china assortment. Either regular or as side line. Big repeater, liberal and quick commissions. Samples light. Write the E. H. Sebring China Co., Sebring, Ohio.

Wanted—Traveling Salesmen Who Will Accept clothes made to their measure in payment for placing with merchants "The Line That's Different," an all-wool tailoring line, quoting six special prices: no extra charges. Write for particulars. J. W. Jones & Sons, 300 Mid-City Bank Building, Chicago.

Salesmen For Largest Independent Aluminum cooking utensil line. New, novel, quick-selling plans that bring home the bacon. Pay weekly; positions permanent; exclusive territory. Specials for side-line men. Desk B, National Aluminum Works, Elmira, New York.

Salesmen—Make Big Money On Our Convex Portraits 38c, Frames 35c. Glass 20c. Largest house in America. Est. 15 years. Samples Free. The Culver Co., Box 101, Westerville, O.

Big Opportunity For Sales Mgr. Capable Of Organizing agency force. Exclusive rights. New. Fast selling $7.50 adding machine. Does work of expensive machines. Dept. C, Calculator Sales Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

it was motioning him back. Alden started to rise. Garth saw his veins swell and the emaciated muscles strain as he literally dragged himself out of the chair and braced his elbows against the writing table. He grasped a pencil and wrote rapidly on a piece of paper. Garth understood, and he reached out for the sheet on which Alden had traced the words—perhaps a warning, perhaps the truth—which his tongue had been unable to form.

"Don't touch that paper."

THERE was a new quality about the voice Garth could not deny. There was no more tinkling of glass at the cabinet. He found it difficult to credit Mrs. Alden with that clear, authoritative command. He turned warily and looked into the muzzle of his own revolver. Mrs. Alden's outstretched hand, he noticed, did not waver.

"What does this mean?" he cried.

"It means," she answered in a tired voice, "that if you read what is on that paper you'll leave me no choice. I shall have to shoot."

Alden whimpered again. The paper fluttered to the floor and rested, white and uncommunicative, beneath the table. His face set. He pointed accusingly toward the rear window.

The gesture was clear to Garth. He knew what it meant before his eyes followed its direction. Before he had seen, he appreciated almost palpably the new presence in the room. At the moment it seemed inevitable to him that the tense group should be joined by a stronger force, the inspiration, probably, of these mysterious activities that worked ahead, he could not doubt, to a graver issue for Alden and himself.

THE newcomer glided from the shadows by the window and moved to Mrs. Alden's side—huge, powerful. The cap, drawn low over his eyes, and the thick growth about the mouth robbed his face of expression and gave to his actions a mechanical precision not lightly to be disturbed. He took the revolver from the woman.

"I couldn't," she said. "He hasn't read. It won't be necessary?"

"Necessary," the man answered, "but you were right. Not in that way. It leaves too much evidence. As the others went."

"No more death," she cried. "There has been too much death."

"These days the world is full of death," he answered. "What are one or two here?"

The voice carried as little expression as the face or the figure, but an accent, which Garth knew, hindered its flow and defined the situation with a brutal clearness.

He turned at a slipping behind him, a heavy fall. Alden lay on the floor, his hand stretched toward the useless spot of white beneath the table. His wife tumbled across and knelt beside him, restlessly fingering his shoulders.

"Andrew!" she cried. "You don't understand. Look at me. You have to understand. I love you. Nothing changes that."

The newcomer moved to her, and without relaxing his vigilance grasped her arm. "There's too much to be done to-night for tears. Keep your watch."

He indicated Garth. "I'll come back and attend to him later."

She continued to stare at her husband's closed eyes.

"He knows now, but you shan't kill him. I tell you you shan't kill him."

"When the occasion arises you will follow your duty," he said.

He turned to Garth, pointing at the black door in the rear corner.

"You will go in there."

A flashing recollection of Nora decided Garth. Resistance now, he knew, as he studied the great figure, would mean the end, whereas, if he waited and obeyed, the knife, secreted in his belt, offered a possible means of escape.

"Wait!" the man snapped.

He thrust the revolver in Mrs. Alden's hand while he ran quickly over Garth's clothing. The thickness of the belt escaped him. He found only the pocket lamp. "The telephone is disconnected," he said, evidently to reassure the woman. "Your husband is too weak to leave the house, and no one will come near it until daylight. We won't cross that bridge before we reach it."

She shuddered. The other opened the door and motioned Garth to enter. He went through, simulating a profound dejection, but actually reaching out again in confidence. For the man would come back to visit him with the silent, undemonstrative violence that had done for the two men in the woods, but Garth would be waiting for him, behind the door, with his knife. Therefore, when the door was locked, he commenced hopefully to examine his prison.

He soon found that here the veil of night was not sable. It possessed a quality, milky but lusterless, reminiscent of the shroud through which the shadowy figures had paraded. It retained, however, the obscurity of thorough darkness. He had a feeling, indeed, of standing in a darkness that was white.

There must be windows over there, many windows. He felt his way across. The wall, as well as the interior face of the door, was lined with sheet tin, suggesting immediately the nature of his prison—a dismantled conservatory. The glazed end was of small panes, heavily leaded. The frames in themselves offered a resistance to escape as efficacious as prison bars.

The arrangement, nevertheless, gave him one advantage. A single door to guard removed the threat of a surprise.

In the center of the floor he found a considerable heap of wood, probably the fittings of the place. He scarcely dared pause to examine it. He hurried back to his post at the doorway, removed the knife from his belt, jointed it, and tested the point against his finger. He didn't know how long his respite would last. He couldn't hazard a guess as to the nature of the big man's occupation. He could only estimate its importance by the fact that it had prevented the other's dealing summarily with him.

He had entered the case with too little light. Nora had been right. Mrs. Alden faced even the death of her own husband because he had learned too much. And she had no slightest amorous tendency—of that Garth was sure—toward the bearded giant to whose will she bent her own with a pitiable humility. The lack of that world-wide, easily comprehensible motive to wrong, taken with the leader's German accent, directed Garth's logic to the furnaces, which night after night stained the sky with a scarlet significant of their feverish industry. Could he escape? Would he be in time?

He stiffened at a stealthy movement of the key in the lock. The answer lay just ahead. Garth could not doubt that the German was about to enter to annihilate in his subtle manner an enemy he believed unarmed.

WITH his left hand he braced himself against the door frame for the stroke, while with his right hand he lifted the knife. The necessity of striking without warning sickened him. He had no choice. There was too much eager help within earshot of an alarm. The stakes loomed too commandingly to tolerate a sentimental hesitation. It was not only his own life in the scales. The lives of those who toiled at the furnaces swayed with his. But it was from the recollection of Nora that he drew the most strength, and from the desire to see her again, to watch her quiet figure, a little inscrutable, unconsciously provocative; to hover again on the edge of an avowal, alert for his favorable moment. The door hinges responded to a pressure. The lamp had evidently been extinguished again, for he saw in the uncertain radiance of the embers a thing, scarcely definable as human, prone beyond the threshold.

The empty doorway, the inert object on the floor, the darkness, accented rather than diminished by the embers, blurred his calculations. Where was the one who had opened and for whom his knife was waiting?

Unexpectedly a brilliant light flashed in his eyes and went out. Half-blinded, he sensed the presence of something on the sill, and he struck downward with all his force. He reached only emptiness. The one on the sill had sprung through. From somewhere in the house Garth heard the patter of hastening feet. He fought away the effects of the flash, striving to locate the one who had entered. There beside the heap of rubbish knelt a form darker than the white darkness.

He moved noiselessly over. He reached down and grasped the bent shoulder, and, as the shoulder recoiled from his touch, so he recoiled from its quality that revealed the presence in his prison of a woman.

Through his amazement he heard the door close, but he felt sure of himself now. Mrs. Alden was his prisoner—a hostage, if he chose, for his own escape, unless, indeed, she had finally revolted and come to his aid.

"Get up," he said roughly.



Is Your Furniture Like A Winter's Tree

IN WINTER a tree is not fed the life-giving sap that nourishes and makes it grow. Consequently, the leaves fall off, the trunk, branches and twigs take on a dull, lifeless appearance and the wood becomes brittle and unattractive. The tree would die if the sap did not return in the Spring.

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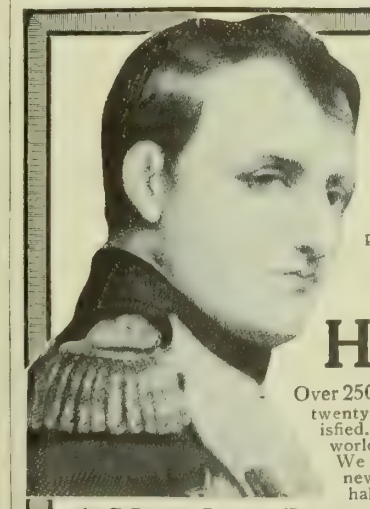


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The woman's sigh conveyed relief. Something scraped beneath her hand. A tiny flame was born and entered into the base of the rubbish.

Then the woman turned slowly, and in the light of the flame Garth looked into Nora's sparkling eyes and smiling face. Incredulous, he grasped her arms, lifted her to her feet, and stared. The growing flame struck a flash from his knife, drove into his brain a full realization of the monstrous misunderstanding which had nearly involved them in unspeakable disaster.

"Good God, Nora! I nearly—I tried to—"

Her smile grew.

"I didn't know what I should find in here. I couldn't afford to take chances."

"But I left you in New York," he went on uncertainly. "How did you come? Why are you here?"

"No time for explanations now," she answered quickly. "We must get out."

He recalled the patter of hastening feet, the soft closing of the door. In the growing light he saw its tin-sheeted face flush with the wall. "The door has been shut," he said. "I'm afraid locked. Why did you light that fire?"

SHE ran across, grasped the knob, then commenced to beat with her fists at the tin. Suddenly she stopped. Her shoulders drooped.

"No use," she whispered. "She must have come in. She won't open now."

Garth hurried to her side.

"I don't understand," he said, "but it's evident we are caught here, and that fire has been fixed—a signal?"

She nodded.

"Why did you light it?"

"Because," she answered dully, "it had to burn to-night."

The crisis they faced was clear to him. "Nora! In a minute this room will be a furnace."

He imagined from the excitement still flashing in her eyes that she did not quite realize, but she spoke without regret, and her words carried the shocking fatality of the German's.

"I'm sorry, Jim; but if I had known we would be caught I would have lighted it just the same. After all, a small price in the long run—only the two of us."

He brushed the perspiration from his face. The fire had reached the heart of the pile. The air thickened with a reddish, pungent smoke. He choked.

"I'm sorry, Jim, I came only to help you, but I found—"

The vapor cut her voice.

The sentimental possibilities of their predicament came with a gentle wonder to Garth. They overweighed the danger, robbed him for the moment of full comprehension. This clearly was his moment, and whatever the next might bring seemed a fair exchange for her probable response. He reached blindly toward her through the smoke. "Nora!"

His heart leapt as she swayed a little. Then he heard the grating of the key in the lock. It impressed him as curious that the saving sound carried to him a sense of disappointment, the emptiness of a destiny unfulfilled.

Nora turned the knob. He pushed against the door. They stumbled into the next room, breathing deeply the fresh, clean air. Alden's prostrate form lay just within. His wife stood across the room by the hall door, the revolver held listlessly in her hand. Her hair, more than ever disordered, fell about her weary eyes, and gave her face an air of ironical witchery.

GARTH caught the meaning of the tableau. He glanced with admiration at the sick man, appreciating the bitter obstacle he had overcome, the abhorrent chance he had taken after conquering his physical incapacity and reaching the door. The result, Garth noticed, had carried to Alden a vast relief, a shadow of content. The light from the conservatory flickered about his face, exposing an expression of pride. The silent lips moved as if to frame a boast.

"So, Mrs. Alden," Garth said, "you left him again. To warn the others?"

She did not answer. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Anyway," he went on, "when you came back and found him at the key you didn't have time to get to him, and you weren't quite as bad as you should have been. You let him unlock the door. You didn't have the nerve to shoot—your husband."

"Don't, Jim," Nora warned. "You don't understand."

Frankly he didn't, but he knew that Mrs. Alden, in a sense, still controlled the situation. Her revolver could compel their movements. Its explosion would doubtless bring help swarming to her side.

"And you see," Nora went on, speaking to her gently, "what a useless sacrifice it would have been. Everything was finished for you the moment I lighted the beacon. And there's plenty of help coming." Mrs. Alden nodded.

Garth grinned as the protective feminine instinct expressed itself through this woman in her most trying hour.

"It was all arranged," she said. "If you will close that door, the house will be safe enough from the fire."

She indicated her husband. There were tears in her eyes again.

"You will take care of him?"

"Yes," Nora said.

SHE turned and closed the door. Through the sudden darkness Garth heard Mrs. Alden run into the hall. He sprang after her, but Nora's voice, sharp and commanding, halted him.

"Let her go, Jim. I'll explain. Light the lamp now."

"You've earned the right to give the orders," he said.

He felt his way to the writing table and lighted the lamp.

"You know," he said, "that there are many men near here—that they can trap us in this house?"

"I don't think," she answered, "that they will come to this house again."

He turned to her.

"Nora! What is it? Even after all I've seen I can't be sure. The furnaces? They are two miles away."

She shook her head.

"Not the furnaces, Jim. Come with me and I will show you." She led him to an unlighted room across the hall and flung back the curtains.

The glare of a conflagration far vaster than that which had threatened them in the conservatory flashed in their eyes and lighted the neighborhood with a brilliancy fiercer than noonday.

For the first time Garth could see that the house stood on a high, wooded plateau. The trees had been cleared away between it and the water, and a slope, bordered with hedges, had been blasted to a beach, small and crescent shaped. The fire blazed with a destructive violence in a structure on this beach. He recalled the driver's gossip about Alden's yacht. He saw a small launch, heavily laden, making for the open sea. "The boathouse," he said.

"Yes," Nora answered. "Look!"

She drew back a little. An explosion tore at their ears. Somewhere upstairs a window broke. The tinkling of glass was like an absurdly attenuated echo. But Garth's attention was fixed on the boathouse. The building appeared to disintegrate. Out of its ruins rose a colossal column of muddy smoke. From its summit streaming banners of purple and violet flame unfurled. They waved their frantic message to Garth. He turned, gaping, to Nora. "That building!" he gasped. "Filled with gasoline—oil!"

"You didn't guess, Jim? You see now I couldn't take chances. I had to light the signal that made them fire this."

"And you were right," he agreed. "Only the two of us—"

He gazed at her wonderingly. There was only pride in his voice. "How many lives! How many millions of dollars! You've spared them, Nora."

GARTH had lifted Alden to the sofa and had left Nora hovering over the man who, they knew now, had been systematically drugged for days. After reconnecting the telephone and notifying the Federal authorities he had returned to the living room. Nora arose, and, with her finger at her lips, joined him by the fireplace.

"He's asleep," she said. "You know, Jim, there wasn't much point in your telephoning. They've destroyed the evidence. They've gone. Anyway, their Government could never have been implicated."

She sat down. Garth drew a chair close to her. Their voices were low in order that Alden might not be disturbed. "Was it near?" he asked. "The fact that they took the launch— Yet they might put in at some lonely cove and scatter."

"It must have been expected soon," she answered. "They were working desperately. They were very anxious to-night."

"You must have guessed, Nora, as soon as I left New York. How?"

"By giving father a scolding," she answered with a smile. "I knew that Mrs. Alden, while she had lived in America nearly all her life, had been born in Berlin and that her family was still prominent there. I wondered what these shadowy figures were doing in the woods on foggy nights unless they were transporting something or working about some building. But Mr. Alden would know if it had anything to do with the house or the stable. Since he was sick, the boathouse might be their objective without his knowing it. I suspected the truth then. Such an opportunity! No one would suspect the property of a man who manufactured ammunition for Germany's enemies. The natural thought was that any attempts here would be directed against the furnaces or Alden personally. It was ideal. All that was necessary was to scare the servants away and keep Alden in the house while his wife and the rest made ready for it."

"Still, those men in the woods—?" Garth asked.

"They were probably working at the furnaces as a blind. When you saw them they were on their way to the boathouse to go on with the necessary alterations. And, of course, they carried all the supplies there. You see, I went to the freight agent of the only railroad that runs to Deacon's Bay. He helped me a lot. We found that a large number of heavy cases had been sent here and to near-by stations, falsely invoiced and labeled to be called for. He had suspected gasoline in one of them and was about to hold up further shipments. That settled it for me. I knew you were going blindly, so I took the next train to make absolutely certain."

"How did you learn about the signal?" he asked.

"I came very quietly," she answered, "like a sneak thief, I'm afraid. That front window is open a little. I overheard Mrs. Alden and a huge man. Of course she was only to light that signal if their case was desperate. It meant that there was a party big enough to handle the lot of them. So I made up my mind I must slip in and fire it to-night in case it was near by. I knew then they would burn the evidence, and escape themselves, while the submarine would turn back, believing that the game was up."

"What a base!" he muttered. "And outside the three-mile limit it would always have been within its rights, with the transatlantic lanes at its mercy. All those foreign freighters marked for destruction! Alden saved the fat."

"Yes," Nora answered, "I gathered from what they said that he made sure to-night somehow and faced her with it. That was when she screamed and tried to send you out. Then her courage failed her and she called you back. She wasn't strong enough for murder."

"It was because he suspected his wife, poor devil," Garth answered, "that he'd tell me nothing. I guess he hoped I'd convince him he was wrong."

HE had been staring at the fire. He looked up now to find that Nora was knitting complacently on something heavy and comfortable and gray. Her eyes were thoughtful.

"Wife against husband," she mused. "Think, Jim. Wouldn't tragedies like that be common if we were dragged into this war? And she loved him. Have you noticed the conservatory door?"

It stood open. Through the glass Garth could see the water, still ruddy from the fire, and there entered again into his consciousness the restless voices of the sea.

"He made me open it," Nora went on. "He looked out there until he went to sleep—a sort of farewell, a welcome if she should come back. Perhaps she will some day."

Such devotion stirred anew in Garth the sensations he had experienced in the conservatory. He watched Nora as her fingers moved with their accustomed deftness about her knitting. She made the old picture, lovable and tempting, of quiet, housewifely efficiency.

"You always knit," he said in an uncertain voice.

"Another winter is very close," she answered gravely, "and there are so many soldiers, cold, unhappy—"

He stretched out his hand.

"Nora," he said huskily, "you saved my life to-night. It's yours. What will you do with it?"

She glanced up. She smiled a little.

"You very nearly took mine, Jim, so aren't we quits?"

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LANDON'S LEGACY

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED C. YOHN

A YELL brought Landon's nurse to the door. The amazement with which she regarded him was due to the fact that only a quarter of an hour earlier she had left him zestfully attacking a substantial breakfast and a six weeks' accumulation of mail. However, she was instantly relieved to find her patient in the throes of laughter—not the delirious laughter that had been so dismaying at the height of his fever, but the honest mirth of a man who has heard a good joke and is enjoying it to the full.

She was about to withdraw when Landon lifted his arm appealingly. "Don't go! If you do, I'll have a relapse just for spite," he cried with tears coursing down his thin cheeks. "It's too much to bear alone! I can't stand it."

The bed was littered with letters, and he clutched a telegram—a week old—that seemed to have precipitated his outburst.

He shook his head impatiently as the nurse drew out her thermometer with professional severity.

"Don't you dare poke that thing in my mouth! I've been normal for days and days, and you know it; and you've all been in a conspiracy to keep this thing from me. Oh," he groaned, "I wish people wouldn't do things like this—not just spring it on you when you're down and can't defend yourself. It's not square, I tell you; it's taking unfair advantage!"

"I was afraid you had bad news," said the girl. "That noise you made scared everybody on the corridor."

"Bad news!" ejaculated Landon. "That's just what I *have* had. My aunt's dead—been dead for a month. And what do you think she's gone and done to me—left me a boarding school, with two hundred girls in it! I've got to talk to somebody, and there's telegrams to send—a whole bunch of 'em."



He found himself looking once more into the dark eyes

EVEN in the busy San Francisco hospital where many curious things happened and were discussed discreetly by internes and nurses, Landon's arrival was enveloped in a haze of mystery that set him apart from the daily run of patients. A man of twenty-eight, bearing all the marks of a gentleman; burning up with fever and with an unhealed knife thrust in his ribs, he had driven to the hospital from a South American steamer, given the name of a lawyer in New York as his nearest friend, and collapsed in the receiving room. It was not surprising after all, the nurse reflected, that something unusual had happened to Landon, and she lent a willing ear to his disclosures.

"I never saw Aunt Cornelia Thornton but once in my life, and that was when I was at the Tech and went to call on her at a hotel in Boston. She's my aunt all right enough—my mother's only sister. You see, my father and mother died when I was in prep school, and as Aunt Cornelia had made the finishing off of girls her life work my case didn't interest her. She must have made me a present of the school merely because she hadn't anybody else to wish it on. Well, it was mighty decent of her to think of me. Embarrassed as I am," he went on, his humor bubbling in spite of himself, "by having two hundred young angels left me in a will, I'm not ungrateful. It seems that the school was all she had—Thornton Hall, away up in Massachusetts—a money-making concern from all accounts, and it's mine now—the whole bloomin' business!"

"Just the place," the nurse suggested, "for you to spend that long vacation the doctors have ordered."

"A bully idea!" replied Landon, his eyes brightening. "There's a big farm that goes with the school and—just kindly tell me what day of the month this is, will you?"

"June, the 15th: you've been here just seven weeks to-day."

Landon picked out a letter from the disordered heap and reread it.

"The school closes on the 22d, and this lawyer person who has charge of the estate suggests that I attend the closing exercises, if I can't get there sooner—the big doctor man seems to have telegraphed him that I was trying to die here—and I can just about keep the date. And as soon as the young angels scatter I'm going to occupy the whole bloomin' place all by myself. I know the neighborhood—all hills; tranquil, beautiful Berkshire country—and I'm going to soak myself with peace. You people here don't know anything about me except what I blabbed when my head went wrong, but I'll tell you confidentially that for two years before I dumped myself on your doorstep I worked like a galley slave, went hungry, was shot at, and incidentally stuck with a knife." He tapped his breast on the long scar left by the infected wound that had given the physicians so much concern. "Peace, oh precious boon! And there will be trout and game wardens to play with, and stone fences to sit on and trees to lie under and watch the clouds roll by!"

The rest of the day he studied time-tables, pondered the calendar, and sent telegrams. On the second day the limited bore him eastward.

THE gentlemen of the syndicate that had employed Landon to superintend a copper property in Peru to which they held a dubious title were politely attentive to his verbal report of his experiences. They had many other interests, and if they lost the Don Carlos they would still be able to eat thrice daily. Landon was disposed to take a humorous view of his two years' exile. He chaffed them for not having warned him that two of the engineers who had preceded him on the job had never come back.

"Those fellows were crooks," said the head of the syndicate. "If those pirates down there told you our men were killed, they lied. They sold us out—that's all. And as for your own treatment, we're prepared to go with you to Washington and lay the whole business before the State Department."

Landon shook his head. "Not for mine! Any bleating of that kind would kill all your chances of cinching the property. You've got to prove yourselves smarter than they are—they expect it of us Yankees! A long diplomatic correspondence wouldn't get you anywhere. As soon as I've rested for about six months, I'm going back myself, unless you want to try a new hand."

The faces of the syndicate expressed surprise not unmixed with gratification.

"I don't like leaving unfinished business behind me," Landon continued. "Just let me have a good rest and by Christmas I'll be ready for another try. My professional standing is somewhat involved in this. I want a chance to make good, and I'll do it if you'll only have a little patience. I've got it all pinched down to one man now—Juan Maria Barada, I mean. The fact that he hired a

small army of assassins to put me out of business and blew up those beautiful pumps you paid good money for and I worked six months to get in place doesn't spoil my admiration for one of the smoothest old scoundrels that ever drew mortal breath. Barada's a big power down there—political, commercial, and social. An amusing devil in his way, quite capable of inviting you to dinner and after feeding you full of good food passing the wink to have a knife inserted in vulnerable portions of your anatomy as you leave his doorstep smoking one of his cigars—a special article that costs him two dollars apiece. Nothing's too good for his enemies! At the end of my first year he sent word to me that I'd better skip or important things would happen—which they did!"

"Well, of course, you understand we're mighty sorry for all that, Landon," said the president contritely. "We want to make it all square with you as far as we can. We're more than satisfied with all you've done; there's a check under that paper weight that we hope will show how we feel about it."



"He will kill me—he will kill me!" shrieked Alba, and toppled to his knees

The check was for twenty thousand dollars. Landon nodded his appreciation. The trip overland had shaken him up a bit, and a New York doctor who had looked him over after his arrival had strongly supported the advice of the San Francisco physicians that he take a long rest. He meant to forget the Don Carlos Mine and all that pertained to it, and his Aunt Cornelia's benevolence provided an ideal refuge.

He bought a ticket and checked his battered luggage to Biltingham, Mass., with an agreeable sense that he was putting the Don Carlos far behind him.

"I HOPE you won't buck at the suggestion, Landon," said Phipps, the attorney for Miss Thornton's estate, "but the acting principal thought it would be a good idea for you to say something—just a word or two—at the commencement."

"Make a speech!" Landon groaned. It would be bad enough to sit on the platform and submit himself to the inspection of the commencement day audience without attempting an address. Speeches were not in his line. But the lawyer was persistent.

"Only a few words—as a matter of business—to assure the patrons that the school will be continued along the old lines, and that sort of thing. As I understand you, you don't care to carry on the school yourself—"

"God forbid!"

"We must maintain it as a going concern until we can sell it. I think you see the importance of that."

Landon's sense of humor had carried him through many difficulties, and he saw the wisdom of the suggestion. And he was not without feeling for the woman who, coming to the end of her life, had generously bestowed her all upon him.

He sniffed the invigorating air happily as a motor bore them out of Biltingham and through the hills. Entering the grounds, they wound through a heavy woodland that yielded to a lawn beyond which lay the school. The acting principal received them, and they proceeded at once to the quad, where all was in readiness for the closing exercises. As Landon stepped upon the platform there was a flutter as the students rose. He had not been prepared for this, and it was not without emotion that he acknowledged their greeting with a profound bow, and tried to remember how distinguished persons acted when they adorned platforms and had speeches to make. The acting principal introduced a bishop, who offered prayer; then the school song was sung. The quad with its setting of gray stone walls, with the blue June sky overhead, presented a scene calculated to charm any eye. The two hundred angels "left" to him—as he was pleased to phrase it—in his aunt's will made a charming picture; he had not seen so many girls since he went to seek his fortune in the Andes.

The president of a near-by college began his address to the graduates. Landon was to follow, and his attention wandered from the address as he tried to formulate his opening phrases.

Suddenly he moved quickly and crumpled the program he had been twirling idly in his fingers. As his gaze passed carelessly along the rows of young faces he was conscious that one particular face had challenged his attention. He did not account for this, nor could he at once discover again the point of interest. It was incredible that he knew anyone in that company. All the girls he had ever known were long beyond school age. There was something unreal in his vague impression that among all those strangers there was some one he had seen before. He began a systematic scrutiny of the two hundred heads to satisfy himself of his mistake.

In a moment he was looking into a pair of dark eyes set in an oval face under a dusk of dark hair. Her seat was in the last row, just where the seats of the visitors began. She lifted her head impatiently as his stare became prolonged, and a slight color crept into her olive cheeks. Perhaps it was only his imagination, but he could have sworn that at some time in some place he had seen that face before.

It was the haziest, the most tantalizing, of memories. He glanced at her again a moment later just as she was averting her face; evidently she too shared the interest she had aroused in him.

But the speaker was concluding his remarks, and in a moment Landon had been presented to the audience and was expressing in simple, straightforward sentences about half the things he had expected to say about the school, and about the woman who had founded it and carried it on so successfully through so many years. The lawyer told him afterward that it was a very good speech, just right, in fact; and as he hadn't fainted or done worse than falter once or twice Landon was satisfied. It was to be his further duty to hand the graduates their certificates, and this office he performed like an old hand as they tripped demurely before him and acknowledged his high condescension with pretty curtsies. The owner of the dark eyes was not among the graduates though he watched for her eagerly; but during the singing of the closing song he singled her out, and experienced again the curious, baffling sensation that the first glimpse had given him.

THE company began dispersing immediately. Phipps assured him that by five o'clock there would be no one on the place but the caretaker and his wife and the servants who remained to put the house in order for the summer. The rooms Miss Thornton had occupied were in readiness for him, and he was bidden to make himself at home. A number of the parents who were old friends of Miss Thornton lingered to speak to him, and the whole experience proved to be much pleasanter than he had expected. He remained in the entrance court while the visitors were leaving, hoping for a closer look at the dark girl who had attracted his attention.

She came out with a stout, swarthy woman of forty who seemed bent upon expediting their departure as much as possible. In her modish traveling frock the girl looked older than in the white gown in which all the school had appeared at the exercises. As she stepped into a motor she waved her hand to a group of teachers; and in an instant the car was moving rapidly away. He meant to ask the assistant principal about her, but in the confusion of many departures no opportunity offered. Phipps carried him away for an inspection of his rooms, which he found delightfully situated with a fine outlook upon the hills.

"I hope you won't get lonesome: there are some nice people in the surrounding properties, and they'll no doubt look you up. If you'd like me to, I'll drop a line to some of them I know very well—"

"Please don't trouble," Landon replied hastily. "You know I'm not up to much just yet; suppose we let social matters wait a little."

"Certainly; I merely want you to know that you needn't be a hermit unless you want to."

He bade the last of the teachers good-by and lounged about the handsome library where Thompson, the gardener, who had been installed as caretaker during the vacation, came to report that the house was cleared.

"Mr. Phipps said you hadn't been feeling well, sir. I hope we can make you quite comfortable here. You will find your rooms very cool on the hot days. Your meals will be served in your room when you like or in the private dining room below—just as you please, sir."

"Thank you, Thompson; I'll come down for dinner."

Landon was tired, but a cold tub set him up, and he got into flannels and strolled downstairs. The silence of the great house was like a balm to his worn spirit, and there was refreshment in the very thought that at last he was to enjoy the peace he craved.

He ate with a better appetite than he had known since his illness. Then he settled himself to smoke on the broad stone terrace where, the butler informed him, the young ladies congregated in fair weather before the retiring hour. It would be lonely, but he was in a mood for loneliness. It was good to be well and free again. He had not been so much himself since he crawled upon a tramp steamer at Callao to begin his slow return to God's country.

At nine o'clock Thompson found him in the library and explained about the lights.

"I'll remain here a while, Thompson. I suppose we needn't trouble about burglars."

"Well, we do have a tramp occasionally, sir."

"All right, I'll attend to the windows in this part of the house. Good night."

He began turning over the magazines that lay scattered on the long table, found a story that clinched his attention, and settled himself to read. A clock on the stair landing struck ten. As the last deep tone died away a slight sound in the court roused him—the faintest rattle of gravel.

FOR two years Landon had lived with his ears sharply attentive to furtive approaches. Instinctively his hand sought his hip pocket and then, remembering that thousands of miles lay between him and the scene of his long trial in the Andes, he settled himself again to his reading. Then once more he heard a faint noise, even slighter than the first sound that had disturbed him. This time it seemed to be inside the house. The servants' quarters were in a wing at the rear, and Thompson had distinctly told him that everyone had retired. He walked noiselessly to the hall door, snapped off the electric switch, and peered out. One light burned at the further end of the long hall; the dark living room opposite the library was perfectly quiet. The clock on the stair ticked monotonously, but no other sound broke the deep silence. He remained by the door for several minutes listening intently. If one of the servants had returned to the house for any purpose, there was no reason why he should be prowling about in the dark.

He put his hand to the switch to restore the light when something fell with a loud crash, apparently in the living room. He stepped into the hall, felt for the door opposite, and advanced blindly with his arms outstretched. The heavy rugs rendered his entrance inaudible. If he waited in the dark, the prowler would doubtless reveal himself shortly. A quick jump would bring him to the switch and he decided to remain where he was to avoid losing his bearings.

He was now conscious that some one was moving cautiously about further down the long room. He could hear hands lightly touching the furniture and once what sounded like a quick intake of breath, as though the intruder had found his entrance more difficult than he had expected. Neither this hour nor these gropings in the dark supported the suspicion that a sophisticated burglar had entered the house.

Then some one passed near him. He heard a rustle of skirts, and a faint perfume struck his nostrils. He threw out his arms and struck a chair with an ugly thwack. One thing was certain—the strange prowler was a woman; yet the caretaker had told him—he remembered it distinctly—that all the students and guests had gone. Whoever she was the visitor seemed to have become confused, and her movements grew bolder. She was now approaching him again, doubt-

less seeking to retrace her steps. He was bending forward, all his senses alert, when a hand touched his face—a soft palm whose contact caused his cheek to tingle. He caught and held it and heard quick breaths and a sob as she resisted furiously. For a moment his arms clasped a girlish figure.

"Stand perfectly still while I make a light," he commanded.

He clung to one hand while he felt in his pocket for his match box. She ceased resisting, and he dropped her hand and struck a light. As the match flamed slowly, he found himself looking once more into the dark eyes that had roused his interest in the quad during the exercises.

"I beg your pardon," he gasped. "Please wait till I turn on the lights."

He struck another match to guide him, snapped the switch, and turned toward her in a flood of light. She was undeniably the same young woman, dressed exactly as she had been when she stepped into the motor at the door. There was only the one difference that the lovely eyes were bright with tears. She stood twisting her hands nervously. Her skirt was torn and spattered with mud, and her hair had slipped from under her pretty toque and fallen into a bewildering dusky cloud about her face.

AS HE moved toward her she drew herself up and surveyed him defiantly with her hands clenched. He was disposed to smile at her anger, but the tearful eyes restrained him.

"My name is Landon," he said. "I'm quite alone here. I think you'd better tell me as quickly as possible just what has brought you back."

She bent upon him the rebellious glance of a child caught in a misdemeanor.

"I didn't know you were here: I came back—I came back to hide myself," she cried.

Her slight foreign accent—it was very slight—her dark hair, and the splendid eyes spoke unmistakably for another race. Almost unconsciously he addressed her in Spanish.

"Señorita, you need not be troubled. You may look upon me as a friend. What is it that has brought you back?"

A quick lifting of the head, a brightening of the eyes, told him that he had been understood. His memory reached out blindly for some clue to her identity.

She sank into a chair, still stubbornly silent, and tugged at a soiled white glove. The situation was uncomfortable. The girl clearly had no right to be there; he as clearly had no right to be harboring her. If she had run away, there would be pursuit and in sheltering her he might be laying himself open to serious criticism.

On a table lay a catalogue of the school, and he took it up and turned over the pages hurriedly to the list of students. They were divided by classes, and he ran down the list without finding any familiar name. But just as he was about to drop the book a name at the end caused him to start. What he saw was:

"*Special Student.*—Pepita Barada, Lima, Peru."

He took a step toward her, then paused and passed his hand slowly over his face. A thousand memories danced before him. When he first went to Lima to represent the American claimants of the Don Carlos and before he had learned all the intricacies of that much-fought-over property he had gone several times to Barada's house. On one of these occasions he had seen for a moment Barada's daughter. She had come into the drawing room to bid her father good night. Barada had risen with his characteristic courtesy and mentioned her name. Yes; it had been Pepita; Landon remembered it perfectly. He had thought of her only as a child, and her father had treated her as such. It was a strange shuffle of the cards that had thrown Barada's daughter in his way—put her indeed under his protection—in this remote spot. That Pepita Barada should have been placed in Miss Thornton's school was not surprising, for it was one of the best known girls' schools in the country, with a widely distributed clientele. But quite likely she knew that he and her father were enemies. Even if she had not remembered him, she undoubtedly knew his name and had identified him the instant he appeared on the platform. These were plausible assumptions; but her return to the school still required explanation.

"Señorita, you must tell me your difficulty. I know your father; I saw you once in your house at Lima, and I am anxious to be of service. I had no idea that you were here. You must not imagine that because your father and I were not—not altogether friendly, I shouldn't be proud to assist you. And I must repeat, that you can't remain here: I must report to the caretaker and his wife immediately that you are in the house."

Her expression had changed slowly from wonder and disbelief to something that at least approximated confidence.

"You are very kind, señor," she replied in Spanish. "I thought you had left the school; I had no idea you would remain here. I am in very great trouble; I ran away from Señorita Valderos. My father had expected to be here to-day, but was delayed and won't reach New York until to-morrow. I came here because" (her eyes filled and her voice became a plaintive whisper)—"because it is very far to my home and the school is the only place I know. You understand, señor? If you cannot keep me here, I must go elsewhere to wait for my father."

He looked at his watch. There were inns in the neighborhood, but he could hardly send her out to seek one at that hour. The fact that he was dealing with the daughter of Juan Maria Barada, a gentleman who had thwarted him in a hundred ways, to say nothing of conniving at his murder, and who would hold him to strict accountability by Castilian standards, increased the delicacy of the situation.

"Why didn't you announce yourself, señorita?" he asked, more to gain time for reflection than to elicit information that was unimportant in view of the fact that she was now in the house and not to be ordered away like a hungry tramp.

"Oh, I was very tired, and I thought everyone had gone and I could come in and hide till morning. I had no money, and to go to a hotel—I could not, as you see!"

She lifted her arms and glanced down at her skirt and the smallest of patent-leather pumps, whose state should have made it clear even to a masculine mind that to ask shelter of an inn would be to invite embarrassing questions.

"You knew that Mrs. Thompson was here. You should have appealed to her," he ventured kindly.

"Oh, but I was afraid to have anyone see me; the Señorita Valderos might return at any minute—and I should die!"

THE thought of her dying gave him a sharp pang. She smiled at this absurdity, but Landon did not smile. The suggestion that Señorita Valderos might return and find the girl alone with him brought him to a sudden resolution. He was dealing with persons of Spanish blood, not with Anglo-Saxons; and this made a difference so vast as not to be measured in mere words.

"Señorita," he said, "it isn't possible for Mrs. Thompson not to know that you are here. I am going to summon her immediately—yes—there is no alternative; but you may say as little to her as you like. I will answer for her discretion. The doors are locked, and for a few minutes at least no one is likely to try to enter by the windows—as I assume you did. Please remain where you are till I can bring Mrs. Thompson to look after you."

"Señor will not let that woman take me!" she cried with a fear that was undeniably real.

"Señorita Valderos! I don't know the lady," he said in English, "but you certainly won't leave against your will. Wait till I bring Mrs. Thompson, and then we can talk further."

HE RAN to the gardener's quarters and roused him and explained the situation.

"You foolish child, why didn't you come straight to me!" Mrs. Thompson demanded with rough kindness as her eyes fell upon Pepita.

"I was afraid," said Pepita dejectedly. "I am in very much trouble."

"You may wait in the library, Mrs. Thompson, while I talk to Miss Barada," said Landon. "And, Thompson, you'd better keep watch outside and stop anyone who comes near the house. Now, señorita," he continued, turning to Pepita with a smile of undeniable relief that he had satisfied the proprieties, "I'd better have your story. All I know is that you have run away from your duenna and wish to be cared for until you can communicate with your father. First you had better tell me whether your father is likely to approve of what you have done."

"Oh, the señor need not fear my father. I am sure that he will be very grateful; oh, a thousand times grateful!"

In his absence she had removed her hat and straightened her hair, and the traces of tears had vanished. Seventeen—not more, but now that her panic of fear had passed she was regaining the womanly composure and poise that come early to girls of her race. Landon felt that he could forgive Juan Maria Barada many of his sins with this beguiling daughter before him. He caught himself wondering whether the hand that rested quietly on the table was the one that had brushed his face—the smallest of hands, indeed, but her manner of clenching it spoke for resolution. The Señorita Valderos was a brute indubitably and must have been guilty of some dire offense to have precipitated Pepita's flight.

"You are very good to me, and I appreciate it very much," she began. "I will tell you everything, señor. But it is not easy to tell you. If I had stayed at home in the convent, it would not have happened. But I wished to learn the ways of the Yankee Americanos, and my kind father always lets me do as I wish. You understand, señor?"

Landon understood perfectly that Pepita undoubtedly twisted Juan Maria Barada around her little finger. His heart softened toward Barada. He was startled, however, by the question that now fell softly from her pretty lips:

"You may remember, in my own country, Señor Miguel Alba?"

"Alba!" The name brought him to his feet.

After Barada himself the person who had caused him most uneasiness during his two years at the Don Carlos was Miguel Alba. Alba was Barada's secretary and man of affairs. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Alba was the man who did Barada's dirty work, a spy and serviceable tool who scrupled at nothing. It was Miguel who had been Barada's active agent in the Don Carlos imbroglio. The mention of Alba's name by this appealing young Pepita, in the heart of the Berkshires, awakened a harsh jangle of discords in his memory. Alba had, he suspected, been near at hand when the knife thrust had so nearly ended his earthly usefulness in the dark tunnel of the Don Carlos. He had seized upon the opportunity afforded by his aunt's unexpected bequest to plunge himself in forgetfulness, and now, having been on the place for a few hours, Barada's daughter had turned up and plunged him into a new adventure with his old enemies.

She watched him anxiously until, suddenly recollecting that he had interrupted her story, he murmured an apology



"If you attempt any further trouble, I will give you both into custody!"

and bade her go on. "The Señor Miguel Alba wished to marry me," Pepita announced abruptly. "My father thought it was not best and would not have it so. Three times my dear father said no! When I would go home from the convent to visit, Señor Alba would always be there. He and my dear father are no longer friends—it was business, maybe—and about me a little perhaps! My father would not have me marry Señor Miguel Alba—do I make it clear to you, Señor Landon?"

"Perfectly!" Landon exclaimed, sitting back in his chair and crossing his legs as an expression of perfect understanding not unmingled with satisfaction. Pepita aside, it was good news that the ties between Barada and Alba were broken.

"Señorita Valderos is Señor Alba's friend. She was my governess from the time I was a little child, and when I wished my dear father to send me to one of your schools that I might learn the ways of your country Señorita Valderos brought me. And to be near me all the winter she has been governess in the house of a Spanish merchant in New York, and was to take me home at the close of school. Then my father had to go to England, and that made it possible for him to meet me in New York on his way home. Señor Alba had been here to see me just once—*once*," she repeated spitefully. "He wished me to marry him and remain in your country. It is not the way of my people, as you understand, Señor Landon. My dear father would be very angry—"

THE anger of Juan Maria Barada at any such proceeding on his daughter's part was so poorly indicated by Pepita's gentle tone that Landon with difficulty concealed his mirth.

"Yes," he observed ironically; "I can imagine that your father would not be pleased to death."

"And the señorita tried to play a stupid trick on me, as though there were nothing in my little head but sawdust—like a silly doll! It was arranged that I should marry Señor Alba to-day, before father should reach New York. He is on the *Panatonia*, that is due to-morrow. When the train came that was taking all the young ladies to New York, Señorita Valderos said no; it was not our train; that we were to meet my father in Springfield to save him the longer journey. As though, Señor Landon, I had no little brains in my head! All my friends left on the New York train, as we should have done. I said nothing, but when the Boston train came we got aboard as Señorita Valderos wished, and at the first station I went upon the platform for a little air—and did not return."

The look of childish mischief she gave him from under the long lashes caused him to laugh aloud. His acquaintance with Miguel Alba did not encourage the belief that he would tamely accept a frustration of his plans, particularly where the stake was Pepita Barada and incidentally one of the biggest fortunes on the Andean coast. Pepita, having submitted her case, seemed satisfied to allow Landon to deal with it; and he was quite willing to support Pepita's cause.

"What Señorita Valderos attempted is a serious crime in this country. We call it kidnaping. Very likely we can lock her up in prison for years and years."

"That will be splendid," cried Pepita, clapping her hands with delight. "And Señor Miguel—"

"Very likely he can be hanged; possibly electrocuted, after most horrible tortures! We needn't worry about Miguel. He's probably tearing his hair at this moment because the faithless Señorita Valderos failed to deliver you to him in Springfield. He has doubtless said terrible things to his coconspirator."

Pepita laughed gleefully; then a shadow crossed her face.

"But if my father should reach New York and not find me there—"

"Oh, we will take care of all that! I will telephone a message in your name to the telegraph office in Biltingham and with good luck it will reach him before he lands. I will find out just when the *Panatonia* is expected. He will think you preferred to wait here rather than in New York. But, great heavens—!"

She viewed his sudden agitation in alarm, fearing that some insurmountable obstacle had occurred to him.

"I'm a brute! It just occurs to me that you haven't had any dinner!"

"Señor Landon" (she bent her head and extended her arms beseechingly), "I am starving to death."

While, with Mrs. Thompson's connivance, she was raiding the pantry, Landon ran to his room and unpacked a repeating rifle and two revolvers which he loaded and carried down to the library. There were five laborers on the place who could be relied on in an emergency, Thompson told him.

Pepita, on her way to the room she had occupied all year, paused at the foot of the stairs and gave him her hand.

"You have been very good to me, Señor Landon. I thank you with all my heart."

He kissed her finger tips, and waited to wave his hand as she turned at the landing.

"Now," he said to Thompson, "I'll take the first watch, and you can sleep in the library till I call you. If the man I expect to turn up here comes—and if I understand the time-table he may be along about three o'clock—we'll admit him. I will keep out of the way until he shows his hand. If he asks for Miss Barada, you will say to him that she is here and that she will remain until her father arrives. If he acts ugly, I'll get in the game. I take full responsibility for the whole business. This is a lonely place: I suppose we might kill a man and bury him without anybody's being the wiser. But we'll hope it won't come to that," he ended cheerfully and went to the telephone to dictate his telegrams.



MUMPS

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Holidays come, and you're sick;
When you get well, there is school.
Playthings get broken so quick!
All that they feed you is gruel.

More trouble's coming, and that's
Doctors and doses, I guess.
Kittens grow up to be cats.
Life is a terrible mess!

HE WAS reading in the library hall when at two o'clock the rapid approach of a motor aroused him. He called Thompson, repeated his instructions, and withdrew to the reception room.

The remote tinkle of the bell was followed quickly by a violent thumping on the door. When this had continued for several minutes, Landon called to Thompson to open. The caretaker acted his part as though he had rehearsed it, first throwing on the light outside, and fumbling the bolt audibly before snapping it back. Alba and Señorita Valderos sprang across the threshold and stood blinking in the light.

"Señorita Barada, one of the scholars, has been lost—is it possible she has returned to the school?" shouted Alba.

"Yes; Miss Barada is here," growled Thompson, rubbing his eyes.

"Ah!" cried Alba, glowering at the woman. "It is as I said." Then, turning upon the caretaker authoritatively: "You will summon her at once, porter. She must resume her journey immediately!"

"Miss Barada has retired and can't be disturbed," Thompson replied, quoting Landon exactly.

"But her father—he will arrive in New Yor and expect to find his daughter. She must b aroused at once; there is no time to lose!"

"It was a mistake—the señorita left the train t buy a paper and was left behind. She came here t wait till I returned for her!" exclaimed the woma

Thompson shook his head slowly.

"Very sorry; but it's my orders. I can't wake Miss Barada. She is asleep in my wife's care."

"I tell you it's all a mistake!" cried Alba angrily "The señorita only returned to wait for us; we ar her father's friends. This lady is well known t the school authorities. We must lose no time i returning to New York."

"My wife said Miss Barada would sleep ver late; you'll have to come back in the morning!' said Thompson as Landon had coached him.

With a gesture of impatience Alba turned t his companion.

"Maria, the man is a fool. Go above and fin Pepita. Tell her she must come with us at once.'

He seized Señorita Valderos and was pushin her toward the stairway when Thompson caugh him by the collar and flung him back.

"Don't try that! What do I know abou you? For all I know you're thieves! I tel you you can't see Miss Barada to-night. Clea right out o' this—"

ALBA slipped out of his coat and made an other attempt to reach the stair steps. Th rings of the reception-room curtain rods clicke as Landon gained the stairway in a long leap He grasped Alba tightly by the throat and wit a rush drove him into the library and flung hin into a chair.

"Your manners are worse than your morals Miguel," said Landon gently. "You lay your self open to very grave criticism in attempting a trick like that. Keep your eye on the lady Thompson," he added without taking his eye from Alba.

"You fool!" shouted Alba in Spanish, point ing an accusing finger at Señorita Valderos "Why didn't you tell me this man was here!"

"How should I have known he remained here!' she flared. "It was said that he was merely a visitor! But where are your senses? Wha right has he to keep us from Pepita? What ha happened that she should be here and the dea Pepita with him? What would Señor Barada say to this!"

"You needn't keep up this bawling any longer,' said Landon, speaking in English so that Thomp son could follow him. "I know perfectly wha you two were up to. I know it from Señorita Pepita herself. She won't leave here till he father comes for her. And I advise you to mak yourself scarce before he comes. I'm giving yo a fair chance. Will you go quietly or will—'

"Quick, Miguel!"

Señorita Valderos lifted the bronze reading lamp from the table and flung it with all he strength at Thompson, who had been standing with folded arms not two yards from her. Alba was up and upon Landon while the lamp wa still in the air. The glass shade broke full upon Thompson's head, but as the heavy base fell at his feet he threw himself upon the two me struggling on the floor, knocked Alba backward with a blow of his fist, and sat upon him. A knife fell into the tile hearth with a loud clatter

Señorita Valderos stamped her foot in impotent rage at the failure of the assault. Alba, with the burly gardener planted firmly on his chest cursed melodiously in Spanish.

"Just a moment, Thompson," said Landon. He snatched the cloth cover from the table and began tearing it into strips.

"Gag him, and then tie his hands behind him."

Alba immediately renewed his struggles, snarling and trying to seize his captor's fingers in his teeth A smart slap across the mouth from Thompson's broad hand ended these efforts, and, seeing that his lieutenant needed no assistance, Landon addressed himself to the woman:

"I will renew the offer I made to both of you a few minutes ago, señorita. You are free to leave here if you will go immediately and quietly. Your friend there is going to remain with us for some time. In addition to your joint efforts to kidnap Señor Barada's daughter, Señor Alba is guilty of an assault with intent to murder. Your car is waiting outside I will put you in it quite as though you were a friend of the house, and explain to the driver that you are obliged to return to the village. If you attempt any further trouble, I will telephone for the constables and give you both into custody. I consider this a very fair offer."

She glanced toward the prostrate Alba, who was thrashing about furiously as Thompson turned him upon his face to bind his arms and wrists.

"I will go," she said tamely, seeing that there was neither help nor counsel to be got from Alba.

Landon opened the outer door and roused the chauffeur, who was dozing (*Continued on page* 21)

THE PRISONER'S DEFENSE



It was she, the woman I loved, flying through the night like a Valkyrie!

BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

THE circumstances, so far as they were known to the public, concerning the death of the beautiful Miss Ena Garnier, and the fact that Captain John Fowler, the accused officer, had refused to defend himself on the occasion of the proceedings at the police court, had aroused very general interest. This was increased by the statement that though he withheld his defense it would be found to be of a very novel and convincing character. The assertion of the prisoner's lawyer at the police court to the effect that the answer to the charge was such that it could not yet be given but would be available before the assizes also caused much speculation. A final touch was given to the curiosity of the public when it was learned that the prisoner had refused all offers of assistance from counsel and was determined to conduct his own defense. The case for the crown was ably presented and was generally considered to be a very damning one, since it showed very clearly that the prisoner was subject to fits of jealousy and that he had already been guilty of some violence owing to this cause. The prisoner listened to the evidence with no sign of emotion and neither interrupted nor cross-questioned the witnesses. Finally on being informed that the time had come when he might address the jury he stepped to the front of the dock. He is a man of striking appearance, swarthy, black-mustached, nervous, and virile, with a quickly confident manner. Taking a paper from his pocket, he read the following statement, which made the deepest impression upon the crowded court:

I WOULD wish to say in the first place, gentlemen of the jury, that, owing to the generosity of my brother officers—for my own means are limited—I might have been defended to-day by the first talent of the bar. The reason I have declined their assistance and have determined to fight my own case is not that I have any confidence in my own abilities or eloquence, but it is that I am convinced that a plain, straightforward tale, coming direct from the man who has been the tragic actor in this dreadful affair, will impress you more than any indirect statement could do.

If I had felt that I were guilty, I should have asked for help. Since, in my own heart, I believe that I am innocent, I am pleading my own cause, feeling that my plain words of truth and reason will have more weight with you than the most learned and eloquent advocate. By the indulgence of the court, I have been permitted to put my remarks upon paper so that I may reproduce certain conversations and be assured of saying neither more nor less than I mean.

It will be remembered that at the trial at the police court two months ago I refused to defend myself. This has been referred to to-day as a proof of my guilt. I said that it would be some days before I could open my mouth. This was taken at the time as a subterfuge. Well, the days are over and I am now able to make clear to you not only what took place, but also why it was impossible for me to give any explanation. I will tell you now exactly what I did and why it was that I did it. If you, my fellow countrymen, think that I did wrong I will make no complaint, but will suffer any penalty which you may impose upon me.

I am a soldier of fifteen years' standing, a captain in the Second Breconshire Battalion. I have served in the South African campaign and was mentioned in dispatches after the battle of Diamond Hill. When the war broke out with Germany I was seconded from my regiment and I was appointed as adjutant to the First Scottish Scouts, newly raised. The regiment was quartered at Radchurch in Essex, where the men were placed partly in huts and were partly billeted upon the inhabitants. All the officers were billeted out, and my quarters were with Mr. Murreyfield, the local squire. It was there that I first met Miss Ena Garnier.

It may not seem proper at such a time and place as this that I should describe that lady. And yet her personality is the very essence of my case. Let me only say that I cannot believe that Nature ever put into female form a more exquisite combination of beauty and intelligence. She was twenty-five years of age, blond and tall, with a peculiar delicacy of features and of expression. I have read of people falling in love at first sight and had always looked upon it as an expression of the novelist. And yet from the moment that I saw Ena Garnier life held for me but the one ambition—that she should be mine. I had never dreamed before of the possibilities of passion that were within me. I will not enlarge upon the subject, but to make you understand my action—for I wish you to comprehend it however much you may condemn it—you must realize that I was in the grip of a frantic elementary passion which made for a time the world and all that was in it seem a small thing if I could but gain the love of this one girl. And yet, in justice to myself, I will say that there was always one thing which I placed above her. That was my honor as a soldier and a gentleman. You will find it hard to believe this when I tell you what occurred, and yet, though for one moment I forgot myself, my whole legal offense consists in my desperate endeavor to retrieve what I had done.

I soon found that the lady was not insensible to the advances which I made to her. Her position in the household was a curious one. She had come a year before from Montpellier in the south of France in answer to an advertisement from the Murreyfields in order to teach French to their three young children. She was, however, unpaid, so that she was rather a friendly guest than an employee. She had always, as I gathered, been fond of the English and desirous to live in England, but the outbreak of the war had quickened her feelings into passionate attachment, for the ruling emotion of her soul was her hatred of the Germans. Her grandfather, as she told me, had been killed under very tragic circumstances in the campaign of 1870, and her two brothers were both in the French army. Her voice vibrated with passion when she spoke of the infamies of Belgium, and more than once I have seen her kissing my sword and my revolver because she hoped they would be used upon the enemy. With such feelings in her heart it can be imagined that my wooing was not a difficult one. I should have been glad to marry her at once, but to this she would not consent. Everything was to come after the war, for it was necessary, she said, that I should go to Montpellier and meet her people so that the French proprieties should be properly observed.



She had one accomplishment, which was rare for a lady: she was a skilled motorcyclist. She had been fond of long solitary rides, but after our engagement I was occasionally allowed to accompany her. She was a woman, however, of strange moods and fancies, which added in my feelings to the charm of her character. She could be tenderness itself, and she could be aloof and even harsh in her manner. More than once she had refused my company with no reason given, and with a quick angry flash of her eyes when I asked for one. Then perhaps her mood would change and she would make up for this unkindness by some exquisite attention which would in an instant soothe all my ruffled feelings. It was the same in the house. My military duties were so exacting that it was only in the evenings that I could hope to see her, and yet very often she remained in the little study which was used during the day for the children's lessons, and would tell me plainly that she wished to be alone. Then when she saw that I was hurt by her caprice she would laugh and apologize so sweetly for her rudeness that I was more her slave than ever.

MENTION has been made of my jealous disposition, and it has been asserted at the trial that there were scenes owing to my jealousy, and that once Mrs. Murreyfield had to interfere. I admit that I was jealous. When a man loves with the whole strength of his soul it is impossible, I think, that he should be clear of jealousy. The girl was of a very independent spirit. I found that she knew many officers at Chelmsford and Colchester. She would disappear for hours together upon her motorcycle. There were questions about her past life which she would only answer with a smile unless they were closely pressed. Then the smile would become a frown. Is it any wonder that I, with my whole nature vibrating with passionate, wholehearted love, was often torn by jealousy when I came upon those closed doors of her life which she was so determined not to open. Reason came at times and whispered how foolish it was that I should stake my whole life and soul upon one of whom I really knew nothing. Then came a wave of passion once more and reason was submerged.

I have spoken of the closed doors of her life. I was aware that a young unmarried Frenchwoman has usually less liberty than her English sister. And yet in the case of this lady it continually came out in her conversation that she had seen and known much of the world. It was the more distressing to me as whenever she had made an observation which pointed to this she would afterward, as I could plainly see, be annoyed by her own

indiscretion, and endeavor to remove the impression by every means in her power. We had several small quarrels on this account, when I asked questions to which I could get no answers, but they have been exaggerated in the address for the prosecution. Too much has been made also of the intervention of Mrs. Murreyfield, though I admit that the quarrel was more serious upon that occasion. It arose from my finding the photograph of a man upon her table, and her evident confusion when I asked her for some particulars about him. The name H. Le Bas was written underneath—evidently an autograph. I was worried by the fact that this photograph had the frayed appearance of one which has been carried secretly about, as a girl might conceal the picture of her lover in her dress. She absolutely refused to give me any information about him save to make a statement which I found incredible, that it was a man whom she had never seen in her life. It was then that I forgot myself. I raised my voice and declared that I should know more about her life or that I should break with her, even if my own heart should be broken in the parting. I was not violent, but Mrs. Murreyfield heard me from the passage and came into the room to remonstrate. She was a kind, motherly person who took a sympathetic interest in our romance, and I remember that on this occasion she reproved me for my jealousy and finally persuaded me that I had been unreasonable, so that we became reconciled once more. Ena was so madly fascinating and I so hopelessly her slave that she could always draw me back, however much prudence and reason warned me to escape from her control. I tried again and again to find out about this man Le Bas, but was always met by the same assurance, which she repeated with every kind of solemn oath, that she had never seen the man in her life. Why she should carry about the photograph of a man—a young, somewhat sinister man, for I had observed him closely before she snatched the picture from my hand—was what she either could not or would not explain.

THEN came the time for my leaving Radbridge. I had been appointed to a junior but very responsible post at the War Office, which, of course, entailed my living in London. Even my week-ends found me engrossed with my work, but at last I had a few days' leave of absence. It is those few days which have ruined my life, which have brought me the most horrible experience that ever a man had to undergo, and have finally placed me here in the dock pleading as I plead to-day for my life and my honor. It is nearly five miles from the station to Radbridge. She was there to meet me. It was the first time that we had been reunited since I had put all my heart and my soul upon her. I cannot enlarge upon these matters, gentlemen. You will either be able to sympathize with and understand the emotions which overbalance a man at such a time, or you will not. If you have imagination, you will. If you have not, I can never hope to make you see more than the bare fact. That bare fact, placed in the baldest language, is that during this drive from Radbridge Junction to the village I was led into the greatest indiscretion—the greatest dishonor, if you will—of my life. I told the woman a secret, an enormously important secret, which might affect the fate of the war and the lives of many thousands of men.



It was done before I knew it—before I grasped the way in which her quick brain could place various scattered hints together and weave them into one idea. She was wailing, almost weeping, over the fact that the allied armies were held up by the iron line of the Germans. I explained that it was more correct to say that our iron line was holding them up, since they were the invaders.

"But is France, is Belgium, *never* to be rid of them?" she cried. "Are we simply to sit in front of their trenches and be content to let them do what they will with ten departments of France? Oh, Jack, Jack, for God's sake, say something to bring a little hope to my heart, for sometimes I think that it is breaking! You English are stolid. You can bear these things. But we others, we have more nerve, more soul! It is death to us. Tell me! Do tell me that there is hope. And yet it is foolish of me to ask, for, of course, you are only a subordinate at the War Office, and how should you know what is in the minds of your chiefs!"

"Well, as it happens, I know a good deal," I answered. "Don't fret, for we shall certainly get a move on soon."

"Soon! Next year may seem soon to some people."

"It's not next year."

"Must we wait another month?"

"Not even that."

She squeezed my hand in hers. "Oh, my darling boy, you have brought such joy to my heart. What suspense I shall live in now! I think a week of it would kill me."

"Well, perhaps it won't even be a week."

"And tell me," she went on in her coaxing voice, "tell me just one thing, Jack. Just one and I will trouble you no more. Is it our brave French soldiers who advance? Or is it your splendid Tommies? With whom will the honor lie?"

"With both."

"Glorious!" she cried. "I see it all. The attack will be at the point where the French and British lines join. Together they will rush forward in one advance."

"No," I said. "They will not be together."

"But I understood you to say—of course women know nothing of such matters, but I understood you to say that it would be a joint advance."

"Well, if the French advanced, we will say, at Verdun and the British advanced at Ypres, even if they were hundreds of miles apart, it would still be a joint advance."

"Ah, I see," she cried, clapping her hands with delight. "They would advance at both ends of the line so that the bosches would not know which way to send their reserves."

"That is exactly the idea—a real advance at Verdun and an enormous feint at Ypres."

Then suddenly a chill of doubt seized me. I can remember how I sprang back from her and looked hard into her face. "I've told you too much!" I cried. "Can I trust you? I have been mad to say so much."

She was bitterly hurt by my words. That I should for a moment doubt her was more than she could bear. "I would cut my tongue out, Jack, before I would tell any human being one word of what you have said." So earnest was she that my fears died away. I felt that I could trust her utterly. Before we had reached Radchurch I had put the matter from my mind, and we were lost in our joy of the present and in our plans for the future.

I had a business message to deliver to Colonel Worral, who commanded a small camp at Pedley Woodrow. I went there and was away for about two hours. When I returned I inquired for Miss Garnier, and was told by the maid that she had gone to her bedroom and that she had asked the groom to bring her motor bicycle to the door. It seemed strange that she should arrange to go out alone when my visit was such a short one. I had gone into her little study to seek her, and here it was that I waited, for it opened on to the hall passage and she could not pass without my seeing her.

THERE was a small table in the window of this room at which she used to write. I had seated myself beside this when my eyes fell upon a name written in her large, bold handwriting. It was a reversed impression upon the blotting paper which she had used, but there could be no difficulty in reading it. The name was Hubert le Bas. Apparently it was part of the address of an envelope, for underneath I was able to distinguish the initials S. W., referring to a postal division of London, though the name of the street had not been clearly reproduced.

Then I knew for the first time that she was actually corresponding with this man whose vile, voluptuous face I had seen in the photograph with the frayed edges. She had clearly lied to me too, for was it conceivable that she should correspond with a man whom she had never seen? I don't desire to condone my conduct. Put yourself in my place. Imagine that you had my desperately fervid and jealous nature. You would have done what I did, for you could have done nothing else. A wave of fury passed over me. I laid my hands upon the wooden writing desk. If it had been an iron safe I should have opened it. As it was, it literally flew to pieces before me. There lay the letter itself, placed under lock and key for safety while the writer prepared to take it from the house. I had no hesitation or scruple. I tore it open. Dishonorable, you will say, but when a man is frenzied with jealousy he hardly knows what he does. This woman, for whom I was ready to give everything, was either faithful to me or she was not. At any cost, I would know which.

A thrill of joy passed through me as my eyes fell upon the first words. I had wronged her. "Cher Monsieur le Bas." So the letter began. It was clearly a business letter, nothing else. I was about to replace it in the envelope with a thousand regrets in my mind for my want of faith when a single word at the bottom of the page caught my eyes, and I started as if I had been stung by an adder. "Verdun"—that was the word. I looked again, "Ypres" was immediately below it. I sat down, horror-stricken, by the broken desk, and I read this letter, a translation of which I have in my hand:

MURREYFIELD HOUSE, RADCHURCH.

DEAR MONSIEUR LE BAS:

Stringer has told me that he has kept you sufficiently informed as to Chelmsford and Colchester, so I have not troubled to write. They have moved the Midland Territorial Brigade and the heavy guns toward the coast near Cromer, but only for a time. It is for training, not embarkation. And now for my great news, which I have straight from the War Office itself. Within a week there is to be a very severe attack from Verdun, which is to be supported by a holding attack at Ypres. It is all on a very large scale, and you must send off a special Dutch messenger to Von Starmer by the first boat. I hope to get the exact date and some further particulars from my informant to-night, but meanwhile you must act with energy. I dare not post this here—you know what village postmasters are, so I am taking it into Colchester, where Stringer will include it with his own report, which goes by hand.

Yours faithfully, SOPHIA HEFFNER.

I was stunned at first as I read this letter, and then a kind of cold, concentrated rage came over me. So this woman was a German and a spy! I thought of her hypocrisy and her treachery toward me, but, above all, I thought (*Continued on page* 21)

. . .



"How did you get that?" she gasped. She suddenly sprang forward, but I grasped her wrist



The Watering Trough

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST

RED FLAG OF PAPOOSE PEAK

BY VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

HIGH on a shoulder of the great mountain, where the shelving face went down to the west, Red Flag sat on a jutting crag and watched the world below. Close-packed pine and fir, hemlock and spruce, lay pointed up against the dropping slopes like finely woven tapestry of inimitable design. Four thousand feet below the Little Beaver Dam fretted and flashed, alive with a thousand trout, backed here and there by the little folk of the paddle tails. It was a wild land—so wild that a human threading its solitudes would have been the subject of amazement to its teeming denizens. Keen, clear silence hung upon it. Sunlight bathed it. Shadows of clouds sailed across its steeply folded green fastnesses. Marvelous waters sang and sparkled between its giant slopes and rare sweet valleys were lush with forage.

Upon all this Red Flag looked with an approving brown eye; and had there been any eye upon Red Flag himself, other than that of a spitfire lynx watching him spitefully from a covert a hundred yards away, it must have been approving too. For Red Flag was a thing of beauty in every shining line. From the top of his sleek red head to the last hair in the banner of his proud tail, curved like a scimitar, beauty shone from him.

His head was shapely and very high between the eyes, which were all but human and most correctly spaced. His nose was brown and delicate as wireless antennæ. Satin—pure, gleaming satin—of a rich, deep red clothed him majestically. His ears were long and softly fringed. His powerful legs were flagged to a hunter's last wish. His toes were webbed to the nails, and he had dewclaws. Royalty spoke from him by every sign and mark!

Time was when he had had memories—dim, far-away memories, to be sure—of great brick kennels set in velvet lawns, where the sunlight poured down on a hundred such red dogs, his kith and kin. There had been humans in smart clothing who looked at them all through the wire netting and who came back to him, a rolling, loving puppy, again and again. There had been delighted examinations, keen noting of shades and points where a hair balanced the scales of choice, and he had been prophesied over in grave wonder.

And there had been, even in those days, Marston—handsome, devil-may-care Marston—never designed for a keeper of dogs: a free spirit. So it was through Marston that the prophecies were to fall void, for Marston stole the prize puppy and hit the trail that led across a continent.

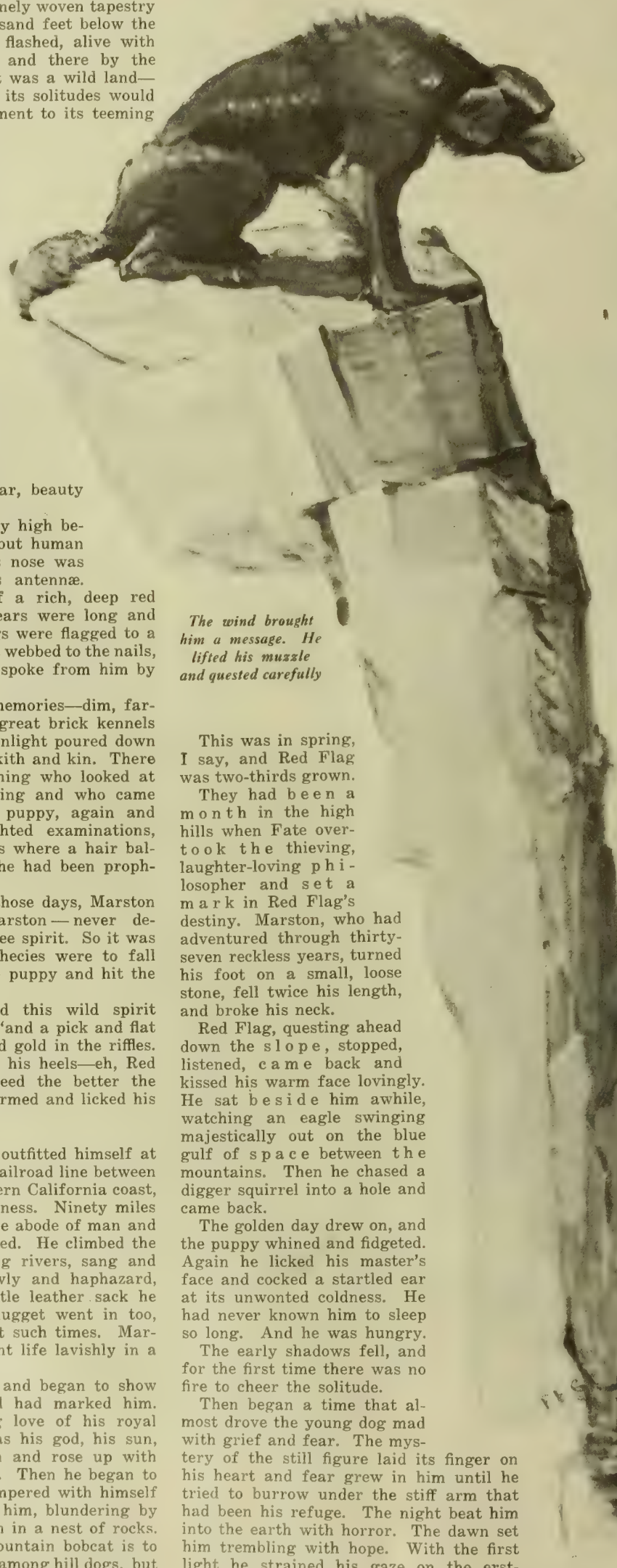
"Winds and mountains," said this wild spirit aloud, pulling the puppy's ears; "and a pick and flat pan. Bacon on the camp fire and gold in the riffles. And a man must have a dog at his heels—eh, Red Flag? And the better the breed the better the friend." Whereat Red Flag squirmed and licked his master's hand adoringly.

IT WAS spring when Marston outfitted himself at a lost little station on the last railroad line between civilization and the ragged northern California coast, and struck away into the wilderness. Ninety miles as the crow flies he went from the abode of man and flung himself into the life he loved. He climbed the great hills, fished in the roaring rivers, sang and shouted joyously and, very slowly and haphazard, put fine gold away into the little leather sack he carried. Sometimes a pretty nugget went in too, but he sang no more joyously at such times. Marston was a philosopher who spent life lavishly in a chosen way.

The puppy thrived and grew and began to show why those who knew his blood had marked him. First he developed the adoring love of his royal line for a master. Marston was his god, his sun, moon, and stars. He lay down and rose up with him, lived his short days in him. Then he began to realize that he was not to be tampered with himself—this when a bobcat came for him, blundering by where she had her kittens hidden in a nest of rocks. He was only a puppy, and a mountain bobcat is to be feared by the wisest old-timer among hill dogs, but when this fury came screaming at him his blood rose with his hackles and he met her, as a gentleman should.

That day Marston howled and danced in sheer delight at the whirling fight that followed, beat the bobcat off, and nursed the whimpering youngster.

"Glory be!" he cried, grinning. "And who says a setter won't fight? 'Tis the Irish heart of ye, lad."



The wind brought him a message. He lifted his muzzle and quested carefully

This was in spring, I say, and Red Flag was two-thirds grown.

They had been a month in the high hills when Fate overtook the thieving, laughter-loving philosopher and set a mark in Red Flag's destiny. Marston, who had adventured through thirty-seven reckless years, turned his foot on a small, loose stone, fell twice his length, and broke his neck.

Red Flag, questing ahead down the slope, stopped, listened, came back and kissed his warm face lovingly. He sat beside him awhile, watching an eagle swinging majestically out on the blue gulf of space between the mountains. Then he chased a digger squirrel into a hole and came back.

The golden day drew on, and the puppy whined and fidgeted. Again he licked his master's face and cocked a startled ear at its unwonted coldness. He had never known him to sleep so long. And he was hungry.

The early shadows fell, and for the first time there was no fire to cheer the solitude.

Then began a time that almost drove the young dog mad with grief and fear. The mystery of the still figure laid its finger on his heart and fear grew in him until he tried to burrow under the stiff arm that had been his refuge. The night beat him into the earth with horror. The dawn set him trembling with hope. With the first light he strained his gaze on the erstwhile laughing face and found it strange and set.

For three days and nights he lay by the dead man. Then hunger drove him forth.

It was well for the youngster that it was spring, else he would have succumbed to the mighty odds against him. As it was, Nature offered him a scant toe hold on the verge of life and death and being what he was Red Flag accepted. All through one golden day he stalked a mother grouse and her brood of young, holding in his ravening hunger like a veteran that he might make sure. Near night he sprang and with forefeet and jaws caught three chicks. They had been hatched early and were fat. Therefore they eased him. Under a glorious moon he dragged a weary trail back to lay himself beside his god.

So it was that he took up his hard and lonely life on Papoose Peak.

His young frame leaned to starvation's lines, for it was desperate work filling his clamoring stomach. He hunted grouse continually, reverting to that ancient time when his forbears had lived on birds, before man had trained their instinct to find, stand, and deliver.

He went down to the Little Beaver Dam and wasted hours trying to catch the flying shadows that were trout. After wearying failure he found a system whereby he succeeded, and they helped. Then he ate lizards and sometimes a harmless snake. Once he tackled and killed a rattler, but he would not eat it, though his jaws slavered with hunger.

HE TURNED over stones with his feet to find the bugs and crickets that hid beneath. He chased every living thing that moved, and in those first weeks he all but slipped over the edge. He was a poor, wild-eyed, pitiful starveling, there alone in the great, still land, and when the nights came down he lay and whimpered for sheer loneliness. His ribs stood out through his roughened red coat, and his throat was lean under his hanging ears.

But he would not give up. Not for nothing had his line been bred from its stoutest hearts. Red Flag was of kingly blood and proved it; and as loyalty is an attribute of kingliness so was he loyal. Through the slow weeks he came always back to the disappearing form of the master he had loved with his first love.

The summer wore away and left him a heritage of hard-earned wisdom.

By fall he was adept at the art of killing, but his fine skill came in the hunting, the marvelous patience with which he stalked his game, the restraint which he put upon his need. His fine nose was a wonderful thing, scenting his quarry far away and telling what kind it was.

Winter came in the Unsurveyed, came in a night with a fanfare of all the tiny trumpets of the frost, and Red Flag found him a cave and took possession. With the first deep snow the young dog realized the desperation of his fight, and at first he lay and watched the dim gray world with frightened eyes. Then he rose up and went out to face the odds.

Of that first winter in the lonesome land the less said the better. He came out of it a skeleton in a hanging sack of rough red hair, but his loving, soft brown puppy eyes had deepened, hardened, brightened. He knew where the snowed-in small animals made tiny air holes in the white blanket and how to get them; he could slake his thirst after the manner of the wild; he could find the deer in the sheltered glades, and could kill the small and the old among them. He longed to tackle the desperate bucks, but his cunning warned him against his own weakness. He had won his right to survival in the wild land.

With the first deep thaw that showed the earth he returned to that hillside where he had left Marston, but there was nothing there save a few scattered bones.

For three years Red Flag lived on the slopes of Papoose Peak, growing, strengthening, learning, developing into the beautiful creature that sat on the crag that summer day and watched the world below.

The dim memories had faded out of his brain. He

had all but forgotten Marston. He knew no other life and was content.

ON THIS day something alien came into his domain. The wind, soft and clear, brought him a message that stirred him uneasily, made him shift on his padded feet, twitched the banner of his splendid brush. He cocked his handsome head and listened, lifting one great feathery ear that it might swing apart from his jaw. He lifted his muzzle and quested carefully of the telltale breeze. And then he slipped off the crag and went like a long red flame in and out among the shadows and the bright green ferns, down and down the dropping slope. Save only in his silent progress, his alertness, he did not look like the killer he was, but more like a man's friend; and so, dropping swiftly down the slants, he came upon his destiny.

Where the austere mountain dimpled in a sudden gracious curve, sweet with grass and a laughing spring beneath a pine tree, a human had set up his habitat—a little tent, staring in the greenness and surrounded by a few neat contrivances of comfort such as a folding stool and table, pegs on the pine tree to hold a frying pan and coffeepot, a shelter of new boughs against the sun. A burro browsed near by.

All this was two days old, and in its midst a man moved in solemn joy. He was a young man, not more than twenty-five or twenty-six, and of a pleasing address, save for an odd manner of stopping every few minutes to cast a lightning glance around at the silent world. He had a thick thatch of short, fair curls above a good forehead, and his eyes were frank and blue. His mouth was wide and showed at its corners two sets of lines—old lines of laughter that were faint, as if they had not been used for a long time, and grim, hard lines of endurance that were very bitter. He was thin almost to emaciation, and his skin was clear and pallid.

The most of all this amazing news Red Flag knew before he actually saw it. But, stepping as softly as a shadow, belly to earth, head outstretched, ears hanging, eyes sharp, hard, menacing, he went forward to see what strange creature had come into his world. He stood, silent as the rock itself, in the lee of a bowlder behind a screen of manzanita brush, and surveyed the camp.

With the first sight of the man the look in his eyes changed. They dilated wildly, opening to their full extent, and bewilderment tenanted them. For a long moment the dog stood so, holding the breath in his nostrils, while all his body set up a consistent shaking. Something was stirring in him painfully —something that made his throat swell with a whining whimper which instinct would not let him utter.

Memories floated up in his brain like clouds, moiling, vague, shapeless. Then, as the man passed about his scant duties of the camp, they took shape, crystallized. He *felt* the old days of his puppyhood with Marston; knew this creature for the master creature. And suddenly the old, aching anguish of loneliness came upon him, and he longed to crawl forward and kiss the hand that reached for a pine knot. With the great need the whimper came loose in his guarded throat, and he thrust through the manzanita.

Now the man was pitifully new to the far places, and he lacked the poise of the old-timer. Therefore that great red head with the dilated eyes coming through the brush shocked him with cold horror. In silence, and swift as a cat, he snatched up the gun that leaned on the tent and fired. The ball pinged on the rock behind, but the unearthly noise stopped Red Flag a yard away. It startled him, but it, too, was a memory of Marston and fitted in. Then the man, recovering, beheld in the golden light the most magnificent red setter he had ever seen in all his days. "Lord!" he said with a gasping breath. "Oh, my Lord!" In silence the two stood for a long moment regarding each other.

Then the man reached out a hand and a smile creased the unused lines about his lips.

"Beauty boy!" he said, "come here."

And Red Flag, trembling in every limb, dropped on his stomach, crept forward, and kissed the lacings of his puttee at the ankle. When the man took his head in his hands and looked into his eyes it was more than he could stand, and he raised his voice and howled out the loving heart that had longed for what it did not know and had found it. The man fondled him and Red Flag pressed, still shaking, against his knees. In a moment dignity fell upon him and he stilled his unwonted cries, controlled his body that ached to launch itself upon this new god and smother it with caresses.

"Lost, eh?" said the man, "and overjoyed to meet humanity? Bad trait, boy—it might betray you."

And for a moment the bitterness came out in his face. In that hour these two belonged, and knew it.

Red Flag, falling back upon his habit of restraint, lay down at the edge of camp, his muzzle on his satin paws, and followed the man's every motion with eyes that shone with the light of love.

He never went back to the cave again. Once in the month that followed he went back to Marston's bones and seemed to bid them farewell, sniffing and questing about in the moonlight. But from then on he was wholly and happily the friend, the slave, the devotee of the slim man who called himself Jones and who set himself to study the great hills and the books that had come in on the burro's pack. Prospecting seemed to be new work for him, but he went at it in a businesslike manner.

When he went out along the slants with the pick and shovel and pan, Red Flag scouted and hunted, always returning, always keeping within winding distance of his idol. The man fed him of his panbread lavishly, but Red Flag had lived too long on red meat to be satisfied, and he hunted in the nights. More than once Jones examined him, coming in at dawn wet with dew and with bulging sides, and marveled. But there was never blood on his fastidious coat; no marks of conflict upon him. He was a gentleman, nay, a prince, and he presented himself at court as befitted his royalty.

The man Jones was almost as piteously eager for affection as the dog, and the love that grew between the two was an amazing thing. Red Flag slept at the tent door, and woe to that inquisitive one of the hill folk that came investigating.

HIS hard life had made him marvelously strong and had given him height and depth of chest. Also he possessed cunning and tricks of slaughter that no dog of his breed had a right to know—for instance, the slashing cut of the timber wolf, lightning quick and deadly, which no soft throat going could withstand. He had learned that in that first awful winter one day when it was eat or be eaten, and he had come frankly near the latter, and he knew the value of the high leap, shoulder to shoulder, that knocked an adversary off his feet; also the angle that checkmated it when he happened to be the adversary. All these things Jones learned of him in the months that followed their meeting, for once they met a wolf that disputed the trail and Red Flag, shooting forward like a flaming lance, went into conflict. Jones stood and held his breath, and his face was white with several emotions. Twice he raised his gun to shoot, and each time he desisted, watching. "Heaven!" he whispered at the roaring fight staged in the flecking sun and shadows. "What courage! What fire and daring—and in a dog. And I—"

(*Continued on page* 22)



There was a flash of long white fangs, a click and a snap as they closed on the man's throat and came free, still closed, an unspeakable ribbon flying



Smash the River Barrel

TO SENATOR RANSDELL of Louisiana and his fellow backers of the new $46,000,000 waterway bill, "pork barrel" is one of the ugliest terms ever spoken or printed. Nearly all of the twenty or more speeches delivered at Washington at this winter's meeting of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, of which Senator RANSDELL is president, were vehement denials that the annual bill is a wasteful, log-rolled measure. The Louisiana Senator, in an interview, characterized the charge that the old system is a pork barrel as "a slanderous accusation as false as SATAN himself." Yet the Senator, being somewhat of a specialist in river legislation, can hardly fail to remember the Hennepin Canal project. After being told that this canal, which gives Chicago, on the Great Lakes, connection with the Mississippi, would surely save shippers from fifteen to twenty million dollars a year, the Government dug it at a cost of $7,401,100. The work was completed in 1909, and in 1914, the last year of which we have an official record, the traffic, hauled an average of 50 miles, was 26,856 tons, only 12,222 tons of which was commercial freight. Interest on the investment and maintenance amounted to $512,520, so for every ton of commerce shipped on the canal the people were out $41.93, forty times the corresponding rate charged by Middle-Western railroads. And the gross tonnage that year was 21,972 less than in 1913! Here are the facts about one waterway failure. We could tell of scores of equally wasteful projects—jobs that never could have been shoved through Congress as separate measures. There are about 250 items in the new river pork barrel, and probably less than thirty of them would have a ghost of a chance if submitted singly. The pork system is pretty near the most insidious force in our National Government. Its wastage on waterways has been nearly $500,000,000—and that is a modest beginning. Congress must abolish the barrel and place the problem of river and harbor improvements in the hands of an appointive commission, as far removed as possible from log-rolling influences.

An Axiom for Congress

ONE SENTENCE in the President's recent message ought to be burned into the consciousness of every Congressman:

What is clear is that the industry of this generation should pay the bills of this generation.

This Is an Enlightened Act

MISSOURI finally woke up to discover that a majority of the railroads entering St. Louis are in the hands of receivers, so the Public Service Commission raised fares from 2 to 2½ and 3 cents per mile and freight rates by some 5 to 7 per cent. The idea is to get the roads going again. With good regulation this sort of action is safe and it is absolutely necessary. But it is not enough for a railroad to be merely solvent. It must be strong enough to be looking and planning ahead, building for the larger industrial conditions that are to come. This country is going to have some 150,000,000 people within our lifetime. It could hold twice as many. The grouping of this population is going to depend very largely upon transportation—people will farm, manufacture, trade, and live where they are best served in ease of coming and going both for themselves and for their goods. Except for a few cliff dwellers, it has always been so. The regions that have scrub railroads will remain themselves backward and undeveloped. It is very significant that while statisticians are predicting 14,000,000 population for New York City by 1950 or so, the Lackawanna Railroad has spent $21,000,000 on colossal cut-offs which save heavy grades and fourteen miles on the way to the anthracite coal fields and the Great Lakes. Bigger cities and more hauling must go together. If St. Louis is to be what its patriots dream, the railroads of the Missouri region must do more than keep out of bankruptcy.

Ohio to New York

"I LIKE NEW YORK, but I'll be glad to get back to Arcanum. I like Ohio folks better. New York is too big," the interviewer reports Champion HANES. Champion HANES is the lad that grew 153 bushels of corn to the acre in Ohio, where they tell us the average yield is about forty bushels to the acre. And persuading almost four bushels of corn to grow where one grew before is a sufficient title to championship. Anyhow, young HANES won first place in the Buckeye State's Junior Contests and got a free trip to New York City on the Buckeye Corn Special along with 237 other boys and girls. The boy who can make a little patch of soil hand over 153 bushels of corn is a pretty important person.

New York to Ohio

WHY NOT, if possible, find a champion of something-or-other in New York City—say, selling newspapers? Then fill a train with him and other members of his guild and send them all out to see Ohio and how the corn grows. Most of them might yearn to get back to where they could shoot craps on a Manhattan pavement. But a few—perhaps only one or two—might remember the cornfields and think and think until some day they took a ticket to Ohio—this time to stay.

Digging It Through at Panama

DURING NOVEMBER about a million cubic yards of material were dug out of the slides. The New York "Press" remarks:

All this is impressive—especially as it represents waste! It should not be necessary to move mountains to repair a job which we had been told was finished.

This comment is a fair sample of the frame of mind that men can get into when they stick around offices too much. Anything that man "finishes" is subject to Nature's inscrutable revision at any time, and Panama is no exception to the rule. The United States has put a lot of money into the canal and is bound to see the thing through. Suppose it takes five years to conquer the present obstructions—what then? The benefits to commerce will be worth having whenever they are secured, and the time required is a means and not a bar. To speak of digging out the canal as "waste" seems to indicate a misjudgment of the whole situation. It is our belief that the people of this country know better than that.

Going the Wrong Way

LOYAL AMERICANS of German descent have sufficiently answered the hyphenate threat that all of German blood and sympathy are going to migrate to Kaiserland after the war and leave UNCLE SAM flat on his back. Possibly it wasn't much of a threat anyhow. The only thing we want to add is that during the first fifteen months of the war 26,414 Germans came to the United States and 8,508 left the United States. This ratio of increase was surpassed in the same period by Hebrews and Irishmen. Perhaps some Germans think that ours is a fairly decent country after all.

Peace Talk

OPENING AT RANDOM GEORGE CHAPMAN'S ancient play, "Bussy d'Ambois," we found this exchange of observations:

MONT-SURREY: Peace, peace, I pray thee, peace!
BUSSY: Let him peace first
That made the first warre.

BUSSY'S would seem to be the idea also of the allied powers. It is the Kaisers' move, and they have been making it.

Instructions for Others

THE WORST SENTENCE we've noticed lately is this from an official instruction for the regents' examinations under the control of the University of the State of New York:

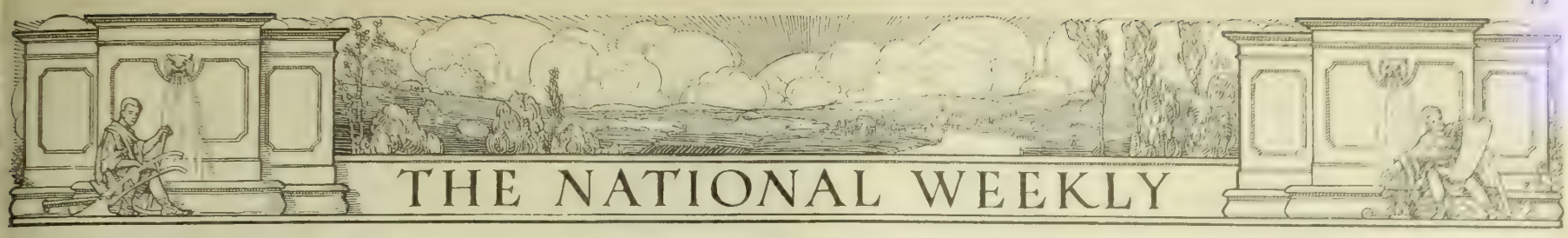
No paper in any subject which is markedly weak in English will be accepted by the department.

It must be rather awkward for the department to have to reject its own papers, but rules are rules, of course!

The New Day in Business

IF THE MUCKRAKERS did nothing else, they certainly proved again that a man cannot serve two masters; that it is a bad thing for any railroad when its employees own stock in pet varnish works or favorite coal companies or son-in-law hardware concerns; that insurance societies do not prosper when their magnates have little subsidiary enterprises for taking off the cream. The root evil in all this is corrupt buying at high prices on a basis of favoritism instead of the proved merit of the goods. This evil often edges in as the friendly and harmless practice of Christmas gifts to buyers. Modern commerce sets itself against the whole custom in the effort to attain and hold a higher level of business morality. A striking illustration is the letter sent out at holiday time by the largest cloak and suit concern in this country to the two thousand firms from whom it buys goods:

A few of the concerns with which we do business have made it a custom to send presents of various kinds to buyers and other employees of this company.



We agree with our buyers that this is not good business practice, and our people prefer not to receive presents from anyone with whom we do business.

If it has been customary for you to give presents to any of our representatives, we are sure that you will not misunderstand our emphatic request that this practice be discontinued.

Some things are getting better as the years go by because some people insist on it.

One Compensation

WE HAVE OFTEN REGRETTED that the Puritan takes his pleasure so sadly. But justice forces us to acknowledge that the same person often accepts his misfortunes with a sour smile.

Ships and Sense

WHEN THE CARGO CARRIERS NOW BUILDING are launched the United States will have the largest tonnage of foreign-trade shipping that it has ever had. This is not a mere war boom, for the shipyards are turning these vessels out at a cost per ton that will stand comparison with the average cost in English yards before the war, and the builders have enough capital to see the thing through. High war freights are the immediate stimulus, but our shipbuilders are in the game on a permanent basis. While this is being done, last winter's muddled and discredited projects for some sort of a Government shipping bill are being reagitated in Washington. That's the contrast between private fact and official theory. If our national authorities want to do something for the American merchant marine, let them get the Government off its neck. This can best be done by devising our maritime law in the interest of common sense and fair treatment so that our shipping will have an even chance in competition with any shipping that uses our ports. With that done our country's flag will become known again on the high seas.

Let's Talk It Over

AN ABLE LAWYER and thoughtful man is the Hon. REYNOLDS R. KINKADE of the Ohio Court of Appeals. From him comes this suggestion: "That the competency of a man to make a will be decided before his death instead of afterward." Concretely, a man wanting to make a will would go before a judicial tribunal—say the usual Probate Court—which should take evidence as to his competency and make findings which should be forever binding. This would do away with the expensive and tedious lawsuits which occur sometimes a score of years after the will is made and at a time when the best possible evidence, namely, the maker of the will, has long been under the ground. The certifications of this judicial tribunal would be final. Is there not in this a complete analogy to those proceedings of public officials which validate certain bond issues and so certify the bonds? Certainly this is a suggestion worthy of discussion on the part of lawyers.

Inspired by Bosh!

MR. E. J. STEGER, who lives in Montezuma, Costa Rica, writes:

Articles printed like the one entitled "The Conquest of America," etc., that is printed in "McClure's" do not help the situation any, either, as anybody with a trace of gray matter can tell that it was inspired by England to increase the bad feelings already existing to some extent against some of your best and most loyal citizens.

It is true that "The Conquest of America" and all other fictitious accounts of future wars are pretty foolish, but the one thing a good deal more foolish is to say that "they are inspired by England." Sometimes we wish that people who can't think straight would not subscribe for COLLIER'S. Still we suppose we must take the world as we find it.

The Dinner Horn in Georgia

ON GEORGIA PRODUCTS DAY, a date not listed in our imperfect calendar, Wilkinson County served at Gordon a dinner which the Macon "News" justly termed perfectly gorgeous. No doubt the diners did and were! Twelve of its thirty-seven items were "'possum and taters, barbecued pig, chicken potpie, candied yams, collards, field peas, turnip greens, sweet-potato pie, pecan layer cake, persimmon beer, sassafras tea, and iced cane juice." No wonder the "News" exclaims:

Why should only one day be consecrated to special devotion to the products of Georgia's fields, farms, orchards, and gardens?

Why, indeed? It would take us at least a week.

Good for the Zetes!

A COLLEGE FRATERNITY founded in 1847 voted a notable resolution last fall at its Sixty-eighth Annual Grand Chapter Convention. The resolution prohibits the use of intoxicating liquors in all chapter houses of the fraternity. We believe that this is the first action of the kind to be taken by an American collegiate fraternity, and as such we believe it is worth commenting upon. To quote "The Circle of Zeta Psi," which is the national organ of the fraternity in question:

Discussion on the problem was frank, open and to the point. Brother NYMEYER in sincere and emphatic terms asked for the passing of the resolution for the sake of the young men in college, not because they are worse men or weaker men than those who have gone before, but because he has seen the effects of its use in fraternity houses in different parts of the country, and has seen the results where it has been abolished.

Locally, liquors have been taboo in fraternity houses at various colleges, but now a national organization has declared itself, and undoubtedly other fraternities will follow suit. As fraternity men set the social and ethical standard at most colleges, the influence for good that must be exerted by the Zeta Psi's resolution is going to be cumulative and incalculable. For a great while college drinking customs have been altering very radically; the tradition that a collegian must, to be a "good fellow," drink deep and often is as obsolete as any other medievalism. American colleges are highly conservative institutions; American undergraduates are the arch-conservatives—and that is why this is a straw that shows how the wind is blowing through our national forest.

The Wisdom of Childhood

NOWADAYS, when you take a railway journey, do you ever stop to think of the engineer at all—unless the engine breaks down or something else goes wrong? But when you were a child you were always keenly alive to his presence up ahead, his hand on the throttle. As the countryside skimmed past your window you knew that he was responsible and you felt a sense of gratitude. But now, in your grown-up state of wisdom, you never even think of the engineer at all; you take the whole fact of locomotion for granted. Has it ever occurred to you that the maturity you pride yourself on is in many ways nothing but a lack of sensitiveness? To apply the lesson: one way to stay young is to cling to the youngster's impressibility to all that is about him.

In All Weathers

ON THE PACIFIC COAST they have a dark saying, probably traceable to the first football rooter, that "Where the heart is, the lungs are close by." So it happens that many of our poets have sung of the house and the garden that, to our fancy, are the outward and visible evidences of home. WILLIAM MORRIS, among others, wrote verses to be inscribed on the house itself as expressions of the indwelling spirit there. It is a gracious fashion, and we are glad it persists, but why do these poets so generally have in mind the house in winter? For instance, in his book, "The Laughing Muse," ARTHUR GUITERMAN gives us this "House Blessing":

Stand Firm, gray Rock!
  Tough-weathered Beams, hold fast!
Stanch walls, proud roof,
  Repel the warring Blast!
Glow warm, deep Hearth,
  Against the Winter's chill.
Clear flame of Love
  Burn brighter, warmer still!

In our notion this is only part of the story. The house is for all days and weathers, dearer at some seasons than others perhaps, but through time rather than of it. Summer brings us out into playgrounds and gardens, on water and over the countryside, but the place where we live is the heart's anchorage whatever the stage of the calendar. (This is true for those who live and belong somewhere, not for those who only rent or visit.) If we were to rewrite that house blessing for the Castle-in-Spain that all we city dwellers have in mind to make real among the low hills some day, it might run about like this:

By strength of wall and beam and roof
Our house shall meet the weather's proof.
Secure from stroke of frost or sun,
Here love shall live while life doth run.

If the verses do not suit you, then recarve them to fit your own doorpost; but better a poor song than none, home being what it is.

HELD TO ANSWER

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

Chapter Eight—The Laying On of Hands

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. KING

AFTER parting from Bessie at her father's door, John spent twenty-four hours in dumb agony at his hotel, much of the time devoted to uncounted attempts to frame a letter to her. The one which finally went by the hands of a messenger was entirely unframed—a mere cry that broke out of his heart. All it brought back was an answering cry—four pages with impetuous words rioting over them. There were splotches of ink where the pen had been urged too recklessly, and John, as he held it up to the electric light, tried to imagine there were watery stains upon it.

That night Hampstead left Los Angeles for San Francisco and spent an aimless Saturday brooding upon the ocean beach, needing no sight of the jutting Cliff House rocks, upon which his lips had first touched Bessie's, to embitter his reflections. Sunday morning, however, as early as nine o'clock, found him treading the graveled paths of the little park in Encina and taking his place upon the rustic bench across from the dingy chapel. The cleat remained upon the door. God was still nailed up!

John could not help thinking that he, too, was rather nailed up. Drawing Bessie's last letter from his pocket, he held it very tenderly for a time in his hand, then opened it to the final paragraph, upon which his eyes played dimly through a mist that overspread his vision like a curtain of fog.

"I shall always love you, John," her pen had written—"always, or at least it seems so now. But you have hurt me in what touches a woman nearest. I have tried to understand. I think I have forgiven—but that full, confiding trust! Oh, John!"

The letter didn't cut off hope exactly, but it didn't kindle any bonfires either. As John read it he felt forlorn and helpless, and perceived that he had made rather a mess of things generally.

And in the meantime there was absolutely nothing more important for him to do than to wander restlessly over here and sit on the park bench before this wretched-looking, dishonored little church and watch to see whether any children came to Sunday school or not.

Yes—two were coming now. One was a little girl of six or seven in a smock immaculately white. She was bareheaded, but her flaxen locks were bound with a bright blue ribbon that just matched the blue of her eyes. By her side walked her little brother. He might have been four. Together they swung the corner, and together their feet pattered on the board walk leading across the sod to the chapel. Involuntarily they stopped a moment where Elder Burbeck had borrowed the plank, then stepped over the hole and mounted with confident, straining steps to the platform. The sister was now a little in advance, one hand holding her brother's and lifting stoutly as he struggled with his small knees to surmount the unnatural height.

But the door of the church was closed. This nonplused the little lady for just a second, after which she thrust up her chubby hand and gave the knob a turn. The door did not respond. She rattled the knob protestingly, and then, looking higher, saw the plank nailed across.

AT THIS the small miss stepped back, confounded, to the accompaniment of childish murmurings. Little brother did not understand. He clamored to be admitted to his "Sunny kool." The little woman tried again, but the door baffled her most indifferently. However, after a moment of wondering dismay, this tiny edition of femininity retreated no farther than to turn and sit down upon the steps, first dusting them carefully and inducing little brother to sit beside her. Strength had been baffled, but faith was still strong.

"The eternal woman!" commented John reverently. "So Mary waited at the tomb."

But other children were coming, and soon a fringe of little bodies was sitting round the platform, and a border of little feet decorated the second step, the girls' feet neatly, daintily composed; the boys' feet restless, clumsier, beating an insistent tattoo as they awaited the appearance of some grown-up who could admit them or explain.

"Teacher! Teacher!"

One little girl set up the shout, and like a bevy the smaller children swarmed across the street and into the park to meet a very slender girl, perhaps sixteen years of age, with her light-brown hair in half a dozen long, rolling curls that, snared at the neck by a wide ribbon, hung halfway down her back.

Attended eagerly by this childish court, the babble of their voices rising about her, the girl mounted the steps, stood a moment in confusion before the locked and barred door, then looked about her helplessly, almost as the children had done.

"This is my cue," John declared with decision, rising from his seat and crossing to the chapel.

"My name's Hampstead," he began, taking off his hat to the girl. "I belong to the First Church, Los Angeles."

"How do you do, Brother Hampstead," she responded in a voice that expressed instant confidence, while her large eyes, blue as the sky, lighted with pleasure and relief. "I am Helen Plummer, teacher of the infant class."



"You broke open the house of the Lord," said Elder Burbeck sternly. "You nailed it up," rebutted John. The elder was speechless

"You seem to be embarrassed," John proceeded.

"Whatever shall I do?" confessed the young lady, looking at the barred door, at her charges about her, and at John.

John laid his hand upon the plank at the end where it projected beyond the edge of the little cooplike vestibule, and gave it a tentative pull. It did not spring much. Burbeck's nails had been long, and he had driven them deep. But John was strong. He swung his weight upon the end of the plank and it gave a little. He swung harder, and it yielded more. Presently he heard a squeaking, protesting sound from the straining nails, and increased his efforts till the veins knotted on his forehead.

The plank was coming off. Nevertheless there was a pause while he mopped his brow and considered. The result of these considerations was to fall back for reenforcement on two cobblestones of unequal size chosen from the gutter, the larger of which he used as a hammer while the smaller served as a wedge till, with a final wrench, the plank came free. But Elder Burbeck had locked the door.

"A hairpin?" queried John of the sky-blue eyes.

"I have not come to hairpins yet," blushed the teacher of the infant class.

John remembered the buttonhook on his key ring, and after a few moments of vigorous attack with that humble instrument, the bolt shot accommodatingly to one side and the door swung open.

"Thank you so much!" exclaimed the blue eyes, though the red lips of pliant sixteen said never a word but framed themselves in a very pretty smile.

John acknowledged the smile with one of his own broadest. At the same time he reflected that Miss Helen's failure to regard as seriously unusual either finding the door violently closed or having it violently opened for her entrance was significant of the state to which affairs in the little church had come, and it was with a grim sense of duty well performed that the big man followed the trooping children into the chapel and looked about him.

The building was small, yet somehow it appeared larger inside than out. The utmost simplicity marked its furnishings.

The twenty or more children massed themselves, as if by habit, upon the front seats, and presently, with Helen at the organ, Hampstead had them singing lustily one hymn after another, while the size of the audience increased by occasional stragglers until, during the fourth hymn, two women appeared, each rather breathless, and one with unmistakable evidences of having got suddenly into her clothes. John felt the eyes of the women upon him suspiciously, while noticing that neither spoke to the other and that they took seats on opposite sides of the church.

AT THE end of the hymn he walked over to the older of the two ladies, who somehow had the look of a wife and mother in Israel, and said: "My name's Hampstead. First Church, Los Angeles."

"I'm Sister Nelson," replied the lady, a trifle stiffly. "I teach a class of boys. But I thought the church was closed till I heard the organ. Are you a minister?"

"Me? No!" And John smiled at the thought, but he also smiled engagingly. Mrs. Nelson instantly liked and accepted him and allowed her stiffness to melt somewhat.

"I just happened in," John explained as he turned to cross toward the young lady on the other side, who appeared, he thought, to eye him rather more suspiciously after such cordial exchange with Mrs. Nelson.

"My name's Hampstead," he began. "First Church, Los Angeles. I just happened in."

"I'm Miss Armstrong," replied the lady with conviction as if it were something important to be Miss Armstrong. "I was teaching a class of girls before Brother Aleshire left, or, rather, was driven away!" and the lady darted a look that ran across the little auditorium like a silver wire straight at the uncompromising figure of Sister Nelson. "I thought there wasn't to be any Sunday school until I heard the organ."

"Guess I'm responsible for that," replied John. "I just kind of butted in."

Miss Armstrong did not ask John if he was a minister. She knew it was unnecessary after he said "butted in." But she also felt the warmth of his engaging smile and yielded to it after a searching moment, for he really did look like such a well-meaning young man.

Before the pulpit and in front of the central block of chairs where the children were gathered was a huge, irregular patch in the carpet. This patch was about midway between the two outer plots of chairs, in the midst of one of which, like a solitary outpost, sat the watchful Mrs. Nelson, while Miss Armstrong performed grim sentinel duty in the other.

To this patch in the carpet, as to the security of neutral ground, John returned after establishing his identity and status with the two ladies, and from that safely aloof position, after a moment of hesi-

. . .

tancy, ventured to announce: "Since we seem somewhat disorganized this morning, I suggest that Sister Nelson take all the boys and Sister Armstrong all the girls, while Miss Helen will take the little folks, as usual."

It was evident from their respective expressions that Mrs. Nelson did not know about this idea and that Miss Armstrong also had her doubts, but the children settled it. The tots rushed for the small platform on the left of the pulpit which had some kindergarten paraphernalia upon it, while the larger boys charged for Sister Nelson and began to arrange the loose chairs in a circle about her. The larger girls made the same sort of an advance upon Miss Armstrong.

Within five minutes preliminaries were got out of the way, heads were ducked toward a common center, and there rose in the little church that low buzz of intense interest, possibly more apparent than real, which an old-fashioned Sunday school gives off at recitation period, and which is like no other sound in the world for its capacity to suggest the peaceful, beelike hum of industry and contentment.

Standing meditatively in the center of the open space before the pulpit, thrilling with pleasure at the situation, feeling somehow that he had created it, John heard with apprehension a quick, heavy step in the little entry, saw the swinging inside doors give back, and observed the stern, red face of Elder Burbeck confronting him across the backs of the middle bank of chairs.



"What does the minister do when he has received this decoration?" asked John

The elder had a fighting set to his jaw; he had his undertaker's hat upon his head, and he glared at John accusingly as if he had instantly connected him with the policy of the open door. But as if to make sure first just what mischief had resulted, Elder Burbeck's glance swept the room, taking in by turns Miss Armstrong with her girls, Sister Nelson with her boys, and Miss Helen with her kindergarteners.

As the elder gazed his expression changed perceptibly, and he reached up and took off his high hat, lowering it slowly but reverently. John, who had been standing perfectly still upon the patch, meek but unabashed, experienced an odd sensation as he witnessed this maneuver. It was dramatic and as if some presence were in the room which the elder had not expected to find there. The apostle of the *status quo* turned level, accusing eyes upon John across the tiers of chairs and began to advance down the aisle upon the right where Sister Nelson had seated herself. John at the same moment began a strategic forward movement upon his own account, so that the two met midway.

"You broke open the house of the Lord," charged Elder Burbeck sternly.

"You nailed it up," rebutted John flatly, his features grave and his whole face clothed in a kind of dignity that to Elder Burbeck was as disconcerting as it was impressive.

The elder opened his mouth to speak, but closed it again without doing so. Something in the very atmosphere was a rebuke to him. Perhaps it was the presence of the Presence! He had indeed nailed up the house of the Lord! He thought he had done a righteous thing, but under this young man's eyes burning with an odd spiritual light, before his calm, strong face, and in the presence of these humming voices of children, the accusation smote the elder deeply. He began to suspect that he had done a doubtful act.

"'Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins,'" piped a high voice sharply at his elbow, and Elder Burbeck started guiltily as if his conscience had shouted the sentiment aloud. Yet it was only one of Sister Nelson's boys singing out the Golden Text. Nevertheless the elder was as shaken as if he had heard a voice from on high.

BUT at this juncture John Hampstead put out his hand cordially. Elder Burbeck took it—tentatively, almost grudgingly—and was again dismayed to feel how strong that hand was and to observe how, without apparent effort, it shook him all over, as it had shaken him that day upon the walk outside. Yet the elder mustered once more the spirit of protest.

"The church was closed by order of the district evangelist," he urged, but his urging, even to himself, sounded strangely lacking in force.

"It was opened in the name of Him who said 'Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not,'" replied the interloper quietly and emphatically, yet not offensively.

. . . .

In the meanwhile the subtle cordiality of John's manner did not abate, but seemed rather to grow, for, still clinging to the elder's hand, Hampstead walked with him back down the aisle to the open space before the pulpit. Burbeck felt himself strangely subdued. He was minded to rebel, to flame up, but somehow he couldn't. Yet Sister Nelson's eye was upon him, and it would imperil his own leadership to appear beaten by this mild-mannered young man who coolly assumed so much and executed his assumptions so masterfully. The alternative strategy which suggested itself to the mind of the elder was to take the lead in showing that he recognized the intrusion of Hampstead as somehow an intervention from which good might come. To make this strategy effective, however, action must be immediate; but the shrewd elder was easily equal to that. Sniffing the air critically for a moment, he announced, loudly enough to be heard by all, even by Sister Nelson, busy with her boys:

"You need some windows open, Brother Hampstead! You go on with your superintending; I'll attend to that myself."

IMMEDIATELY the elder laid his tall hat upon the pulpit steps and busied himself with opening the windows at the top.

As the lesson hour proceeded a trickling stream of adults began to filter in. Their attitude, no more than Burbeck's had been, was that of people who enter a house of worship. Surprise, excitement, conflict were written on their faces. They took seats on one side section with Elder Burbeck and Miss Nelson or on the other side with Miss Armstrong; and then, between fierce looks across the abyss of chair backs, at the "disturbing element" (the other side in a church quarrel is always that), they bent a curious, watchful eye on Hampstead.

As the two factions increased steadily in numbers, John with a little imagination was able to discern exactly how. At first the notes of the organ had notified those in the immediate neighborhood that the house of God was no longer nailed up. Members of each party, fearful that the other might gain an advantage, began at once to spread the news in person and by telephone, so that now all over Encina women were struggling with hooks and eyes and curling irons, and men were abandoning Sunday papers and slippers on shady porches, shaving, dressing, and rushing in hot haste to the battle line.

When the children filed out the opposing groups of adults remained buzzing among themselves like angry hornets, but with no more communication between the two ranks than bitter looks afforded.

John, extremely desirous of getting well out of the zone of hostilities, was actually afraid to leave these belligerent Christians alone together. He thought they might break into pitched battle; the women might pull hair, the men swing chairs upon each other's heads. His fears were abruptly heightened by a series of violent bumps on the steps outside, followed by a trundling sound in the vestibule as if a cannon were being unlimbered. Instantly too, every face in the little chapel turned at the ominous sounds, but John was puzzled to observe that the expression of even the bitterest was softened at the prospect.

This was explained in part when there appeared through the swinging inner doors, not the muzzle of a fieldpiece, but a lady in a wheel chair who, though her dark hair had begun to silver, was dressed in youthful white and had about her the air of one who refused to allow mere invalidism to triumph over the stoutness of her spirit.

The wheels of her vehicle were propelled by a solemn-looking Japanese, and, as if by long understanding, one man slipped forward immediately from each faction and the two made a way among the chairs for the Oriental to roll his charge to the exact center of the unoccupied middle bank of sittings.

EVIDENTLY she was one member of the congregation who observed a scrupulous neutrality while holding the affection and regard of all.

"The Angel of the Chair!" murmured Miss Plummer in John's ear as she passed to a seat with Miss Armstrong, where she had been busy putting away her teaching paraphernalia.

From this position of carefully chosen neutrality, the Angel of the Chair immediately beckoned Miss Armstrong to her from one side and Elder Burbeck from the other. Each approached without in any way recognizing the presence of the other; and Miss Armstrong was apparently asked to detail what had happened, Burbeck's part, it would seem, being to amend if the narrative did his faction less than justice.

The story finished, and the elder nodding his assent to it, the Angel of the Chair dismissed her informants and turned a welcoming glance on John. The latter advanced with extended hand, feeling that his formula of introduction was now unnecessary.

"I am Mrs. Burbeck," the lady said pleasantly in a rich contralto voice.

Hampstead all but toppled over. This delicate, spirituel creature that hard, red-faced partisan's wife! It seemed impossible.

But Mrs. Burbeck was composedly taking from her lap a twist of tissue paper from which she unrolled a simple boutonnière consisting of one very large, very corrugated, and very fragrant rose geranium leaf upon which a perfect white carnation had been laid.

"Do you know, Mr. Hampstead," she went on placidly, "what I am going to do?" and then, as John looked his disclaimer, continued: "I have always been allowed the privilege of bringing a flower for the minister's buttonhole. Brother Ingram would never take his flower from anyone else. When the rain kept me away he would not wear a flower at all. Brother Aleshire also took his flower from me."

"But," protested John in sudden alarm, "I am not a minister at all, you know. I just happened in, and I assure you that all I am thinking of now is a way to happen out."

The Angel, it appeared, was a woman with deeps of calm strength in her.

"You have been a real minister in what you have done this morning," she said contentedly, entirely undisturbed by John's embarrassed frankness.

"But how am I going to get out from under?" gasped the young man, feeling more and more that he could trust this woman.

The Angel of the Chair smiled inspiringly.

"The Scripture has no rule for getting out from under," she suggested quietly, "but there is something about not letting go of the plow once you have grasped the handles."

The Angel was looking straight up at John now, searching his eyes for a moment, then adding significantly: "I do not think you are a quitting sort of person."

A quitting sort! John could have blessed this woman. In two sentences she had felt her way to the principle he had tried to make the very center of his character—loyalty to duty and everlasting persistence. Some people rather thought he was a quitting sort. John knew he was not, and to prove it bent till his buttonhole was in easy reach of the hands uplifted with the flower.

"And what," he asked, "does the minister do when he has received this decoration from the Angel of the Chair?"

It was Mrs. Burbeck's turn to feel a flush of pleasure at this appellation from a stranger.

"Why," she smiled, her large eyes lighting persuasively, "he goes into the pulpit and announces a hymn."



THE HIGHWAYMAN

BY ANNA TRESSLER LONG

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. C. COLL

Behind a thicket that edges the road,
We wait—my horse and I.
His moist, warm skin is black as an ace,
Black as the mask that covers my face.
We watch the road for a traveling chaise—
And the moon watches us from the sky.

We wait—and listen—and listen and wait,
My bold black horse and I.
A million crickets are chirruping shrill.
The night smells of ragweed, dewy and still.
We watch the road where it runs down the hill—
And the moon watches us from the sky.

My coat is red as the blood of a king.
Red and black are my horse and I.
And red as my coat are the stories told
Of Donegal Downs, the highwayman bold.
They say that my horse is shod with gold,
And he climbs up a wall like a fly.

There's a strange long howl from the marshy wood.
My black horse points his ears.
His haunches shiver—once—again!
That's a trick of his when he's scenting men!
A horse knows things beyond human ken.
And I feel that my bold horse fears.

Hark!—a thin, faint creak!—of a chain!—and near!
A plunge—a leap—we are out in the road!
Quivering and snorting my black horse rears,
Then stands, and all of a tremble stares
At a thing which a gap in the thicket bares.
Then I see—the chain—and its load.

A gallows tall they have built by the way.
White and new—a bark-stripped tree.
I urge my horse a few paces ahead,
Then I stop and uncover before the dead.
A man hangs there—and his coat is red!
And he looks, for the world, like me!

On his breast a white placard, with words in black:
"This is Highwayman Donegal Downs.
A thousand crowns we paid for his head.
He swore as he swung that, living or dead,
He'd come back again in his coat of red,
And collect that thousand crowns."

They had done another poor devil to death,
Believing that he was me!
With his dying breath he had flung his boast,
Knowing he made me Donegal's ghost,
Knowing he made me a terror, almost—
A specter they'd fear and flee.



We'll collect your vengeance and crowns, Good Friend,
My bold black horse and I.
We wait by the road 'neath the gallows-tree,
My bold black horse, our friend, and me.
A coach is coming!—we watch it—we three,
And the moon watches us from the sky.



"Which I am not going to do," declared John, "because I should not know what to do next."

"'In that hour it shall be given you,'" suggested the lady.

Now it was very strange, but when Mrs. Burbeck quoted this it did not seem like an appeal to faith at all, but the simple statement of a fact. It chimed in, too, with that odd feeling of the presence of the Presence, which had come to John a while ago.

Feeling thereby unaccountably stronger, and endued with a sort of moral authority as if he had just taken holy orders because of the carnation which bloomed so chastely white upon his breast, John squared his shoulders and mounted the pulpit. There was clearly something that God wanted to say to these people, and he accepted the situation as an obvious call to him to say it, but when he essayed to speak, awe came upon him, as it had a while before.

"Brethren," he confessed, "I am not a preacher. I haven't got any text and I don't know what to say, except just perhaps to tell you how I happened to be here this morning."

Then he told them simply and unaffectedly, but with unconscious eloquence, how he happened to see the church nailed up and how it sounded like the echo of the blows upon the cross; how, this morning, with a sad ache in his heart, the thought of the faith of little children disturbed by that brutal plank upon the door had brought him all the way over here from his home in San Francisco and led him to do what he had done.

But while John was relating this modestly, yet with some of the fervor of unction and some comfortable degree of self-forgetfulness, he was interrupted by a sound like a sob, and looking down beyond Elder Burbeck to where Sister Nelson sat, he was surprised to see a handkerchief before her eyes and her shoulders trembling. Over on the other side, too, handkerchiefs were out, so that John suddenly realized that he or somebody had touched something.

"That's all I have to say, brethren," he declared abruptly, his voice growing suddenly hollow. "I want to get away!"

Without even the singing of a hymn, John lifted his hand, bowed his head, and murmured something that was to pass for a benediction.

Yet, once out of the pulpit, John's sense of terror seemed to leave him. With some of the people coming forward to press his hand and even to wring it, with the Angel of the Chair giving him a wonderful look from her luminous eyes, he began to feel strangely, happily satisfied with himself—adrift upon an unknown sea, but without fear and joyously eager for the next adventure.

That adventure came when blue-eyed Helen of the infant class said pleadingly: "Oh, Brother Hampstead, will you call on Sister Showalter this afternoon and read a chapter? She is very ill and lonely."

"Yes," assented John recklessly. "But explain who it is that's coming—a book agent—to read to her."

John had no idea who Mrs. Showalter was, but they gave him a number. He had no idea what a professional clergyman reads to a sick woman, but that afternoon he pushed his little New Testament in his hip pocket somewhat as Brother Charles Thompson Campbell used to do, and went upon his errand.

A faded, hollow-eyed, middle-aged woman met him at the door with a face so somber that in his instant thought and ever after John dubbed her the Gloom Woman.

"My name is Hampstead," he explained. "I called to see the sick lady."

"My mother!" answered the woman in tones as somber as her countenance. "She has been asking for you for an hour. She is very low to-day. The doctor is with her and he is apprehensive."

In the center of the room was a huge black walnut bedstead with the head rising pompously high. By the far side of the bed sat a professional-looking man in the fifties with his chin buried in his hand and his eyes meditatively fixed upon a very old and dreary face amid the banked-up pillows—a face of purplish hue that seemed without expression except for a lipless, sunken mouth and eyes that glowed dully under sagging, heavy lids.

"Mother!" said the woman, speaking loudly, "this is Brother Hampstead!"

The aged eyes roamed the shadows anxiously for a moment, while a withered purple hand felt its way about upon the coverlet till John touched it timidly with his. Instantly and convulsively the old fingers gripped the young with a pressure that to the caller was damp and deathly.

The woman appeared to John almost lifeless. He felt embarrassment and resentment. Why didn't they tell him she was like this?

The hand was tugging at him too, like a sort of undertow, pulling him down and over. The old, watery eyes were fixed upon him. John's embarrassment increased. What did the poor creature want? To kiss him? What does a minister do in such a case, he wondered, sweat breaking out on his brow.

"I think she wants to say something; bend low so you can hear her," suggested the mournful voice of the Gloom Woman. John bent over till he felt the patient's hectic breath upon his cheek, and shrank from it.

"The minister of God!" croaked the voice so faintly that the words barely traveled the necessary six inches to his ear.

No man ever felt less like the minister of God. Hampstead was hot, flustered, self-conscious, almost irritated. But again, as if it came from a lapping wave at his feet, he felt the hand once more, like an undertow, tugging him down.

"Read to me!" croaked the ghost of a voice.

This was something to do. A curtain was raised slightly so that the visitor could see, and he read the twenty-third Psalm and the twenty-fourth.

As Hampstead read, his embarrassment departed. He began to find a joy in what he was doing. He let his rich voice play upon the lines sympathetically and had a suspicion that he could feel the strength of the sick woman reviving as he read.

"She likes to have the minister pray with her," said the Gloom Woman when the reading was concluded.

Again John stood gazing helplessly till the old hand dragged him down, and, sinking upon his knees beside the bed, he found that words came to him and he lost himself in them. His sympathy, his faith, his own sore heart and its needs, all poured themselves into that prayer.

Once or twice, as words flowed on, Hampstead felt the old hand tugging as though the undertow were pulling at it, and then he noticed after a time that he did not feel these tuggings any more; but when the prayer was finished and he rose from his knees the grip of the hand did not release itself. Instead, the fingers hung on, rather like hooks, so that John darted a look of inquiry at the purplish face upon the pillows. To his surprise the chin had dropped and the eyes had closed sleepily.

"You have another duty," said the physician, nodding toward the shadows at the back where a single heartbroken wail had been followed by a convulsive sobbing.

John went and stood beside the Gloom Woman.

"Mother is gho-h-h-ghawn!" she sobbed.

"Yes," said Hampstead simply.

And somehow he didn't feel embarrassed at all now by the presence of death. He did not hesitate as to what to do. He just put out his hand and laid it in a brotherly way on the woman's shoulder.

"Let the tears flow, sister," he suggested; "it is good for you."

And the tears did flow, like rivers, and all the while John's speech was flowing in much the same way, and with tears in it.

"You *are* a minister of God!" declared the Gloom Woman with sudden conviction.

Hampstead trembled. This was what the dead had whispered to him. It frightened him then; it frightened him now. He was not a minister of God. He was a man misplaced. He wanted to get out and fly. Yet before he could check her the Gloom Woman had raised his hand and kissed it. This made him want to fly more than ever, but he managed to ask: "Is there anything more that I can do?"

There was, it seemed, and he did it; and then, getting into the outside as expeditiously as possible, he filled his lungs with long, refreshing drafts of the sun-filtered ozone and found his footsteps leading him, as if by a kind of instinct of their own, down one of the short side streets to where the waters of the bay lapped soothingly against the sea wall.

But the bay zephyrs could not wash that series of vivid experiences out of his mind.

FOR some weeks after the incident of this first surprising day, the little chapel in Encina, its troubles and its troubled members continued to exercise a strange fascination over John. (*Continued on page* 20)

WRITING A BUSINESS LETTER

BY WILLIAM MAXWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

HE WRITES a good letter. That is more frequently said of a man who doesn't than of the occasional man who does. Lately a friend asked me to compose for him a circular letter which would promote the sale of a certain article of merchandise. Fifteen years ago I should have undertaken the task with confidence. To-day I hesitate.

In some lines of endeavor experience makes one uncertain. I have had considerable experience in letter writing, yet I can never tell in advance whether a letter is good or bad. Its effect on the recipient is the only test—and that is not always easily gauged.

Sending a letter through the post is a little like sending a race horse to the post. The more one knows about letter writing and race horses the less confident one is that either will do what is expected.

I know a very successful letter writer who habitually says "between you and I" and "you've got to do something for we people." He splits infinitives as a matter of principle, and says: "I kindly ask you do this." His letters are long and rambling and his replies to your letters are seldom responsive. Yet his written communications get results. The matters "between you and I" are kept confidential. The things he wants done for "we people" are usually done, and the favors that he "kindly asks" are for the most part granted.

There used to be a man—perhaps still is—who teaches people how to write letters. He wrote several circular letters offering to teach me how. Since his letters didn't move me to part with the necessary tuition fee, possibly you will say that he wasn't competent to teach the art of letter writing. I hardly think that is fair to him. The fact that I recall, after these many years, the circular letters which he wrote me may, I think, be offered as evidence that he knew something about letter writing.

His style was new then, but is common now. His was the kind of letter which opens the first paragraph with the pronoun *you*, to denote that the subject matter is of personal interest to the individual receiving it. Sentences were short and incisive. Paragraphs were frequent. Each letter was a succession of tersely phrased assertions. Such a letter might be something like the following:

You may have bunions.

You are a man of affairs. You cannot waste your time on experiments or uncertainties. Yet you must have the latest and best.

Anything that reduces your efficiency reduces your income. Bunions reduce efficiency. Have you got bunions?

What would you give to have your bunions cured? A good deal, no doubt.

But you have tried and failed. You are discouraged about your bunions. You are through with experiments.

Do not experiment. Try a remedy that has proved what it will do.

Try Bunyans Bunion Cure. Write us to-day for a trial bottle of Bunyans Bunion Cure.

Bunyans Bunion Cure has cured thousands of bunions. It will cure yours. Write us for a free trial bottle to-day. Yours respectfully . . .

Millions of circular letters of this general type have been mailed during the past ten years. Hundreds of dictators have fallen into the habit of dictating in their daily correspondence what they call "snappy letters with a punch."

One invention after another was perfected to reproduce mechanically manifold copies of the same letter in a manner to approximate actual typewriting. A high degree of technique was developed in the manufacture of typewriter ribbons, so that the name and address of a circular letter's recipient could be inserted in a way to deceive him into the belief that he had received a real letter.

In the earlier stages of the circular-letter plague I, with my fancied sophistication, took delight in feeling the underside of suspicious-looking letters to ascertain whether the commas and periods and semicolons had partially punched through the paper, as is their habit in typewritten letters. I used to run my finger tips over the back sides of such letters to determine whether they were real letters much as a buyer runs his fingers over the surface of a strange salesman's business card to ascertain whether the text is engraved. Then overnight was developed a way of partially perforating circular letters with punctuation marks. This left me without any reliable means of telling a circular letter from a real letter until I learned to distinguish the carefully chosen wording of the one from the less studied style of the other. With this new power I was fearless of the most artistically printed and filled in circular letters. I could tell them at a glance. No longer I needed to feel for punctuation marks.

A circular letter manifolded by the old process had just as good a chance with me as a circular reproduced by the newest process. Neither had any chance at all. I had developed a sixth sense of detecting circular letters at sight and a great dexterity in throwing them into my waste basket. I gave no one else credit for being as clever as myself and continued for a year or more to mail "processed letters" to the waste baskets of the same people whose "processed letters" were meeting a similar fate at my hands. I thought I was fooling them. They thought they were fooling me. We were fooling ourselves.

The Unusual Style Wins

SUDDENLY I awoke—or thought I did. All the machines for duplicating circular letters were relegated to the printing of price lists and trade information. A corps of typists was brought in. What mattered the cost if only my letters were read. Real typewritten letters would certainly be read. Surely there could be no question about that. I forgot that I had learned to detect circular letters, not by their appearance but by their phraseology.

One day I dictated an actual letter to a merchant in Savannah, Ga. His answer began: "Replying to your circular letter." Naturally I was offended. I called for a carbon copy of my letter and reread it carefully. What made the Savannah merchant call it a circular letter? It was a perfectly good letter. Didn't it have "snap" and a "punch"? Yes, very much so. Then it dawned upon me, snap and punch had become the common attributes of all circular letters. The whole world—even Savannah—had come to associate snap and punch with circular letters. Therefore snap and punch were qualities to be avoided rather than cultivated.

Snap has become a feature of cheap tailoring—accordingly the exclusive tailor must avoid snap. Snap and punch have become features of nearly everyone's business letters—therefore the letter writer who wants his letters to stand out in your morning's mail from other people's letters can accomplish that result in a degree by eliminating snap and punch from his dictation or composition. A style of business letter which seems to be growing in popularity among the advanced thinkers—or advanced letter writers—is a modification of the social style of correspondence. It combines a sort of intimate though respectful familiarity with a certain naïveté in presenting the business matter touched upon. Such a letter is usually very brief and graceful. It might be something like the following:

DEAR MR. SMITH: *I wonder if, by any chance, you have ever thought of buying a suburban home. I happen to know of a rather rare opportunity. Will you be good enough to let me know?*

Yours faithfully . . .

Circular letters of this sort, frequently reproduced on engraved note paper as they are, sometimes prove very difficult to distinguish from a real letter.

In this day of typewriters it is not strange that in certain classes of sales solicitation the pen-written note is most effective. This is particularly true of the exclusive and high-priced store which seeks to lend an air of distinction to its solicitation of patronage. Such a letter must necessarily be very brief and legibly written in order that it may be read almost at a glance. While legibility is a prime essential, the handwriting should also be of a fashionable sort. The style common to Englishwomen is a very good type. The contents of this kind of letter should be noteworthy for grace of diction and written either on engraved correspondence cards or engraved note paper—never on an ordinary business letterhead.

A retail store in which I have a proprietary interest conducts all of its solicitation of business and correspondence with its customers on correspondence cards and note paper. The regular business letterhead is used only in correspondence with the people from whom it buys goods.

How "Punch" Is Secured

TIME was when nearly all business men wrote letters in much the same style as lawyers, religiously observing certain fixed forms of expression, and setting forth with great prolixity the subject matter of each letter. For example:

GENTLEMEN: *We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your valued favor of the 10th inst., signed by your Mr. Jones, wherein you state that the weather having retarded the picking of cotton in your vicinity, and furthermore, the planters, by reason of the unsatisfactory price of spot cotton on the date of your letter, viz., the 10th inst., being disinclined to sell such cotton as has been picked and is therefore unavailable for sale, you find your collections unexpectedly slow and*

(Continued on page 22)



Business letters have supplanted many canvassers



Writing business letters is like playing the races: the more you know the less you expect



Francis X. Bushman of the Metro Picture Corporation wears **PARIS GARTERS**. He always looks on the back of the shield for the name when he buys. Then he is sure he is getting the genuine.

25 and 50 cents

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Name .....

Address .....

My Tire Size is .....

Held to Answer

(Continued from page 18)

Each Sunday he shepherded the Sunday school and talked a blundering quarter of an hour to the older folk who gathered; while between Sundays he devoted an astonishing portion of his time to visiting these wrangling Christians in their homes, for the ambition to heal this disgraceful quarrel had taken hold on him like some knightly passion.

AND in the midst of all these busy comings and goings, odd, half-humorous reflections upon his own status used to break in upon John's mind. Not a self-respecting church in the communion, he knew, but would have eyed him askance because he had been an actor. Only this little helpless church, whose condition was so miserable it could not reject any real help, accepted him, and that merely in a relation that was entirely unofficial and undefined. Still a sense of his fitness for this particular task grew upon him continually, and it was really astonishing how every experience through which he had passed equipped him for his peacemaking task: most of all those pangs endured because of his break with Bessie, which, although eating into his heart like an acid, yielded a kind of ascetic joy in the pain as if some sort of character bleaching and expiation were at work within him.

In the meantime an arbitration committee, consisting of the district evangelist, Brother Harding, and Professor Hamilton, the dean of the seminary, was at work upon the affairs of the little church. Both wings consented to this, but with misgivings, since the one man they were really coming to trust was Hampstead himself; and when the night for the report of the arbitration committee arrived each faction turned out in full strength with suspicions freshly roused and all abuzz with angry conversation as if the church were a nest of wasps.

"Things are pretty hot," remarked the dean under his breath, coming up to read the report.

"They are awful," groaned the district evangelist.

JOHN presided, standing carefully on his neutral patch in the carpet, and was dismayed and sickened by this new and terrible display of feeling. He had come to know a very great deal about these people in the last few weeks; he had seen how some of these men struggled to make a living; how some of these women bore awful crosses in their hearts; how sickness was in some houses, cold despair in others; how much each needed the strength, the joy, the consolation of religion, and how large a mission there was for this church and for its minister.

But the dean was reading his report now in a high, lecture-room voice. It was very brief.

"As for the matters at issue," it confessed, "your committee finds it humanly impossible to place the responsibility for this regretful division. It believes the only future for the congregation is in a wise, constructive, forward-moving leadership which can forget the past entirely.

"It finds that such a leadership now exists in one thoroughly familiar with the difficulties of the situation and enjoying the confidence of both factions, and it recommends that this congregation make sure the future by calling to its pastorate the one man whom the committee believes supremely fitted for the task: our wise and faithful brother, John Hampstead."

The congregation had not thought of Hampstead as a minister. He had not permitted them to do so. To them this recommendation was a surprise.

But to John it was a shock. His face turned a faded yellow. His eyes wandered in a hunted way from the face of the dean to that of the evangelist, and then slowly they swept the congregation.

All at once it seemed as if there was no resisting, as if a trap had been laid for him and for his liberties; and he struck out more vehemently:

"Think what it means, you young men! I ask you especially" (and John held out his hands toward them, scattered through the audience) "what it means to abandon life and the world by donning the uniform of the professional clergyman!

"Wherever you go, in a train, in a restaurant, upon the street, you are no longer free, but a slave to forms and to conventions. You must live up, not to your ideal of what a minister is, but to the popular ideal of how a minister should appear. It is a vow to hypocrisy!

"It is a vow also to loneliness. The minister is cut off from the life of other men. No man thereafter feels quite at ease in his presence, but puts on something or puts off something, and the minister never sees or feels the real man except by accident.

"For a few weeks" (and John lowered his voice to a more tempered note) "I have been happy to do some service among you, but I was free! As I walked down the street I wore the uniform of business. No man could say: 'There goes a priest; watch him!'

"Listen!" In the silence John himself appeared to be listening to some debate that went on within himself, and when he began to speak once more it was with the chastened utterance of one who takes his hearers into a sacred confidence.

"I have had ambitions, brethren, and I have given them up. I have had a great love and all but lost it. Failures have humbled me. Disappointment and surrenders have taught me some of the true values of life. I have tried to gain things for myself and lost them. When I think of seeking anything for myself again, after my experiences, I feel very weak and can command no resolution; but when I think of seeking happiness for others, for little children in particular, for wives and mothers, for all women, in fact, with their capacity to love and trust; for striving, upclimbing men—yes, and the weak ones too, for I have learned that the flesh is very weak—when I think of seeking the good of humanity at large, I feel immensely strong and immensely determined. For that I am ready to bury my life in the soil of sacrifice, but not professionally!

"I hate sham. I hate professionalism. I am done with part-playing. I will not do it. I cannot be your minister!"

JOHN'S last words rang out sharply, and the audience, seeing that the heart of a man with an experience had been shown to them, sat breathless and still expectant.

In the silence the voice of the district evangelist was presently audible.

"Brother Hampstead," he was saying quietly, "is a man I don't exactly understand, but I think in his very words of protest he has given us the reasons why he should be a minister, and he has revealed to us why he has gained your confidence. Because of his humility and his sincerity I feel that I can trust him. You feel that you can."

"But," protested John with a gesture of desperation, "I am not educated for the ministry."

"You have something more needed here than education," interjected the dean of the seminary, still in his lecture-room voice. "Besides, the seminary is but ten miles away, by the street car. You may complete the full three years' course at the same time you are making this little church into a big one!"

Something in John's breast leaped at the prospect of a college course, breaking in upon his mental development like another birth into his life, and the idea of making a little church into a big one appealed to his inborn passion for definite achievement; yet with it all came once more the feeling that he was being hopelessly and helplessly entangled.

"But," he struggled, looking with moist, appealing eyes first at Hamilton and then at Harding: "I have not been ordained and I have no call!"

"No call?" queried Dean Hamilton, laughing nervously, as was his way of modifying the intensity of the situation. "Your capacity to do is your call."

"Being honest with yourself, do you not believe that you can save this church?" argued Brother Harding.

JOHN felt that he could, but his soul still strained within him, and his eyes roved over the audience, the corners of the room and the very beams in the ceiling, as if seeking a way of escape. Suddenly a man stood up in the back of the church.

"Will he take a side?" this man demanded excitedly with hoarse impatience. "What side is he on?"

The very crassness of this partisan creature, so seething with personal feeling that he understood nothing of the

FOWNES GLOVES

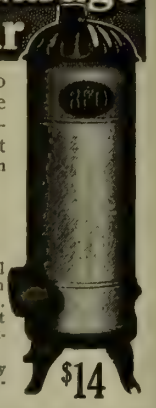
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You *are* interested in getting your money's worth in glovewear now.

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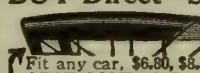
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young man's agony of soul, lashed the tender sensibilities of Hampstead like a scourge, so that all his nature rose in protest. From a figure of cowering doubt he suddenly stood forth bold and challenging.

"No!" he thundered. "I will not take a side! The curse of God is upon sides, and every man and every woman who takes a side in His church! I will take the Lord's side. I challenge every one of you who is willing to leave his or her petty personal feeling in this controversy, for to-night and forever, to come out here and stand beside me. I place my life career upon the issue. I will let your coming be my call. If you call me, I will answer. If you do not, God has set me free from my responsibility to you."

THE questioning partisan sank down abashed before such prophetic fervor. John stood waiting. No eye looked at any other eye but his. The silence was electric and pregnant, but brief, broken almost immediately by a low, rumbling sound and the rattle of wheels against chairs. The Angel of the Chair, propelling her vehicle herself, was coming to take her place beside John.

She had barely reached the front when the tall form of Elder Burbeck was seen to advance stiffly and offer his hand to Hampstead.

The venerable Elder Lukenbill, goat-whiskered and doddering, leader of the Aleshire faction, hesitated only long enough to gloat a little at this spectacle of his rival, Burbeck, eating humble pie, and then, prodded from behind, arose and careened on weak knees down the aisle.

Others began to follow, till presently it seemed that the whole church was moving; everybody stood up, everybody slipped forward, or tried to. Failing that, they spoke or laughed or sobbed or shook hands with themselves or some one near; then craned on tiptoe to see what was happening down where half the church was massed about the two elders, about the dean and the evangelist and John.

Abruptly the tall forms of these men sank from view; then the front ranks of people, crowding around, also began to sink, almost as ripe grain bows before a breeze, until even the people at the back could see that Brother Hampstead was kneeling, with the yellow crest of his hair falling in self-abandon about his face.

The long, skeleton hand of Elder Lukenbill was sprawled over John's bowed head and overlapped aggressively by the stout, red fingers of Elder Burbeck, while the dapper digits of the dean of the seminary capped and clasped the two hands and tangled nervously in the tawny locks themselves.

"With this laying on of hands," the dean was saying, still in that high lecture-room cackle, although his tone was deeply impressive, "I ordain thee to the ministry of Jesus Christ!"

When, succeeding this, the voice of the district evangelist had been heard in prayer, there followed an impressive waiting silence, in which no one seemed to know quite what to do except to gaze fixedly at the face of John Hampstead, which continued as bloodless and as motionless as chiseled marble; until, bowed in her chair, as if she brooded like a real angel over the kneeling congregation, the rich contralto voice of Mrs. Burbeck began to sing:

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love."

Presently her voice changed to "Nearer, my God, to Thee; nearer to Thee," while other voices joined, until the whole church was filled with the sound, yet the lack of instrumental accompaniment gave the effect of increase of emotion rather than of volume, as if all the singers' heartstrings were sob-swept, and when the last note had died the very air of the little chapel seemed tear-washed and clear.

Into this atmosphere John Hampstead arose, and when one hand swept back the yellow mass of hair a kind of glory appeared upon his brow. Once an actor, once a man of ambition, he was now consecrated to the service of humanity.

But he had not surrendered his love for Bessie Mitchell, and Marien Dounay was still in the world and mounting higher and higher toward the goal she had imperiously set for herself.

(To be continued next week)

The Prisoner's Defense

(Continued from page 10)

of the danger to the army and the state. A great defeat, the death of thousands of men, might spring from my misplaced confidence. There was still time by judgment and energy to stop this frightful evil. I heard her step upon the stairs outside, and an instant later she had come through the doorway. She started, and her face was bloodless as she saw me seated there with the open letter in my hand.

"How did you get that?" she gasped. "How dared you to break my desk and steal my letter?"

I SAID nothing. I simply sat and looked at her and pondered what I should do. She suddenly sprang forward and tried to snatch the letter. I caught her wrist and pushed her down on to the sofa, where she lay collapsed. Then I rang the bell and told the maid that I must see Mr. Murreyfield at once. He was a genial elderly man, who had treated this woman with as much kindness as if she were his daughter. He was horrified at what I said. I could not show him the letter on account of the secret that it contained, but I made him understand that it was of desperate importance.

"What are we to do?" he asked. "I never could have imagined anything so dreadful. What would you advise us to do?"

"There is only one thing that we can do," I answered. "This woman must be arrested, and in the meanwhile we must so arrange matters that she cannot possibly communicate with anyone. For all we know, she has confederates in this very village. Can you undertake to hold her securely while I go to Colonel Worral at Pedley and get a warrant and a guard?"

"We can lock her in her bedroom."

"You need not trouble," said she. "I give you my word that I will stay where I am. I advise you to be careful, Captain Fowler. You've shown once before that you are liable to do things before you have thought of the consequence. If I am arrested all the world will know that you have given away the secrets that were confided to you. There is an end of your career, my friend. You can punish me, no doubt. What about yourself?"

"I think," said I, "you had best take her to the bedroom."

"Very good, if you wish it," said she, and followed us to the door. When we reached the hall she suddenly broke away, dashed through the entrance and made for her motor bicycle, which was standing there. Before she could start we had both seized her. She stooped and made her teeth meet in Murreyfield's hand. With flashing eyes and tearing fingers she was as fierce as a wildcat at bay. It was with some difficulty that we mastered her, and dragged her—almost carried her—up the stairs. We thrust her into her room and turned the key, while she screamed out abuse and beat upon the door inside.

"It's a forty-foot drop into the garden," said Murreyfield, tying up his bleeding hand. "I'll wait here till you come back. I think we have the lady fairly safe."

"I have a revolver here," said I. "You should be armed." I slipped a couple of cartridges into it and held it out to him. "We can't afford to take chances. How do you know what friends she may have?"

"Thank you," said he. "I have a stick here and the gardener is within call. Do you hurry off for the guard, and I will answer for the prisoner."

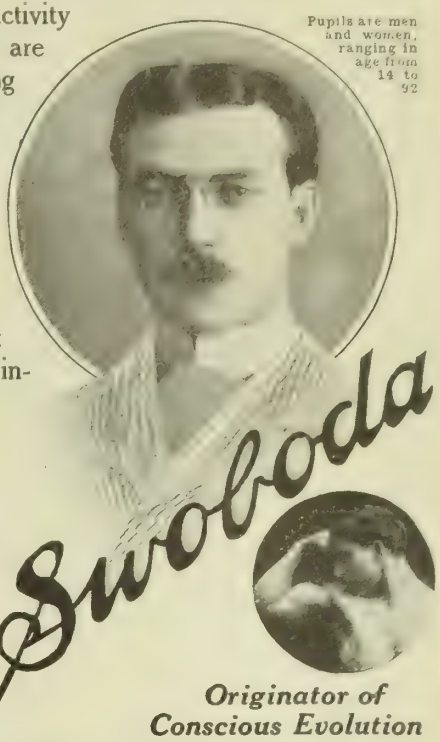
HAVING taken, as it seemed to me, every possible precaution, I ran to give the alarm. It was two miles to Pedley and the colonel was out, which occasioned some delay. Then there were formalities and a magistrate's signature to be obtained. A policeman was to serve the warrant, but a military escort was to be sent in to bring back the prisoner. I was so filled with anxiety and impatience that I could not wait, but I hurried back alone with the promise that they would follow.

The Pedley-Woodrow road opens into the highroad to Colchester at a point about half a mile from the village of Radchurch. It was evening now and the light was such that one could not see more than twenty or thirty yards

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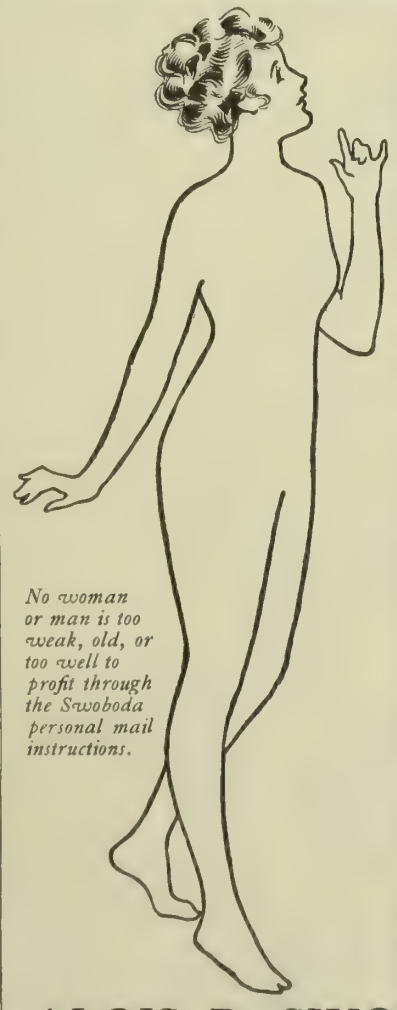
"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

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Gerrit Fort, P.T.M., Union Pacific System, Chicago, Ill.

(97)

ahead. I had proceeded only a very short way from the point of junction when I heard coming toward me the roar of a motorcycle being ridden at a furious pace. It was without lights and close upon me. I sprang aside in order to avoid being ridden down and in that instant as the machine flashed by I saw clearly the face of the rider. It was she—the woman whom I had loved. She was hatless, her hair streaming in the wind, her face glimmering white in the twilight, flying through the night like one of the Valkyries of her native land. She was past me like a flash and tearing on down the Colchester road. In that instant I saw all that it would mean if she could reach the town. If she once was allowed to see her agent we might arrest him or her, but it would be too late. The news would have been passed on. The victory of the Allies and the lives of thousands of our soldiers were at stake. Like a flash I had pulled out the loaded revolver and fired two shots after the vanishing figure, already only a dark blur in the dusk. I heard a scream, the crashing of the breaking cycle, and all was still.

I NEED not tell you more, gentlemen. You know the rest. When I ran forward I found her lying in the ditch. Both of my bullets had struck her. One of them had penetrated her brain. I was still standing beside her body when Murreyfield arrived running breathlessly down the road. She had, it seemed, with great courage and activity scrambled down the ivy of the wall; only when he heard the whir of the cycle did he realize what had occurred. He was explaining it to my dazed brain when the police and soldiers arrived to arrest her. By the irony of Fate it was me whom they arrested instead.

It was urged at the trial in the police court that jealousy was the cause of the crime. I did not deny it, nor did I put forward any witnesses to deny it. It was my desire that they should believe it. The hour of the French advance had not yet come, and I could not defend myself without producing the letter which would reveal it. But now it is over—gloriously over—and so my lips are unsealed at last. I confess my fault—my very grievous fault. But it is not that for which you are trying me. It is not murder. I should have thought myself the murderer of my own countrymen if I had let the woman pass.

These are the facts, gentlemen. I leave my future in your hands. If you should absolve me I may say that I have hopes of serving my country in a fashion which will atone for this one great indiscretion, and will also, as I hope, end forever those terrible recollections which weigh me down. If you condemn me, I am ready to face whatever you may think fit to inflict.

Writing a Business Letter

(*Continued from page 19*)

as a consequence desire an indulgence of thirty days on your recently matured account.

We wish to say in reply that while we had been counting on your remittance this month, we feel that in this instance, in view of the conditions described, we cannot deny your request, but we trust you will without fail transmit the full amount within thirty days and that it will not be necessary for you to ask similar indulgences in the future. Yours respectfully . . .

This rambling communication, converted into a snappy letter with a punch, would read something like this:

Attention, Mr. Jones.

Yours of the 10th carefully noted.

We had counted upon your remittance in making up this month's budget, but, in view of conditions with you, feel that we can't turn down your request this time.

We are therefore noting a thirty days' extension of the net terms of your past due account. Trust you will make it a special point to remit promptly next month for this account and meet all future accounts the day they are due.

Yours truly . . .

The still more modern style would be:

DEAR MR. JONES: *Sorry to learn of your slow collections. It puts us out quite a little, but we shall try to make other plans this month, if you will be sure to have your cheque here not later than the tenth of next month. We may count on that—and on prompt remittance for all subsequent purchases—may we not? Sincerely yours . . .*

The best way to write certain kinds of business letters is undoubtedly to make them as unbusinesslike as possible. Thus they differ so decidedly from the extremely businesslike letters which most business men write that they are likely to be read more attentively and create a deeper impression. Such letters are, of course, scarcely appropriate to correspondence about routine matters of business. What I have in mind is the correspondence which deals with the broader phases of business.

A LETTER that sounds good is not necessarily a good letter. We frequently speak of a man as a good talker without being impressed by what he says. As often we refer to a man as a good letter writer without being impressed by what he writes. In most cases it is more important that a letter be human and understandable than that it be a fine piece of English. I find that I can dictate a letter better to a phonograph than to my secretary. The phonograph doesn't care what I say, while my secretary eyes me with reproach if I split an infinitive. Her presence keeps my grammar on its good behavior, but the letters she takes down in her notebook don't ring quite so true as those which the phonograph inscribes on the wax.

Nearly every rule has its exceptions, but there is a rule of letter writing without an exception: There is never any justification for an impolite letter.

Red Flag of Papoose Peak

(*Continued from page 13*)

He wet his lips and watched to the bitter end when Red Flag killed the wolf. He washed his wounds and called him an endearing name, and Red Flag was as proud as Lucifer.

So the glorious summer in the high country drifted by.

Jones had begun to find enough gold to show him the enthralling lure of it, and he felled light logs and built him a tiny cabin in the glade; also a shelter for the burro. Always as he worked he would stop and gaze around at the wondrous country with the *new* look of the very young, as if he found the wonders of the earth an everlasting joy to him. "Glory!" he would say sometimes to Red Flag. "What isn't it worth of effort and risk and haunting fear! One day of it is worth its length of the trio."

And he began to whistle at his task, a tentative, timid sound, as if he feared the higher, clearer notes, and sometimes he would stop abruptly in the midst of a bar when he had forgotten himself in sheer joy of living, and flash that lightning look around at all the hills and the encroaching trees.

The early fall came marching into the mountains one night and colored them like a gypsy's coat. Great splashes of yellow fired among the green where the vine maple swayed at a breath, and here and there a creeper gave a faint pink. There was little or no red in the land.

Jones went out and hunted the big bucks sunning their horns on the heights. His was a true heart of the outdoors, and he killed him his meat in a quick, clean manner and cured it deftly with salt and willow smoke.

He gathered the manzanita berries and pounded them into flour as the Indians did, not that he needed it, for most of the burro's huge pack had been flour and salt, but he was thrifty and took keen delight in providing. He caught the sweet trout by the hundreds and dried them, hanging them in neat rows to the rafters. He and the burro went out for supplies, but Red Flag stayed by the cabin.

So winter came down and caught them as in a vise, and they were ready and laughed at it. It was a long winter, too, deep-snowed and very cold, but these two never begrudged a day of it. They lived happily and waxed fat, all but the burro, whose supply of provender, cut by hand and stored in the tent, ran alarmingly low by spring. However, the little fellow pulled through, helped out by nibbles of Jones's panbread, and another season opened for them.

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(HIS MOTHER)



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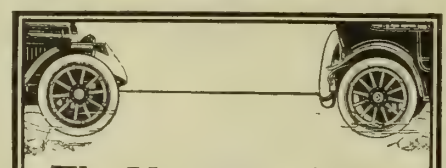
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It was a glorious season, such a spring as only the high hills know, sweet and luring, soft-aired, keen, cool, clear. Jones began his prospecting as soon as the thaw was out, and he blundered on a very pretty pocket that gave him a handful of yellow nuggets and set a light in his blue eyes.

HE began to have dreams, timid, lovely dreams, of far lands and eternal peace. The laughter lines had come back to his lips to stay by now, and the pallor had long since left his face. His frame had filled out with good muscle, and the thatch of fair curls was a riot. A golden beard had changed his face amazingly.

And then one day at dusk Red Flag rose on his haunches in the open door, and all the hackles on his shoulders rose too. He lifted his head and that fine nose of his that was like wireless antennæ and quested the breeze that blew softly up from the Little Beaver Dam below. It carried an alien scent. Something strange had once again come into his domain, and he felt a warning at the root of every hair upon him.

Jones, setting a pan on the open hearth of the stone fireplace, stopped in the act and turned startled eyes upon him, eyes in which the pupils began to spread slowly over the blue. He set down the pan and rose to his height with the movement of a cat. He held his breath and watched Red Flag, and something very like despair came into his face. The old pallor came on it like a light through the skin. Then he set his lips, reached for a pipe, filled it with fingers that shook a bit, and sat down beside the dog in the doorway. He smoked quietly until bedtime with his fair head tilted against the door frame, as if he had not a care in the world, but the hand on Red Flag's neck was taut as a fiddlestring.

"Courage and daring—eh, boy?" he said softly as he rose to go in. "It's the only policy."

Four times in the ensuing week Red Flag winded that same alien thing. Always it seemed to portend disaster. Always his eyes narrowed and his hackles rose. Always Jones watched him with that quick-spreading pallor above the golden beard.

THEY went quietly about their business, however, these two, and for some vague reason they drew closer together, if such a thing were possible. A vague anxiety filled Red Flag's adoring heart, for he knew that his god was troubled; that something threatened. He would stand for hours in the cabin yard while Jones prepared the evening meal and made ready for night, with head erect, nostrils quivering, watching, waiting for materialization of what the winds brought. And then one day it happened.

They came in early from the far slants, because Jones broke his pick, and they swung into the little glade close together. But no sooner had they left the fringe of pines than Red Flag flung up his head and shot forward with a roar.

Jones called him sharply back, for a man sat in the doorway of their cabin, and a Winchester covered them both.

He was a squat, heavy man with a bulldog jaw, blue under the shaven skin. His eyes were small and black and very bright, and they were hard as the lava rock on the higher peaks.

At sight of him Jones stopped in his tracks, and to save his life he could not control the hand that went shaking up to his throat.

"So," said the short man sharply, "it's you, all right."

For a moment Jones made as if to speak, to give some nonchalant denial, but the dominant surety in the other face killed his nerve. He wet his dry lips. "Yes," he said quietly; "it's I."

At the correct speech the other laughed. "Same old elegance," he said; "the beard changes you quite a bit, but after being pretty closely associated with you for seven years I couldn't be mistaken in that. I've stalked you for over a week waiting to hear you speak."

"Yes," said Jones, "I know."

"Eh? You knew? H'm. Why didn't you kill me, then?"

"Because I'm no murderer."

"No?" drawled the other in an ugly manner. "Only a thief and a jailbird that broke his cage."

Jones folded his arms across his chest, and the hatred that flamed suddenly in both pairs of eyes was cold and deadly.

"Cut it out!" he said tensely. "You've found me—though God knows how you've managed to do it—and you've got the drop on me. What are you going to do?"

"A lot of things," flashed the other swiftly. "First I'm going to tell you a few things. Do you know that every one of the five in that delivery—every one of the shave-head shrimps that escaped with you—*every* one has been caught and sent back to prison, excepting you? And do you know who was the lad that did it?"

He leaned forward, lowering his gun on his knees, and, flipping back his khaki coat, displayed a small bright badge.

"I'm the boy," he said. "Me—Smith."

The little paraphrase pleased him, and he grinned.

"Do you know that I'd been warden of that prison for fifteen years—"

"Lord, yes!" broke in Jones. "Who didn't know it in the whole infernal place!"

The other's black eyes narrowed at the savage contempt in the tone, but he went on evenly:

"—and that that escape cost me my job? It did. I was let out. But I swore to vindicate myself—that I'd bring you all back, living or dead. And, by God, I've nearly finished the stunt. That's what I joined the service for. I'll make every one of you pay for that to the last ounce. Now come on in and get ready to move."

JONES stood still, regarding him. Long thoughts were racing through his head—awful, despairing thoughts that blasted his very soul with rage. He drew a deep breath and looked round at the good green world. Was he to lose it after all the agony, the fear, the effort, the haunting memories with which he had bought it?

For a moment a wild decision to refuse, to defy his captor, surged in him, and he opened his lips to invite his death. But at that moment Red Flag kissed his knee, and he glanced down into the anxious brown eyes. They were so full of adoration that he could not say the word—could not so destroy their idol. He sighed, dropped a hand on the dog's head, and went slowly forward, as the aged walk, aimlessly, taking all the time in the world. The old bitter lines had deepened suddenly around his mouth, and the new courage that was beginning to grow in his blue eyes was wiped out as with a sponge, leaving them hopeless and tragic.

As he approached the other rose from the step, backed aside, covering him carefully with the gun.

"It's useless to tell you," said Jones, stopping on the step, "that I was *never* a *thief;* that I served seven years in place of the man higher up; that I was sentenced for the best of my life at nineteen! And," he finished bitterly, "the bank president had been my father's friend—his son was mine! Curse them, father and son!"

The other laughed.

"They're all innocent," he said lightly.

Jones went into the cabin and looked piteously around at its scant, manlike furnishings. It was inexpressibly dear to him. It had stood for freedom, for a certain peace, and lately for the timid hope of a new life in a far land. Now it was unfamiliar in the light of this tragedy.

Red Flag clung at his knee, looking up into his face with anxiety, fidgeting helplessly. His heart was sick with fear.

"Bring a blanket pack and three days' grub," the other called imperiously, "and be quick about it."

SO presently the man who called himself Jones came out of the cabin, closed the door, and hung the latchstring on its peg. He set down his pack and, going to where the burro browsed in the edge of the woods, took off its headstall.

"Don't want any hindering straps, old fellow," he said with a pat on the big head; "you're free forever."

Then he went back, shouldered the pack, and struck away down the steep slopes, the other behind with his gun in his hands. It was a tragic procession, and Red Flag clung at his master's knee, still looking wistfully up, whining at intervals.

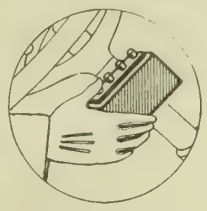
Down by the Little Beaver Dam the man stopped at a temporary camp and picked up his own pack, already strapped and ready. As they started on he glanced at Red Flag.

"Damn that dog!" he said. "Here, get out of this. I don't take any dogs on this trip."

And he picked up a rock and shied it at the king of Papoose Peak. Quick as a flash, Jones dropped his pack.

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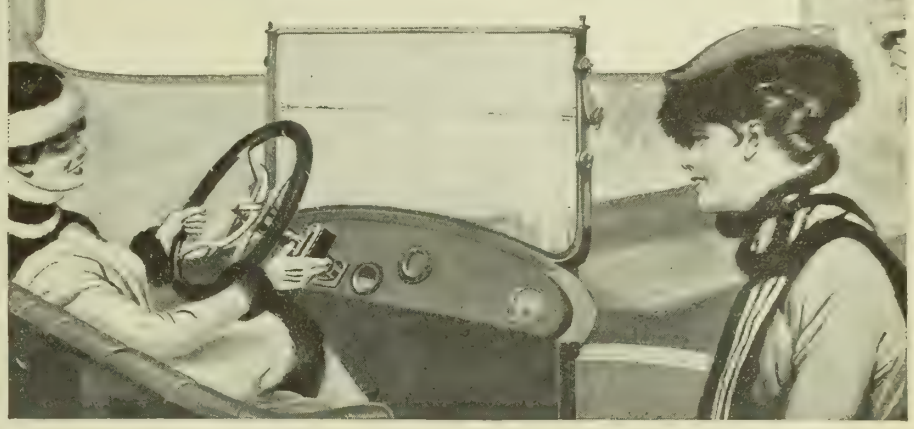
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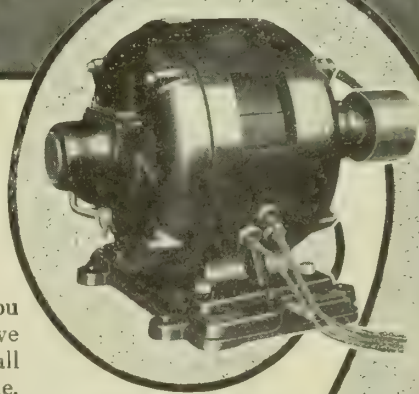
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"If you touch that dog—" he said and stopped.

"Yes?"

Slowly, deliberately, the other raised the gun and aimed it at Red Flag's heart. A clicking noise in Jones's throat drew his sharp eyes for a moment to his face. It was white as milk above the fair beard; the man's body was bent for a spring; his hands were crooked like talons; his eyes were cold blue points of fire. He nodded his head.

"Kill him!" he breathed, "Kill him! I'd love to finish this here and now!"

RED FLAG, sensing his idol's intent, crouched also for a spring, lifted his hackles and fixed his eyes upon the other. They were a sickening, throat-tightening pair in their deadly earnestness, and the man ran a finger around inside his loose shirt collar and lowered the gun. "Move on there!" he said.

They made ten miles that night and camped. They ate a scant meal of Jones's panbread and jerky, and Jones rolled down in his blankets to the dead, deep sleep of hopelessness. There was only one gun in the party, and that rested across the officer's knees where he sat against a tree before the little fire.

Red Flag, crouching in the shadows beyond Jones, never took his dark eyes from the stranger, and they were hard, bright, menacing.

For an hour, two, three, they sat so in absolute silence. A little wind came up and ruffled the pine needles above so that they began their interminable song of praise and peacefulness. An owl hooted mournfully down in the willows above the creek, and far off on the heights where the rocks were bare a panther screamed to the stars.

In the hushed hours after midnight the man stirred carefully. He rose and took from his pockets a pair of steel wristlets. He set the gun softly by the tree, and started, step by step, for where Jones lay, both arms extended like a child's above his head.

"I'll tie you up, my laddie buck," he said under his breath; "and then we'll see what can be done for your red friend yonder without being clawed to strings by you."

He did not even cast a glance at Red Flag. He was only a dog, and this man had dealt with dogs before, as he had dealt with men—ah, yes, as he had dealt with many a one before! Of the tongues that could tell of methods the dumb ones were dumb forever and the human were locked with fear. Therefore he paid no attention to Red Flag crouching in the shadows.

But Red Flag was no such dog as he had ever met. Of such royal, loving hearts as beat beneath the shining coat this man had no knowledge. Neither did he know of those loose, wild years on Papoose Peak when Red Flag fought for his daily life and feared nothing under the high heavens. The brilliant red shadow among the other shadows at the wood's fringe was just a dog to be dispatched at his convenience.

But with his first stealthy movement Red Flag's body set up the even, constant shaking that attended great emotion in him.

As the man came forward, light step by light step, slowly, softly, Red Flag's lips began to twitch back from his teeth. His body tensed and stiffened, lifting in unison with the man's approach to his master. His eyes were narrow and hard as flint, and the muscles in his throat jerked slightly. All the love that was in him took fright, and savagery swelled in him like a stream.

In the faint light the man stooped with outstretched hands in which the steel shone bright. In another moment he would have it all his own way. But he never got that moment. He had no warning, save the change and flurry in the wind when a body hurtles through it, as a long red flame shot up from the shadows and came for him, high and graceful, certain, adroit, efficient.

Red Flag's handsome head flashed sidewise as he swung by in air; there was a flash of long white fangs, a click and snap as they closed on the man's throat in its loose shirt collar, and came free, still closed, an unspeakable ribbon flying.

Jones sprang up to see the last of the play—to see Red Flag land a yard or two beyond, whirl and come again for the squat man who had settled down upon his heels, his spread hands clawing at the empty air, and a look of comical astonishment on his heavy face.

Jones screamed hoarsely at the dog, and Red Flag, even in that moment of triumph, checked himself, wavered, halted, looking up at his idol with adoring eyes.

IN the early dawn Jones and Red Flag toiled up the steep slants to the cabin on Papoose Peak. The man's face was bright with hope and joy, though vaguely saddened by that hour after midnight.

He looked around at the good green world with new delight, lifted his eyes to the high blue sky, and laid a tremulous hand on the rawhide latch.

"Glory be!" he said, half reverently. "Oh, glory be!"

Then he bent and took Red Flag's head between his hands and gazed long into the beautiful eyes that were soft and limpid. "It was not murder, lad," he said gently, "it was justice. And pure love and courage and friendship and a few other divine instincts that dwell in you. And," he finished joyously, "no one knew of us but him—and in three days the coyotes will have obliterated him. Selah." And as he opened the door and stepped into the familiar place the golden sun shot up and bathed the world in glory, while the burro raised its voice in a song of welcome that to Jones was pure melody.

But Jones was not exactly critical.

Landon's Legacy

(*Continued from page 8*)

in his machine. Señorita Valderos listened quietly while Landon explained that one of the passengers had decided to remain. He bade the driver bear the lady to Biltingham as expeditiously as possible and stood in the court until the tail lights of the machine disappeared. When he returned to the library Alba lay on the floor with his hands tied under him and a wad of cloth firmly fixed in his mouth. Landon walked to the foot of the stairway and listened. Evidently Pepita and her guardian slept peacefully.

"We got out of that very comfortably, Thompson; thanks to you. These fellows are very quick with the knife." He picked up the slender blade and eyed it critically. "Where can we store our friend until we decide what to do with him? It would be better to get him out of the house."

"The gymnasium is just the place, sir," said Thompson, striking a match to light his pipe. "The windows are high and we could keep him there all summer."

"Bully! Let's get rid of him at once and go to sleep."

They marched the prisoner across the lawn at a quick trot and into the echoing gym, where they placed him on a pile of mats with his back to the wall. Thompson was for leaving Alba in darkness, but Landon laughed at the gardener's bitterness and pleaded for a single bracket light.

"We won't be as mean as we can, Thompson. And you will please see that he has food in the morning. They locked the door and returned to the house, leaving Alba mutely staring at the gym ceiling.

LANDON threw himself down on a couch and slept without interruption till eight o'clock, when he went upstairs for a shower and clean clothes. As he glanced from his window he saw Pepita knocking balls about on a clock golf green at the edge of the garden. He watched her for some time, noting her slim young figure, her light, graceful step. Well broken to the ways of the north, this Pepita had risen early and gone forth to meet the June sun!

Landon had known little of girls since his college years. When he left the Tech his employments carried him at once into the world's waste places—to Alaska for a year, to southern California for a longer period, and then to Mexico, where he remained until he undertook the superintendency of the Don Carlos. He walked to a mirror and subjected his left cheek to a deliberate scrutiny. Yes, it was the left; just there—he touched the spot with his finger—that Pepita Barada had brushed his cheek with that adorable little hand of hers! Then he said most uncomplimentary things to himself and went downstairs. A small table was spread for two in the long, cool cloister, and Mrs. Thompson appeared to say that breakfast would be served whenever he was ready.

"Miss Barada said she would wait



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breakfast for you. No, sir; she slept well and knew nothing of the trouble; neither did I till James told me. Oh, he's all right, sir; only a few scratches where the glass struck him. He has been to the gym to look after the gentleman there. He said to tell you there was nothing to report."

PEPITA ran toward him as he appeared at the edge of the lawn. Her dark cheeks were aglow, and she seemed even lovelier than he had thought her as he watched her from the platform among her fellow students.

"Mrs. Thompson thinks it would be altogether proper for us to breakfast together. If you have no objections, señorita—"

"Oh, I told her I would wait for you! It's very stupid eating alone."

"But it is not the way of your people: a young girl and a strange man—not so very old!"

"It will be very proper if I say it is!" she declared and this seemed wholly reasonable and the final word on the subject.

"Mrs. Thompson wouldn't tell me anything—not a single thing!" Pepita complained petulantly as she unfolded her napkin. "I must know everything—every little, tiny thing!"

She held up a forefinger and thumb to indicate the comprehensive nature of her demand.

Partly in chaff, partly in sober earnest, he told of the visit of her former governess and Alba. He made as little as possible of the struggle in the library, attributing it to sheer carelessness on Alba's part.

"He forgot for a moment that we don't do things that way in the northern hemisphere."

"Oh, but you don't mean that at home—"

She paused in the pouring of his coffee to fix her eyes upon him rebukingly.

"A thousand pardons! I merely meant that away off, in dark corners of the world where there are no police and no electric lights, any of us might be tempted to exercise force—even to drawing a knife—that is all!"

"Oh!" The long lashes fell, and she turned the spout of the coffeepot into his cup. Then the dark fringe lifted as she looked up again to see if he were chaffing her.

"You must not do that any more, señorita," he commanded mockingly.

"What is it Señor Landon means?" she asked with exaggerated surprise.

"Only that it is not well for my soul that you play tricks with your eyes."

"I shall never look at you again," she said, peering into the cream pitcher as though seeking there the answer to all riddles.

"Even weeds die without the sun!"

"Ah, it is too bad all the girls have gone; you should have the whole school to practice on!"

"My aunt Cornelia was a farseeing woman; she knew that all this would happen just this way."

"She was a noble lady," said Pepita with feeling. "We were all very sad when she died."

A call to the telephone interrupted them. The operator at the railway station read him a message from the steamship offices saying that the *Panatonia* would dock in one hour.

HE had already asked Thompson to set up the nets, and they strolled to the court with balls and rackets. He discussed with her the matter of hastening to New York to meet her father. Mrs. Thompson could accompany them and Pepita could go to the house of a cousin of his. Still there was Alba, immured in the gym; to release him would be to incur Barada's wrath, and Landon was human. Now that his tragic adventure in Peru had been transformed into a comedy in Massachusetts, he meant to squeeze all the joy possible from the meeting between Barada and Alba.

Pepita unhesitatingly made the decision; she would remain where she was. As they passed the gym door Thompson was observed sitting on the steps smoking his pipe and reading a newspaper. His laborers were at work within calling range.

"The gentleman took his coffee, sir, and I left him untied so he can stretch a bit."

The use of the school gym as a prison for unwelcome suitors amused Pepita greatly. Together they rang endless changes upon the idea.

"But it's too bad, Señor Landon, that all the girls are not here!" she cried, shaking her fist at the gym. "They will be very sad when they learn that so much has happened!"

"But this is a post-graduate course—it's only for advanced students!" laughed Landon.

After a lively hour on the tennis court she threw down her racket.

"You have not been well, señor, and you must not become fatigued. We will rest till luncheon."

Her spirited game had indeed worn him out, but her solicitude for his welfare was consoling. She ran to the house and returned with an armful of sofa pillows and established him in a summer house which she declared to be the most comfortable place on the grounds. Then she tripped away and came back bearing a tray with lemonade and cakes. The drink was the concoction of her own hands, she proudly averred. It was pleasant indeed to be ministered to by Pepita, daughter of Juan Maria Barada! She left him and went to roam in the garden.

AFTER luncheon *al fresco* she prescribed a siesta. As he came down from a refreshing nap she danced in joyously from the telephone.

"My father has arrived; I talked to him in New York—he will be here at six o'clock. We shall all dine together! Is it not wonderful?"

His sudden depressed look caused her to cry out in alarm.

"You are ill, señor! Shall I not call for doctors?"

"The coming of your father means that you will soon be gone; that is all, señorita," he said gravely.

"But not for one, two, three days—I have already decided that! Would we leave you so quickly when you have done so much—when your kindness has been so magnificent!"

A summons from Thompson called Landon to the gym, where he learned that Alba had asked a conference.

"He seems very quiet, sir; says he just wants to explain matters a little."

As Landon entered Thompson slipped in after him and set his back to the door. Landon met his old adversary in the middle of the room.

"Señor Landon, there has been a great mistake; I wish to tender my apologies for all that occurred last night. But you can imagine my solicitude—the daughter of my old patron lost—lost through the stupid misunderstanding of Señorita Valderos!"

The terror in his eyes belied his outward assurance.

Landon shook his head.

"That won't wash, Alba. There was no mistake. You meant to kidnap Señor Barada's daughter and frighten her into a marriage before her father could interfere. You were thwarted only by the girl's cleverness. It is not with me that you have to settle; you will have to make your explanations to Señor Barada, who will reach here in an hour."

"In an hour! He will kill me; he will kill me!" shrieked Alba and toppled forward to his knees.

"That's not my affair," said Landon, drawing away and scowling into Alba's fear-struck eyes. "Murder is much in your line, señor. Just to satisfy my wholly impersonal curiosity, how many times did you try to put me out of the way?"

"It was Barada! I swear I had nothing to do with it! And what, señor, do you owe to that man—your worst enemy! I will tell you everything about Barada and the Don Carlos; there is nothing, I swear, that I will keep back!" Then, finding that his offer of a confession involving Barada fell upon cold ears, he crawled toward Landon, his bound hands dangling behind him. "I will give money; I will make you rich! I know where there are mines, richer, far richer than the Don Carlos. I have friends, many of them, who will help. You shall be rich—forty thousand dollars paid in gold to-morrow. Let me go, señor, and I will repay you ten thousand times!"

LANDON walked slowly to the door.

"Thompson, Señor Alba complains that he hasn't had enough to eat; bring him double portions hereafter."

"It will be best for you to meet your father alone," he said to Pepita when he returned to the house. "The school car will carry you to town, and Mrs. Thompson will accompany you."

"But, señor—"

"When he arrives my work is done," Landon interrupted her. "It will be best for you to tell him your story alone. You see, it is not as though he and I

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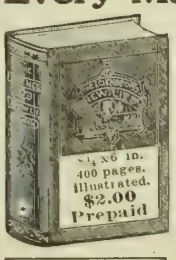
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were friends; but that's a disagreeable matter that doesn't concern you."

Her great eyes welled with tears.

"But my dear father's gratitude! He will wish to thank you through all the years of his life, even as I!"

Landon laughed and clapped his hands together to break the spell of her tears.

"Why should we speak of gratitude when you've given me the happiest day of my life!"

THE car was in the court and Mrs. Thompson waited. With one of her bewildering transformations Pepita laid her hand on his arm. She seemed deeply troubled and spoke rapidly.

"When I tell my dear father all that has happened he will be very angry. He will at once wish to kill Miguel Alba. But, Señor Landon" (she clasped her hands imploringly), "you will not permit that—it would spoil all my happiness! You must not let my dear father do harm to Señor Alba; you will promise me that, señor?"

"Oh, your father will do nothing foolish, I'm sure. But—quite between ourselves—I've been looking forward to this meeting between your father and Señor Alba. You would take from me one of the real pleasures of my life!"

She bent her head, and then, looking at him guardedly, murmured:

"But if Señor Alba should by accident escape—"

"But where would that leave me! It's possible that your father wouldn't believe my story at all if I didn't have Alba here dead or alive to prove it! You must remember that your father will not be pleased to find me here."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You need not fear; my dear father will listen to all I say to him, very, very carefully. When he arrives he will be very tame, like a beautiful dove."

"My life is in your hands, señorita. Señor Alba is a clever man, and will no doubt find a way out of his difficulties."

HE sent for Thompson, and they conferred for a quarter of an hour. Then he roamed over the house, lounging through the students' rooms, still littered with odds and ends discarded in their packing.

At the same hour yesterday his senses had been lulled by the thought of the long summer of ease; but he knew now that there would be no peace for him—that he should range the hills beset by a taunting memory of dark, eloquent eyes alight with laughter or bright with tears, and feel the hand of Pepita Barada brushing his face like a spray of lilac encountered in a dark garden. He heard the car swing into the court, but he still lingered, feeling that Barada might prefer to be alone with Pepita for a while. The faint sound of voices reached him from the library for half an hour. Once Barada bellowed angrily, and Pepita's voice rose for an instant in expostulation. Landon was quite unconscious that it was of him they were speaking. Thompson tapped on his door and he went down. Barada, short, thick, with a square-trimmed beard, met him at the library door.

"There are times, Señor Landon, when thanks avail nothing. This is one of them," he said, as they shook hands.

Far away, in the music room, Pepita played a familiar Spanish air.

"It was a privilege and a pleasure to serve your daughter, Señor Barada. I beg that you will consider this house and all that pertains to it your own, for as long as you like. I am greatly honored in having you as my guest."

"I have made a long journey, señor, and a few days of rest among these quiet hills will be grateful. I accept your generous hospitality with pleasure."

Barada bowed profoundly. The malevolent humor that Landon had associated with the Spanish-American magnate was softened now. This evasion of the business of the hour, these polite interchanges were, in view of their long antagonism, quite preposterous, as Barada well knew. They remained standing, as though each were anxious to show the other the fullest deference.

"Señor Miguel Alba is also your guest," remarked Barada without a trace of emotion.

"I trust, Señor Barada, that the presence of your protégé and friend will afford you pleasure. We will consider him your guest as well as my own."

"Nothing would delight me more than to greet dear Miguel at once!"

"There need be no delay, if you will do me the honor to accompany me, Señor Barada. The friend we both admire has been employing himself happily in the gymnasium; exercise is wholesome, as you know, señor."

There was no accounting for Barada. Landon's respect for him increased. Instead of the noise and bluster he had expected, the Peruvian was conducting himself with a restraint that was as baffling as it was amusing.

When they were halfway to the gym Landon saw Thompson running toward them.

"He's gone; the prisoner has escaped;" blurted the gardener. "I untied his hands so he could eat his supper and he climbed into the trapeze and swung to a window and dropped out. I'll call my men and get after him— You'd better telegraph to town, sir."

"You shouldn't have left him!" cried Landon angrily. "I warned you that he'd take any chance to escape."

"Let us confer alone," said Barada in the gentlest of tones.

LANDON told Thompson to await orders, and the gardener withdrew. Barada extended his cigarette case.

"Señor," he remarked, pinching the end of his cigarette, "my interests in life are many. Miguel served me long; he knows much of my affairs, as you will recall. Is it not best, perhaps, that I should not pursue him?"

"It shall be as you wish," remarked Landon, striking a match. Their cigarettes alight, he strolled toward the house with Barada the inscrutable. He had told his employers that Barada must be defeated if at all in a test of wits, and his own were well nigh exhausted in his effort to maintain the key of this astonishing conversation.

"I think," Landon remarked in a very fair imitation of Barada's manner, "that I understand what is in your mind, Señor Barada. The knife of a friend is twice dangerous when he becomes an enemy."

"That is a true saying, señor. And, besides, it would greatly injure my Pepita if this unfortunate experience were to be known. And it is not well for one so innocent to have a murderer for her father."

"Annoying, to say the least, Señor Barada!"

"Moreover" (and Barada chuckled softly), "it is best to permit others to take vengeance for us upon our enemies. Miguel has foolishly been selling forged bonds in a Peruvian company with which I have no connection. The police are already seeking him, I learned from our consul who met me in New York. The law should have its way—is it not so? By the way, Señor Landon, I remember well your interest in the Don Carlos. With fewer obstacles you would have succeeded where many had failed. Your many embarrassments were deplorable. I am glad of this opportunity to express my regret that you encountered so many difficulties."

"Your sympathy touches me deeply, señor; but one should not have regrets where regrets are vain? Another turn of the wheel and—who knows!"

"It occurs to me, Señor Landon, that you may wish to renew your labors in my country. In that event my personal assistance and the facilities at my command are at your disposal. A few details, the signing of a few papers before our consul in New York, and my own interest in the Don Carlos will be waived completely. I trust that my meaning is clear to you, Señor Landon!"

Landon's heart beat wildly. It was incredible that Barada, in this casual fashion, was abandoning his claims to the Don Carlos!

"You do me much honor, Señor Barada. What you promise means much to me, professionally and personally," Landon replied; and he was not able wholly to conceal his deep feeling.

"Señor, there are moments in a man's life when the fullest generosity is inadequate. If there should ever be a time when I can add anything to what I have already promised you, on the word of a gentleman—"

THEY had passed through the entrance, and into the dim cloister, when Pepita stood suddenly before them, seeming in that picturesque setting like a young goddess come back to a forsaken temple. "You are good friends once more!" she cried.

Both men paused, arrested by her charm and loveliness. They turned toward each other as though her appearance had suggested an inevitable ending to Barada's sentence.

Then as by a common impulse they clasped hands.

The Mudhole at Frankfort

BY WALT MASON

THE Frankfort (Kas.) "Daily Index" last year contained the following: "Colonel L. V. B. Taylor has registered his complaint about a mudhole in front of his drug store. He says he has been in business there for fourteen years and that the mudhole has been there all that time. He has notified each city administration about it, but it still remains."

Frankfort is one of the finest small towns in a State which has the finest small towns in the world. It has beautiful white stone buildings, electric lights, waterworks, and all modern conveniences. Colonel Taylor, a distinguished veteran of the Civil War, is one of the most useful and progressive of Frankfort's citizens, and for thirty years he has been protesting against the mudhole in front of his drug store.

Frank Hartman, editor of the "Index," is comparatively a newcomer in the town, having arrived about ten years ago; hence his ignorance of local history and tradition. He was elected Mayor of Frankfort about the time when his paper contained the erroneous statement quoted, and it is possible that the excitement was partly responsible; anyhow, he should apologize to the Colonel, who has been denouncing the town mudhole for thirty years rather than fourteen.

It is the most remarkable and interesting mudhole in Kansas. Perhaps that is why it has never been suppressed. The citizens view it with awe. In years of drought, when all the wells go dry and the creeks shrivel up and become dusty, that grand old mudhole is as moist as ever. All the hats in town gravitate toward it. It is really wonderful how, on a windy day, they will take a short cut up the alleys and land in the mudhole. The maelstrom is credited with reaching out for distant ships and drawing them into its vortex. The Frankfort mudhole exercises a similar mysterious attraction.

Colonel Taylor has rescued parasols and millinery times without number. It has been his custom, when trade was slack in his store, to go to the margin of the mudhole and arrest the mad course of goods and chattels headed for the common doom. On one occasion a woman stepped into Billy Holtham's grocery, leaving her baby carriage, with a priceless infant in it, on the sidewalk. There was no visible reason why the baby carriage should make a trip to the mudhole; but the Colonel arrived just as it was poised on the brink, and stopped it.

The present mudhole, however, celebrated as it is, isn't the original. Colonel Taylor used to have a drug store down the street, nearly a block away. The original mudhole was in front of that drug store. It was an excellent mudhole, large and commodious, and had all the characteristics of its successor. For many years the Colonel urged that it should be abolished. Every candidate for Mayor promised him faithfully that the work would be done immediately upon his taking office; but when the candidate was elected there always was something more important to be done.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and at last the Colonel, discouraged but not embittered, decided to move. If the mudhole wouldn't go away from Mahomet, Mahomet would go away from the mudhole. So he took his stock to a building which had a good, level street in front of it, and his heart was singing in his breast when he looked from his open door and beheld no quivering expanse of mud. His happiness lasted about two weeks. Then a tornado visited the town. I was there at the time, and saw the tremendous freak of nature roaring over the landscape and blotting out the light of day. Many stories have been told of the demoniac intelligence of tornadoes, of the tricks they play, as if gifted with sardonic humor. This one was purely malevolent. It dumped about a hundred wagon-loads of dirt and rock into the old mudhole in front of the store the Colonel had vacated; then it moved up the street and scooped a big hole in the street right in front of the Colonel's new store. Unless you have seen a funnel-shaped cloud drilling a hole in the ground, you can't realize what quick action in dredging operations means. Having made the hole, the tornado passed on and deposited a large Poland china hog in George Poor's sleeping porch, scattered John Watson's lumber yard all over Marshall County, and disappeared in the distance.

So here was Colonel Taylor with a brand-new, ready-made mudhole in front of his store, and the old one wiped off the map. A man of less courage and optimism would have given up the fight, but the Colonel continues to labor for reform.

Frank Hartman, editor of the "Index" and Mayor of Frankfort, probably assured the Colonel before the election that his first official act would be the amelioration of the mudhole. Yet you see how noncommittal he is in his official utterance. He acknowledges the existence of the mudhole and chronicles the Colonel's progressive efforts, but gives no hint as to his future course.

Yet blame him not too harshly. The Frankfort standpatters don't want the mudhole abolished. They consider it an asset. They like to see the other fellows' hats blown into it. They bring a tremendous pressure to bear upon the executive who would redeem his campaign pledges and expunge the mudhole. They have all the time-honored arguments of the standpatters. Experiments are risky. The mudhole of our fathers should be good enough for us.

Meanwhile the Colonel, his head bloody but unbowed, struggles on in the direction of civic righteousness and less mud.

. . .

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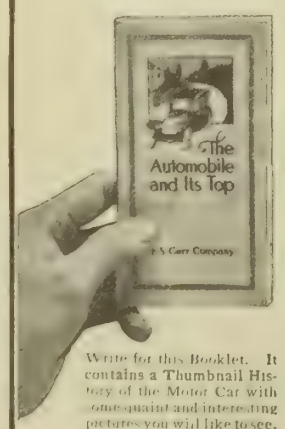
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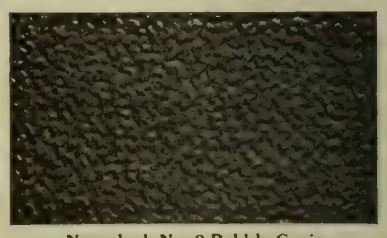
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A BENEFACTOR—NET

BY WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WE WERE swapping alibis the other day, and after Barney and Burman and some of the other pilots had come through, it was Danny Fenner's chance to spring his old, moth-eaten one—why he didn't win the Mount Baldy five-thousand-dollar event. We'd heard it before, but Billy Haley, his mechanician, was among those present at this fanning bee, and something he said started me on the trail of a yarn. Believe me, it was some motion picture! A Class A driver, a beautiful girl, a night race across the desert to save the potash claims—sounds like the Adventures of Alice, doesn't it?—and the blow-off—zowie! I can see the ten-cent seats coming up for that last reel and eating it, simply eating it!

Says Danny: "It would have been a crime the way I would have won that classic if I hadn't broke a connecting rod. When I went out at Saugus I was so far ahead the folks along the road thought we were a newspaper car that had started the night before."

"It's what comes of your driving one of those tin Faber boats," Waddell said. "You were lucky to get as far as you did without losing a cylinder or an axle."

Danny Fenner and Haley both snorted. "It's what comes of leaving the last overhauling to a shop mechanic," Fenner snapped.

Billy Haley grinned and looked wise. I took him up. "What was it, Billy?"

"Well, if you ask me," he said, "it was what comes of playing this J. Warren Kerrigan stuff for a beautiful maiden swimming in tears a week before the race. That desert run Danny made was enough to twist a connecting rod! It was benefactoring, that's my answer."

"Oh, lay off'n that chatter, Billy," Fenner growled, and put a reminder on his mechanician's shin bone.

"Just for that," Billy replied, "I'll tell everything I know in a minute." He turned to me. "Do you know what a benefactor is, Mr. B. Brooke? It's an easy mark that takes his hands off the wheel to drop a wrench into the gears of Fate, and gets spilled before he can straighten away again. Listen to me! And Danny, here, talks about connecting rods!"

"Aw, roll up to the pits and take on a new idea," his driver interrupted. "I wasn't any benefactor—you invented that."

"I did," Billy Haley answered, blowing out his chest. "I did, and I'm proud of it. You were a benefactor—net!"

This family quarrel broke up the party, but later I started the two from the Faber team and finally pieced out the yarn. When they mentioned Wanda Dorrance I knew it was going to come good, because I was acquainted with the lady in the case. Any time that she entered an event you could count on something worth listening to—and I'll leave that to you.

Her name wasn't really Wanda—it was Martha Lucy, or Lucy Sarah, or something—but she had gone to a fashionable girls' school and been finished. She may have started there as Minnie or Sally, but she graduated as Wanda, and could use her forks in the right order and arrive with the proper one for pie every time without scoring a miss. You can't beat education, can you?

Wanda's father had been a mining man all his life, and if you get the idea that they all spend their millions treating the boys and bucking chuck-a-luck and faro or trying to bring prohibition about by drinking the State dry, you haven't got old Luke M. Dorrance. They always said that he'd burn a twenty-dollar bill before he'd break it, and he used to make them show him how thick the vault walls were before he'd put money in a bank. Wanda could squeeze cash from him drop by drop, but aside from that, the only person he was generous to was the man who wanted free advice. No, I'll take that back: L. Michael Dorrance was a regular contributor to the police-court funds, because there never was a speed law made that wasn't ruined when he got a whirl at it with his big Piat. He was a good investment for small towns along the boulevards—paid about 200 per cent on the capital every time!

Now we arrive at the first reel and Danny Fenner.

THE Old Baldy road race may never be run again, but it was the southern California event in its day. It was invented by a rich mine owner, with his share of sporting blood, and the fat purse caught a good entry list of real Honest-to-Henry pilots and cars. They ran it early in January—this year it came the fourth. It was a hard grind and spectacular—out of Los Angeles north, over a steep summit grade, up a succession of cañons originally made to run cloud-burst water through at the rate of nine billion second feet a minute, or whatever it is the engineers call it, then down to the desert, then south again up to the top of a mountain called Old Baldy. Something like chasing a cat over all the furniture in the house and then up to the roof and finally bringing her to gaff on the chimney.

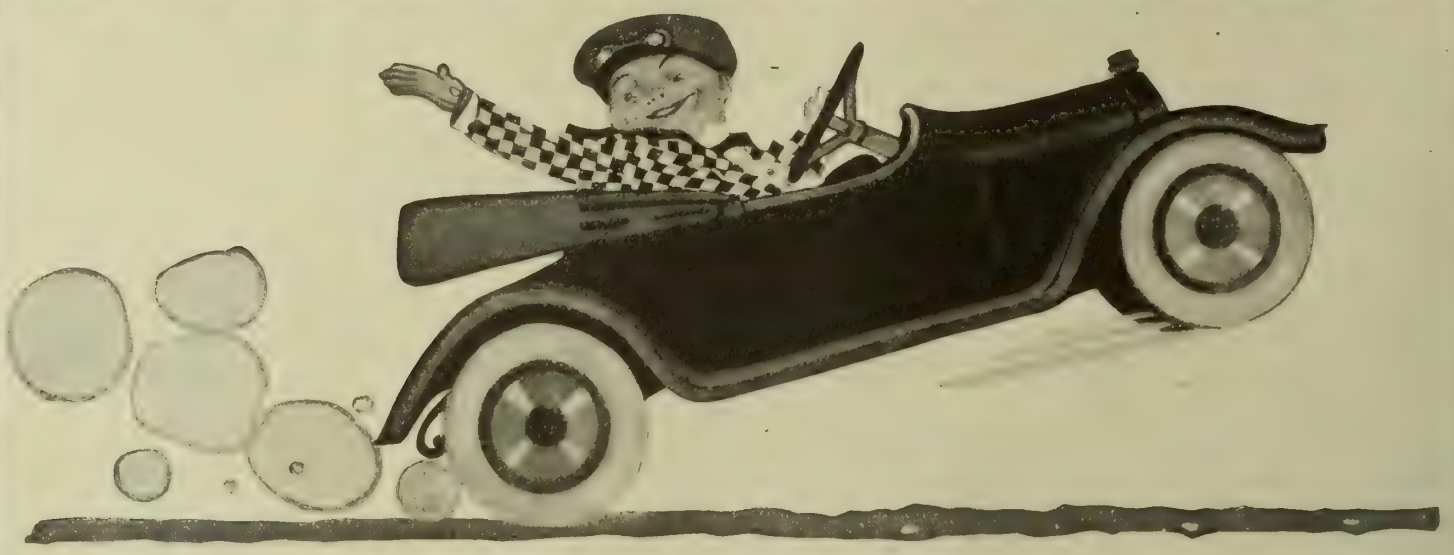
It was when we were working out for this event that Danny Fenner switched off to go benefactoring. I saw him last at Acton, a little railroad town in the Soledad, the afternoon before New Year's, as I was coming in for my final overhaul in the shops before the race. Danny was going out, and he was going too. I don't want to give the impression that Danny isn't a driver. His old Faber was just lying down on the ground and eating distance, and Billy Haley came within an inch of going out of the mechanician's seat when he let go of the life grips to wave to me. Danny reached over with one hand and hit his boy on the chest, and Billy went back into place with a jolt. The last we saw of him we didn't see him—he just melted into the scenery.

The mechanician was clocking him and they were getting pretty proud of themselves as they dropped down on to the desert and turned east from Palmdale. The Faber is a light boat and loves sand, so Danny cut her wide open, and about five-thirty they sighted a stalled car ahead. Danny swung out, cussing, because a buggy that's sitting still in the road and moaning always gets



Miss Dorrance took out two dimples and stuck one in either cheek. "It's almost a matter of life and death to me," she said. "This is the life!" said Danny

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a good driver's goat, and I suppose he was trying to think up something sarcastic to say as he went by, when a woman ran out into his path, waving her arms and yelling for help.

Right there is where Danny should have turned the apple aside gently but firmly, chased the snake into the tall brush, and kept moving on his way through Eden. He should have, but he didn't. No, he fell. There was some excuse, though, because this girl was the superlative tense of the verb to be pretty, and Danny slammed on his brakes, skidded sidewise, and stopped.

"Good evening," says Danny. "I thought they raised only pears and apples up in this country."

It was Wanda Dorrance, and she came right back at him. "Oh, no," she sniffed; "if you mean peaches, they have some of them too, but it's considered polite never to get fresh about them!"

"Ouch!" said Danny. "What can I do for your vehic'e—dig it out or tow it to San Fernando?"

"I don't know," the lady said. "My driver thinks he could limp back to Palmdale, but I have to go on, and to hurry!"

"Go on. How far?"

"To the potash properties north of Ludlow."

"Oh!" Danny said thoughtfully. "Yes, that's right on my road. I'm going to the southern part of Scotland myself."

Miss Dorrance took out two dimples and stuck one in either cheek. "It's almost a matter of life and death to me," she said.

"This is the life!" said Danny Fenner, and climbed down to take a look at the invalid. Then he saw that there was another woman in the party.

"This is my aunt, Mrs. Dothwaite," said Miss Dorrance. "I don't remember your name."

"That's funny," Danny said, taking off his goggles and unbuckling his helmet. "My name is Fenner. Pleased to know you, Mrs. Hum-mah-mah-hun."

"Do you understand automobiles, Mr. Fenner?" aunt said, kind of snappishlike.

"No'm," Danny replied. "I just steer 'em. But I carry along a boy that took a course in the Palace of Machinery at the St. Louie Exposition one year. What's wrong, Billy?" he said to his mechanician.

Billy Haley was already underneath, on his back, with Miss Dorrance's driver. "High and intermediate gone," Billy said. "That's all."

"Oh, is that all?" Danny said. "Well, your watch only cost a dollar. Take a few gears out of that, can't you?"

Miss Dorrance's driver had his hair full of sand, his mouth full of oil, and his soul full of trouble. "I should judge that you think this is funny," he said.

"Funny—how?" Danny said.

AUNT wasn't getting all of this, strange as it may seem. "I'll not go another step, Wanda," she said. "I wish to return immediately. Will you take me, Mr. Fenner, to the railroad, or anywhere? I shall be glad to pay you well."

Danny had a polite remark almost framed, but Miss Wanda crowded him off the track. "Aunt, dear," she observed; "Mr. Fenner is going to drive me on to the mine."

Danny gasped. "Oh, is he?" he murmured. But this second chance to refuse the apple of temptation got by him. "Certainly I am," he said. "But I might come back in a few minutes and drive your aunt in to Philadelphia, or San Diego, or wherever it is she wants to go. I don't suppose you'd wish to keep me on at the permanganate mines steady, would you, miss?"

Miss Dorrance laughed. Aunt didn't.

"Wanda, what do you mean by such a suggestion? Are you out of your mind?" she demanded.

"No," Wanda said, "I'm out of my luck. I've got to get to the mine, and you know it, Aunt Dora. If these gentlemen can repair the car so that Bailey can take you to Palmdale, everything will be all right."

"We can tool her back in low," Billy Haley said, and added to Danny: "That is, if you were thinking of going for a joy ride over to Barstow, or wherever it is."

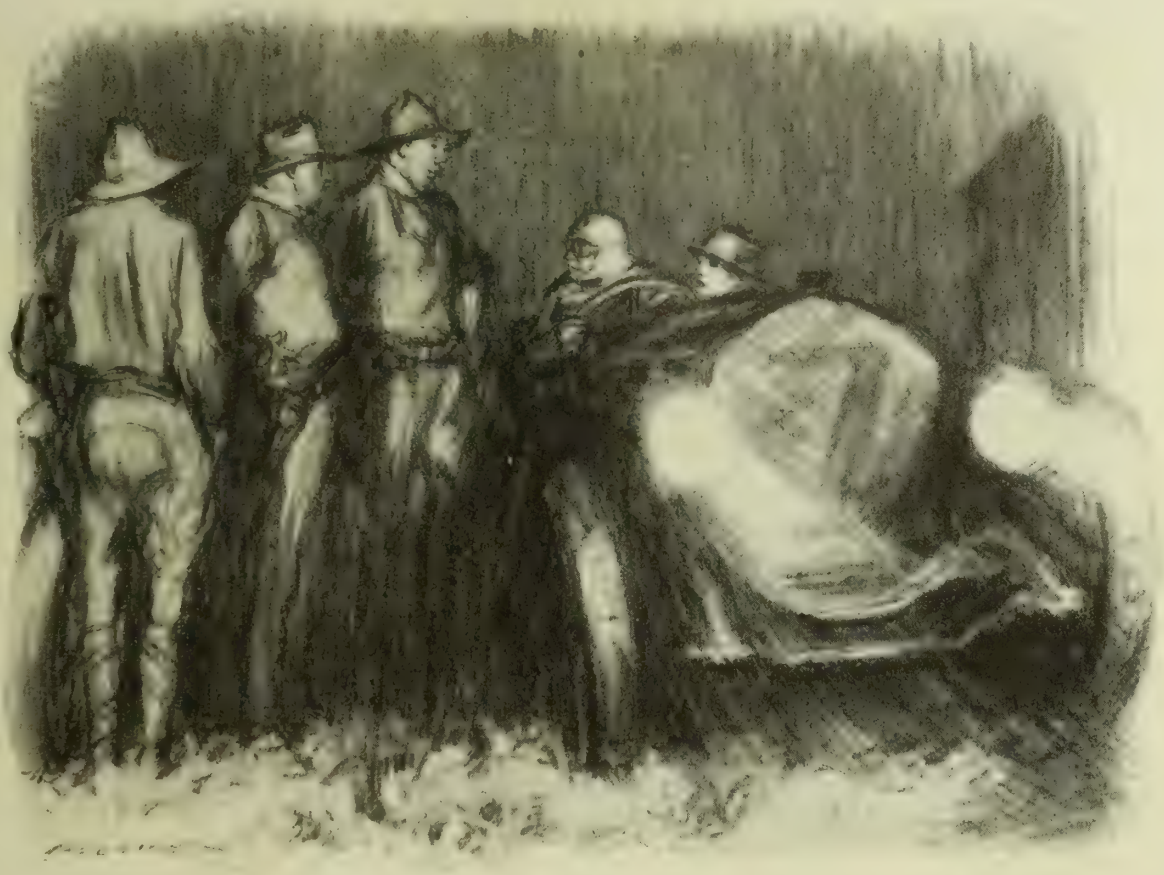
Fenner turned to Miss Wanda and lowered his voice. "Do you want to take a chance on breaking up the family this way? If you do, we might be moving."

Wanda promptly walked over to her aunt and kissed her on the cheek. "Good-by, dear," she said, and made a line for Danny's stripped Faber.

The elderly lady stood up in the tonneau and began to shriek. "Wanda, you little wretch! Wanda, you disgraceful child! Wanda, darling—please listen to reason! You're not going to desert me here when it's almost night—with these—these—total strangers?"

THE girl snapped at Fenner: "Crank your car! Aunt is only getting started." And then she called back: "Listen, Aunt Dora! You know what this means to me. You'll be in Palmdale in an hour. I'm going to the mine if I have to crawl."

"Wait at Mohave for me, Haley!" Danny Fenner yelled, and turned the old Faber over. After that aunt couldn't hear herself exclaim. Danny stepped on his throttle, the sand flew up in a cloud, his gears rasped, and No. 7 put her nose down and went.



From each heavy belt hung a revolver. "How far you going?" one of them asked in a strained voice

Of course Danny hippodromed for a few miles—and who wouldn't? That boy could drive over anything short of a church steeple, but he was a bear in sand, and he knew it. The girl in the mechanician's seat ducked her head close to his arm to avoid the grit, and tried to find something to hang on to. Danny saw this and he eased off a little.

When he could be heard: "There's a life grip behind my seat and one between your feet," he shouted. "There—that's better?"

Miss Wanda nodded.

"I understood you were in a hurry," Fenner said. "Do you know the road—at night?"

"I can find it."

"Huh?"

She put her mouth up. "Yes!" she screamed.

So Danny went to hippodroming again—not fast, you understand, only about forty or forty-five. That seems fast when you're used to a touring car doing thirty on a boulevard.

They rambled about twenty miles, and just before dark Danny sighted a railroad water station off to his left. He slowed down. "I'll need water, I expect," he said. "We'd better breeze over and take on a little."

Miss Dorrance nodded and looked at her wrist watch. "We've plenty of time if you're going to drive like this all the way."

"All right, then," Fenner said, raising his toe from the accelerator. "Do you want to tell me what the party is for?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't care what State you were born in or how many children there are in the family, or anything. But I can't help wondering what the rush is."

Miss Wanda puckered her forehead. "Doesn't that take all the romance out of it?" she asked.

"Romance?" Danny Fenner asked. "Romance? Oh, yes—romance."

The girl laughed. "I mean that if a man comes by and helps a weeping damsel in distress, it spoils the—the act to know the story, doesn't it?"

She had a way of looking at a man, Wanda Dorrance had. Danny wiped the dust off his goggles and coughed. "Oh, sure, that's all right. How far did you say it was to this borax factory?"

"It's potash, Mr. Fenner. One hundred and thirty miles from Mohave."

"Well, we ought to make it by midnight. And there goes a car out of this watering station."

Miss Wanda let out a little scream. "A car? It's Jim Pendleton! Oh, I'm too late!" she said, and began to cry.

Well, that put Danny Fenner's brakes on for him. He said he felt like a man that's skidded through a graveyard fence for a while. The name of Jim Pendleton didn't ring any bells with him, and this "too late" refrain seemed a little early in the event. But right at that minute he couldn't get anything out of the little girl, so he let her worry along until they were in and he had filled his radiator. The station agent wandered out to see, and when he spotted the woman he came over.

"Business is picking up," he began cheerfully. "Two machines in one evening! You folks all going out to Death Valley for a picnic?"

Danny wasn't as good-humored as he might have been, seeing that he was borrowing three gallons of water where it's worth its weight in platinum. "No, we're just breezing over to Keeler to attend a funeral," he growled. "Who's that ahead of us?"

The station agent was looking at the tearful girl in the racing car. "I guess they're going on to furnish the corpse," he replied shortly. "They had guns enough."

At that Wanda Dorrance took notice. "I knew it!" she cried. "It's Jim Pendleton's gang! And they'll get there first."

"I don't know who's gang it is," the station agent said casually. "But the big man with the chauffeur gave me a fistful of cigars for the water they took on."

Danny Fenner was wearing his driving suit, but there was one lone bill for emergencies in his pliers pocket. "Here, buy a box," he said. "And keep the change."

He cranked up and climbed in over his levers. "You don't want that boat ahead to get somewhere first—is that it, Miss Wanda?"

"Oh, they will—I know they will!" she sobbed.

"Oh, they won't—I know they won't!" Danny said. "Good night, Mr. Rothschilds. Hang on, lady!" And they went away from there.

Of course you can't bet on casings. If you could, there wouldn't be any magazines published in America, because the fifty-seven varieties of tire makers would quit disputing in the advertising columns. Another thing, your shoe always *blooeys* just at the critical moment. Still another thing—in this instance—Danny Fenner had driven the Elgin race on his set, not to mention almost two workouts over this tough Old Baldy route. So, just when the film was getting interesting and they could see the dust cloud ahead the left rear went bang, and the Faber rocked and tried to turn around in the road. It might have done that little thing but for the sand. When Danny had jerked the nose of the car around and had found Miss Dorrance was safe, he stopped and clambered down. "Under your cushions!" he snapped. "The tools—quick!"

THE girl was game and heady, you'll have to say that for her. By the time one of the extra tires was off the rack she had the tool roll spread out. Danny made the change as quick as a man could single-handed, especially in the sand, where you can't get purchase for a jack nearly as well as you can on a concrete garage floor—not nearly.

"Take out the jack?" he yelled to her when the job was done. "All right. And sling the roll in—don't tie it—throw it. Damn that buckle anyhow! Excuse me—there. Now jump."

She jumped, the engine spun, and they started. "Oh, the jack!" she screamed.

Danny locked his rear wheels. "Leave it?" he jerked.

"Yes. I'm sorry. But you move so fast!"

Danny laughed and threw his reverse in. "That's



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A peep at the new car discloses many new and exclusive features. To go over its superiorities is to be filled with wonder and admiration. See how the Cantilever springs are mounted on a ball-like seat on the rear axle—thus removing all side sway and pitching. Case spring features, together with low centre of gravity, gives a road-hugging car that smooths out ugly stretches.

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Radiator—Cellular type, with thermo-syphon circulating system.
CLUTCH: Cone.
TRANSMISSION: Selective, three speeds forward and one reverse; three point suspension, in unit with power plant, left hand drive, center control, Timken bearings. Spicer universal joint.
AXLES: Rear—Weston-Mott; ¾-floating, with spiral bevel gears; torque and drive thrust taken by torque tube to rear end of transmission through a ball and socket joint; pinion shaft provided with two Bock, roller type, bearings. Front—I-beam, designed and built by Case; Timken bearings; I-beam section, steering arms, steering knuckles and king pins all of special chrome nickel steel—forged, heat treated and machined in our shops.
FRAME: Designed with exceptionally deep section, greatest depth at center where front hanger of cantilever spring is suspended.
SPRINGS: Rear—Cantilever, 50 inches long, 2½ inches wide; attached to rear axle by means of universal joints, which take all side play, allowing springs to do full spring duty—an exclusive feature in construction.
WHEELS: 34x4 inch, Artillery type, with Goodyear detachable, demountable rims.
BODY: All steel, with removable upholstery of genuine grain leather. Front seats divided, and are adjustable forward and backward, as are the clutch and brake-pedals. Finish—Brewster green, with ivory stripe.
EQUIPMENT: One-man top, with dust hood and quickly adjustable side curtains. Stewart-Warner Speedometer. Windshield—Rain vision, ventilating. Tires—Goodyear 34 x 4 inch, non-skid on rear. Motor-driven horn. Regular tools, tire repair kit, etc., etc.
PRICE: $1090.00. F. O. B. Racine.





For two hours the Faber did all she knew, and Wanda Dorrance's face was white and her back ached and her teeth were clenched tight

what Resta told me at Indianapolis. Hold your breath." He backed and found the tool. Then lighted his lamps. It wasn't too dark to see yet, but he was saving the minutes.

The whole maneuver cost them valuable time. Danny Fenner knew that now, for the big touring car ahead was lost to view, and, from the tracks in the sandy road and from the cloud of dust he had seen once or twice, he was getting wise to the fact that he was up against another pilot who could crowd 'em and who was also slightly in a hurry. The touring car was heavily loaded—that was plain, and in soft spots it was having difficulties. But a recent rain had settled the sand, and for miles at a stretch the two cars were pulled out of the road and sent over the hard surface of the desert, heedless of greasewood and salt brush and sage. With that kind of going there was little advantage either way. The Faber had a ten-minute handicap against it to start with, and the tire change—

"Can you stand a little jolting?" he asked in the girl's ear.

She took a new hold on the life grips and nodded, and Danny cut loose.

FOR two hours the Faber did all she knew, and Wanda Dorrance's face was white and her back ached and her teeth were clenched tight. Then they came to a fork in the road—and no signs of the tracks of the touring car. Danny shut off and rolled. "Which way?" he yelled.

The girl straightened up. "I—I don't know. Wait."

Danny's eyes were on the road. He ran half a mile, but there were still no signs of the big car. The girl was confused, so Fenner snapped the Faber out on to the desert and made for the left-hand fork. No tracks there.

"Which direction are your mines?" he cried sharply.

"Almost east of Mohave," Wanda said. "Under a big black mountain, beyond a low range of hills."

"Been there before, have you?" he asked, steering uncertainly eastward.

"Yes, with my father."

"All right, let's go."

If you've traveled the deserts of the southwestern part of this beautiful land of America at night, you know the feeling that comes to you when you're off the beaten track. You're perfectly safe to arrive *somewhere* if you keep moving—and your water and gas last. It is never more than a hundred miles or so to the encircling hills, and along those hills, at one point or another, you'll always find a settlement, or a lonesome rancher's castle of canvas and brush, or a railroad, or a mine. But that doesn't take away the sensation. The best you can do, that grand old national anthem of the commuter will keep coming into your head. You know the one:

"Home, home; sweet, sweet home!"

Danny wouldn't have felt so if he'd been alone, or if he'd had Billy Haley, or some of the rest of us hardened old wrecks along. But at night, with a sweet girl thing, who is anxious to get from here to there in the shortest possible time, and who cries when she talks about Jim Pendleton, and whose little hands are already showing blisters from the tape on the life grips—well, I don't blame Danny. I'm glad it was him and not me—that's all.

Danny said he was about ready to resign from his job and go look for an employment agency, when his lights showed a car ahead. And at about the same time they found themselves bang on a road, that had appeared from nowhere, but that seemed to know where it was going.

"Glory be!" Danny yelled, and eased off a little on the foot throttle.

A minute more and the girl laughed, with a catch in her voice. "Why, they've stopped. We'll beat Jim Pendleton yet!"

Danny rubbed his goggles with his cuff, and looked. "They're standing, all right. But that isn't the touring car."

It wasn't. The girl sank back dejectedly. "Oh, I'm getting so tired," she moaned. "I'm afraid we can't make it."

Danny slowed up still more. "We'll rest you a while," he said. "I can pick that big touring boat up with time to spare, and there's no sense in putting you out for the count. Hello—more distress signals."

It seemed so, for three men were running out from the standing car, with their arms flapping. Danny took the excuse to give his passenger a rest. He rolled up and stopped. "Which is the road to Honolulu?" he asked cheerfully. But the strangers weren't feeling funny. They were looking at the little stripped car, and at the woman in the mechanician's seat, and their faces were falling steadily. They were dressed for hard desert travel, and coatless, and from each heavy belt hung a revolver. They came to the side of the Faber. "How far you going?" one of them asked in a strained voice.

Danny was wary. "Oh, quite a ways," he answered.

"You couldn't give a couple of us a lift, could you? I'd pay you—give you enough to buy a new car with. Anything in reason is too little, the way I'm fixed. It's a case of life and death, pretty near."

Danny laughed. "That's two cases of 'em this evening. But I'm not running a jitney bus. We're rather in a hurry ourselves."

Wanda Dorrance leaned forward abruptly. "You're not going to the potash mines, are you?"

The men jumped. "That's where we're going. Are you?"

Wanda turned to Danny Fenner with a laugh of relief. "Could we take two of these men? If we had to?"

Fenner frowned. "Say, I don't get this at all. First you want to beat Jim Somebody to the potash orchards—then you want to clutter up the gas tank with total strangers and make a stage line out of the party. I'm agreeable to anything you want—but we can only just go so far, so fast."

The man nearest the car pushed back his heavy hat and wiped his forehead. "I guess you're Dorrance's daughter, aren't you?" he rasped. Wanda nodded.

"I thought so. My name's Robinson. Your father started us out to help keep Jim Pendleton's crowd from jumping the claims at midnight. And we've broke down. Snapped both steering arms. It's up to you."

Wanda turned to Danny Fenner. "You see?" she said.

"Oh, sure, I see," the driver agreed. "Only I don't. I can't make you in this pleasure tour atall. Are you going gun fighting, too?"

THE girl fumbled at her side. "I brought this," she said, and from a skirt pocket she drew a little pearl-handled revolver. "I wanted dad to take me out to the mines when we heard there might be jumpers coming to-night. To-morrow's the first of the year. Dad wouldn't have me. There's—I've got—" She hesitated. "A friend of mine is at the mines, and I wanted to tell him Pendleton was coming. If I didn't, they might trap him. My father will be up there to-night, in our car—before midnight. But the Pendleton gang may get there early."

"And tie Friend Friend up in a sack—is that it?" Danny asked.

"That's it. These men couldn't—we—"

"Two of you can climb on," Danny said wearily. "It better be the two with the longest fingers and the strongest teeth, because when we get to traveling, anybody on that gas tank will spend a good deal of his time between the road and the blue sky."

"We'll take our chances," the spokesman said. He turned to the others. "Bert, you'll have to stay with the car and the driver. You've got plenty of water. Don't try to travel. We'll send a wire to Mohave from some station beyond here, if we hit one. Any way you figure it, you'll get help before noon to-morrow. I and Billy'll smoke with this car. So-long."

I and Billy clambered aboard. Bert cranked the Faber. "Haven't seen a big black touring car wandering around loose, have you?" Danny queried as his mount plowed on again.

The man clinging to the back of the driver's seat answered. "We saw its lights. It took the Keeler road, I think, about ten miles north of here."

Danny grinned at the girl. "It couldn't have been Jim Pendleton, then—that's lucky!"

"It was, though," the gunman behind interrupted. "The Keeler road is a little longer, but it's better going. You'll see them heading back this way pretty soon."

Wanda shifted in her place. "Do you think we can make it—first?" she asked.

Danny chuckled, and spun his wheel to avoid a mesquite root. "I've quit thinking," he said.

The man bouncing on the gas tank leaned nearer. "If we make it, you'll have to go like hell," he said grimly. "But you'll be paid for it."

"We'll go like what you say," Danny shouted, "and don't say it that way again, either. Look out, behind there!"

That was the end of conversation.

DANNY FENNER himself spun me this part of the yarn. I flagged him here.

"I don't get all of this, Danny," I said. "What was the idea of this rescue brigade anyhow? Why the 'first of the year' line? And who was Jim Pendleton? And what in Halifax would anybody worry about a potash claim for? I thought potash was made out of soap, or something."

"You poor goop!" he said pityingly. "Potash is one of the most valuable semiprecious stones there is. They make gunpowder and paint remover and pumice stone and car wheels and a lot of things out of it. And since the war opened it's been going up faster than the price of the movies. This man Dorrance and Jim Pendleton, his partner, had about a million acres of it staked out, but there was a quarrel between them as to who saw it first, or something. So they split—both sides claiming the decision. There was a lawsuit on all this time, but in the meantime caviar emptat."

"The how many?" I asked.

"Caviar emptat. Haven't you had any education at all?"

"Never mind about my education," I said. "Let's get on with this potash business. Talk in one language as far as possible, will you?"

"All right, then—caviar emptat is a legal sentence, and it means the same as possession is nine points of the law. You make that, don't you?"

"Go on," I said, "and don't bother about me."

"Don't interrupt, then. Mr. Dorrance had the caviar on this potash vineyard. He was on the ground—see?—or kept a man there, so he held the one flush there was in the party—his late partner only had a couple of queens, as you might say. I wished when I found this out later that I hadn't horned in."

"Oh, sure," I said sarcastically. "Sure—*not*. I know Wanda Dorrance slightly."

Danny colored. "Have it your own way, of course. What I started to tell you about was this claim-jumping stuff. The law is that a man must do so much work every year to hold a claim of potash, or anything like that. Understand? And what I'm telling you about happened on the last night of last year. Get it now?"

"Yes—it was the last night of the year. Go on, Horace."

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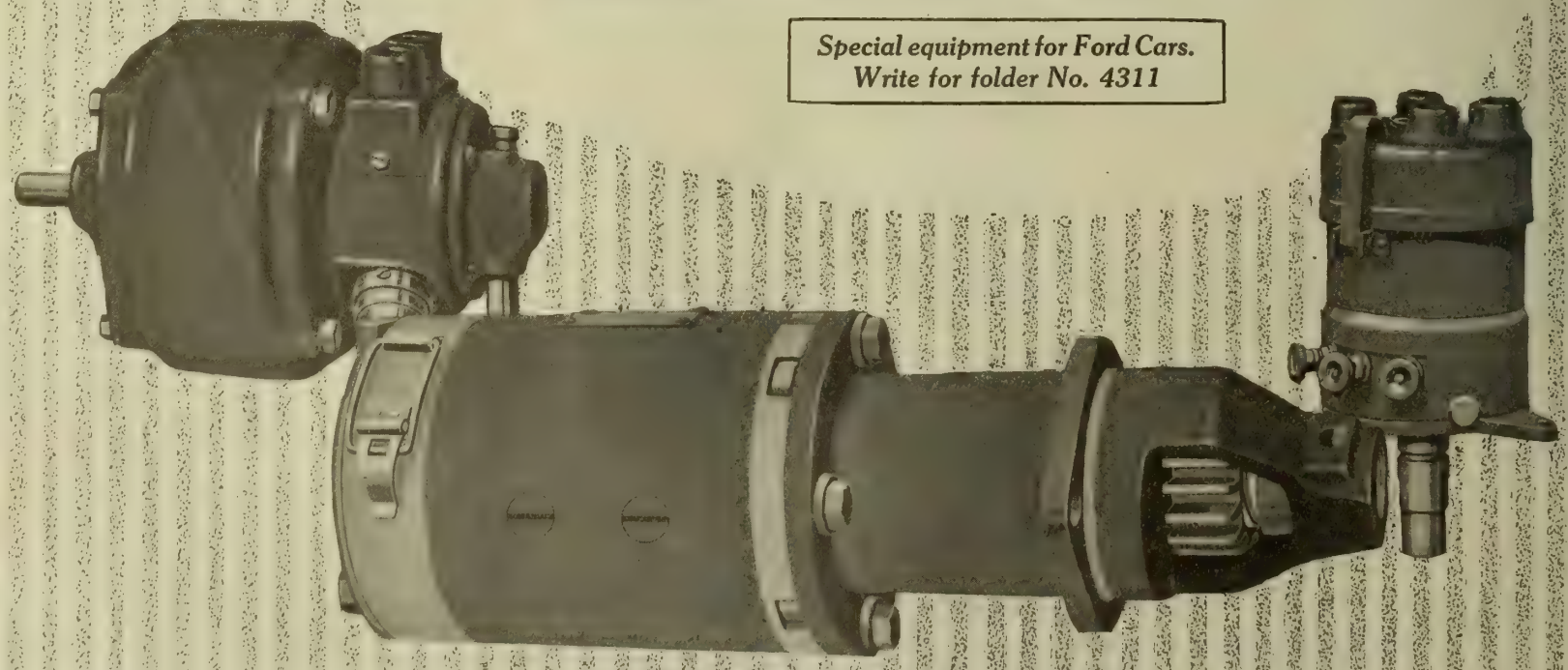
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"I wish I could tell this to somebody with some sense," Danny said. "I'll have to go over that again, I suppose. Hold your breath a minute. Old Man Dorrance's partner Pendleton figured to get a crowd of men on the property at midnight, December thirty-onct. He planned to throw Dorrance's men off, and begin taking out ore—I guess it is—at daylight on the first, claiming that Dorrance hadn't done the work the law requires, and that the land could be filed on again. He would have the caviar, in other words. Now, do you get me?"

"I made you the first time," I said. "I just wanted to see if you knew; that was all."

Fenner rose up right there and walked away, and wouldn't come back. But he forgot about his peeve later, and I managed to extract a few intelligible ideas from his mess of language so that I finally finished the story.

BY ELEVEN o'clock it had turned cold and was blacker than the inside of a fur muff. Danny was going all he could and still not lose the express matter in the caboose, and about the time that he was congratulating himself that it would soon be over they hit a dust-filled chuck and there was an explosion of colored words from somewhere behind, and a yell. Danny slowed up.

"Lose something?" he snapped over his shoulder.

"No!" the gunman on the tank yelled. "Look—there's a car."

Danny and the girl saw it then, and she clutched his arm. "It's Pendleton again! And he's beating us! You'll have to hurry!"

The driver grunted and stepped on his throttle. "I'm hurrying, ain't it?" he cried.

The lights of the other automobile were well off to the left and a little ahead of their own. Danny could only give them a glance, because rolling twenty-five at night on a strange desert wheel trail is almost enough of a job for one man, but he could see that the two white paths the lamps marked came together in the distance. They were on two forks of one road, and it seemed likely that the car that was first at the junction would be able to hold the lead.

"Hang on, everybody," he yelled, and shifted his hands on the wheel.

Evidently the driver of the other car was figuring on the same thing, for Danny's increased speed failed to show him any gain. Wanda Dorrance clung grimly to the life grip bolted to the floor between her feet, and the two men behind grunted and panted as the car's twists shot them from side to side and the jolts pounded them up and down on their uncomfortable perch. Danny Fenner couldn't cut wide open, because it wouldn't buy him anything to get there first if he didn't take his passengers along. He achieved wonders, driving all he knew, and nursing his car over bad spots, but never wasting an inch of ground.

The other car was steering closer to them. Even above the roaring of the Faber's engine they could hear her thunder. Then the ground rose and the road twisted sharply to the left.

"The hills!" some one screamed in Fenner's ear. "Ten miles now!"

At the same time the lights of the other car disappeared. As Danny strained his eyes to find the winding road, and fought to hold his plunging machine on its track, the others saw flashes from the rival automobile, and they screamed at Fenner that he was losing ground in the race. The boy swore vigorously, and began taking chances. The girl beside him was game now for anything, and was riding like a professional. If he could keep the old Faber on her feet, Wanda Dorrance could stay with him. And he knew that the men on the tank behind him would hold on—to be shaken loose now probably would mean death for them. "If Billy Haley was only here to read the road!" Danny groaned inwardly. "I'd make that big mud scow hurry yet!"

Once they rocked on the edge of a sharp embankment, and once a front hub cap struck a rock and almost twisted the wheel from the driver's hands, but finally they topped the crest and Danny saw his lights straighten out on a long, gradual down grade without a twist in it. Twinkling lights in the distance caught his eye. And Wanda Dorrance cried: "There's the camp. Drive! Drive, and we'll make it."

They burst out of the mouth of the shallow cañon, and there was the other machine once more. It was less than a hundred yards distant, almost parallel with theirs, and a few lengths behind. Danny prayed that his gasoline would last, and kicked his throttle down a hair. The Faber responded and jumped forward. The junction of the two roads was in sight. The touring car was coming up at the left, closer and closer. Wanda Dorrance turned to keep her eyes on it, seizing Danny's arm with her right hand. She saw the heavy machine jumping crazily over the rough spots, and swaying from side to side. Part of its top was gone, and one headlight was missing. Inside it she could distinguish the forms of several men, tossed and snapped about like corn in a popper. The Faber was almost in the other's light track and a warning siren screamed. And in a breath the two cars were turning at headlong speed toward the same spot, a few rods away, and marked on both sides by the steep banks of an arroyo. Danny Fenner saw that somebody had to stop or there would be a collision that would end the race. "Look out!" he screamed to the girl, and pulled his car sharply to the left into the near wheel of the tourist.

THERE was a yell from astonished men in the darkness, the crash of metal, and the bang of a hot tire. The Faber was pitched half around, but Danny laughed out loud. When he stepped on the accelerator again his car replied with a spurt that straightened her away, and behind him an exultant cry arose from the gunmen on the tank. "You've stopped 'em. Good old kid!"

Danny had taken a long chance and steered into the tourist, getting a glancing blow on the side of his own frame. From the sound, it was a good guess that the mogul had lost a tire, and possibly a wheel.

Wanda Dorrance righted herself with a jerk and raised her wrist watch. In the light from the car behind she read the time, and then she giggled hysterically. "Five minutes past twelve!" she chortled. "You've made it. Here—" She stripped a ring from one finger and held it out toward Danny. "Will you take this, to remember the trip by?"

Danny grinned. "Well, a ring would help, seeing what a bad memory I've got anyhow." He slowed down and took the trinket. Two or three opening paragraphs for pretty speeches got tangled together in his head and wouldn't come out, so he dropped the ring in his pocket and mumbled: "Thanks."

A wire fence appeared, they rounded a corner, slid along a narrow road, and stopped in front of a cabin. The two passengers scrambled off the gas tank and chafed their hands to draw blood into the numbed fingers. Wanda Dorrance climbed out stiffly, stood a minute to steady herself, and then started for the cabin. Danny Fenner slapped his cold paws together, pushed back his goggles, and reached for a cigarette. At the cabin door the girl was calling.

"Teddy! Hello, Teddy! It's Wanda!"

A man's voice answered. "Wanda? How on earth—Wait a shake!"

"Hurry up, then. Pendleton's gang is just behind!"

The door flew open and a young fellow in unlaced high boots appeared, pulling a sweater over his head. "How did you get out here? Where's your father? What's happened?"

THE girl laughed excitedly. "Pendleton's coming to jump the property to-night. Father wouldn't bring me. So I came anyway. And on the road we picked up two of the men dad had sent to help you. Their car was stalled and we brought them. This is Mr. Munn, father's engineer, Mr. Robinson." She turned to the two gunmen, who stood a little back in the shadow.

The engineer stepped out—then stopped dead. "Terrill!"

"Robinson" grinned. "Sure. Quite a surprise, eh? Don't make any row, Mr. Munn." From the car Danny saw his two chance passengers jerk out their heavy guns and drop them on the astonished pair in the door. "Just come along out here, quiet and comfortable, and climb into this boat. Walk now!"

It was a poor time for argument. Miss Dorrance swung about in a passion. "What does this mean?" she cried. "Aren't you—"

One of the strangers touched her arm. "Cut that, miss!" he ordered. "Keep still and do what you're told, because we mean business, and we can't waste time. Give me that toy gun, please, too."

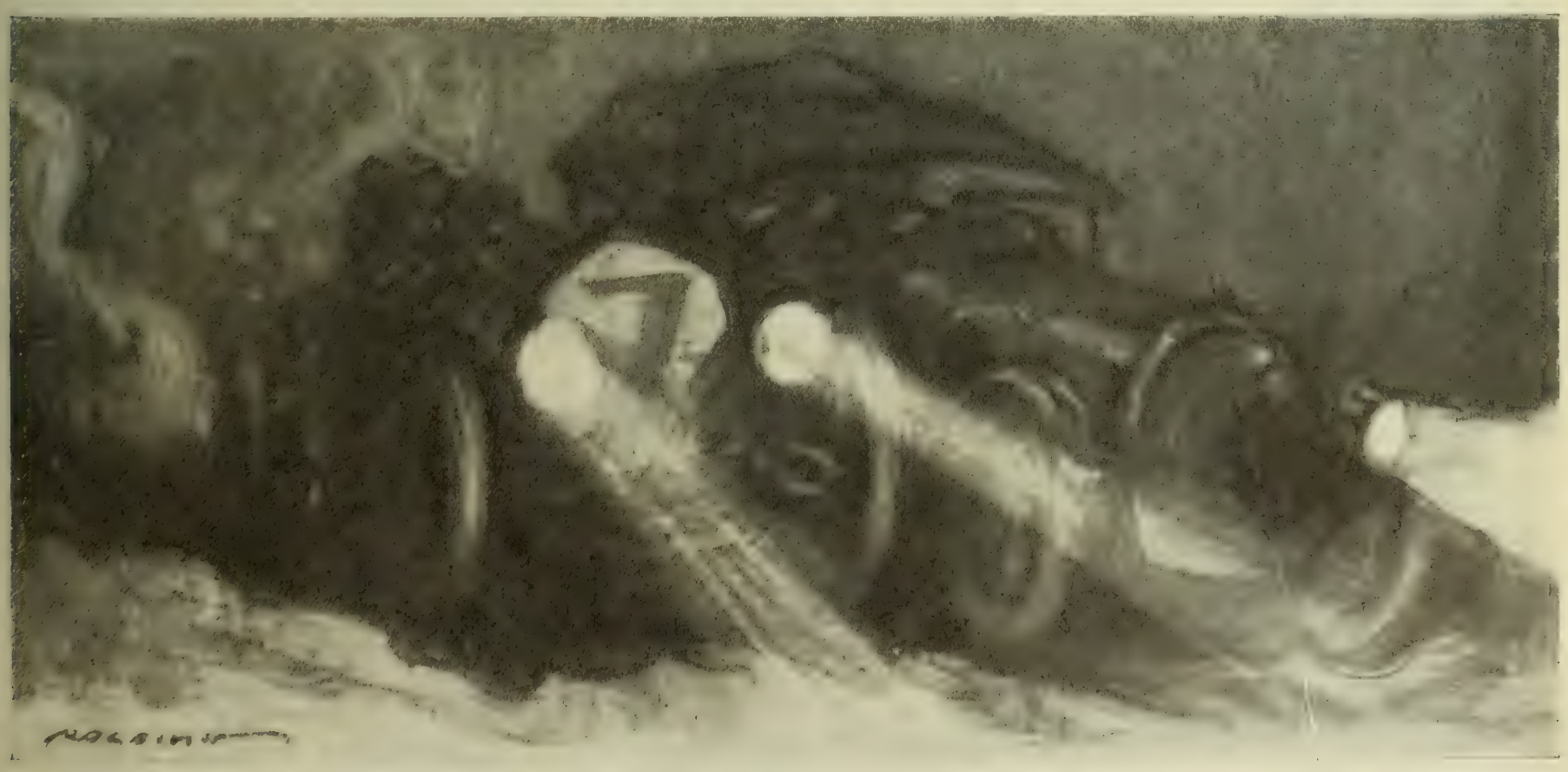
She looked irresolutely at Munn, but he was a wise youth. He was casting a glance or so at the caliber of those field batteries trained on him, and he knew the men behind 'em. "Let's surrender gracefully, Wanda," he said. "The courts will settle this better than we can now."

She handed over her baby weapon and Terrill broke it and tossed the cartridges away. Then he handed it to her, and the party came to the car. The man they had picked up as Robinson faced Danny Fenner. "You're a good little driver and a good little scout," he said briefly. "But we've got to part with your pleasant company. Take this lady and gent out the way you came, will you, and take 'em quick."

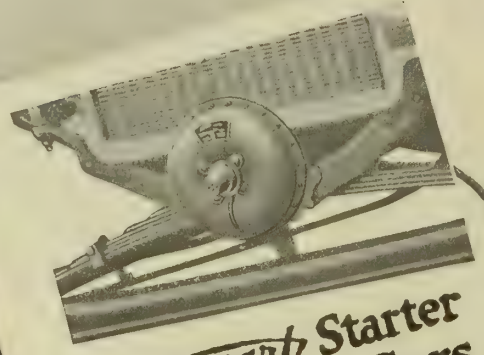
Danny pitched his cigarette away. "Crank the car, then," he returned. "And some day I hope to have the extreme satisfaction of knocking your lopsided head off. Do you make me? Climb in, Miss Dorrance."

That was how Danny Fenner ended his race for the possession of the potash claims—driving away with two big guns held on him and with two red-faced and angry men in possession of them—and the mine.

(*Continued on page* 103)



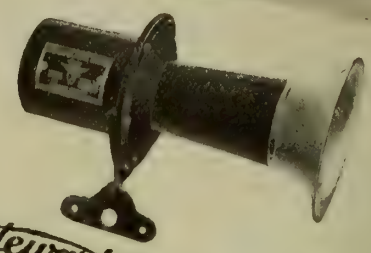
There was a yell from astonished men in the darkness, the crash of metal, and the bang of a hot tire. The Faber was pitched half around



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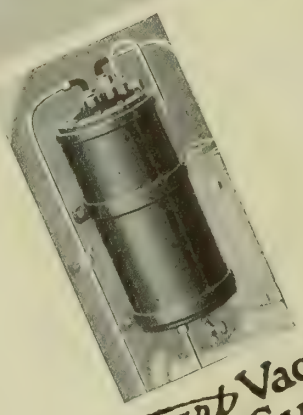
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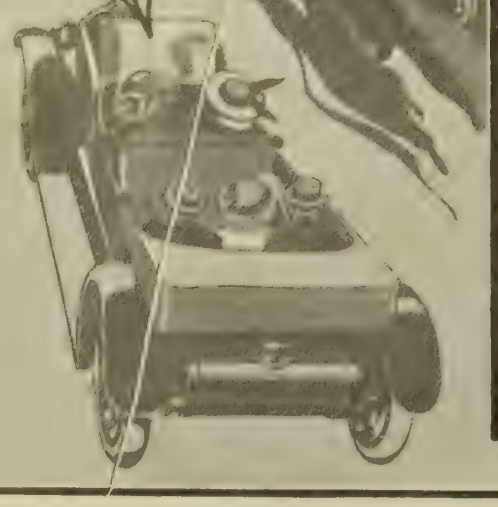
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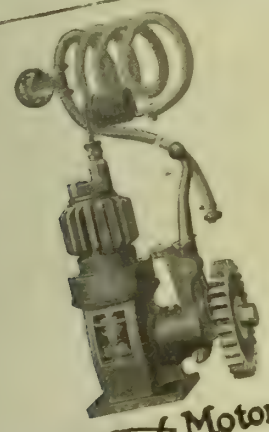
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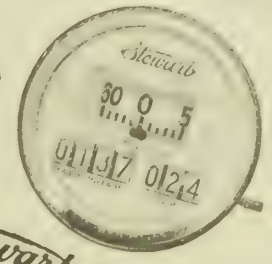
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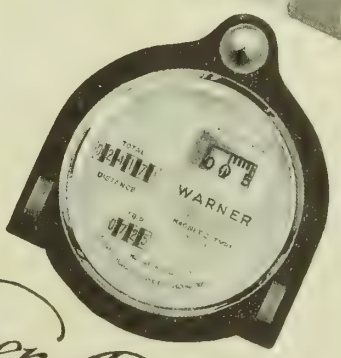
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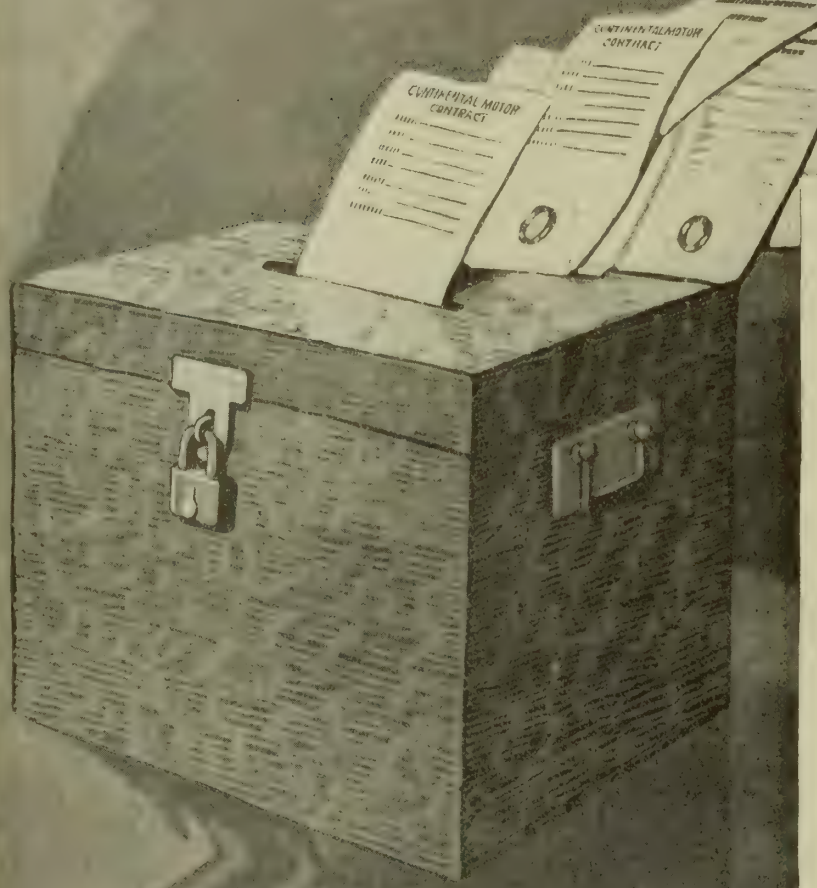
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Continental Motors

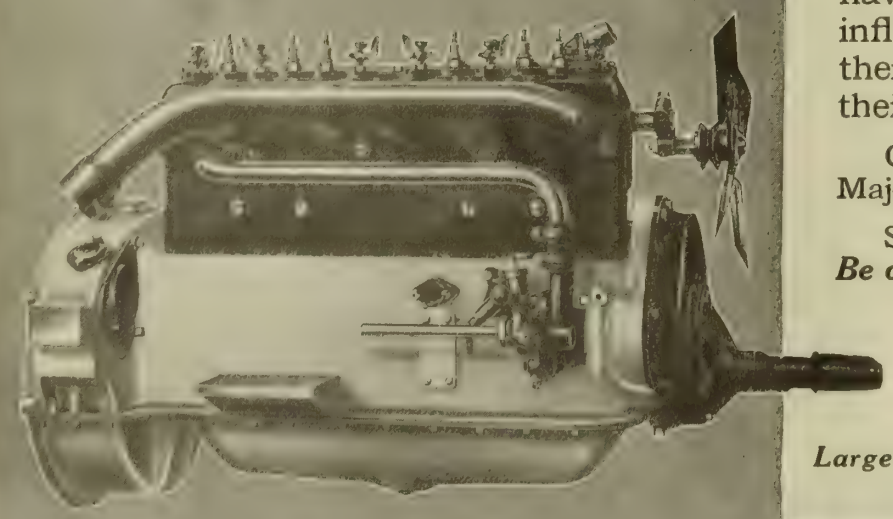
Naturally, the manufacturer who builds his own motor is prejudiced in favor of it. Yet many who formerly built their own have now cast their vote for the Continental Motor,—surely a real tribute.

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THE FOWLER'S SNARE



He whirled about and galloped almost ungallantly without waiting for her

BY WILL ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

"SHORTY," complained Lieutenant Stone to his wife, "makes me tired. Why the bloomin' deuce doesn't the little yap answer my letter?"

"Maybe he didn't get it," she suggested.

"Like fun he didn't! 'Tisn't as if we were still in the islands and the mail comin' only once a month to Muymaras. We're in God's country now, and the P. O. attends to business."

"Well, you can't expect—" she began, but he interrupted her impatiently.

"You bet I can expect. I know he never was much on pen scratchin', but, by gee, when I wrote and asked him a plain question before, he always answered some time within the month anyway. And here I go spreadin' myself all over the place in a letter to him the minute I heard he was detailed on the board that meets here, and beggin' him to come bunk with us, and he hasn't the decency to send us a line."

Madge sighed. Housekeeping, not knowing if one is to have a guest or not, is an anxious business for a young wife who isn't a good manager. But Shorty was always Shortyesque, as well she knew. "You ought to know—" she began, but was cut short again.

"Oh, *I* know what's the matter all right. I'm married. Might as well be dead to Shorty as married. Do you know, lady, I haven't had a line from him—not a *word*—since he went off to Muymaras on the first boat after our weddin'—and here's our second anniversary comin' next month. I was hopin' he might be here to celebrate with us. Darn that little cuss! I don't believe he's goin' to come to us at all."

"I'm afraid, dear, he isn't," said Madge, well knowing Stone's devotion for his old troop commander and understanding his bitter disappointment. "Shorty has always looked upon me as a robber who broke in and stole your friendship from him. Oh, I know you feel just the same, but you can't *be* the same to him—it wouldn't be fair to *me*—he's right about that. And, somehow, I don't blame him not wanting to come here. And it would be an awful trial to him to have his company manners on all the time, too, and so I guess he'll just be sensible and comfy and put up at the club. You *know* he'd be miserable here. Still, I do think he might have had the politeness to have written and declined with thanks. It's kind of hard to know what to do—not knowing."

"Oh, no," said Stone, somewhat mollified. "He'd never write if he wasn't comin'. That hombre'll just make up his mind to go to the club and go without further makee pidgin. That's Shorty. But, durn his hide, I'd like to get even with him for treatin' us like plague suspects."

"Isn't Stone a particular friend of yours?" inquired a cavalry captain of Captain Alexander Campbell some evenings later at the club.

Shorty knit his brows gloomily.

"*Was*," he emitted amid much cigar smoke.

"Had a row?"

"No," said Shorty despondently, and added with an air of finality: "Married and done for."

"Oh, wow!" said the captain, who, though a bachelor himself, was just now earnestly trying to change his status. "You aren't very fair to the ladies—and little Mrs. Stone's a jim dandy."

Shorty nodded. "Admitted. But a cavalryman's no business gettin' married. I've said it over and over again. It's cheatin' his country, that's what. Yes, by golly! And his best friends, too!"

"There's a sure cure for that."

"For what?"

"For the best friend. Let him get married, too."

"Yes, like—say, Tommy Atkins, are you gettin' personal? 'Cause if you are you can just quit cold. Nothin' doin' here, hombre. Good Lord! Me get married! *Me!*" Shorty's chunky little shoulders popped up and down as he chuckled over the idea.

"Stranger things have happened," said Captain Atkins sententiously. "You needn't feel discouraged just because up to now the ladies you've wanted wouldn't have you. If you can't have a bud, there are plenty of worthy wallflowers with leaves just beginning to wither who would be glad to grab you now they've discovered that they can't get anyone younger and better looking."

DURING this speech, in which insult and deliberate misstatement were piled high upon each other, Shorty had been accumulating excess steam until he had almost burst with the pressure. Human safety valves could stand it no longer. Marriage was always to Shorty as the red rag to a bull.

"Shut *up!*" he exploded, jumping up and kicking over an inoffensive smoking stand. "Shut up, you loco-minded, sense-perverted disgrace to your colors!"

"But—"

"*Quit!*" roared Shorty in a terrible voice, to the great delight of a bunch of younger officers who had crowded in from the billiard room to hear the better. "Understand me once and for all about this business, I never made love to any woman in my life—or wanted to. Get that? As for your insinuations about my looks and age, that's all right, they protect me—and I'm glad of it. Though I'm sorry to say, I haven't always been inspected and condemned as you're tryin' to make out. But, of course, it's always the best-lookin' hombre that gets angled for and caught first (that's why you're still a bachelor and a captain)." Shorty was getting into his stride and gesticulated oratorically. "Every woman is a fisherman or hunter—eternally anglin', gunnin', or layin' traps. It doesn't do to have anythin' to do with 'em at all. They catch us if we do."

By now Shorty had got himself cooled down to a good working temperature, and with a final and much less energetic kick at the prostrate stand and a jam of fists into pockets, he strode over and butted through the mob at the door, merely remarking with a faintly humorous gleam in the squinty eyes:

"You may think I laid it on pretty thick theoretically, but when your time comes you muchachos will find it gospel truth in practice."

"Whatever started him off, Atkins?" asked a young field artilleryman as Shorty drew out of earshot.

"Oh, I was just hazin' him a bit," answered Captain Atkins, "and he went and got hot under the collar. Women are his pet aversion, it seems. I'd like to get something on him. I guess the Stones will help me."

"The Stones will help you do what?" inquired the male of that species as he entered.

"Put one over on Shorty Campbell on the woman question."

"*This* Stone surely will," enthusiastically. "What's the game?"

Atkins explained his incipient idea. "Oh, I just thought we might frame up something, with some lady in it, to get his goat. Thought maybe I'd talk him up to some lone spinster, call him a woman hater, and get her going for him. Some kinds of girls are always out tomahawking for any man called a woman hater; it's just that much more prize to get his scalp."

"Too raw. Not strategic enough," commented Stone. "Come on over to the house and let the wife help on this. She's dyin' to get back at him for not comin' to stay with us or lettin' us know. She'll think up somethin', I'll bet a hat."

Madge received the proposition favorably. "Jerry's right," she told Atkins. "Captain Campbell does need some sort of a jolt to remind him of his manners, though I must say Jerry's much sorer than I am over this defection to the club. Still, I do think he might have the politeness to come and see us—and he certainly has no business spreading such antiwoman doctrines. Just a minute, I think I'll call in expert advice."

She went to the telephone, whence, after the preliminary, "Is that you, Daphne?" there ensued a cryptic conversation that was mostly giggles.

She came back, sat on the arm of her husband's chair, and fuzzed up his hair. "Daphne'll be over in a minute. I've told her all about it, and she's wild to help. She does love any sort of unusual sport."

"Good business," nodded Stone. "When you two put your heads together, the Lord help any mere man who measures up against you."

"Well, you know it struck me that it would be great if we could persuade Daphne to do the business herself. If anybody could get him wild, she could. Her father, being colonel, will help things, too; he can't refuse invitations. Shorty, I mean. She thinks it'll be rich. It wouldn't do to have an older, more unattractive girl, and it wouldn't be fair to her not to let her know the game either. We want to get the biggest dazzler we can, and have her go for him, horse, foot, and guns. Oh, I'll scare you to death, Mr. Shorty-man, before this thing's over!"

Stone nodded approval, but Atkins demurred, for Daphne Drayton was the young woman whose personality had wrought havoc with his preconceived notions of a bachelor life of bliss.

THE most attractive girl in the post (and that was saying a good deal) entered and sank down in a big chair, fanning herself with a woven-grass Filipino fan. "Whee! It's hot!" said Daphne. "You'd think it was August instead of the end of May. This joke on Captain Campbell is going to be great sport. He's an awful old grouch, isn't he? I remember him when I was a kid at Leavenworth, and he was always grouching about something and grunting away to himself. He never had any use for kids—me included. *Well*, I'll get back at him now! I've been thinking up things as I came over, and oh, I've got the grandest idea! I'm going to make dad ask him to Flo's wedding-eve dinner to-morrow night and be his dinner partner. That'll be a good start." She sat up in the eagerness of her planning, for Daphne shared one trait in common with Shorty: when she went into a thing she went in whole-heartedly. "And yes—I'll get him into the wedding party, too—you needn't grin like that; I'll manage it all right. And weddings make such wonderful opportunities; I can make all kinds of remarks that'll frighten him half to death for fear I've made up my mind to marry him. And he can't get away. He's got to be here two weeks—maybe three—on this board detail. Hurray!" she chortled—and to see a girl as pretty and spirited as Daphne chortling was an inspiring sight. Captain Atkins enjoyed that sight, but he was much

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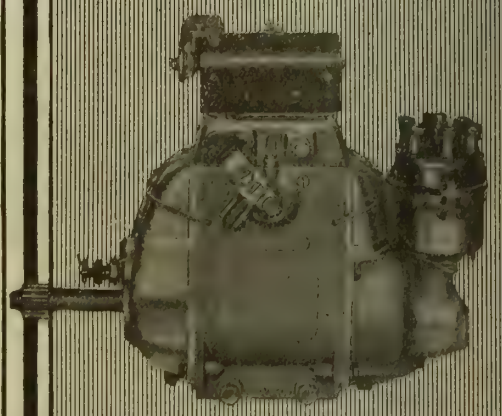
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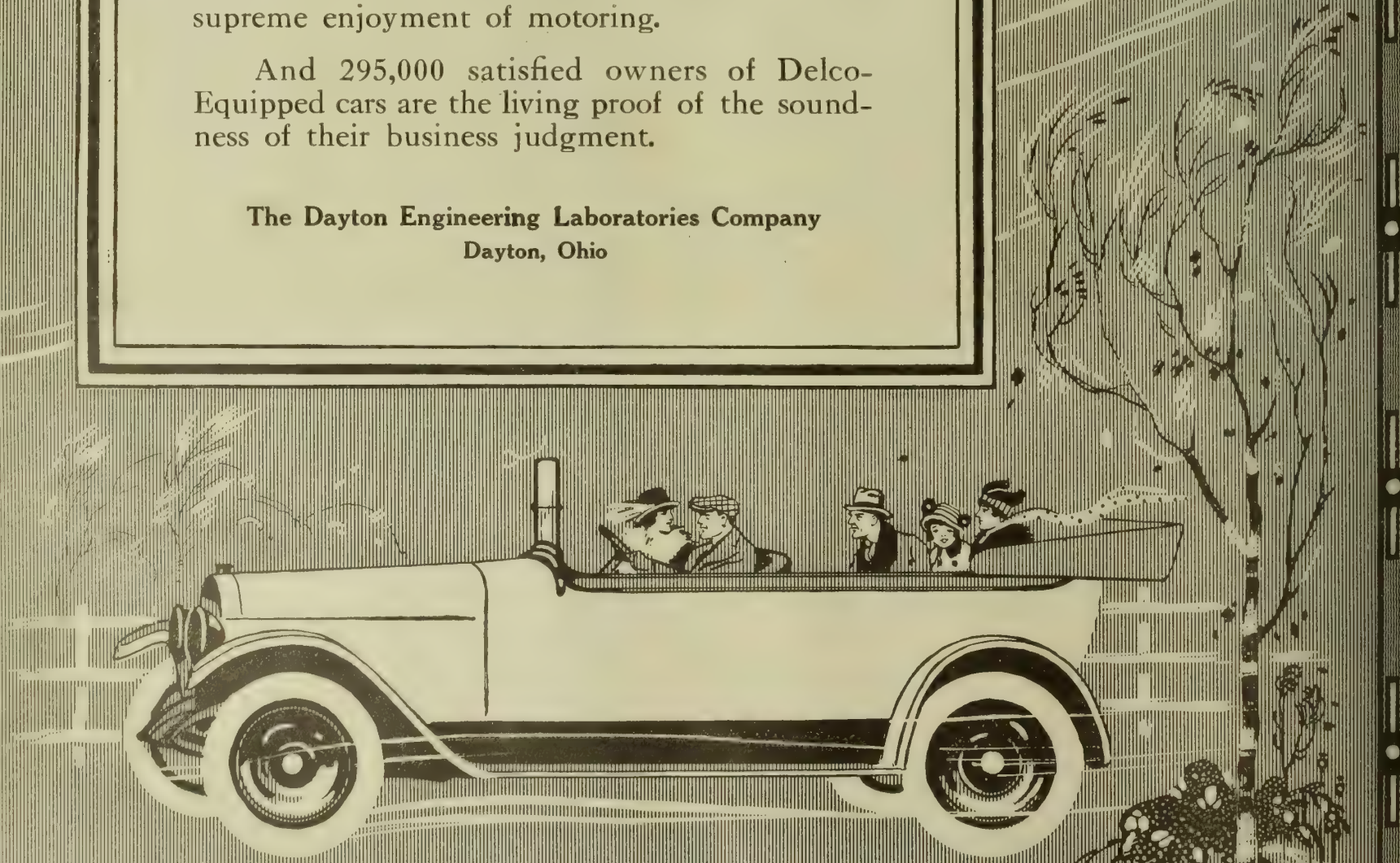
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disquieted at the cause. "You seem to be awfully keen on it," he said.

"Of course I'm keen on it—it'll be more fun than a bag of monkeys."

"And what about me? I thought I was to be your dinner partner to-morrow night."

"Oh, you'll have to side-step temporarily for the good of the service."

"I don't see *what* good. And people will talk—awfully. They won't understand, and I don't like you to be the subject of that sort of gossip."

"You don't like—" began Daphne pertly, but Madge stuck in:

"You don't understand, Captain Atkins. It's going to be all right or I'd never have asked Daphne to come into it. Everybody in the post is going to be in the secret except Shorty himself—it'll make it lots more of a joke."

"And, dad," struck in Daphne—"dad mustn't get a sniff of it or he'll never do the things I put him up to, and then lots of the fun will be spoiled."

The next evening was warm, and at Colonel Drayton's, grunting and uncomfortable in a stiff-bosomed shirt and adamantine collar, Captain Campbell fumed and cursed himself for being a fool dinner guest. And a wedding dinner too. Just because some hombre was fool enough to want to marry Flo Drayton. "Catch me ever gettin' my name mixed up with a girl's! Never would have come if I could have stayed away. Rotten mean of old Drayton to give invitations that we have to accept because he's a colonel. Whew! It's hot!"

IN THE reception room more disagreeable surprises awaited him. He was greeted by the colonel and passed on to a much too effusive younger daughter, Daphne, who insisted on giving him a much too cordial handshake and gazing at him with much too disconcerting, soft eyes. He was then presented by her with a tray full of dinner cards, one of which he selected, and found on it wreaths and cupids surrounding the single written word "spit." Shorty was utterly taken aback. "Golly, what a word to put on a dinner card! What does it mean?" He withdrew to a corner, marveling; but he soon was enlightened as Daphne Drayton fluttered up.

"Oh, Captain Campbell, what word have you on your dinner card?"

"Spit," pronounced Shorty grimly.

"Oh, goody!"

Shorty stared. Was the girl loco?

"Then I'm your dinner partner, you know. See! I have 'the,' the next word to it!"

She displayed another card to match his.

Golly! It was going to be awful to have to go to dinner and sit through a long mess of chow with this disconcerting female. But he still had curiosity enough left to inquire: "The word next to mine in what?"

"Why, the wedding-dinner quotation. Didn't you know? You see, there are just twenty-four of us, and we *did* hunt to find a suitable dinner quotation with just that number of words so as to give the men and girls every other one, so as to draw dinner partners."

"And what suitable quotation did you get?"

"Why, can't you guess? You have the key word!"

"Not much on anything but tactic books," said Shorty. "What is it?"

"*'May the love that you're so rich in*
Light the fire in the kitchen,
And the little gods of love shall turn the spit!'

I found it myself. Wasn't I clever? Come on now. Hurry and give me your arm; we're to follow right behind Flo and Jack."

WRITHING inwardly and glooming outwardly, Shorty grimly tucked her hand into the crook of his arm and marched forward, keeping scrupulously to the regulation step and interval.

Arrived at the table, Shorty's suffering increased as the dinner progressed ("A million little dabs of this and that and not a decent mouthful of chow in the lot—rather have slum and spuds"); his partner made increasing efforts to draw him into fatuous, shallow, silly, mushy, nay, perhaps compromising, conversation of the sort he always shunned. The worst, he thought, was served with the salad, for just then Daphne declared herself an ardent suffragette, and didn't Captain Campbell think that women should vote and have a voice in the politics of the country? In a most unfortunate lull the whole company heard the highly original and never-before-thought-of reply that Shorty growled back at her: "Woman's place is the home!" and then added as an afterthought of his very own: "And, by golly! she ought to be made to stay there if we have to chain her to it!"

ALSO, which was much worse, they heard the shameless Daphne answer coyly with an upward glance:

"Why, Captain Campbell, you're surely not the woman hater you're represented to be! I never imagined you would take that view. How lonely you must have been and how you must have longed for a wife to bind to your side with chains of love."

"Chains of—" began Shorty, but choked and checked himself in time and sat redly glowering while Stone and Atkins applauded and followed up with uncalled-for and offensive comments of their own:

"I thought it was about time he began longing for his ain fireside."

"'There is a tide in the affairs of men,' you know. Perhaps you are right now on the very threshold of romance," said Atkins, and Stone, who was sitting directly opposite Shorty, added: "Remember what your favorite says: 'Four things greater than all things are: Women and horses and power and war.' Notice that women come first."

The lady next to Stone jumped suddenly, having received a sidewipe from a particularly vicious kick directed by Shorty at his one-time friend, but as the captain's legs were short he had failed utterly to connect with his target.

After a thunderous, mumbled apology for this contretemps, conversation could not be dragged out of Shorty in any manner. "I can't connect with Stone," he thought. "Might as well be hobbled; and, by golly, I'll act as if I were gagged, too! It's the safest play, anyway. Piffling rotters!"

But after dinner, while the silly crowd was skylarking and making itself generally ridiculous just because one poor male was being jailed and shackled for life, that flirtatious girl did have the decency to say: "I'm sorry I said what I did to you—about being lonely. Mr. Stone and Captain Atkins had no right to come down on you so in public. It was my fault. I'm sorry."

Well, she ought to be, silly little fool. Still, neither Stone nor Atkins had had the thought to apologize. Honorable sort of a way with her—that girl had. Must have understood how he felt.

Later the band, or part of it, came in. They cleared the floor and started dancing. Shorty sat in a corner and watched. He liked to see other folks cavort, but he would never try it himself. No fool steppings for *him*. He watched Flo and Jack go by, excited, happy, absorbed in one another, then Stone with Madge, she wearing a brooch of pearls given her on her wedding day by certain men of her husband's troop who had been with him on a memorable expedition to Paganay. After them with an interval, came the belle of the post—Daphne—with Captain Atkins, who was being given a moment's bliss.

"Hope he hangs on to her," thought the ungallant Shorty. "Else I wouldn't be surprised if she wouldn't come after me to get me to dance. Somehow that girl seems to have it in for me." Vaguely he sensed the pursuit as a hare does sometimes before actually getting the wind. "She's sure a thoroughbred, gallant, high-steppin' filly to look at," he went on to himself. "But I'm willin' to take it out in lookin'; I'd be happier if she left me alone. And she's got no excuse; I'm not encouragin' her and 'tisn't leap year."

But, alas! his heart sank as he saw her coming toward him at the commencement of the next dance. What did the fool girl mean anyway? But at least part of his resentment was appeased by her first speech. Not having any mother and knowing doubtless that her older sister was temporarily demented, the girl evidently felt a responsibility as hostess.

"You poor man," she said, "sitting here all alone by your lonesome. I'm not a very good hostess, am I? Well, I'll try and do better. I'll dance the next dance with you. Now don't tell me you've promised it to some one else!"

"Don't dance," croaked Shorty out of a very dry throat.

"Why?" she demanded.

"Don't know how. Don't want to know."

"Oh, but you must learn. Let me teach you some of the lovely new ones."

"Couldn't learn. Couldn't possibly learn," Shorty hastened to assure her. "Tried once to learn the Moqui snake dance and later the Igorrote war dance, and made a beef of both of them. Never could manage any Dago and Spigotty stuff like this. I'd fall down sure as the Lord made little apples."

"Indeed you won't. The floor isn't a bit slippery." She took hold of his hand and dragged him up shamelessly. What could a poor man do? Couldn't start a catch-as-catch-can with his hostess, could he? Out into the publicity of the open floor was Shorty towed.

"Yonder he goes," said Stone wickedly, "pullin' at the halter shank with ears laid back and eyes rollin'. Now we'll see some circus."

They did. But only the first part of it was as they expected, for after his first confusion and utter daze, Shorty suddenly awoke to the fact that his reluctant feet were somehow performing in exactly the way his instructress indicated, and that in a surprisingly short time he was dancing almost as well as anyone.

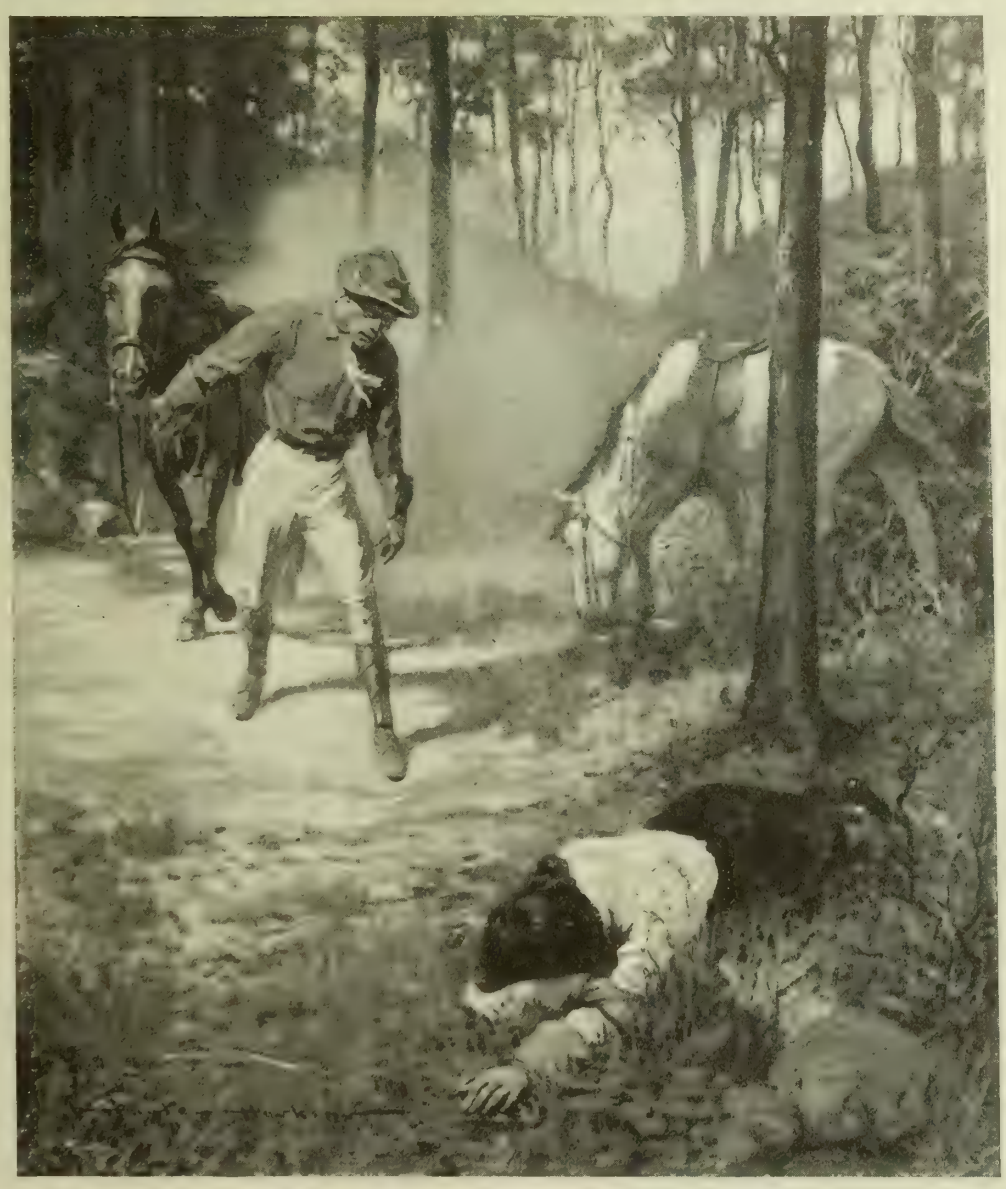
HE CLUTCHED his partner suddenly with a desperate grip that made her gasp, and then he began to dance with all the energy of his soul. All the vim, all the vitality, of his vibrant body went into that dance. Now Daphne Drayton was a plucky girl; she knew she had started this unexpected cyclone, and she was determined to see it through, and did her best to hold up her end of the game and stepped out gallantly. Everybody else had stopped dancing and was laughingly cheering the couple on.

"Good boy, captain! Didn't think you had it in you!"

"Keep it up, old sport! Never say die!"

"Sta-a-y with him, Daphne!"

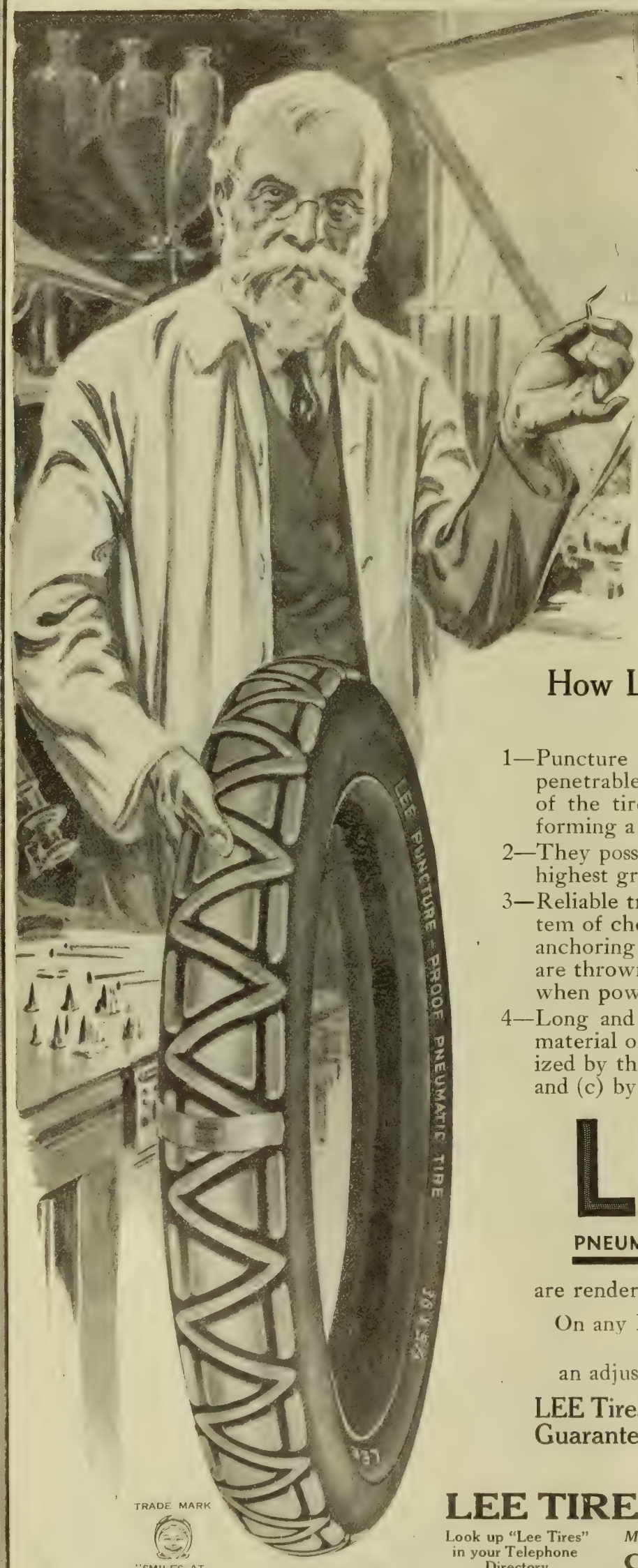
Stay with him she did to the finish, though it was more of an endurance test than any president would ever dare to order. The leader of the music, too, entered into the spirit of the thing and made it the longest dance on record. When at last the end came, and Shorty in the midst (*Continued on page* 78)



Then he saw her lying in the shadow on the ground, face downward. She couldn't have been thrown—she rode too well for that. What was the matter?

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THE MOTOR TRUCK IN PEACE AND WAR



BY ROLLIN W. HUTCHINSON, JR.

"WHAT the fool does in the end the wise man does in the beginning" is an old saw which has a peculiar significance in the action of the city of St. Louis in closing one of its main thoroughfares to horse traffic of all kinds. This seemingly drastic discrimination against the horse is the real beginning of what in the end will in actuality usher in the horseless street which More in his "Utopia" pictured as entirely devoid of draft animals. Missouri, the Nestor of the "show me" spirit, has shown the world what wise cities will do in the end, and that end as a universal practice in cities of even lesser size will come within the lives of many who read this prophecy.

The "corn motor"—alias the horse—has lost more prestige in the year 1915 than in all previous years of his gladiatorial struggle with the "power motor"—the automobile truck. Destiny and Coincidence, as exemplified in the mightiest test the automobile truck has ever been called upon to do in its history, has since August 1, 1914, established "a place in the sun" for the mechanical business vehicle, which so far eclipses its rival, the horse, that the last great battle between muscle and machine may be said to be over. It took the most monstrous war in history to prove that the motor truck in peace and war is the undisputed carrier of to-morrow for the bulk of the world's highway-transported merchandise. The motor truck has gained more prestige since August, 1914, than in all its previous history. The Great War is recording in the history of transportation the era of the iron horse of the highway. In this war of machines the motor truck has been one of the three big M's—Mortars, Machine Guns, and Motor Trucks—which have been most conspicuous in deciding the destinies of nations. And the lessons of war's necessity have sharpened commerce and industry to an understanding such as never existed before that the three big M's of the future in peaceful pursuits are Man Power, Modern Methods, and Motor Trucks.

For Economy's Sake

ASIDE from the acid test of the Great War and the resulting front-page publicity, the seeds of education planted several years ago by pioneers in power-wagon application are being harvested, and the proofs which the commercial mechanical wagon has written in the books of commerce are of the sort which most appeals to business strategy—tonnage and profit.

Time was when the self-crowned king of his equine majesty's *ménage*, the stable boss, was the cost accountant on highway-merchandise moving. This beetle-browed, hard-fisted potentate recognized no knowledge save that of the stable. Corn and labor prices might fluctuate 50 per cent, but Stable Emperor Bill's horse bills changed not year by year. If the bookkeeper or the cashier dared dispute the quarterly or semiannual reports of the stable boss, he got the fingers of a horny fist stuck in his short ribs with the injunction: "G'wan wit' ye—I *know* me business. I was born wit' horses. I can tell ye to the tinth of a cint what it costs to kape a span o' horses." And as for the "old man"—he, too, approached the stable emperor with a sickly feeling in the pit of his stomach like the sudden dropping of an elevator when he thought he wanted to protest against the same old report year by year on horse costs.

But the old order changes. Stable Boss Bill is not gone, but he is on the way out. Fortunately, business men are waking up to the fact that while Bill may have "been born with horses," he rarely ever grew up with horse sense on the veriest fundamentals of horse cost keeping. Day by day sees the progress of a new order of real transportation cost accounting. The old traffic superintendent did not know a *ton-mile* or a *package-mile* from Fourier's theorem. To-day these terms in the shipping departments of modern business houses are getting to be as common as suffragettes in Boston. The young fellow who is traffic superintendent or traffic manager for the modern motorized business firm is likely to be a graduate from Pennsylvania or Harvard's School of Business Administration, an expert cost accountant in addition to knowing what is what on horses as well as motors, and his cost system, with items figured in four-point decimals; his routing, his internal merchandise-moving methods, are so convincing in cold, unsentimental results that the business world is finding out at last how many millions of dollars it has sunk during the reign of the stable boss.

The great "show me" American business public has been shown. We who have been preaching the gospel of the goodness of the motor truck can henceforth take comfort in "I told you so." For the motor truck itself has done its own best talking—in the cash drawer and on the ledger that tells no lies. The biggest mental dent the power wagon has made is in the tangible, concrete proof that the mechanical horsepower equivalent costs $15 per horsepower-year for the gasoline business horse—the motor truck—as against $378 per year for the horse, for the same number of hours' work done per year, which is an average for the country of 3½ hours a day, or 1,277 horsepower-hours a year. Cost accounting on the "corn motor" and "power motor" is now showing many thousands of business firms that the vast difference between theoretical and tangible profits has been dumped into that insatiable money eater, the horse trough, and the monstrous system of graft, greed, and gulling practiced by the stable boss. But the motor truck had to prove itself like every other new institution—and custom and habit die hard. Who can blame the average business firm for having been skeptical so long about so radically different a transportation system? Surely not I.

Gigantic Strides in Popularity

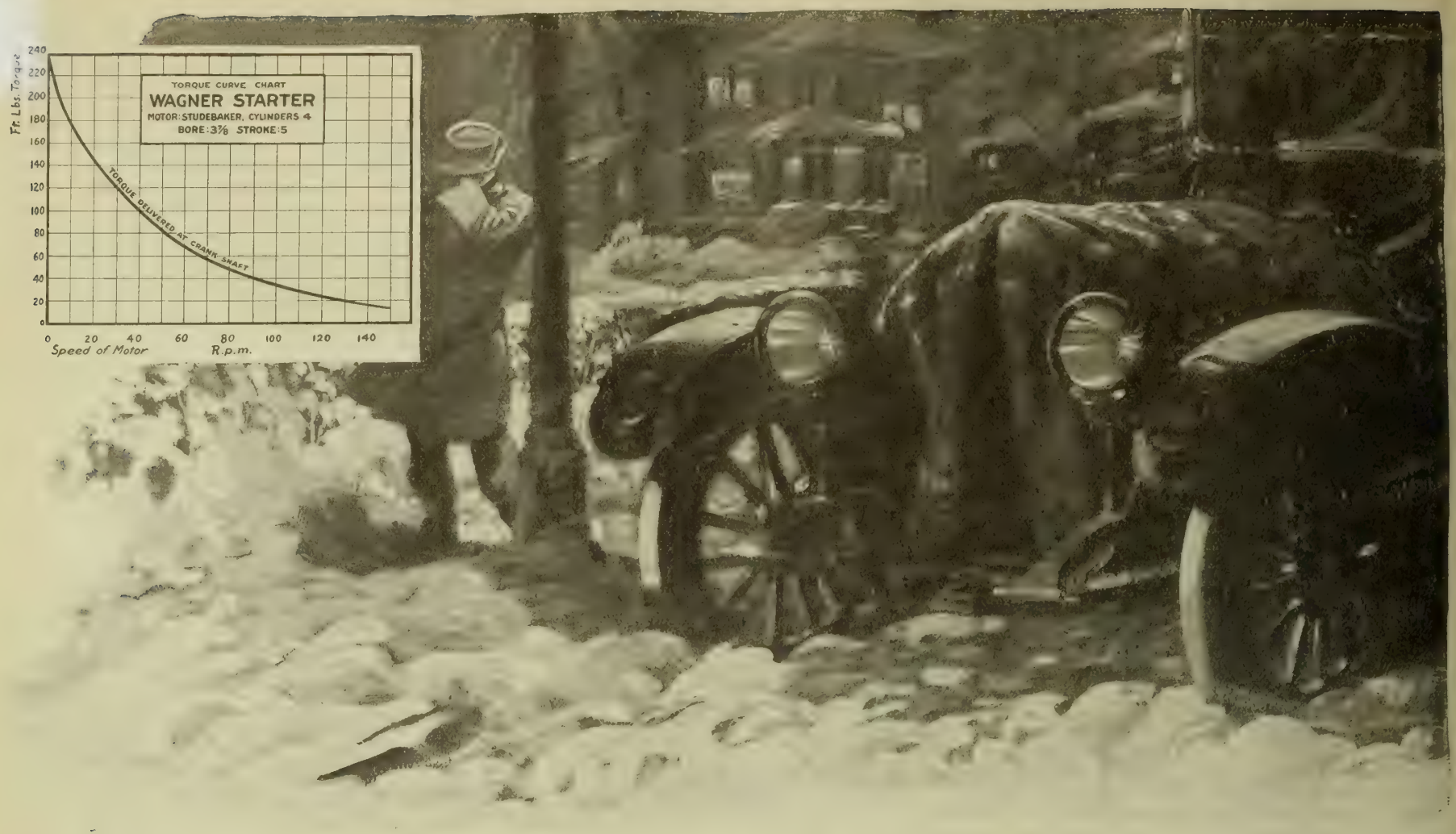
GREAT as has been the change in public opinion on the power wagon, the horse is still here, and is going to be here, even as a business institution, for a few more decades. Contrary to public opinion, the great European War will not end the equine race. Even the destruction of horses, large as it has been and will be in the European War, will not of itself be anything more than one of the several important factors which have caused the business world to motorize in an increasing degree. The United States, from January 1, 1915, to January 1, 1916, did not send Europe more than 550,000 of its 26,000,000 odd horses and mules. This number, while only about 2½ per cent, is significant in representing at least 50 per cent of the very cream of the American equine race. The very finest breeding stock of the United States and Canada has been slaughtered, and although about 25,000,000 horses still remain, a very large percentage of these are not of that type for continuing the quality of the equine race which modern business requires.

In this lies the most direful effect of the European demand, and in the European destruction of its native horses lies the future of the equine race. Already the relatively small depletion of the horse population is written for the future in terms of 75 per cent and 100 per cent increases in the valuation of horseflesh within eighteen months. And simultaneously with the increase in the price of horseflesh is the increased cost of horse feed — the horse cost of living. Coming at this time after the years of missionary work of the power-wagon industry, and while to be regretted from humanitarian and sentimental angles, there could not have been a happier coincidence for the popularizing of the mechanical commercial vehicle. Thousands of business firms whose present horse equipment is becoming decrepit cannot afford, even if they wanted to, to replace these animals with new ones which would stand up under the increasingly severe exactions—in urban service particularly—on draft animals. Much less can they afford to keep horses with the prices of horse foodstuffs bounding upward constantly and all of Europe's productive population demanding to produce crops which the horse has been wont to eat so unproductively in past years.

Business Motor Vehicles in 1915

IN 1915 some 70,000 motor trucks of all kinds were built in the United States. Of this number probably 18,000 went to Europe for use in some of the multifarious applications which the Great War has found for the commercial car. The other 58,000 were put in service in peaceful pursuits. The indications are that in 1916, unless very untoward business conditions exist all over the United States, there will be 125,000 commercial cars manufactured in this country. The valuation of the 1915 output was approximately $50,000,000, and the 1916 production will be in the neighborhood of $100,000,000. In other words, the output of commercial cars in this country is increasing approximately 100 per cent per annum, yet the Government's statistics for 1909 (the last report on the production of horse-drawn wagons available) showed that there were 587,685 vehicles made during that year. Big as has been the increase in the commercial-car industry, it has no more than equaled the normal increase in the production of horse-drawn wagons, let alone displacing the bulk of them, as the motor truck will eventually do. If the 26,000,000 horses and mules in this country are ever displaced by motor trucks, it will require an output, as the writer has previously stated in articles in COLLIER'S, of 6,500,000 trucks, on the basis of four draft animals displaced by one truck. This would take about seventy-five years at the present rate of manufacture. But this we do know: That the field for the commercial increase of the motor truck is yet almost unscratched, and as the passenger motor car has increased 2,000 per cent in ten years, so it is conceivable that in another decade there will be, instead of 250,000 trucks in the United States, as at the present time, more than 1,500,000.

For several years mechanical progress in the power-wagon industry lay dormant. The biggest motor-truck producers were passenger-car producers. The passenger-car business was an "order on a silver platter" kind of business; a motor-truck sale had to be grubbed for—had to be got by such cringing, coddling, price cutting—yes, coercion even—of



The Importance of High Starting Torque

When the thermometer hovers around zero, and your automobile engine gets stiff and cold, the real test of your starter comes. If it has a sufficiently high starting torque (power delivered at the crank shaft), it will crank the car under any weather conditions.

High starting torque may be obtained by building a big, powerful motor, but the torque usually delivered by such a motor would be too great when normal conditions of weather prevail. The ideal is obtained in

The Wagner Starter

The Starter that is built to order

which is the smallest starter on the market, yet it delivers a very high starting torque, and continues to deliver it until the speed of the engine turn-over increases, when the torque automatically and proportionately decreases. The beauty of this is that there is ample power to crank the engine when cold weather conditions require high starting torque; when normal weather prevails, the greater acceleration of speed causes an almost instantaneous drop of the torque. This means a quick get-away, and minimum drain on the battery.

Every Wagner Starter is built with these characteristics. The amount of torque required is determined by scientific tests in below-zero temperature, and the starter is built to order to meet these conditions.

The ability to produce such a starter comes from 25 years' highly specialized training in the development of motors, generators, transformers, converters, rectifiers, and electrical instruments of precision. The fitness of Wagner engineers for building starters is unique.

By permission of the Studebaker Corporation, we point to the 150,000 Wagner Starters that have been built to order for Studebaker cars, as evidence of the value of experience in building starters.

The general satisfaction experienced by the owners of these cars is a tribute, to both the cars and the starter. Splendid examples of team work —the logical result of the starters being built to order for the cars.

In 1916 over 125,000 new cars, of several different makes, will be equipped with Wagner Starters built to order for them.

Write for booklet, "The Starter That is Built to Order."

Wherever electrical reputations are known, the Wagner Company is recognized as builders of the highest type of electrical apparatus.

The Wagner ambition has been Quality rather than volume; but on the foundation of Quality, the Wagner business has grown until it now ranks with the great manufacturers of electrical machinery in America.

In the pioneer work of development, the Wagner Company has to its credit many notable achievements; among them the single-phase motor; the unity power factor motor; the starterless type of poly-phase motor, and the Wagner silent motors.

The Wagner Company built the first high-tension transformer in America (10,000 volts); also the first 40,000 volt transformer, and is equipped to build transformers up to 150,000 volts, in almost any size unit desired.

Wagner Transformers are rugged and reliable; they have low uniform temperature rise, and no hot spots to weaken insulation; low core loss, obtained by the use of the best non-aging iron, results in large saving in operation.





If you are interested in the service you will get out of electrical apparatus, investigate Wagner Quality. The nearest Wagner branch will gladly show you.

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Factory Branches and Service Stations: Boston, Springfield, Mass., New York, Montreal, Philadelphia, Syracuse, Buffalo, Toronto, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Toledo, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles, Seattle, San Francisco

Selling Agencies: Memphis, New Orleans, Sioux City, Dallas, Salt Lake City, London, Eng.

the prospect that the largest manufacturers were content to pack the motor-truck department in some far-off corner and put at its designing head a poor, ill-paid individual who might plead and pray that he be allowed to produce newer designs in keeping with the progress of motor-vehicle engineering, but all in vain. The progressive motor-truck-designing engineers had figuratively and literally to sit by and see their good plans discarded in favor of a vehicle on which their employers had a "mail order" waiting-list business. In many cases the designer of the motor truck was not worthy of the name. The larger combination passenger and motor-truck manufacturers only maintained a motor-truck department because the reputation of their passenger cars greatly decreased the selling resistance on the motor truck—deservedly so in some cases because their motor-truck product, as compared with the progress in the commercial motor-car art, was superior to its competitors—but these manufacturers, until the European War occurred, sat supinely down and continued to foist on the public antiquated models which, in comparison with their passenger-car product, were in the Dark Ages.



The Allies have bought 15,000 American motor trucks. Here are some of them, snapped in northern France

The motor-truck manufacturers were therefore largely to blame themselves until within the past two years for the intensely difficult selling problems they encountered by not giving the motor-truck user a product which was on a parity in mechanical advance with their passenger car. In 1915 the great powers of Europe came over and literally bought out for months in advance the output of nearly every manufacturer who could produce in terms of the largest production per week which they demanded as an indispensable requisite, for motor trucks were being destroyed at the rate of 500 a week in the Allies' campaigns, and the manufacturer who could not speed up his production to fifteen, twenty-five, or thirty trucks a day was ignored in the letting of these contracts, running into millions.

The Motor Truck of 1916

THE result was that those manufacturers who had invested in the earlier days millions in patents, dies, tools, and other physical equipment to produce a certain model or type of truck which had become antiquated enjoyed an absolute clean-up of the materials for the obsolete-model trucks. The public had accepted the motor truck with such relative slowness that it would have been business suicide to scrap the outgrown models. The demand from Europe changed all that. In four months after the announcement of the European War the largest truck manufacturers had sold five or six thousand of the obsolete styles and were ready to do what they had wanted to do but could not do several years ago: to manufacture motor trucks with all that modernness and mechanical simplicity which motor-truck operation had taught was essential to really popularize the power wagon. The result is that the motor truck of 1916 is on the average as far advanced and superior to the motor truck of 1913 as the passenger motor vehicle of 1916 is superior to the type current in 1909.

In other words, it must be frankly admitted that until the year 1915 motor-truck builders were compelled, owing largely to public indifference to the advantages of motor transportation, to fit a 1907 model to 1916 business processes. We all know how fast the chain-drive method of propulsion disappeared on the passenger motor car. In 1916 the chain-driven automobile truck will begin to become, in units up to three tons capacity, as conspicuously absent as is the chain-driven passenger car to-day. The transition from chain to inclosed drive in motor trucks is following step by step the evolution of the passenger vehicle. The public has been quick to see the merits of the inclosed drive, and the wonderful progress in the passenger vehicle has created an imperative demand for a commercial vehicle equally superior mechanically even though its functions necessarily do not admit of the same refinement of detail.

Another marked influence of passenger-vehicle progress on motor trucks is the almost universal practice of putting the motor in front under a bonnet instead of perching the driver over the motor—a design which originated in America and which is now almost *passé* because it is impossible to create a handsome truck in such a top-heavy design; and the American commercial-vehicle buyer now demands a combination of utility and, if we may be allowed to use the term, *beauty* also in his business motor equipment. The old-style motor under the seat, or footboard-type commercial motor car—"dromedaries" they were disdainfully called—has almost disappeared except in the very-heavy-duty-type truck for certain lines of business. The motor-truck builder has come to realize that if he errs it must be on the side of simplicity rather than complexity in his design. The modern idea is to put only what is actually needed in a motor truck and build those essentials so simple, so accessible, and of such enduring steels that the modern motor truck, if treated with even the care which the average team owner will devote to his horses, will require 50 per cent less chaperonage than horses. The motor truck of 1916 has, in its most advanced type, just about 25 per cent fewer details to befuddle the driver and demand from the owner a constant digging into his pockets for repair parts.

Indeed, motor-truck builders in 1916, while they have not made an absolutely fool-proof machine, have built their product as nearly fool-proof as is humanly possible, and the motor truck of 1916 will show results in operating economy as advanced as the operating economy of a modern passenger car is over the passenger car of 1910. The worm and internal-gear forms of delivering the power of the engine to the rear wheels are doing away with the biggest former objections to motor transportation—the noise of exposed drive (chains), the rapid wear and need of replacement of exposed parts, and the former relatively short life of the motor truck as a whole. These new forms of drive have to their credit mileages as high as 100,000 to 150,000 without the need of replacement, and they are made so automatic in their adjusting functions that literally the only thing the user has to do with what was formerly the most troublesome part of the truck is to *keep the mechanism filled with oil and let it alone.*

The driver on the 1916 truck is treated as though he were a human being instead of an automaton. The 1916 truck has a cab so inclosed that the driver is as snug in inclement weather as though he were in a limousine passenger car. Electric starters on small and medium unit trucks conserve the strength of the driver, hitherto spent in frequent cranking, for more ambition in the "round house" care of his truck when the day is over, economizing at the same time for the owner the former thousands of gallons of gasoline consumed in "idling" motors during stopping periods. The motor-truck manufacturer has realized that the driver is the man behind his success as well as the owner's success; and these refinements, conducing to the comfort of drivers, mark one of the biggest advances of the 1916 truck in giving greater efficiency and economy.

Newer Fields of Application

UNTIL within the past two years the *short haul* was regarded as an enemy of the motor truck. This was due to the well-known fact that the longer the motor truck stood waiting to put on and take off its load the less profitable it would be; and, manhandling methods being until recently the commonest way of loading and unloading motor trucks, manufacturers shied at the short-haul problem, knowing that the condition would put too serious a handicap on their machines to allow them to compete successfully against the horse. Within the past three years there has come about a growing appreciation of the value of mechanical loading and unloading of units in the scheme of motor-truck transportation. All kinds of power devices have been perfected to meet the motor truck's problems and to-day there are hundreds of heavy-duty motor trucks that are paying their owners twice as much on the short haul, in which the horse was considered predominant even two or three years back, as they formerly did on long hauls, which have been regarded as the most profitable field for power wagons. This has resulted in a steady encroachment of the motor truck for short-haul service such as exists in the transfer of heavy freight between terminals even a quarter of a mile apart. With its engine, or some extraneous power like that of a telpher, crane, conveyor, chute, or power shovel putting on and taking off the load, a motor truck on a 1-mile round trip may carry three to four times the tonnage per day that it will carry on a 5-mile trip, and carry that tonnage for the equivalent mileage for as much as 33 per cent to 50 per cent less than on the longer haul. The electric truck is to-day handling goods and freight in intraplant haulage—as, for instance, in the textile industries of New England—for hauls so short that the industrial intraworks railway was formerly used, but cannot, all things considered, hold its own in some cases with the flexibility and convenience of the electric-driven highway freighter.

Although only a complement of the common carrier, the motor truck has so encroached upon the domain of the railroad for short and moderate haul service that 1915 witnessed two distinct petitions from steam roads in Kentucky and Colorado for relief from the operation of the long-and-short-haul laws. In Kentucky on a 17-mile haul a public service motor-truck transportation company has rates of 8 cents per 100 pounds for full loads of freight and 12½ cents for light bulky articles that would take first-class rates by rail. All over the Middle West



The motor highway coach is coming to be a vehicle de luxe which the wage earner shares with the millionaire

HUDSON SUPER SIX TRADE NAME REG.

We Now Present a Marvel Motor in the

Hudson Super-Six

Patented by Hudson
December 28, 1915

Officially Breaking All Stock Car Records up to 100 Miles. Also All Stock Car Records for Quick Acceleration—Under A.A.A. Supervision.

100 miles in 80 minutes, 21.4 seconds, averaging 74.67 miles per hour, with driver and passenger.
The previous best record of 72.49 was made by a car with more cylinders, more cylinder capacity and driver only.

75.69 miles in one hour with driver and passenger.
During this trial speed laps were made at 76.75 miles per hour.

70.74 miles in one hour, carrying 5 passengers, with top and windshield up.
The previous best record for stock car similarly equipped was made by a car with more cylinders, more cylinder capacity, and with only two passengers.

From standing start to 50 miles an hour in 16.2 seconds. This stock car was driven 1350 miles at speed exceeding 70 miles an hour without discoverable wear on any part.

All the above Hudson records were made with the same stock car, using the same motor, at Sheepshead Bay Speedway in November, under American Automobile Association supervision.

The most powerful motor per cubic inch displacement which the world has known.

Mark what these achievements mean.

No other stock car, in all the world's records, has done what this car has done.

This is not a mere new model with minor refinements but an epoch-making car.

Even the rumor has for months kept Motordom on edge. But the wildest rumor was tame compared with truth. The Super-Six begins a revolution.

Note first that this change comes at the zenith of our success.

Only last fall a new-model Hudson won a new empire for us. It doubled our sales, and made a new record for fine cars.

We stopped that model in the height of demand, losing thousands of sales. We spent $1,500,000 to again double production. We committed ourselves, on materials, etc., for $42,000,000 worth of new-type cars. All because of what we now announce.

A GREATER HUDSON

On June 28, 1915, we applied for patent on the Super-Six. It was issued on December 28th.

The claims we made were startling. They meant an almost twice-better Hudson. They meant reduced vibration in seemingly impossible degree.

They meant an increase of 50 per cent in possible motor speed. They meant an addition of 80 per cent to our power, without added size or cylinders.

They would give a new meaning to flexibility, silence and ease of control. It was clear that such a motor was bound to supersede the best types in existence.

CLAIMS PROVED TRUE

Those claims were based on shop tests. Now, after months of road tests, we pronounce them true.

We compared the Super-Six with our old Six, with results told on next page.

We built and bought Eights to compare with it. Then we built and bought V-type Twelves. We were, by the way, among the first to test out these types in cars.

We convinced ourselves in a hundred ways that this new motor would dominate the field. Then we abandoned forever the old-type Six, and all idea of an Eight or Twelve.

ALSO A SUPER-CAR

In the months between every detail of the car has been raised to this motor standard.

We designed a new body with larger room and with perfect flowing lines. We built it with the double-cowl—in two compartments, each with a rounded dash. The finest grain leather is employed in the upholstery. The new windshield is slanted. There are disappearing seats in the tonneau.

We called in famous coach builders, experts and artists. And we gave them free hand to reach luxury's limit in the bodies for the Super-Six.

You will see that they did it. There's no need to argue that. A single glance at this new car will impress its superb distinction.

and in the Far West, where rail transportation is inadequate, motor transportation companies have established either purely freight or combination freight and passenger service for hauls as great as 100 miles, and with lower rates than rail carriers for these short and medium hauls they have made such inroads upon freight traffic in particular that in Oregon a certain trunk line has discontinued its suburban freight stations at all points within a distance of 25 miles from the city of Portland.

Competing with the Railroads

MOTOR freight companies are competing with railroads and express lines and make 75, 100, and even 150-mile deliveries, doing the latter distance commonly in two days, as against one week by local freight, with savings of $15 to $25 over freight rates for equivalent kinds and weights of commodities. These highway freight carriers deliver a delicate load of merchandise with but two handlings—loading and unloading—as against four, six, or eight of the rail carriers, obviating the expensive packing charge and mechanical damage often incurred in the shipments of fragile merchandise by rail.

Direct-to-consumer marketing of food products, discussed by the writer in COLLIER'S for January 9, 1915, has grown tremendously in the past twelve months. Specialized food crop growers contiguous to all large cities are taking hold of motor-truck transportation and not only securing better prices from consumers, conserving the time formerly spent in getting to and from markets for more productive work on their farms, but at the same time giving the city consumer the advantage of buying direct instead of through a middleman. Most refreshing is the attitude of reform committees toward motor trucks. The Chicago Municipal Market Commission says: "The city consumer pays an average in Chicago of $1.90 for what the farmer sells for $1. In New York he pays $2.10 for what the farmer obtains 90 cents to $1 for. It costs more to haul 100 pounds of potatoes or farm produce 5 miles from the docks to city consumers or retail stores than to ship them by boat from Michigan to Chicago. . . . Animal transportation is out of place and an archaic survival. Under present methods of hauling food products are invariably exposed for hours to the heat of the sun. Motor trucks as carriers of food products assure to the consumer better food at lower prices and to the producer a lower cost of hauling. Detailed comparisons showing the cost of hauling by horses and wagons and motor trucks indicate that the average cost of hauling in the city by motor is 11¾ cents per ton as compared with 17¾ cents by horses—a saving of 36 per cent." Handlers of perishable foodstuffs, including market garden products, dairy products, and meat requiring rapid and protected transportation methods, find the motor truck is the only transportation vehicle which fulfills these requirements. Refrigerated motor trucks are becoming more common, companies having been formed in the past year or two to handle during the season the products for entire districts of small truck gardeners. Many creameries now gather their milk from an extended territory by trucks, transporting them to central butter- and cheese-making plants.

The motor omnibus will succeed the small-unit "jitney" bus. The small-capacity jitney bus is essentially a mushroom development, having its inception in the hard times immediately following the outbreak of the European War. In the next year or two the jitney-bus idea of to-day will have died from lack of public support; indeed it is being fast superseded by commercial cars fitted with bodies of fourteen to fifty passenger capacity. Already steam railroads and interurban electric lines are applying motor busses for feeders from outlying sections, and trolley roads in residential sections where poles and other nuisances will not be tolerated are putting on motor busses and fighting the small jitney-bus operators with their own weapons.

In the Far West, where transportation is poor, combination freight and passenger commercial cars are coming into extensive use as the direct evolution of the old horse stagecoaches, covering routes as great as 200 miles on regular schedules like common carriers. All of the luxury of a Pullman rail coach is built in some of the newest types of interurban big-capacity busses. These highway motor coaches de luxe are of the same width as the standard railroad Pullman, but only half the length. They are generally of a so-called "one man," pay-as-you-enter type, the operator being both chauffeur and conductor. These sumptuous railless coaches are electrically lighted and heated by passing the exhaust gases of the engine through piping. The tractive versatility of the motor bus is surpassed by nothing but an army mule. Thus in the summer of 1915 a motor-bus line began to compete with the old cog-wheel rail line to Pikes Peak, covering a 17-mile route and ascending to a 14,000-foot elevation—an extreme of altitude in which the air is so rarefied that the "heart" of the motor truck of three years ago—the carburetor—would have been choked up for lack of oxygen. To-day the motor truck is working between the limits of 110 feet below sea level in the Salton Sea region of southern California to a 15,000-foot altitude in Oregon.

The electric railroad companies all over the land are waking up to the fact that if public opinion forces them to give better service they must equip themselves with electric motor busses or lose their franchises. In the city of Chicago $3,000,000 is available for the purchase of municipally-owned motor busses to be paid for from the very taxes which the trolley companies put into the city coffers. The electric-truck builders will have a virgin field for selling their machines to the urban and interurban trolley companies, as these operators can run an electric bus for medium-haul service cheaper than gas trucks, at the same time solving their big problem of handling the peak load at certain hours and charging batteries when the peak load is off, utilizing the surplus power.

The motorizing of city fire departments is proceeding with tremendous momentum. In 315 cities with populations of over 10,000 each there were in 1913 7,059 pieces of horse-drawn fire-fighting equipment. In 500 cities of the same class there were in 1914 5,897 pieces of horse apparatus, or with 60 per cent increase of listed cities a decrease of 1,162 pieces of horse apparatus. In these 500 cities motor apparatus included 211 pumping engines, 148 triple combination pump, chemical, and hose cars, 700 combination chemical and hose wagons, 201 ladder trucks, 269 pieces of apparatus drawn by tractors, and 724 cars of all classes: a total of about 2,300 pieces of motor fire apparatus. In 1916 appropriations for the purchase of $15,000,000 worth of motor fire apparatus have already been made by American cities, and yet only 50 per cent of the cities in the United States maintaining fire departments have a single piece of motor-drawn apparatus. Truly the field for the commercial motor car in this service alone is almost a virgin one!



The versatile motor truck gives a pile driver a lift

The Trackless Freight-Train Idea

WHEN man discovered that he could pull on a wheeled vehicle several times more than he could carry on his own back the first big advance was made in transportation. The "locomotive idea" is making big strides in highway transportation. Truck users are realizing that a vast amount of latent power is not utilized. As a rule a good motor truck can pull three times the load on its own "back" in trailer wagons. The tractor truck as the towing or locomotive unit is being rapidly applied in heavy-duty transportation such as coal, contracting, and lumber haulage, taking the form of one or more separate four-wheel trailers flexibly coupled to the locomotive as in steam railroad practice or as an integral part of the tractor utilizing a "fifth wheel" on the rear axle of the towing unit and carrying two-thirds of the load or more on a semitrailer or high-wheeled, steel-tired wagon. Rail transportation practice is being duplicated in railless transportation through the development of the truck-trailer-train idea. The highest efficiency in tonnage moving and ton-mile economy is gained through the tractor truck by having the power plant *always working*, i. e., having a set of trailers with one at the loading point, one in transit, and the other at the unloading place. This enables the towing unit to be constantly active.

Users of this system are learning that where the motor truck alone could handle only 25 to 40 tons per day on ½-mile to ¾-mile hauls, the truck towing one trailer delivers 125 to 175 tons and drawing two trailers 280 tons per day, or more than sextupled tonnage efficiency; also that the cost per ton-mile (the moving of one ton one mile) is reduced from 5 cents per ton-mile with the same capacity motor truck working as a self-contained unit to 3 cents per ton-mile when hauling one trailer of equal capacity to itself, and to as low as 2 cents per ton-mile when pulling two such trailers. The officials of a county in Ohio building its own roads found that for an investment of $2,500 in a light motor truck pulling two trailers they could do the same amount of work as with a $13,500 investment in mule teams — an economy of more than 500 per cent in outlay for equipment.

The business public has made the illuminating discovery that a direct saving of 15, 25, 30, 50 or more per cent by applying mechanical business vehicles is really for many lines of business an insignificant reason for motorizing. While putting all the money formerly dumped into horse troughs into one's bank balance is truly a big reason for motorizing which cannot be minimized, many firms are finding out that if a motor truck actually cost them 50 per cent more to operate than their horse-delivery system, it would still be indispensable. The American public wants what it wants, and wants it when the order is given day before yesterday! Quality of service and promptness in delivering the goods are demanded, and if Jones cannot do it, no matter if his goods are better than Smith's, Smith with his motorized delivery system gets the customer sooner or later. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Purchase, alias the great American consumer, want quality of service, and



It takes a good many bystanders to uncrate this made-in-America motor truck on the docks at Havre

Pathfinder

the "GREAT"

King of Twelves

WE solicit this test, knowing that it is the most severe to which any motor car can be subjected—

To fully appreciate what has actually been accomplished in "Pathfinder the Great," it will be necessary for you to recall all the best features of all the best cars you have known, either in this country or in Europe, and then to combine these features into an imaginary car which shall constitute your *ideal*.

"Pathfinder the Great" should then be required to out-perform this ideal car in actual demonstration—*point by point*.

We stake our established reputation as builders of quality cars on "Pathfinder the Great's" ability to set a new standard of motor car efficiency in hill climbing, acceleration, flexibility, speed range "in high" and road worthiness—all of which is made possible by the remarkable twelve-cylinder, valve-in-head construction of the Pathfinder motor together with the perfect co-ordination of all its units.

From a standpoint of eye appeal, "Pathfinder the Great" is a poem in steel—one of the most ultra-beautiful and sumptuous cars ever built

The materials and workmanship employed in the making of "Pathfinder the Great" are, without exception, *super-standard*.

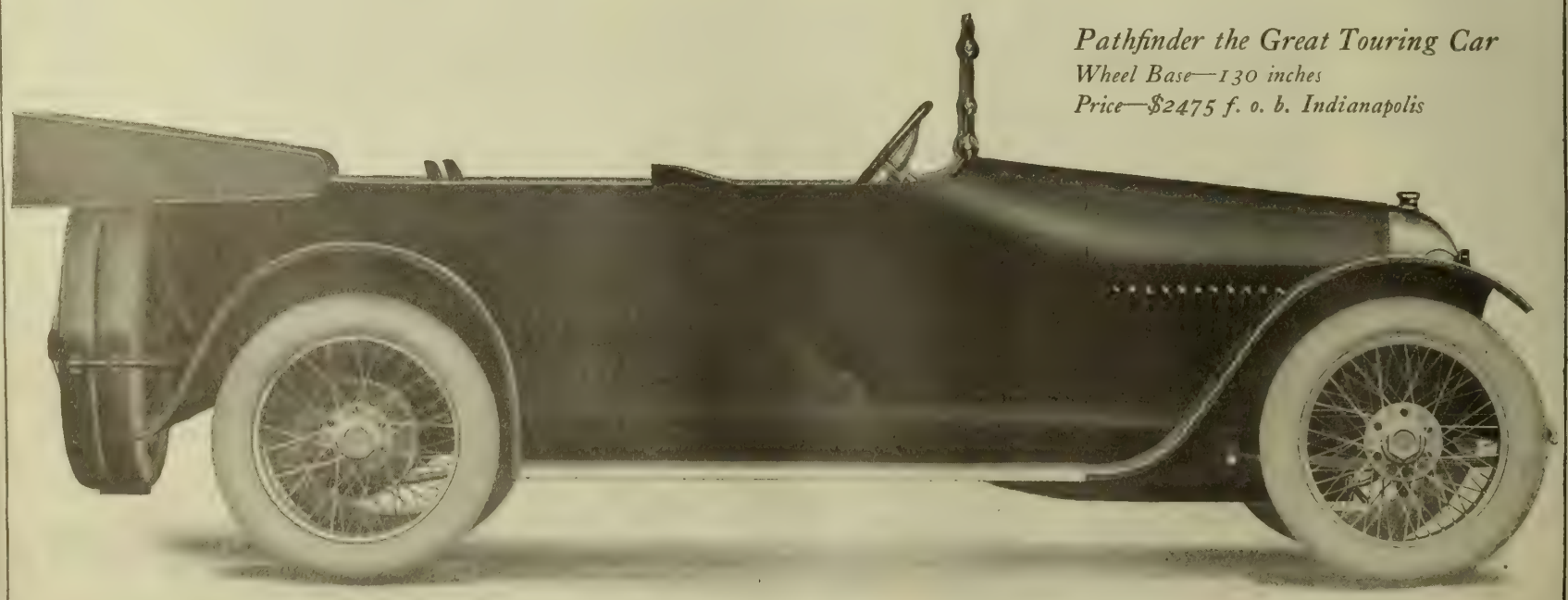
The full PATHFINDER line of models, including "Pathfinder the Great," will be exhibited at the New York and Chicago shows.

Literature and information on request.

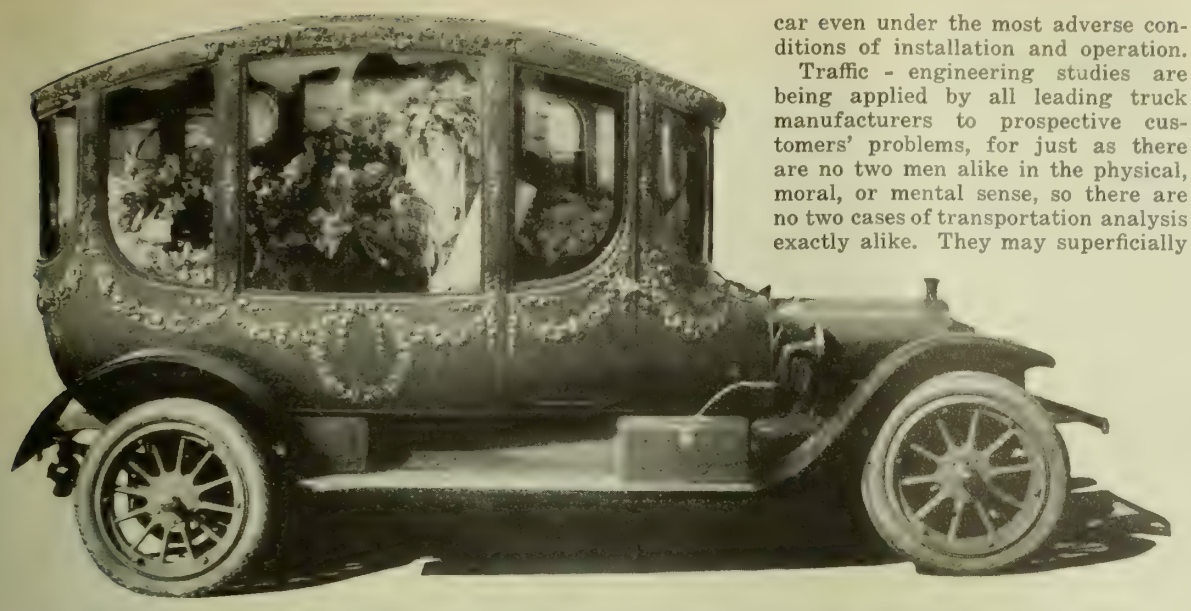
DELIVERIES ON "PATHFINDER THE GREAT" NOW BEING MADE BY OUR DEALERS

THE PATHFINDER COMPANY

Indianapolis, - - - - U. S. A.



Pathfinder the Great Touring Car
Wheel Base—130 inches
Price—$2475 f. o. b. Indianapolis



A Chicago florist's way of advertising his quality. A "high art" body on a 1,500-pound truck

this want can be supplied by no form of transportation but the motor vehicle. So prompt is the service that dealers in food products, particularly where the wastage from slowness of movement and exposure would be enormous, are being saved from business suicide by the dispatch of the motor truck. In the contracting businesses—especially highway building in which the automatic motor dump truck has displaced thousands of mules and traction engines within the past year—the quality of service which the motor truck gives has been the salvation of many a contractor to whom the vast revolution in methods, the demand for speed in finishing contracts, and the heavy penalties inflicted for delays would have meant financial ruin. The motor truck is at last being applied to build the good roads which it must have to make out-of-the-city motor transportation practical and profitable.

The Mechanical Stevedore

THE vast annual tonnage of package freight is shown by the statement that in 1914 some 720,000,000 tons passed between railroad freight terminals and transfer stations. To handle this vast tonnage expeditiously and economically common carriers as well as private corporations are adopting the mechanical stevedore—the electric industrial truck—to parallel the bigger outside automobile-truck system. Experimental efforts a few years ago by railroads for more efficient package and mail handling at passenger terminals have gradually extended the internal motor-transportation system to freight service, and to-day steam roads and steamships have more than 1,500 of these electric industrial trucks in use, representing an investment of approximately $2,500,000. Although primarily built for platform and indoor use, these mechanical stevedores run on pavements, and on bare ground in some cases, their capacity being about 4,000 pounds, or from ten to twenty times that of the old, man-pulled inside truck. As insurance underwriters allow them anywhere on docks and in freight sheds, they are the most flexible, versatile mechanical complements, in fact they have become an integral part of modern "transportation efficiency moving" of merchandise. In some cases one of these electric industrial trucks will do the work of as many as ten hand trucks and ten men. They can be operated by anybody. Requiring no changes in existing terminals built for horse standards, they have been the biggest factor in the past two years in increasing the efficiency of their bigger brother, the outside highway motor truck.

Two or three years back the term "transportation efficiency engineering" was merely a large mouthful of words, even to the motor-truck industry; a grandiloquent-sounding synonym for "bunk." Even the executives of truck manufacturing companies were wont to denominate the exponents of this new science as "up-in-the-air dreamers and visionaries," "hot-air merchants," "theorists," "fellows with sand in their gear boxes," etc. To-day transportation efficiency engineering is beginning to take its rightful place alongside other kinds of industrial efficiency engineering; the transportation efficiency engineer is at last being regarded as a *real* engineer, who is popularly defined as "a man who can do with one dollar what any fool can do with two." So the most successful practitioner of traffic engineering is a man who can make one motor truck serve where the average person would use two. Formerly motor trucks were fitted to a business entirely by guesswork and rule-of-thumb methods. It is marvelous indeed that motor transportation has grown as much as it has, considering that in the majority of cases custom and not science dictated the size, kind, and type of machine. That so many misfitted trucks serve their owners so well is a glorious tribute to the wonderful efficiency of the commercial car even under the most adverse conditions of installation and operation.

Traffic - engineering studies are being applied by all leading truck manufacturers to prospective customers' problems, for just as there are no two men alike in the physical, moral, or mental sense, so there are no two cases of transportation analysis exactly alike. They may superficially seem alike, but if the probe is deep enough it will disclose certain lines of demarcation which show that either a different kind of truck or a slightly different kind of body can be utilized to better advantage in each case. The bedrock of transportation efficiency engineering is not an abstruse science but the simple or garden variety of common sense, which unfortunately has been so uncommon in the past history of highway commerce. Motor trucks will run anywhere, but there is a vast gulf between mere mechanical operation and commercial efficiency and economy. Transportation engineering is showing manufacturers that, while their products will admirably fit in the more or less complex traffic and topographic conditions in one city, they are absolute misfits in another city.

There must always be a compromise between the dictates of designing engineering and commercial efficiency and economy, and it is this compromise which is one of the many functions of traffic engineering to chart clearly for the producing as well as the selling departments of the truck manufacturer. Each locality presents, from the mechanical side alone, conditions which debar certain manufacturers from seeking markets in those communities until they can meet the mechanical essentials in trucks suitable to the conditions. For instance, Pittsburgh, Pa., Kansas City, Mo., and Portland, Ore., have either such bad paving or such steep grades that trucks with extra powerful engines or multispeed gear boxes are required. Again, a short-haul, frequent-stop service might superficially dictate the use of the electric, but, if the city is a far northern one, with —20° to —30° winter temperatures and deep snows, the case may be different. Both these conditions bear upon battery power and traction, and might debar the electric from practical and profitable application and necessitate a gasoline truck as the best all-year-round machine in spite of the fact that in the average traffic-efficiency sense the gasoline truck would be operating under unfavorable conditions. Transportation efficiency engineering is lifting the horse to his rightful zone, the electric truck to its peculiar domain, and the gas truck to its sphere of usefulness where a few years back the crudest principles were applied. Traffic engineering is a thorough probe of goods handling, commencing at the door of the merchant's stable and ending not at the door of the shipping room but at the door of the customer whom the merchant serves. Slowly but surely it will check the present prodigious waste in business. War is a terrible test in which a new transportation tool must be forced to prove its efficiency, but the European War will live in the history of the motor truck as the greatest promoter of its popularity. The European War gave the motor truck the hardest trial that any purely commercial mover has ever been subjected to, and no other agency, no amount of money spent in publicity, could have piled up more prodigious proof of the hitherto unrealized value of the motor truck in the scheme of modern civilization. The writer estimates that the "white space" value alone of the pictures printed in American newspapers and magazines on some one of the many applications of the motor truck in the present European War would have cost the motor-truck industry of the United States a round sum of $15,000,000, for in many instances the incalculably valuable work of the motor truck was portrayed in type and picture on the front pages of the world's leading public prints, where advertising space is not procurable at any price.

Mortars, Motors, Machine Guns

ARMY men until this war still clung to their blind faith in horseflesh, even though military maneuvers with motor vehicles have been held for nearly ten years. Many military experts predicted that motor vehicles would break down and prove impracticable and, owing to the lack of some petty nut, bolt, or screw, would have to be abandoned and destroyed. Spare horses, they said, could always be had without any waste of time in tinkering. To-day in the war zone of Europe Mr. W. F. Bradley, American motor-truck expert now with the Allies, says: "With the Allied troops I have seen horses standing idle day after day—good horses driven by men who knew their business—while the motor trucks have been keeping on a night-and-day schedule of service. It has been conclusively proved that horses are not necessary—indeed, that they are prejudicial to the best work of an army service corps in the field. Wherever possible, horses have been taken out of army work altogether." As a traction agency of power, the horse bears about the same relation in strength to-day to modern warfare as does an Angora goat to an Indian elephant. Even an attempt to feed 18,000,000 men in the field to-day with rail or horse transportation would be a physical impossibility, and when machine guns that need to be fed 400 to 500 cartridges a minute are used by the thousand, without the motor and its mobility the deadlock on the western battle front would have been much longer drawn out.

Feeding the millions of men with beef, bread, and *bullets* has been, as stated, the chief function of motor transports. Offensive operations with motors are relatively insignificant, as this has been a war of big-calibered guns and sieges. The motor vehicle has been fitted in the European war to every function which the horse has performed with the exception of cavalry service. In proportion to the number used, more horses than men have been killed so far. Horses by their relative slowness and vulnerability are much better targets than motor vehicles. A fragment of shell may destroy a horse; a motor vehicle, however, may be riddled with bullets or even hit with light artillery projectiles, but unless struck in the vitals it will continue to be serviceable. Instead of immortalizing the heroes of the great war mounted on equine bronze, it will be more fitting to perpetuate their glorious deeds seated in armored automobiles. The present European conflict has shown that the horse is becoming obsolete in war.

The Humanitarian Side

WHEN the story of the service the motor vehicle has rendered in saving the lives of thousands of wounded men shall have been written, it will immortalize the motor vehicle as an inestimable agency of mercy. More than 50 per cent of the 200,000 motor vehicles of all kinds that have been



This versatile motor truck not only hauls a big load on its own back but pulls twice as much more on trailers



U S MOTOR TRUCKS
FLOATING POWER PLANT

Did It Require War to Teach You the Value of Motor Trucks?

IN war, bravery counts for little, unless an army has modern equipment. In business, trade is lost and opportunities for expansion are missed because of old fashioned and inadequate equipment.

Competition leaves you no choice between horses or trucks. The question now is, *what* truck? Don't decide until you know "U. S. Motor Trucks."

In Europe under the hardest conditions "U. S. Trucks" are daily proving more reliable, durable and economical. And they should, because of the basic correctness of their construction, the highest quality of materials used and the unlimited manufacturing facilities behind them.

Only U. S. Trucks have "floating" power plants. This feature alone means money in your pocket—means your U. S. Trucks "keep going" longer.

All roads are uneven, and cause continual twist, strain, distortion and weave to the truck's frame. When the motor and transmission are bolted directly to the main frame, they suffer abnormal pull, wear and tear with every bend of the frame—a wear that is useless and self-destructive.

The engine drive shaft, and transmission of U. S. Trucks are entirely independent of the main frame—are free from this handicap that binds and makes friction that eats power and deteriorates machinery. Our system of five inch ball and socket joints in three point suspension is an exclusive feature. This, along with the many other superiorities of U. S. Trucks mean you get more service, longer wear, less trouble, minimum delays and expense. All vital parts are protected against road shocks and vibration.

U. S. Trucks are "fool proof." Best of all, U. S. Trucks are not a mere collection of parts—but mighty freight-haulers especially built to meet the most adverse conditions.

All vital parts protected against road shocks and vibrations

Floating Power Plant—Engine, drive shaft and transmission entirely independent of the main frame. U. S. Continental engine on rigid subframe supported between vanadium coil springs at forward end and by 5-inch ball and socket at rear, making perfect three point suspension. This saves wear and tear, prolongs life of engine and transmission gear, and delivers more power to drive wheels when frame is distorted. Very accessible and easily removed. *Gears* are always in mesh in transmission case. *Hot air* assists vaporization of gasoline in U. S. Stromberg carburetor. *Engine speed* controlled by sealed governor. *Ball and socket* joints of steering gear provided with coil springs that automatically take up wear and prevent noise. *Rear wheels* on worm drive rigidly keyed to axle drive shafts which extend to differential in center of axle, best suited to withstand side thrusts, etc. *Four brakes* connected in pairs thru famous U S equalizer. Makes braking certain and effective and prevents skidding. *Right or left* drive, with center control. *U. S. Special Transmission* gear removable quickly from below without disturbing other parts. *Impossible* to make change of gear while clutch is engaged. *Radiator* is not supported by brackets or springs riveted and soldered to its side, but rests firmly in a special cradle or carrier which is fitted with double coil shock absorbing springs. This prevents leaky radiators. *No leaky* gasoline tank because it is round with rounded ends of seamless steel tinned inside and out and held firmly by clamping straps of steel lined with anti-friction. *Engine valves* with their lifters and springs entirely enclosed. *Engine bearings* supplied with oil by means of two positive plunger pumps that pump oil constantly while engine is running. *The engine* that furnished the power, the drive shaft that transmits it to the transmission gear, and thence to the rear wheels, scientifically attached to main frame of truck, permitting this main frame to be bent and twisted in every direction in traveling over bad roads, without straining these parts, or causing friction—*Economy of operation—Long Life of Parts.*

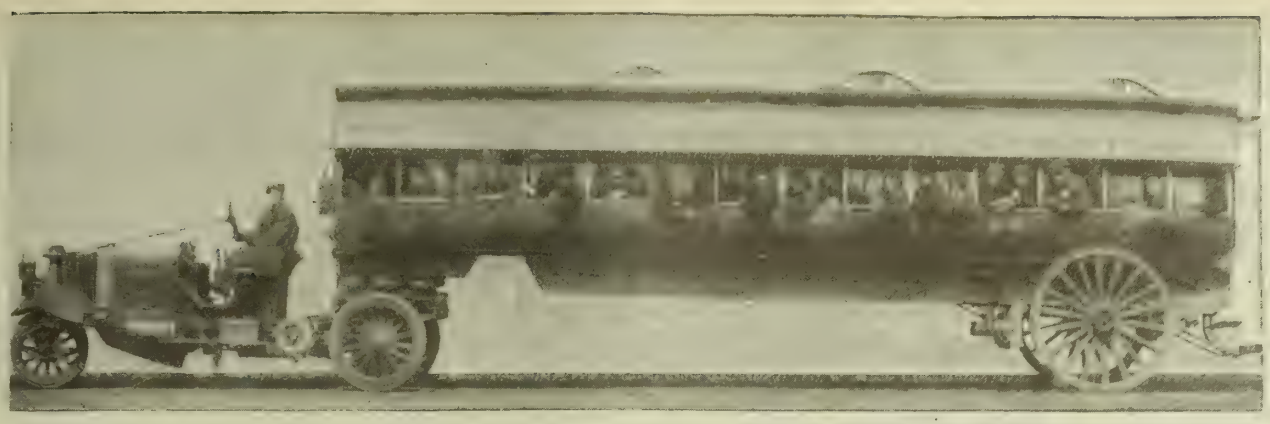
Write us for complete information. Let us solve your hauling problems. The services of our experts are free to you. We will instruct your drivers free. U. S. Trucks, both chain and worm drive, are made in a range of capacity to suit all heavy hauling needs.

CHAIN DRIVE—Model E 2 ton—$1900; Model D 3 ton—$2400
WORM DRIVE—Model H 2 ton—$2200; Model J 3½ ton—$2850; Model K 5 ton—$3600

THE UNITED STATES MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, ROBERT S. STEWART, General Manager **CINCINNATI, O.**

(Six Years of Success—Established in 1909)

DEALERS—No matter what your business is or where you live, we have a very lucrative dealers proposition. It costs nothing to learn it. Write us



In Brooklyn this fifty-passenger omnibus is hauled by a semitrailer type of tractor truck

employed by both sides in the present war have been for humanitarian service. A considerable number of these motor ambulances are of standard types, but perhaps a greater number are hastily improvised, owing to the immense number of wounded men who must be hurried to hospitals. The standard types have folding stretchers on the sides or are the regular munitions and supply transport trucks, having bodies in which stretchers are carried in tiers or decks with one or two wounded men side by side on these decks. In some cases motor ambulances by rushing desperately wounded men to hospitals have been the medium through which seven human lives out of ten have been saved day after day and month after month. The value of the human lives which the motor vehicle has conserved for the belligerents in the present war has many times over paid for the $150,000,000 or more which has been spent by them for one of the big three M's of the present bloody strife.

What of Salvaged Army Trucks?

BY THE time this is published the Allies and Germany and Austria will probably have invested a quarter of a billion dollars in motors. These engines of Mars have been taken largely from peaceful pursuits and obtained by wholesale commandeering of manufacturing establishments, while nearly $75,000,000 worth of motors of both the passenger and the freight-carrying type have been secured in the United States. If the war continues to August, 1916, the deadlock on the Western battle front is broken, and the Russians manage to keep supplied through the winter of 1915-16, at least 300,000 motor vehicles of all sorts will have been employed in the Great War, of which number at least 50 per cent, or 150,000, will be in a salvageable condition at the end of the war. What will be the effect upon the motor-truck industry of the world of this sudden dumping upon the market of used machines in all conditions? Let us pause for a moment before discussing the result of the marketing the possible 150,000 decrepit trucks upon the future of the commercial-car industry, and picture the vast work of reconstruction.

Many thousands of miles of railroads and internal waterways in France, Belgium, Russia, and Austria have already been destroyed or rendered unfit for use without almost complete reconstruction. The rehabilitation of cities and public works, railroads, etc., will be a problem extending over many years. Capital to replace rail carriers will be lacking to a large extent, and useful horses will have been exterminated. The auto truck is the only agency which can be pressed into service to handle the big tonnages needed in the work of restoration. Not only the Allies but the Germans realize this, for several months ago the "Automobilwelt," the leading motor-trade paper of Germany, said: "That a tremendous demand for trucks will arise after the war can be affirmed most energetically, and beyond a doubt. No matter how the war may turn out, the German automobile industry will have to figure with a demand exceeding former requirements by a multiple. *Most of this will have to be produced within a year.* Above all, the subsidy system for trucks, as inaugurated by the Government long before the war, will be extended to still further limits, as experience gained during the war with trucks taken over by military authorities has been most satisfactory. For this reason German military authorities will endeavor to replenish rapidly and also enlarge their automobile equipment. These facts go to show that an increased demand will surely arise after the war—a demand which will have to be filled within a short period." As the Allies may have more reconstruction to do than the Germans, the war having been waged in their territory, the demand for trucks by the Allies must be still larger. But as the Allies have used two, three, or four times as many trucks as the Germans, they will have a correspondingly greater number to salvage.

Granting that 200,000 passenger and freight motor cars will remain on these Governments' hands at the end of the war, and that 100,000 of these are in such condition that they can be used to advantage—granting all this, vast as will be this number, it will be inadequate for the actual needs of the reconstruction work following the European War. These Governments must themselves assist in the work of reconstruction. Indeed, the motor vehicles left on their hands at the end of the war, instead of being, as has been predicted, a menace to the introduction of American-made machines, will be quickly assimilated. Many thousands of them, moreover, owing to the tremendously hard work and abuse they have suffered through faulty repairs, corrosion in the field, etc., will so quickly become too decrepit that the number remaining in commission two years after peace is declared will be relatively small. Europeans, instead of trying to confine themselves to using these damaged war trucks at the conclusion of the war, will begin to call for many thousands more from America to supplement them.

American-made motor trucks have so much bettered the performance of the European machines in the Great War that the American truck manufacturer who has had the privilege of having his product accepted for military use will have gained an invaluable prestige. This will give him increasing momentum in meeting the competition of the European motor-vehicle industry, which has been so shattered by the stress of war that for the next ten years the American manufacturer of a good motor truck can count on selling his machines in Europe in increasing volume, provided prohibitive tariff laws are not passed. Indeed, it is not improbable that the American invasion of the European motor market will be a permanent one, particularly since Europe, which formerly led the world in motor-vehicle progress, must perhaps look to America for its engineering brains, as Europe's best engineering brains lie in unknown trenches. The British automobile-trade press is stubbornly resisting the foothold which the American truck builder has gained in Great Britain and France during the past twelvemonth, and with pessimistic propaganda has predicted the direful results of the "second-hand car flood after the war," the object being to discourage the American manufacturer from further attempts to dominate, as he undoubtedly will for all time to come, the motor-vehicle industry of the world, not only, as he has, commercially, but "engineeringly."



A fleet of busses keeps busy ferrying tourists through the Washington forests

Your Uncle Samuel is now beginning to realize that a subsidy system such as was the salvation of the great powers of Europe, in providing themselves with motor transports, must be established. This question has been taken up by Congress, and within the next two years undoubtedly a definite subsidy system will be established. While there are nearly 250,000 commercial-type motor vehicles in the United States at this time, the wide differences in design and construction would impose a mechanical maintenance problem in the event of the Government's having to commandeer for military service motor trucks that would be five times larger than would exist under a subsidy system with definitely standardized designs, making parts of one make of motor truck interchangeable with those of other makes. The waste resulting from the necessity of having to abandon thousands of machines in the field in the case of retreat, due to the lack of replacement parts that would fit the machines, would be enormous, and in the years of warfare against an invading army the bulk of the miscellaneous differently made American motor trucks pressed into service would have to be abandoned or destroyed.

Adopt the Subsidy System

AT THIS writing the War Department is collecting data on the outputs of truck builders, and, through the newly appointed board of scientific counselors on national defense, working out the preliminary plans for scientific subsidy types of motor trucks. These plans, once they are effective, will be a powerful stimulus to the popularity of motor transportation in peaceful pursuits, since the owner of the subsidized type of American-made motor trucks will have a considerable portion of his investment rebated by the Government. Compelled, in order to enjoy the benefits of the subsidy system, to maintain his motor-truck equipment at all times in the most serviceable condition, the American motor-truck user would likewise get better results from motorized transportation, and the National Government cannot in any other way secure adequate, practical, and efficient transportation equipment for possible future wars. Direct purchase would be extremely wasteful, as before the Government could have the required number of motor trucks delivered they would have become obsolete owing to the rapid mechanical progress of the art.

Apropos of the value of the subsidy system to the American Government, the armored motor truck and the submarine are the two foremost coast-defense engines of Mars. If properly constructed, one well-designed armored motor truck with five men manning its machine guns could stand off an army of 5,000 cavalrymen. Although the fighting ability of the Mexicans is no criterion of the value of the armored motor truck, the successful standing off of two regiments by Villa during one of his campaigns in Mexico, using only one armored motor truck, proves its possibilities, and Villa's armored motor truck was homemade and exceedingly crude, the armor plate being of ordinary boiler iron and intended to shed the soft-nose bullets used by the Federal troops and the 7-millimeter Mauser bullets. Its battery consisted of three machine guns mounted on the inside on swivels moving through angles of 120 degrees.

The Motor Truck in Mexico

MR. PIERRE SCHON, an American motor-truck expert then with the Constitutionalist army, describes this interesting armored-truck chassis of his design as follows: "A 2-ton truck chassis was used, and notwithstanding the many handicaps, due to difficulties in securing the proper materials in armored construction and the necessity of building the machine with cheap Mexican labor in the interior, it proved nevertheless, during the terrible battle of Gomez Palacio, that cavalry will be a thing of the past wherever road conditions permit the use of a motor-driven vehicle. Due to the embargo on arms and ammunition among other things, such

Studebaker

—the GOLDEN Chassis at the Shows

GOLDEN—golden in finish and golden in worth—this New Series Studebaker Chassis is the sensation of the Automobile Shows! Now on exhibition at the New York Show, it will also be a feature of the Chicago Show at the Coliseum, and after that will be exhibited in all the leading cities of the country.

This GOLDEN Chassis represents the largest and the costliest effort of its kind. Thousands of dollars' worth of pure gold were used in the months required for the finishing. And the Chassis is valued at more than $25,000!

This GOLDEN Chassis represents the climax of our engineers' years of study of this one design—years that little by little have brought the chassis to a state of perfection that makes it truly "a GOLDEN Chassis."

This GOLDEN Chassis represents the perfection of design that Detroit, the Home of Automobiles, Detroit, the city that makes three-fourths of the country's cars, recognizes by making Studebaker its own Preference in cars. Registration figures for 1915 show more Studebakers in use in Detroit than any other car selling at more than $500.

This GOLDEN Chassis shows as we can show in no other manner, the superb quality of this Studebaker design, it s sturdiness and its accessibil and in slow motion, it disclo tion of the entire mechanism of finish and perfection of ma

But it must be remembe GOLDEN Chassis is after all chassis taken from the regu day's production. And its brothers that passed along to floors are as truly GOLDE this one is in finish.

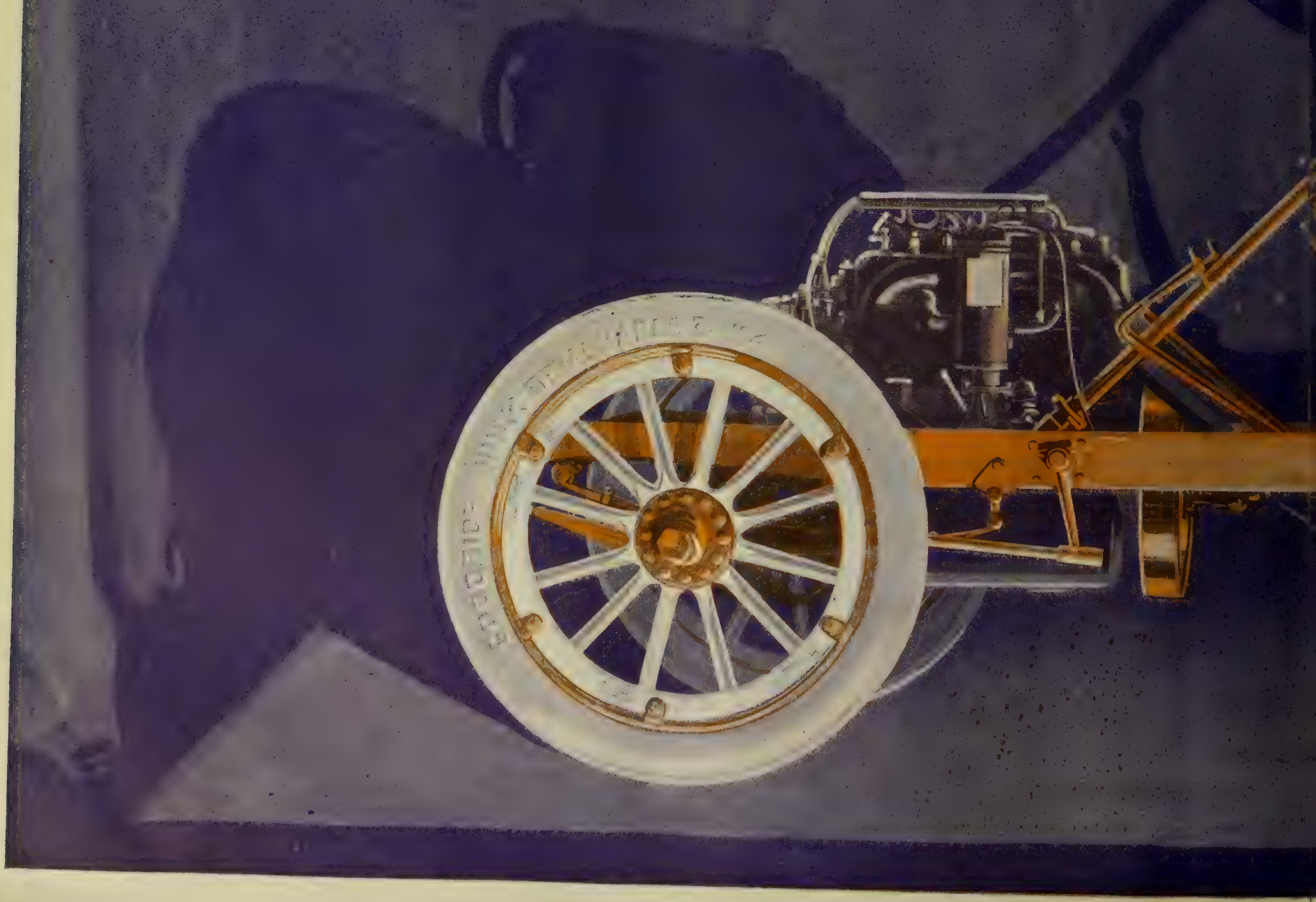
See this Chassis at the Sho can not visit the Shows, wri "Studebaker—the car with Chassis."

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...s as should have been used for armor plate ...ld not be obtained. This armored motor truck, n addition to its batteries, carried seventy-five of Villa's famous 'pills,' which were intended for use as a last resort in hand-to-hand encounters. These 'pills' of Villa's army consisted of a piece of 2-inch gas pipe 8 inches long with screwed-on caps and filled, among other things, with a stick of dynamite and particles of iron ¼ inch to ½ inch square with sharp corners. The fuse extended some 6 inches through a hole in one of the caps, and as a rule was lit by the eternal Mexican cigarette before being thrown at the enemy. A few of these 'pills' scattered among a regiment of cavalry made a wild beast out of every horse, and such as were not disabled stampeded in all directions, the riders finding it impossible to control their mounts once they had received some of these tortuous fragments flying in all directions."

For Coast Defense

MR. SCHON has some very interesting views as to the value of motor trucks in protecting the United States against foreign invasion. He says: "Picture the United States being attacked by a foreign power from the Pacific Coast, for instance. With the good California roads along the Coast a fleet of armored motor trucks —land battleships — could hold any fleet of naval battleships from landing a large contingent of troops at any given point, as these regiments would be exposed to immediate destruction from the batteries of machine guns mounted on the armored trucks. The armored trucks could approach so close to the landing place that the gunners on the battleships would not dare to use them as a target for fear of the projectiles falling short and hitting their own men."

With a system of subsidy or, at least, reservation for army service the United States could put in service to-day on the Pacific Coast within twenty-four hours not less than 22,000 motor trucks.

With proper provision for war purposes a large number of armored motor trucks could be held in readiness along the California coast and requisitioned immediately into service without requiring a large initial outlay for them, as would be the case if they were bought outright and maintained in idleness in times of peace.

"Land Battleships" in Belgium

INSTANCES like the following of the terrible efficacy of the "land battleship"—the armored motor truck—in defensive as well as offensive operations in the great war could be multiplied did space permit:

The assistance which the armored cars of R.N.A.S. have been made to give at critical moments has proved how useful these traveling guns can be, and in a dispatch describing in vivid fashion the second battle of Ypres, Mr. Percival Landon relates in the "Daily Telegraph" a particular case in which the cars rendered very signal service. "The point selected by the Germans for this preparation by shell," he writes, "was the point of connection between the right of the cavalry line and the C Division. It will be remembered that this concentration of fire upon points of junction has played no inconsiderable part in the German tactics in the west, and had been illustrated earlier in this battle on our left. On this occasion it was so far successful that the trenches held by the right brigade were reduced to mere depressions filled with earth and clay, among which the defenders, half buried in the débris, still struggled to hold their position against the redoubled storm of shell and bullets with which the havoc caused by the first German salvos was at once followed up. The line was here beaten in, but never broken through; and one of the features of a day of sudden stress and terrible loss was the repeated charges made by the remains of the brigade, with the help of a brigade hitherto in reserve, to win back the original line held by them.



How the American shipper packs a motor truck in bags of Minnesota flour, for transport from New York to a port of northern France

"To their help there suddenly emerged two or three of the naval armored cars. The vision of these little moving forts slowly coming along the Menin Road toward the sorely beset front was one that must be included in any proper conception of this great stand against the latest and, in some ways, the most serious assault of the Germans during the second battle of Ypres.

"Uncouth by necessity, and more uncouth still by reason of the singular khaki which the armored cars don, these steel-clad tortoises made their way at once to the spot where they were most needed. At last they actually reached the point at which the road pierced the trenches, and there they halted and poured in a perpetual and devastating fire from their machine guns upon the enemy's position.

"Short of a direct hit by a shell, the cars were practically fireproof, and they had need to be, as they at once became the target for a driving sluice of German rifle bullets, which drummed as fast as their own machine fire, or faster. The moral support afforded by them was admitted by everyone, and, though the persistent efforts of the German gunners to obtain their register made it impossible for them to remain in such an exposed position, the cars were able to illustrate in the happiest way the peculiar use to which they may be put on special occasions."

The Future Farm

WITH the tens upon tens of millions being spent in good-roads development in the United States, the motor truck will in the next few years become not, as it is to-day, almost purely an urban machine, but the indispensable transportation tool of the new sort of agriculture which the United States is fast developing.

At the present time the average commercial-car builder does not consider the farmer as a consumer of motor trucks. Some Henry Ford of the truck industry will arise and direct his genius to the development of types of automobile trucks which can be really popularized numerically to the same extent among farmers as the Ford passenger motor car. Perhaps it will be Henry Ford himself, but the fact remains that the motorized farmer of the future will offer bigger marketing possibilities to the commercial-car builder than do the purely industrial pursuits.

Prodigious progress has been made in motorizing highway commerce in recent years, but this progress is only a modicum of what it might be if the utilization of the latent efficiency of the motor truck were not being militated against by the anachronistic practices of common carriers and private organizations.

Railroad and steamship companies, in failing to bring about a more rapid advance of transportation efficiency, are unjust to themselves and the business public.

When it comes to moving freight after it is in a car the railroad is the quintessence of efficiency and economy, but in storehouse placing and moving of goods it is superlatively wasteful and nonefficient.

We are yet in the Dark Ages of merchandise-distribution efficiency. It is a shameful commentary on business efficiency that to-day it costs as much to load a barrel into a car at Chicago and to unload it at New York as it does to move that same barrel between the two cities in a freight car.

Railroads, in physical equipment—tracks, roundhouses, bridges, and motive power—are modernness plus, but in internal merchandise handling primitiveness plus.

The average short haul on railroads is 250 miles. For this short haul it costs four times as much to load and unload a piece of freight as it does to move it 250 miles.

In other words, all freight charges represent one-fifth transportation costs on rails and four-fifths handling expenses at both terminals, or, as applied to transportation, business is to-day one-fifth modern and four-fifths antiquated; or in formula form:

Internal Confusion + Antiquated Facilities
+ Lack of System
= Primitive Transportation

. . . "The Fool Does in the End"

THE use of freight terminals, even if common-carrier property, is not a matter of might, but of public grace—a public right.

The public has now made politics cease persecution of transporters and demands that railroads do not put on them the burden of the waste of time and labor in spending hours sorting out their own freight and waiting to receive or discharge their shipments.

A 50 per cent better motor truck than ever before is the common offering of the commercial-car industry for 1916 at 25 per cent to 30 per cent less investment than the same size motor truck required in 1915, and for easily 15 per cent to 25 per cent less operating expense.

The manufacturers of truck tires—indeed, everybody concerned with the production of a modern commercial car—have collaborated to bring the modern motor truck within the means of a greater and constantly increasing number of users; and when the public really demands the motor truck to the numerical extent that it has demanded the passenger car we shall pretty promptly see first-class motor trucks as cheap as first-class passenger cars. But the American business public can only bring this about by making up its mind to apply now the old saw:

"What the wise man does in the beginning the fool does in the end."



The European war gave the motor truck the hardest trial that any commercial agency of transportation has ever had to meet The scene here is a French highway and its endless train of supplies photographed during the Battle of the Aisne

DU PONT FABRIKOID

How Many Cars Have Hides?

a sequel to

"How Many Hides Has a Cow?"

It is a fact that more cars are now upholstered in Du Pont Fabrikoid than in any other material.

The number of automobiles upholstered in hide leather counting all grades, *real grain leather* and *splits* or so-called "genuine leather" is steadily diminishing.

About 20% of the new pleasure cars sold in 1915 were upholstered in hides or hide splits. About 10% were upholstered in cloth. Of the remaining 70% upholstered in leather substitutes the majority were in Du Pont Fabrikoid, Motor Quality.

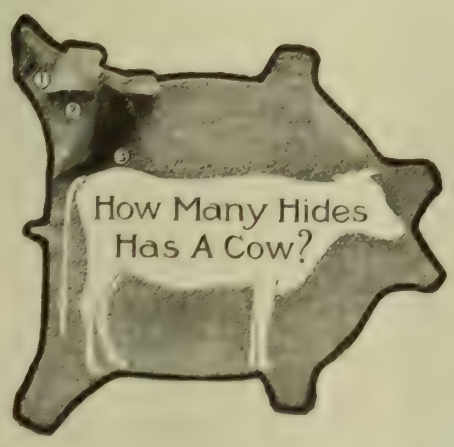
Four years ago nearly all automobiles were upholstered in good leather, *but* 1915 production was just about twice that of 1912; in the meantime the hide supply has been steadily decreasing, and finally the war demand for shoe and harness leather has made prices soar.

The attempt to meet the famine in real grain leather, by splitting the hides and selling the coated and embossed splits as "genuine leather" has been a failure.

The public has learned by experience that there is a vast difference between real grain leather and so-called "genuine leather". Today automobile manufacturers face the choice of real grain leather or its nearest popular competitor, Du Pont Fabrikoid.

Real grain leather, because of its scarcity and high price is out of the question for popular priced models that are produced in any considerable quantity. Therefore, since coated splits, masquerading as "genuine leather", have proved impractical, the decision of the greatest makers of popular cars has been in favor of Du Pont Fabrikoid, Motor Quality, proved the most desirable after several years use on hundreds of thousands of automobiles.

Du Pont Fabrikoid is not leather, but a scientific substitute therefor, which has made good. It has the artistic appearance and luxury of real grain leather, and in addition is waterproof, washable and will outwear the grade of "genuine leather" used on 90% of the cars that "have hides".



Fabrikoid Rayntite Tops are guaranteed one year against leaking. They do not get shabby, because they are washable and fadeless, and will not hold grease nor dust.

Booklet and small sample of Motor Quality sent free.
A usable piece, 18 x 25 inches, sent postpaid for 50c.

Du Pont Fabrikoid Company, Wilmington, Delaware

World's Largest Producer of Leather Substitutes

(Works at Newburgh, N. Y.)

Canadian Factory and Sales Office, Toronto

1916—THE GREAT YEAR TO BUY AN AUTOMOBILE

BY RAY GILES

DECORATIONS BY RALPH L. RICH



NOTHING could have been more surprising to the motorist than the abrupt drops in prices when, last July, the automobile manufacturers began to announce their 1916 models. One company cut its price from $1,075 to $725, another from $2,375 to $1,690, a third from $1,750 to $1,395, and a fourth from $725 to $635. Then cutting became general, the new figures ranging from 4½ to 32½ per cent less than the prices of the same cars for 1915. These figures cover only cars which retain for 1916 the general design of last year's models. Many other manufacturers have introduced equally radical values by building six-cylinder cars at the price of last year's four-cylinder, and some are even turning out eights or twelves for less than they sold last year's six. Of course quite a few manufacturers are expected to stick to the 1916 prices originally announced—two or three have even advanced their rates a small notch—but the fact remains that the ten or twelve companies which make the vast majority of cars sold in America show a decided drop in this year's selling price.

How this price cutting must have raised doubts in the minds of the 900,000 buyers who are counted on to take the 1916 production! "How can the new car be as good as the old?" "How can the materials be as durable?" "How can the motors be as efficient?" "How can I hope to get the all-round service and comfort that I got from the 1915 model?"

It is only natural that the car-buying public should be suspicious. We read advertisement after advertisement announcing price slashings, but never a real explanation of how the prices can be cut without sacrifices in quality. That is why I am writing to reassure those lucky ones who plan to buy new cars this year.

The "Why" of the Cut Price

VERY well, then, how *can* the new car with its lower price be as good as the old? There are two reasons: one is the greatly increased public demand; the other is improved design, which means both simplification and a better understanding of metallurgy.

The most reliable statistics obtainable show that on July 1, 1914, there were 1,548,350 pleasure cars and motor trucks in the entire country. By July 1, 1915, this number reached 2,070,903. Present indications are that the 1916 production will be from 35 per cent to 40 per cent greater than that of 1915.

You cannot increase demand like that without bringing about a lower manufacturing cost, and this cut in cost applies on the assembled car just as much as it does on the car which is produced in its entirety in one plant. Suppose a manufacturer produces 5,000 cars a year. You would think that with such an output he could equip his plant throughout with the most efficient types of machinery. Yet such is not always the case. For example, two of the largest plants have recently installed a machine which is capable of turning out 1,000 flywheels in a ten-hour day. Then there is a giant hammer which will thump out one of those handsome crown fenders at a single blow. But machines able to work at such a pace cost money. And it is a manufacturing axiom that such machines are extravagant to use unless you can count upon an output great enough to keep them busy all the time.

There you have it. There is no end of swift-working machines which can produce the different automobile parts in quantities. The problem is to create a demand commensurate with the ability of such machines. And 1915 and 1916 have solved that problem. So 1916 is bringing the cut in cost.

A recent investigation made by a leading automobile trade paper disclosed the following facts: During 1916 the average engine will cost 16 per cent less to produce than last year; bodies will cost 13 per cent less, clutch and gear-set 10 per cent less, axles 13 per cent less, tires 10 to 15 per cent less—these reductions taking into full account the rising costs of materials. And since the automobile business is one of the few fields where a fine, hearty competition still exists, the public gets the benefit. Yes, indeed, 1916 is going to be a great year to buy an automobile.

The only one who has not conspired to reduce operating costs during 1916 is the man who fixes the price of gasoline. Look everywhere else and you see the promise of lower costs. At that, the owner of the 1916 car has the prospect of using less gasoline than ever before, even if it must cost a few cents more a gallon.

About two seasons ago a pronounced trend was noted toward the small-bore, long-stroke, high-speed engine. Without going into the mechanical details of the design, we may simply note that this type of engine has proved so economical of fuel that its adoption on 1916 cars has become almost universal. In addition to the natural economy of this engine, we find that it weighs considerably less than its predecessor which had bigger cylinders and a bigger flywheel. And here we enter upon a consideration of the lower weight of the average 1916 car.

In proportion to its wheel base, the average 1916 car will weigh slightly less than the car of 1915. Let me start with an extreme example. Admitting that it *is* extreme, the fact remains that the car in mind illustrates the general trend. The most expensive seven-passenger cars weigh from 4,500 to 5,000 pounds. The lightest seven-passenger six-cylinder car for 1916 weighs only 2,600 pounds. One outstanding factor in the weight reduction of this car is



the use of aluminum alloys for nonfriction parts. This car has aluminum mud guards, aluminum gear-set housing and aluminum differential housing. To these larger parts may be added a long list of smaller aluminum parts, such as carburetor body and hot-air pipe, door handles, control levers, and so on.

Many engineers are, in fact, predicting an era of aluminum-alloy cars, and manufacturers seem to be agreeing with them. At all events, aluminum alloys are working their way steadily into the higher-priced cars, while the lower-priced ones are using more pressed steel and less cast iron to bring about the desired reduction in weight.

Since aluminum promises to be so prominent in motor car manufacture, let us examine its qualifications. A certain aluminum alloy is made as strong as cast iron. It casts accurately and machines beautifully. An aluminum motor block has two advantages over an iron one. One advantage is its superior ability to give off motor heat, while the other is a distinct reduction in weight, one average-size motor showing a saving of 72 pounds when the aluminum was used.

But will aluminum alloys wear? Yes; decidedly. In certain racing cars the use of aluminum-alloy pistons has proved beyond question their superiority over iron. On one car iron pistons after 18,000 miles of travel showed a wear of .011 inch. Aluminum-alloy pistons after 20,000 miles of travel showed a wear of only .00125 inch. So you can readily imagine why aluminum is getting very serious attention these days.

Very well, then, the average car of 1916 is going to be slightly lighter per foot of length. So it is going to get more mileage out of each gallon of gasoline and oil. It is going to be less severe on tires. Thus 1916 will be a great year to maintain an automobile.

While many of its parts are of "smaller section," as the engineers put it, they give full measure of strength by reason of the greater strength of the new steel, iron, and aluminum alloys from which they are made.



It Will Stay in Fashion

IT WOULD be foolish to forecast that future years will see no changes in the body lines of motor cars. Yet every sign entitles us to expect that the changes in the appearance of cars for several years to come will not be so radical as to make the 1916 car hopelessly old-fashioned.

For a good many years we have heard talk about cutting down the wind resistance of a car as it spins along the road. Nowadays nearly every manufacturer is talking about the streamline body of his car. And all he means is that at last body lines have been developed to a point where further wind resistance can scarcely be taken away without giving the car freak lines. It is hard to believe that a body so long sought as the present streamline will be discarded very hastily. And it is equally hard to believe that the present streamline effect will be further developed except in very small details. And so for another reason 1916 is going to be a great year to buy an automobile. The 1916 car promises to remain in fashion for a longer time than any of its forerun-

Announcement *to* Car Owners

Here is the 1916 Multibestos Poster. It will greet you everywhere—from walls of up-to-date garages and repair shops. Let it remind you that Multibestos is an unfailing resource when safety depends on a quick, certain stop.



Remember: Mishaps avoid the car whose brake control is safeguarded by Multibestos, just as accidents seem to dodge the man with an insurance policy.

THE GRIP
MULTIBESTOS
BRAKE THAT GRIPS LINING

exercises a control as precise and positive as an air-brake. It responds quickly to the slightest brake pressure at all speeds.

In emergencies it locks the wheels instantly. On ordinary occasions it brings the car to a gentle, gliding stop.

Multibestos saves the grinding wear less efficient brake-linings impose on the bearing parts.

Because layers, stuffers and plies that pull apart and cause uneven wear do not figure in its makeup.

Multibestos is solidly woven — of strong, long fibre asbestos, reinforced by brass wire — on special looms.

The asbestos is treated by a special process that increases its inherent vitality and heat-resisting properties.

That is why Multibestos gives 25% more wear than any other brake-lining.

This is why it presents a smooth, unglazed, efficient braking surface down to the last ribbon of thinness.

More and more, motorists are beginning to give notice to this brake-lining question.

They are beginning to realize that oftentimes a sudden, sure stop may be more important than a quick, easy start.

In these circumstances, it is only natural that a steadily growing preference for Multibestos should exist.

How about *your* brakes?

Next time you put your car up for repairs or complete overhauling, we suggest you have them relined with Multibestos.

Superior by test in durability, braking ability and heat-resistance.

Probably there will be a Multibestos Poster about the garage premises to remind you to do this—but determine anyhow to remember about it. It's too important to forget.

Standard Woven Fabric Co.

FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

New York Branch and Export Office: 1779 Broadway, New York

BOSTON, MASS. 175 Massachusetts Ave.
CHICAGO, ILL. 1430 Michigan Blvd.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 1309 Race St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. First & Howard Sts.

To Garage and Repair Shop Owners

YOU will find it permanently profitable to carry and recommend Multibestos. It means something to be remembered as "*the Shop that lined my brakes with Multibestos.*"

There's a satisfaction in a job so well done that it builds business. Your jobber will supply you.

Important: If you have not received one of the handsome lithographed posters in 10 colors reproduced in this Announcement, write for one without delay. It is a trade winner.

ners. And for this very reason it is apt to have a higher resale value should one desire to dispose of it after a few years' time. Another thing: Quite a little has been done to make the 1916 car more comfortable. The average car of this year will have somewhat longer springs and a slightly longer wheel base.

There is one more reason why 1916 will be a great year to purchase a new car. That is the variety you have to choose from. If you like to plan your car as you might plan the building of a house, you have a wonderful range of cars spread before you. You can get four, six, eight, or twelve cylinders. You can get fours, sixes, or eights with either poppet or sleeve valves. You can have a water-cooled car or an air-cooled car. You can get a heavy car or a light car.

For as little as $390 you can get a fine little four-cylinder roadster. Sixes come as low as $785 for a car seating five passengers, while $950 will buy an eight! And if you want to revel in an even dozen of cylinders, step right this way and see your heart's desire filled for as little as $1,095.

Yes, indeed, 1916 will be a great year to buy a car. It probably will be a better year than 1917. And it will be a great year to operate one. There is only one warning, and that you can take for whatever you may think it worth: Metal is going up. The war is responsible. The common grades of iron and steel haven't gone up so much, but the better steels used for crank shafts and the more important parts had risen 20 per cent by the middle of October, 1915. At that time aluminum was up 250 per cent, zinc 700 per cent, and copper 50 per cent. Tungsten, the material that makes valves what valves ought to be, jumped from 50 cents to $1.25 a pound. And these increases are probably not at an end. One leading manufacturer has already been forced to boost the price he fixed last August. Another of the big-quantity cars selling at less than $1,000 now costs $68 more for materials than it did when announced last summer. It is easy to imagine that self-defense may force many manufacturers to backwater on the prices now in force if the costs of metals continue to go up in this fashion. That is what I referred to when I said that 1916 may be an even better year to buy a new car than 1917. Certainly we can hardly expect the 1917 prices to go much lower than those of this year.

From every standpoint, then, 1916 will be a great year to buy a new car—and a great year to buy one *early!*

SUBURBAN CHANGES AND THE AUTOMOBILE

BY THEODORE M. R. VON KELER

ILLUSTRATED BY T. SANFORD TOUSEY

ABOUT a decade ago the crowding of the large cities and the ever-increasing movement from the country districts to the attractions of city life became a problem of national importance. Remedies by the score were suggested by learned investigators, and "model farms" were started in various sections of the country in a vain endeavor to stem the tide. The efforts were vain, because tides refuse to be controlled by artificial means!

The spreading network of trolley cars, running from the thickly populated business sections of the big cities into the outlying districts and the suburbs, promised some relief; many families were induced to seek their homes farther away from the crowded tenements and towering apartment houses, but there was not that exodus of thousands and tens of thousands which was necessary to give relief. Around the necks of the average family transportation difficulties forged chains which held them securely in the grip of the city landlord.

Naturally, suburban development suffered greatly under these adverse conditions. The oft-repeated question of prospective purchasers, "How far from the station?" became a veritable bugaboo and nightmare to the real-estate agent. The commuter knew his shackles, and his friends in the city were not ignorant of what awaited them if they decided to take the fateful step of leaving steam-heated apartments, with subway and trolley car on the next block, for the "house in the country" with its miles from nowhere and its furnace fires and snow-covered sidewalks.

In the years between 1905 and 1908 suburban developments reached the abyss of despondency; purchasers were few and sellers many; lessees fought shy of tying themselves down to unknown terrors; many investors gave up the fight, and property went begging everywhere in the neighborhood of the large Eastern cities. Leases were broken right and left, and the actual sale of a piece of property to a bona-fide builder and home seeker became an event of great importance in the real-estate offices. The "installment plan" was introduced on a large scale, but not even the most flattering inducements served to populate the waste land lying more than twenty minutes' walk from the railroad stations. Conditions were actually desperate when the remedy made its appearance, unheralded as such, quietly and without ostentation—the automobile.

True enough, automobiles had been known and used in considerable numbers before 1905, but they were comparatively expensive and unreliable. Their possession was more of a care and expense than was compensated for by their service in the pursuit of pleasure and convenience. As an adjunct to suburban real estate they were at that time unsuitable. But about the year 1908 the general public decided to give the motor car a chance, and sales of automobiles rose in spectacular manner. Jumping by the hundred thousand at a time, they reached the enormous total of three-quarters of a million cars during the year 1915, bringing the total number of automobiles in use in the United States on January 1, 1916, to 2,400,000. And suburbanites were among the heaviest buyers of motor cars. The reasons? Let the motoring commuters tell them, as they told them to the writer in informal interviews.



There's Jones, for instance. "What good I get out of my car?" he asked as if he hadn't heard right. "Better ask me what I don't get out of it, because I think that would be much easier to tell. I have a family, as you know, and the way we keep that little scooter of ours going really should warm old John D.'s heart! As soon as I get through my work in the office I make a bee line for the ferry; time was when I loafed until the 5.45 train because there was a bunch of sociable fellows on that train, and I used to like the trip in their company. Now I'm catching the 5.35—express at that—brings me to my house at 6 o'clock sharp. Dinner is ready, and by 6.30 we are through with it. While my wife and the kiddies put on their warm duds I get out and crank up my car, drive it to the front door, and off we go. Sometimes it's the movies in the city, five miles away; sometimes it's just a drive through the country for an hour or two, and sometimes it's a visit to friends in the next town or two or three towns away. It's easy to call on them. On Saturday afternoons and Sundays we are usually miles and miles away from home, learning to love our country and having the time of our lives. That's what *we* get out of our little car!"

Pleasure—that seemed to be the basis of his talk; and he is typical of many suburbanites. Their motor cars give them at reasonable expense something which not even kings and emperors in years gone by could command. They appreciate the gift, and they are stanch friends and supporters of the automobile in the suburbs.

A Health-Insurance Policy

A DIFFERENT type of man is represented by my good friend Smith, who immediately, after hearing my question, exclaimed: "Do I get much pleasure out of my car? Of course I do; but with me, you see, health is the main thing. My wife is sickly, she was always moping and anemic, and my daughter takes after her—so there was little pleasure to be had at my home. However, since I bought that car last year, both of them are like different persons. They have actually taken on weight, and their red cheeks would never indicate anemia. How they did it, I don't know; all I do know is that all of us eat with more appetite, more vim, and more interest in living than we did before we had the car. I myself have been 'under the weather' for a good many years; my office work is in bad air, and I need open-air exercise. When I used to get home before I had the car to take us out, I was too tired to take the walks I was ordered to take, and the mosquitoes made life miserable for us anyway. But in the automobile I can be out in the open air as long as I want to without being overtired, and I sleep like a log at night. The car goes too fast for the mosquito pest to follow, and we enjoy the trips immensely. Our pleasure is in our health!

"And there's something else in my family, of which I don't like to speak very often, and that's my boy. You know he is in that dangerous age where bad companions may ruin his life. He was on the best way of drifting down that road to ruin when I got the car. Now, instead of pairing off with some other youngster and getting into mischief, he stays around the house, drives the car in the evening, and enjoys it thoroughly. It's more healthy for him, and I admit it takes a big load off my mind! So I have several reasons to be glad I bought a car."

The Way to Market Is This

"DO I get pleasure out of my car?" Old man Williams—we called him that because he had gray hair despite his forty years' youth—looked at me as if he hadn't heard right. "Of course I do; what do you think I bought it for? And, besides, let me tell you, I got a lot of other things out of it that I never figured on when I signed my name on that fatal 'dotted line' on the bill of sale. If it hadn't been for this car, I would be back in the city by now because I simply couldn't stand it any longer. My house, you know, is fully two miles from the station and just as far from the stores in the village. Marketing was a task of several hours for my wife, and she was usually dead tired by the time she got through. She is one of the old-fashioned kind of housekeepers that wouldn't use the telephone for marketing, and so she tried to attend to it personally about three times a week. That didn't work, as she was sometimes not able to go to the village. She tried one day to use the telephone, and, as luck would have it, got poor stuff sent around. That queered the telephone marketing for her.

"So we decided to move back to the city. Before we had made the final arrangements for leasing our house for less than it cost me in taxes and interest and repairs, I saw a very cheap automobile at a friend's house. I made inquiries, and I bought one just like it; it cost me less than $800. The moving idea dropped out of sight then and there! Now my son drives the car; he is seventeen years old, and it was just the thing for him. My wife gets in, rides to the market, the grocery, the bakery, and the other stores, gets what she wants right there, and brings it back in the car. And very often she doesn't buy at the markets at all.



"Buyers

at the Automobile Show will want to know about the Bearings that are in the cars," said the engineer to the automobile manufacturer.

"This is an important question—they *should* know.

"The Ball type of Bearing has proven itself a remarkable eliminator of friction by saving wear and thereby increasing the life and efficiency of the car's entire mechanism. Furthermore, by conquering friction the Ball Bearing economizes every operating and upkeep expenditure.

"For the past two years we have been using

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

continued the engineer. "We have found them absolutely uniform in all quality essentials, and of unvarying perfection of material and precision of physical dimensions.

"As a manufacturer you will appreciate this. Listen—when I visited their great factory at Bristol, Connecticut, I learned some things that astounded me.

"The New Departure Mfg. Co. have established a truly wonderful system of exact inspection. For instance, over 12,000 different and most delicate guages are used in the manufacture of these bearings, which literally means a practice of precision more accurate than watchwork.

"The New Departure Manufacturing Company place the broadest and most liberal warranty ever given on a motor car component.

"As an engineer I believe it profitable that every prospective purchaser of an automobile should see to it that the car he buys is equipped with Bearings that save the power and the wear and reduce the operating cost of his machine. The Company publish a booklet which every man interested in automobiles should read. I suggest you write for it. Ask for Booklet 'C.'"

THE NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO.
Conrad Patent Licensee
Main Office and Works, Bristol, Conn.

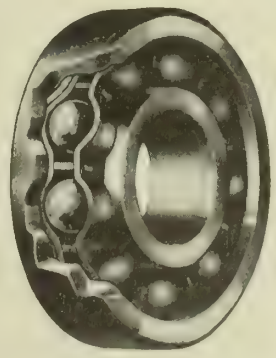
Hartford Division, Hartford, Connecticut.
Western Branch, Detroit, 1016-17 Ford Bldg.

British Agents: Brown Bros., Ltd., London, E.C.

Continent of Europe Agent:
Jacob Holst, Copenhagen, Freeport, Denmark
Depot New Departure, 16 Rue d'Armaille, Paris

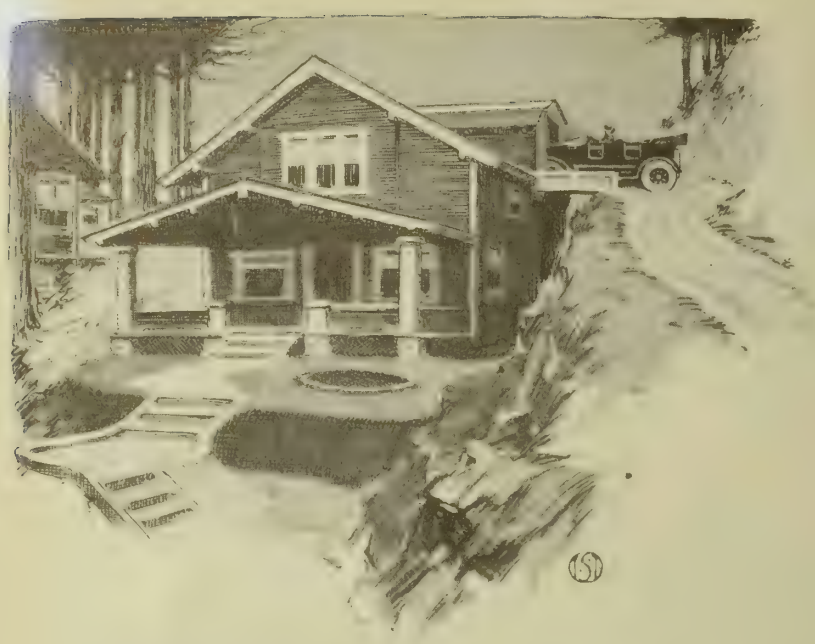
New Departure Double Row Type

A single, self-contained, "fool-proof" unit carrying *all* the loads and stresses simultaneously from *whatever* direction they may come, with equal efficiency, and reducing friction to the vanishing point.



New Departure Single Row Type

A highly perfected anti-friction bearing for use where radial loads only are to be carried.



"One man transformed the attic of his house into a garage"

"Some mornings she takes a ride to the neighboring farms, a few miles away, and gets the vegetables and berries and fruit direct out of the gardens at prices much lower than at the stores. They are fresh and reach our table in the best condition; they aren't mussed over and pawed over by a dozen people in the stores; they look tempting and taste tempting. I tell you we have a better table in our house since I own that car than we ever had in our life before—and it costs me less money. When you see a big garden filled with all sorts of vegetables and fruits and berries, you get things that you never think of in the store unless they are called to your attention. We have such a variety that our city friends never get over talking about it! It makes my wife proud of her home, and my boy gets plenty of good exercise and gets practice in handling an automobile. He expects to be an expert automobile engineer, or a salesman maybe—he hasn't decided which he'd rather be.

"To put the whole thing in one sentence—my little car has put life into all of us, and has made the suburbs look like paradise! It may sound funny to you, but that's how we feel about it!"

Quite excited over the optimistic remarks of friend Williams, I changed the wording of my question and tackled the next victim on my list with:

"How much pleasure do *you* get out of your car?" The emphasis on the *you* being unmistakable!

"I? You talk as if you were taking a census on the question of 'How to be happy, though living in the suburbs!' Why do you ask?"

"Because I'm trying to write a dissertation on the relation of automobiles to suburban expansion and the amount of human happiness brought into the lives of suburbanites by the internal-combustion engine, as well as the—" I just managed to grab his coat tails as he tried to bolt for his little roadster. "No, you don't! You'll stay right here until you've answered my question!"

Doing Business with the Farmer

HE SIZED me up for a moment and then remarked:

"Hm—how much pleasure do I get out of this rattlebox? Not half as much as I get business from it! With me this little car is only a means to an end; if it were anything else, I'd buy a decent-looking machine, not one that has been traveling up and down these roads for the better part of six years. But this car is making a lot of money for me, and I'm superstitious enough to believe it is my mascot. As you know, I'm selling farm implements, hardware, and cottage fittings to commuters, and I have a store in the building near the terminal in the city; but my main business is done right here on this roadster.

"When I drive around this district I come in contact with just the right people that form my class of customers; I belong to the local automobile club for the same reason. In traveling about the neighborhood for forty or fifty miles I see hundreds of houses and places where a little sprucing up would make a big difference in the looks of the house and grounds. I make it my business to meet the owner—this old rattlebox of a car forms a good introduction—and I often close a profitable deal. Passing farms, I often stop, while my wife is with me in the car, and we buy some vegetables. While she is talking with the farmer's wife about the garden and cooking, I talk to the man about chicken fencing and coops and roofing, paint and hardware for his house or barn, finally selling him a lot of things he needs, but which he'd never think of without my suggestions. And buying vegetables from him at the same time kind of puts him in a more amiable mood. If he has an automobile himself—and let me tell you, there are mighty few farmers hereabout that haven't at least one car—so much the better. We talk motor cars and all sorts of things: in the end I sell him my goods!

"That's the pleasure *I* get out of *my* car! Now, are you satisfied?"

I assured him that I was, and then pondered my next step. Pleasure, health, better living, more business — what was the next on the program? Oh, of course, a doctor! So to the doctor's office I hied myself. He seemed disappointed that I was not a patient, and I had some difficulty in combating this resentment.

"What has your automobile done for you, doctor?" I asked this question as if it were the simplest thing in the world to get an answer.

He looked at me as if to say: "Young man, are you trying to have some fun with me?" Then, deciding that I must be serious after all, he declared frankly that without the motor car he would have been compelled to give up his house, his practice and everything, and to move to the big city.

What Says the Doctor?

"WITHOUT my automobile this house would have a 'To Rent' or 'For Sale' sign on it at this minute," he explained. "It has absolutely come to this, that no physician in the suburbs can attend to his patients unless he has a good car, which will run winter and summer, rain or shine, day or night. A few, a very few, of the old-timers are still trying to get along with their horses and buggies, but their business is small, and they live chiefly on the reputation established in the long ago. The younger blood cannot get along without the motor car. Why, it's nothing at all to me to be called at midnight by some one six or eight miles away, who wants me in *ten minutes* for something serious, real or imaginary. Where would I be without my car? All I have to do is to hop in, push the button, and off she goes! In ten or fifteen minutes I'm there. And a night call like that brings in at least $5. If, by some chance, automobiles should disappear from the earth, I'd move to the city the next day. The only thing left for me to do would be to open an office in some big apartment house and depend on the tenants and the immediate neighborhood to get sick! A doctor in the suburbs without a motor car, in this year of grace, is like a fish out of water—he could not exist at all. And, of course, I get as much personal pleasure out of my car as the average commuter. For I, too, have my hours of freedom when I can drive around for pleasure with my family. And let me tell you one thing: there are many people living in the suburbs to-day that would not have moved out there until they discovered that they could get a doctor in an emergency just as quickly as in the city."

After leaving the doctor's office I hesitated for a moment between making a bee line for the next automobile salesroom with the intention of repeating verbatim what the doctor told me (incidentally claiming a commission on all cars sold to doctors in my territory) and tackling my next victim, a real-estate agent. The sense of duty won, and I ushered myself into the agent's sanctum.

"That's a fine question to ask a real-estate agent!" he exclaimed as soon as he heard my errand. "Let me tell you, sir, that if it hadn't been for the sudden rise and popularity of the automobile I'd have gone back to New York or to Philadelphia long ago. I'd rather try to sell life-insurance policies in the city than real estate in motorless suburbs. Do you realize that more than 60 per cent of all the people leasing or buying houses from me have a motor car? That the second question they ask usually is: 'Is there room for a garage in the rear?' That a dozen motorists right here in this district have built garages in and under and over their houses—garages that would make a city man choke with laughter? Do you know that one man to whom I sold a house that adjoined a steep hillside actually transformed the attic of the house into a garage, with concrete walls and floor, and built a drawbridge from the sloping hillside to the attic entrance?

New Real-Estate Wrinkles

"WHAT would you think of another fellow who dug a trench under his front porch, lined it with cement, and called it his 'garage'! Or the one who built a sloping runway from the street to his basement and kept his car there! Do you suppose fire regulations and insurance matters worried him? Not a bit! He had to have a car, and he didn't give a continental where it stood as long as it was on his premises! That's what people think of their motor cars here in the suburbs! And I say *amen* to everything they do or propose to do because the crazier the ideas they hatch out, and the more ingenious their schemes are, the better for me. Their example will convince a lot of other people that a garage can be fitted up *anywhere*—with the result that they come out and take the tiniest lots—where you really could not put up a garage for a motorcycle! Some day some fellow in this neighborhood will fix up a garage on the roof of the front porch and rig up an elevator with some sort of block and tackle to hoist it out of sight when it rains and snows. Chicken coops and mushroom cellars, coal bins and attics already have been made into imitation garages—in fact, from what I've seen in this section of the country, I can't think of any place impossible enough to prevent an ardent suburban motorist from buying a car. Once he gets the machine, he'll find a place for it—don't worry!"

And as the real-estate agent ought to know more about the subject than other people, his dictum should go far toward proving the point of this discussion: The automobile *has changed* suburban conditions.

The various reasons given by men in diverse pursuits, and with differing ideas as to what their motor cars have done for them, indicate the conditions that may be expected in suburban life by the time the 2,400,000 cars now running have expanded into 10,000,000, and every suburbanite has his or her little automobile. Hints of what is still to come are abundant and plain to him who keeps his eyes open. Shrewd real-estate speculators even now are offering a "popular priced" motor car with the house and lot which they want to sell. First payment of $500 down and $30 a month!

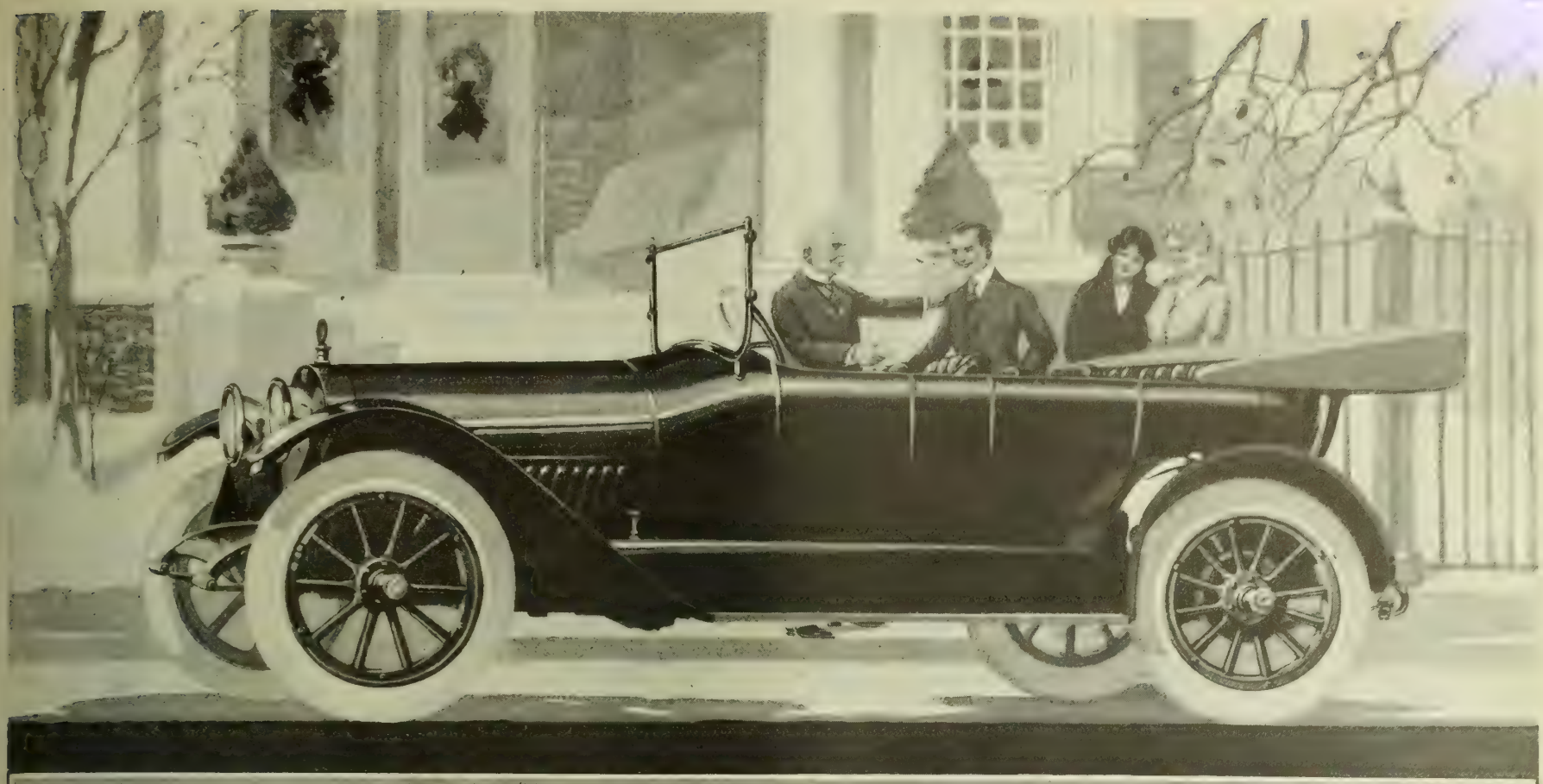
The initial payment purchasing the automobile—and the rest "just like rent"! Who can refuse such flattering inducements!

What You May Look For

FURNACES and laundry tubs, clothes poles in the yard and built-in closets and refrigerators are nothing unusual in the new houses in the suburbs. Soon the little garage in the rear, with a runabout or touring car all ready to run, will be included in the deed, with profit to the owner, the agent, and the purchaser. And the purchaser will live happily ever after—*maybe!*



Shrewd real-estate speculators even now are offering a motor car with the house and lot



HAYNES

announces a "Light Twelve" and a refined "Light Six"

In the Haynes "Light Twelve" we offer a tried and proved car that is bound to become as popular as the Haynes "Light Six"—the sensation of the past season.

Over seven months ago the engine for the new car was on the testing block. For months past the "Light Twelve" has been on the road, undergoing the same thorough testing which has made the product of the Haynes plant famous for its quality and dependability. The Haynes way is to perfect a car—and then to announce and market it.

The Haynes "Light Twelve"

has emerged triumphly from its testing—it is a car upon which we are proud to put our name and which we are glad to back with our reputation. Watch for your dealer's announcement of this new car.

The Haynes "Light Twelve" has valve-in-head motor, aluminum pistons, and embodies all the latest developments in engineering practice. The emancipation it gives from gear-shifting and the steady flow of power that seems simply irresistible, assure the maximum of driving enjoyment.

The Haynes "Light Six"

New Series

—models 36 and 37—embody many refinements, including seat covers, aluminum pistons, improved body lines, gipsy curtains, ammeter, hydrometer, cigar lighter, etc. It is an improved series of the same wonderful car whose 1915 sale practically outtotalled the output of the other manufacturers of Indiana.

Models 36 and 37 of the Haynes "Light Six" have the same light, high-speed motor, that develops more horsepower than any other motor of the same bore and stroke, and that has meant flexibility, hill-climbing and deep-sand power, get-away ability, and economy that has made an enthusiastic booster of every Haynes owner.

Write for full information of the new Haynes series

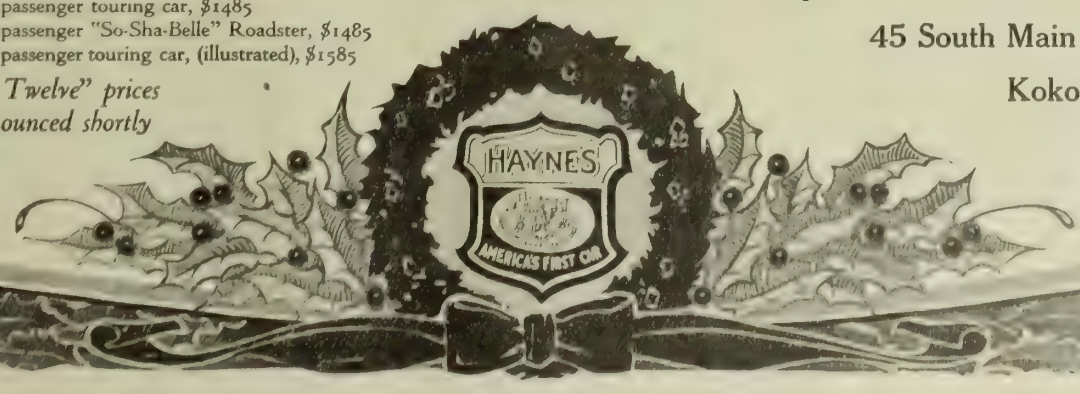
We'll give you all the facts in the January issue of our magazine "The Haynes Pioneer." We'll gladly send it to you, free on request.

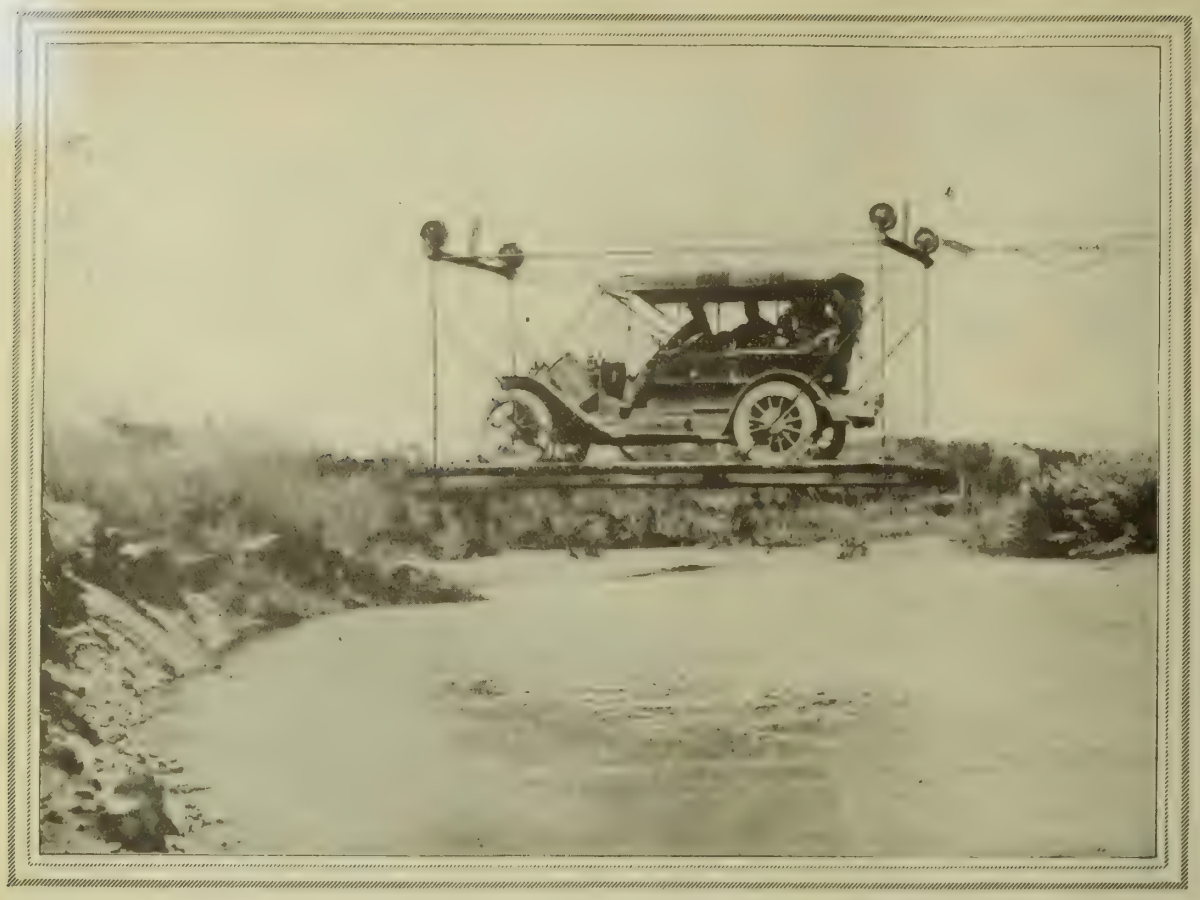
New series Haynes "Light Six" prices

Model 36—5-passenger touring car, $1485
Model 36—3-passenger "So-Sha-Belle" Roadster, $1485
Model 37—7-passenger touring car, (illustrated), $1585

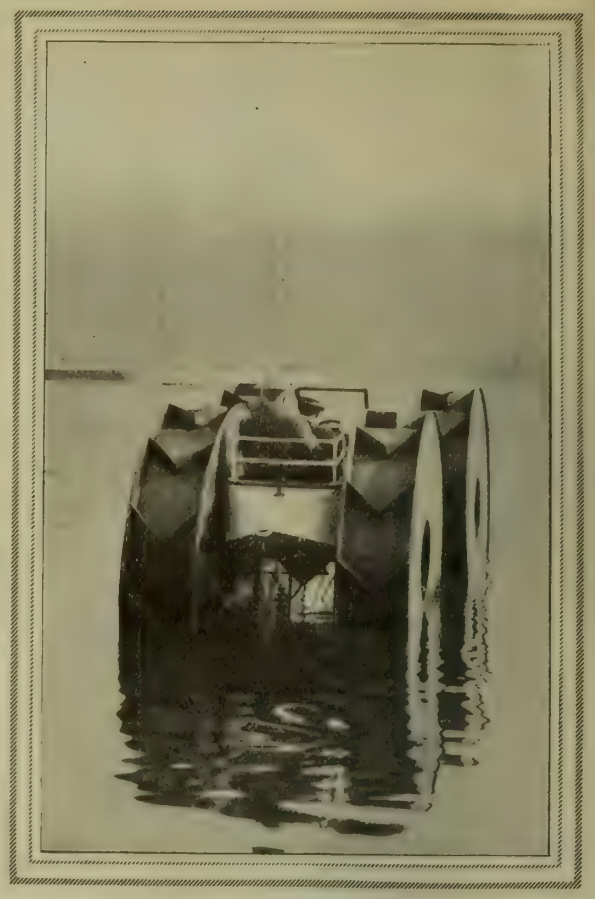
Haynes "Light Twelve" prices to be announced shortly

The Haynes Automobile Company
45 South Main Street
Kokomo, Indiana





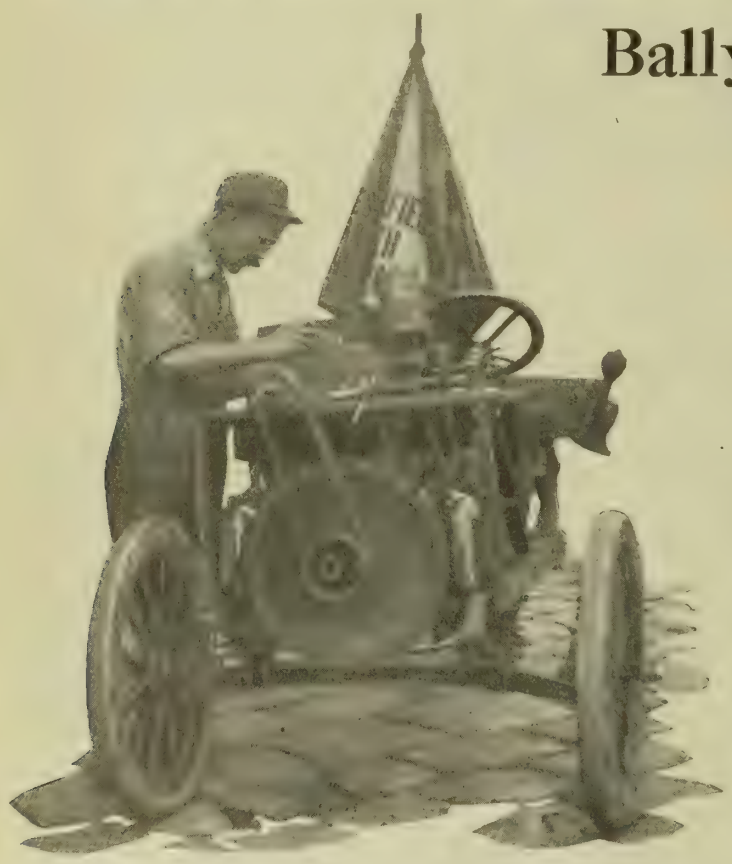
An aerial automobile ferry across the Gila River near Silver City, N. Mex. "No dust, no smoke, no cinders on this route; a cool, quick, and exhilarating passage." The equipment is some wires and pulleys and the platform of a "lift"



This peculiar craft from Vancouver, B. C., combines features of an automobile, a water mill and a motor boat

Ballyhooing the Gasoline Side Show

REMEMBER, ladies and gentlemen, that some of motordom's choicest attractions are not on exhibition in the big tent. Some of the most curious and popular exhibits are to be seen only in this, the side show. Step up a little closer, ladies and gentlemen! We wish to introduce, first of all, the famous aerial ferry of Silver City, N. Mex. No dust, no smoke, no cinders on this route; a cool, quick, and exhilarating passage. Next, we have the puzzling What-is-it Craft from Vancouver. Not quite an automobile, not quite a water mill, not quite a motor boat—but a little bit of each and all. Who can name it? At our left, the merry old knife grinder from N'Awleens, the only man in Dixie Land who joy-rides in a power plant. At our right, the Tropico Tooter. Stop, look, and listen—emphasis on the *listen!* Do not confuse our next exhibit, ladies and gentlemen, with the ordinary Slumbering Beauty act. This is something new and different: demonstrating the Country Highway Tourist Sleeping Car for Roadster Models. Last and smallest, but not least, *regardez*—young Harry Hartz, Master Junior Driver of the World, and his chum Clark Brown in the world's fastest baby racing cars. When Barney Oldfield won the title of Master Driver of the World on the Los Angeles to Phœnix course last year, the Juniors were inspired to hold a contest of their own.



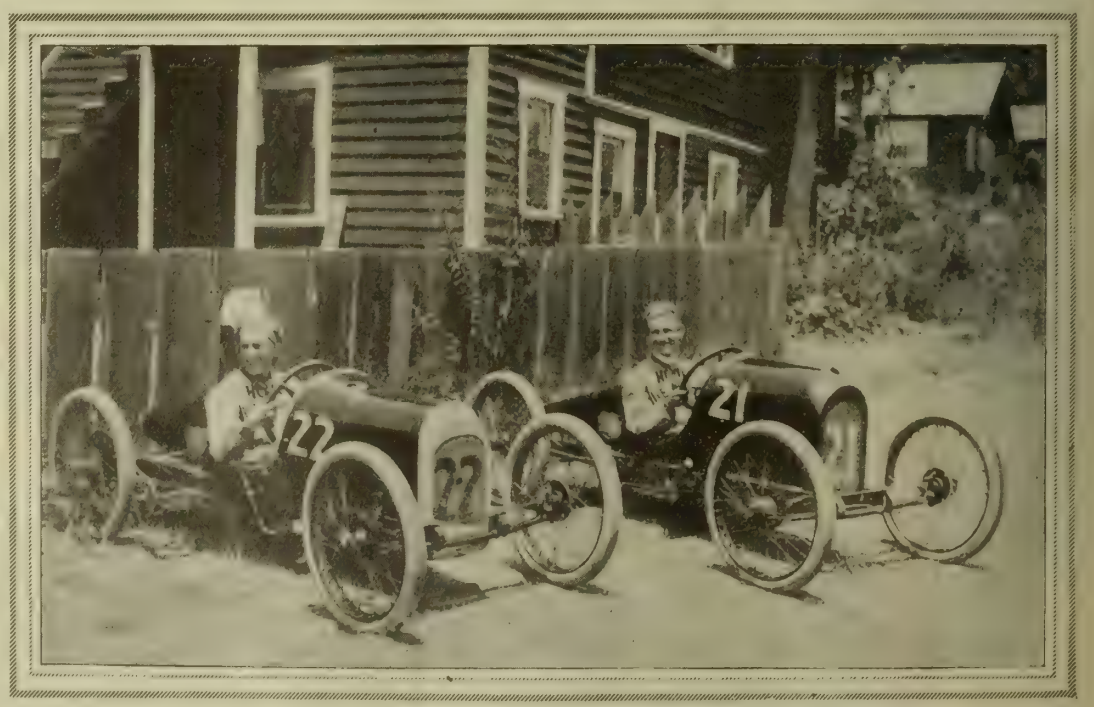
A knife sharpener in New Orleans makes the engine of his three-wheeled car serve, in working hours, as a power plant for his grindstone



The newest thing in crossing signals is this, from Tropico, Cal., an automatic electrically tooted horn



Many ways have been devised to transform tourists' cars at night into "sleepers." This shows a method for roadsters



Late portraits of two prominent members of the Junior Racing Association of America. In No. 21, Clark Brown (Los Angeles). In No. 22, Harry Hartz (ditto), Master Junior Driver of the World



All Makes of Cars; One Make of Tires

SEEMS odd, doesn't it, that you can go up and down the gamut, from top price to low price—fours, sixes, eights and twelves—and find such an astonishing preponderance of Goodyears?

As a matter of fact there's nothing odd about it.

The man with the car of low price is just as keen on tire economy, which is only another word for tire-goodness, as the man with the car of high price.

And when you've reversed that statement—said it backward—you've got the simple solution.

American motor car owners buy more Goodyears than any other tire—and there are close to two hundred brands of tires.

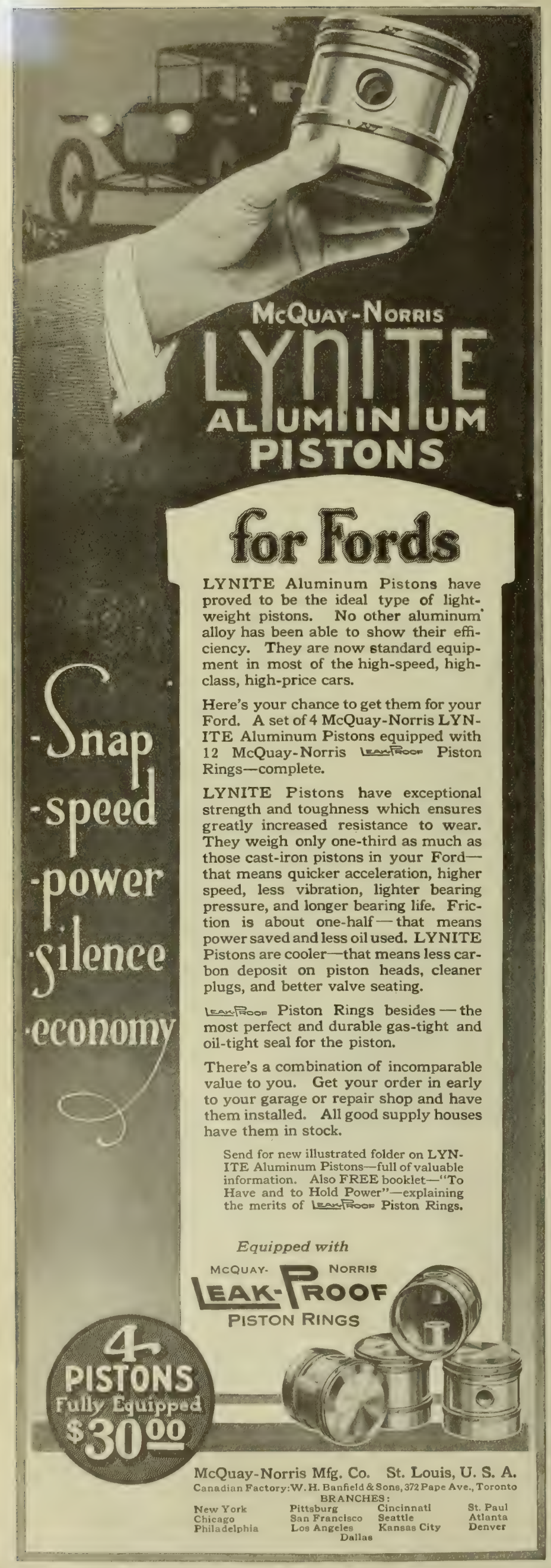
Men who own popular priced cars buy Goodyears in spite of the fact that they could get fifty other makes—and more—for less money.

Men who own the costliest cars, on the other hand, buy Goodyears because there isn't anything above or beyond them to buy.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

The Goodyear Conquest of America
San Francisco.

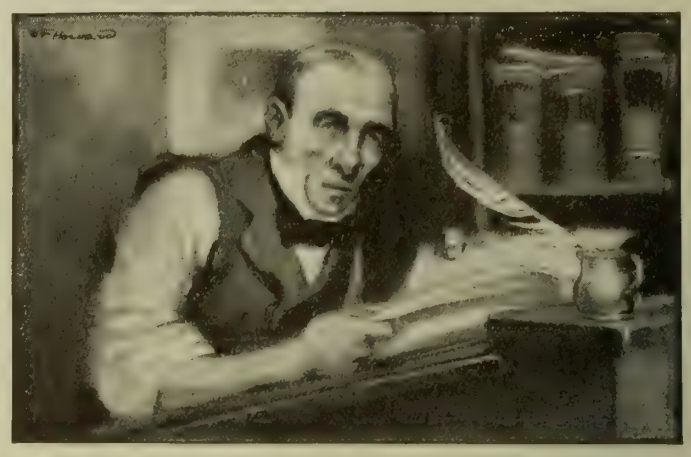
THIS view of Market Street in San Francisco gives an idea of the teeming activity of the California metropolis. Motor cars are thick in the principal thoroughfares; and a careful census taken Sept. 1, 1915, shows that Goodyear Tires top all other makes by a pronounced margin. One-fifth of all the cars in San Francisco are tired with Goodyears.



Big Money for Wizards in Figures

BY L. WALTER SAMMIS

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD



JUST as the firm of Cheeryble Brothers has given place to the giant corporation, so has Tim Linkinwater, beside whom Nicholas Nickleby climbed on his high stool to become an accountant, given place to the certified public accountant; a lordly soul, who sits on no high stool, totting up columns of figures, but rather stands beside a machine, pressing a key here and there, finally turning a crank, and taking away from one end of the machine a neat slip of paper bearing all the figures set forth in clear type, with below them the total unerringly produced. This and other machines is the modern form taken by the quill pen of Tim Linkinwater. And as for Tim Linkinwater's salary! Poof! His pay for a whole week would not satisfy the least effective of his modern successors for one day's work.

Statistics, though expensive, are necessary; that is why the big corporations spend fortunes every year to have their accounts digested and formulated—made available for one use or another, and so presented that the directing power may see just what is the statistical condition of any department, just how a certain business or manufacturing plan is working out in dollars and cents, what parts of the great machine are weak and what parts strong. With the data before him in compendious form he can doctor the sick, direct the strong, expand the constricted, and contract the too greatly expanded. In other words, the certified public accountant places the head of the corporation where he can get a fact view of his entire plant in its every activity, just as a small manufacturer watches the work in his one-room shop.

Organizations of experts are called in to overlook matters from time to time, to work out plans for development, to indicate necessities for curtailment, to reorganize and readapt when something goes wrong, and to conduct post mortems when business difficulties force assignment for the benefit of creditors. And frequently if the work done at these post mortems had been performed earlier, there would have been no corpse, but rather a lively, vigorous business; for these footings, comparisons, figures, and statistics are necessary to the life of a corporation to-day. A huge commercial enterprise may be profitable and prosperous, or it may not. If it is not, the fact may not become known until too late, unless accountants run over the figures every once in a while and find out. Hence, the wizard of the books.

$30,000 a Year

THE commercial needs of the country have developed the chartered accountant very rapidly; so rapidly that a number of concerns which, a dozen years ago were but small partnerships, are now the largest and most prosperous following that business. Some of the heads in the business draw from $25,000 to $40,000 a year.

"The work of a certified public accountant," says one such man (in more prosperous years than 1915 he has netted as much as $30,000), "requires a certain kind of capacity; he must be able to see through a business with which he is not at all familiar, to plan for its establishment, to point out where it is 'sick,' to find out the cause if there is a drag in any department, and to tell whether a loss is caused by mismanagement or what, and to show how the difficulty can be overcome. Naturally, such an order of ability commands good compensation. While it is not argued that an accountant is infallible, he is more nearly apt to be errorless than the head of the business he is examining, because he has a perspective which nobody interested in the business can have, being too close to the machine to appreciate its workings.

$5,000 for Four Days' Work!

THERE are 300-odd firms of chartered accountants of good standing in the country. Most of them have branches in the larger cities of the world, some quite as large as the home office. Their fees are often prodigious, $10,000 to $15,000 being no extraordinary charge for making an examination and suggesting improvements. In one instance a firm of chartered accountants charged a fee of $5,000 for digesting a will for the executors. The work took one man a little more than four days.

When the United States Steel Corporation was being organized, it is reported, the chartered accountants who prepared a complete scheme for organizing each department, how the books should be kept, what card system should be installed, and all the rest of the details, received a quarter of a million dollars. The theory of the corporation was that statistics were to be a prime factor in its success, so it went out into the market and bought the highest skill it could find.

A relatively small concern in New York planned to add a new department to its activities. It had picked the man who was to be the new department's head, but thought it too much of a risk to let him plan out a system by himself. One of the firms of chartered accountants was called in. All in all, this firm spent less than twenty hours in the concern's offices, looking over the field, making very complete notes, reading contracts and correspondence. It detailed two of its best men to the work. In their own office, evidently, the heads of the firm digested what they had seen and heard and got suggestions from other experts.

A fortnight later they presented their plan, many typewritten pages, all beautifully done, with details of organization worked out even to the opening of a special set of books and plans of letterheads, to say nothing of records that would be little trouble to keep up and would give almost any desired information. The plan outlined showed that it would be possible to run the new department at 60 per cent of the overhead expense previously calculated. Details were so carefully worked out that it would at once become evident if the new department was not cleaning up an adequate profit. The bill the accounting firm presented, after less than a month of investigation and planning, was $2,000. The men who did the investigating and planning, three in number, one remaining in his own office, got, respectively, $10,000, $15,000, and $30,000 a year.

Years ago the chartered accountant firms were simply auditors. They examined books and business systems merely to discover if technical errors had been made and to guard against falsifications and defaulters. To-day auditing is a very small and inconsiderable portion of the work of these big firms. Far more important and worth paying for it is to get big corporations on a firm basis at the start and provide methods of keeping track of

each little development that, at a glance, the chief may see whether they are actively making money; if they are, how to keep on prospering; if they are not, how to turn the tide quickly and surely.

Information like this is worth buying, and it naturally is bought, speedily and gratefully. The chartered accountants who have made records have no trouble at all in selling their expert knowledge. But the question arises, why cannot the big corporation itself do all this work instead of going outside and buying it for many thousands of dollars?

Gone Is the Snuffy Bookkeeper

THE answer is simple. Any corporation can. It must be a big one, of course, to be able to afford experts of the same caliber as those in the big accounting firms. Even then, many of the corporations call upon the accounting firms to get a new point of view, the latest knowledge and experience.

The new men of the day, these figure specialists and wizards, are interesting personalities. They are lineal descendants of the snuffy, old-time bookkeeper of a generation ago, of shabby, shiny coat and weak eyes, of stooped back from leaning for years over account books. But they show no signs of their business ancestry. No salesman and no young executive was ever sharper, quicker, or more confident than they.

Such a man, if he is still young, may be secured at from $7,000 to $10,000 a year. Later, when he begins to be recognized as a real wizard, one of the big firms of chartered accountants will get him at from $20,000 up. But meantime the smaller figure is not a bad record for a clever young man under thirty-five.

The "rule o' thumb" and guesswork are no longer possible in "big business." Almost no one realizes what statistics actually come to in dollars and cents, even with the simplifying, relatively inexpensive machinery that turns them out. W. J. Filbert, comptroller of the United States Steel Corporation, gave a most interesting example of this when he instanced the statistics of the Steel Trust furnished to the National Government. They were first asked for by James R. Garfield, then Commissioner of Corporations, in 1906. It cost the Steel Corporation $200,000 to compile them, and it took four years to work out all that was wanted by the Government.

Filbert of the Steel Corporation is one of these new men. When the Steel Corporation was facing the Government dissolution suit—is that ancient history now?—he proved his metal on the witness stand one fine June day. Jacob M. Dickinson, counsel for the Government, discovered that he knew the steel industry upside down, crosswise, and backward. He answered questions in figures, not phrases.

Questioned by Judge Dickinson as to the total wages and salaries paid employees of the Steel Corporation and its various subsidiaries from April 1, 1901, to December 31, 1912, Mr. Filbert contracted his brow, gazed at the ceiling for two seconds, and calmly replied:

"$1,659,944,622."

"What has been paid in taxes by the corporation and its subsidiaries in that period?"

"The sum paid for taxes in States, counties, municipalities, and to the United States Government totals $66,579,789," answered the witness.

At this point Judge Dickinson mopped the perspiration from his brow, and to the witness remarked:

"Pretty hot to-day."

"One hundred and two in the shade," responded the witness, who is accustomed to talking in figures.

The new systems of the high-priced accountants to-day are known as bookless bookkeeping. The big practical men who have come into control in recent years have managed to work out wonderful "stunts." They have installed, for example, a machine that can address 1,500 bills an hour, another by means of which an expert can sign 600 checks in five minutes. In place of writing out long documents that must, for office records, be copied, they have them photographed.

The adding machine beats the human eye, brain, and pencil all to nothing, and with the new envelope with its open face nobody needs ever to address another letter.

The one idea of the new high-priced man is to get everything possible done by machinery.

The wizard himself looks merely for final figures. These he pores over and turns to good purpose with the big executives of his company, constantly giving them new and interesting pieces of information. He keeps only the leading, big, vital figures in his head, and not many of these. He is really a master of accounting science and mechanics, a novel executive, ready to hand out the most valuable product of all: the details his company must have yearly, quarterly, monthly, weekly, daily, that it may know just how it is being run.

Under a system like this if it is properly used there is little chance of anything going seriously wrong, anything being long concealed.

The wizard has aids to handle each group of machines and to watch carefully their efficiency. These are picked young men. They will be wizards themselves some day. By their well-digested compilations and combinations, it is frequently possible to effect decided economies without injuring service at all, to make new rates, to discover incompetence and theft, to gauge efficiency of management at any particular point.

There is no end to the "points," the facts and figures that can be dug out at the cost of very little time, trouble, and expense. Here are several thousand cards with information marked on them by means of little holes punched through. The machine is set to catch a certain punching. The cards thus punched are isolated and then summarized. Presto! a certain fact is registered. Cards with yet other holes are taken. Put through the same machine, they register yet another fact.

So well up to date is the work kept that it is quite possible to lay on an executive's desk early in the morning a record of what was accomplished the day before, tabulated in an incredibly short space of time by the cards.

High-Priced Wizardry Pays

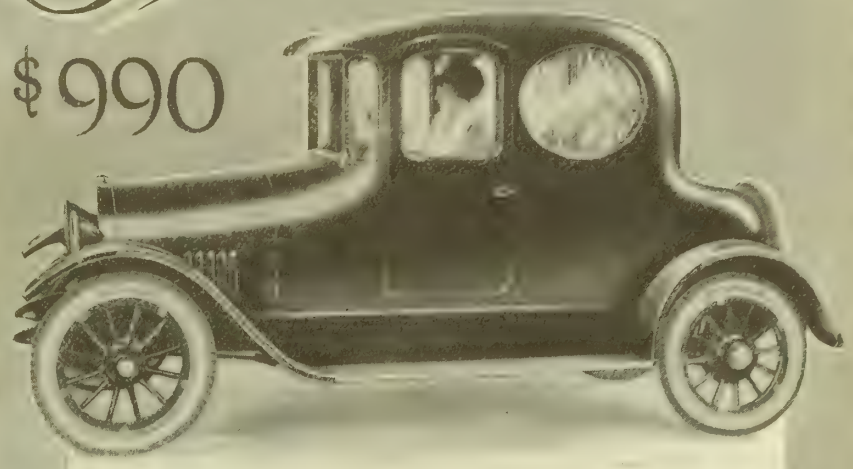
IN almost every corporation where the high-priced wizard has been allowed to go ahead he cuts costs in comparison with the values created. When he gets to be a wizard of an accounting firm he knows all the "short cuts." His office receives a commission to "doctor" an old-established business that is not doing well, to develop one that wants to expand, to set on its feet a business just being born. He takes a little of A's and B's idea, combines it with the C, D, and E Company's practice, adds some clever plans of R's and a good point O devised (the only thing in the O system that seemed to work out well: a "cracka-jack"). With all these and some variations of his own the trick is turned. It is costing money, but $40,000, $50,000, is a mere nothing if big operating results can be attained. The wizard's practical inventive faculty is lowering operating costs. Ability like this is what enables him to draw a larger salary than Tim Linkinwater.



The accountant to-day with the use of cards and machinery cuts costs by making statistical information immediately available

Announcing the **Pullman** *De Luxe Coupe*

$990



Tailored for Her Majesty, the American Woman

The De Luxe Coupe is built to reflect the refined smartness of Milady of Today—a well groomed, thoroughbred car, powerful, yet graceful in design and finished in the best of taste. It retains the sturdy reliability of the Pullman standard models, with all the advantages of the electric and none of its limitations.

It is equipped with the new C-H Magnetic Gear Shift—a touch of a convenient button and the gears change smoothly at the will of the driver, eliminating the troublesome lever. A novice can learn to drive the car safely in half an hour.

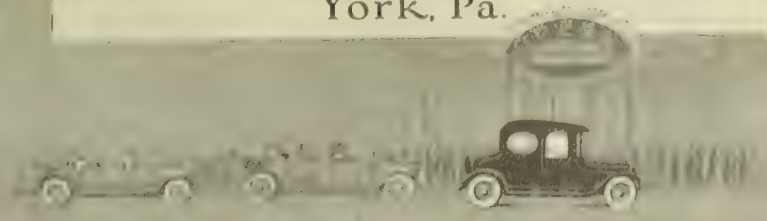
$740—Two, Three and Five Passenger Models—$740

Write for De Luxe Coupe Brochure

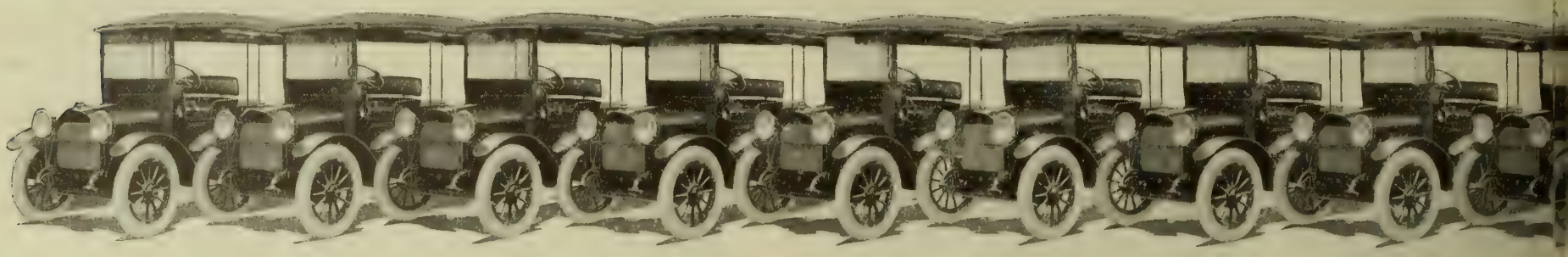


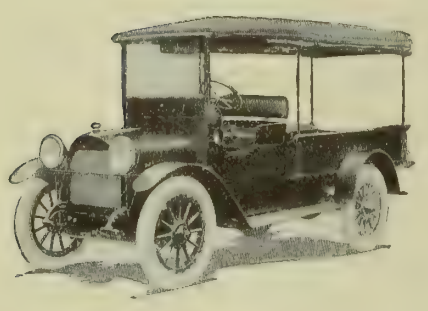
Specifications: 114-inch wheel base, 32 H. P. four-cylinder motor, Batavia non-skid tires all four wheels, cantilever rear springs, independent electric starting and lighting systems, separate high tension magneto, honeycomb radiator, one man top, full floating rear axle

PULLMAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY.
York, Pa.



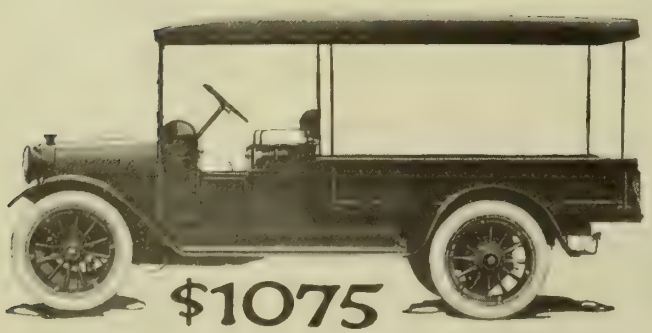
This REPRESENTS the NORMAL DAILY CAPACIT











—25 Reo ¾-Ton Speed Wagons an

THE TREMENDOUS DEMAND for Reo Motor Trucks made the erection f this immense plant imperative.

INCIDENTALLY it makes Reo the largest manufacturer of Motor Trucks the world, we believe.

UNDER PRESSURE—as at this moment—we can very nearly double th number.

AND YET IT LOOKS as if even this 4½-acre plant will be inadequa to our needs.

SEEMS AS IF every Reo Truck we ship sends back an order for three more.

AS A MATTER OF FACT that is precisely what does happen

REO STURDINESS IS THE ANSWER—that same quality of reliability, dependability that has made the name Reo illustrious in this industry.

AND LOW MAINTENANCE COST—that other Reo attribute that is th direct result of the first one—is the clinching argument that so ofte decides in favor of Reo.

¾-Ton Reo Speed Wagon Specifications

Capacity—Normal capacity, 1,500 pounds. Maximum capacity, including weight of body, 1,800 pounds.

Speed—22 miles per hour.

Wheel Base—120 inches. **Tread**—56 inches.

Wheels—Timken bearing, front and rear. Artillery type, second growth grade "A" hickory. Front 12 spokes, 1⅜ inches diameter; rear 12 spokes, 1½ inches diameter. Demountable rims.

Tires—34x4½-inch pneumatic, front plain; rear, nobby tread.

Chassis—Length over all, 171 inches. Width over all, 66 inches. Dash to rear of frame, 128 inches. Width of frame, 30 inches.

Springs—High quality spring steel. Semi-elliptic. Adjustable supports and shackles, all provided with grease cups. Front, 2 inches wide, 38 inches long; rear, 2¼ inches wide, 40 inches long.

Motor—35 horsepower. Four cylinder cast in pairs with heads integral, 4⅛-inch bore, 4½-inch stroke. Plunger oil pump to main bearings and timing gears; constant level splash to cylinders.

Carburetor—Johnson—Float feed, automatic type, water jacketed. Air intake connected with stove on exhaust. Dash air control. Throttle control on steering post and foot accelerator.

Ignition—Jump spark; current supplied by Remy generator, which also furnishes current to storage battery for electric lights and electric starting device.

Starting and Lighting—Remy system, two unit, six volt. Starter motor mounted over front end of transmission, 100 ampere hour storage battery. Two large parabolic head lamps fitted with dimming device that saves two-thirds of the current ordinarily used. Instrument lamp and tail lamp.

Cooling System—Positive water circulation, by gear driven centrifugal pump. Flat vertical tube radiator with outer casing which is easily removed for repair. Air circulation by belt driven fan and specially constructed fly wheel spokes.

Clutch—Thirteen plate, dry disc type.

Transmission—Sliding selective type, three speeds forward and reverse. Standard gear reduction from engine to rear wheels, high sp 4 to 1, second speed 7.2 to 1, low speed 14.8 to 1, and reverse 20 t Hyatt roller bearings throughout. Reo center control.

Brakes—Two sets of brakes on rear wheel hubs; service brake contracting inches in diameter, 2¼-inch face. Emergency brakes internal expand type. Easily adjusted and anti-rattling.

Front Axle—Drop forged "I" beam section with integral yokes. One-pi drop forged steering spindles. Timken bearings.

Rear Axle—Full floating type. Pressed steel casing electrically welded a one-piece housing of great rigidity.

Steering Gear—Left side drive adjustable bevel pinion and sector ty Diameter of steering wheel, 17 inches; spark and throttle lever control u steering wheel.

Turning Radius—22½ feet.

Windshield—Two-piece ventilating rain-vision windshield.

Tank Capacities—Gasoline, 11 gallons; lubricating oil, 3 quarts; water gallons.

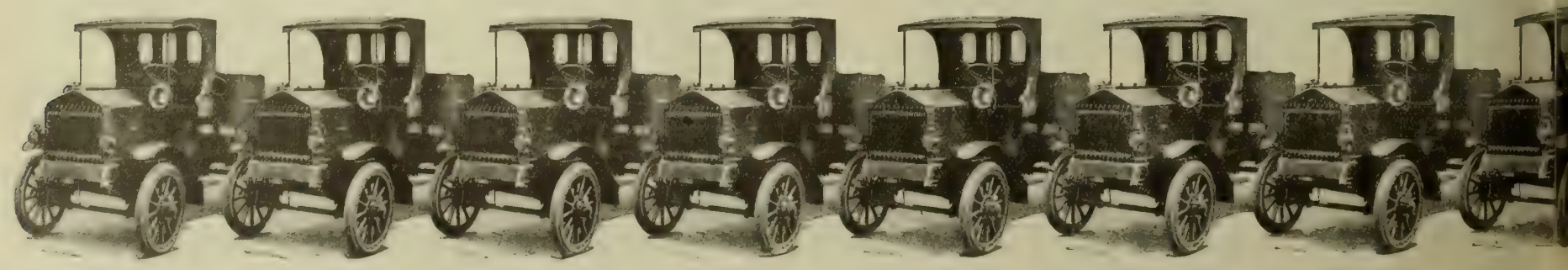
Regular Equipment—Remy electric starting and lighting syst Storage battery. Headlights, tail and instrument lights; speedomet D'arsonval type of ammeter, mechanical horn, extra rim, complete se tools, including tire pump and jack.

Standard Body—Express type—flare board with top and side curtai Width inside, 44 inches; length inside, 96 inches; height of panel, 12 inch width of flare, 5 inches; height of platform light, 33 inches; height of pl form loaded, 30½ inches; over all height of truck over top from grou 92 inches; over all width of truck, 66 inches; dash to front of seat, inches; depth of seat, 18 inches; width of seat, 38 inches.

Price—Complete with standard express body and canopy top, *$1,075* F. B. Lansing, Mich.

Price, Chassis Only—Including complete equipment less express bo driver's seat, canopy top and windshield, *$1,000*, F. O. B. Lansing, Mic

Reo Motor Truck Company



f the NEW 4½-ACRE REO MOTOR TRUCK FACTORY



15 Reo 2-Ton Heavy Duty Trucks









IO OTHER CLASS OF BUYERS look so closely into that item of maintenance cost as buyers of motor trucks.

I'S A BUSINESS PROPOSITION—that's why. Few know just what their pleasure cars cost—but every business man watches the cost of delivery.

ND THE CLOSER THEY WATCH the more certain is the next one to be a Reo.

HESE TWO REOS will perform 80 per cent of all kinds of trucking service—the 2-Ton for the heavy work; the new Model-F 1500-pound Speed Wagon (on pneumatic tires) for the lighter loads, that call for greater dispatch.

? MILES PER HOUR and over—and with full load. That is what this pneumatic tired wagon does—and such is the economy of operation, such its efficiency, it has created for itself a new place in the commercial world.

BUSINESS GETTER" one owner calls it. And another says it "annihilates competition"—because customers who demand quick service go to the house that owns Reo Speed Wagons.

2-Ton Reo Motor Truck Specifications

acity—Normal capacity, 4,000 pounds. Maximum capacity, including dy, 5,000 pounds.

eds—(Controlled by governor) Three forward speeds and one reverse eed; 15.3, 8.48 and 4.17 miles per hour on forward, and 3.07 miles per ur on reverse at 1250 R. P. M. of motor.

el Base—146 inches.

d—Front 60 inches; rear 64 inches.

els—Timken bearings, front and rear. Artillery type, second growth ole "A" hickory. Front 12 spokes, 2x1¾ inches; rear 12 spokes, 2½x2 ches.

s—Front, 36x4 inches, solid. Rear, 36x3½ inches dual, solid.

sis—Length over all, 225 inches. Width over all, 76 inches. Total ght over all (top of cab), 97 inches. Dash to front of seat, 21⅝ inches. sh to rear of seat, 41 inches. Rear of seat to rear of frame, 146½ hes. Width of frame, 35 inches.

t Springs—Semi-elliptic, 2¼ inches wide and 44½ inches long, ten ves with total thickness of 3 inches.

Springs—Semi-elliptic, 2½ inches wide and 42 inches long, eleven ves with total thickness of 3¼ inches.

r—Horsepower 27.2 S. A. E. rating. Four cylinder, cast in pairs with ds integral, 4⅛ inches bore, 4½-inch stroke. Plunger oil pump to in bearing and timing gears; constant level splash to cylinder.

ion—Dual system; National low tension magneto and battery of dry s.

uretor—Holley, float feed type, water jacketed. Air intake connected h stove on exhaust and dash air control.

ng System—Positive water circulation by gear driven centrifugal mp. Flat vertical tube radiator. Individual radiator sections, facili- ng repair.

h—Enclosed dry multiple disc.

Transmission—Sliding selective type. Three speeds forward and one reverse. Case hardened gears, ⅞-inch face. Hyatt roller bearings throughout. Reo center control.

Drive—Shaft drive with two universal joints from gear case to jack shaft. From jack shaft the power is transmitted by side chains, roller type. 1¼-inch pitch. Radius rod adjustable.

Brakes—Two service brakes, drums 12 inches diameter, 2 inches face, flexible bands, Raybestos lined, located on jack shaft. Two emergency brakes on rear hub. Drums 17-inch diameter, 2-inch face, flexible bands, Raybestos lined.

Front Axle—Solid round section 2 $\frac{1}{16}$-inch diameter. Timken roller bearing.

Rear Axle—Solid rectangular section 2¼ x 3 inches. Timken roller.

Steering Gear—Left side drive, adjustable, bevel pinion and sector type. Diameter of steering wheel, 18 inches. Spark and throttle lever control under steering wheel.

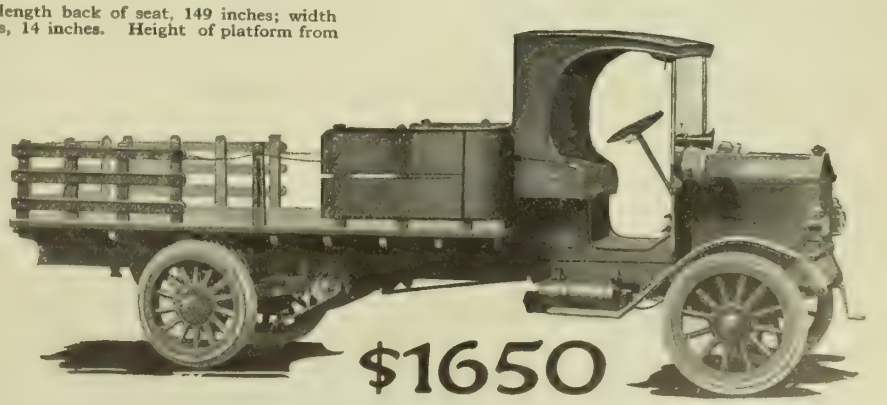
Turning Radius—26½ feet.

Tank Capacity—Gasoline, 19½ gallons. Lubricating oil, 3 quarts. Water, 2½ gallons.

Standard Stake Body—Inside length back of seat, 146 inches, width inside, 6 feet. Height of high stakes, 52 inches. Height of low stakes, 28 inches. Height of platform from ground, light 44 inches; loaded to capacity, 39 inches.

Standard Express Body—Inside length back of seat, 149 inches; width inside, 48 inches. Height of sides, 14 inches. Height of platform from ground, light 44 inches; loaded to capacity, 39 inches. Loading height under canopy top, 63 inches.

Price—Chassis with driver's seat and cab, *$1,650*, F. O. B. Lansing, Mich.



ansing, Mich., U. S. A.



THE AUTOMOBILE IN OUR COUNTY

BY JUDSON C. WELLIVER

QUIETLY, unostentatiously, without much occasion to cut out its muffler, the automobile has dragged our county out of the ruts that were outlined for it in the days of Braddock and has made it a different community. It has been a steady pull. It has brought good roads, good schools, better churches, and more support for them; it has helped powerfully to keep the younger generation of boys and girls from going away to the city. I wonder if other country counties, all over the land, would not give the same testimony on this last point. If so, if for them to the same extent as for us the country has been made more desirable and usable to the young people, I should say unhesitatingly that the greatest service of the automobile has been in this direction.

The automobile has turned our county into one big, intimate, neighborly neighborhood.

"Our county" is Montgomery, in Maryland. It lies about in the middle of the State, if there can be any discoverable middle to a territory composed of such a tangle of shoestrings in directions and dimensions as makes up Maryland.

In area the county comprises about 520 square miles, a little less than a sixteen-township Middle Western county. It is irregularly rectangular in shape, but lies cornerwise with the world, the four corners roughly matching the cardinal points of the compass. On the southwestern, which is the longest side, it is bounded by the Potomac River; while the southernmost point of its diamond shape is knocked off by the District of Columbia, occupying several square miles of what would be our county if Maryland hadn't amiably donated it to the United States for a capital site.

Considering that the dome of the Capitol can be seen from various points, and the peak of the Washington Monument from many places within its bounds, our county has been very little affected by its proximity to the seat of government. Some northern suburbs of Washington ravel out into a fringe along the line between the District of Columbia and the county. But these have contributed only a few hundred to the county's population of about 35,000, and proportionately little to influencing its color and atmosphere, its habits of thought and attitudes toward life. Strangers among us are wont to marvel and then to admire the ample self-sufficiency that enables our county to go right along its own way as if Washington had never been intruded into its vicinage. Yet why not? Our old families were here before Washington—either G. or D. C.—had arrived. They raised tobacco in rather a large way in those old times with slave labor, and some of them hauled it down to the warehouses that George owned, on the Potomac front at Georgetown, before Jefferson and Hamilton had even dreamed of the compromise that picked up a national capital by its bootstraps and planted it under our noses. The county tolerates Washington with somewhat the same mixed sentiments that an aristocratic old section of residential New York tolerates the skyscraper that is hoisted on some attractive corner; it may help the price of our land, but what of that if we don't want to sell? And, anyhow, it isn't the sort of thing we care much for. Let it be added, too, that our amiability will not bear undue presumption on the part of motoring statesmen with misapprehensions about the sincerity of our speed regulations or the assiduity of the special deputy sheriffs commissioned to protect our peace and dignity against desecration by Sabbath scorchers.



The automobile isn't keeping folks away from this church at Neilsville, Maryland

The Charm of It

OUR county is strictly a rural community, with diversified farming as its basic vocation and local politics as the universal avocation. In war times it was overwhelmingly pro-Southern in sympathies. I have heard it told that a visiting statesman of that epoch expressed surprise at this attitude on the part of a community "right at the back door of the national capital." To which he received the retort:

"You are mistaken, sir; Montgomery County isn't at the back door of Washington; Washington is at the back door of the county, and a mighty untidy back yard you keep there." Which in those times was as truthful as it was descriptive of our county's sentiments.

In concluding testimony to the conservative quality of its community opinions it may be noted that five years ago our county set up in the public square at Rockville, the county seat, a monument to the memory of the Confederate soldiers who had gone out from old Montgomery. At the most recent election in Maryland Montgomery returned a larger Democratic majority than any other county.

Physically our county is as varied and beautiful as it ought to be, in keeping with its character as the Heart of Maryland. It rolls gently back from the Potomac toward the lower reaches of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Once a primeval forest, it still possesses a glorious wealth of trees that dot and fringe every landscape with pluming green in summer and gorgeous color throughout the long autumn. Along the Potomac are wonderful wooded hills; between their base and the river's edge threads the old Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, surveyed by George Washington. Up through the middle of the county, northwesterly from old Georgetown, runs the ancient National Road; tradition says that Braddock's expedition against the Indians built it where it is, because Colonel Washington told him that was the place to put it. Braddock didn't have time to stop and put a macadam base or an asphaltum surface on it, but the automobile came along a few years ago and did that. Concerning which part of our story, more anon. To-day it is the main artery of the county, a link in the Lincoln Highway and one of the most attractive stretches of road in the country.

Finally, by way of getting my bits of color into the picture where they ought to be, the editor will perhaps permit the notation, if assured that there is no real-estate job mixed up in it, that our county raises more corn per acre than the corn belt; more wheat per acre than most wheat States, and that agricultural authorities, paid by the National Government to be unprejudiced, assure me that our farmers do better farming than most of the "great farming States."

There is only one town in the county of so much as 1,200 population. It is Rockville, the county capital. But the county has been knitted together into the solidarity of community interest, understanding, acquaintance. Everybody "knows" the county. Journeys that formerly were impossible are taken of an evening to pay a social call to neighbors at the other end of the county as carelessly as residents of Rockville used to walk from one end of the village to the other to attend a church sociable.

A system of schools has been developed that will compare favorably with any country county in the most progressive States of the new West.

But let the development be taken up, as nearly as may be, in logical order. When the automobile was already a well-known institution in the cities, the country saw it little because it dared not venture too far away from the termini of the asphalt ribbons of the streets. Country roads might be negotiated when they were in their best condition, but they were never very inviting for real touring. In the length and breadth of our county, ten years ago, there was not a single mile of good modern road. There were two turnpike corporations that owned between them about 36 miles of road that could be called good only because it was not so bad as the



At Ridgeville, Maryland, motorists stop daily for dinner at this wayside inn



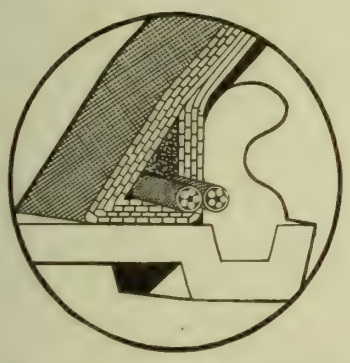
Ten years ago our county could show nothing like this stretch of highway

—when everything slips

FEDERAL "RUGGED" TREAD sticks

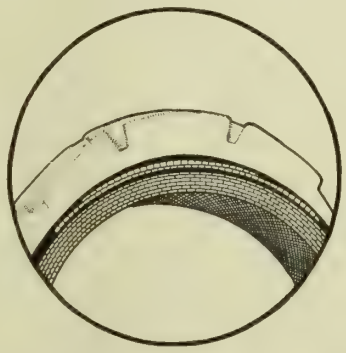
THIS is the time of all times to buy the *right* tires. For it's Winter and tires are beginning to slip and blow and go. Thousands of new hard points project from the frozen road, or else the going is "slick" and slippery. And there's a long Winter coming.

The right tire for Winter work must *stay* on the rim and *hold* the road. We believe the Federal "Rugged" Tire, tough of tread and tenacious in its road-grip, meets your every need as can no other tire. For Federal is the *scientific* tire, and the Federal "Rugged" Tread is *genuine* protection against skidding.



Stays on the Rim

Every Federal Tire, "Rugged" or Plain, has the Double-Cable-Base, that exclusive Federal feature you hear of so often. The two strong endless steel cables at each base of the tire anchor it so firmly to the rim that it cannot fly from the rim and it cannot "rock." This spells *Safety*. It saves inner tubes from mutilation, too. The Federal flexible bead-filler made possible by this Double-Cable-Base construction, *cannot* cut and grind up into the side walls and cause rim-cuts and blowouts. Here is *genuine* advancement in the making of pneumatic tires.



Holds the Road

The Federal "Rugged" Tread gives safe, sure traction on every road surface. The three parallel rows of big, broad Rugged studs are *triple*-protection against the car's temptation to slide or skid. And in the design of the Rugged studs, too, you see again evidence of Federal's *scientific* construction. For the studs of the outside rows are tapered gradually down toward the outer edges so that they cannot project, cannot press into the fabric to break it down and cause blowouts. Federal Rugged studs wear a long time, and they wear *evenly*.

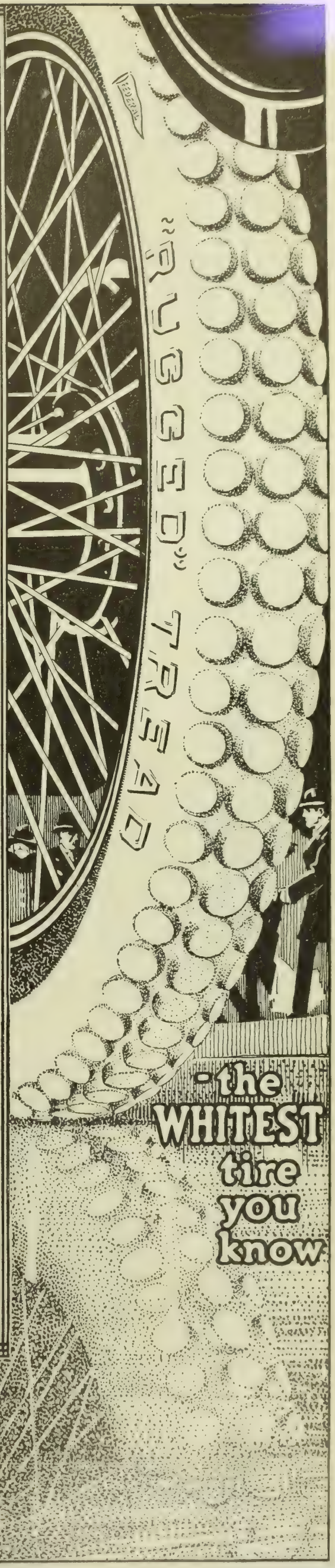
Mount *your* car now on FEDERAL RUGGEDS and make it behave these slippery days. Experience a new pleasure in *steady* winter driving. Experience a new freedom from worry. Long life, long mileage, is scientifically built into every Federal "Rugged" and Plain Tread Tire.

Federal Double-Cable-Base Tires, Plain and "Rugged" Treads, straight-wall and quick detachable, in all sizes for standard rims.

FEDERAL RUBBER MFG. CO., Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Auto Tire Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and general mechanical rubber goods

FEDERAL—"The Sterling Mark on Rubber"



rest. On these tollhouses were frequent and charges both troublesome and forbidding. Neither of them was profitable. They represented the enterprise of a period several decades gone—enterprise that had won deficits instead of dividends and that warned enthusiasts against investments of that sort.

Waking Up to the Road Gospel

IT WAS not till 1905 that the county, cooperating with the State, awoke to a realization that its roads needed modernizing; and, whatever may have been the experience elsewhere, it was the coming of the automobile that caused the awakening. Aside from the two toll roads I have mentioned, there was not a mile of rock-ballasted highway in the county. In winter and in rainy times in other seasons the roads were simply impassable. Old-fashioned wooden bridges and culverts were liable to disappear after a heavy downpour and at their best were dangerous to motor cars or heavily laden farm vehicles and traction engines. One obvious and impressive consequence of this condition was the increasing difficulty of getting threshing outfits moved from place to place to thresh the wheat that had become the county's leading cash crop.

In the beginnings of the new era of road building nobody quite realized what was to be the effect. It required all the courage and persistence that leaders in the movement could muster to get State Legislature and county commissioners to authorize expenditures that the croakers knew meant the straight road to bankruptcy. It was impossible to foresee the social, educational, and economic revolution, the upward swing for the whole community, that would follow the venture. The only thing that the pessimists could descry as a certainty was that the proposed roads were going to cost $10,000 or $12,000 or $14,000 per mile, and somehow must be paid for.

Despite all the solemn warnings, the adventurers won and the building of modern macadam roads began—a mile or two at first, with the State bearing the expense. Somehow it seems always easier to get people to submit to indirect taxes, or taxes imposed by a more remote authority. So the State was at length permitted to issue bonds and put in experimental roads in the various counties, ours among the rest. Certain important main highways were taken over bodily by the State, and less important routes were left to the counties.

To-day State and county are completely won to the good-roads policy. Our county has about 175 miles of the finest modern roads, properly graded, splendidly built, with the finest modern concrete and steel bridges. There will be twice as many miles before another decade, for every community that has not yet had its road improved is "pulling" for its share of the good thing. There are about 840 miles of roads of all kinds in the county.

One of the important results of building good roads is that the dirt roads have been greatly benefited by reason of taking away from them much of the heavy travel that seeks the macadam pikes; it is easier to maintain the dirt roads than formerly, and there is more interest, more effort. The districts that haven't yet won in the competition for the best highways want to make the best of what they have. There is not now a single tollgate in the county, and there will never be one again. Two small and poor road districts bought the last stretches of the toll pikes, made them free, improved them, and are glad they did.

Uncle Sam, impressed by the clamor from all parts of the country in behalf of Federal aid for the roads movement, appropriated a fund to build some experimental pieces of modern road in different parts of the country, and our county mustered enough "pull" to get one section of about 8 miles of this, from Rockville to the District of Columbia line. Though built and controlled by the Federal Bureau of Roads, the Government invested only about $15,000; the county gave $16,000, and interested property owners subscribed about $14,000.

First and last, county, State, Federal Government, and enterprising citizens have in this decade of road development invested about $1,750,000 in our county's new road system. How do we stand on the investment?



"State and county are completely won to the good-roads policy"

In 1906, when the movement was just starting, the assessed valuation of property in the county was $13,000,000. Now it is $21,000,000. There have been advances in all parts, but in the main it is shown, both by assessments and the prices at which properties have changed hands, that the greater part of this increment has gone into property getting the direct benefit of the new roads. Good authorities declare that lands adjacent to the new roads have increased so much more in value than other lands that the aggregate benefit to these best-favored areas can safely be set down as amounting to twice the cost of the roads! The eagerness with which sections not heretofore favored are demanding their share of the roads indicates clearly that the community believes this. Nobody likes increased taxes, and our county has them; but the man who has collected the taxes throughout the entire road-betterment epoch assures me that on the whole taxes never were so willingly paid as now.

Making It Washington's Playground

THE social effects of the good roads have been interesting to observe as they have developed. More and more the city has come out toward us. It comes to us for its amusement and recreation; our county has become the playground of Washington for eight months of the year. Our young people, and some of us not so young, have learned that when they choose they can run into the city for the theatre, but it's so much more fun to drive over the long, open stretches of country roads than over the city streets that the city has ceased to hold the invitation for us that it once did. So the big neighborhood of the county has developed its independent facilities for amusing itself. Halls have been built at near a dozen crossroads or villages, commonly convenient to picnic grounds. Here are held the dances, lyceums, entertainments, farmers' clubs, and all kinds of gatherings. A Social Service League, whose work would have been utterly impossible under the old conditions, is working intelligently and effectively for the eradication of tuberculosis and other diseases and for better sanitation. The isolation of farm life, that we used to experience and still read about, is a thing of the past.

Yes, it is true that not everybody has an automobile as yet. But remember that in the country ownership of a car does not create a new line of social distinction. The country car is a good deal of a neighborhood jitney; one youngster with the privilege of the family car is likely to bring two or three loads of passengers to the dance on Saturday evening. Of a Saturday night in summer you will find the grove surrounding the social hall, say at Sandy Spring, parked full of cars, big and little, old and new. You will find people there from every corner of the county, from Washington, from two or three neighboring counties even. The downtrodden farmer's wife, for whom so much professionalized sympathy has gone out via the columns of the woman's page, will be there in her best gown, ripping off the one-step or balancing through the hesitation as lively as her son and daughter with whom she clasps hands in the ring-around for the Paul Jones that ends the evening in one wild whirl.

This is no exaggeration of what the automobile has done to change the life of our county. Come and see us, and believe. If you prefer picnicking, we will call up a few neighbors and organize a party to run over to Seneca, on the Potomac. Here the backwater from the dam that conserves Washington's water supply creates a lake several miles long, between the Maryland and the Virginia hills; you will have good fishing, swimming, canoeing, and positively the most efficient supply of moonlight you will remember to have used. And the whole county next-door neighbor to it all! Anywhere by the roadside we will pass parties spreading the contents of their picnic baskets; maybe they have come 15 miles or more, just to find a favorite spot and to enjoy the drive home after supper.

Not less important than these social developments of the gasoline era are the educational ones. Our county has developed, within this same era of the automobile and the improved roads, its system of centralized schools. There are county high schools at Rockville, Sandy Spring, Germantown, Gaithersburg, Darnestown, and Poolesville; excellent graded schools, with ample high-school facilities for the advanced pupils; besides the Rockville Academy, some private schools, and the wonted system of old-style country schools tributary to the high schools. The boys and girls of our county don't need to go away from the farm in order to get as good educational advantages as used to be afforded only to the youth of good-sized towns. The automobile, the good roads, the spirit of progress, ambition and interest, the new outlook on life, have made these things possible. And at the bottom of it all lies, more than any other one material cause, the automobile.



At Seneca, on the Potomac: a place for picnicking, with fishing, swimming, canoeing — and, later, moonlight

Our county isn't complaining about its substantial farm families leaving the farm and moving to town. There's no need; the substantial farm family has its car; the town, or even the city, is just outside the farmhouse door. Instead of the country cousins going to town for a visit at every possible opportunity, and hating to return home, we know vastly more about the city cousins and friends inventing excuses to get invited to the country, where the real fun is. The town, with us, is coming to the country, not the country to the town. Every year sees an increase in the number of town and city families that move out to our county because they have been discovering that this new method of living offers all the advantages of the town, with those of the country added.

PAIGE

The Standard of Value and Quality

ON December 31st—at the Automobile Show in New York City—we shall formally introduce to the American people a new addition to the Paige line—a six-cylinder car which sells for $1050.

Right now, we might tell you that this new Paige is a startling achievement.

We might tell you about its remarkable motor—its luxurious appointments—its rich French leather upholstery—its roomy seating arrangements for five full grown passengers—its ample wheelbase and impressive European stream lines.

We might tell you about all of these features—and a great many more. But we much prefer that you shall establish them for yourself.

We want you to FIND in this car your ideal of what a five-passenger automobile really should be.

We want you to personally "discover" the car that you and your family have been waiting for and hoping for these many years.

We want you to set your expectations just as high as you possibly can. Then, examine this new Paige and see if you are obliged to make one single compromise.

We ask you to do this for YOURSELF. We shall be quite content to abide by the result.

And, now, just a few words in explanation of the success which has come to this company in such generous measure.

First and foremost, let it be understood that Paige builds not for price—but for QUALITY.

As we have repeatedly stated in our public announcements:

"It is by no means difficult to manufacture a car for a PRICE, but it is quite a different matter to produce a car of 100-point excellence and still maintain a price to the consumer that is not prohibitive."

There, you have the very essence of the Paige idea.

There you have the compelling motive behind every car which has ever left this factory.

There you have the REASON for the astounding value which you will find in the new five-passenger model quite as well as the larger Fairfield "Six-46."

REMEMBER, YOU CAN ONLY GET OUT OF A PRODUCT PRECISELY WHAT THE MANUFACTURER PUTS INTO IT.

There is no substitute for basic quality. No matter whether it be a typewriter, farm tractor or automobile, service must be BUILT IN the product—not merely veneered on the surface.

Let us here, then, renew our bond of Faith with the American public.

So long as Paige cars are built, we shall unceasingly maintain our policy of building only GOOD cars—with quality our first and foremost consideration.

It is a matter of public knowledge that the cost of raw material and labor has vastly increased during the past twelve months.

Notwithstanding this fact, however, we pledge ourselves to jealously guard even the quality of every cotter pin which goes into the construction of a Paige car.

We pledge ourselves to employ only the BEST materials and only the BEST workmanship that the market affords.

So long as Paige cars are sold, we shall remain keenly sensible of our obligation to see that these cars render unfailing service and continue to merit the confidence which has been reposed in them.

On this basis, we ask you to buy a Paige—not because of its price—but because of its nameplate.

We ask you to believe in these cars as WE believe in them. We willingly accept our share of the responsibility.

Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company

Detroit, Michigan

Fairfield "Six-46"
$1295
f. o. b. Detroit

Fleetwood "Six-38"
$1050
f. o. b. Detroit

On Exhibition at
New York Automobile Show—Space A-30
Chicago Automobile Show—Space D-6

Over at the east side of our county is Sandy Spring, not a town but a wide-spreading farm neighborhood founded by Quakers a century ago or more. Sandy Spring proper, the social center of the community, is little more than a crossing of roads; there are, however, about 4,000 people within the community. Sandy Spring is some 10 miles from the nearest railroad or trolley line, and time was when the lack of satisfactory communication, of touch with the outside world, of social opportunity, was much bemoaned, especially by the younger people. They fancied the notion of getting away to the big, free world outside.

A patriarch of this community told me recently that the automobile, the new roads, and the excellent high school now maintained there had in his opinion saved the neighborhood. The younger people no longer yearn to get away, simply because they have discovered that they can go when they like, and their easy touch with the outside has rubbed off the glamour.

They may have all they want of the outside, and, having it, they have learned that staying at home, under modern conditions in such a community, is more attractive than leaving.

That is fairly representative of what the new conditions of life have meant for the whole of our county.

Telephones, rural mail delivery, the parcel post to make shopping easy, have all done their part; but the real, effective, significant revolution in our country life began with the automobile and progressed as the automobile dragged other things in its train; opened the way for them, made them possible, got us acquainted with one another, taught us some new arts in spending money to get the most, in terms of life and living, out of it.

Yes, the automobile is expensive; but in the country, where cheap cars are used, where everybody in the house can run the contraption, where it performs every day a score of real services that save time and energy, it pays its way entirely aside from its contribution to making life bigger and brighter. The boy with a car to care for learns a thousand things about machinery that he would never learn from a less entertaining mechanism. The automobile in the city may be a luxury, but in the country it is a facility, an educator, a social and economic factor that, faster than most people realize, is saving the institution of rural life and solving the problem of rural happiness.

AN OPPORTUNITY IN OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE



BY RAYNAL C. BOLLING

THE European War has made the world familiar with the name "machine gun." Two years ago half the people had never heard of machine guns. Now everyone knows in a general way that a machine gun is some sort of exaggerated rifle which fires automatically four or five hundred shots a minute.

The effect of this sort of fire may be illustrated by what occurred at the Plattsburg Camp of Instruction for business and professional men last August. We were lying flat on our backs in the bottom of a trench three feet deep. Bullet-proof plates of steel from the armored trucks lined the sides of the trench toward the firing point. Sand from the trench was piled deep outside toward the machine guns. But if any man in that trench escaped a shiver up and down his spine when the machine guns let loose, he didn't boast of it. Through a black night, two long shafts of light from our searchlight car lit up the trench and targets. The bugle sounded "All down in the trench," then two short blasts for "Commence firing." Right above us something snapped like a great electric spark. It was followed by the report of the gun 500 yards away; then another crack and another as the machine guns got their range by trial shots with regulated fire. This was not at all startling—just like ordinary rifle fire. The men in the trench merely laughed and called out "Jim's hit!" or "John's hit!" as the shots caught the targets above those individuals. Then one gun after another changed to automatic fire. The air over us shivered and crackled and vibrated with bullets, the sand from before the trench came in like sleet, the ground thudded with low shots, and away off the machine guns drummed with an inhuman rapidity and regularity. We knew we were not in the slightest danger, but the thought that, if all this were real, we might be in honor bound to climb up out of our trench into that crackling stream of bullets and charge those diabolical machine guns caused a sick feeling in the pit of the stomach. It seemed impossible.

Machine Guns in War

I KNOW there is dispute among army officers as to the real efficiency of machine guns. There is talk of percentages of hits under various tests, and things of that sort; but to the men in the Motor Machine Gun Troop at Plattsburg last August this little experience in a trench under actual fire from machine guns was more convincing than arguments. We do not wonder why machine guns are mentioned in every day's reports that reach the newspapers from the European War. It does not surprise us to hear of machine guns on aeroplanes, machine guns on motor cars and motorcycles, machine guns carried by men, and machine guns dragged on little sleds—machine guns everywhere.

And what more appropriate in association with machine guns than automobiles? The machine gun has been called in military parlance "a weapon of opportunity." The automobile furnishes the opportunity. Packed on the backs of horses or mules and attached to an infantry or cavalry regiment, machine guns have the mobility of infantry or cavalry—neither more nor less. Transported in automobiles and operating as independent units, machine-gun detachments ordered out of New York City at daylight could go into action at noon in Albany. They could leave New York at night and be on the firing line in Boston by daylight next morning. And this with their men fresh and ready—not tired out from forced marching; well fed from their own cook car—not hungry because of delayed commissary wagons, and with their own supply of ammunition sufficient for all ordinary purposes.

It was to try some such experiments that the Motor Machine Gun Troop which went to the August Plattsburg Camp was organized. Some seventy men were recruited in groups of eight or ten from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and elsewhere—so that the idea, if successful, should be well disseminated. Some fifteen motor cars, motor trucks, and motorcycles were obtained through the generosity and public spirit of the manufacturers. These cars were of various makes and types—dissimilarity being desired for purposes of experiment. A 3½-ton truck, weighing over 8 tons with its full load, crew and armor, was our superdreadnought.

Of the result of this experimental outfit we must allow those to judge who are qualified to speak in military matters. "Theirs not to reason why" remains a good maxim for the citizen soldier. But we may properly testify to facts.

A heterogeneous organization of this sort, never even brought together till they fell in fifteen minutes before departure, with motor cars and trucks varying in speed from 12 to 75 miles an hour, traveled the 365 miles to Plattsburg at the rate of 100 to 150 miles a day without difficulty. If the slow cars in the last division fell behind 20 miles in the morning's run, the motorcycle dispatch rider needed only half an hour to carry back instructions to the officer in charge, and the last division came in at night by the time tents were pitched and mess ready. The organization was self-contained and took care of itself. Many customary problems of military travel simply disappeared. If no good camp ground was found at the hour or place intended, five or ten miles more was no matter of consequence. If there was lack of wood or water near the camp, a car brought a supply from anywhere within two or three miles in 15 minutes or less. Somewhere within ten or fifteen miles supplies of any sort were always available.

While at the Plattsburg Camp the Motor Machine Gun Troop found a target range 21 miles away, and went to it as often as desired in 45 minutes, in which time infantry could have marched about two miles. The motor trucks rendered all sorts of services, from doing the work of a dozen army wagons in about one-fourth the time to transporting thirty-five men on one truck at a speed of 30 miles an hour.

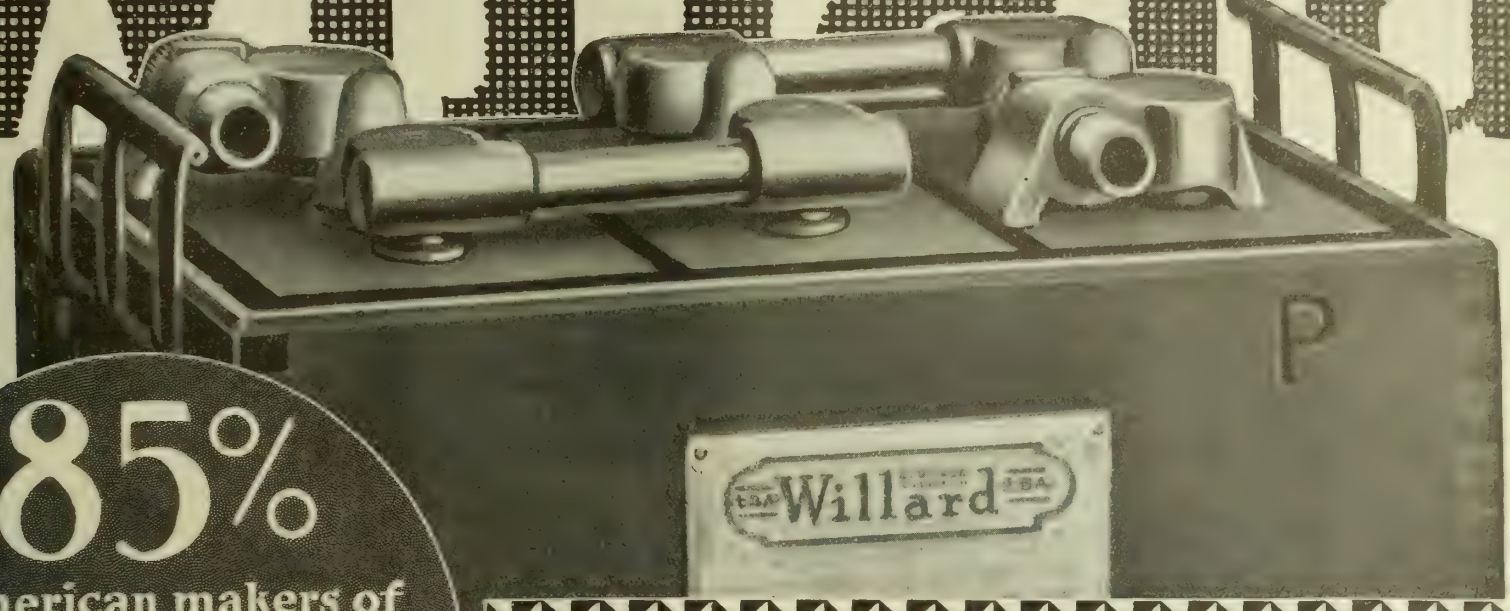
When the maneuvers came the motor-transported machine guns were always turning up everywhere. If the "enemy" made an attack in some unexpected quarter, the rattle of rifle fire hardly began before two or three gray automobiles came whirling down some road, dodging baggage wagons and columns of cavalry, and the drumming of the Colt guns gave a thrill of satisfaction to the defenders. While a baggage train was crawling across the landscape, several hundred yards of its sinuous length was always under fire from two or three machine guns posted on a hill, with their motor cars waiting under cover in the road below to whisk the guns and their crews away to some new point of vantage if the infantry escort of the theoretically demoralized baggage train deployed and advanced to close quarters in spite of being all constructively dead. Of course these things were not always obvious, for the baggage train and commissary wagons had to get to the intended camping place, and kept on under a fire which would have wiped out any column of ants traveling that road. Umpires do not readily observe the slaughter wrought by a Benet-Mercier machine gun, which will not shoot blank cartridges, but merely clicks spitefully while columns of infantry come up in close formation and, instead of being slain, stumble upon the outraged machine gun crews and declare them captured by force of numbers.

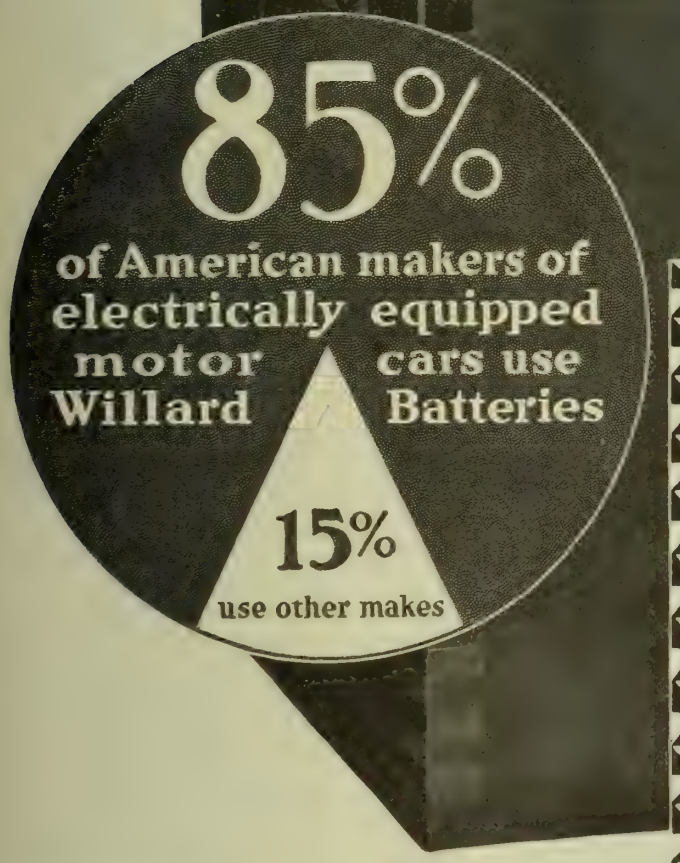
We had expected some trouble on the country roads, but found the cars quite capable of going anywhere we wished. It is only fair to admit, however, that on the way up to Plattsburg we sometimes had to shore up country bridges for our heaviest trucks when off the main highways.

The Test at Plattsburg

ONE interesting feature of the experiment came from an unexpected request two days before we left New York that we take up to Plattsburg a 3-inch field gun and caisson, each with its limber. The gun and limber were hitched on behind the "Big Mack," the caisson and limber behind another truck, and both were towed along with the column, traveling more than 100 miles a day. Once the gun broke loose, while rounding a curve at 25 miles an hour. It went through a fence and over a retaining wall into the field below, but was quickly hauled back and hitched on again undamaged. I doubt whether any piece of artillery ever before traveled the roads on its own wheels so fast and so far. I am afraid the gun reached Plattsburg pretty well shaken up, but the experiment seemed to us to show that field guns

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY





List of Willard Equipped Cars

The makers of these cars base their purchases of storage batteries on the car owner's lighting and starting satisfaction —not on price.

Abbott-Detroit
Alter
American La France
American
Ames
Anger
Apperson
Armleder
Atlas-Knight
Atterbury
Auburn
Austin
Avery

Bartholomew
Bell
Berg
Blumberg
Briscoe
Brockville Atlas
Brockway

Chalmers Model No. 32
Chandler
Chevrolet, "Baby Grand"
Coey Flyer
Colby
Coleman
Commerce
Consolidated
Continental
Corbitt
Crane
Crawford
Crescent
Crow
Cunningham

Daniels
Davis
Denby
Dellon-Bouton
Detroiter
Dile
Dodge Brothers Motor Car
Dorris
Dort

Empire

Federal
F. I. A. T.
Fisher
Fostoria Light Car
Franklin
Front Drive

Glide
Gramm
Gramm-Bernstein
Great Eagle
Great Western

Hanger
Harwood-Barley
Haynes
Herff-Brooks
Hollier "Eight"
Howard
Hupmobile

Imperial
Indiana
International
Interstate

Jackson
Jones

Kelly
King
Kissel-Kar
Kline
Knox
Krit

Lambert
Lancia
Lauth Juergens
Lewis "L. P. G."
Lexington
Lippard Stewart
Locomobile
Lozier
Luverne
Lyons-Atlas

McFarlan
McLaughlin
Maccar
Madison
Marion
Marmon
Martin
Mason
Meteor
Metz
Mitchell
Moline-Knight
Monarch
Monitor "4-30"
Monroe
Moon
Moyer

National

Oakland Model No. 32
Ogren
Overland Models 83 and 84
Owen-Magnetic

Packard
Paige
Paterson
Pathfinder
Peerless
Pilgrim
Pilot
Pope-Hartford
Pratt
Premier

Renault
Reo
Republic
Richmond
Rowe
Russell

Sayers-Scoville
S. G. V.
Scripps-Booth
Seagrave
Simplex
Singer
South Bend
Spaulding
Spoerer
Stafford
Stanley
Stearns
Stegeman
Sterling
Stewart
Studebaker
Stutz

Thomas
Touraine
Tudhope

Velie

Westcott
Wichita
Winton

Zimmerman

Where Experts Agree

Suppose you have a certain sum of money to invest, and you consult one hundred experienced business men representing one of the biggest and most successful industries in the world.

Again—suppose that eighty-five of those men agree on one and the same investment as the best buy on the market, while the other fifteen not only disagree with the majority but with one another.

Whose advice will you follow?

Eighty-five per cent of the builders of electrically equipped cars do more than merely *advise* you to buy Willard Storage Batteries. They set you the example—by buying Willard Batteries themselves and putting them on their cars.

Only fifteen per cent use other makes—and for reasons not always compatible with *your* interests.

Which battery is it reasonable to believe will last the longest, cost the least for repairs, start your engine most easily, keep your lights burning most brightly?

It's doubtful if you'll find an 85% majority for any other single part of a motor car.

Car builders are divided in opinion about radiators, springs, tires, motors, bodies, tops, starters, etc. —but when it comes to storage batteries they agree on the one surest way to give you the highest battery quality, backed by a nation-wide battery service. That service is established to keep 700,000 car owners satisfied with their lighting and starting.

You can trust the judgment of these car builders—they have taken all kinds of batteries apart, shown up the goodness or cheapness of their construction, tested them physically, chemically, mechanically and in actual service.

But it may interest you to know how a battery is made and what it is that has given Willard that 85% majority.

Write for Booklet C-1, "Truth Telling Tests," which points out the difference between good batteries and cheap ones—with a complete list of the storage battery stations where you can get expert Willard Service.

Willard Storage Battery Company

Cleveland, Ohio

NEW YORK: 228-230 W. 58th Street
CHICAGO: 2524-30 So. Wabash Avenue
ATLANTA: 8-10 East Cain Street
INDIANAPOLIS: 316-318 North Illinois Street
DETROIT: 736-40 Woodward Avenue
SAN FRANCISCO: 1434 Bush Street
OAKLAND, CAL.: 2509 Broadway
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.: Excelsior & 13th Sts.

DIRECT FACTORY REPRESENTATIVES IN Philadelphia, Boston, Dallas, Kansas City, Omaha, Seattle.

Service Stations in all principal cities. There are some real opportunities open for men who have the expert knowledge and complete facilities to give the kind of service demanded by Willard standards.

could be transported in this way easily enough if the gun carriages were built somewhat differently and designed for high speed—perhaps with solid rubber tires instead of steel. Even as now mounted, field artillery could clearly be thus transported 20 miles in an hour in case of emergency.

Now, the purpose of this experiment and the reason for this account of it are to show that motor machine-gun units would furnish a valuable addition to our National Guard and that they could be organized all over the country without any difficulty. Any good touring car will serve well enough to carry a gun crew of five men and a driver, a machine gun and tripod weighing some 75 pounds, and 1,000 rounds of ammunition weighing about 100 pounds. For purposes of drill and training, this is all that is absolutely necessary. Armored cars, ambulances, searchlight cars, kitchen cars, repair-shop cars, and tank cars are desirable additions and could be added easily enough if the organization should be called into active service. Any well-trained organization could take these adjuncts and use them immediately. It would be well to have cars with bodies adapted to the mounting of guns on the cars, though they are seldom likely to be used that way. The ordinary express- or service-wagon body will answer well enough for this purpose, and probably any organization well started would soon be able to acquire one or two cars thus equipped. But these things are not essentials. The essentials are to get together the right sort of men, to get the machine guns, and to train the men to use the guns till they work together perfectly.

Right here comes the vital point in this whole matter of machine guns. They are not fool-proof, as the service rifle so nearly is. Men who do not thoroughly understand machine guns might better be armed with axes. They would probably put their guns out of action before fifty shots were fired. Among the twenty guns collected from different sources for our Motor Machine Gun Troop eight came from a certain branch of the regular service. They were turned over to us "complete and in good condition," according to the invoice. Yet the first day we tried them not one would fire six shots in succession. They had been rendered temporarily useless by the manhandling of troops that did not understand them. Three days later, after careful overhauling by an expert, these same guns worked perfectly. Every man in a machine-gun crew should be able to take the gun to pieces and put it together again almost in the dark. When it jams, he should know instantly where the trouble is and be able to remedy it immediately. This requires interest, intelligence, and careful study of the weapon and its ways. In my opinion (perhaps not so humble as it should be) there must be a great change in our military views regarding machine guns and the methods of using them when the facts of the European War become known. No wonder machine guns are not always efficient when they are treated as mere adjuncts of infantry or cavalry and are operated by details of men who often do not thoroughly understand them. I am even enough of an iconoclast to wonder how much the colonel of an infantry or cavalry regiment usually knows about machine guns and their uses and possibilities.

It would be easy to recruit men of peculiar fitness for National Guard motor machine-gun units who might have little inclination to enlist in an infantry regiment of the National Guard or even in the cavalry. This motor machine-gun service is full of dash and appeals to the imagination. There are thousands of young men, many of whom are pretty good mechanics, who keenly enjoy driving their own motor cars. The use of motor cars would make it comparatively easy in most localities for such units to find drill grounds and target ranges available for Saturday afternoons and holidays. In any year they could do ten times as much actual machine-gun shooting as can be done by horse-transported machine-gun units, and most of such organizations would be able to provide a large part of their ammunition.



The machine gun is "a weapon of opportunity." The armored automobile furnishes the opportunity

Encouragement and cooperation are all that is needed from army and National Guard authorities. Here will doubtless arise the specter that haunts all military administration, and this ghost will croak: "There is no provision for this in the regulations."

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This Colt machine gun is very much on the job

That specter has often chilled enthusiasm, dulled resourcefulness, and withered initiative in military matters. Any business organization which dismisses suggestions for new processes, improved methods, and greater efficiency in its operations merely with disheartening reference to "the regulations" is likely to be wound up by receivers. Every advance in manufacture, mining, transportation, or agriculture has been made without any provision for it in the regulations. Regulations are like arsenic. The right amount stimulates; too much kills. Wisely applied, they are a necessary and desirable means to bring the lagging up into line. Applied without imagination, they are just as effective to deaden enterprise. The military body may need a tonic; but let's not have all its initiative deadened.

It is appropriate in this account to make some acknowledgment to the manufacturers of motor cars, motor trucks, motorcycles, and equipment who made this experiment possible. Equally with the small group of public-spirited men who furnished the money required, these American manufacturers proved their patriotism. They furnished between fifty and one hundred thousand dollars' worth of motor cars, and are probably out of pocket something like ten thousand dollars for actual expenses and depreciation. Any pecuniary return to them is uncertain. Yet they left no wheel unturned to help, in this experiment, with the attention of their officers and the time of their employees as well as the use of their cars. Two of the cars were shipped to New York from San Francisco by express. Every man who watched those cars and trucks and motorcycles got a new appreciation of their powers of performance and endurance. For the whole month they were never under cover. Night after night they stood out in a downpour of rain. Yet every morning when the bugle sounded "Forward march!" their engines kept perfect cadence, and all day and every day they did whatever was desired of them.

Copyright 1915 by Underwood & Underwood



"Big Mack"—a 3½-ton truck, with armor-plate protection for its gun crews, draws a 3-inch field gun

For the National Guard

WHETHER we are to have a larger standing army or not and whether our National Guard is to be large or small, whatever we do have should be the best of its kind. There can be no two ways of thinking about that.

The most earnest opponent of increased armament cannot object to making whatever we do have as well organized, well equipped, and efficient as can be found anywhere. If we are to get along with a comparatively small regular army and organized militia, so much the greater need of having it the best that is known.

Then, if any national peril compels us to organize, train, and equip a large army, we shall have something to build on, models to work to. Especially is this necessary with artillery, aeroplanes and machine guns. Batteries of artillery, aviation corps, and machine-gun units cannot be called into being by a presidential proclamation.

That might call forth a million men, whom it might be possible at once to begin training as infantry and cavalry—of course without uniforms or equipment of any kind, and worse than useless for immediate service. But even that much would be impossible as to artillery, aviation, and machine guns. As to these we should not be able even to make a beginning if we had not prepared for it long beforehand. This was the thought which prompted last summer's experiment in a motor-transported machine-gun unit.

To Save Life

THERE is no reason why several hundred motor machine-gun batteries should not be added to our National Guard within the next year. There was never a better time to do it. If the men of this country should be called on to defend it, there will be no lack of men. They will respond prepared to die for the country if necessary. If there has been no adequate preparation to provide thousands of machine guns and men trained to use them, the people of the United States will be responsible for the needless sacrifice of the men who will be called upon to pay with their lives for the neglect and indifference of their countrymen.



The Big Emergency!

Every motorist can recall a string of *little* emergencies, each one sure proof that the Bigger Emergency may lie just around the corner.

When the Big Emergency comes for you, will your brakes hold? *Will they?*

You may have a 40 H. P. motor but you can't use any of that power to *stop* the car. Your power is a liability when your brakes fail.

Brakes fail when the lining is worn out. Do you know what kind of lining is on your car? When it's only half brake lining, brakes fail without warning.

Thermoid HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED Brake Lining - 100%

Brake lining that is not 100% is like a heart failure. A sudden shock—a Big Emergency may mean death.

Thermoid Brake Lining has 100% gripping and holding power even when it is worn paper thin.

That means that lined with Thermoid your brakes will hold, not only when you are just stopping your car but when you have to *stop quick or hit something.*

Thermoid wears because it is cured under hydraulic compression into a solid substance of uniform density. It contains 50% more material foot for foot than do other kinds. Watch your brakes—remember that without a lining they are not brakes at all. Consider, too, how much better it is to see they are lined with Thermoid Brake Lining than to have a finely equipped motor crumpled into junk in an instant, or to have to race to a hospital with a child or adult you would not have hit if your brakes had held.



Cannot be burned out nor affected by oil, water, gasoline or dirt

Our Guarantee: Thermoid will make good or we will

Thermoid Rubber Company

Trenton, N. J.

Makers of Nassau Tires and Thermoid Garden Hose



A few words of caution to the automobile owner and the trade regarding Top Material

TOP MATERIALS ARE NOW BEING SUPPLIED in an endless variety of grades to meet price cutting competition, rather than the car owner's needs.

A RECENT CANVASS among automobile dealers has proved that the average automobile salesman incorrectly considers the word "PANTASOTE" a generic name representing all top materials that look like leather.

THIS CANVASS HAS ALSO PROVED that, because of the misunderstanding, it has become quite common for automobile salesmen to illegally misrepresent as PANTASOTE top materials of similar appearance, but of totally different composition and generally cheaper.

PANTASOTE IS THE REGISTERED TRADE NAME of a product made only by us and with ingredients known only to us. There are numerous top materials which when new resemble PANTASOTE; but none of them are anything like it in composition.

UNFORTUNATELY THE APPEARANCE OF A TOP MATERIAL when new, is no indication of quality. Inferior quality is easily disguised by surface finish and cannot be detected until a few months of service tell the tale—when too late. The owner then faces the alternative of suffering the discomforts of a leaky top and the humiliation of a shabby top, or the large expense of re-covering.

PANTASOTE IS THE ONE COMPOSITION that successfully withstands severe service and the disintegrating action of sunlight and extremes in temperature to which every top is subjected.

IN PANTASOTE YOU HAVE a material of acknowledged quality—a little more costly to make but indorsed by over twenty years of satisfactory service in outdoor uses, and honestly guaranteed direct to you by a company of recognized standing, which does not forget its obligations to the car owner.

TO USE THIS LABEL ON MATERIAL NOT Pantasote IS A PENAL OFFENSE

AVOID MISREPRESENTATION—even though it be unintentional. Look for this label on the top as proof that the material is really PANTASOTE.

PANTASOTE IS STANDARD EQUIPMENT on the tops supplied with the following cars: Chandler (starting with next series), Cole, Hudson, Locomobile, Marmon, Paige, Pierce-Arrow, Westcott.

A postal with your name and address will bring you free our interesting and instructive booklet "What's What in Top Materials."

THE PANTASOTE COMPANY,
1560 Bowling Green Building, New York City.



The right time right under your eye

The auto clock you've wanted! In the center of the steering wheel; hardly a foot from your face. See it without taking your eyes off the road; wind it while running the car. At night a cigar's glow shows it plainly. The

B-4-U Automobile Clock
For Ford or Dodge Cars

is as good as its location. American made movement guaranteed free from defects and to keep good time for a year. Stays in order because it's well made; and because the slant of steering column transforms jolts into harmless horizontal vibrations, which won't break the clock's pivots.

The case is nickel and gun metal finish; strong, handsome. The figures are large, easy to read.

Half actual size.
Attached in two minutes; remove nut on center of steering wheel of Ford or Dodge, and screw "B-4-U" in its place.

Price $2.50—Canada $3

See it today—if you don't find it at your dealers—auto store, hardware, or jeweler's, write us his name, and we'll see that you get one.

DEALERS: The "B-4-U" is making a "ten-strike" with Ford and Dodge owners—there's a million of them. Write for terms today.

Eisenstadt Manufacturing Co.
Manufacturing Jewelers, St. Louis, Mo.

TRADE MARK

The Fowler's Snare

(Continued from page 41)

of mad applause triumphantly escorted Daphne to her seat, he paid her the first compliment he had ever given a woman.

"Young lady," he said, panting a little, "you are sure a stayer and dead game. What's more, you gallop true and change gait fine without the least sign of interfering. You're as sound as they make 'em, in both wind and limb!" He mopped his flaming face as Stone came up to offer congratulations. "That's all right, hombre, there's more to this dancin' game than I ever savvied. Used to think the West Point instruction a locoed thing to waste time on, but it's not. It's a fine conditioner, as good as monkey drill. Goin' to start a dancin' class in J as soon as I get back."

They all danced till late that night, and Shorty, always the enthusiastic espouser of whatever cause appealed to him at the moment, nearly danced to death many of the ladies present, always preferring Daphne as a partner whenever he could get her, for it seemed to him that the others wanted to stop almighty soon: why, he'd hardly get well under way before they'd cry a halt.

SHORTY was savagely attacking his upstanding shock of hair with two uncompromisingly stiff brushes next morning when there came a knock at his door. "Come in," he grunted.

Now, if Shorty had been in front of a mirror while engaged in his hirsute pursuit after the manner of most humans, he would have seen Lieutenant Stone's elaborate entrance. As it was, he turned around rather slowly, and so missed much of its studied effect. Bowing and kotowing deeply from his supple hips, Stone entered, proffering an enormous bouquet of red roses—the first early blooming of Madge's Jacqueminots.

"For the premier danseuse—the foremost ballerina of the world!" He proffered the huge bunch.

"Get out! Don't be a cursed fool. Take 'em away—*quick!*" howled Shorty. "The darn things—achew!—give me rose cold this time of the year. *Take 'em quick!*"

"Where to?" asked Stone.

"To—oh, anywhere—with my compliments." He sneezed again and Stone fled. Shorty grunted for a while, but in half an hour had entirely forgotten the incident until later it was recalled to him by meeting Daphne right in front of the major's before evening drill, and having her say right out before a whole bunch of "old cat gossips": "Thank you so much for the beautiful flowers you sent me, captain. It was so sweet of you to remember that roses are my favorite flower. I'm saving the best of them for to-night; but see, I have on a few of them now."

SURE enough, there were some of those rotten flowers Stone had brought him, right there in her girdle, almost under his very nose.

"You must—" began Shorty in denial, but was cut short by an untimely sneeze. "Excuse me!" He backed away, seeking refuge in his handkerchief. What a maddening thing rose cold is sometimes, but not half so maddening as that young devil of a Stone. He understood now. It was a conspiracy; they were all against him, setting traps for the fun of the thing. Oh, pooh! What a crazy stunt! Part of him quaked with fear, part of him sternly denied any cause for it—wasn't he girl-proof? Anyway, here was this darn wedding coming off to-night, and he was to be dragged to it; no getting out of it. But it would be the last thing; the very last. No, there would be a dance after it—and he cheered somewhat at the thought, for his body rejoiced in the new and fascinating exercise he had discovered. Pity you had to dance with girls for partners, yet, curiously, he found himself looking forward to dancing with the high-stepping little filly, so true in her gaits and paces, so sound in wind and limb.

But, awful to state, the filly appeared that night dazzlingly dressed and radiant for the wedding, holding in her hands the red rose bouquet which she, as maid of honor, elected to carry in the wedding procession. So beautiful and wholesome and altogether lovely was she that at sight of her the admiring Captain Atkins was struck squarely between the eyes, and for a moment went dizzy. Shorty, however, while viewing her with what approval he could muster for well-groomed, well-equipped females, was struck squarely in another organ—the nose—by the roses.

"For the love of Mike," he begged her the first chance of speech he could get, "throw those blamed things away." He indicated the roses.

"Indeed, I won't. When they are so lovely and go so well with my gown. Why should I?"

"Rose gold," said Shorty, manfully holding back a sneeze. "Blease."

"Afterward, perhaps, then," she said. And later, after the wedding was over, she did indeed lay them aside, so as to enjoy Shorty's company.

CONSTERNATION reigned in the enemy's camp. The besieged was on the offensive. No longer in a merely defensive attitude behind fortifications, he had sallied out into the field and was making gallant attacks. Stone was greatly amused and tickled, Atkins highly nervous lest Shorty succeed too well. The first intimation had been had at the wedding reception and dance, where he pursued Daphne relentlessly. Shorty was playing the game with all the ardor of enthusiasm that ever characterized his actions, throwing himself into the campaign whole-heartedly. At first he had expected it to be hard work, going about with a female, but somehow it turned out very easy, all because, he told himself, he had sensibly reduced her, figuratively, to the objective point in his campaign, and, regarding her impersonally, worked out all problems with military precision by the aid of the maxims laid down by such authorities as Wagner, Von der Goltz, De Brack, etc. He let no insignificant detail escape him, following up every opening or advantage with true military avidity. He was the amazement of the post and the utter exhaustion of Daphne, for he left her no time to recuperate between one entertainment, call, or excursion before he proposed another.

A strenuous life the young woman led, for being, as Shorty had truly said, a dead game sport, she accepted every call to arms and never refused anything that Shorty suggested. Riding, tennis, golf, polo—he was teaching her that last—filled their strenuous days; dinners, dancing, and parties their active evenings, for the post was interested enough to see that they had plenty of invitations. It was one mad rush all the time, and, oddly enough, the girl enjoyed it for the excitement of the sport and also for the fact that Shorty, for all his obvious devotion, never descended into what he called "sentimental-mush talk"—he balked at that. They just had one grand, glorious, breathless time of it, and Shorty, in spite of himself, was having the time of his life. If both hadn't been in the pink of condition, neither could have stood the pace. The post marveled while it applauded, and many bets were posted and numberless boxes of gloves and candies hung upon the outcome. After a while Atkins began to get almost frantic at the appropriation of Daphne, for he never got the least chance to see her now; but Stone told him it was all his own fault, for he was really responsible for the whole thing. After about a week of it Shorty began to get heady and really exhilarated. By golly, there was something after all in a girl who could stand the pace like that!

One morning a week after the wedding-eve dinner, Stone happened to see Shorty sitting on the club porch with an open letter in his hand, wearing a most unaccountably long and grumpy face. "What!" exclaimed the youth, "you don't mean to tell me you're really sitting down—and alone!"

"Golly!" cried Shorty, jumping up suddenly, "I forgot. Ought to be goin' ridin' this minute. Adios! See you later, hombre." And off he popped so unexpectedly that Stone rubbed his eyes and had to reassure himself by seeing the dropped envelope that Shorty really had been there.

It was a "penalty envelope" from the W. D., and Stone grunted: "Humph! Now I wonder if that little man's been gettin' some orders he doesn't like that made him pull such a long mug?"

Stone was not far off the mark. Shorty and Daphne had been pounding along in silence for about four miles as fast as their horses could gallop before Shorty reined up to a walk and remarked grumpily: "Well, amigo, I guess it's adios for us—after to-day."

"What do you mean?" she cried, sur-

prised, reining in her mount beside him and catching step.

"Can't stay till the board's through (and a fat lot I've done there—they're all sore at me). Special orders. My troop's ordered to Mexican border duty. Good Lord! Why didn't I know that that was goin' to break before I came here? Maybe I could have got out of this board thing and never had to come at all! Why, by golly! I could have been givin' those roughnecks some special trainin' I had in mind instead of foolin' about here!" He stared straight in front of him moodily.

"Yes," she said with a little grimace, "it has been an awful waste of time, hasn't it?"

"Humph!" said Shorty. She wasn't going to get a rise out of *him*. They rode for another mile slowly and in silence. Then:

"When do you go?" she asked.

"To-night. And I'll bet that fellow Atkins will be damn glad—excuse me."

"Atkins!" said she wickedly. "Atkins! What has he to do with it?"

"You know as well as I do," Shorty grinned back at her. "Did you really believe I didn't sabe your game? I did, right from the first, except that first evenin'. What do you suppose I've been makin' a fool of myself for this past week? Just to get back at whoever put you up to it. An infallible maxim of the art of war is: 'Find out what the enemy is goin' to do and beat him to it.' It's come to a show-down now. I'm onto you and you're onto me, so come on and tell me who put you up to it? Stone's in it, I know, and his wife, but was the whole crazy campaign his idea? 'Cause if it was I want to put a nice lively little flea in his ear before I go. That young teniente's a lot too fresh. Was it he?"

"I won't tell you," said Daphne. "I won't tell you anything. You ought to be ashamed of yourself trying to get such information out of me."

"And so ought you to be ashamed of yourself," retorted Shorty promptly. "Tryin' to snare a poor old inoffensive cavalry captain who never did you any harm—all-same pussy in the well. I suppose you thought you had the whole post laughin'—and me the goat. Well, the goat came around with a few unexpected butts, didn't he? He sure gave you a run for the dinero. And now," he concluded abruptly, "I'm goin' home. Got to see about packin' and trains." He whirled about and galloped straight off most ungallantly without waiting for her. He was very sore and very savage, and underneath it all was an odd hurt such as he had never experienced before. Darn these women!

So absorbed was he in his emotions that it was some time before he realized that there were no following hoofbeats.

"For the love of Mike!" said he, reining and turning, "where is she now?" There was no sight of Daphne in all the long vista of shaded wood road that stretched before him. "Have to go back, I suppose. Can't leave her, though I bet it's only another of those fool female tricks," fumed Shorty.

What was the matter with him anyway? He felt—oh, he couldn't tell how he felt! He turned back.

In a clearing by the side of the wooded road he saw her horse with an empty saddle. Had anything happened to her? Rather short of breath from accelerated heartbeats, Shorty hopped down from his perch like lightning. Then he saw her lying in the shadow on the ground, face downward. She couldn't have been thrown—she *couldn't* —she rode too well for that. What was the matter? Then her shoulders heaved and there came a sob. Well, of all things! The silly girl was crying! She had gotten down off her horse to cry! He was terribly embarrassed; turning on the taps always got him going. He'd just get out of the way before she noticed him and wait around a bit. Too late! She looked up and saw him.

THEN she started to laugh, then she started to cry, then she began to get a little hysterical. Shorty, holding his surprised horse's bridle rein, hopped about quite distracted.

"Oh, I say! Oh, you mustn't! Quit it, please. I'm—I'm awfully sorry. For the love of Mike, *what's the matter?*"

"Nun-nun-nothing," she managed to say, and sat up, making a brave effort to get herself in hand. "I'm awfully sorry, too, and I guess I'm—well, just a little bit tired. The pace has been a tiny bit—rapid."

"No girl but you," said Shorty, "could ever have measured up to my gait as long as this. You're all right."

"That way, perhaps," said Daphne, "but I'm dreadfully ashamed of myself. Sit down and I'll 'fess up." She told him all about the plot and how she had felt bound to keep up her part. "And you can't think how ashamed I am," she said. "It was a mean thing to do. I see it now. But somehow then, before it started, we all thought it would be a lark. And then you changed front so suddenly. Oh, I don't wonder you were angry and started a countercharge; it was as good as I deserved. But I want you to know I'm sorry I ever lent myself to the thing, not because of this last part, you know—that's been wild fun—all but one phase."

"Why," said Shorty, "what phase? What do you mean?"

"Jimmy," she said in a mournful little voice; "Jimmy Atkins. I'm afraid he thinks I don't care—and I do awfully. He's disgusted and, oh, *wild* because I let you rush me so and never refused anything you asked me to do, and had no time for him ever to see me. He can't see that I had to, that I'd promised to do it and had to hold up my end of the bargain. Besides, I wanted you to see that girls are good for something. That a girl could keep up and do anything you could. My fighting blood was up."

"Fighting blood!" said Shorty. "What a pity you weren't a boy. No, I take that back. I'm glad to know you're not."

WHAT a queer thing for a Shorty to say. But he certainly didn't know himself now; he was a different Shorty altogether. When she'd said she cared for Atkins his heart had dropped right slam down into his boots and left the whole inside of him an aching hole. But, by golly, what could you expect? He wasn't in her class anyway. He was old and he was a plug-ugly—sure, he knew it, and he was a roughneck all around. A girl like her, so straight and white—what could she see in him? Atkins was a gentleman and a Pointer; he was her sort. Shorty thought of the years he had struggled, of his brief pugilistic career, of his years in the ranks in the old Second. Twice he had tried for commission before he had made it. Advancement was slow and he had only his pay—plenty for him, but pretty dresses and things cost a lot; even the flowers and candy he had been sending this past week had made a bit of difference. What had he to offer a girl like this, even if she had loved him? Thank God, for her sake, that she didn't! It was Atkins—not himself, and Atkins had "something outside."

"Humph!" he grunted, and again "Humph!" He held out his chunky paw wide open. "Put it there, amigo. (I'm goin' to call you amigo always.) You're a white man—and I'll see you don't quit loser on this. Come and mount. We're goin' home and I'm goin' to see this chump, Atkins, and tell him a few things. Hurry up and get into your best bib and tucker the minute you strike the ranch, for what I'm goin' to tell him will send him streakin' round to Colonel Drayton's on the double."

And so it was that the post—as it gathered for evening drill—witnessed the unexpected sight of Daphne Drayton and Captain Atkins saying good-by together to Captain Campbell as he was getting into the Dougherty wagon to go to the train. Shorty bundled his two shabby old bags in and turned to them. No one else was near enough to hear what he said.

"You can tell that misguided hombre, Stone, that he doesn't know me *yet*. Also, that I'll write him a detailed report of all maneuvers and an apology as soon as I get the chance. He's a good kid and I'm sorry I couldn't see more of him. Goin' to ask him to come up and bach. it for a while with me next month—without his wife, you bet!"

"He won't come," said Atkins.

"Sure he will. He's been married two years. Just you wait till you and the lady there have been married that long! No, I take that back. You've got a prize. Just about the squarest, whitest, all-firedest kid that ever grew. See you deserve her. I didn't know women came like that. Such a true clean sport every way. And I guess it's a cinch I die a bachelor, for if anyone on earth would have caught me, you'd have been the girl. I'm girl proof all right. Adios, amigo, and don't forget I'm always ready for marching orders or anything else to help you at the slightest call. If he doesn't treat you right—I'll be on his neck. Adios! Adios!" He climbed into the wagon. "Get a move on pronto," he ordered the private who was driving.

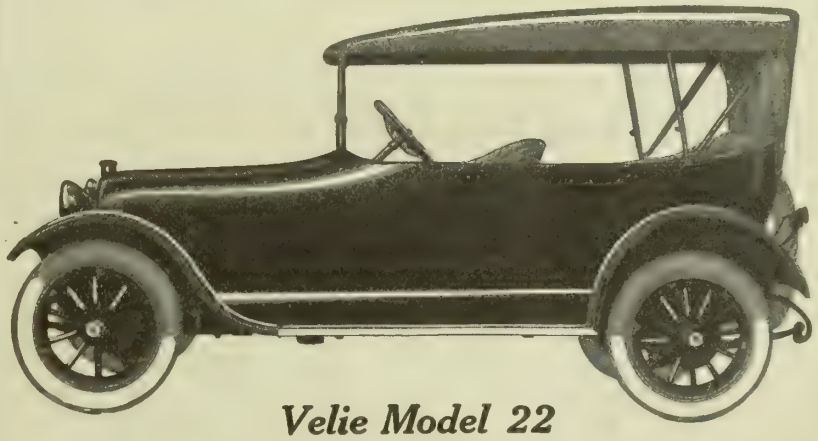
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RAILROAD STOCKS NEXT? :: BY ALBERT W. ATWOOD

EVER since the country fully awoke to what might be called its war-order prosperity, financial prophets have been predicting with increasing boldness an advance in railroad stocks to correspond with what has already taken place in the shares of manufacturing companies. To a considerable extent their prognostications have come true.

In July the average price of twelve "industrial" stocks, tabulated by a financial newspaper, rose above a similar average for twenty railroad shares for the first time since records were kept. Railroad stocks have for several years been quite unpopular, whereas a perfect mania has sprung up for the war stocks of manufacturing and mining companies. The most obvious reason is that railroad profits are supposed to be fixed hard and fast and the prices of exportable products, both raw and manufactured, cannot be held down when foreign demand for them is as overwhelming as now.

Foreign selling of American "rails" has been much greater than of the industrial stocks, of which Europe has at no time taken many, and of the newer ones practically none at all. Of rails foreigners have been large owners ever since the railroads first began operations, more than half a century ago. Then, too, railroad earnings in the last full year for which they were reported, which ended June 30, 1915, were very poor, although by no means so poor as those of the now feverishly busy war-order companies before the war started.

For the reasons given, and perhaps for others, such as the collapse of the weaker railroad systems, this old and standard group of securities has shared relatively but little in the huge uplift which stock-market values have had since the market began to "discount" the prosperity flung at manufacturing companies by the war. Of course railroads never can make the unusual profits which are being obtained by some manufacturers. There is little opportunity in railroad stocks for the play of imagination which so stirs up speculation in the war-order shares. Very few people know the size of war orders actually placed or the profits which will be made from them. Most of the corporations whose stocks have shot up so fast are pretty much private affairs anyway, such, in fact, being entirely the case with the regular powder and ordnance companies, Du Pont, Colt, Winchester, and so on. Some of these concerns issue no reports at all; others only the most meager. Railroads, on the other hand, are required by law to publish not only extremely voluminous and detailed annual reports, but monthly and even weekly statements of earnings.

Speculation grows upon the uncertain and the unknown. Vague rumors are far more serviceable to feed the fire than dry, cold facts. Railroads are semipublic enterprises with the bright light of publicity shining upon them from some forty public-service commissions, and are owned by a scattered multitude of unexcited stockholders who are accustomed to a stable 5 or 6 per cent. But that does not prove that railroad stocks may not gradually appreciate in value, or that a slow, fairly steady advance may not be preferable in the case of some investors to a wild, blind uprush of 20 points one day in a war stock to be followed by an equally inexplicable drop of 10 points the next.

It was impossible that the mining and manufacturing industries should continue their activity, even in a restricted form, without the railroads sharing somewhat. Probably nine-tenths of all manufacturers have to ship their war orders by rail before seaboard is reached. Moreover, the raw products to make war orders have to be assembled. It usually takes about half a year for a marked improvement in general manufacturing activity to be reflected in railroad earnings. Already the reflection has appeared. It was marked in railroad earnings for October and November, when shipments of goods were big and the large crops showed up in the reports. There is a certain seasonal periodicity about railroad earnings, the high point, in normal years, coming along in the fall when crops are moving. As for railroad profits being limited, it is true that rates are fixed by law, but if the companies can learn to economize—which they have been doing—and enormously add to their volume of business at the same time, it is clear that profits will grow. As a matter of fact, the rise in railroad stocks held through December and there are no signs of a drop.

It has been said that in the stock-market scheme industrial stocks have been the paper currency and railroad stocks the gold reserve. Perhaps that saying needs amendment, but it is more likely that it will stand. There is a certain fundamental value about railroad securities which persists after an orgy of bidding up other stocks has passed, leaving a bad taste behind. It would not do to forget that perhaps more large fortunes have been made in Wall Street from railroad than from industrial securities. In the great bull markets of the last fifteen years railroads have fared fully as well as industrials, probably on the whole better. The deflation of railroad securities in 1906-7 did not equal that of the industrials in 1902-3. Perhaps all the fortunes of the future will be made in a different way, but while conditions change they do not change nearly so rapidly or so permanently as persons who are blinded by the rush for a new group of stocks are inclined to suppose.

It is clear that, from the point of view of large income return, a number of the more seasoned and conservative rails are attractive. If a study of recent earnings makes it appear that present dividends can be maintained, there are likely to be a great many people who will want to buy these stocks at higher prices later on when they are no longer cheap.

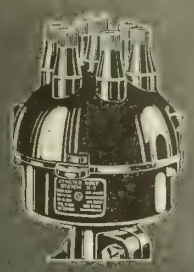
Of Indoor Sports

BY R. C. BENCHLEY

COMES now the Banquet Solstice. After a period of immunity, due to the heat of summer, a large proportion of the male electorate will proceed to incase itself in evening clothes at periodic intervals and, with longing looks at the home dinner table, make off to banquet halls, there to celebrate the event of the Home Market Club's having completed another year without disintegration or the sufficient recovery of the Society of American Calotypers from its dinner of last year to try another. The reveler knows beforehand just what will happen. He knows that if dinner is appointed for seven o'clock he will stand until eight-thirty in the lobby shaking hands with men whom he sees every day and most of whom he moderately dislikes; at the belated signal he will then march foolishly in and seat himself at a table piled high with napkin pyramids, decoy rolls, and passenger lists, where a short-winded and apoplectic waiter will deposit bits of varnished food before him only to snatch them away presently without his knowing or caring about the secret of their origin. This legerdemain will be varied by recesses, during which the whole company will hold itself in a state of suspended animation until an officious person in a balloon has filled the room with smoke by way of making a flash-light which nobody wants, and again when the "life of the party" gets up on a chair and exhorts everybody to join in on "Tipperary" or the "Stein Song" in an attempt to "get things going." He knows that after this every one will turn his chair round and listen to a series of words in which the most banal pleasantries will elicit gales of laughter and the most Cohan of flag wavings bring the house to its feet in a frenzy of enthusiasm, as if every man were bound to get his money's worth somehow out of the darn thing and would not be denied. And during this time his eyes will begin to smart from the cloud of tobacco smoke, his shirt front to crack and bend under the strain, his head to take on a numbness which frequent sips at the few drops of flat charged water in his glass fail to dispel. And he knows how good the cool night air will feel when he escapes.

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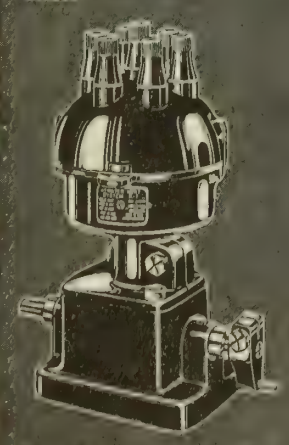
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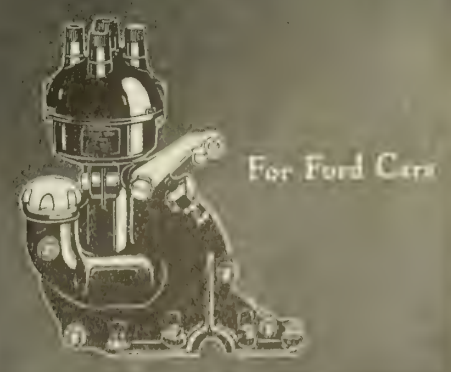
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For Magneto Replacement



For Ford Cars

BACK OF THE FRONT IN A MOTOR

BY WALTER HALE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Waiting to run the gantlet across the zone of German fire on the Bouvigny plateau. Watch in hand, the dragoon dispatched the cars at five-minute intervals like the starter of the Vanderbilt Cup Race

ON OUR arrival in France we would not go up to the front by the ordinary methods of transportation. We would go up in a motor—my motor. The scheme from its inception had the advantage of simplicity. We would ship the car to Bordeaux. From there we would have no trouble reaching the various points along the line that stretches from the Vosges to the Channel. From Saint-Dié I planned to nibble my way eastward, up to the front and back again, up to the front and back again. Thus we would have a look in at the forts about Verdun, at Saint-Mihiel, the Argonne district, Rheims, the Aisne Valley, Soissons, Compiègne, Arras, and the famous Artois sector about Notre Dame de Lorette. We would be armed with the proper passports, magazine credentials, touring-club membership cards and letters from influential Americans. Owen Johnson, the literary half of the expedition, had been educated in Paris and had many friends in the army and among the leaders of the new ministry. I had had some years' experience motoring in France and knew well most of the highways and byways along the battle front.

The scheme seemed feasible. But it had hardly gone beyond the preparatory stages before the skids were applied to it. Our plans were not altered by the conflicting advice of numerous friends. If I listened to them, I would not send my car to Bordeaux. I would send it to Marseilles instead. I would not take it abroad at all, but would rent one, with a military chauffeur, in Paris. Or again, it were best not to depend on a motor; the war in the western area had settled down to a long siege in fixed positions, and we could easily reach the front by either train or taxicab. Why, they were even running motor-bus excursions from Paris to the ruins of Senlis, where the German drive was checked on the eve of the Battle of the Marne!

We knew more about all these things than our friends. But our confidence was jarred somewhat by the stories of returned travelers. From them it appeared that although the Touring Club of France was exploiting a propaganda in England showing the attractions of southern France for motorists, it was no simple matter to make your way about even as far away from the battle lines as Burgundy, Touraine, Gascogne, and Provence. For foreigners to motor with any freedom in the northern provinces, with every main road and every lane guarded by Territorials, was out of the question.

I called up the French Line, and any lingering doubt in my mind was set at rest. It would cost nearly $400, or over twice as much as in peace times, to carry my car across the ocean. So I drove it down to the storage building and tucked it away for the summer.



These army chauffeurs are employers in peace times

Knowing what I did of freight rates, I was surprised to find so many crated motors on the pier. But they were trucks and ambulances consigned to the French army. And at adjoining piers, in place of the graceful liners of the White Star and Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, was a nondescript fleet of battle-scarred tramps loading other crated trucks and dismembered aeroplanes consigned to Petrograd, Havre, London, and Genoa. Whoever heard of a ship in New York Harbor that boasted Rouen as her home port? Yet here was *Le Coq* of Rouen, a rusty-sided, thick-bellied hooker that had probably never before been more than 200 miles beyond the mouth of the Seine. She had come in light with her propeller well exposed above the water line; she would go out loaded to the gunwales with a cargo capable of blowing the adjoining wharves and shipping higher than the Woolworth tower.

There was an undercurrent of excitement on the *Espagne* as we neared the French coast. It was a gusty night, with banks of heavy clouds rushing across the sky and occasional shafts of light on the horizon from a lighthouse or a protecting cruiser. In the smoke room, with the incandescent globes dimmed, the ports closed, and a woman in the adjoining salon still wearing the life belt in which she had appeared at dinner, we were not to lose sight of the utility of the motor-driven vehicle in the present war. At the time it was quite as interesting a subject as any other. Out of the mass of figures and details that floated through the hazy atmosphere I gathered that a story current at the time we sailed was untrue.

The average life of a horse in the army was not one week. It was considerably longer. The average term of service of a motor truck at the front was not three weeks, but the vehicle would continue on the job as long as they cared to give it attention. The speaker was a manufacturer from the West who had sold 200 chassis to the French Government shortly after the outbreak of the war. He said that more trucks were in the repair shop through incompetent or reckless driving than as a result of shell fire. Of his large consignment not more than a dozen had been severely damaged by the German artillery and only one so completely wrecked that it had to be scrapped.

A Scarcity of Taxis

THERE were no taxicabs waiting on the quay at Bordeaux to whisk us up to the hotel. In fact, there were no cabs of any kind waiting on the quay. A mysterious wireless message received on board the night before made things easy for us with the officials. Johnson was thereby enabled to catch the "Rapide" for Paris while I remained behind to pass our luggage through the customs and send it to the station. This done, I looked in vain for a taxi or a cab. I hailed a bus marked "Service de Ville," but it was engaged. Then I stopped an electric car. The conductor was a woman in black, and she was very businesslike. It occurred to me that if taxis were so scarce in Bordeaux we might have some difficulty in renting an automobile in Paris.

Early in the morning, as we had come up the Garonne past the famous vineyards of the Médoc I had noticed files of German prisoners at work under guard in the shipyards and fields. At Bordeaux four women out of five were in mourning, young men were conspicuous by their absence, and the brilliantly lighted cafés on the Allées de Tourny closed at ten-thirty at night.

The next day, as I looked out of the windows of the Paris express, I thought that the countryside of France never looked more peaceful, the landscape more smiling and prosperous. Then, at Libourne, a hospital train rattled into the station as we were pulling out. The seriously wounded were lying on stretchers hung in the third-class carriages, those less dangerously hurt sitting at the windows or standing on crutches in the open doors—everywhere white bandages and slings, heads swathed in lint, bodies tossing uneasily on the narrow cots. A smell of ether and antiseptics pervaded the station. In the center of each train was a dark-green carriage with sterilizing plant, operating room, and X-ray motor, "The gift of Baroness ——" lettered in white on the outside. Two long trainloads of broken humanity, the harvest of one day's operations in a sector of the battle line! The war was being brought closer to me.

Motor Memories

AS WE traveled on it was evident that private motor cars had been to a large extent swept off the roads of France. This was all familiar country. It was with a real feeling of emotion that I gazed on that long, white highway, deserted now except for an occasional cart or a few black specks where a group of peasant women were returning from the fields. This was Route Nationale No. 10—many times had I driven over it on my way from Paris to the Pyrenees. And I fancied I could hear through the clatter of trucks on the rails the rhythmic purr of the motor as my car swept on through long avenues of trees.

Angoulême passed, where were quartered many troops in peace times. I recollected driving through its narrow streets in the twilight when red-legged



A New York chauffeur in the first-line trenches

. . .



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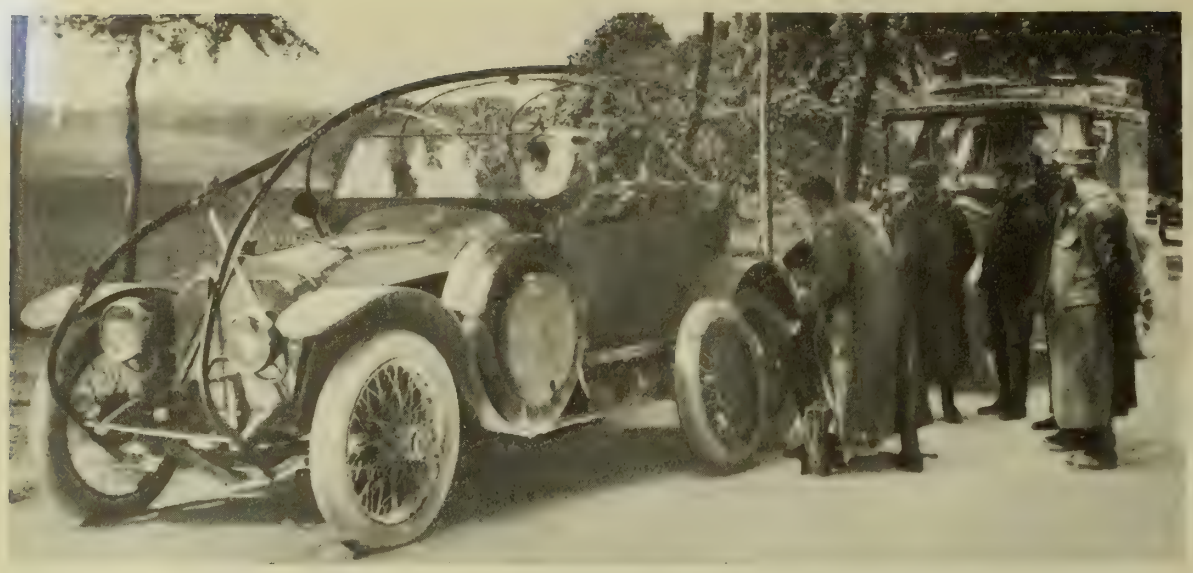
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A quick change of wheels on the wire-cutting pilot car that precedes the staff automobiles in a reconnoissance

piou-pious were so plentiful that they seemed to hop up out of the chinks between the cobbles. They are bearded *poilus* now, with sterner lines in their faces and a look in their eyes one never forgets. At Poitiers I was reminded of the horrible little hotel across from the Gare wherein I passed an unhappy night. Red Cross nurses and boy scouts ("boy scoots" the French call them) were in the station waiting with trays of fruit and sandwiches for a trainload of wounded shortly due.

At a little station nearing Tours a group of soldiers in full marching equipment were waiting to entrain for the north. Stuck in their caps or held in their hands were nosegays of wild flowers. A little Cuban girl in my compartment leaned out of the window. "Tuez les bosches!" she cried. They smiled and waved their nosegays as the train crawled on.

We were now in the valley of the Loire, in Balzac's sunny province of Touraine. That other deserted ribbon of road to the right is Route Nationale No. 152, that runs through the Châteaux country westward to the ancient Province of Anjou. A flood of motor memories swept over me. At Tours Robert Lorraine, before he had become famous as an aviator and been wounded while serving his country in Flanders, had come proudly dashing up to the hotel doorway in his little runabout. At Amboise, under the shadow of the ancient castle that rears its walls above the shimmering river, I had worked part of a night over a recalcitrant feed pipe. At Chaumont we had climbed up through the rain to the château and stumbled into the presence of a royal personage from England. Blois, Chambord, Beaugency, Orléans—each historic place had for me some intimate recollection of the friends with whom I had toured in France. Ah, *mes amis!* I thought of you, and I wondered if we would ever live any of these days over again after the country that we loved with a real affection had emerged triumphant from the greatest crisis in her history.

Voilà, Messieurs!

THE automobile agent in Paris to whom we had been referred was eager enough to rent us a car. With it, he thought, we might get as far as Versailles, Versailles being distant from Paris about eight miles. We found later from those in authority that we might with proper passports motor into the southern provinces—through the Midi or along the Riviera. But motor toward the battle front on the north or east—never. Not even with a military chauffeur, and the military chauffeurs had been mobilized long since. Thus within a few hours our well-laid plans were completely upset. It was evident that while the French War Office was glad of American sympathy it looked upon the confusion of the German invaders as a more pressing matter than the granting of privileges to American correspondents.

After our mission had become known and while Johnson, pursuing another tack, was busy with the heads of bureaus looking for our *authorisation*, there came to our hotel ambitious young motorists eager to escort us up to the front. They placed their cars at our disposal—provided they could go along to drive us. Some of them had served as ambulance or dispatch bearers during the early days of the war. They still carried their little pink driving licenses. But they were useless now because, as the vast organization back of the lines became systematized, only chauffeurs regularly mobilized in the French army were allowed to serve.

The much-coveted permission to go to the front came unexpectedly. It was an *authorisation* for the Rheims sector and the valley of the Aisne—a tour under the escort and direction of the army and in army automobiles.

I remember of old the "Waters Express," the fast train that left the Gare de l'Est and whisked its passengers down in short order to the *cures* of the Vosges—Contrexéville, Vittel, Plombières. Now it seemed little changed—rather more crowded and with a preponderance of gold lace and uniforms of the new Joffre blue. But there were the same prosperous-looking merchants going to Nancy, the same corpulent ladies with dogs en route to Vittel, and the same nervous little *maître d'hôtel* who dealt us out tickets for the first or second sitting at *déjeuner*.

The Martyrdom of a Province

MEAUX passed—a blur of broken walls and train sheds where the German drive began to crumple at the Battle of the Marne; splotches of dark blue above red breeches were silhouetted against the sky where the Territorials guarded the railroad line. Yellow fields swept by with rusty barbed-wire entanglements showing above the grain—sometimes a mound with a cross of twigs or a little patch of flowers.

At Epernay there was a staff of officers to meet us and three waiting automobiles; an open pilot car, a truck for the luggage, and limousines upholstered in whipcord. In the one to which Arnold Bennett and I were assigned were calling card case, clock, vanity box, and a cut-glass vase for flowers, exactly as though my lady had just left it. But my lady did not leave the two carbines slung across on straps within easy reach. Our reception was decidedly businesslike. There was no fuss, no delay, everything worked apparently as a small part of a most efficient organization. The chauffeurs took our valises.

On our return that night we found them carefully marked and placed in our several rooms in the hotels upon which we were billeted.

Clouds of dust followed in our wake as the cars rushed out of Epernay, brushing by commissary wagons loaded with bread and provisions, ammunition caissons lumbering along the roadside, or soldiers loitering in the doorways. We halted at a bridge for the password. On the left, stretching away in a gentle curve to the northwest, was the tree-bordered Marne Canal, its mirrorlike reflections little suggesting the chaos and confusion on that September day when Von Kluck's legions were rolled back across its placid waters by D'Esperey's —— Army Corps. Then Marfaux. It is a little village like the hundreds dotting the plain of Champagne. The shells of houses and the toppling chimneys brought me face to face for the first time with the dreadful thing that has befallen France. There was not a rooftree standing in the hamlet; gaping doors and windows stared at us; gaunt, broken walls full of shot holes reared themselves above masses of crumpled débris. Of its inhabitants the schoolmaster with his wife and two small children remained. The Germans, he said, had been pleasant enough on their victorious march to Paris. But on the retreat! He held up his hands: he pointed to the houses of the village.

We called on a division commander—he was quartered in a pretty château with a peaceful garden and graveled walks. Our party of correspondents consisted of Owen Johnson, Arnold Bennett, George Mair, and the writer. The commander was very cordial and gave orders that we should be given every opportunity for observation.

The Aisne Battle Fields

SOON after leaving headquarters we were dodging and twisting through narrow lanes. We were getting nearer to the zone of fire, and the chauffeurs knew the value of protecting walls and hedges. We climbed a little hill through an avenue of trees, the leafy foliage forming a canopy above, and stopped in the stable yard of another château. A short walk past the chapel—with a large shell hole in its wall and nearby a cavity where a giant *marmite* had exploded in the shrubbery—and we reached a terrace. From it a vast expanse of countryside was unfolded: it was our first view of the battle fields of the Aisne. In the distance to the right were the wooded slopes of the Argonne Forest. Nearer was the ruined village of Suippes, about which has centered some of the bitterest fighting in the Champagne district.

The flat plain of the Camp de Châlons — the practice ground of the French army, and the field upon which most of the early airmen (Latham, Blériot, Farman, and Lorraine) learned to fly—lay beyond the banks of the Vesle. Close to it was their old headquarters, the battered village of Mourmelon-le-Grand. Confronting us on the other side of the valley was the Craonne Plateau, with the long, white fortified lines to which the Germans retreated after the defeat at the Marne. To the left was Rheims with the majestic towers of the cathedral still dominating the surrounding countryside. Criss-crossing the landscape were countless roads: broad, white highways or smaller *chemins de communication*. There was nothing moving on them — even under the glasses there was nothing living in sight. Here and there were the little, round, white puffs of shrapnel anchored apparently like captive balloons and in the direction of the Argonne clouds of yellow dust and thick columns of black smoke.

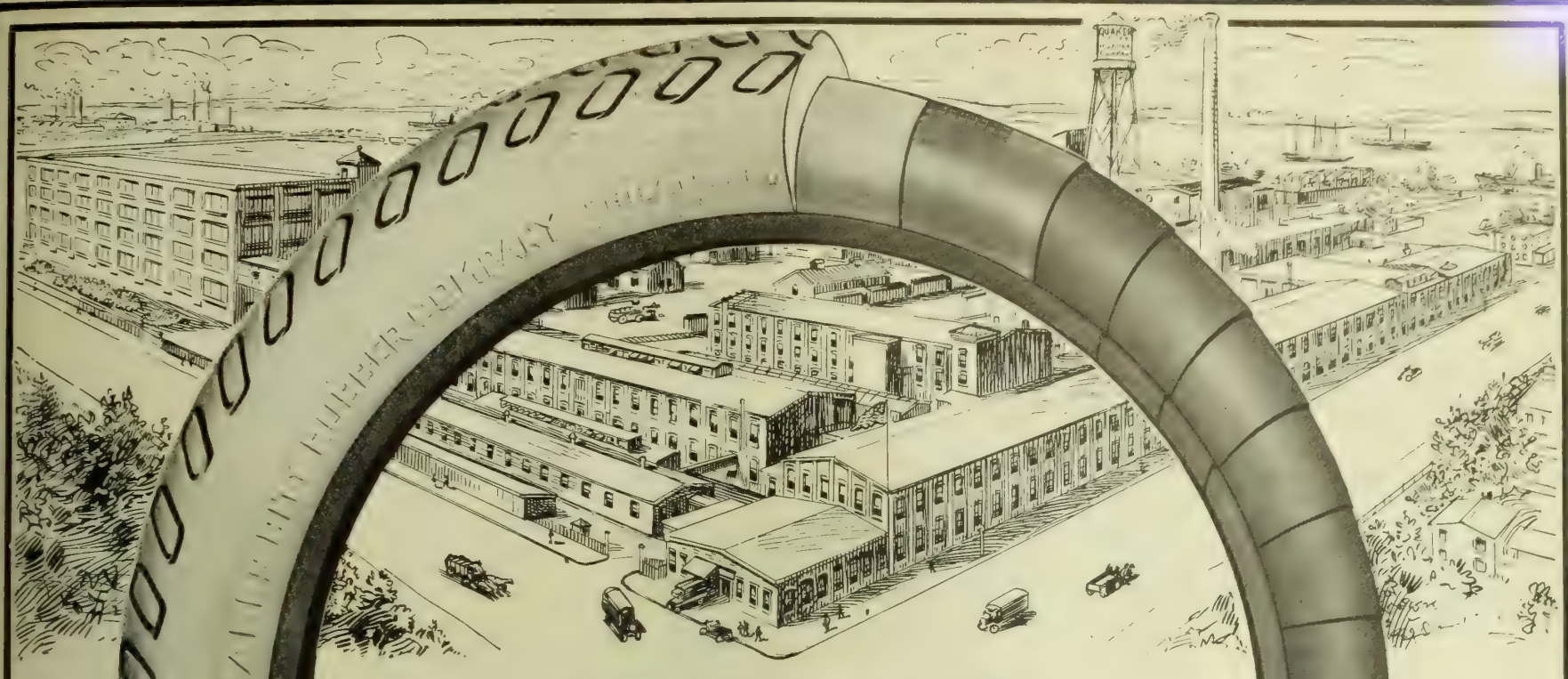
We entered Rheims that afternoon with little more formality than would have been observed in peace times. There was no stop at the *octroi* while an official asked if we had any eggs or other contraband to declare; instead, a short halt while we were introduced to the brigade commander and his staff. Then, with a flourish, we entered the town and drove through streets profoundly silent up to the open place in front of the cathedral. When we returned the next morning after a night spent at Epernay it was something different again. The cathedral had been under bombardment for an hour, and our cars, instead of dashing boldly up to the great west doors, crept in through side streets and finally stopped in a protected alley a block or so away from our destination.

What About the War Painters?

WE ENCOUNTERED a cavalcade of motors at the headquarters of the —— Army Corps. I wondered what war must have looked like before the days of the automobile. I wondered what an old-time painter of battle scenes would have done without his cavalry charges, his dashing orderlies, his forced marches,



The tree-bordered Marne Canal. Von Kluck's legions were rolled back across its placid waters by d'Esperey's Army Corps



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and his picturesque bringing up of the guns to cover a retreat. There have been no cavalry actions worthy of the name in the western area since Charleroi and the engagements that followed the effort of the Allies to check the German drive on Paris. The dashing orderlies are mounted on motorcycles or they ride in racing voiturettes with a fine turn of speed. Forced marches are accomplished in motor trucks or taxicabs and most of the guns have been so long in the same position that the artillerymen have planted little gardens near the doorways of their dugouts and hung the walls inside with pictures rudely framed.

I am reminded of this because that night we took back from corps headquarters Hofbauer, the painter. I had known him during the early days in Paris and later in New York. When war was declared he was at work on a big mural decoration at Richmond, Va. When the call came for reserves he left it unfinished and took the first steamer for Havre. He fought for seven months in the open field and in the trenches. Then his identity was accidentally discovered; he was put on the staff of the —— Army Corps and given a chance to make a record for history of what he had seen.

The road to Château-Thierry led us through a beautiful undulating country, wind-blown hillsides, quaint villages, and forests soaked in showers. It was a road of many sudden dips and turns. We were asked continually for the password, insistently by one corpulent old Territorial who raised his gun aloft and rumbled thunder like a veritable Porthos of "The Three Musketeers."

The countersign was always whispered, and I never heard it—not during our entire swing in and out of the front from the Rheims sector as far north as Arras.

In this vast network of lines behind lines, of main roads and byways, I wondered how each night the password was sent out to the great army of sentries posted throughout the surrounding country. I asked our staff captain whether it was done by telephone or by an orderly in a motor. He evaded the question.

Château-Thierry is the birthplace of La Fontaine. That was its sole claim to fame until last September. Now the townspeople speak of the battles in its streets, the fight at the bridge over the Marne, and post cards showing the guns captured from the "bosche" are displayed in the shop windows.

We dined in a private room in the Hôtel du Cygne. In honor of the occasion a bottle of vintage wine, musty and covered with cobwebs, was brought up from the cellar. In the wall above my head was a large hole made by a six-inch shell, on the opposite side another where it had found its way out after wrecking the chandelier and smashing the mirror. The proprietor was very proud of his battle-scarred hostelry. An inn in the Marne Valley that shows no marks of the fighting after the war is over will have to exploit other attractions to interest its patrons.

Later, in our rooms, when we talked of New York, Hofbauer was very serious—he wondered when, if ever, he would see it again. They supplement everything about their plans with the proviso "if I live through the war." Captain X invited me to a motor tour in the country surrounding his château in the Auvergne—"if he lived through the war."

We were in and out of the lines the next day, from one point watching the shell fire over the Aisne Valley from a division headquarters, at another in the trenches, having left the cars a kilometer in the rear, and later visiting a hospital of the first line—a field hospital. It was established in the outbuildings of a large farm—a few badly wounded men, too sorely hurt to travel further, the odor of ether, the atmosphere of aseptics and sterilizers, an auxiliary field operating room in a tent adjoining the wagon containing the X-ray motor. As we left a bearded Territorial mending the roadway called out: "Take my photograph too; I was a taxi chauffeur in New York!"

I took his photograph. I wonder when he will return to his taxi in New York!

A street of white tents gray in the dull light marked the aviation camp. By each tent stood a motor truck and trailer. On a sudden order the tents could be struck, the aeroplanes disassembled, and all moved to another position in the big vans with the celerity of an old-time circus. Thaw and Cowdin, the Americans, were members of this *escadrille*. Both have since been decorated, and Cowdin was *cité*—his name read in general orders before the army—for destroying a Taube. Down the hillside from the camp we came upon the newest invention of the French—an antiaircraft gun. The officers were very proud of it. It was the famous "75" mounted on a motor truck (here again an example of the utility of the gasoline motor in warfare), with spring posts under each axle to take the recoil. The gun swings on a turntable with an elaborate mechanism for sighting and firing. We were asked not to photograph or describe it. After reading the above, I am convinced I have done neither.



An artilleryman watering his horse in a village back of the front in the Aisne valley

The Omnipresent Spy

THE lieutenant who took me in tow complained of the German spies. They were all about, he said. Two weeks before his men had remarked the flashing of a heliograph beyond a copse on the ridge. When they reached the spot there was no one in sight. But from that time forth no Taubes had come within range either. I with difficulty refrained from asking him why, since the enemy knew his whereabouts, he had not broken camp and with his mobile artillery sought a position elsewhere.

A thing that impressed itself upon us in this and subsequent visits to the front was the class of men serving as army chauffeurs. They represented all walks of life, and many of them were men of means and social position. They were usually privates, though every now and then one of them wore the chevrons of a corporal. My driver on this Aisne Valley tour was in peace times a book publisher in Paris. He and I had a bond of sympathy in our mutual interest in the arts. He was most anxious that I should see the beautiful Château Fère d'Isly. Through all the talk of the morning, of guns and hospitals, of trenches and *avatiks*, of grenades and night attacks, he returned at the earliest opportunity to the Château Fère d'Isly. We were bringing up the rear of the procession when he suddenly swung out of the highway to the left, crept up a slope through a dark avenue of trees dripping moisture, and under a beautiful high-arched aqueduct until he slowed up the car at the entrance to the château. The steps were crumbling and moss-covered, the doorway choked with weeds. A few shot holes punctured the walls, the windows gaped at the intruders, and only a single faithful retainer remained to tell us that, although the place was now well behind the lines, the count and his family had not returned since the "bosche" had been driven out of the valley.

The others were waiting for us at a crossroad. I was rather fearful for the book-publishing chauffeur, who had disobeyed orders in leaving the rest of the column without permission. Whatever was thought about our escapade by the officers, nothing was said—the appreciation of things artistic covers a multitude of minor sins in France.

At the crossroads we left Hofbauer and with him two of our staff officers. Their way lay back over the hills to corps headquarters; ours across the Marne to Château-Thierry, where we were to take the train back to Paris. One of the cars was detached; we shook hands and saluted. We said the conventional thing, but through it the subconscious thought is really uppermost. No one mentions it, but it is there. When? I wonder! They saluted again and drove off in the mist. Our cars turned in the opposite direction, and we motored south to the railway station at Château-Thierry.

An impression of the Red Cross and hospital organization back of the lines was afforded me at Compiègne. I went to Compiègne alone with an *authorisation* to the —— Army Corps. The lines are only eight miles away, but whatever thought I had of reaching them at that point was dissipated soon after my arrival. I had to content myself with making a drawing of the ruined Pont Neuf, dynamited by the Allies to retard the German retreat. One of the most important of the base hospitals is located here, under the direction of Dr. Carrel of New York. As I worked through the long afternoon, at irregular intervals ambulances bringing in the wounded rumbled over the shaky temporary bridge in front of me. It was the harvest from an artillery action to the north; the sullen roar of the guns came down occasionally on the wind. Many of the ambulances were Fords driven by English or Americans. I talked with one of the drivers. He was very proud of his little "flivver" and of its ability to make its way across the shell-torn battle fields.

When I thought of this service to humanity I could almost forgive the Detroit manufacturer who, according to report, advocates a defenseless country and boasts that only a dozen of his ten thousand employees belong to the State militia.



A racing runabout demolished by shell fire—its back broken and parts of it blown to bits against the neighboring wall

By far the most interesting of our motor tours to the front carried us through the famous Artois sector in the neighborhood of the beleaguered city of Arras. We left Paris, as usual, by train, and, as usual, with an escort of officers with the red-and-white badge of the staff on their arms.

At Creil a long hospital train had just pulled into the station. Men and women of the place passed along the platforms carrying large baskets of ripe cherries which they lifted above their heads that the wounded soldiers might more easily reach them.

At Amiens we abandoned the train to move up to the front by motor. We had luncheon in the station. There were many English officers and their wives in the restaurant. Amiens is the nearest big town to the right flank of the British line.

A much-traveled road, the one to Doullens, its surface rough from the heavy traffic. Here we were in a busier sector than any other we had seen. At Doullens Captain X of the staff of the —— Army Corps joined us. Beyond the little village we followed for a time Route Nationale No. 25. I had motored over this same road before as I drove northeast from Abbeville following the motor Grand Prix of 1908. On this occasion it served us for only a short distance, however, because, as it nears the front, it is raked by the terrific fire of the German guns on the hills to the east of Arras. We could hear the roar of

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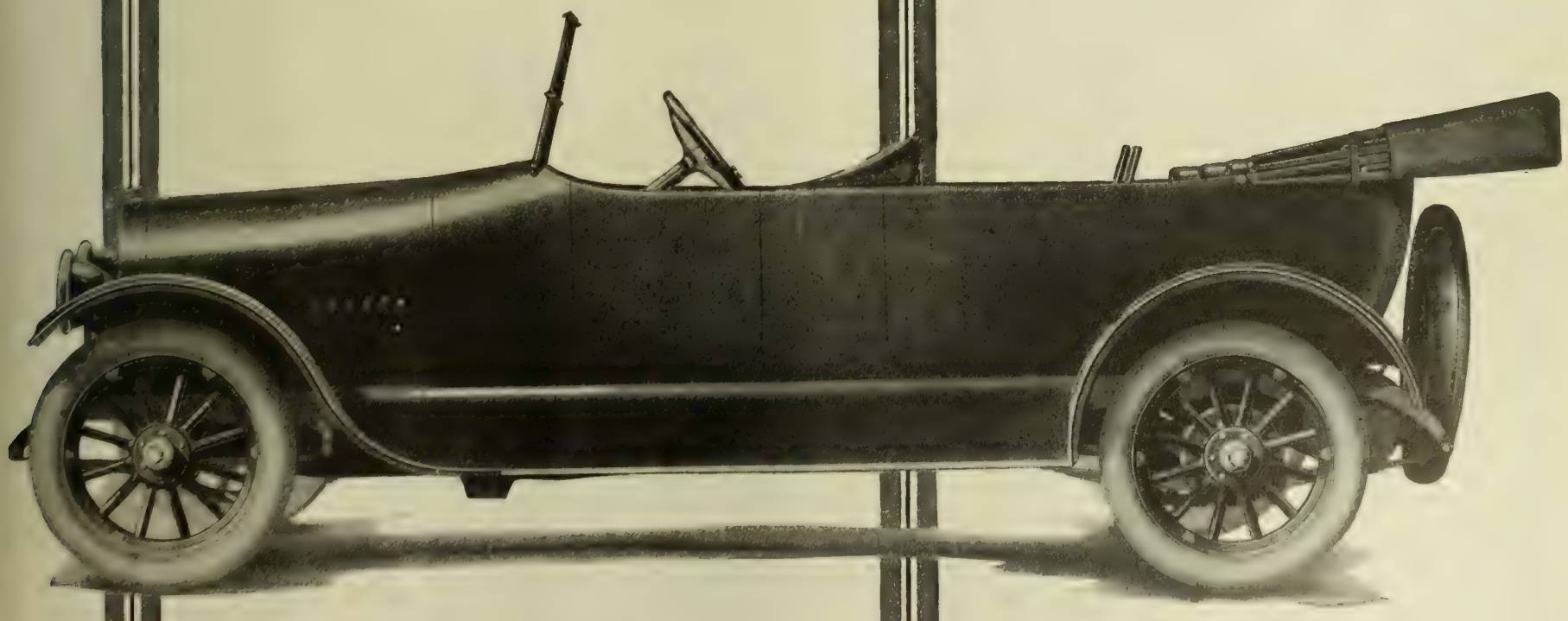
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them and the answering crackle of the French 75's growing louder as we advanced through byways and protected roads.

Arras lies in the center of the much-fought-over battle grounds of the ancient province of Pays d'Artois, of which it was the old-time capital. After the Battle of Agincourt the treaty of peace between the French and English was signed at Arras in 1415. In 1482 the Peace of Arras marked the line of the northern frontier of France.

The town lies on the northern edge of the plateau which rises above the Somme Valley and extends northward to the flats and dikes about the Scheldt. The lofty belfry of its Hôtel de Ville, a beautiful building rising above the arcaded Petit Palais, looked out over a peaceful landscape of grain fields and pastures. The gentle hills to the west intervened between the valley and the sea, and the long, white lines of the Routes Nationales stretched out like the spokes of a wheel through the Picardy countryside. Lombardy poplars in rows like sentinels protect the roads, with now and then the glint of a stream or a church spire above a mass of woodland. To the north beyond Lens the Black Country of France begins. The collieries and smoky chimneys remind one of the coal regions of Pennsylvania. Between this distant land of clouds and yellow smoke and the Scarpe at one's feet is the valley that has become in the present war the greatest battle ground in history. It is known technically as the Artois sector.

Within the bold-shaped hills that envelop it lie Mont-Saint-Eloi, La Targette, Neuville-Saint-Vaast, the Labyrinthe, Carency, Souchez, Ablain-Saint-Nazaire, and Notre Dame de Lorette. All these names have become famous in the fighting around Arras.

Chumming It with Death

OUR advent in Rheims had been accomplished without accident. So, too, our appearance in Arras. But this last was a far different matter. Here a continuous bombardment of the city was in progress. It was a gray day, and the low-hanging clouds seemed to hold the fumes and gases of exploding shells closer to the ground. The firing came apparently from every point of the compass, sometimes in desultory discharges and again in salvos followed by an interval of quiet. The motors did not, as at Rheims, dash through the streets to the center of the town. On the contrary, we nosed our way in carefully, taking advantage of protecting walls and partly ruined houses, turning out to avoid shell holes in the pavement or broken telegraph wires dangling overhead. We were playing hide and seek with an invisible enemy of whose mighty power the evidence was all about us—in the devastated homes, the blackened rooftrees and chimneys, and the smoking ruins of town hall and cathedral. I wondered what a motor car would look like after it had been hit by a shell. A little later I found out.

We had left our cars in a safe place and were walking through the ruins of the city. It was like a giant catacomb, and the clouds of smoke, the drizzle of rain, the empty shells of houses, the constant growl of artillery, and the occasional violent detonation when an explosive bomb landed increased the uncanny feeling of death and disaster.

Turning out of a narrow street, we came across a car that had been hit by a shell. It was a low, gray racing runabout of the torpedo type. It had evidently been used by a dispatch bearer or as an official car for the staff. The frame of the chassis was broken in the middle, the radiator and bonnet gone, and three of the four cylinders poked themselves above the open crank case. There was only one fender left and a part of the tonneau in the rear—the rest of the machine had been blown to bits against the neighboring wall. Again, as we emerged into the small place about the Hôtel de Ville, we found another disabled car. It was not so completely demolished as the first; the tires and upholstery were burned off and the steering gear wrecked, but its headlights still blinked at us uncompromisingly out of the ruins.

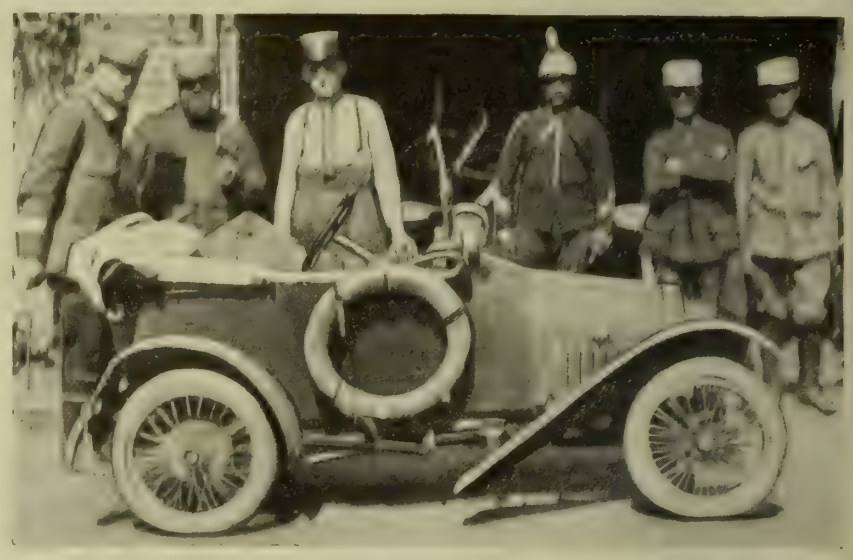
In all my experience along the front I have seen nothing more complete than the wreck of the Hôtel de Ville. Of all the devastation wrought by the Germans there has been no act more wanton than the destruction of this beautiful building at Arras. It had the highest and most graceful Gothic tower in France. It is now a heap of crumpled masonry, out of which stick up the calcined bones of the ruined central tower. The American architect Whitney Warren needs no better proof than this of his statement that German Kultur cannot lay eyes upon a beautiful thing—a thing more lovely than any architecture of the Fatherland—and resist the temptation to destroy it.

Men who daily risk their lives under the murderous fire of modern artillery for twelve hours out of the twenty-four look naturally upon the driving of a motor car at cup-race speed as a pleasant relaxation. Our rush back to Doullens from Arras in the late afternoon was an appropriately exciting finish to an eventful day. We had left the whining shells behind us. Traveling at a speed of from 50 to 60 miles an hour, our big limousine rocked about like a ship in a gale. What though the roads be crowded with commissary wagons and other traffic back of the front! We seldom slowed up. In one place we darted through an opening between two carts with a six-inch clearance on either side. At the time we were doing just under 60 miles an hour, and those of us in the rear seats had pushed up the rug on the floor of the car in our individual efforts to apply the brakes. But our military chauffeur was as unconcerned as though he had been edging his way slowly through the traffic of Fifth Avenue.

Doullens is a small town with only two primitive hotels. We messed at the Quatre-Fils-Aymon, and those of us who could not find rooms there were quartered in the Hôtel des Bons Enfants. Johnson had brought with him from Paris some packages that Madame X was sending to her husband, the general. His headquarters were somewhere in our sector. We were at dinner that night at Doullens. It was a very good dinner after an interesting day. We messed in a private room at the hotel, and for a special servant we had a small maid. She was rather embarrassed at having to serve, as she thought, so many distinguished strangers. She got away with the earlier courses, the soup in its big tureen and a "trout of the river." But she was overcome when it came to serving the wine. The landlady (she was patron, chef, boots—there were no men about the place) had produced musty bottles from the cellar. No one seemed to know how long they had been there, certainly not the landlady. The wine was of an unknown vintage.

When our small maid was seen to be shaking the bottles up in her effort to draw the corks she was demoted as butler, and with a face red with confusion disappeared in the direction of the kitchen to fetch another course.

Just after the little maid had retired, a motor drove into the courtyard with a loud crackle of explosions from its open exhaust. It was a messenger sent after the packages Johnson had brought from Paris for General X. The messenger appeared in the doorway in the person of Caro Del Vaille, the painter. It was an extraordinary meeting. He and Johnson had known each other in Paris and New York, and before the war broke out Del Vaille was at work on some portraits in St. Paul. He spoke affectionately of St. Paul and of my friends there. Like Hofbauer, he wondered if he would ever see America again. He was dressed in the uniform of an infantry private with the insignia of the Legion of Honor on his breast. I can think of nothing that would better show the democracy of the French army than this little dinner party—two staff captains, a lieutenant, a sublieutenant, a corporal, a private, and—though we didn't count so much—two English and three American correspondents.



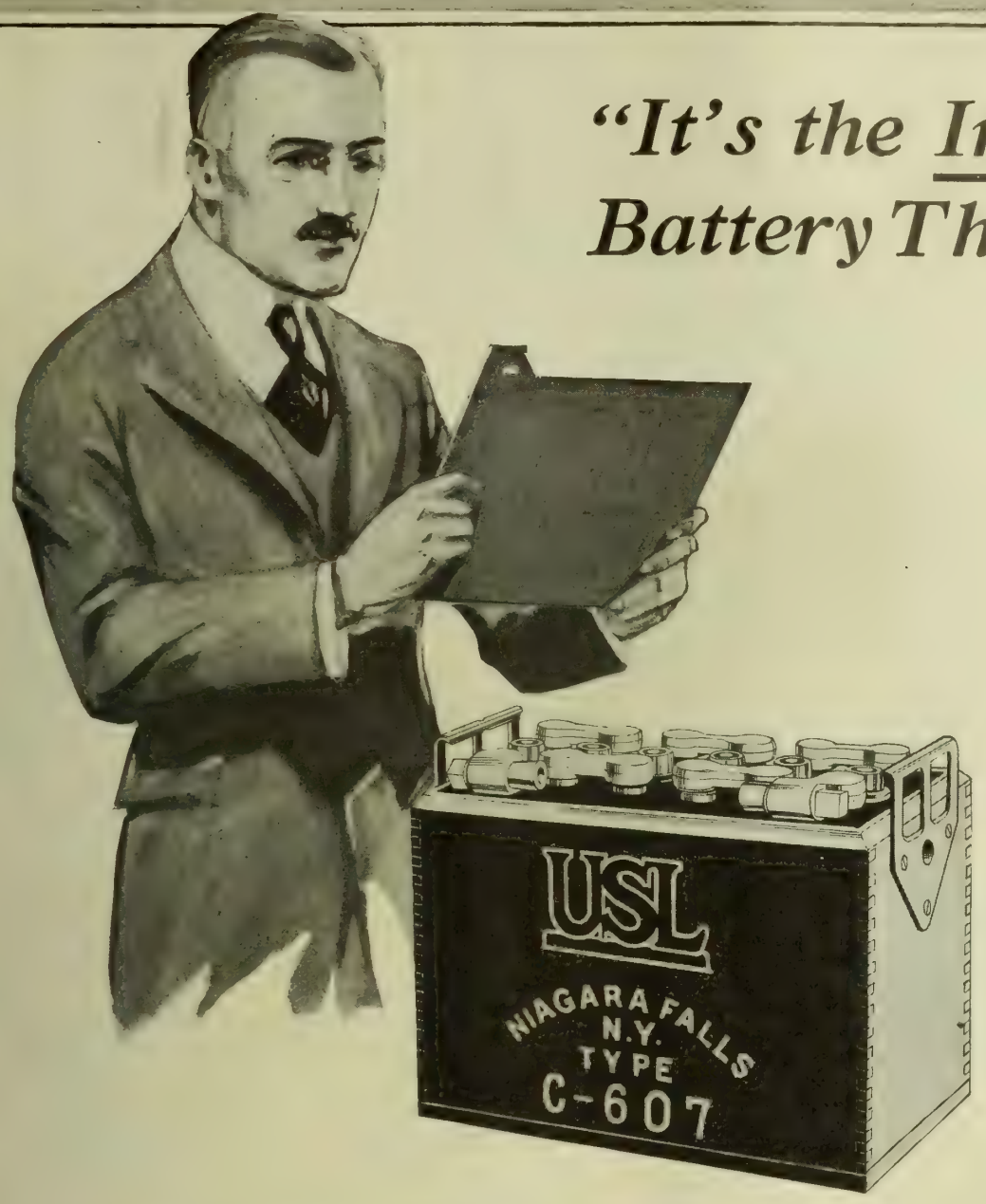
The modern dispatch bearer, the voiturette, that displaces the orderly on his steed

Under Fire

THE room was full of smoke when Del Vaille rose to go. He opened the window. It was a pitch-black night with an occasional glare of light from the rockets in the direction of Arras. Then the motor drew up at the doorway; he took his packages, saluted, and went out into the night. We could hear the chug of his motor growing fainter as he drove off into the darkness. The second day in the Artois sector carried us into the Bois de Bouvigny and the gruesome battle ground in the neighborhood of the ruined chapel of Notre Dame de Lorette. It was a clear day, and the movements of our motor cars would have been easily detected by the German observers but for a mist that hung close to the earth throughout the morning. It was this mist that enabled us to run the gantlet across the plateau to the Bois de Bouvigny—a sufficiently eventful experience. We all breathed more easily after it had been accomplished. The distance is about a mile and a half from the hamlet of Bouvigny across the summit of the ridge to the shelter of the woods on the farther side. This stretch of road is directly under the fire of German batteries on another slope to the north. We were started by an obliging dragoon, who lined the cars up and then clicked off the seconds on his



A forced march in motor trucks — a division of 30,000 men passed through this village in two hours



"It's the Inside of the Battery That Counts"

The New-type *USL* Starter Battery equipped with the marvelous *machine pasted plates* does away with old-style storage battery troubles.

The Triumph of the "Machine Pasted" Plate

THE chief difficulty experienced in the use of common types of starting and lighting batteries is the rapid deterioration of the plates, due not only to faulty workmanship and inferior materials, but to a bad mechanical method of combining what is known as the "oxide paste" with a "grid" to form the "plate."

Inasmuch as the chemical action taking place between the acid solution and the plate liberates the power stored in the battery, the life of the battery is long or short as the plate is good or bad.

The Old Method of Construction

Briefly, the common method of making battery plates is to "hand-paste" them. The workman rubs the oxide paste (which "sets" very quickly) into the grid by hand, first on one side, then on the other. One side sets before the other can be entirely rubbed in, and the result is an imperfectly welded plate, imperfectly joined, full of flaws and weak spots, which washes away easily, and is easily broken down.

At the USL Plant we apply a wonderful principle to battery building, new in application, but one which chemists have sought for years to perfect. Note the difference:

USL Batteries Last Longer

USL plates are placed in an ingenious machine which presses in the paste from both sides ***at once.*** Hence, it sets as a mass, produces a compact, solid plate, uniform in density. This plate wears evenly, gives off a constant, steady flow of power, does ***not*** crumble from vibration or road shock, does ***not*** wash away, and ***lasts longer than any other starting and lighting battery plate ever made. It is this inside construction that is important.***

Inside Construction Perfect

All USL battery parts are built in the USL factory. We test and refine all our own materials, we build our own parts. USL batteries are built for long service and hard wear. The ***insides*** of USL batteries are right, perfect in material and construction, and are painstakingly inspected.

Any manufacturer can duplicate the new-type USL lead covered terminals, handles and other external parts, if he wants to go to the expense. What he ***can't*** duplicate is the wonderful ***machine pasted plate*** that gives the USL its remarkably long life—the ***essential*** part that works for you, the ***real vital element*** of the battery.

Positively Guaranteed

Every new-type USL is guaranteed for fifteen months on a definitely specified dollars and cents adjustment basis.

Here again the USL stands alone. No other battery carries such a broad guarantee. Furthermore, there is no limit placed on free inspection service.

Practically every railroad company in the United States uses USL batteries. Great telephone companies, signal concerns, vehicle manufacturers, automobile companies here and abroad, install USL batteries because of their wonderful lasting qualities.

We know that if you will try them you will never use any other.

"The Black Box Mystery Explained," a complete battery book (price 50c) sent you free if you give us the name and model of your car. Write today.

U S Light & Heat Corporation

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Manufacturers of Storage Batteries and the famous USL Electric Starter

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USL

watch like the starter of the Vanderbilt Cup race and sent us away at five-minute intervals. Cars that distance apart would not kick up the amount of dust nor offer the same target to the enemy that would have been afforded had our four motors crossed together in single file. This dash across the zone of fire was an exciting experience to us. To the driver of the dispatch car—we met him later in the Bois—who had been making it almost daily since the French forces occupied the position last November, it had become as much a routine task as the carrying of letters by a rural free-delivery postman in an out-of-the-way district at home.

In whatever opportunities we had to observe them and in the trying positions in which we occasionally found ourselves, the gallantry of the French army chauffeurs was splendid. They were always cool, always ready to carry new adventures through with something of the spirit of the old heroes of romance. We had an example of their dash and courage late that afternoon. We had gone around the exposed positions on the *grand éperon* of Notre Dame de Lorette after leaving our cars in the shelter of the Bois de Bouvigny. The chauffeurs had to run back across the plateau, make a detour, and meet us at a rendezvous some miles away in another direction.

We in the meantime, from the foot of the hillside, had been observing a sanguinary engagement for possession of the much-fought-over pump in the battered village of Ablain-Saint-Nazaire. Unexpectedly one of our cars appeared in the center of the panorama almost midway between the German batteries beyond the village and the French guns on the slopes at the other end of the valley. It had apparently been ordered down to our position to carry us back to the rendezvous. After it was discovered by the Germans fifteen shells were fired—the first few in an effort to get the motor and the others to keep it in the hidden position it had reached behind a protecting slope on our right. The Germans apparently had the car bottled up, and the chauffeurs were ordered to wait until the guns quieted down after dusk before attempting to retrace their wheel tracks. We in the meantime made our way on foot back to the rendezvous—a tiresome journey—and at the moment we reached it the car also arrived. Dusk is an indeterminate time, and the chauffeurs, hoping to find the enemy's observers napping, had driven directly back over the shell-swept road in the midst of a brisk action between the French and German batteries. This brilliant dash across the road raked by the enemy's fire in a modern steel-gray motor car is reminiscent somehow of the spirit



A motor car destroyed by shell fire in the ruins of the Hotel de Ville at Arras

of Balaklava or of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. We of the "Hotel of the Good Infants" could get no *confiture* with *petit déjeuner* in the morning. There was not even a small boy to be sent for it. So we went ourselves. We sought out a little grocer and bought a jar of homemade honey. The grocer waited on us in his uniform, his coat tails caught back, his red trousers tucked in his boots, his *kepi* for the time being on a shelf. He was very simple about it. He was a Territorial. His company was stationed in the neighborhood, and when he was off duty he put rifle and bayonet aside to resume his place behind his counter.

The proprietor of a café in Paris was in civilian attire when we left him one night. In the morning we found him in full marching equipment. In his hands he carried a paper package containing waffles. The *specialité* of his café was waffles, and he was going to leave these for some friends in the hospital before he took train back to the front. They jump in and out of their uniforms and attend to the serious business of killing men and to their own small affairs with equal unconcern. Which is probably one of the reasons why the whole world has been amazed at the way France has shown her claws in the Great War.

When we entered the shop of the fighting grocer the streets of Doullens were deserted except for a few market carts turning out of the Rue du Bourg. When we came out there was a complete transformation. An endless procession of motor trucks was passing through the street, each one carrying from twenty to forty soldiers. They kept their regular company distances, the officers and orderlies at the flanks in smaller cars or voiturettes. They came by in clouds of dust, company after company, battalion after battalion, regiment after regiment. In general appearance the trucks all looked alike, wooden seats along the sides, dusty green curtains, a top like a prairie schooner, and the regimental number painted on the tailboard.

The motors were of all makes. I felt a little homesick when I noticed our own familiar marks on many of the bonnets in the long procession. The line seemed never-ending. The *poilus* hung over the tailboards and joked with the crowd on the sidewalk. They were all moving up to the front with the same cheerful spirit of adventure we had noticed among them everywhere. They begged me to take their photographs. I suppose they should have sung "Tipperary." I never heard "Tipperary" sung at all during my experience in the French lines.

The last of the ammunition and commissary trucks bringing up the rear rounded the turn and disappeared behind the houses. The long procession had somehow reminded me of a circus parade—without the horses. The clouds of dust rolled away. The market carts came back into the Rue du Bourg, and Doullens settled back into the ordinary business of the day.

In the comparatively short space of two hours nearly 30,000 men had passed through the town. Where they had come from or whither they were going we knew not. With celerity an army division had been changing position. We had been witnessing an exhibition of the utility of the motor truck in warfare—mightier than the chariots of the Cæsars, swifter than Napoleon's strokes, was this forced march by the modern method of transportation.

Drawn by M. L. Blumenthal



"MADAME, HIS MAJESTY WAS PLEASED — VERY WELL PLEASED"



The Center of Attraction

Oakland

High Speed **8's — 6's — 4's** **High Speed**

You will notice it at any show you attend—the same enthusiasm over Oakland cars. Because the Oakland has gathered to itself those who demand all that an "8" can give, those who are enthusiasts on the "6" and those who stand by the high-speed "4."

The OAKLAND "8"—the master of its class because of its Oakland high-speed motor—70 horsepower. More revolutions per minute, more power, more flexibility than you'd expect even from an eight. This is the largest car in the Oakland line. Planned for people who expect the ultimate in comfortable riding in town or on extended tour, with a wealth of power beyond the most extraordinary demand.

Yet this vast power does not involve a heavy cost for gasoline, oil and tires. The Oakland "8" is one of lightest cars for its power now built. Yet not one point of strength has been diminished. One of the roomiest cars on the market. Built for seven with room for more.

Model 50—Seven-Passenger—$1585 f.o.b. Pontiac

The OAKLAND "6"—a supreme example of efficient light car building. A marvel of economy, easy handling and low upkeep. The car of such demand as to swamp the tremendous capacity of the Oakland plant for months. Roomy, as are all Oaklands. Comfortable seating capacity for five. With 30 to 35 horsepower and a weight of only 2100 pounds fully equipped and ready for the road, you can readily understand the ability of this car to pick up quickly in traffic, to hold a good pace uphill or on the level when touring.

Model 32
Five-Passenger Touring—
Two-Passenger Roadster
—$795 f.o.b. Pontiac

The OAKLAND "4"—with its Oakland high-speed motor—has made a record and is making a record that is the envy of the industry. More frequent power impulses—reducing the interval between explosions—mean that smoothness of operation which one expects only from added cylinders, retaining the characteristic simplicity and economy of the "four."

Model 38—Five-Passenger Touring—
Two-Passenger Roadster—Two-Passenger Speedster—$1050 f.o.b. Pontiac

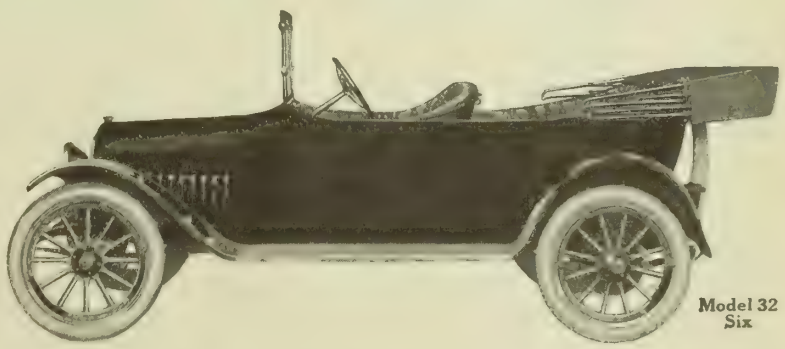
Catalogue with specifications and thumbnail booklet, "How Charlie and Mary Decided," mailed on request

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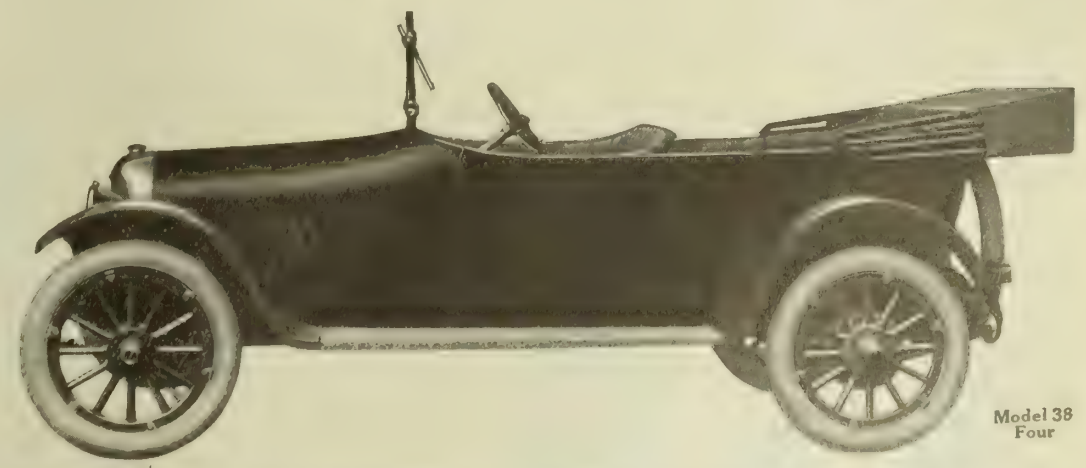
Oakland Motor Company, Pontiac, Mich.



"Sturdy as the Oak"



Model 32
Six



Model 38
Four

THE DIXIE HIGHWAY

BY CHARLES L. EDSON



ILLINOIS—*Michigan Avenue, Chicago's greatest thoroughfare, which forms the northern end of the main and original line of the Dixie Highway*

AMERICANS are building roads to-day for the wheels of peace and pleasure as, of old, Rome built all her roads for the spread of war and misery. The Dixie Highway, four thousand miles of parallel road linking the highly populated wintry north with the eternal summer of the Southern Everglades, is one of these great civilizing roadways which are blotting out the barriers of locality and making all Americans next-door neighbors.

A hundred years ago men and freight went by waterways. The South grew up depending on the Atlantic Seaboard and its rivers. The North was populated by a stream of immigrants moving westward along the Erie Canal, across the lakes to Chicago, and thence in all directions by railroads springing up on a level terrain. Thus grew up in the North an immense nation producing bread, meat, and machinery. By the nature of its roadways it was isolated from the smaller population producing cotton in the South. These two separated peoples produced separate cultures and ideals, and finally in a rivalry like that of the European nations they clashed and fought to the death.

No such separated populations living only unto themselves can ever again grow up in America. The coming of the motor car and universal road building have ushered in the age of neighbors and of peace.

The Dixie Highway, starting from Chicago and traversing Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and Florida, will, if plans mature, be finished and dedicated on Thanksgiving Day, 1916. Long stretches of the road both in the North and in the South are already available for touring; the lower end of the Cumberland Mountains forms the only barrier. Motorists should ship their cars from Nashville to Chattanooga, as the present road through the mountains is impassable in wet weather. Mountainous countries have always been backward because their agricultural wealth is negligible, and road building, with its many grade fills and bridges, is doubly expensive compared with the work in level countries. It is worthy of note that through the wonderful efforts of Judge M. M. Allison, president of the Dixie Highway Association, one mountain county in Tennessee, with scant resources and a very small population, has issued bonds for $350,000 to help blast the highway across the Cumberland Mountains. When men who were driven into the hills in the fierce competition with their stronger brothers show such a national spirit as that, it ought to stimulate more wealthy people to contribute the thousand dollars each that gains the title of Founder of the Dixie Highway. Already there have been twelve such contributors. Counties through which the road passes have voted an aggregate of $10,000,000, and two-thirds of the money will be put into the roadbed in the next twelve months. By the middle of next year the builders of the highway promise that the drive from Chicago clear through to Miami, Fla., can be made in six days.

When man becomes so mobile that he can follow the retreating sun toward the tropics as do the homing birds that have fed inside the Arctic Circle and will nest in the Everglades, then the pleasure of living upon this sphere will have been enhanced manifold. This was the great idea that led the Hoosier Motor Club of Indianapolis to begin agitating in October, 1914, for a Hoosierland-to-Dixie road. The Chattanooga Automobile Club at once responded to the suggestion and the name was changed to the present one.



INDIANA—*Cutting a hill near Crawfordsville. The highway runs eastward from Danville, Ill., through Indianapolis, and thence to Louisville*

Governor Samuel Ralston of Indiana, at the request of Governor Ben Hooper of Tennessee, called a conference of the governors of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and Florida. The conference met in Chattanooga in April, 1915, and authorized the governors to appoint two commissioners from each State to assemble and select the routing of the highway. At a meeting the next month, attended by 5,000 representatives of various counties clamoring for the highway, it was decided to make the road dual with an eastern route through Ohio. Then a loop clear around Michigan was also added.

The western route running from Chicago to Danville follows the old military road which the pioneers built to march against the Indians, again emphasizing the fact that they used to build roads for war while to-day road building makes hostility between peoples impossible.

Fourteen miles from Paola, on the highway, are French Lick and West Baden, the famous resorts. From Paola to New Albany, Ind., the route follows the old Vincennes road, famous in history, along which the pioneers moved with their oxen and their household goods. The eastern branch traversing Ohio, which is the most direct and feasible route to the South, will draw the motorists from Pittsburgh, Pa., and Rochester, N. Y.

The road through Butler County, Ohio, follows the old Wayne trail, traversed by General "Mad" Anthony Wayne in 1793 when he, by winning his great victory over the Indians, threw open the Northwest Territory for settlement.

Reaching Cincinnati, the tourist comes to the longest city in the world. One can travel an entire day over the Cincinnati Southern Railway to Chattanooga without leaving territory owned and controlled by the city. The city bought the railroad following the Civil War, when newly promoted railroads were going busted. In building the Dixie Highway in Washington County, Indiana, the workers tore down a quaint old covered wooden bridge under which generations of American boys had fished and swum for seventy-nine years. The framework of the old bridge was hand-hewn, and the bolts, taps, and nails made by hands that have been dust for half a century. A great concrete bridge typical of this industrial age replaced the historic structure.

Near Louisville, Ky., is located the old home of Louis Philippe, exiled King of France. At Hodgensville, Ky., a few miles off the highway, is the memorial at Lincoln's birthplace.

The One Way Out of the Cold

THE great motor road passes within twelve miles of Kentucky's Mammoth Cave, a scenic wonder greater than Niagara, but hitherto unvisited by the great mass of automobile tourists because it was hard to reach.

Carl G. Fisher of Indianapolis, who first proposed the highway, says:

"In Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois there are hundreds of thousands of motor-car owners who are bottled up in winter time and prevented from going west on account of bad weather and heavy snows. Heretofore there has been no southern outlet through Illinois to the South or the West. The Dixie Highway presents the only good point of escape into the South. Two days' drive from ice-bound, wind-swept Chicago brings the motorist under his own gasoline power to the mild southern climate of Georgia or Florida."



GEORGIA—*A stretch of the Dixie Highway near Thomasville. The roadbed is of sand and clay and was built by State convict labor*



Judge M. M. Allison (right), president of the Dixie Highway Association, and W. S. Gilbreth, field secretary



FLORIDA—*President Allison and other members of the Dixie Highway Association being enthusiastically welcomed by the seaboard town of Miami, the southern end of the road, after an official inspection tour of the line from Chicago*



A Pyrene would have prevented this



This automobile was burned to a skeleton at Belmont Race Track, New York, a few weeks ago. A Pyrene Fire Extinguisher would have saved the car — besides reducing the cost of insurance fifteen per cent each year.

The mere money saved on insurance is more than the Pyrene costs. That alone is worth having. But think how much more your car means to you than that!

Hundreds of people have been trapped under burning automobiles.

Pyrene means *safety* — not only for your car — but for your wife and your boys and girls who ride in it.

Pyrene in your home means safety *there* from the most terrible of dangers; it means the comfort of security to you and your family wherever you are.

A ten-year-old boy can put out fires with a Pyrene — it is so small, so simple — so easy and so *certain.*

Sold by auto supply and hardware dealers. Inspected, Approved and Labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

Pyrene TRADE MARK FIRE EXTINGUISHERS

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52 Vanderbilt Avenue New York City

IN CASE OF THEFT

BY DANA GATLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



EVERYBODY knows of the astounding growth of the automobile business, but not everybody knows, perhaps, that with this growth, and the growth of the general knowledge of how to operate cars, has also grown the industry of stealing cars. The automobile, which has opened up the country and enormously enhanced the value of country property, which has served the farmer no less than the city merchant and the man who rides for pleasure; which has, in short, done more than any other single innovation since the telephone to alter the conditions of our modern life—the automobile has also placed in the way of the thief an article as valuable as diamonds, but which would be almost as difficult to steal as a house and lot were it not for the fact that with its great value it combines its own motive power.

Stealing an automobile is like stealing Aladdin's lamp—getting the slaves of the lamp thrown in to transport you wherever you will. It is like stealing the magic carpet or the cloak of invisibility. It is a business which stands unique. People don't know how to steal steam yachts, which also are valuable; nor how to steal trains—trains won't go where you want, anyway. Except the less valuable and less speedy horse, the automobile is, on land, the only thing a man can steal which will at once give him a new possession and carry him away from the scene of crime. He can steal a car in New York to-night and be in Boston or Buffalo to-morrow. The game is the modern and magnificent equivalent of horse stealing in old Western days, with the infinite advantage, to the thief, that the game is bigger and the punishment very much less.

In 1915 some 3,000 cars were stolen. It is estimated that of these about 1,000 were never heard of again. Although the thefts of automobile parts and accessories—lamps, horns, magnetos, tools, what not—aggregate a yearly loss much greater than that totaled by the loss of cars, the former practice is conducted so continuously and so deviously that figures on it are not obtainable.

This branch of the industry, unlike the other, is not so spectacular. The thief who steals accessories is comparable with him who steps into the hall and steals an overcoat; but the thief who steals a car seems almost to kidnap a member of the family. These petty pilferings are known to the trade as "forty-dollar thefts." They are infinite in their variety. A man leaves his automobile stored in a garage for a couple of months, and when he calls for it finds the magneto gone—a loss of from $40 to $125. Some garages, of course, assure protection against thievery, but storage in such places costs more, and car owners who carry insurance oftentimes select the cheaper place and let the insurance company take the risk.

Such a case was that of a limousine stored last June. In August the garage proprietor failed and notified the owner to come and take away his car. Its magneto and lamps were missing. The owner had witnesses to testify that the car had entered the garage under its own power, but the proprietor, being bankrupt, could not be held accountable, and the insurance company had to pay.

The theft of a magneto recalled the notorious "death car" of a New York murder case. In New York there is a loaning company which specializes in loans to chauffeurs who want to buy and operate taxicabs of their own. This company takes a mortgage on the taxicab as security. A well-known insurance firm which insured the loaning company's interest in these various cars was notified last spring that the magneto had been stolen from a hack. An adjuster visited the place where the car was kept and found it a hangout of doubtful reputation. Here he discovered that the car belonged to the driver of the famous "death car."

The adjuster resolved not to pay for the loss, and did some scheming. A new magneto of the peculiar style used on Packards of that year would cost $128. Seeking to find one second-hand, he shopped along Broadway until he ran across a man who had just repaired one of those peculiar magnetos, charging $45 for the job. Next day the loaning company informed the insurance company that the car owner had found a second-hand magneto at $45 with which he could replace the one alleged to have been stolen.

The adjuster, although he settled, was convinced that the second-hand magneto he had heard of was none other than the "stolen" one.

As stealing has grown, so have devices for preventing stealing, protecting owners, and catching thieves. In large cities special police are detailed to familiarize themselves with shady hangers-on of the automobile world, to investigate suspects, and to hunt for stolen cars. Then there is insurance. Thirty-five companies in this country insure against theft, and 40 per cent of all the motor cars in the United States are insured. Yet among the 3,000 automobiles stolen in 1915 nearly a thousand were insured, and of these several hundred were never recovered.

Preparedness

GENERAL automobile insurance covers theft, and this item has become a risk so great that one company not long ago sent out to its clients "Emergency Instructions," to be "always carried by owner and chauffeur." A glance at the contents makes one wonder how any car owner can conduct his business or think of anything at all but the precautions he must take for the safety of his car: "When dining in a public restaurant the driver of the car should be *seated in such a position that he can observe his car.*

"Don't leave your car unprotected on the street, *or any place at any time*, thus preventing an opportunity of stealing a car, and minimizing such thefts.

"It is bad practice to leave your automobile alone in the streets not guarded, but if it is left alone the switch should be withdrawn and gears locked.

"In case of theft make quick investigation yourself—such as determining the description of the thief, direction car was seen going, etc.

"Promptly report all additional information to the police station in the precinct of the theft.

"If your car is stolen in the country, endeavor to reach and furnish its description to the nearest chief of police, especially to the officer who patrols the highways, such as motorcycle policemen, etc.

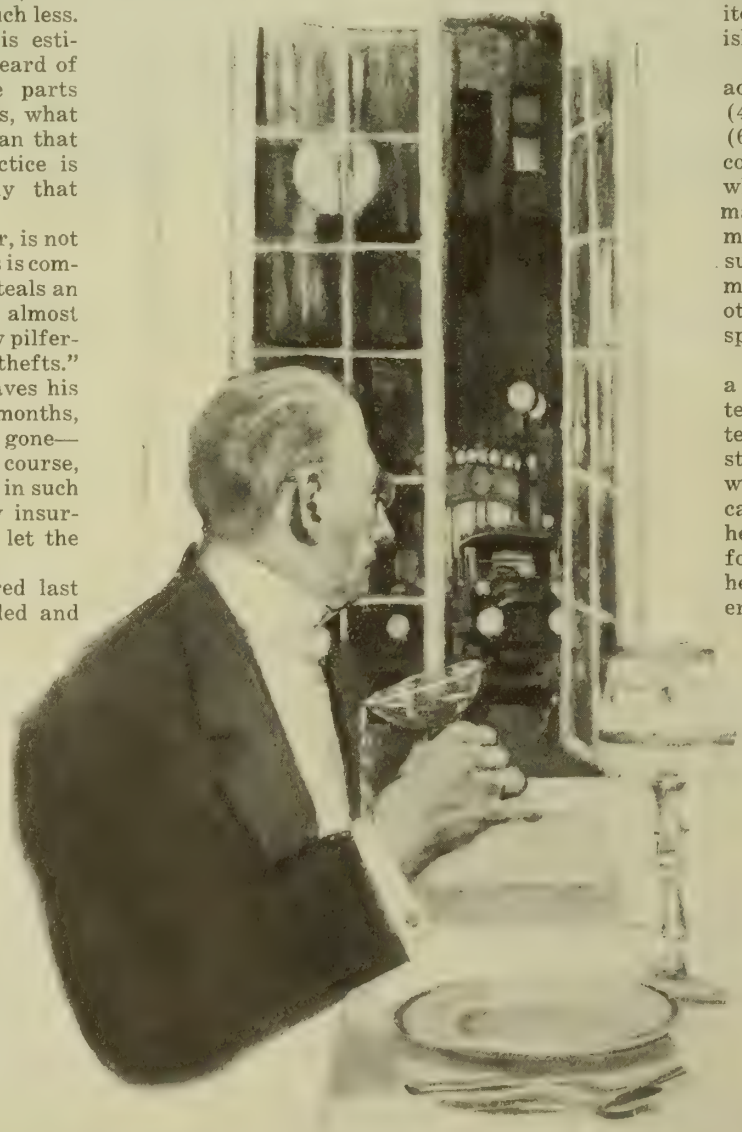
"Endeavor by some process of inquiry to determine the names of the various motorcycle policemen, constables, chiefs of police, and supervisors of highways, so that they may be notified *without delay*, by telephone or telegraph, of the loss of cars."

Not only must the careful car owner always dine in such a location that he is able to keep a loving eye upon his car; not only must he maintain acquaintance with potentially convenient police officers, but he must be an expert in the collection of minute items of evidence. "In case of theft" he is admonished to be able to report on the following items:

(1) Time and place theft occurred; (2) name and address of owner; (3) license number of machine; (4) make of machine; (5) model number of machine; (6) factory number; (7) number of car seats; (8) color of body; (9) color of wheels; (10) size of wheels; (11) size of tires; (12) make of tires; (13) make of automobile; (14) make of horn; (15) whether monogram or other initial on car; (16) any defects, such as broken water cap, broken cut-out, left rear mud guard slightly damaged, etc.; (17) if owner has other State license, give number; (18) make of speedometer.

If he be fortunate enough to have his car stolen in a city, the owner may telephone to police headquarters and rattle off this information. He should then telephone it to his insurance company; then to the station house of the police precinct in which the theft was committed; he should then go out and communicate it to the first patrolman he meets. After that he may go home, put an ice bag on his head and forget that mass of information about a certain car he once possessed, until such time as the car is recovered—and stolen again.

Many men, of course, do not know their own motor license number offhand, much less certain other details of the list. Moreover, the natural tendency of many men is to leave under the seat of the car the papers they might need in case of theft. That is the handiest place to carry them—until the car is gone.



When dining in a restaurant the driver of the car should be seated in such a position that he can observe his car

Locks, Keys, Cut-Offs

A THIRD safeguard against stealing is found in the locks and other safety devices which are being patented all the while. One of the most complete of these is a lock mechanism with one key fitting whatever parts of the automobile the driver sets to be locked—switch, headlights, tail lights, bonnet (for protection of the magneto), engine, extra tires, and tool box.

Not so complete but as effective for killing the engine is a contrivance which cuts off the gasoline from the carburetor. Another device recently patented is a button

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Republic

INTERNAL GEAR DRIVE

MOTOR TRUCKS

Motorize Your Haulage at Low Cost

THE Republic's combination of unsurpassed service quality with low prices is solving the problem of haulage for every line of business.

For four years the Republic Truck Company has manufactured a line of motor trucks which on simple comparison of values have outsold any other make.

The demand speedily created the Republic volume. The volume built the largest factory in the world devoted exclusively to truck manufacture. The economies of this big plant made possible the *low prices* of the Republic line, which have wonderfully broadened the field of truck use everywhere. With the Republic's low prices every firm or man who uses transportation should figure the saving which the Republic can make.

Enormous overload capacity marks the construction of every model. Note the specifications of these powerful Internal Gear Drive Republic Trucks. Better trucks cannot be built at any price.

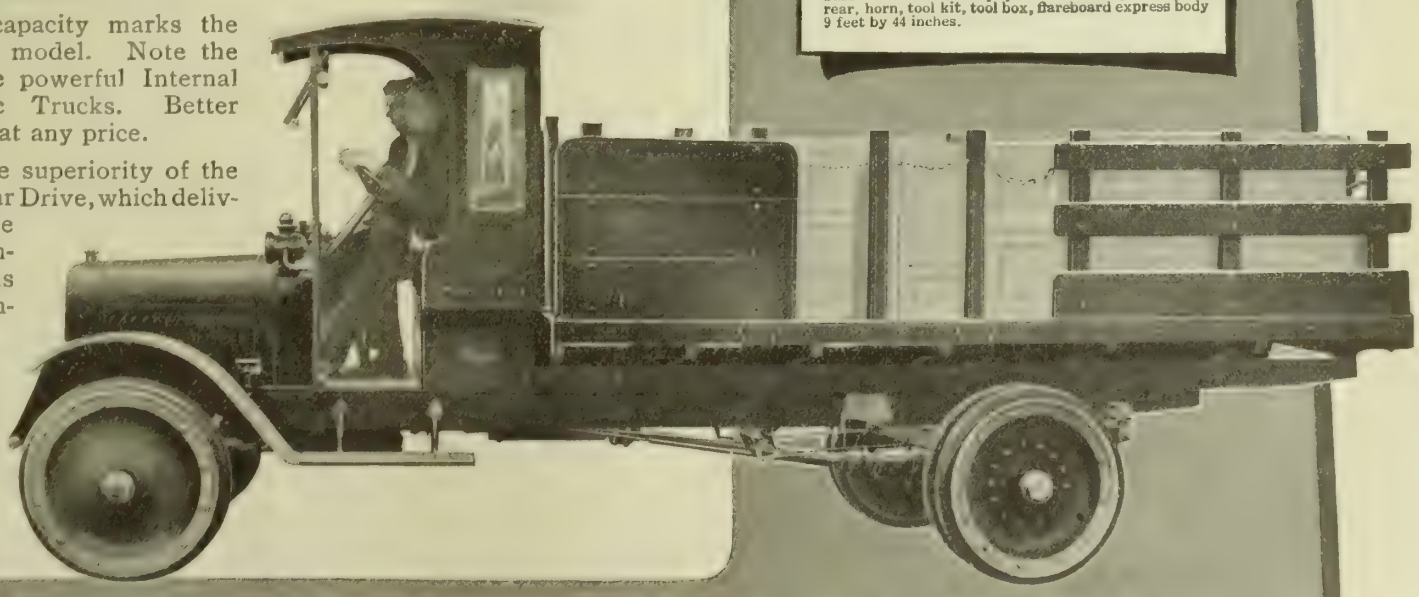
Get the facts about the superiority of the Republic's Internal Gear Drive, which delivers more power to the wheels—reduces the unsprung weight—lessens fuel consumption—increases tire mileage.

Write for folder fully illustrating Republic and describing the model you are interested in. With it we will send the name of the dealer nearest you.
Address Dept. B.



Four Models Are Offered

Model F ¾-Ton (*Open Express Body Included*)	$995
Model E 1-Ton Chassis	$1275
Model A 2-Ton Chassis	$1575
Model T 3-Ton Chassis	$2350



$995

Republic ¾-Ton, Open Express Body Included

Motor—Continental—long stroke—3½x5. Bosch high-tension magneto. Stromberg carburetor. Ten-face dry-disk clutch. Selective sliding gears—3 forward, 1 reverse. Left drive, center control. Axles—front drop-forged I-beam, rear internal gear. Nickel-steel gears. Ratio 6½ to 1. Springs—front 38 inches long, 2¼ inches wide, 7 leaves; rear 52 inches long, 2¼ inches wide, 11 leaves. Tires—Firestone 35x3 front, 35x3½ rear; or pneumatic tire equipment 32x4½ front, 35x5 rear, plain tread Goodrich. Wheelbase—124 inches. Equipment—oil lamps side and rear, horn, tool kit, tool box, flareboard express body 9 feet by 44 inches.

$2350

3-Ton Chassis Republic Dreadnaught

Motor—Buda 4¼x5½. Bosch high-tension magneto. Stromberg carburetor. Centrifugal pump and fan. 16-face multiple disk clutch. Speeds—4 forward, 1 reverse. Drive through two-piece tubular shaft with three universal joints. Axles—front drop-forged I-beam, rear internal gear drive. Steel I-beam carries load. Power transmitted through live shafts and pinions and large internal gears bolted to road wheels. Springs are extra strong and long. Wood or steel wheels optional. Tires—Firestone rear 37x5 dual, front 37x5 single. Left drive—center control. Wheelbase—165 inches. Dimensions back of driver's seat 37x146 inches. 185 inch wheelbase $50 net extra. Equipment—oil lamps side and rear, horn, tool kit, tool box.

REPUBLIC FOR SERVICE

REPUBLIC MOTOR TRUCK CO.

ALMA, MICH.

set unobtrusively on the dial of the speedometer. After a distance of two miles has been covered, the dial hand reaches this button, when a short circuit is made and the motor dies. Of course, if the thief observes the button and knows its function, he can, in the first place, cut off the speedometer so that the button never goes off.

Another contrivance which has occasioned thieves considerable annoyance has a dial which resembles a safe combination to lock the ignition switch. This, keeping out everybody save those who know the combination, is as good as the lock on a vault.

As to the comparative value of the several different key devices which are on the market, opinions vary; many instances are on record indicating that a first-class mechanic can, given sufficient time and solitude, worry almost any lock to do his will. The chief good point in any lock is, after all, so to complicate matters for a thief that he will abandon his attempt rather than risk capture by lengthy tinkering near the scene of his crime. If within a mile or so the gasoline is cut off or the motor goes dead or a lock resists his efforts, he is likely to abandon the car. That is the reason why so many stolen cars are found abandoned.

It is appalling to contemplate how many cars would be stolen were it not for these locking devices; yet some owners get along without them, like those fatalistic people who never lock their traveling bags. One man I know carries his philosophy so far as to rest easy now that he has attached to his car a lock for which he paid 38 cents. This same man has, by the way, more than once paid a stranger a quarter to watch his car while he did an errand inside an office building.

Another man I know of installed an inexpensive antithief contrivance on his machine and argued its merits soundly until one night last summer, when he stopped overnight at a country inn, leaving his automobile, with locked gears, in a neighboring garage. Before he left the garage, however, he noticed, quite by chance, the mileage registered on his speedometer. His car was not stolen. It was there when he went for it next morning. The gears were duly locked, as he had left them. But by some curious circumstance the reading of the meter had advanced eighteen miles!

In another instance a resourceful and reckless New York thief, who for some time had been watching the habits of a car he admired, drew his own car up in front of it one night, as it rested temporarily alone, attached a hook and cable, and towed it off to a safe place where he broke the lock at his leisure.

At another time this same thief undertook to tow a stolen car with a rope which was too long. He experienced considerable difficulty in guiding the captive and actually tripped up a traffic policeman at one corner. But after all this trouble and risk he never secured the prize, for finally it got away, ran across the sidewalk, broke through a railing, and went crashing down into a cellar areaway, where he reluctantly abandoned it.

It must not be imagined that the automobile thief is invariably a cheap thief. On the contrary, he is, often enough, the modern counterpart of the old-school "gentleman" bank robber of long ago. He appears prosperous, even impressive. He has manner, brains, above all inventiveness.

One manufacturer told me of his own sad encounter with such a thief—one who scorned the usual game of picking up some unwatchful citizen's car, and set his eyes on a latest model, high-priced beauty which adorned a palatial showroom. Because he "got away with it," his exploit deserves to head the list. He entered the office as any gentleman contemplating an expensive purchase would enter. He was very critical—so critical that the manager of sales took him in personal charge. For nearly a week he teased along, unable to make up his mind. During this time the two men became quite friendly, and it developed that they had mutual acquaintances in Canada. Finally, on a Saturday morning (observe the time!) the fastidious purchaser decided to take the car. But he didn't approve the tires—fastidious purchasers are often that way. The tires were therefore changed. At ten minutes past noon the buyer expressed himself as satisfied, paid for the car with a check which was accepted without question by his "friend," the manager of sales, and drove away in the new, resplendent vehicle.

It was Monday, of course, before the check was discovered to be worthless. The company consoled itself at first with the hope that the distinctiveness of the stolen car would make of it a white elephant on the thief's hands. Circulars minutely describing the car and the thief and offering a liberal reward were distributed among all the local garages, then through a wider area, and finally throughout a radius of 500 miles. Yet the man was not caught.

For several months there was no trace, but at last a man arrested in Minneapolis on the charge of forging a certified check was identified as the wanted automobile thief. He had sold the $4,500 car to a Minneapolis banker for $1,500. The thief is now serving a sentence for grand larceny; the innocent purchaser had to give up the car. Nor was that the end of that car's adventures. After its recovery by the manufacturers, it was sold to a gentleman in Philadelphia, from whom, by a curious coincidence, it has recently been stolen!

Stealing One's Own Car

THE insurance companies, too, have had their troubles, not only with the shady crooks who always bear watching, but also with "gentlemen." Of this brand was a car owner who stole his own automobile and hid it away, intending to defraud the insurance company, and who, later, had the car *actually* stolen from *him* while his claim was pending!



The theft of accessories is one popular profession

There is an insurance company in a large city which is very critical as to its clientele. One of its clients, the proprietor of a leading garage, reported the theft of a three-year-old car insured for $1,000. The chauffeur had left it alone for a few minutes while he stepped inside a building; when he came out the car was gone.

The company sent an adjuster up to investigate. "In what condition was the car?" he asked.

"I don't recall," replied the owner. "The chauffeur can tell you."

"What color was it?" asked the adjuster.

"Don't remember that either. Ask the chauffeur."

But when the chauffeur was questioned it turned out that he couldn't remember either, and it struck the adjuster that, considering his close relations with the car, he was surprisingly vague.

The adjuster then made a round of visits among the second-hand dealers, and at one place found a hopeful trace. This dealer's practice was to file records of all transactions—the date he bought every second-hand car, from whom it was received, in what cities it was demonstrated from time to time, and on what dates. His record showed that the car had come to him from the exchange department of a manufacturing company, and that it did not have a regular body of its make. The manufacturer's exchange department was then visited; there they remembered that the man who brought the car in first wanted a special body put on it, then wanted to trade it in on a new car. Next the man to whom the second-hand dealer had sold the car was visited, and he also mentioned the special body which he particularly liked. Finally the adjuster went up to the precinct police station; there they remembered the curious but now illuminating fact that the car owner when reporting his loss had not seemed at all excited.

The adjuster was convinced that the owner had, for the sake of the insurance, stolen his own car, and that he had then cleverly altered and disposed of it in such a way that it might not be traced back to him. He telephoned the owner that the car was found. Together they went to the garage and viewed the special-bodied car.

The owner shook his head. "Sorry—but this is not my car," he said. "Mine had a different body, nonskid tires, and the upholstery was in better condition."

"What's the number of your driver's license?"

"Haven't the ticket with me," replied the owner.

The adjuster finally threatened to arrest him. The owner was at first insulted; then he weakened in his conviction, and asked to telephone to a friend who had done a lot of work on the car and who really knew it better than he did himself.

The friend came and, seeing the other's predicament, helped him out by "recognizing" the car.

The owner faded away and did not press his claim for loss. The company did not prosecute him, merely dropping him from its books. It is sometimes not so hard to recover a car as to make an owner identify it if he doesn't want to.

A similar attempt was made by a man who caters to that peculiar variety of New York "front" which is indicated by the advertisements: "Luxurious Packards, liveried chauffeurs, $500 to $700 a month." This man owned a half dozen cars, and the best one of them, a recent model, was insured for $3,800.

One evening, accompanied by a relative, he rode in this car from his office to one of the gay restaurants in the Forty-second Street neighborhood, where they had a gay birthday dinner. When they came out the car was gone.

The insurance company put on the case a detective who busied himself around the local garages. Finally, in a certain garage, he found a telephone operator who had chanced to overhear a telephone conversation in which one speaker, having revealed that he was from Troy, N. Y., gave the assurance that "the chassis is all right—hidden and covered up with hay." On the evidence of this overheard conversation the detective went to Troy and finally located the chassis of the stolen Packard stored in a barn. On a clue from the same talk the body of the car was discovered in a Bayonne, N. J., garage. The owner of the car was arrested, but he couldn't be prosecuted, as the witness could identify only his voice, not his person. He was discharged for lack of evidence, but dropped his claim for the loss of his car.

Had he been successful in his plot, besides collecting his $3,800 insurance, he could have reassembled his car later, had it repainted and registered under another number, and sold it. Most States allow a car to be registered under the number of any one of its various parts—even the number of a horn—a practice which aids the kind of roguery described above.

Lax Registration Laws Aid Thieves

IT IS a lamentable fact that the lax methods of many States, in issuing motor-license numbers, are a great help to automobile thieves. In New York State not only does the law permit any number connected with a car to become its registration number, but the applicant does not even have to present his car in proof. He has only to go to the office of the Secretary of State, tell the make of his car and its number, and secure his license. Next day he can steal a car with comparative equanimity—if only he sees to it that the make of it fits the make specified in his license. As for the number, it is a simple matter to fix that, and all the betraying old numbers on the car can easily be disposed of.

Altering the numbers is the thief's first concern. The outside number plate, such as every car carries—usually on the dash—is easily removed. Yet there are so many numbers strewn around on various parts of a car that it is difficult to remove all traces of identity. In New York there used to be a place on Broadway which did a thriving business with an electric buffer. Within an hour after a theft the buffer could efface the annoying number which is cut in on the motor.

Police officials who work on automobile cases acquire the habit of noting and remembering numbers. This habit was partly instrumental in bringing a queer, twisted case of theft to light. A State inspector of New Jersey, on a Jersey City ferryboat, noticed an automobile carrying a number which, the day previously, he had seen on a different car in Orange, N. J. Two days later this same number caught his eye, but this time on the plates of a third car. He thought it time to investigate; in the records he learned that the addresses accompanying the popular license number were, severally, the office of a dentist who had gone away for a visit, a boarding house, and a vacant lot. The matter was reported, and came under the attention of an adjuster who had an interesting case in hand.

Simultaneously the adjuster received a letter from an old friend who was a sheriff's clerk in East Orange, N. J. The clerk said that a car was listed to be sold at sheriff's sale to satisfy a judgment for storage and repairs; that he had written the manufacturers of the car for an approximate value and had received an answer that no car of theirs bore

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Get This Family-Car For Your Out-Door Home

THERE is as much difference between cars, as between houses.

One extreme is the monster of masonry where wealth barricades itself at a cost all out of proportion to the home-comforts obtained. Even more common is the other extreme, the cramped quarters that are no more than walls and roof, thrown together as cheaply as possible.

Between these two extremes are the homes of the happy and contented; substantial, roomy and refined. The Auburn car is the out-door home of this type; adequate to all needs, roomy, comfortable and refined.

Here is the ideal family car, the happy medium between the superfluous monsters of exorbitant cost, and the cramped and skimped cars that are built to meet a price only. The Auburn gives you dignity, convenience and pride of ownership, *without* the extravagant car's first cost but *with* the cheap car's low maintenance cost.

You can do no better than to consider carefully the Auburn before you buy—sixteen years of success warrants your serious attention to this beautiful but sturdy and economical car. That experienced car owners appreciate the truth of Auburn's claim, "The Most For The Money" is proven by the increase, of fifty per cent, in Auburn sales for this season.

For the new Auburn cars for 1916 offer truly wonderful values. Value first, because the Auburn is not an "experiment." Every constructional feature is absolutely successful and reliable. Value, because it is thoroughly modern and complete in every essential, from its basic strength and safety to the most minute detail.

In looks, the Auburn never suffers in comparison with even the finest creations imported from Europe. And as for the quiet, graceful and never faltering way it performs, only a ride can fully convince you of its marvelous efficiency, ease of control and comfort—no jerks, jolts, bounces or nerve racking sensations that tire the passengers and make "work" of motoring.

Our claim, "The Most For The Money" is an unequivocal one — won't you let us prove it for you? We are positive we can save you money and give you a car that will wear longer, give better service and more pleasure. You can get all the facts (we believe they will surprise you) and study them in the privacy of your own home—simply write us for a free copy of our new book entitled "More Than A Catalog." We will send it without the slightest obligation.

Even if you *are* not now in the market for a new car—you are interested in the progress in the automobile industry and we'll send you "More Than A Catalog" upon request.

If you don't know the Auburn dealer in your town, write us.

The Auburn Automobile Co., Auburn, Indiana, U.S.A.

Model 6-38; $1050—Six cylinder, 3x5; Cantilever springs; Electric lighted and started; Spacious tonneau and driving compartment; 34x4 tires; 120-inch wheel base; Completely equipped; 2 and 5 passenger models.

Model 4-38; $985—Four cylinder, 3⅞x5; Cantilever springs; Electric lighted and started; 34x4 tires; 114-inch wheel base; Completely equipped; 2 and 5 passenger models.

Model 6-40 A; $1375 Six cylinder, 3½x5; Cantilever springs; Electric lighted and started; Luxuriously roomy tonneau and driving compartment; Folding disappearing auxiliary seats; 126 inch wheel base; 35x4½ tires; completely equipped; 2 and 7 passenger models.

such a maker's number. At this juncture the sheriff's clerk chanced to see an advertisement for a stolen car which the adjuster had inserted in a New York paper, and he wrote a description of his suspicious charge. The description tallied; also the number given was unusually interesting.

The adjuster went over to East Orange, taking with him the owner of the stolen car. The captain of the local police looked at the owner carefully, and finally said: "You look very much like a man we've been watching." The owner had to admit that he had a brother who greatly resembled him. This lead was followed. The brother had been paying attentions to a New Jersey girl whose parents opposed his suit. The girl's father, when questioned, discovered and turned over some 1914 license plates which her sweetheart had given her as a "souvenir." They were the original plates which had belonged to the stolen car. The suitor had taken out a false license a few days before he stole his brother's car, "owned" it for a while, while the brother was searching for it, and finally abandoned it in a garage when the trail became warm. He disappeared.

High Fences and Low Squealers

ANOTHER automobile Raffles was recently discovered working with an organized band of New York thieves. A manufacturer with a prosperous business on Fifth Avenue chanced to meet another man, and their talk turned to automobiles. The manufacturer's new acquaintance offered to sell him a car very cheap. This man was young, well-dressed, talked smoothly, and was in no way different, apparently, from scores of other young men you may see in New York any day. It was not branded upon him that he was one of the most successful thieves in the country—that he had personally stolen and disposed of more than a hundred automobiles.

The manufacturer and the young man who had found him his bargain became friends—to the degree that the former was finally "put next to a good thing." The two formed a partnership, the one stealing the cars, the other securing markets for them among his relatives, friends, and out-of-town acquaintances. To account for the cheapness of the cars they sold they would say the cars had been used by a New York taxicab company, but that business had become so bad that the company was selling out at a ridiculous sacrifice. Thus Fords went for $150 to $175, and more expensive makes for a little more.

This combination was successful for a long time, and the manufacturer was not suspected until his partner was caught in another transaction and, to save his skin, did some wholesale squealing.

The dapper thief's confession reads like a fairy tale, and it is a pity that it cannot be printed in its entirety. He spared no one—but that did not surprise the officials who were dealing with him. I expressed astonishment at this.

"That old gag, 'Honor among thieves,' is all imagination," replied an adjuster who has had what seems to be a thousand years' experience among crooks. "Sometimes you'll find women who'll keep secrets," he amended, "and who'll put up with a lot. But a crooked man will *always* sell out. Money will always bring good results in thief land."

The thief under discussion was arrested (on information given by yet another thief trying to save *his* skin!) for stealing a Peerless car from in front of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. He had changed the numbers of the license plates, tires, coil boxes, etc., and had taken the car to points in New Jersey and to Philadelphia before he finally traveled up to Buffalo, where he met a sporting man to whom he sold it for $600. At this juncture his friend squealed and he was arrested. He owned to stealing thirty-five Fords alone, most of which, with the aid of his confession, were recovered. Aside from the partnerships he formed for disposing of the cars, he had two or three other partnerships for stealing.

This thief's system calls for three persons to do an automobile "job" scientifically. They study the "habits" of cars they wish to make their game. Then they start out—together, but discreetly separate. The first man passes the car as it stands unoccupied by the curb, and deftly, without seeming to pause, ascertains whether the switch is locked. Without turning his head, he gives a prearranged signal. The second man comes along and, while passing the car, puts over the switch. Number Three then appears, steps into the car and, without a second's loss of time, drives away.

If the car is standing in front of a restaurant, according to the confessed thief's system, the first man approaches the doorman, affecting to recognize the automobile and asking who had brought it there. Number Two is close at hand. Then, at the right time, Number Three (the important part generally intrusted to our glib, dapper friend of the confession) appears, affects to recognize the car as his brother's, and asks the doorman (with a liberal tip) to go inside and bring his "brother" out. If this scheme works, Number One or Number Two is ready to spring into the car and be off on the instant. Sometimes the plan is varied slightly, and Number Three, without even suggesting that the doorman leave the scene, directs him to tell his "brother" that he has gone for gasoline and will shortly return; then he boldly drives off. This plan was successfully worked at various restaurants in New York until twenty or thirty automobiles were stolen, and the doormen became cautious.



A big animal rushed at the detective and nipped him savagely. The officer shot his revolver above the gang leader's head and compelled him to fight off the dogs

Enter a Pennsylvania Politician

THIS particular thief seemed to have an unusual faculty for making interesting affiliations while disposing of his loot. He had a friend who worked in a livery stable in a Pennsylvania town where a certain manufacturer was running for the office of mayor. The livery-stable employee knew the candidate and knew that he loved show and had a streaked moral sense; so he made an arrangement by which three automobiles were to be stored in the latter's factory, "to save storage," the candidate to have use of them meanwhile.

Later the livery-stable employee borrowed some money, leaving the cars as security. Within three or four months he had in this way borrowed over $500.

It did not look like a bad piece of business to the manufacturer to purchase $2,500 worth of cars for $500. But the talented New York accomplice of his livery-stable acquaintance wanted $250, and when it was not promptly forthcoming, he squealed. So the Pennsylvania mayoralty candidate was visited by officers who convinced him that publicity was not desirable at that time. He relinquished his bargains and shipped them back to New York at his own expense. Is it sad to have to record that, despite his expensive precautions against unflattering publicity, he was not elected?

Neither he nor any of the other thirty-five accomplices which this dapper squealer implicated in his confession was sorry that the latter had himself been brought low through the bad faith of a comrade. This last and his brother flourished as expert thieves until at last they were tipped off to a detective of the New York Automobile Squad by a "friend" who had got into trouble.

This "friend's" relations with the policeman typify the curious affiliations often found between detectives and adjusters on the one side and thieves on the other. It seems to be a necessary situation—much like practical politics, where the side of right and honesty feels obliged to compromise with corruption in order to attain good ends. So it was that the officer was informed that the two brothers had concealed a stolen car in a certain garage and were going to remove it at a specified time.

The policeman, in plain clothes, was on hand, unobtrusive but, as it developed, disposed to be helpful. He was even able to furnish an extra set of plates with false numbers. When they discovered they hadn't enough money to pay their garage bill, he loaned them $10. Finally the two brothers started away in their machine. Then the policeman "grafted" a car (his own expression, mildly resentful of New York's stinginess with her automobile squad) and started after them. When he overtook them he halted them and quizzed them separately. When convinced that they were "caught with the goods," the weaker of them capitulated. He confessed that the car in his possession had been stolen in the Bronx, and promised, if it would help him, to give some startling information.

Something for the Movies

ONE of his tips, true to promise, led to a melodrama thrilling enough for a movie screen, which I shall come to later. But first let me tell about the squealer and what he told the police. He told about the operations of the glib, dapper youth mentioned above. He told about another partner, a young man of a good New York family, who had been a successful automobile thief for years.

The latter's method was to go out at night and watch for a car—the nearer Broadway the better, for he was fond of the gay lights. His boast was that he needed only a few minutes to get away. He always had prearrangements for having the cars repainted and otherwise altered, and always used plenty of money. He adopted car stealing as a profession because it was the easiest and most profitable way to live that had come under his notice. When he was tipped off to the police, he married an albino girl so that she would not testify against him. "She did holler," an automobile detective said to me, "but the pull that crook has would lift the Brooklyn Bridge. He is now living in comfort, bragging about his past deeds."

This thief, too, true to the general rule when caught, informed on anybody and everybody. He began by telling the detective who arrested him that a certain car was scheduled to be stolen from Rockaway on a certain night. The owner was involved in the deal, he plotting to make his profit by collecting the insurance, while the thieves were to make theirs by selling the car. They were looking for a purchaser, the informer said; so the detective arranged to have his brother-in-law "buy" the car, taking extra precautions about the bill of sale so that later, when the thieves were exposed, they could not involve the purchaser in the crime. They took the stolen car direct from Rockaway to Westchester, sold it for $300 cash and, at their own suggestion, gave a bill of sale for $1,000.

The car was stolen at eleven o'clock, and the owner reported its theft to the police before twelve. The police intimated that the owner himself could clear up the mystery. The owner thereupon became very indignant. He could prove, he protested, that he was eating, with his lawyer, in a restaurant at the time of the robbery. He admitted that the car found in Westchester was his, but laid the theft on two men from his garage. The really mysterious point in this case is the fact that the owner collected $200 from the insurance company for injuries sustained by the car!

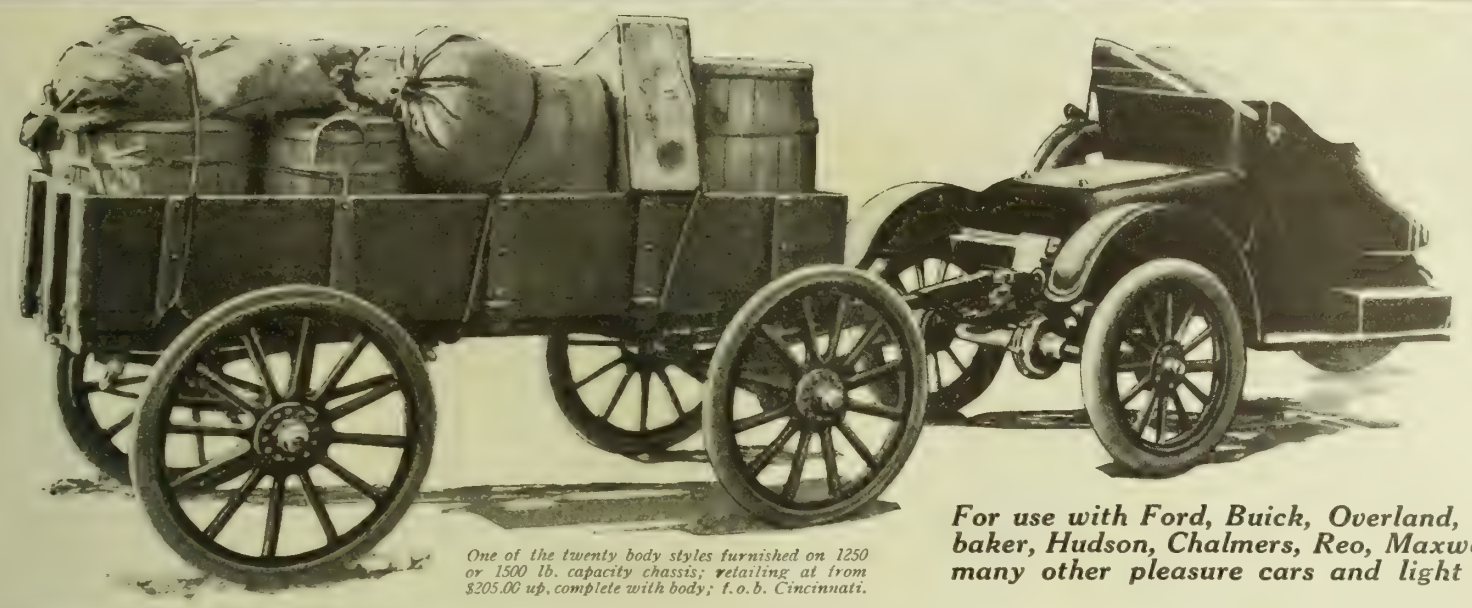
Nearly all the notorious automobile thieves, as has been seen, work in gangs. One gang which flourished for a considerable time was broken up when

. . .

Announcing the Trailmobile

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. PATENTS APPLIED FOR

"The Motor-less Motor Truck"

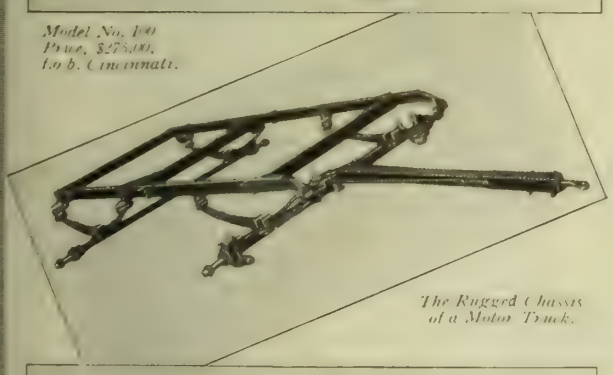


One of the twenty body styles furnished on 1250 or 1500 lb. capacity chassis; retailing at from $205.00 up, complete with body; f. o. b. Cincinnati.

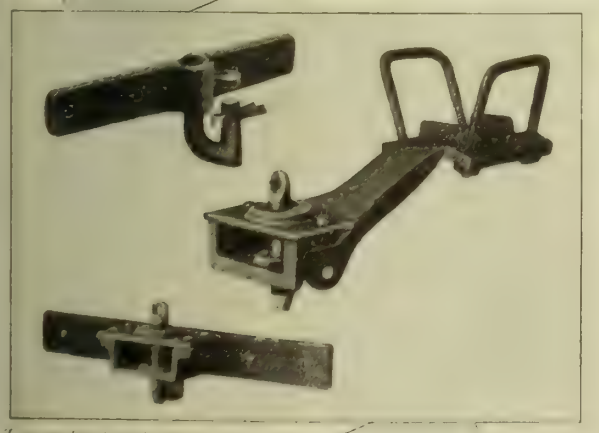
For use with Ford, Buick, Overland, Studebaker, Hudson, Chalmers, Reo, Maxwell and many other pleasure cars and light trucks



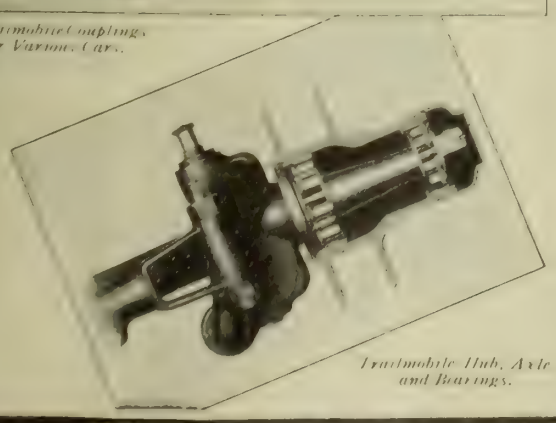
Model No. 100
Price, $275.00.
f. o. b. Cincinnati.



The Rugged Chassis of a Motor Truck.



Trailmobile Coupling for Various Cars.



Trailmobile Hub, Axle and Bearings.

Condensed Specifications

Capacity—*1250 lbs. and 1500 lbs., depending on model of chassis.*
Body—*Twenty styles.*
Load Space—*39 to 42 inches wide. 88 to 100 inches long.*
Axles—*Automobile type. Equipped with Rower roller bearings.*
Wheels—*Truck type. 14 spokes. 12 bolts in flanges.*
Wheel base—*62 inches.*
Tread—*56 and 60 inches.*
Tires—*Solid truck, 32 x 2, front and rear. 34 x 2½ on rear of 1500 lb. chassis.*
Price—*1250 lb. capacity chassis, $179.00 with tires. 1500 lb. capacity chassis, $209.00 with tires. Prices, f. o. b. Cincinnati.*

Pulling, not carrying
is the secret of low hauling cost

The locomotive does not *carry* its load, it pulls it.

Pulling, not carrying, is the answer to modern, efficient transportation.

For years this principle has been violated in trying to make the motor car and truck carry its entire load instead of pulling some of it.

The result is that millions of dollars worth of power are going to waste every day. Stop this leak! Put an end to this expensive, inefficient method of motor car hauling. Get the full horsepower you are *paying* for. Make every ounce of power pull *pay*-load. The Trailmobile is the way out!

The Trailmobile

The Trailmobile is a high speed light commercial vehicle that can be pulled behind any motor car or truck, to which it is attached by a special, quick detachable coupling. It is the Flying Mercury of Commercial Trucks.

It was perfected only after years of exhaustive research and experimental construction, requiring the best automobile and structural engineering. It is the real solution of the low cost hauling problem.

Built like a motor truck

The Trailmobile is the first vehicle of its kind that fulfills every requirement of motor car usage. It is built like a high priced motor truck from the ground up. Wheels, axles, springs, frame, bearings, steering device, shock absorber, and coupling, are all of design and construction specially adapted to carrying loads at high speeds. Actual abuse in thousands of miles of gruelling road tests has proved conclusively the practicability and endurance of the sturdy Trailmobile.

What the Trailmobile will do

The Trailmobile will carry 1250 to 1500 pounds, (depending on the style of chassis) at speeds of from 10 to 25 miles per hour, without undue strain on the motor car or truck pulling it.

We have purposely done all of our factory testing with one car, a stock Ford roadster. Many of these tests were made over the worst roads and hills, at speeds far beyond the guaranteed speeds. Today, after thousands of miles of the roughest usage, this Ford roadster shows no sign of exceptional wear.

Other light cars and trucks behind which the Trailmobile is in use, have been without exception equally successful in hauling "The Motor-less Motor Truck."

The Trailmobile pulled by a motor car weighing less than 1500 pounds has carried 1030 pounds up a 13% grade. It has gone from Cincinnati to Indianapolis, a distance of 115 miles, in 6½ hours. It follows the motor car or truck around corners, in and out of traffic, over ruts and bumps as though it were an integral part of the power plant itself.

U. S. Government Test

The Trailmobile has passed the tests of all of the United States Departments to which submitted: namely, Marine, Signal and Medical Corps, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and the Quartermaster and Post Office Departments. Is today in use. Write for descriptive leaflet.

Doubles the value of your motor car or light truck

If you have any kind of light hauling to do, the Trailmobile will cut your transportation costs in half.

To the plumber, the contractor, the carpenter, the farmer who owns a pleasure car, it offers a combination of pleasure car and truck.

To the merchant, tradesman or manufacturer, operating a light truck it offers the advantage of an additional truck at a fraction of the cost. In many cases it makes the operation of light trucks economical, where heretofore they have seemed too expensive to operate. In other cases, it permits of the continuous use of a heavy truck for heavy hauling, with a light car and Trailmobile for delivery of light loads.

Write for catalog

Check your line of business on the coupon below, sign and mail it to us. If you are using a pleasure car or truck, our Hauling-Cost Department can show you how the Trailmobile will double its usefulness and cut its cost of operation 1-3 to ½. If you are still using horse-drawn vehicles we can demonstrate how the Trailmobile in combination with a light truck or pleasure car, will cut your present hauling costs 30 to 50%, and bring your delivery service up to date. Write today to

THE SECHLER & COMPANY
552 East Fifth Street, Cincinnati, O.

Tear or cut off here

Check your line of business and mail in the coupon to The Sechler & Co., 552 E. Fifth St., Cincinnati, O

Farmer [ ] Florist [ ] Expressman [ ] Painter [ ] Baker [ ] Mill [ ]
Dairyman [ ] Contractor [ ] Livery man [ ] Laundryman [ ] Dept. Store [ ] Lumber [ ]
Truck Grower [ ] Carpenter [ ] Commission Man [ ] Grocer [ ] Factory [ ]

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

Your Automobile will pull a Trailmobile

two members squealed on the leader to save themselves. The leader was a genius in his way, and worked out an effective system for his six followers. One of the men was chauffeur for a rich woman who kept her car in a reputable, well-known garage. One was employed by a cab company, and for years regularly drove an adjuster for an insurance company—even when the latter was out nights looking up stolen automobiles! Another drove a hack of his own, while yet another had a position as chauffeur for a well-known New York man.

Their system was this: They would "locate" a car—that is, scrape acquaintance with its chauffeur, ascertain where the employer lived, whether the chauffeur took the car with him when he went home for supper, what theatre or other destination was on the employer's evening program, how he called up the chauffeur to give instructions, etc. Two months of quiet preparation and they were ready to "get the car." Three men did the job, all unknown to the chauffeur, as the man who had "worked up the case" stayed well out of sight when the actual steal was pulled off.

The three thieves approached the car at some favorable spot when they knew it would be standing unguarded. Number One was detailed to keep lookout, Number Two to block the way if the chauffeur should unexpectedly appear, and Number Three to make the actual get-away. Number Three then took the prize to the Forty-second Street Ferry. On the boat he changed the license number to one which had been previously arranged, and then drove the car to the gang leader's home in Lakewood, N. J. The leader himself was always close behind in a second car, to block any possible chase, and while on the boat he always paid his helpers for their part in the current steal—say $100 each, and always in cash.

The cars stolen in this way were repainted and otherwise altered at his New Jersey place, then shipped to Philadelphia, or possibly Cuba. It is estimated that between twenty and thirty automobiles taken by this gang were never recovered. The leader, now in prison through the squealing of his pals, is an Italian; and it is predicted in the underworld that when he is released some shooting may take place.

Teddy Goodman, the notorious automobile fence, who died not long ago, had three gangs of thieves working for him, no one of which knew what the others were doing. One man alone stole more than a hundred cars which Goodman disposed of.

Markets for Stolen Cars

NEITHER side of the game, the acquisition or the disposal of the loot, proves too formidable for these specialized crooks; they not only continually study the habits of cars which will make likely game, but they are continually looking around for good markets for unloading them. They always have a list of individual buyers who are "sure," and there are certain business concerns accessible to the initiated. Statistics show that the majority of cars stolen in New York are disposed of in New Jersey, while Philadelphia cars travel to New York, Brooklyn, or Newark to be sold. Cars stolen in Boston generally find their way to New York, while Chicago and New York do a thriving business in the interchange of stolen cars for market.

To cope with the increasing number of car thefts, certain communities are now organizing citizens' committees whose work is to supplement that of the local police squad. Such an organization, called "The Anti-Auto Thief Association," exists, for example, in Kansas City. It operates in much the same style as did the Vigilance Committees in the old Western days of horse stealing. Every car owner in the city is asked to contribute four dollars yearly; from this fund detectives are hired to patrol all the local garages and filling stations, rewards are offered for recovery of stolen cars, and corrective legislation is promulgated. This association also plans many unique schemes—such as the establishing of certain "fences" of its own. Through these, paying good prices for "merchandise," they hope to become personally acquainted with the captains of the car-lifting industry, and soon to be able to entangle both thieves and the many "fence" garages in the town.

Kansas City was driven to such an action on the part of its citizens because of the appalling growth of car thefts. In this locality more than three hundred cars have been stolen during the past year, while tires have been stolen at the rate of $2,000 worth a week. The thieves work in close cooperation with the "fences," first taking the stolen car out of town and altering its appearance, then bringing it back to a "fence," who sells it as a second-hand car, but at a price not low enough to attract suspicion. Or perhaps the thief sells the magneto, motor, tires, horn, and other parts separately to various garages.

Only by assembling themselves into Vigilantes, so the Kansas City car owners believe, can the identity of local "fences" be ascertained and the situation relieved so that motorists can safely leave their cars standing without a hired watchman. Not without its amusing side is the experience of one vigilante who, at a recent meeting of the association, left his car standing at the curb, under a bright arc light, and who returned to it, after the session, to find a tire had been stolen!

An Adjuster's Daring Graft

ONE of the most daring enterprises belonging to the annals of this spectacular industry was uncovered not long ago when it was revealed that Teddy Goodman's most valued ally was an adjuster who worked with several of the largest insurance companies in the country. The following is a typical example of the manner in which the two worked their graft against the insurance companies:



The thief studies the car's "habits," ready to be off on the instant

A car was stolen. It was insured for $5,000, and the company offered $500 reward for its recovery. Two days before the policy was due to be paid the adjuster who had been working on the case reported to the insurance company that he had trace of the car and could get possession of it for $1,000.

"Where? Who? Tell us what you know!" protested the officials.

"I'm no thief catcher—let the detectives do that," placidly returned the adjuster. "I have trace of the car, and can get it for $1,000, no questions asked. That's all."

And that was all. The company knew enough of the methods which are effective in the underworld not to insist. They figured that it was better to pay out $1,000—the original reward, plus the $500 demanded by some involved crook—than to lose the car and pay $5,000 insurance. Moreover, they knew that these compromises with members of the underworld are regularly practiced by the most effectual agents of detection. What they didn't know was that, in this case, the adjuster knew beforehand that the automobile was to be stolen, that he waited till the climactic moment before making his report, and that he himself took half of the redemption money, the other half being split between the fence and the thieves.

"Cheap" Cars May Be Dear

THERE are many cases on record where a principal in an automobile theft has long escaped suspicion. A Brooklyn saloon keeper was approached by a man who asked him if he would like to buy an automobile cheap. The saloon keeper, being friendly with the "powers," had no fears; he asked no questions and took the car. He would have been all right had it not been for a leak. A certain crook decided to repay an adjuster's friendly act, in characteristic manner, by hints about the saloon keeper's car. Soon afterward a man called at the garage in which the car was kept at a time he knew the saloon keeper's chauffeur would be absent. He convinced himself that the car's numbers had been tampered with.

When the chauffeur returned the visitor threatened him with arrest for having in his possession a stolen automobile. The chauffeur sent for the owner; the latter appeared, loud with protests. In his anger he gave away the name of the man from whom he had bought it. Even worse, when the accuser said any man ought to know something must be wrong with a car that came so cheap, the owner defended: "Why, my friend So-and-so got a car last month even cheaper!"

Whereupon So-and-so's car was also looked up; that deal had been pulled off by the same crook who sold the saloon keeper his stolen car.

By no means all the thefts are committed by professional thieves. An employee of a renting concern was discharged. He took a car with him when he left. His description and that of the machine were widely circularized, and when a man was arrested in Minneapolis for speeding, the offender was recognized as the wanted thief. He confessed that he had not only sold the stolen car in Chicago, but that he had then gone back to New York and stolen another car which he had taken to Minneapolis.

A different case was that of a car the owner of which contemplated trading it for a new car. Believing that he could make a more favorable bargain if the car looked spick-and-span, he took it to a painter. This happened on a Saturday morning. Just before noon, in order to collect enough money to meet his week's pay roll, the painter left his shop. While he was gone, an assistant started the machine, picked up some friends, and went joy riding. The party visited a series of country cafés and, finally, trying to negotiate an S turn in the road, collided with a telegraph pole, demolishing it and damaging the car $1,000 worth. The thief, who probably had not set out to be a thief, thereupon became one. He abandoned the car and disappeared. A rather curious feature of this case is that the proprietor of the paint shop escaped the payment of damages, on the legal technicality that the workman who took the car was not in his employ at the time, it having been Saturday afternoon!

Then there is the case of an employee of a private detective agency. One morning in the very early hours a well-known insurance adjuster's telephone rang. A voice said: "Are you Mr. Blank?" "Yes." "You advertised for a certain car, didn't you?" "Yes," replied the adjuster, "and if you can help me, I'll pay well." "Then come to Fifty-ninth Street on the downtown side of the subway," the voice said, "and I'll tell you something you want to know."

The unknown had the adjuster describe himself, and the latter, at 3.30 a. m., met a respectable-looking man who said that for $100 he would tell where the car was. The adjuster promised the money and, when he was shown the car next day, paid it over. But he wondered how the stranger had secured his house telephone number which was not listed, and more particularly how he knew of the reward; for the morning papers which carried the advertisement had not yet appeared at the time the telephone message came.

"He Was Very Useful"

ABOUT a year later this same adjuster was sued for a reward he had offered in another case. In the court room he saw his mysterious midnight acquaintance. He did not reveal his recognition, however, and kept out of the way. When court adjourned for lunch he had the man watched and discovered that he was employed by the very detective agency which was suing for the reward. He went up to the man. "Are you to be a witness in this case?" he asked. "Yes," replied the stranger. "No," corrected the adjuster. "Please remember I met you one night about a year ago. Now you get out or you'll get *in!*"

The man decided to get out then and there. The adjuster afterward learned from a thief that his midnight acquaintance had helped steal a car so that, when he "found" it, he would make good with the detective agency that employed him. He chanced to overhear another detective say that the adjuster was going to advertise a reward, and he couldn't resist taking a chance for the money.

"He was very useful to me later on," was the adjuster's significant comment.

Another time an advertisement, offering $100 reward for the return of a car, proved too tempting for an eighteen-year-old boy, who had been let into a theft secret. He "gave up," as the jargon has it,

. . .



A Mirror-Like Polish

on your car adds to the pleasure and prestige of motoring and increases the market value of your machine. With but very little effort you, yourself, can keep the finish of your car like new—Use Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax.

JOHNSON'S CLEANER

really cleans—it entirely removes all spots, stains, discolorations, scum, oil and grease from body, hood and fenders. Even those spots that are ground in—mud freckles—and surface scratches which you thought were permanent—will disappear like magic under Johnson's Cleaner. And it doesn't injure or scratch the varnish—simply cleans and prepares it for the wax polish.

Johnson's Prepared Wax

is a boon to the man who takes care of his own car—it makes a "wash" last twice as long. **Old cars** require both Cleaner and Wax—the Cleaner two or three times a year—and the Wax every six or eight weeks. **New cars** need only the Wax—to protect the varnish. This treatment will keep your car like new indefinitely.

There are many other uses for Johnson's Prepared Wax—try it for cleaning and polishing your

Floors	*Piano*	*Golf Clubs*
Linoleum	*Furniture*	*Automobiles*
Woodwork	*Leather Goods*	*Gunstocks, etc.*

S. C. Johnson & Son

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Racine, Wisconsin

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

is the standard polish for automobiles, electrics and limousines. It gives a thin, protecting coat over the varnish, adding years to its life. It covers up mars and scratches, prevents checking, sheds water and imparts a perfectly hard, dry, glass-like finish which

Will Not Collect Dust

Johnson's Prepared Wax is conveniently put up—always ready for use—no tools or brushes required—all you need is a cheese cloth rag.

Use Coupon for Trial Packages

—sufficient for cleaning and polishing two small cars.

I enclose 10c for a trial can each of Johnson's Cleaner and Johnson's Prepared Wax—sufficient for cleaning and polishing a large car, several pieces of furniture or a small floor.

Name .....

Address .....

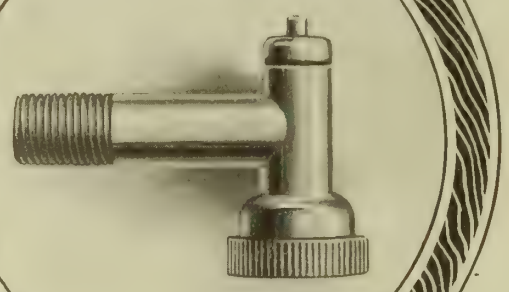
City and State .....

My Dealer is .....

Fill out this coupon and mail to

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.

Something New



TO TAKE THE STING OUT OF TIRE-PUMPING

THE SCHRADER UNIVERSAL PUMP CONNECTION permits you to measure the air in your tires *without disconnecting* the pump.

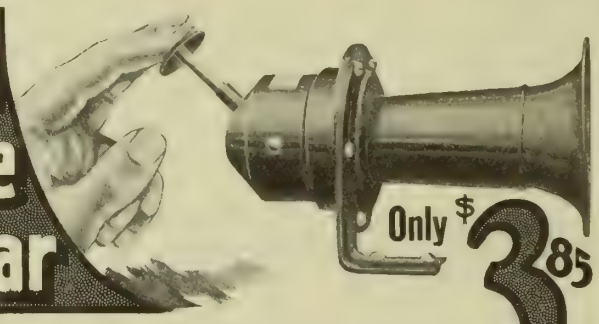
It solves the question of when to stop pumping. Until now you have taken a chance in this matter of pumping. It is quite probable you have stopped pumping too soon and you had to re-attach your pump and begin pumping all over again, or else you went on with your tires insufficiently inflated.

Hereafter you will have to pump *once only* and your tires will have just the amount of air that they ought to have. All that will be necessary will be to attach a **SCHRADER UNIVERSAL PUMP CONNECTION** to your pump.

PRICE 35 cents. Ask your dealer to show you how it works.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc.
783-793 Atlantic Ave. Brooklyn, N. Y.

This Horn Should be On Your Car



You Can Pay More But You Cannot Buy Better Warning Service

Easiest to Operate. The plunger, set at a 45 degree angle does not require the effort of a straight down blow, but responds instantly and decisively to a very slight out and down pressure—the natural movement of the hand. Exclusive feature. No batteries, switches or wires. No ratchets or teeth to clog up.

Inspires Confidence by its positive unfailing action.

Emits a loud, penetrating and commanding signal heard distinctly above all ordinary traffic noises and the vibrant clearness of which is guaranteed to last throughout the entire life of the horn.

Nearly a Million in Use. Standard equipment of many of most popular makes of American cars—it should be on your car.

Handsome Enough for Finest Car. Entire horn finely finished in baked black enamel—as fine in appearance as in performance. Equipped with mounting bracket as shown.

Lowest Price. Paying a much higher price can purchase no better warning device than is afforded by the Garford Hand Auto Horn at $3.85. Made by experts—built for service.

The Garford Hand Auto Horn

Guaranteed for Life of Your Car

Garford Speedometer. Powerful in action; easy reading reflection-proof dial, records tenths of a mile—unlimited guarantee. Price complete $11.50.

Garford Electric Motor Auto Horn can be heard further than object can be seen. No mechanical skill needed to keep it in perfect condition. Positive contact push button. Outlasts all other horns. Dry cells or batteries. Will grace the most expensive car. Price complete, with mounting bracket, $7.

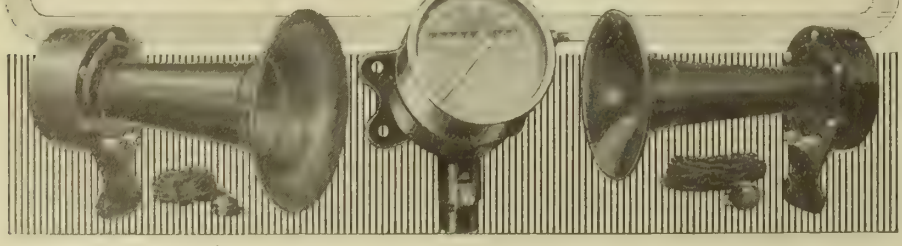
Garford Hammer Driven Auto Horn. Loudest signal of its kind. Cell or battery. Operates many seasons without attention. Positive contact bush button. Unlimited guarantee. Best buy of season at $3.85.

Garford Auto Accessories **Sold By Auto Supply Houses and Hardware Dealers Everywhere**

If your dealer cannot show them, send name and address for free descriptive booklet today.

To Dealers: We are manufacturers of the most dependable Auto and Motorcycle Horns, Speedometers, Lighting Systems, etc., on **an enormous scale.** Our whole service is the result of an entire organization working towards ideal production and it is only by reason of our tremendous output that our remarkably low prices can be made. Today is the time to get lined up with these live-wire successes and enjoy your share of the additional sales they will produce.

THE GARFORD MFG. CO., Dept. 501, Elyria, Ohio



the car was restored to its owner, and nobody ever discovered the leak. "Money, judiciously applied," said my friend the adjuster, "will always bring good results in thief land."

The remark was a broad comment upon one line of procedure used by automobile detectives. Their methods are as obscurely devious as are those of any detectives; but continuous watching—in the right places—and helpful lines of acquaintance seem to play the principal part.

Automobile Detectives' Strategy

A DETECTIVE knows a girl who works at a news stand in a certain hotel. One day she called him up to tell him a story. A man had come in, used the telephone, and talked too loud; and from his talk the girl was able to tell the detective where he could find a stolen car, for which, as it happened, he had just begun to look. Thus the automobile was returned to its owner, and the police caught the thief, all because a porter employed by an automobile dealer had too loud a voice.

Certain almost infallible elements of human nature often play their part in the recovery of stolen cars. Thus a woman, when convinced that her husband was profiting by her illness in a hospital to pay attentions to another woman, gave information which landed him in prison. Another woman annoyed her husband by her love of frills. One day she acquired a handsome feather for her hat, which, when he came home, he cut to pieces with a knife. The wife, for revenge, answered an advertisement offering a reward for a certain stolen car, and when the adjuster called on her she betrayed her husband as the thief.

Earlier in this narrative I promised to tell of a case of theft which has enough thrills to rival a movie melodrama, and the policeman who was, in a way, the hero of it, did not in the beginning bargain for such a riot of adventure. He was serving on the New York automobile squad when a captured thief, to gain clemency, tipped off a gang that had offered him $25 a week to drive a stolen Cadillac. The thieves had captured the car from the Kaiserhof, Coney Island, and were planning a tour of the States, blowing safes in post offices.

The informer said that this gang was quartered in a New York suburb where the leader professed to own some dog kennels. The policeman obtained permission from his inspector to investigate and, accompanied only by a fellow member of the automobile squad, arrived at the kennels about dusk. The place, a ramshackle old farmhouse, was situated at the top of a hill on the outskirts of the village.

The two detectives, to avoid being seen, crept behind the barn in which the stolen car was concealed, and came to an eight-foot fence. Two men were in the yard, so one detective covered them with a gun while the other climbed over the high gate.

The two men showed amazement when they saw they were covered with guns and indignation when they learned the intruders were police officers. Then they asked if they might feed the dogs.

"Sure," said the detective amiably.

The Way of the Thieves

AFTER the dogs were fed, the four started into the house. "Watch out!" warned the detective. "A false move, and you'll find yourselves full of holes!"

By this time it was quite dark. The hosts declared that there were no lamps in the place, and the only light was an electric flashlight carried by one of the officers.

"You're making a painful mistake, gentlemen," insisted one of the suspects again. "I'm an old man, old enough to be your father, and this disgrace humiliates me more than you can realize. These are just dog kennels—"

"How about that car out there in the barn?"

"Why, that's my car."

At this point a third man walked in. When he saw the visitors he made quick inquiries about his sick dog; but by that time one of the policemen had "frisked" him and found in his pocket a Cadillac throttle pedal (a special purchase, as later discovered, to enable the leader, a very short man, to drive). At this interesting juncture there was a knock on the door, and two more men walked in.

There were now five men against the two detectives, who had only a flashlight to relieve the dark. Yet the officers decided to make a tour of the premises. As they were about to go down into the cellar one of the men shoved the officer out of his way and grabbed at a coat hanging in the black hall. The officer was too quick for him, and snatched a loaded revolver from the coat.

The two men last to appear protested violently. All they knew about the car, they said, was that the kennel keeper had bought it. When the party started out of the house the leader turned the dogs loose. A big animal rushed at one of the detectives and nipped him savagely in the leg. Instead of fighting off the yelping dogs, the officer shot his revolver above the gang leader's head and compelled him to fight off the dogs. The beasts fled, and for several days were at large in the country, terrorizing the natives. The detective's wound was cauterized, but he will always wear a scar as a souvenir of his lively evening.

The two policemen somehow managed to march their captives, covered, down the hill to the village and to the police station. Then they went back to the barn. The car was fitted up for a marauding expedition as completely as are the armored cars for use in the European War. Stored away in it were four complete sets of yegg outfits—the heaviest of all burglary tools—and two loaded revolvers. Besides, there were four sets of license plates: one for New York State, one for Massachusetts, one for Connecticut, and one for New Jersey. Preparations were all but completed for a wild safe-blowing expedition through the four States.

The detective had started out to capture a gang of automobile thieves, but when the captives were brought into police headquarters it was discovered that four of them had respectively served in State's prison thirty-nine years, thirty-eight years, twenty-seven years, and eighteen years!

The only member of this gang who escaped capture was the man who had been hired as chauffeur instead of the man who had tipped them off to the detective. The chauffeur was the actual thief, having stolen the automobile from Coney Island and afterward sold it to the gang leader for $300. But, even though he "blew" successfully at the time of the raid, he was later brought into prison on a flimsy charge. The automobile detective who had precipitated the thrilling capture described above happened to be present at roll call, with his eyes peeled, and he nailed the thief. The latter confessed that he was the fifth man present that night at the dog kennels; and through him three other automobile thieves were afterward captured.

Lock the Stable First

IN August, 1915, two New York detectives, detailed to investigate a car theft, learned that the car had been taken to Roslyn, Long Island. In a pond they found parts of several motors which had been dropped in. Pretending to wish to purchase cars, they met a man who directed them to another, who he said could fix them up all right. He told them a machinist was going to start business in Kentucky, and through this tip the detectives traced him to Middlesboro. There in October they found that two of the car robbers had started a "Royal Blue" 30-cent jitney line from Middlesboro to Cumberland Gap in opposition to the regular $1 line. True to form, they squealed, implicating two partners. The gang was credited with the theft of seventy-five cars in New York City alone, those not sent to Kentucky being sold to prosperous Long Islanders.

There is nothing melodramatic, however, about the usual car theft. Too often it is the result of carelessness.

Don't you think you'd better run out now, before you go to bed, and see that your faithful horse is safe and sound—that horse of steel, with its copper and brass arteries, and its breath hot as a dragon's, and the great, powerful beating of the four, or six, or eight, or even twelve steel hearts, within it? And yet, withal, a creature of such extraordinary obedience and docility that it may become an easy, unprotected victim for marauders who, if they happen to have set their greedy eyes upon it, may, even now, be speeding it away so as to be, by morning, safe in some town two hundred miles away!

For, if it doesn't pay to lock the stable door after the horse is stolen, how much more is that ancient proverb true of the garage door—since the indefatigable horse of steel behind it can travel about seven times as far, overnight, as old dobbin could, when he was young, and since it is also, very likely, seven times as valuable!

. . .

A Doctor's Point of View

BY JOHN B. HUBER, M. D.

To the Down-and-Outer

DR. EDWARD L. TRUDEAU, who died November 15 last, was at twenty-six a consumptive, weighing, though above six feet high, "about as much as a sheepskin," and given by his physicians but six months to live. Here was a near-tragedy which turned out most fortunately for humankind. Dr. Trudeau fought that disease in himself for more than forty years, and he became the American pioneer in its modern treatment. Because of his personal ministrations and the influence of his teachings among his fellow practitioners many thousands of useful men and women who would otherwise have died long before the human term are alive to-day and blessing his memory.

Though himself almost never free from suffering, Dr. Trudeau founded, with a one-roomed cottage heated with a wood fire and lighted by a kerosene lamp, the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, the benefits of which you are not expected to enjoy if you can afford to pay more than $7 a week. For his direction of this institution, Dr. Trudeau steadfastly refused ever to accept a penny. Take one incident in this most inspirational life: When in 1882 Koch announced his discovery of the tubercle bacillus, Trudeau, at Saranac Lake, with a temperature oftentimes at 40 below zero (Amundsen at the South Pole encountered no lower), Trudeau repeated all Koch's inoculation experiments although he was without books or regular apparatus, and had, as he stated, but "an indifferent medical education." He kept his guinea pigs in a hole in the ground warmed with a kerosene lamp. He grew his bacilli in a homemade incubator—a series of boxes each within the other. Thus he verified all of Koch's findings. One night, when he was ill, the kerosene lamp in his apparatus exploded, burning his house to the ground, and destroying records, cultures, guinea pigs, and all. On the ruins a friend of the doctor built the first real laboratory for medical research in America. Here it was that the Friedmann fake was exposed, for practically all American physicians who had entertained his claims condemned them when they learned that Trudeau and his assistants had long before known, studied, and discarded the "turtle" serum which Friedmann had attempted to commercialize.

Young Man, Join the Militia!

LEAVING patriotism out of account for the moment, it is amazing the amount of health, physical and mental—yes, and spiritual, too—and what fun you can get out of a good regiment. In the awkward squad you are introduced to a fine system of gymnastics, in which pretty much every muscle and organ in your make-up gets a chance. You assume the position of a soldier; and perhaps for the first time in your life you enjoy a delicious sense of anatomic symmetry and completeness. Never after that will you shuffle along, stoop-shouldered, with your hands in your trousers pockets. And the drills! For an hour and a half you stand to the limit of your inches—shoulders back, head up, chin straight out, eyes to the front; your movements are timed, measured, and rhythmed; you enjoy the mental rest of having no initiative of your own, of doing precisely what you are told (you'd better!); and of having some one else for the time being do your thinking for you. After some preliminaries you are given a piece to carry; this seems to you to have the weight of a young pine tree; and at the start you manipulate it with the grace of a dancing bear balancing his staff. Subsequently you go home, bathe, sleep soundly, and awake with an appetite, a sense of physical well-being, and a clearness of intellect such as are, perhaps, new and most certainly happy experiences. You become one of a company of a hundred splendid fellows—sound, manly, clean, wholesome. Among such your mind and body, your morals, too, have just *got* to be right. And you will learn, also, why the hat must be removed when the flag passes; that in itself will be worth all the rest of the game.

A Benefactor—Net

(Continued from page 35)

Wanda Dorrance huddled down in her seat, speechless and stunned. On the floor at her feet the big engineer sat, trying to keep up his spirits.

Danny said to the girl: "I'm sorry, Miss Dorrance—"

She turned on him. "Don't speak to me!" she flared.

The engineer looked up, amazed, and then looked away again. His spirits didn't seem to be rising fast. Finally he said: "Wanda, didn't you know who Terrill was, for pity's sake?"

The girl snapped him up. "No—and I don't want to. . . . Who is he?"

"He's Jim Pendleton's brother-in-law," Munn said.

Danny Fenner laughed delightedly. "Pendleton's, eh? Can you beat that with a straight flush? Well, they sure took us in!"

Miss Dorrance glared at him. "Us?"

"Me," Danny corrected humbly. "And there I was racing to beat Pendleton's car with a couple of Pendleton's gang." He released his throttle to puzzle. "What the dickens were they crowding me for, anyhow?" he burst out then. "If that touring car—"

Then he stopped and reached for his brakes, for the touring car was there to answer for itself. It came up to them with its wheels locked, and four men jumped out, with rifles and shotguns ready. "Stop there!" a big voice roared. "Who are you?"

Danny laughed again. "Oh, we're just three babes in the woods," he called gayly. "You don't need to hurry any longer—your gang is already intrenched on the battle field. Have you got any extra gas?"

But Wanda Dorrance was clutching his arm, and Munn, the young engineer, was standing beside the car breathing hard and fumbling with his sweater collar. The girl settled back in her place. "Oh, cut it out, Mr. Fenner," she groaned wearily. "This is no kidding matter. That big man in front there is my beloved father!"

DANNY FENNER finished his tale and took a long, cool drink. Billy Haley, sitting beside me, was grinning. I needed a minute to grasp the main idea. Then I joined Billy Haley's grin party. "What was it you called Fenner, Billy?" I said.

"A benefactor—net!"

"Lay off that—lay off, fellow," Danny Fenner growled. "The girl married Munn afterward—that's something, ain't it?"

"Sure it is, Danny," I said consolingly. "That scores a point for you. And besides, there was the ring she gave you when you—"

Billy Haley roared. Fenner threatened him with his glass. "Yes, there was that," he said. "But coming in to Mojave the next day, I had tire trouble, and changing wheels I lost the ring."

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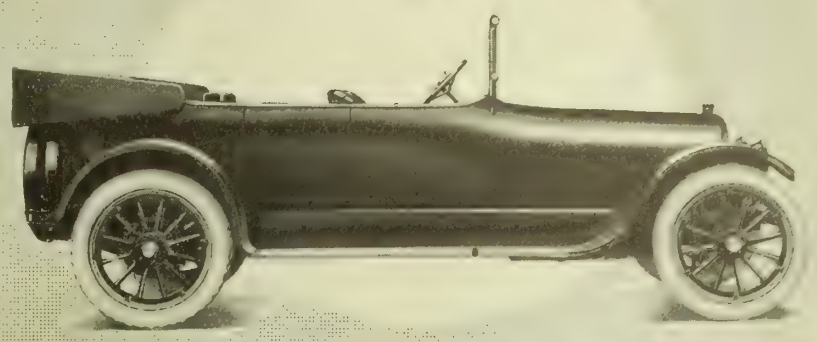
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(27)



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Good traveling at Mount Rainier's snow line, 6,000 feet up. In this photograph, taken from one of the small peaks on the side of the big mountain, the snow-hooded summit is seen through a frame of tall pines. Good hotel accommodations and camping facilities are provided at the end of the drive

The Puget End of the Red Trail



Copyright-Curtis & Mi

Snoqualmie Falls, 260 feet high, on the Red Trail not far from Seattle

THE State of Washington is spending $10,000,000 a year upon a system of highways that will, when completed, give a combination of engineering skill, commercial importance, scenic grandeur, and recreational facilities unsurpassed anywhere in America. The big event in the development of this system came a few months ago when, after forty years of effort, the Snoqualmie Pass, rising to a height of 3,002 feet, was traversed by a model road. This stretch of highway in no place carries a gradient of more than 5 per cent, and is a connecting link on the Red Trail, a transcontinental route from New York to Seattle. About 15,000 motor cars have gone over the pass since it was opened. At Seattle, in the vicinity of which the photographs on this page were taken, the Red Trail joins the Pacific Highway and connects the tourist with the Olympic, National Park, McClellan, and other endowed roads of the State. These roads not only carry the heaviest of modern motor traffic into Seattle, but unlock to the traveler some of the finest fishing, hunting, and camping grounds on the continent.



Lake Washington Shore Drive, Seattle, with Mount Rainier in the background. All roads in the Puget Sound Basin lead to this park. Here the Red Trail, a new northern route from New York City to Seattle, locally known as the Sunset Highway, joins the Pacific Highway which skirts the sound and runs southward through Portland, Ore., to San Francisco



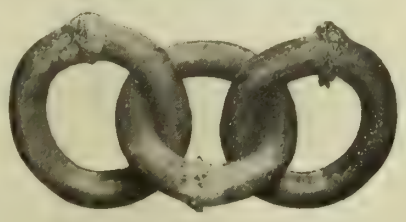
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ORGANIZING OUR MOTOR RESERVES

BY G. T. BINDBEUTEL

ONE of our potential military assets in the United States is the possession of more than 2,400,000 motor cars. That is the number of automobiles registered with all secretaries of State in 1915. It is several times as many motor-driven vehicles as there were in all Europe at the beginning of the war. Europe was not slow to appreciate the automobile's tremendous worth in warfare. The orders she has placed with our manufacturers in the past year are sufficient evidence. America, however, is just beginning to see that her motor cars and their drivers—which might furnish our army with unprecedented mobility—are at present "an undeveloped military asset."

The quotation above is from a recent letter from the chief of the Division of Militia Affairs in Washington, Brigadier General Albert L. Mills, in answer to a note the writer addressed to him upon the creation of an automobile reserve corps. General Mills, Secretary Garrison, and (at this writing) the governors of eight States have given the movement their indorsement. In all likelihood, a few months more will see the corps established in nearly every State in the Union. Where there are legislative obstacles to prevent the motorists from becoming a part of the National Guard, the organization will be in the form of a volunteer detachment, but subject to military training in formations and marksmanship.

Of the many indorsements of the movement that we might quote, the sound and practical advice of General Mills sets forth best the usefulness of motorists in war and the *need of organization and training* to avert hopeless confusion.

"War nowadays," he says, "is such a huge undertaking that industrial resources as well as fighting units must be properly organized. But in the case of transport service, organization will not suffice; there must also be training."

He makes the problem more vivid by this parallel:

"To appreciate the difficulties of military supply, it may be well to compare the supply service of an army of, let us say, half a million men with a city of that number of inhabitants. Both of these aggregations of human beings require a great supply of food, the food must be cooked, water must be had, clothing and shelter must be provided, the sick must be taken care of, excreta and garbage must be sanitarily disposed of. But for these purposes the city has railroads and trolley lines. It has a network of paved streets. It has sewers. Lacking these facilities in great part, the army throws even additional duties on its supply service by reason of the need for great quantities of ammunition and equipment, and because the sick and wounded must be removed. Moreover, these activities must never block the roads needed for the tactical movement of troops."

This summary makes the motor car's potential usefulness evident enough; and the next point in the general's argument makes equally clear the pressing need of *training* if this potentiality is not to become a source of baffling confusion:

"The field, ammunition, supply, sanitary, and engineer trains pertaining to a tactical division of 22,000 men occupy 5.1 miles of road space. In addition there are great trains not assigned to divisions. The handling of these trains so as to avoid hopeless confusion is an operation calling for great skill. It cannot be satisfactorily solved unless the personnel of the trains has both experience and discipline."

Then, just for good measure—as if his own word were not sufficient evidence for us on the point—he produces Official Bulletin No. 2, War Department, October, 1914:

"The difficulties of supply are continuous. Incessant practice in peace is vital if supply service is to operate successfully in war."

Secretary Garrison's response to our inquiry was in the same vein—that the transport problem is a vital one and that the part the motor car has played in Europe's war should point a moral to America. It is of great value to the War Department, he says, to know how many cars and drivers are available. And the department isn't merely wondering about the matter: "A study of the proper organization of such units and how to secure lists of owners and to gain options to purchase or hire motor transportation is now the subject of study by the General Staff."



A scout car in use on the Mexican border

Just how to launch this big work is still somewhat of a puzzle. There are only about a dozen active automobile clubs. All others are either impassive or are surely disintegrating. Should the movement be left to a patriotic association or to the care of the National Guard organizations of the various States? Probably a majority of motorists themselves would favor being identified with the guard.

To many the idea of military service of any sort is displeasing; they don't favor having their cars kicked and scuffed by a lot of rough soldiers. There is only one thing to say to men of this mind: *It is a patriotic obligation to pledge to the United States one's services and one's car.* By the very proof of ownership of an automobile, motorists have enjoyed benefits above the average in this country. They have seen more of America and should love it more. They are, I feel, the most intelligent mass of citizens we have. They should see all the more clearly the country's abject need. They are property owners and should be the most willing to serve the commonwealth.

As General Mills puts it: "Motorists with their cars, or as drivers of other cars to be mobilized in time of war, may render most valuable service. At present they are an undeveloped military asset. Organization will, it is hoped, prove the first step toward development."

In a statement drawn up for the dozen worthy automobile clubs it was explained that the Automobile Reserve Corps was to be solely a transport service and not an armored motor train. It was pointed out that the best means of organization, wherever it was possible, was an alliance with the National Guard, and that probably each State would be urged to have its Legislature properly create the corps and give the members a higher rank than that of private. This statement for automobile clubs also expressed the hope that States would exempt members of the Automobile Reserve Corps from license duties—this on account of the great economy which would result from a mobilization of militia practically without transportation costs.

Another point suggested was: Would not this exemption serve as value received in a binding contract between Automobile Reserve Corps members and the State? Captain Lorillard Spencer, appointed by Major General John F. O'Ryan of the New York National Guard to take charge of the organization of motorists in New York State, answers yes. He knows of the occasional fickleness of militia patriots. The transport service must be dependable. If a fine could be enforced upon the motorists enrolled in the corps, substitute cars might be rented when the emergency came and the Automobile Reserve Corps delinquents would have to foot the costs.

Of course there should be some insignia to be carried by cars in the corps, an emblem preferably of uniform design, with the State division and regiment number conspicuous. Cars bearing this emblem would have the right of way on all roads in times of active service.

Repair squads provided by the State are described in the plan; also the segregation of cars of one make, so that these repair squads will not have to be burdened with a multitudinous supply of extra parts for half a dozen kinds of cars. The suggestion also was outlined in the statement to the motor clubs that the Automobile Reserve Corps in each State be limited in membership in proportion to the strength of the militia—this to prevent possible infantry and cavalry recruits from attempting to pay their patriotic obligations by unnecessary service in an overcrowded transport division. The responses from the clubs were prompt and satisfying.

The Automobile Club of Seattle, on the night of its annual meeting, promptly expressed interest and heard an approving report from H. W. Treat, who was one of the organizers of the Seattle Business Men's Military Camp. A committee of substantial citizens was named and at once went to work to study plans of organization and affiliation with the National Guard. In this they have the assistance of Brigadier General Mills and the Adjutant General of the State of Washington.

The New York State Motor Federation, through its president, John M. Ross of Utica, undertook a canvass of affiliated clubs, asking if each would open in its clubrooms a recruiting station for the Automobile Reserve Corps. Not a club demurred.

The Wolverine Automobile Club of Detroit seeks the distinction of being the first club actually to organize in this movement.

The Automobile Club of Philadelphia has begun a careful canvass of its members after favorable action by the board of directors.

The Richmond (Va.) Automobile Club expresses itself as warmly in favor of the movement.

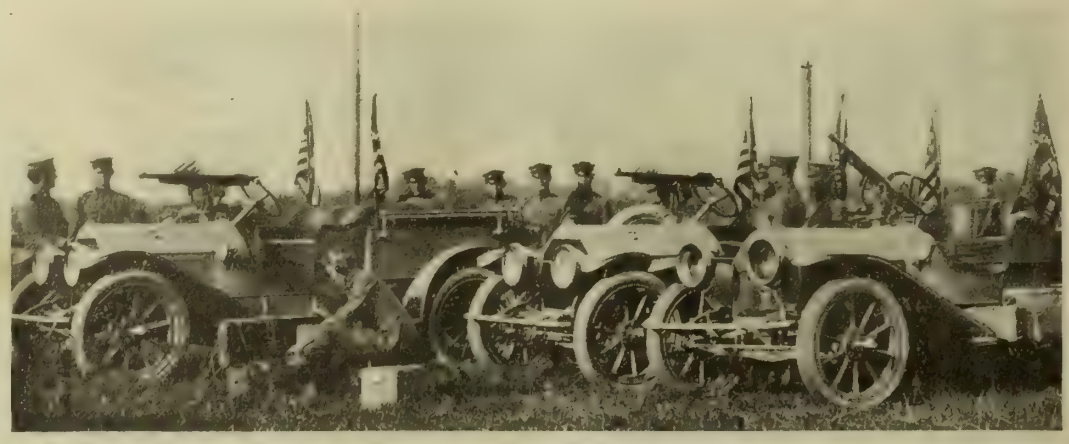
Things are stirring in Wilmington, St. Louis, and Kansas City at this writing, though no definite action can be reported.

It was found that the Automobile Club of Maryland had had the foresight to anticipate the present need as long ago as 1908, when it drew up and passed through the Maryland Assembly an act creating a motor reserve corps as a part of the National Guard. It was not then organized, but will be now.

The Automobile Club of America, the Aero Club of America, the American Legion, and the National Security League have all given expressions of support and they supplied speakers for a mass meeting in New York during the National Automobile Show week (December 31-January 8).

By presenting the idea to owners of motor cars, the truck owners are being reached too, and motor trucks can carry many more soldiers than touring cars can. There was no difficulty in obtaining trucks for the recent mobilization of the Seventh Regiment, N. Y. N. G. Of this Governor Whitman writes:

"The practicability of transporting large bodies of troops by means of automobiles was demonstrated at the Van Cortlandt Park maneuvers, when the Seventh Regiment was moved from its armory to the mobilization rendezvous entirely by automobiles."



The Signal Corps of Northwestern Military Academy uses wireless apparatus and aerial guns

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BULGARIA AT WAR

IN SOFIA IN THE FIRST DAYS AFTER THE GREAT DECISION

BY ARTHUR RUHL

IT is very quiet here in Sofia as the fighting goes on over the mountains to the westward and the Germans drive down from the north. No crowds, no flags—except the royal standard floating above the trees that screen the palace, its scarlet and green matched by the leaves and the flaming bed of salvias below. No plays about war, no songs, no cartoons—none of that continuous dramatization which, in a great capital, among a more nervous, sophisticated people, turns the very bricks to life in a time like this. I suppose a man reading in his afternoon paper in some Paris or Petrograd café that Bulgaria is digging her own grave, or in a Berlin or Budapest café that the war's climax has come, and that now the way lies open to Egypt and the East, feels more closely the tragic import of the step the Bulgars have taken than he would here in the capital itself.

It has rained ever since the fighting began, as it is likely to do at this time of year in the Balkan highlands. It has poured day and night on the troops in Macedonia and the Serbian mountains, drizzled incessantly here, and the mountains behind the capital, already dusted with snow, are hidden in mist. Through this chilly mist, in Sofia itself, a train of baggage carts now and then creaks by, drawn by the oxen or the black water-buffalo cattle that helped to win the first Balkan War. They do not have to worry so much about the scarcity of tires in the Balkans. Occasionally there is a military automobile—but even in peace times motor cars are not very numerous in Sofia—or a squad of soldiers just brought in from their sheep and the hills. Still wearing, often, their sandals and thick-laced leggins—like Arctic explorers—they do not quite lose their air of wandering elk, in spite of their brand-new flat caps and long brown overcoats.

Now and then a newsboy scurries up with one of the several little papers printed in the Cyrillic alphabet, and toward the end of the afternoon—a reminder of the Bulgaria of yesterday—the "Echo de Bulgarie" in French. One reads of more successes in Macedonia, of the "chains of slavery" being broken, the "church bells ringing as at Easter time," and the people receiving the conquering army with cheers and flowers. The first prisoners have come in—fifteen hundred of them—yet few have seen them, and the first wounded are already in the hospitals. Macedonia is no longer a "question," but, for the present at least, a part of Bulgaria. Yet there is no demonstration, little in these ordinary streets—you might almost be in Spokane or Colorado Springs—to remind you that half a million men, two or three times as many as we could mobilize if we had to fight to-morrow, have gone out to war.

Indeed, now that the decision has at last been made, there seems less excitement than there was in the bright hot days of last summer, when dusty cavalry squadrons went clattering down the main streets, the sidewalks were full of young officers in white summer jackets, the great Balkan riddle was still a riddle, and anything might happen. Fate had but to whistle six or eight months ago and the Bulgars would have gone against the Turks. Constantinople would have fallen—so went the dream—the Dardanelles been opened, Russia relieved, Rumania rolled down on Budapest, the Greeks joined in, and the war been, if not over, at least restricted. All through the spring and summer, while I was in Constantinople, it was one of the stock questions—not *if* Bulgaria was coming, but *when*. Before commencement, when the Bulgarian Minister one day packed off all the Bulgarian students at Robert College and the American Girls' School, people thought it only a matter of days.



Bulgarian officer with supplies for his mess

And now Fate—including the defeated Russians and half a million Germans and Austro-Hungarians driving down through Serbia toward the Bulgarian line—has, you might say, not only whistled but given a command. The once delicately balanced scales go down with a thump. The gate to Constantinople opens, but to the other side, and all at once the whole picture goes—*click!*—into a new shape, like the figures in a kaleidoscope.

Yet it is not their rôle as partner of destiny which has interested the Bulgarians at any time since the war began nor which absorbs them now. They are intensely patriotic, hard-headed, and practical people whose experience has given them perhaps a more than usually unsentimental notion of international politics. The most progressive, serious, and sound of the Balkan States, theirs are the virile rather than the decorative virtues. They have few frivolities, cannot talk for talking's sake as their vivacious neighbors, the Rumanians, do so cleverly, and they have had, not only since this war began, but ever since the second Balkan War ended, one fixed idea—to get back Bulgarian Macedonia, which was taken from them and given to the Serbs by the Treaty of Bucharest.

The Bulgars had, you will recall, borne the brunt of the war against the Turks and driven them all but out of Europe, when there came the falling out with Serbia over the boundary line. The Greeks joined the Serbs against their late ally. Turkey attacked from the east, and finally Rumania came down from the north to administer the *coup de grâce*. By the subsequent treaty the Turks came back to Adrianople, Rumania took a slice of the Dobruja, Macedonia went to Serbia and Greece. Without going into the details of the dismal business, it may be said that the vivisection practiced by the powers at Bucharest was one of those treaties of peace which, as I wrote after passing through Bulgaria in July, are really treaties of war.

It left Bulgaria, too, with her Alsace-Lorraine and her obsession of reconquest a fixed idea based, not on merely sentimental grounds, but on the concrete fact that a virile, intensely serious, and patriotic little nation, surrounded by jealous neighbors and just beginning to take her place in the world, had lost a vital fraction of her territory and a quarter of her popu-



The grinding of the world war has drawn in the Bulgars. Theirs is not a world policy. They have merely gone out to take their own. They would have fought the Turks, or anything else in sight, to get back Macedonia

lation. The Bulgars would have fought the Turks, or anything else in sight, provided they were sure of getting back Macedonia. But they had had their fingers burned once and thrown away half a generation of young men for nothing, and they were not going to fight again until they knew, or thought they knew, where they were coming out. And now that the glacial-like grinding of the world war has drawn them in at last, they still, as during their fourteen months of neutrality, keep their eyes level on the main chance. One hears nothing of Egypt or the East, nor of what modifications this step may bring in Bulgarian conditions or character. They have, as those now in power look at it, merely gone out to take their own.

It was to meet the man who has directed Bulgaria's policy, not only since the war, but since the tragic days of 1913, when Rumania joined the pack that had Bulgaria at bay, that I went to see Dr. Radoslavoff, the Bulgarian Premier. Dr. Radoslavoff came from the little town of Lovetch, in northern Bulgaria, near Plevna—one of the towns with an American school—and he has been in politics ever since he came back from Vienna and Heidelberg with his lawyer's degree, and, after a brief apprenticeship, became Minister of Justice under Premier Karaveloff when only twenty-eight.

The Bulgarians, as might be expected of an ambitious little nation, where nearly everybody owns land and everybody votes, take to politics like ducks to water. One educated Bulgarian, speaking of another to a stranger, will mention the fact that he is Russophile or Russophobe just as naturally as he would speak of his height or the color of his eyes; and the main difference between Bulgarian parties and politicians has consisted in their various degrees of friendliness or fear toward the great power that helped give Bulgaria her independence and precipitated Bulgaria's present action by the ultimatum and the astonishingly peremptory demand that the supposedly neutral nation should break off relations with the Central Powers. There are, however, a bewildering array of clans and names—Liberals, Old, Young, and Stambulovist; Nationals, Democrats, Progressives, Agrarians, Socialists, doctrinaire and broad, and so on. Dr. Radoslavoff's party are the Old Liberals, inclined to be anti-Russian, and while all Bulgarians resent the Russian ultimatum, and the war necessarily puts an end to theorizing, the opposition leaders not unnaturally regret that so momentous a step should have been taken without the combined counsels of a coalition ministry.

"Bulgaria Wants Her Own"

HE came into the reception room in which we had been waiting—a canny, comfortable little man of sixty, with a beard, a wide Slavic nose and merry blue eyes—a history professor, you might say, at first sight, as soon as Minister President. An Associated Press man said that he reminded him of a reduced version of Oom Paul Kruger, whom he had known well, and, oddly enough, I had thought of the same thing. He listened intently and spoke slowly, with an occasional quick chuckle and a shake of the forefinger in front of his face. None of the clever cosmopolitanism of the Rumanians—Mr. Take Ionesco, for instance—no blood-and-iron—only a simple, solid old Bulgar, with an occasional shrug of the shoulders and lifting of the hand which threw a sort of film of Oriental manner over his modern, go-ahead clear-headedness—a canny Scotchman, you might say, with a touch of the Turk.

I spoke of the vague and rather operatic notions we often had in America of the Balkans. Serbia, perhaps, we might now know a little better, for there had been a good deal of talk about Serbia during the year past. We had sent doctors, nurses, and supplies, and felt a strong sympathy for a people that had suffered much and fought bravely against overwhelming odds. Doubtless many at home now were asking why the Serbians should have to be attacked by Bulgaria too—in short, why had Bulgaria found it necessary to go to war?

Dr. Radoslavoff said that he knew that Americans had done a great deal for Serbia; doubtless they would feel much the same sympathy for Bulgaria, for they also were a little people and were fighting for their rights—for land unjustly taken from them and the liberty of their countrymen living in it. And leaning over the back of his chair, with his feet curled up at the side of it, the Premier stated Bulgaria's case somewhat as it has already been stated here—a case the justice of which has been rather generally admitted, unless perhaps by the Serbians, and even they have looked on Macedonia as a sort of hostage for their long-desired outlet to the sea.

"Bulgaria can never be a big nation," said Dr. Radoslavoff; "that we know very well. We cannot play big politics—we have no notions of conquest or chauvinism whatsoever. All we ask is our own and the right to live in it."

I said that Bulgaria's rights in Macedonia were pretty generally admitted. Certainly England would have been glad to see them realized—in going in with the Central Powers, had Bulgaria decided that the Entente could not win?

The Minister President did not answer this directly. The Entente had made many offers, he said, many promises, all demanding that Bulgaria attack Turkey, all depending on the success of the Entente in the end. As for attacking Turkey, that was not as simple a matter as many seemed to think. The Turks of 1915 were a very different army from the Turks of 1912, as they had shown at the Dardanelles, and it might not have been so easy to force the Chatalja line. Meanwhile, by waiting and pursuing a moderate policy, they had obtained without fighting the thing they most needed from the Turks—the railroad down to Dedeagach and uninterrupted communication, in their territory, bordering the Ægean. As for adventures on Constantinople, nobody thought that they would have been allowed to remain there even were they able to take it.

So much for the East frontier. As for Macedonia and the *idée fixe:* there was on the one hand the Entente, promising to do something provided they won—and Bulgaria attacked Turkey; on the other hand, there were the Central Powers telling Bulgaria to leave the Turks alone and to go and take Macedonia if she wanted it. Even if the Entente won, then Serbia would win too, and if Serbia beaten, could not be forced to give up Macedonia [I am expressing the common talk of the war party here rather than quoting the Premier directly] then what chance would the Bulgars have of getting Macedonia from a Serbia to which Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia and Dalmatia had been added what chance would Bulgaria and her five or six millions of people stand of merely holding their own in the Balkans indeed, against an ambitious Serbia that would then have grown from five millions to twelve or fifteen?



Juvenile shepherds of Bulgaria. Democracy thrives among King Ferdinand's peasants

An outsider may ask why there is not a place for both nations in the Balkans why Serbia cannot get the seaport she is entitled to on the Adriatic, and Bulgaria get Macedonia? And this is a reasonable question. Yet there is no omnipotent Jove to arrange such things. Serbia has been grasping and chauvinistic, to say the least; the great powers who bargain these little nations back and forth are, unfortunately, just as selfish as the little ones themselves. Russia's supposed interest is a strong Serbia to offset the Germanic push toward Constantinople, and the prospect that, even if the Entente were to win decisively, Serbia might become the dominating force in the Balkans, seemed to many Bulgarians a very real danger indeed.

A Nation with a Future

THIS fear is an influence which the more altruistic Bulgarians do not urge, but it was nevertheless an influence, one of the many, which, when the German offensive began to drive down toward the Bulgarian line, almost forced Bulgaria to fight, one way or another, whether she wanted to or not.

"Suppose the Central Powers do win?" I asked. "Is there not danger that Bulgaria will be, so to speak, swallowed up?"

No one who has seen the marvelous development of this little nation since she emerged, only thirty-seven years ago, from centuries of oblivion under the Turks, and admires her earnest democratic spirit, can escape such a question, even granting the practical advantages that such a close association might bring.

"No," said the Minister President shortly, "we are not Turks!"

The notion seemed to grow on him as he thought it over, and he laughed knowingly and waved a finger in front of his face. (*Continued on page* 24)



Bulgars and their water buffaloes that helped win the first Balkan War



Bulgarian soldiers guarding Serbian prisoners suspected of spying



COLORS

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

"BESIDE the reefs Los Cocos lay," chanted Garrie, and squinted up his eyes to have another look at Los Cocos over the rail.

"A fair isle within a tropic sea," he continued slowly, "and—but that's punk, isn't it, Kill? My head must be full of something else. Anyway, I went straight from the boat landing and through the jungle by way of that path you told me to look for, Kill. I was wondering if I'd taken the wrong way, when—" He came to a full pause.

"When?" prompted Killorin.

"I stepped plumb into it—a picture of waving palms against a flashing beach, of little waves ruffling under a soft wind, of not a cloud in the bluest sky above red-tiled roofs, and the red roofs themselves sticking up above the waving palms like patches of red paint. And out from the shore a low surf was washing over reefs that were white as a mouthful of dog's teeth.

"And I looked out on our forty gray-painted, gun-mounted ships, every one with her ensign showing astern, and I guess I put 'em through more maneuvers and wars than they could attend to in a thousand years working night and day. And I came out of my dream feeling sorry for myself—to think I'd be dead and laid away before the tenth of what I'd marked out for them to do could ever come to pass."

"And what of the sea-bath place you started to tell me of?"

"In big white letters on a bright-blue wall I spotted it—the sign: B-A-Ñ-O-S. Ban-yose they pronounce it. You take a full breath, Kill, and then: 'Banyose'! you explode it as if you were saying something you were proud of. An old chap behind the banyose wicket tells me it is cincuenta centavos for the habiliments for the bath and one entire peso for a dressing room. Uno peso cinquenta—bueno, bueno,' I said, waving my hand like I was a millionaire, and paid him and was passed in.

"It was a long pool fenced in by slats from the outside water. A veranda was over the further end, with a gate passage under it to the breakwater basin outside. It looked like a great loafing place, the veranda, Kill, for men and women looking like they didn't have to worry about working for a living. What weren't loafing and looking at the swimmers in the pool were having cool drinks for themselves at little tables. There was so much rubbering and so little swimming inside that after I took my dive off the end of the springboard I kept straight under the veranda and stepped through the gate to the breakwater basin.

"There was a trading schooner to anchor out there, and it was fine diving from her masthead, Kill—a straight-out lunge to clear her side, and then a sharp turn, and straight down into forty feet of great water. And I had it all to myself, I thought, till after fifteen minutes or so I heard a holler for help, and there was a girl gasping and choking and going down.

"Ten strokes and I was to her. And I took her in tow, expecting a little fuss. But not a bit. She was cool—well, if I'd been drowning and no more excited than she was, I'd feel like talking about it afterward. I was making good headway with her toward the bathhouse when she said, cool and calm: 'The beach is nearer, don't you think?'

"I didn't think the beach was nearer, but to tell a woman she's wrong the first time you meet her—who is going to do that? Besides, it was only a little extra work; so I towed her to the beach. And we stood there, the two of us, and: 'You saved my life,' she said, and said I must come and be her guest, at her hotel in San' Cruz on the mainland, for dinner, and of course I had to tell her I couldn't. And then she said: 'Then let us have an ice on the bathhouse veranda,' and I told her why that wouldn't do—I was only an enlisted man in the navy, and it was a sort of unwritten law among us enlisted men not to eat with ladies where officers and their ladies dine.

"At that she looks over at the Johnnies peeking through the slats at us, and snapped her fingers, and said: 'That for their laws! You saved my life, and I want to show you my appreciation.'

"It was no use trying to tell her it was a joke to speak of my having saved her life, that she floated as high and light as a can buoy—she stuck to it that I had. 'You saved my life,' she said for the fourth or fifth time, 'and you must come and be my guest at the hotel in the city for dinner.'

"And of course I had to tell her I'd like to but couldn't—that I had to be back aboard ship from liberty at five o'clock; we'd all passed our word before our division officer would put us on the liberty list. And she said then: 'After you've lived up to your word by going back to your ship—after that, what?'

"I hadn't thought of that, Kill, but right away I began to think of it, and by and by I said I could see my way clear to get ashore and by ten o'clock be at the big hotel in San' Cruz on the mainland."

"And who will be giving you special liberty to go ashore to-night, Garrie?" asked Killorin.

"I'm going without."

"You are?" Killorin's lower lip projected speculatively as he looked anew at Garrie. "Well, I suppose you are," he said finally. "It's wonderful to be young, Garrie, and know no more of evil than a four-weeks-old carrier pigeon."

"I'm nineteen," protested Garrie. "And I got word to Tony, the American spig who keeps the cantina at the head of the landing pier."

"And what was the lady's name?"

"Carmen Whiffle—Miss Carmen Whiffle."

"Carmen Whiffle—" It was a bugle call that interrupted.

"Supper," yelled Garrie, and joined the rush down the ladder.

Standing full height and inhaling great breaths atop the afterturret was where Killorin found Garrie after supper. "Look, Kill—the file of musicians below there, and the two men standing by the ensign halyards for colors!" cried Garrie, "and on the quarter-deck of every other of the forty American ships to moorings here are files of other musicians just so drawn up, and other pairs of bluejackets standing just so by the halyards, aren't there?"

"If they're not," responded Killorin, "some watch officer will be due to ketch hell."

Below them, on the quarter-deck, their own officer of the deck was having an eye to the flagship, and the leader of the band an eye to the officer of the deck. When the officer caught it—the signal whipping from the flagship—he turned on his heel, and "Sound—Colors!" he ordered smartly. With the bursting out of the national hymn the ensign began to fall away from the jackstaff. Without turning head or eyes, Garrett knew that on every other warship of the forty there to moorings a band was also martially playing, an ensign slowly lowering, and officers and men standing stiff as stanchions to attention. With the last note of the band, the last gathered fold of the ensign, officers and men saluted and relaxed.

FOR a space Garrett was silent; and then: "Do y's'pose, Kill, we'll ever get so we won't feel the little waves running all over us at Colors?"

"If we do, Garrie, some undertaker ought to be out in the brig for it, for if we're not dead an' buried, we ought to be."

"Look now!" cried Garrie. "Look, Kill, at that quarter circle of a harbor front, with the red-brown beach to the south, and that clump of lone-looking poles just showing above the walls of the old bastille of a fort to the north—and those blinding blue and white and pink walls of the daytime city—they're fading into the dark!"

"I'm looking."

"And look—above the city that crescent of a young moon in the low sky, and between the moon and the city walls that one star like a shining jewel pinned on to a black cloth. Look at it!"

"Fine—'tis wonderful. It reminds me of a Turkish cigarette ad."

"Oh, Kill, Kill!"

Killorin patted him on the shoulder. "You're all right, Garrie. Stick to your own way of looking at things. 'Twill make people more happy in the end. But there's a fleet call gone. 'Twill be night drill soon. And you're still going to it, Garrie?"

"I'm going to try it. I said I'd be there, Kill."

"And Miss Whiffle that swam so poorly she nearly got drowned—what did she look like?"

"Oh, Kill, she was beautiful. She was of dark complexion, tanned over and smooth as any man, with big teeth shining out from the fan. And she had sort of agate-colored eyes with lights in 'em."

"And a good shaper, of course?"

"A figure, Kill—I was ashamed I was noticing her so much. And she had hair all bronze, and while she was talking it came down from under her silk cap and drifted down to her waist. She was the most beautiful—"

"I believe you. And if you're still bound to try it, remember to keep a bright eye out and dive deep. It'd be like some young genius of a gun pointer at subcaliber practice to spot your head floating along and 'Ha! ha!' he'll cry—'a new kind of patent target,' and for the glory of the navy cut loose at you. And, Garrie?"

"Yes?"

"If these revolutionists break into San' Cruz to-night, it's a sure thing we'll land, and—you absent without leave—why, you know, Garrie—"

"If it comes to that to-night, Kill, don't you worry—they won't have to be sending any search party to dig me out."

A ship's bugler came running out then from the superstructure and sounded General Quarters, whereat "Keep an ear open for any bugle call to-

night, Garrie," said Killorin, and, pressing his arm, dropped from the turret to deck and was gone.

As Garrett dropped also from the turret he heard from the other end of the ship the call to quarters repeated; and saw, with the echo of that call, every topside light in the ship go out.

Moving rapidly in the dark, he descended a ladder to the gun deck. By the dim light of battle lanterns hanging at intervals to bulkheads, he hurried through the passageways. All along the way he bumped into officers and other men hurrying to their stations.

His station was in the forward casemate, starboard side. Arriving there, he peered out from the gun port. Not a sign of a ship anywhere; all black darkness in the harbor it was. Every ship there was going through the same drill as his own; and on his own he knew that officers and men were by now on the bridge, in the tops, in the turrets, in engine rooms, boiler, dynamo rooms—in every remote compartment they were at their stations. It was as if they were going into actual night battle; at their gun ports, at every gun port on their ships, at every gun port of every ship in the harbor, as well as at every station topside and between decks, officers and men were peering out for what they could see on the black waters. Garrett's nerves were as taut as if it were actual battle; and the others about him he knew, by their tense whispers and forced breathing, all felt as he did.

For two, three, four minutes there was a black silence, and then: "There she is, sir!" said a voice.

Instantly the whole gun crew saw it—a tiny white light on the black water. A low murmur rose from the passageway; a score of voices burst out: "I see her!"

"Silence!" warned an officer's voice. "Train!" he ordered.

The barrel of the gun began to swing. It was too dark for him to see beyond the long barrel, but he knew that on every ship in the harbor every deck and turret gun that could be brought to bear was following that moving light in just that way; he could feel where he could not see—every gun pointer and gun trainer, all gun crews snuggling closer to their work.

It was his time. He slipped from his casemate and through the bulkhead to where a ladder led down the ship's side to the water line.

Here he stripped himself of everything except his neckerchief, that, with some gold pieces knotted into it, he hung around his neck, and, descending the ladder, reached an arm low and dropped into the water the bundle of clothes.

STANDING there in the black lonesomeness, knowing that every man in the ship but himself was at his battle station, thrilled Garrett. He now almost wished to turn back. But he had said he would be there. He balanced for a moment, had a look to relocate the lights of the harbor front, and scooped swiftly off from the ladder.

He went away with a long, easy side stroke, which would compel him to show no more than half his head and one side of his face above water. For perhaps five minutes, or ten, he neither heard nor saw anything; then came a stealthy *sh—sh—sh—sh*—of something stealing through the water. A ship's steamer that would be, and when his head bumped into her side in the dark he paid no more attention than to dive straight down, cut under her keel, and come up well clear of the other side.

Presently there came another, and another, and then a line from the stern of another almost swept his head off his shoulders; following along that line, to see what would be on the end of it, he met with a little raft, and on the raft was a tiny target, at sight of which: "Subcaliber practice!" he muttered, and dived.

He came up—nothing had happened; and he was swimming easily, when he felt something drift into the back of his head. He rolled and found another little raft, with another little canvas target on it. He shoved off from it, lazily enough, until his weather eye caught, first the flash and then the sweep of a widening beam of light traveling toward him. "Fare thee well, O Sweeping Searchlight, fare thee well!" he chanted softly, and dived and kicked—a convulsive kick; and again; and another; and continued to kick himself shoreward as hard and for as long as he could stand it under water.

He had to come up or burst. Before he struck the surface he could hear the hail of bullets—*pip, pip—pip-p—pip-p-p*—and, reaching the surface, could see where they were tearing to shreds the canvas, and whitening the water all about it, of a little target not ten yards away.

Everywhere on the surface were the little targets after that; and everywhere the little white hills of water spurting and the *pip, pip—pip-p-p—pip-p-p*—of the little bullets all about him. But it was all good marksmanship—twenty yards away he felt safe from any of them; when one threatened to come closer he dived deep.

THE period of the little targets passed away; and ensued then an era of darkness, with a series of swift-moving, sharp things cutting through the water. Behind him one; from ahead one; to either side also. It was too dark to see, but it did not take him long to figure them out: destroyers they would be, racing through the water with their engines slushed in oil.

No use to try to kick under them—drawing nine feet of water and at their speed. A man would scrape the length of one of their keels only to meet with a pair of screws to chew him up at the end of it. He heard the zipping of one headed for him, and, feeling that it was on him, almost lifted himself from the water to dodge it. The sheer of her bow caught and threw him half-numbed to one side; he kicked out, and, feeling his feet being swept from him against the rush of her sides, he kicked harder than ever, hoping also that no sharp eye on deck had seen him; and "Thank God!" he said, when he saw her shadow safely past him.

After that he rolled over to rest up. Lying so on his back, he could see any masthead lights that the ships might show. And as he looked he saw the Ardois lights winking out from where the flagship would be. He knew the call as it flashed. Fleet searchlight drill it would be. "I've dodged being killed—now I've got to dodge being seen," he thought; and, with only his nose showing, drifted motionless along.

From every ship, as he lay so watching, shot the widening shafts of brilliant lights; from battleships, cruisers, g[illegible] destroyers, supply boats, repair ships; from every craft controlling one came the dazzling alley of lights; from some half a dozen. And wherever the shafts of light struck, the little seas turned green and blue or brilliant purple. He saw the racing beams shoot to the clouds; and in their upward paths drifted little balls of smoke, which took on the most beautiful forms in their driftings. Where the beams were lowered from the clouds and for a moment rested above the sea's edge, the horizon paled to that same wonderful white flame which he had seen come so often with a silvery dawn; only this was not dawn. "Glory!" breathed Garrett, and for another while made no haste to get ashore.

FRESH signals winked; and, as if to show how suddenly magical they could be in the fleet, there came lights from tops, lights from bridges, lights from high up on military masts, lights from semaphores, from signal mastheads; came anchor lights, admiral lights, gangway lights, lights from deck to water's edge, to truck and back again; clusters of lights from wardrooms, bright lights from air ports: from wherever on forty ships of war a light might show, that light now flashed, and continued to flash until the boom of a gun seemed to act as a short circuit to the whole show. With the echo of that gun all was dark again.

"The torpedo attack now," he thought, and lay ready to move in whatever direction was best for him. He could almost feel them—the long slim shadows swishing every way in the dark. And then the ships began to round them up; in wide sweeping circles of light, their arcs crossing and recrossing, the batteries of searchlights swept the green-white waters.

Wh-sh—they had caught one. Inside it was. And out to sea—wh-sh-h—another. Coming on at thirty knots from the region of the broaching reefs they were. A half dozen alleys of light converged, and where they converged he knew that battery after battery of guns would be training. One, slowing down, flashed the signal of defeat; another also; and together the pair steamed off to their anchorage outside the reefs.

A bugle call sounded from a ship; from another—from a dozen—from every ship. The drill lights are switched off; regular anchor lights are resumed—the drill is over. "And here are you loafing along the road!" said Garrett, and struck out freely for the long pier. Still a mile to shore, but what is a mile beneath a tropic sea and the mystery of a city and a beautiful waiting lady beckoning in the night? He passed the last ship outside the breakwater; he passed the inclosing breakwater itself with the green and red lights marking the ends of it; he passed one craft after another to anchor within the breakwater; from the decks of some he could hear voices as he passed.

Almost in, with the landing pier looming up and no further need to worry, he rolled on to his back to consider matters; and, considering, took note that the overhead stars of the early night were gone; and the moon gone with them; and the polar star that had been gleaming beyond the northern tower of the stone bastille—that was gone; and the twisted Southern Cross in another quarter—gone—all gone behind low-hanging clouds. "The night lights of the fleet, the night lights of the heavens—all gone!" breathed Garrett. "And you, too, Garrie Dorsey, may be gone—rolled through a court-martial in the morning. But, doggone, it was a great show, a good swim, and I'm glad I'm here!" He whirled over and tore through that last two hundred yards to the pier with a racing stroke. He rested on the lowest mossy step of the pier landing for his breath. The glow of a light, the whiff of tobacco came to him as he rested. Above the top step he could see the shadow of a man against the sky line.



"He will be all right?" she asked. "His kind—you can't kill 'em," replied Killorin

"Oh, Tony!" he hailed loudly.

"Gotcha!" said a voice. The moving light of a tossed-away cigar arched brightly for an instant in the darkness; and then, ss-pss-d, drowned itself beside the steps. "Gotcha da clo'se—got ever't'ing."

IT was a warm night, but under the portals of the Hotel Cortez not too uncomfortable; the forerunner of what might by and by turn out to be a real breeze was flowing in from the Gulf, and there was no lack of ice for whatever the guests might care to order.

So the guests under the portals sat and sipped and gossiped—of each other mostly; and no one there was more gossiped about than Carmen Whiffle, which she very well knew and did not at all mind. Her late husband—divorced, not dead, that easy-going man—used to say: "So long's people're talkin' about you, you c'n be sure you're not a dead one." So Carmen, who had never a mind to be a dead one, ignored the gossip and gazed reflectively at her escort, Willie Blendin.

Of much wealth, but no occupation except such as it pleased him to adopt—and up to this hour of his life it had not pleased him to adopt any—such was Willie Blendin, who had been camping on the lady's trail for three years, and would have married her had she said the word; but she was not saying the word; and so he also sat and sipped and, when not gazing hopelessly at her, hearkened to the band in the plaza, where also were fountains spurting, and residents young and old strolling, lounging, c h a t t i n g under the lights of benches and walks.

"Where is our waiter with our liqueur?" demanded Carmen.

"He will come," answered Willie.

He reflected overlong. There were those there who would be more than pleased to think that she was being neglected. She stabbed a long silence with a sharp: "Oh, say something, say something!"

"Of what, Miss Whiffle, shall I speak?"

"Anything. Why aren't any American sailors and officers ashore to-night the same as other nights? Why—why?"

"I do not know," he said. "They do not confide these matters to me."

"They do not—!" But at this moment the overdue, perspiring waiter came bustling up with the liqueurs; and by his coming saved a feminine comment that might have given the tables under the portals something worth gossiping about.

The evening grew; and they sat and sipped and smoked and—the crashing band of the plaza having departed—the lady began to sway her body to the flowing measures of the hotel orchestra. It was the period of the new dances, and the lady was in a better temper—her lips were curving to a smile. Willie indicated the rocking couples inside. She shook her head. She looked once more at her watch. "A quarter to ten," she murmured, and smiled, leaving Willie to wonder what she was thinking of that she smiled so enticingly.

She was thinking of a figure on the end of the diving board at Los Cocos. Such a figure! In a niche at the turn of the wide staircase of the home of her late husband—divorced, not dead, that easy-going man—was a high-priced statue. Named after some planet or star or ancient god it was. She couldn't remember the funny name, but what matter? He had wings on his heels; and slender, ivory-white and smooth—a figure of what grace in a man should be—that statue was. And so this boy; only no marble statue, but a living youth with the glowing white, velvety skin of high vitality.

Carmen came reluctantly out of her reverie. Willie again indicated the rocking figures. "I do not want to dance—not now—and you are getting tiresome, Willie. Run along now and leave me. I may feel better toward you to-morrow."

Whereat Willie, who owned a leisurely but not wholly torpid mind, recalled a swimming sailor at Los Cocos, a note delivered by an Americanized native called Tony; and so, raising and lowering his shoulders, he settled the bill, gathered up cane and hat, smiled, uttered a discouraged "Good night," and melted from the scene.



Dazzling shafts of light shot to the clouds; little smoke balls drifted upward; wonderful white flames along the horizon paled like a silvery dawn. "Glory!" breathed Garrett

The cathedral bell beyond the plaza was slowly tolling ten o'clock when she saw her sailor. Bounding across the plaza he came. All in white he was: white silk shirt, white flannels, white shoes—he took the street in three leaps.

"I was wondering if you would know me." His face was flushed and glowing, and his mop of blood-red hair damp and disheveled.

"Know you? I'd know you if—" She did not finish; only smiled, and let him stand for a while that the curious from the other tables might look their fill. He was something to look at.

"And so you have come to claim your dance?"

"I've just swum from my ship to claim it."

"Swum? From out there beside the reefs—through all that dark, horrid harbor, and all those terrible sharks and things!"

"Sharks?" Garrett laughed. "If any sharks were cruising around that harbor to-night, Miss Whiffle, be sure they went four bells ahead for the wide waters of the Gulf when that young target practice opened up."

"Sit down," commanded Carmen, "and tell me of it."

Garrie sat down and told her; and as he told her, his boyish lips took on curves, his chin quivered, his eyes glowed and flashed to the color and flash of disturbed waters, of sweeping blue and purple searchlights, of a velvety sky above shining stars. And his voice recalled the singing winds, the rolling seas.

CARMEN WHIFFLE had almost forgotten that such boys still lived on earth. She set her elbows on the table, her chin in her palms—only her eyes and the tip ends of her fingers against her cheek moved. Youth, youth, youth was his—youth that may never be bought; nor born again. Youth was his to overflowing; and for all his adventurous nature, he was innocent and fresh as a dewy summer's morn. A shaft of pity for him almost pierced her predatory soul.

"And then I walked to the other side of the plaza and waited till ten o'clock to come here," concluded Garrie.

"You'll surely have your dance after that!" cried Carmen. "And more than one. But tell me more of yourself and your ship life," she said, and dropped both her hands beside his own on the table.

He told her more, and, telling her, spoke much of Killorin.

"You admire Killorin?"

"More than admire—I like him. Who wouldn't? He'll look years ahead for me or anybody else he likes—and some he don't particularly like—but not ten minutes ahead for himself. You'd have to like him—a man who never lets on to know any more than anybody else, but never a question you put to him that he can't answer—who can talk seven different kinds of English, and make lacework of a target twelve thousand yards away. His prayer and hope is to be sitting some day in his bicycle saddle with his eye glued to the periscope and laying his fourteen-inch shells aboard the enemy, and if he goes down while doing it—so the enemy's licked—he little cares."

"Oh, a bloodthirsty kind?"

"No, no—it is his—my trade. I could imagine him killing somebody—or a thousand somebodies—if he had to—so could I. But bloodthirsty—no, no. And I surely ought to like him—night and day he is thinking of how he'll make a man of me and never a thing can I do for him. Killorin—but something's w r o n g, Miss Whiffle. Listen, the music has stopped! And look—the dancers are l e a v i n g. And the waiters—"

"Morales! Morales!" the waiters were shouting.

"Morales?" inquired Carmen. "The revolutionist leader?"

GARRETT nodded. "And listen—do you hear it, Miss Whiffle—that shuff, shuff, shuff?"

"I hear it now, yes. What is it?"

"It is the step of soft-shod marching men, and—you will pardon me?—I'm going to the roof to see what's doing."

"Let me go with you?"

"If you wish; but we must hurry."

She raced up the stairs to the roof with him; and beside him leaned over the parapet wall.

"There they are! See them, Miss Whiffle—hurrying this way? And look—they have more than rifles—there is a battery of field guns."

"Yes," said Carmen, looking at him and not at the guns.

"Look at where they are posting those guns—look, Miss Whiffle! They will be able to sweep the plaza of whatever enters it from the harbor side. And look this side—the lights in the harbor!"

"Warships' lights, are they? And was it from away out there you swam in to meet me to-night?"

"Not those. I mean the smaller lights, the low side lights of launches. See them—the red and green lights rounding into the shore? And—we can't see them, but they are there, Miss Whiffle—boat after boat in tow of those steam launches. It's the landing party—our fellows—bluejackets and marines. I can as good as hear them—piling with smothered whoops up on to the pier. And hear that bugle call? Hear it?"

She had been clinging to one of his hands; she now seized the other. "And what are you going to do?"

"What am I? Hear that—that scuff-scuff of marching men? Our own those are—in good leather shoes."

"Yes, yes, but you don't have to march?"

"And that revolutionary outfit," breathed Garrie, "is likely to blow them off the face of the plaza before ever our fellows know they're there!"

"Yes, but if you don't go there, they can't hurt you!"

"No? But"—he was backing across the roof toward the staircase—"I'm going, Miss Whiffle."

"And what of me?"

"You'll be safe here. Good-by."

"But why—why?"

"Why? There is no why—I've got to go."

"But you can't get out of the plaza. With men at every corner, what good can you do?"

"I don't know what good, but I've got to go. I'm sorry I didn't get my dance. Good-by!"

"But you don't have to go—and one man more or less won't help—and you would only be killed!"

"Then I'll be killed. I should be killed. It's the call to the colors—they're marching to battle—my shipmates—and I'm not with them!"

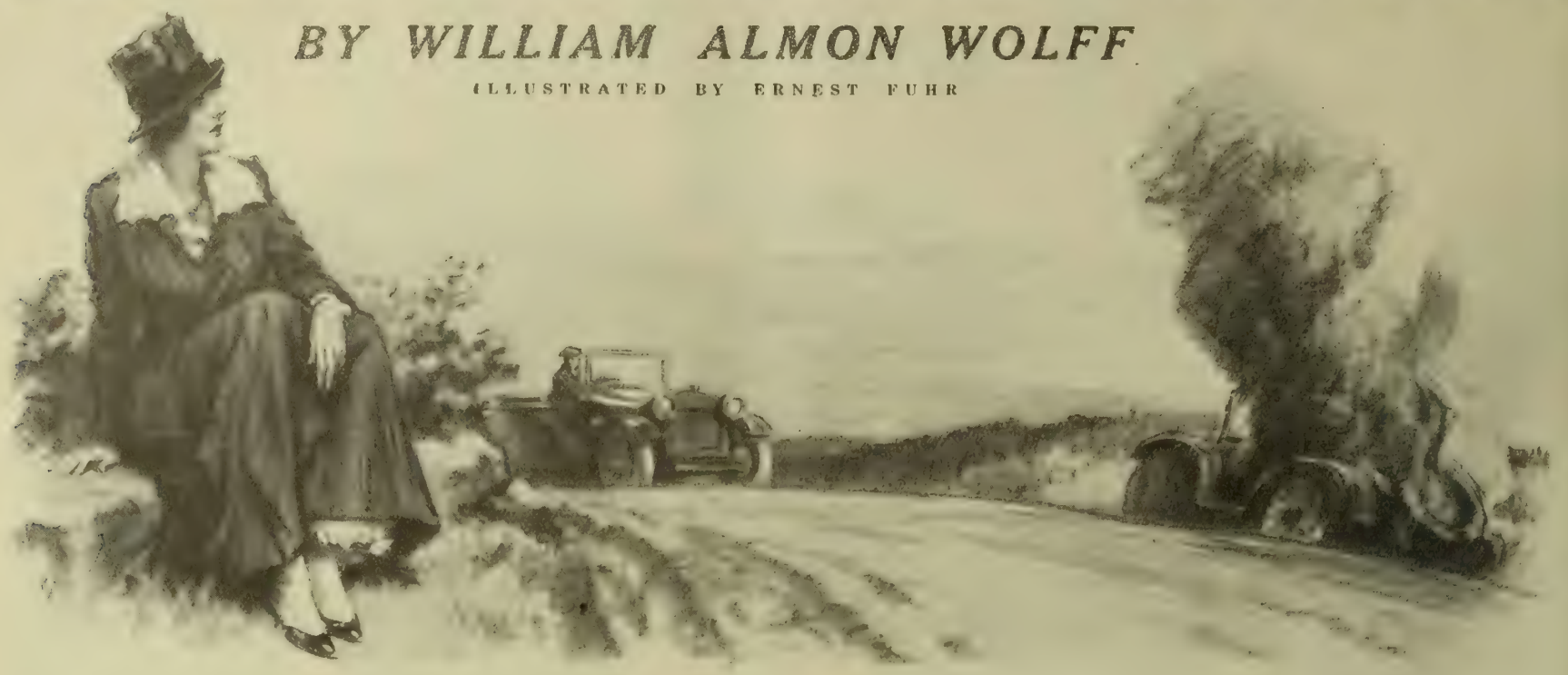
Hers was the strength of the tigerish woman's type, and she thought she would be strong enough to hold him;

(*Continued on page 26*)

THE CLUTCH OF CIRCUMSTANCE

BY WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR



THE only thing of a disturbing nature on Steve Camman's mind was a lurking, indeed a subconscious, memory of a rural constable who had caught him in a speed trap a few months before, somewhere along the road on which he was traveling, at about thirty-five miles an hour, toward the sort of trouble that should be spelled with a big T. Steve's new car was running as well as the man who had sold it to him had said it would. The day was perfect. And he had convinced himself that he knew, at last, exactly what had been spoiling his half iron shots. He was on his way to a country club, where he intended to test that conviction.

And then, rounding a bend in the dusty road, he came upon her. He saw her while he was still quite far from her; saw, too, that she was sitting on a flat rock on one side of the road, with her knees drawn up, and that in the ditch, on the other side, was a still smoking wreck that had apparently at one time been an automobile. He slowed up, of course, and then stopped. And before he transferred his attention to the wreck he saw that the girl's attitude was compounded of wonder and dejection, and that she was looking at the wreck morosely and vengefully. He jumped out then and gathered impressions about the smoking, evil-smelling pile of junk. Then he crossed over to the girl.

"I say—this looks pretty bad, you know," he told her. "Whatever happened? And what can I do, please?"

"If there's anything left of that beastly little car you can take it behind the fence and destroy it!" she said with spirit.

She abandoned the rock with a certain reluctance and advanced gingerly, stopping in the middle of the road. Thence she regarded the blackened wreck of her machine with concentrated hatred.

"I've driven him for hundreds and hundreds of miles!" she said, overcome by the treachery of the car. "He always had all the gasoline and oil and tires and repairs he wanted. And you never saw such a car for wanting to be repaired! He played sick every time I particularly wanted to go anywhere in him. And then—to treat me like this!"

"I see," said Steve sympathetically. "Just what did he do, though?"

"You'd better look out," she warned him darkly. "If you get within reach he'll blow up again, or something. He tried to burn me up—that's what he did! I was driving along when he began making a fuss about some silly thing or another he thought was the matter with him. He sounded like a trolley car with a flat wheel. So I got out to look at his engine, but I forgot about shutting it off. And the first thing I knew he jumped and went off—Bang! right in my face! Then he was all on fire, and he singed off some of my front hair and ruined my hat and got me all smudgy like this!"

"Well, he's all in now," said Steve. "He's had to pay for his fun. He's a mighty dead car, all right."

"I'm glad of it," she said. "I hope he lingered and died in dreadful agony! I'd have tortured him if I'd known how! The idea of making me look like this!"

She seemed to think, for some obscure reason, that her appearance needed a lot of apologies to be made for it. And it wasn't so at all, you know. Steve realized that. Just as he realized, too, that it wasn't exactly the time for him to tell her so. But he did a lot of thinking and mental cataloguing to make up for the silence that convention imposed.

YOU might not have thought she was beautiful, though Steve would have argued the point with you and lost his temper in the end probably if you had not.

What he saw was a tall girl, not a bit Amazonian, for all her height, but very straight, very slim, very full of line. Her hair, he thought, must have been very light once, but it had been growing darker, so that he was a little puzzled, as he looked at it, to know just what to call it. All sorts of shades of brown and gold were in it really.

He caught her willfulness, too, in the lifted eyebrows and the little frown, that didn't last long, with which she regarded the offending car. Nice eyebrows they were, too, over deep gray eyes that went awfully well with a long, straight nose and a firm, full mouth that could close with a lot of determination, but could reveal a smile like the sun flashing through the clouds of an April shower, too, as Steve saw.

And then, before he had done more than begin to record these vastly important impressions, she broke in upon the task.

"And that isn't all either," she said tragically. "I came out to be alone and read, and I was going to have a sort of picnic all by myself somewhere. And now he's burned up my book and my lunch too!"

Steve, you know, looked just then as if he thought that misguided car might have had certain good points.

"Well—as for the lunch," he said deprecatingly. "I wonder if you'd mind? There's a place not so far along this road—and then afterward I could take you home, you see. You've got to get home, of course."

She pondered, without seeming to do so, during a pause that might have been noticeable and embarrassing if she hadn't spoken just when she did.

"I'm starved," she admitted.

Certainly, the conventions dictated another reply. But she was hungry, and hungry people won't, as a rule, give the traditional fig for conventions. A convention isn't edible, you know, and a fig is. And it was to be remembered, after all, that it was not she but the wrecked machine that had first been unconventional. And she had been taking stock of Steve too. He was all right. That was her verdict; a pretty sweeping one, you know. It surprised her a little to find that she didn't know him. He looked and behaved so very much like the sort of man one does know.

They really enjoyed lunch tremendously. Nothing was ready, so they had to wait, and they talked. Of course they were interested in one another. Any two people would have been interested who had met as they had. Steve was more than interested already, though he wasn't so very impressionable. He had time, you see, to complete that inventory of her that he had begun in the road, or, at least, to make a real start. It wasn't very long before he decided that it would take a lot more time than there was to complete it in a satisfactory fashion. Because he was constantly making new and startling discoveries about her. Everything she said seemed to compel a revision of all the ideas he had formed.

Anyone observing them with close attention would have seen that she liked Steve, too, and was altogether glad that she had let him bring her to lunch. They liked a lot of the same books, it seemed, and had read others about which their ideas diverged in a thoroughly enjoyable way. Then they had a most agreeable and tonic sort of dispute about an actor she admired tremendously, concerning whom Steve became definitely masculine and rather ribald in a pleasant, restrained way.



"Now we've done it! Oh, Steve!" gasped Beatrice. "Sorry?" he asked

IT was just as their coffee was being brought that Steve made the discovery about her that so utterly appalled him and led him to behave in a way that forced her to wonder if there might not be a touch of insanity in his family. All he did, as a matter of fact, was to recognize her. But it was enough, Heaven knows!

He didn't recognize her either; that is

not just the right word. Rather he divined who she was. Subconsciously he must have been putting two and two together for some time, and getting three and five and seven and absurd totals like that for the answer. But he got four at last, of course, as one usually does in time. And it shocked him.

It was a shocking thing. If he had responded properly to his lifelong training he would have snatched her coffee from her and heaped reproaches upon her for getting an excellent lunch by chicane and gross deception. He couldn't do that, of course, and he didn't want to anyhow. Besides, she, being a girl, was really the injured one. He was abject, not angry. But he wasn't so awfully abject at that. Or not for more than one moment at a time. In the main he was delighted, and poorly suppressed voices within him were chanting wild strains of joy. This is a confused attempt to portray his mood. But it is the mood that is to blame. Nothing could be more confused than that.

He was thinking so hard and so fast and, withal, so aimlessly that he didn't have a chance to crystallize many of his thoughts. It wasn't his fault. He was the victim of circumstances. He wasn't the master of his fate nor the captain of his soul—not just then. The fact that he couldn't in the least understand the process, though, didn't obscure his perception of the ultimate result.

HE had had a lot of utterly absurd, preconceived notions about this girl. Not about the girl he had rescued in a lonely road, of course, but about the girl he had just discovered her to be. The first girl—the girl of the car, that is—he would have liked tremendously, you see, no matter what her name might have turned out to be. That was the one fixed quantity in a problem that, so far as he could see, wasn't going to have any solution. His discovery that this girl was the other girl too, that they were one and the same girl, couldn't affect that vital fact. The only result was that he now proceeded to pass through, in about five minutes, successive stages of liking them both that would have involved, normally, a number of weeks or months of commonplace meetings such as come at dinners and dances and things like that.

He was having a pretty wild time, you know, and it made him restless and fidgety, and she thought, naturally, that he had an engagement and was too polite to tell her so. So she made it plain that the party was nearly over and was surprised to find that that wasn't what he wanted after all. But there was something about him that was disturbing, so she was firm about it.

"You've been so nice that you've made me forget the way that little beast of a car acted," she told him. "And now I'm not going to impose on you any longer. I can telephone from here perfectly well, you know, and have them send a car to bring me home."

He looked at her wretchedly. He had decided that he must be truthful at any cost, but he didn't seem to be happy, though happiness is supposed to be the heritage of the righteous, and this was a tremendously righteous thing he meant to do.

"I'm afraid that's rather a good idea," he said. "You see, in about a minute you won't want to let me take you home. You're Beatrice Presbrey, aren't you?"

She was on her feet when he flung that at her, and it set her back in her chair as if it had been a missile—which, indeed, it was. She understood the implication of the absurdly inadequate words, as he had known she would. And she didn't have the chance that his earlier discovery had given him to get accustomed gradually to the truth. She could only stare at him.

"Yes," he said. "I'm awfully sorry. I'm Steve Camman."

He said it precisely as if he were confessing that he was Jack the Ripper and had kidnaped Charley Ross and started the great Chicago fire. And she? Well—she began to laugh, helplessly at first, because she couldn't help it, but later as if she were laughing because she wanted to laugh, and so infectiously that in a moment he was laughing, too. But for a moment only. He had expected her to be angry—and she laughed! It made him wild in his finely logical, masculine way.

"I don't see what's funny about it!" he said. He was very severe, too, and she choked and tried to stop laughing and couldn't, and he thought she was laughing at him and got madder than ever.

"Oh, don't be so silly!" she managed at last. "It *is* funny—it's the funniest thing that ever happened to either of us!"

He wasn't really stupid, you know. That silenced him, and he stopped being angry, and she saw it and understood what she had said and blushed most becomingly, and then, because she was never the sort to be afraid to face facts, she pulled her eyes up so that they met his eager ones, and held out her hand very frankly and sweetly. That finished him, you know. He took it like the precious thing he knew it was, and somehow it was made plain to her that if they had been really alone he would have kissed it, and been on his knees to kiss it too, and she knew that she would have been glad.

"Then you don't mind?" he said.

She began to laugh again, but she pulled herself together.

"It isn't our fault, is it?" she said. "Any of it? This—or that our fathers have been silly enough to quarrel—when they're old enough to know so much better! And that they've acted like the chiefs of families in places where they still have feuds—"

"Like the Montagues and the Capulets—" he began and stopped, utterly appalled. It was his turn to blush, and he was afraid to look at her. She helped him by reminding him that she expected to be driven home in his car, and he rushed off to make sure that it was all right, and she looked after him with a smile that he would probably have been glad to see. And then he took her home.



"Beatrice, do you want to marry this boy?" he piped. "Yes, please, pops," she replied, nodding

THE trouble was, you see, that their fathers thought, each of them, that the other was a malefactor of great wealth, an undesirable citizen, and many other things described by uglier and shorter words. Each believed firmly that the other would larcenously remove the pennies from a dead man's eyes, and that to break open a trusting baby's bank would appeal to him as a deed worthy of all praise. And, making certain allowances for details, both of them were right too.

In the old days society would have compelled men like Presbrey and Camman to fight a duel or submit to an ordeal by fire or water, or something of that sort, and their troubles would have been adjusted with some regard for the safety and convenience of the innocent bystander. Modern comforts are excellent, but there are times when a sigh for the good old days that are no more appears to be in order. Camman and Presbrey couldn't be forced to settle their dispute in any such simple fashion, of course. It is doubtful if either of them could have told you the cause of the original quarrel. It didn't matter anyhow. The day that didn't supply them both with a new reason for hating one another very seldom dawned. They were always trying to wreck one another's railroads in the stock market, but they were both such able and accomplished pirates when it came to stocks that they could always arrange for the public to be the only loser.

They expected their children and their friends to take sides too, and it was a distressing thing to know them. Hostesses who wanted to trim their sails to either breeze used to get nervous prostration and make their doctors order them south to recuperate. So you can see the possibilities that loomed up as the result of that meeting between Beatrice and Steve that had been averted for a long time by the most lavish expenditure of tact and finesse, so that both of them might be spared embarrassment!

THAT one meeting wasn't the last, of course. Steve would have seen to that, but, as it turned out, they were always coming together. They went to see plays and pictures together, and they met a good deal in ways that weren't exactly clandestine, of course, since nothing so absurd was necessary, but that were, probably with design, inconspicuous.

Their fathers were a lot too busy to pay any attention to what was going on. A little talk about them there was, of course; people who saw them together couldn't help being both puzzled and amused. But New York is a fairly small place, large as it sometimes seems, and people who make an attempt to be really interested in even a few phases of the town's extraordinary range of activities are likely to come together often without being under observation.

Steve, it may be, hadn't fallen in love at first sight. But before he had left Beatrice at her own door he knew very definitely that he would like to fall in love with her, and that it wasn't going to be at all difficult. It wasn't.

Steve could have been a very popular young man. Indeed he was, but it was in spite of himself, so to speak. He didn't go in much for the traditional pleasures of the man whose father can and does pay the bills. They rather bored him. He wanted to do something worth while, and he was getting ready for an experiment in irrigation and reclamation on a large scale in an arid region in the Southwest that was traversed by one of the railroads he would ultimately own if Beatrice's father didn't take it away from the Camman family. Government engineers had refused to touch this region, but Steve thought they were wrong. That took a lot of his time. And when he was in New York it held things that appealed to him much more than the white lights of Broadway and the dim lights of stage-door alleys.

He didn't see his father very often. The elder Camman was always tearing around the country with half a dozen secretaries, working like mad. He was fond of Steve, and used to remember him gratefully whenever he read about the exploits of the sons of other rich men. On such occasions he usually sent Steve a telegram to tell him that he had raised his allowance, and Steve would reply in a dutifully grateful but rather perfunctory fashion. Steve thought, however, that he would like his father pretty well if there had ever been a chance for them to get acquainted.

Do people really get engaged in the traditional way any more? Do men go down on their knees and stammer out some more or less coherent formula that gives the girl a chance to exclaim about the suddenness of the event? Steve didn't do anything of the sort. He and Beatrice had gone together to a girl's studio to look at some pictures they thought one of them ought to buy. (Continued on page 31)

HELD TO ANSWER

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. KING

Chapter Nine—The Woman with a Want

FIVE years passed, and great events took place. The earthquake seized the San Francisco Bay district and shook it as a dog shakes a rat. Fire swept the great city on the peninsula almost out of existence; it made rich men poor and hard hearts soft—for a few days at least—and by way of shifting populations and business centers affected the east side of the Bay almost as much as the west, so that in all that water-circling population there was no business and no society, no man or woman or child even, that was thereafter quite as it or he or she had been.

In this seething ferment of change nothing altered more than the life of John Hampstead. He had buried himself and found himself. He had sought relief in a self-abandoning plunge into obscurity, yet never had a minister so humble gained such burning prominence. The town hung on him. Men who never went to church at all leaned upon him and upon the things they read about him from day to day.

Under his ministry in these five years the wretched little chapel had grown into the great All People's Church. To attend All People's was a fad; to belong to it almost a fashion. The newspapers daily made its pastor into a hero, and the moral element in the population looked upon him as its most fearless champion and aggressive leader.

But into this situation and into All People's one morning a woman came walking with power to shake it more violently than an earthquake could have done.

The choir was just finishing the anthem. The Rev. John Hampstead sat, but not at ease, in his high pulpit chair, which, somehow, this morning reminded him of the throne chair of Denmark, upon its stage in that barn of a theatre which, at this very instant, was only five years—and five miles—distant: the chair from which he used to arise suddenly to receive the rapier thrust of his nephew Hamlet. This morning a vague uneasiness filled him as if he himself were about to receive a fatal rapier thrust.

The minister's sermon outline was in his hand, but his eye roamed over the congregation. It took note of who was there and who was absent; it took note of who came in; but suddenly it ceased to rove and gazed fixedly at the rear of the church.

Deacon Morris was escorting a lady down the right-center aisle. To distinction of dress and bearing the newcomer added a striking type of beauty. Her figure was tall, combining rounded curves and willowy grace. In the regularity of its smooth chiseling her profile was purely Greek. The eyes were dark and lustrous, the cheeks had a soft bloom upon them, the lips were ripely red; and if art had helped to achieve these contrasts with a skin that was satiny smooth and of ivory creaminess it was an art contributory and not an art subversive.

"More beautiful than ever!" murmured the minister with the emphasis of deep conviction.

THE lady accepted a sitting well to the front. Her head was reverently bowed for an interval, and then raised, while the black eyes darted one illuminative glance of recognition at the man in the pulpit, a glance that made the minister start again and confess to himself an error by admitting beneath his breath: "No, not more beautiful—more powerful!"

Lengthened scrutiny confirmed this judgment. Soft contours had yielded, though ever so slightly, to lines of strength. There was greater majesty in her bearing. She was less appealing, but more commanding. John reflected that it was rather impossible it should be otherwise. The man or the woman who fights and conquers always sacrifices lines of beauty to those muscle clamps of strength which seem to sleep but ill-concealed upon the face.

And Marien Dounay had conquered! In five years she had mounted to the sun. With the memory of her latest Broadway triumphs still ringing, this very day her name would be mentioned in every dramatic column in every Sunday paper in America. To have uttered that name aloud in this congregation would have made every neck crane.

Alone in the secret of her presence, John found himself counting the cost of her success. Part of that cost he could see tabulated on her face. Another part of it was a matter of grisly and horrible memory of that intimation to the loathsome Litschi, which he had overheard on the unforgetable night in the restaurant.



She sat up front and thirstily drank down the words of the sermon

When he stood up to preach she followed his every movement and appeared to drink down his utterance thirstily. Skilled now in spiritual diagnosis, the minister of All People's read her swiftly like an open page. She had gained, but she had not gained all. Something was still desired, and, he could not help but believe, desired of him. Having coldly driven him from her with a terrible kind of violence, she had come back humbly, almost beseechingly.

So marked was this suggestion of intense longing that the feeling of horror and revulsion which had come to Hampstead with the entry of the actress gave way entirely to an emotion of pity and a desire to help, and he tried earnestly to make his sermon in some degree a message to the woman's heart.

That he should have accepted so readily and so magnanimously a mission to the soul of Marien Dounay was not only entirely in keeping with the chivalrous nature of the man but with the character he had developed in his five years' ministry; for his position as the pastor of All People's Church and in the community round about was due to no miracle, but had grown naturally enough out of the strong heart of the man and of his experiences.

When, for instance, in the early days at the chapel, John missed the Pedersen children from the Sunday school, found their mother in tears at home because the children had no shoes, and learned that they had no shoes because Olaf gambled away his weekly wage in "Beaney" Webster's pool room where race-track bets were made and poker and other gambling games were played, all in defiance of law, and when he found the police supine and prosecutors indifferent, the persistent-minded young divine sent Deacon Mullin (who, to his frequent discomfiture, resembled a tin-can sport more than a church official) into Beaney's to bet upon a horse. The Deacon's horse won and Beaney, all unsuspecting, paid the winnings over in a sealed envelope. The next Sunday night John took the envelope into the pulpit and shook it till it jingled as he told the story which next morning the newspapers printed widely while the minister himself was swearing out a warrant for the arrest of Beaney.

That was the beginning, but to John's surprise it was not the end. Beaney did not plead guilty meekly. He fought desperately, for this meddlesome amateur clergyman had lifted the cover on a sneaking underground system of petty gambling, of illicit liquor selling, and of graver violations of the moral laws which ramified widely. Attacked in one part, all its members rallied to a defense of the whole that was impudent, determined, and astonishingly powerful. Hampstead was unknown, his church small, wretched, and despised. His sole weapon was the newspapers which would not indorse him but would print what he said and what he did. What he said was not much; but what John Hampstead did was presently considerable, for a few public-spirited citizens put money in his hand for detectives and special prosecutors, and he spent more hours that year in police courts than he did in his church.

In the end he won. The lawless element, sore and chastened, acknowledged their defeat, while the forces of good and evil alike recognized thus early the entry into the community of a man whose character and personality were henceforth to be reckoned with.

But while these scourgings with knouts of cords got John publicity and high regard, they also got him hate and trouble. The work cost him tireless expenditure of energy and sleepless nights. It made him enemies of men whose friendship he desired. It brought him threats innumerable. A stick of dynamite was found beneath his study window. Yet John's devotion made him careless of personal danger. He trembled for Rose and Dick and Tayna; he trembled for the man who had crept through the shadow of the palms to plant that stick and time that fuse which mercifully went out; but somehow he did not tremble for himself.

Besides, out of the shadow of danger there seemed to reach sometimes the flexing muscles of an omnipotent arm, as, for instance, when an arrested gambler out upon bail got into his study one night with intent to kill. At that moment the minister was talking on the telephone and some chivalric instinct restrained the would-be assassin from shooting his Nemesis in the back.

John laughed at the preposterous idea of being killed, failing to understand that the threat was made in earnest or to perceive how much his caller was fired by liquor. Such merriment was unseemly to the man on murder bent; he found himself unable to shoot a bullet into the open mouth of laughter and fumbled helplessly with his hand behind him and his tongue shamefacedly tied until the minister directed his mind aside with a question about his baby, following quickly with sympathetic talk about the man's wife and mother, until the spirit of vengeance went out of him and he broke down and cried and went away meekly with a parting handshake from his intended victim.

As to pulpit eloquence, there was admittedly seldom a flash of it at All People's. By an enormous digestive feat John had assimilated that seminary course of which the dean had spoken, boasting that he read his Greek Testament entirely through in the three years upon the street cars that plied between his home and the seat of theological learning. But this did not make of Hampstead a strong preacher; although the impression that he might be if he chose was unescapable. His passion, he declared, was not to preach the gospel but to do the gospel. People sat before him spellbound, not by his eloquence, but by a sense of mysterious spiritual forces at work about them. At times the mere exhalations of the man's sunny personality seemed sufficient to account for all his influence; at others there was that mysterious feeling of the Presence.

As the membership grew and the sphere of its pastor's influence extended, there began to be less and less of his personality for expenditure upon that "backbone of the church" which had been there longest and felt it first.

MORE than once Elder Burbeck took occasion to voice a protest over this. John put these protests aside mildly until one day, when the minister's nerves had been more than usually frazzled by a series of petty annoyances, the elder blundered into declaring that the church paid the minister his salary and was entitled to have his services.

"Is that the way you look at it?" asked John sharply. "You pay me my salary? Then don't ever put another coin in the contribution box. I thought you gave the money to God and God gave it to me. I do not acknowledge to you or to any member of this church one single obligation except that each be true to his or her soul. I owe you neither obedience nor coddling."

"But you don't realize," urged the elder. "These things were well enough when our church was small. But now it is big. It occupies a dignified position in

the community, and all this riffraff that you are running after—"

"Riffraff!" John exploded. "Jesus gathered His disciples from the riffraff! His message was to the riffraff! He said: Leave the avenues and boulevards and go unto the riffraff! What is any church but riffraff redeemed? What is any sanctimonious, self-satisfied Pharisee but a soul on the way to make riffraff of himself again? Who gave this church its dignified position in the community? Did you when you nailed the plank across the door?"

Elder Burbeck flushed redder than ever and turned stiffly on his heel, not only inflamed by the crushing sarcasm of this rebuke but stolidly accepting it as one more evidence that in his heart this minister of All People's was much more human and much less godlike than many gaping people seemed to think. Both the resentment and the inference the elder stored up carefully against a day which he felt that he could see advancing, while the minister, too intent upon his work to scan the horizon for a cloud, hurried away upon another of his errands to the riffraff.

With this fanatic ardor of personal service now highly developed, it was inevitable that the appeal in the eyes of Marien Dounay should act like a challenge to the spirit of John Hampstead.

AT THE close of the service Dr. Hampstead moved freely and affectionately among his people, according to his habit. To the Angel of the Chair—who during all these five years had been his spiritual intimate and practical counselor, until in his regard she stood frankly canonized—went the last hearty handclasp, after which the minister hurried to where the actress waited aloof in her pew. Save for a dapple-whiskered janitor tactfully busy in the far-off loft of the choir, the two were alone in the large auditorium.

"Miss Dounay," John began in sincere tones, extending his hand cordially, "I congratulate you heartily on the splendid success that you have won."

He felt a sense of real triumph in his heart that after what had passed between them he was able to greet her like this in all sincerity, although she had helped greatly by receiving him with that odd look of worshipfulness which he had discerned from the distance of the pulpit.

"Thank you, but please do not congratulate me," the actress exclaimed quickly while a look of pain came undisguised into her eyes, and with a mere shrug of those expressive shoulders she hurled aside all pretense at formal amenities. "Oh, Dr. Hampstead," she began, breathing his name in tones of respect that deepened into reverence, while she frankly confessed herself a woman in acute distress by adding impulsively:

"I have gained everything we once talked about, and yet I believe I am the unhappiest woman in the world."

There was almost a sob in her voice as she uttered the words, and the minister looked at her intently with his face more gravely sympathetic than usual.

"I am trying to revive something," she hurried on, as if there was relief in thus hastily declaring herself, "trying to get back something. You alone can help me. My happiness, my very life, it seems to me, depends upon you. Will you come to see me this afternoon at the Hotel St. Albans, say at four?"

"I should like to," responded the minister frankly, his desire to help her growing rapidly, "but I have a funeral this afternoon."

"Then to-night," the actress urged, "after your sermon is done?"

As if overanxious to forestall refusal, she gave him no chance to reply, but continued with some display of her old vivacity: "We will have a supper, as we did that night you came in after the play. Julie is still with me, and another maid and a secretary and sometimes my 'personal representative.' Oh, I have quite a retinue now! Do say you will come, even though it is an unseemly hour for a ministerial call," she pleaded, and again her eyes were eloquent.

But it was not the hour that made John lean back. He felt himself immune from charges of indiscretion. He knew that, despite his youthful thirty years, he seemed ages older than the oldest of his congregation, a man removed from every possibility of error; one whose simple, open life of day-by-day devotion to the good of all who sought him seemed in itself a sufficient armor-proof against mischance.

He came and went, in the upper and in the under world, almost as he would; saw whom he would and where he would. Jails, theatres, hotels, questionable side entrances, boulevards, and alleys were accustomed to the sight of his comings and goings. If the stalwart figure of the man loomed at midnight in a dance hall on the Barbary Coast of San Francisco or in the darkest alleys of an Oakland water-front saloon, his presence was remarked, but his purpose was never doubted. He was there for the good of some one, to save some girl, to haul back some mother's boy, to fight side by side with some man against his besetting sin, whether it were wine or woman or the gaming table. Therefore he could go to call on Marien Dounay at ten o'clock at night at the Hotel St. Albans as freely as on a brother minister at noon.

What had made him suddenly withhold his acceptance of the invitation was the entry of something of the old lightness of spirit into her tones for a moment, accompanied by the suggestion of a supper. He knew enough of the whimsical obliquities of Marien Dounay's nature to appreciate that he must meet her socially in order to minister to her spiritually, but he did not propose that the solemn purposes of his call should be made an opportunity for entertainment or personal display.

However, Marien had instantly divined her mistake. "Dr. Hampstead!" she began afresh, and this time her voice was low and her utterance rapid, "my season closed in New York last Saturday night. I was compelled to wait over three days to sign the contracts for my London engagement. The moment they were out of the way I rushed entirely across this country to see *you*. I arrived this morning. I came here at once. Oh, I must talk to you immediately and disabuse your mind of something—something terrible that I have waited five years to wipe out."



Hampstead seized her wrists and demanded: "Marien, are you telling the truth?"

She clasped her hands nervously, and her luminous eyes grew misty, while she seemed in danger of losing her composure entirely, an unheard-of-thing for Marien Dounay.

Her imploring looks and the impetuous earnestness of her appeal were already leading John to self-reproaches for the sudden hardening of his judgment upon her, but it was the last sentence that decided him. He knew well enough what she meant, and something in him deeper than the minister leaped at it. If she could wipe out that grisly memory, the earliest opportunity was due her, and it would relieve him exactly as if a smirch had been wiped from the brow of womanhood itself. Besides, there had always been to him something puzzling and incomprehensible about that scene in the restaurant, which, as the years went by, was more and more like a horrible dream than an actual experience.

"I will come, Miss Dounay," he assured her gravely.

"Oh, I am so glad!" the woman exclaimed with a little outstretching of her hand, which would have fallen upon John's on the back of the pew if the latter had not been raised at the moment in a gesture of negation as he said:

"But please omit the supper. I am coming at your call—eagerly, happily—but not even as an old friend; solely as a minister!"

This speech was so subtly modulated as to make its meaning clear without the shadow of offense, and Marien's humbly grateful manner of receiving it indicated tacit acknowledgment of the exact nature of the visit.

MR. HAMPSTEAD'S knock was greeted with a sound like the purr of an expectant kitten, and the knob was turned by Marien herself with a sudden vigor which indicated that she had bounded instantly to admit him.

Her manner, in most startling contrast to that which she had displayed at the church, was sparklingly vivacious, but her dress was more disconcerting than her manner; in fact to the minister it seemed to be that very same gown of negligée whose pleats of shimmering black, with splotches of red upon them, had clung so affectionately to her form in those never-to-be-forgotten hours in the little apartment on Turk Street in San Francisco. Her hair, too, flowed unconfined as then. The picture called up overwhelming memories, against which the minister in the man struggled valiantly.

"I have not worn it since, until to-night," the woman purred softly, happy as a child over his glance of recognition, but when Hampstead, in uncompromising silence, stood surveying her critically, she asked archly, and a bit anxiously: "Are you shocked?"

"Well," he replied a trifle severely, "you must admit that this is not sackcloth and ashes."

"It is my soul, not my body, that is in mourning," Marien urged apologetically, trying the effect of a melting glance, after which, walking halfway across the room, she turned again and invited him to lay off his overcoat and be seated. There could be little resisting the playful calculation of her manner without seeming heartless, and yet John did resist it, standing noncommittally while his eyes sought the circumference of the room inquiringly.

"And look!" went on Marien enthusiastically, for she was trying pitifully by sheer force of personality to recreate the atmosphere of their old relationship in its happiest moments. "See, here is the Roman chair, or at least one like it, and there the divan, piled high with cushions; I am as fond of cushions as ever. You shall sit where you sat; I shall recline where I reclined. We will stage the old scene again."

"Not the old scene," replied the minister with quiet emphasis, feeling just a little as if he had been trapped.

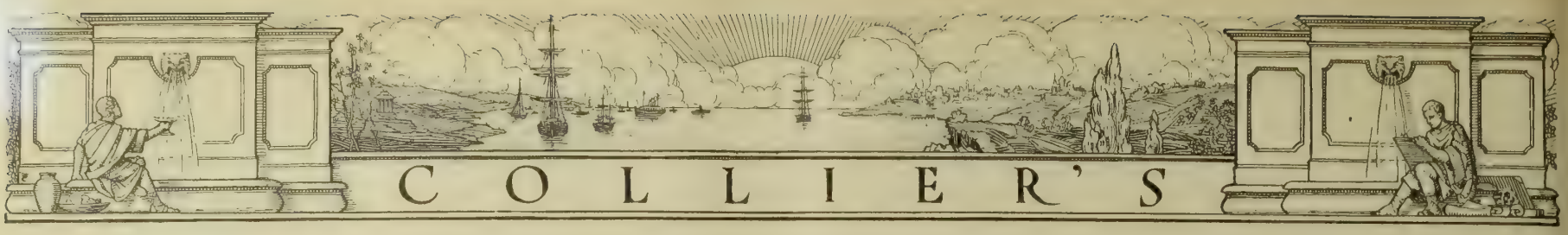
"Julie!" called Marien, and there was a not entirely suppressed note of triumph in her tone.

The little French maid appeared with suspicious promptness from behind swinging portières to receive the coat and to give the big man, whom she had always liked, shy welcome upon her own account. True to her nature, Miss Dounay's every movement was theatrical. She stood complacently by until the maid had done her service and withdrawn. Then, pointing to the Roman chair, she said to Hampstead:

"Sit there and wait. I have something to show you, something beautiful . . . wonderful . . . overwhelming almost!"

Hesitating only long enough to see that the minister, although a bit suspicious, complied [illegible] with her request,

(Continued on page 28)



The Muzzle of Josephus

Discussion makes for knowledge and wise decision.—From the annual report of the Secretary of the Navy.

EARLY in December COLLIER'S arranged with Rear Admiral BRADLEY ALLEN FISKE for a series of articles on the United States navy. The articles were to be nonpolitical in character. The sole intention was to give our readers a practical understanding of the vast and intricate machine upon which the safety and honor of the nation depend so largely, and to present facts and theories of national defense which are only accessible now to those who can read and understand the technical magazines. Before the first of these articles could be put in type we received a letter from Admiral FISKE saying that it was impossible for him to carry out his contract because he had been forbidden by the Secretary of the Navy TO WRITE OR SPEAK PUBLICLY ON ANY SUBJECT CONNECTED WITH THE NATIONAL DEFENSE.

It appears that on December 24 Admiral FISKE reported at the office of the Secretary of the Navy, where Mr. DANIELS opened the conversation by saying that he had seen an article by the Admiral in the "North American Review" of which he disapproved, and added that if the Admiral had been a younger officer he would have court-martialed him for publishing it without first referring it to the department. Admiral FISKE retorted that he had submitted the article in question and four others as well, and that they had all been approved by the Secretary. Mr. DANIELS replied that he remembered approving several articles, but that he had supposed they were intended for the proceedings of the Naval Institute. Then he went on to say in about these words: "In any case I want you to understand that I expressly forbid you to write or speak in any publication or anywhere on national defense." Admiral FISKE explained that the articles for COLLIER'S were intended solely to make technical matters clear to laymen. Mr. DANIELS answered: "I don't care. You cannot write or speak on any subject connected with the national defense. If the people really want to know anything about the navy, they can come to its head. You cannot even say two and two make four."

Of course there remained nothing for Admiral FISKE to do but to cancel his agreement with COLLIER'S. On our side we felt we had a right to ask in detail for his reasons, which are set forth briefly above. At the same time he was obliged to withdraw his acceptance of an invitation to address the Commercial Club of Chicago. In short, the Secretary of the Navy has successfully silenced one of the most distinguished officers in the service. Not only the readers of COLLIER'S and the public generally, but Admiral FISKE'S associates will be denied the benefit of his counsel while the statesman from North Carolina is in control, for the order, as becomes the magnificence of the great man who issued it, is thoroughly comprehensive. Moreover, through it every man in the navy who might feel disposed to offer suggestions or advice, based on practical knowledge, is forewarned of the wrath of the mighty sea lord. If the public want to know anything, they must apply to the source of wisdom—they must ask JOSEPHUS.

If the matter were not so serious, we might be disposed to laugh over it. It possesses many of the elements of comedy. We shall not emphasize the picture which no doubt the reader has already drawn in his mind of the scene in the Secretary's office—the veteran of forty years' service, the sea fighter mentioned in dispatches for "heroic conduct," the sailor, author, inventor bowing before the wrath of the majestic figure in the swivel chair. But something more important than the temporary discomfiture of a brilliant officer, however unpleasant this is to think about, is involved in the incident. It is more than an outrageous violation of the personal rights of a public servant, which would not be tolerated under the most exacting military system in Europe. Without precedent or parallel in the department, it is an attempt, and not the last if it prove successful, to cut off the public from their only trustworthy sources of information about naval affairs.

Anyone who is at all acquainted with the recent official communications from the Navy Department must know how unreliable they are, how they confuse and distort facts, cloud the real issues, and misinterpret the arguments and plans of the experts. It is not too much to say that no one who is not skilled in the detection of error would be able to gain from them information of real value in determining the actual condition of the navy. Up to this time the President, Congress, the newspapers, and the public have been able to inform themselves through the public statements of men of position who know the facts and are able to set them forth intelligently. But if the policy first displayed in the interview with Admiral FISKE is carried out there will be an end of all information that is not sifted through the office of the Secretary and tinted for political purposes. For if an officer of Admiral FISKE'S standing can be silenced, what freedom of speech is to be expected from men who have no such record of long and brilliant service as his to plead for them in a contest with the political head of the department? It is peculiarly unfortunate that this act of petty tyranny should have occurred at this particular time when a great national necessity exists for a most thorough discussion of the question of defense and when Congress is at the point of making a decision upon which may hang the future welfare of the country. Is it possible that the President is in sympathy with the burking of information that may affect this decision?

Perhaps no better illustration of the propriety of the rebuke administered to Admiral FISKE can be given than a comparison of the record of the man who issued the order with that of the man who received it:

BRADLEY ALLEN FISKE

Born June 13, 1854; graduated United States Naval Academy, second in class, 1874; ensign, 1875; master, 1881; lieutenant, 1883; lieutenant commander, 1899; commander, 1903; captain, 1907; rear admiral United States navy, 1911; navigator of *Petrel* at battle of Manila; reported by captain of *Petrel* for "eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle" and by Admiral Dewey for "heroic conduct" at battle of Manila; later commanded the *Minneapolis*, the *Arkansas*, and the *Tennessee;* commanded Fifth, Third, and First Divisions, Atlantic fleet; aid for operations, Navy Department, 1913; member General Board of the Navy, also Joint Board of Army and Navy, 1910-11. Invented numerous devices for use in navy, including a naval telescope sight which has been adopted by all the navies; awarded Elliott Cresson gold medal by Franklin Institute, 1893; gold medal for prize essay, Navy Institute, 1905; president United States Naval Institute, 1911-12. .

JOSEPHUS DANIELS

Born 1862; educated in Wilson (N. C.) Collegiate Institute; editor Wilson (N. C.) "Advance" at age of eighteen; admitted to bar in 1885, but did not practice; editor Raleigh "State Chronicle," 1885; State printer, 1887-93; chief clerk Department of Interior, 1893-95; ex-president North Carolina Editorial Association; twice delegate Democratic National Conventions; member Democratic National Executive Committee from North Carolina; trustee University of North Carolina. In 1894 consolidated the "State Chronicle" and the "North Carolinian" with the "News and Observer," and has since been its editor. Secretary of the United States Navy, 1913.

Calling His Own Bluff

LAST August the German Finance Minister, Dr. KARL HELFFERICH, asked the Reichstag to authorize a new war loan of $2,000,000,000 and remarked that German industry after the war was not to be crushed by the burden of war costs, since these were to be met by an indemnity exacted from those responsible for the war. Last month Dr. HELFFERICH asked for $2,000,000,000 more and said incidentally:

> Regardless of the height of the war indemnity, upon which we naturally reckon, war will bring its train of colossal tax burdens for us.

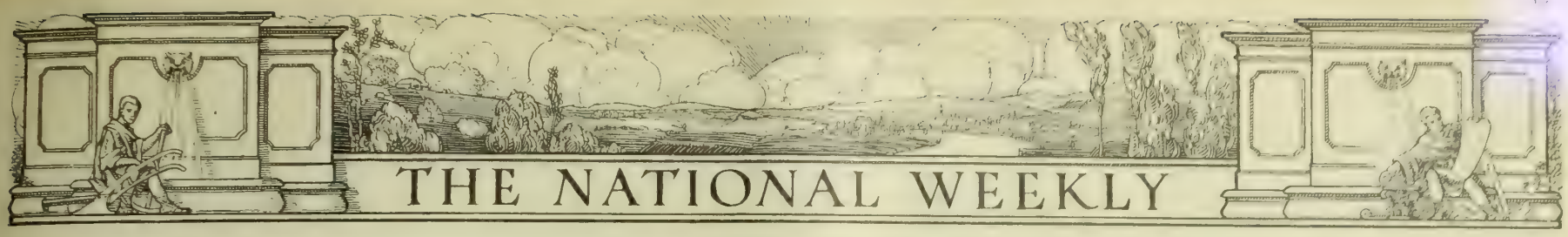
It looks to an outsider as if the Herr Doctor's prophecy had come home to roost. Those responsible for it are going to pay for the war.

And So—Why Argue?

OF the war discussions we have listened to in the last eighteen months only about 2 per cent have dwelt throughout on vital facts connected with the war. The other 98 per cent have spent themselves trying to show why the speaker was pro this, that, or the other; and how much more he thought he knew than the listener.

What Does a Trolley Car Prove?

WHEN Tokyo celebrated the Mikado's coronation one of the features was an illuminated parade over all the main street-car lines of ten trolley cars decorated by the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts. Some of the floats bore Imperial heirlooms guarded by such "auspicious creatures" as the dragon, white tiger, and phœnix; others were historic, others displayed royal flowers and the sun and moon as symbols of eternity, and the tenth carried the coronation throne or "Takamura." We are accustomed to the decorative use of street cars in such events as the great electric parade that closes Portland's Rose Festival, but it is odd indeed to think of this new American invention bearing in solemn state the ancient symbols of an Eastern dynasty which is rooted in the far past of religious faith as well as in the present of political power. And yet—why not? We Americans are incurably shy of parading the things in which we



believe, and we lose by it. The reality is there, but our days of commemoration slip down from holy days to holidays, and our national life too often misses the inspiration that ceremony and symbolism can justly give. But, whether we like it or not, the daily life of our cities is a parade, and even the trolley cars are symbolic of abstract and ancient things. They are not usually decorated by an academy of fine arts, but they are visible evidences of things unseen, of greed and civic corruption, or of fairness and service and a community life which is working for the better days. That meaning is for us to find, and there is no need of waiting for any coronation.

Turning Meanness Into Joy

ONE does not often envy millionaires—the galling of their golden chains is too evident in their faces—but one recent exception stands out. Three days before Christmas the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings was closed by the State officials, and among its depositors were over 41,000 school children who had about four dollars apiece to their credit. The bank had had an arrangement with the Board of Education by which collectors visited the schools every week and got the children's pennies. When the bank closed all the children had for their pains was the chance of a 50 per cent dividend some two months later. But HENRY C. FRICK came forward that same day and said briefly that the kids were to have all their money at once. So the storm passed by for those young depositors and their faith in men was justified. Mr. FRICK has a stately and expansive house on Fifth Avenue filled with works of art from many lands, but we doubt if there is anything in it more cheering to the soul than the memory of that abrupt kindness. Sometimes it pays to be a millionaire!

In a Perambulator

MUSICAL criticism is not our forte, but on the ground that we are a lot interested in worth-while human beings and in the prime joy of living, we claim the right to slap JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER on the back and cry "bravo!" to him for that symphony of sheer delight, "Adventures in a Perambulator." In business hours J. A. CARPENTER is vice president of a concern that deals in railway and ship supplies in an office in grimy old South Water Street, Chicago. In moments which we choose to believe are more truly golden, he is a composer. "Adventures in a Perambulator" is an orchestral suite in six movements—"Peter Pan" set to music. Who are you, PAN?

> I'm Youth, Eternal Youth!
> I'm the Sun rising, I'm poets singing,
> I'm the new world, I'm a little bird
> That has broken out of the egg.
> I'm joy, joy, joy.

Nobody but BARRIE ought to write this editorial. It becomes our happy duty to call it to his attention. There is a perambulator theme, "rotary in character," a nurse theme and a policeman theme, till pretty soon the baby chimes in with a theme of its own; a hurdy-gurdy, the yapping of dogs, and a tone picture of a lake. "Mr. CARPENTER is most obviously successful," says a critic more competent than we, "in the episode of the street piano playing a waltz, which is managed with amusing skill and developed into something really charming." The same authority concedes the "suggestive value" of strains which we joyfully recognized as "Sweet Marie," "Ach, du lieber Augustin," and "Where, oh, Where Has My Little Dog Gone?" And yet the orchestra has to be augmented to include a piano, a celesta, and a xylophone. The baby is evidently a girl baby, for BARRIE has held that only little boys fall out of their prams—little girls are "too clever."

In View of the Coming Primaries and Elections

It's every man's business to know how his representative voted

on The Tariff. Increasing the Navy. Child Labor. Currency Reform. Literacy Test for Immigrants. Panama Canal Tolls. Federal Aid for Good Roads. Freeing the Philippines. Convict-Labor-Made Goods. Anti-Trust Legislation. Woman Suffrage. National Prohibition

and other important matters coming up during the Sixty-third Congress. Also, everyone should know something about his Representative's attendance on the sessions of Congress. The important roll calls in the House of Representatives during the Sixty-third Congress may be obtained from Collier's Washington Bureau, 1121 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C., free of charge. (The important roll calls for the Sixty-first and Sixty-second Congresses, covering the tariff, labor measures, postal-savings bank, pensions, and other important matters may also be obtained from Collier's Washington Bureau. The NAME of the ONE Representative whose record is wanted MUST be given. The entire House of Representatives comes up for election in 1916.)

These Records are prepared under the direction of Mark Sullivan

The Men Who Make Money Out of It

AND then there's Butte, Mont., where the booze men are already lined up in a solid phalanx to fight prohibition when that issue comes to the polls months from now. They have admitted that one of their chief arguments will be the old rubber-stamp declaration that prohibition would injure business in Butte. On this very point a keen friend writes:

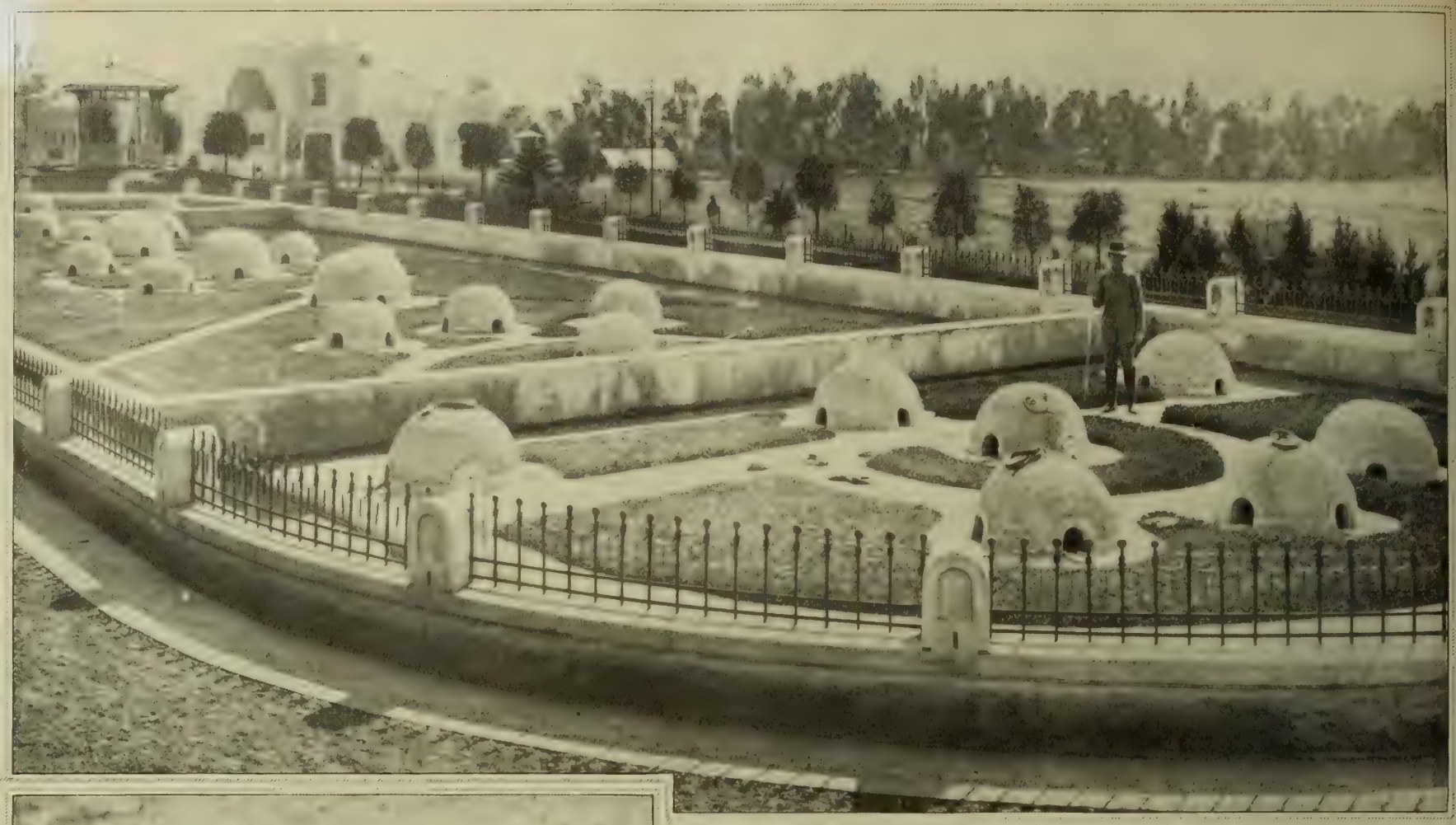
> The statement of the liquor men that they will show where prohibition will injure business conditions in Butte, appearing at the same time with the statement of the police judge that 163 drunks were arrested last month, is interesting. Perhaps the saloon men will demonstrate that prohibition will throw a magistrate, a jailer or two, and several policemen out of a job, which would be terrible.

Yes, that would be pretty bad. Also, what would the Butte newspapers do to fill their columns without the news items which booze now brings them? One recent issue contains news of two deaths from alcohol: in one case an ironworker had sworn off—just too late. The same newspaper tells also of an all-night party in which one boozer had a thousand dollars stolen from him; likewise of a murder brought on by an argument which started after two men had spent the evening drinking together. There is perhaps no city in the country where cutting out the liquor traffic would do more solid good than in Butte. At least ten thousand men work underground, day and night, in the copper mines, and the safety of each individual miner depends not only upon his own clear-headedness, but upon the efficiency and sobriety of his fellow workers. The managing director of the Amalgamated Copper Company recently said before the Federal Industrial Commission at its session in Butte that the number of mine accidents there would be very largely reduced if there were fewer saloons in the town. Yet there are still little fellows who are sure that business would go to the dogs except for the trade in booze.

Heart and House

LAST month the New York "Times" made an interesting test of its readers. A brief list was given of the circumstances of one hundred needy people (or "cases," as the charity slang puts it), and the world at large was invited to do something for these poor. The answer was $29,844. In each and every instance more than enough was given: "neither did the cruse of oil fail," as in the case reported by ELIJAH the Tishbite some three thousand years ago. Among the helped were an old man and his old wife who were living in a two-room rear tenement, dreading the poorhouse, earning enough for their keep, but needing $6.50 per month to pay the rent. There was nothing especially pitiful about it—just two old people who had made a home together for many years and who hoped against hope to keep that home together until the end. No doubt sociologists could prove that they would be better off in some institution that the community has provided for just such "cases." No doubt our best realistic novelists could do a few hundred pages about the drab dreariness of that two-room lodging, failure in life that it necessarily represented, and the limited animal-like resistance which it implied and caused. One can fancy the squalid drawings that would illustrate the screed. But the readers of the "Times" are a backward lot, apparently, and have before their eyes no fear of these bugaboos. They sent in real money—enough to pay that rent for 8.87 years, and there's another Christmas coming on December 25, 1916! Possibly the home has been outgrown by our civilization, as some of our self-appointed prophets tell us, but there are a lot of people, even in New York, who do not know this and who are willing to pay up for their ignorance.

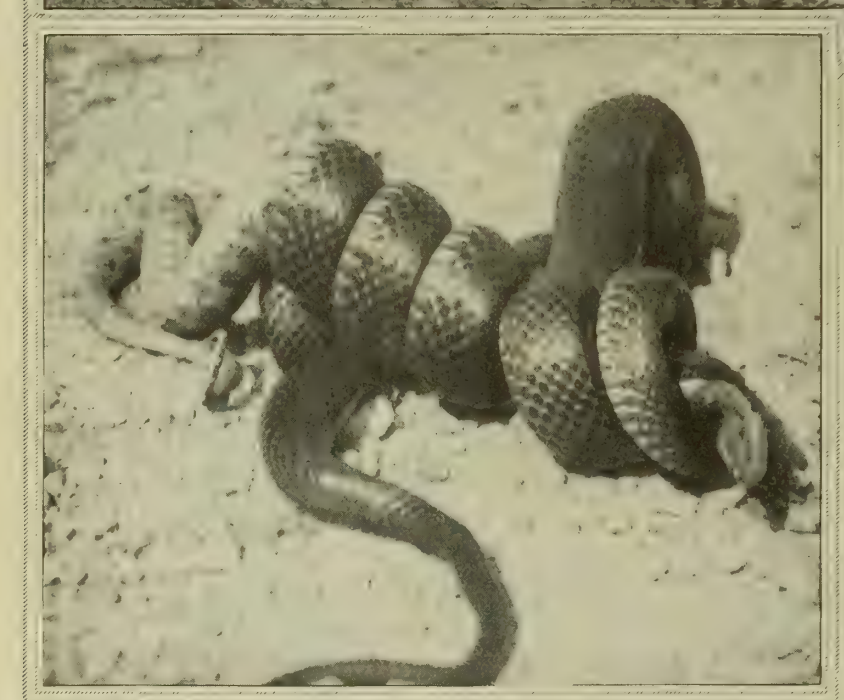
Snake photos Copyrighted by E. M. Newman and Brown & Dawson



The Brazilian Government's institute, which uses 5,000 reptiles annually for research

Snake Farming for a Venom Cure

SNAKES are a big national problem in Brazil. They are killing people at the rate of 4,000 a year and seriously injuring 15,000, besides destroying upward of a million dollars' worth of live stock. In an effort to produce an antitoxin that will cure serpent bites, thereby minimizing the evil in the civilized districts, the Government is operating the snake farm shown in the photograph reproduced above. About 5,000 reptiles are used annually in laboratories in the building in the background, and most of them are housed temporarily in the igloo-shaped dens. A ditch of water five feet wide prevents them from crawling over the concrete coping. The institute, near the city of Sao Paulo, southwest of Rio de Janeiro, is under the direction of Dr. Vital Brazil, an eminent scientist, who has already produced many serums of considerable value and who hopes to discover a sure cure in the near future. There are twelve species of poisonous snakes in that part of South America, and most of them are as treacherous as the copperhead of this country, which, unlike the rattler, gives no warning to its victims. In his experiments Dr. Brazil uses both poisonous and nonpoisonous snakes, and sometimes there are fights between the harmless ones and their venomous cousins, as in the snapshot at the upper left. The reptiles are sent to the institute from all over the country. The railroads haul them free of charge, and by way of returning the favor the Government gives the serum to the railroad employees.—CHARLES D'EMERY.



A nonpoisonous snake squeezing a venomous antagonist and biting his head off. The poisonous one depends very little upon its physical strength in a combat like this. It tries to slay with its venom, which has no effect upon its enemy. When the fight is over the victor swallows whole the body of its late foe



Dr. Brazil removing the poison from a snake's head by forcing the venom through the fangs into a piece of gelatin



A Kissing, Burglar-Catching Bear

IN the circle is a snapshot of California Sue, a pet cub, in the act of kissing her master, a Stockton boy. In addition to her osculatory skill, Sue is a first-rate thief catcher. There comes from Stockton a story that she caught a burglar and held him until aid came and the offender was arrested by a regular policeman. She was one of the chief attractions at the Children's Pets Exhibition during the last days of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, when hundreds of animal pets, mostly dogs and cats, were shown for educational purposes.



A GOAT WORTH GETTING. This long-haired animal was raised by T. A. Pierce, of Days Creek, Oregon. The mohair, when clipped, weighed twenty-two pounds and brought $450. Mr. Pierce got $300 for the shorn goat

Copyright by the Medem Photo Service



A French Mortar Battery Belching Death

IN the snapshot above you see the smoke of a real battle. A photographer in the Artois district climbed out of a trench and clicked his camera half a second after a battery of French mortars had been fired at the German earthworks. Danger of having the picture blurred by the concussion prevented him from catching the guns as they went off. Artillery fighting with mortars and long-range cannon is a continuous performance in nearly every section of the western battle line. Every day tens of thousands of shells are hurled at the trenches and men are killed or wounded by the score. To the war-hardened men behind the guns on both sides this business of slaying and running the risk of being slain or crippled is little more than cutting down a forest or building a railroad track.

New German Snow-time Uniforms

THE two soldiers in the photograph in the circle, taken in the Vosges Mountains, northeastern France, are wearing the newest design of snow-time uniforms supplied to the German troops at the French and Russian fronts. When the ground is white it is extremely difficult to see the men more than three hundred yards away unless there is something dark behind them.



LITTLE ARMENIANS WHO ESCAPED BUTCHERY by the Turks. They are being cared for at Port Said, Egypt, by Christian teachers who brought them through the British lines. The parents and older brothers and sisters of most of these children were slain in one of the numerous wholesale massacres. In the last few months the Turks have been wiping out whole towns of Armenians. In the town of Bitlis alone 15,000 helpless Armenians were slaughtered. At Mush, Turkish troops killed all the Armenian men and then huddled the women and children together in a camp and burned most of them to death in their tents



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WHAT THE PORK BARREL MEANS

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

WITH CARTOON BY F. G. COOPER

The United States gets out of its naval appropriation a smaller return in new ships than any other world power. We get about half as much for our money. That explains why Germany at much less expense has passed the United State as a naval power. The principal reason for th costliness of the United States navy and for other shortcomings is—the pork barrel. There at least we surpass Germany. The following article tries to place the responsibility for the pork barrel.—THE EDITOR

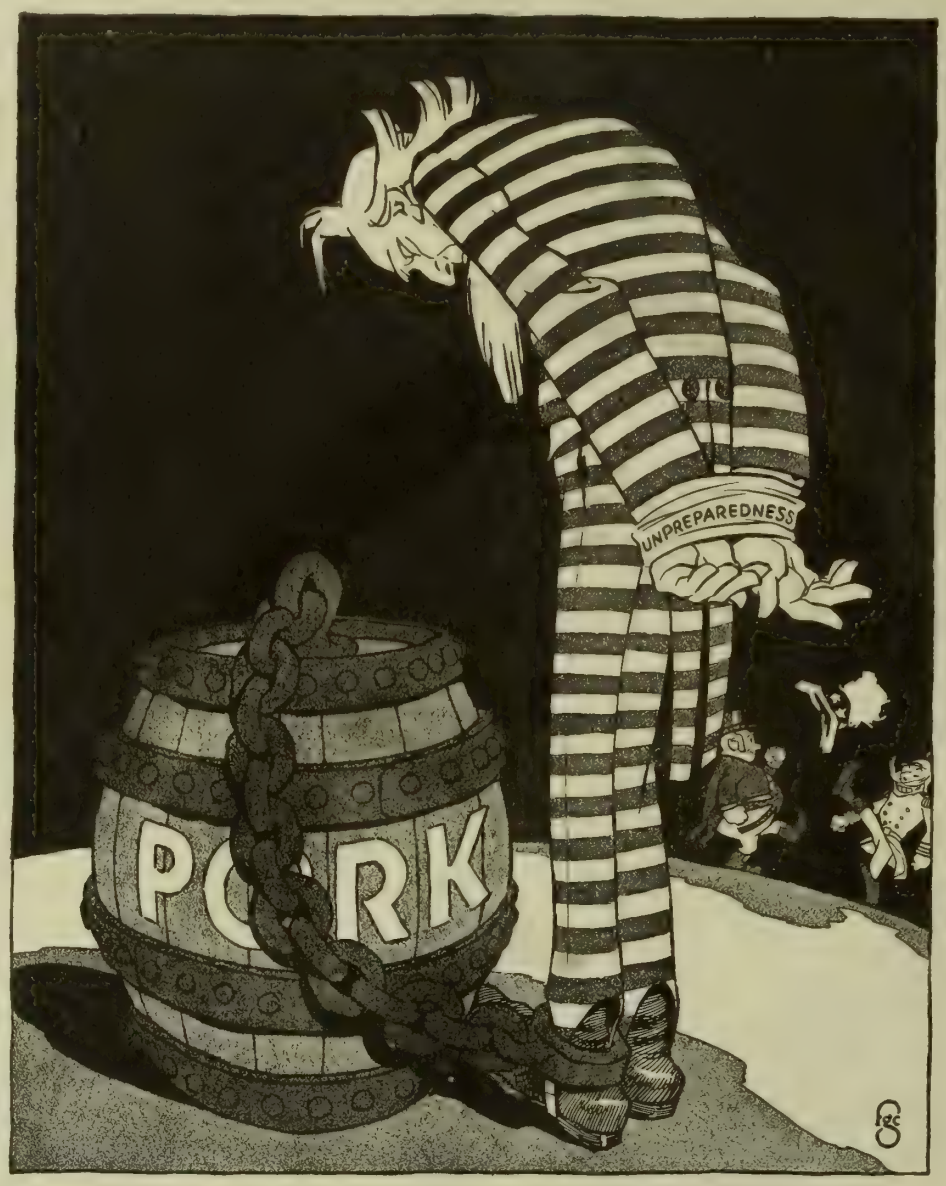
ACCORDING to reports from Washington, Congress, at the present session, will give serious attention to our naval and military defenses. But Congress will have to reform more than the army and the navy; first of all, it will have to reform itself. Before we have efficient national defense we shall have to extinguish the pork barrel, the greatest source of our military weakness. Particularly at this time, when we are facing the possibility of trouble with the most completely organized military power on earth, the American people ought to understand a few unwholesome truths.

At the present moment the United States has eight modern battleships of the line. We have seven more building or authorized; in three years, therefore, we shall have a first-line fleet of fifteen ships. These ships, in case of war with a first-class naval power, would have to do our fighting. Upon them our national safety, perhaps even our national existence, will largely depend. We have seven first-class navy yards, so called, as bases for these vessels and for the smaller units—five on the Atlantic Coast and two on the Pacific. The business of these yards is to make efficient this fighting fleet, and to do this the battleships should have free and constant access to them on all occasions. In case of defeat in a naval engagement, or a serious reverse, the ships would rush for these yards, probably in damaged condition, for here they would find their only protection against annihilation.

Of these seven navy yards only two can receive our fighting ships at all times and in all conditions. That is the first fact in the naval situation that Americans should get firmly in their minds.

A few details will make this situation clear. On January 27, 1914, the Hon. Josephus Daniels gave Congress official information concerning the depth of channel demanded by our fighting ships. Such a channel, said Mr. Daniels, should have 35 feet at mean low water. The modern dreadnought demands this depth under the most favorable conditions. In case of an unsuccessful naval engagement, however, the ships, in flooded condition, would naturally lie lower in the water. The General Board had therefore decided that the approaches to the navy yards should have a channel of at least 40 feet—preferably more. National safety certainly could not prescribe less.

We have only two yards, Portsmouth, N. H., on the Atlantic and Puget Sound on the Pacific, that have a channel, freely open at all times, containing this indispensable 40 feet. Only two, that is, fulfill the minimum requirements of naval warfare as determined by our own naval experts. And of these two, Portsmouth, for other reasons, has little value as a naval base. Five of our great stations, then, have this disqualification: our fighting ships cannot, under all conditions, find their way into them. Since Robinson Crusoe built a boat that he could not get to the water, human ingenuity has evolved nothing so criminally absurd as these American navy yards.



"Shouting the Battle Cry of Free-dom"

The Enemy: Fogs, Shoals, and Tides

IN JUNE, 1913, a board, headed by Rear Admiral John R. Edwards, inspected the Atlantic yards. It made this report on the one at Boston: "The approach to the yard from seaward is by a navigable channel, the controlling depth of which at the present time is not less than 32 feet, and will soon be 35 feet at mean low water." Even when the projected improvements are finished, therefore, Boston, by 5 feet, will not give the necessary access to our dreadnoughts. Under favorable circumstances some of our big ships might negotiate the channel; in time of war, however, if in damaged condition, not one could get in.

The greatest of our navy yards, that at New York, is very difficult to approach. A dreadnought cannot enter it at all in foggy weather, and on clear days ships can make their way to the docks only at high tide. I quote from the Edwards report: "The controlling depth of the channel [at New York] is ample, but the tidal conditions are such that even in clear weather not more than two capital ships can safely come to the yard and be secured alongside the piers in one day. This limitation is partly due to the brief duration of slack water in the East River, to lack of depth of water abreast of Governors Island, but most of all to strong tidal currents and the resulting difficulty of berthing vessels during the strength of the tide. During foggy weather, when the range which leads clear of Diamond Reef is obscured, no deep-draft vessel can be taken to the yard. Improved conditions would enable four vessels to be brought to the yard in one day. This, however, can only be accomplished at great expense."

Philadelphia rejoices continually in its League Island Navy Yard. That capital ships can reach it only at high water apparently does not affect this complacent attitude. No doubt this statement will set every Philadelphia Congressman and newspaper by the ears.

As to accessibility, the Joint Army and Navy Board reported in 1911: "Modern battleships damaged in such a manner as to increase their draft and impair maneuvering power would find it difficult to reach this yard." The hearings before the House Naval Committee in 1912 disclosed that the channel up the Delaware River at low water had a mean draft of 30 feet and that it would cost $2,000,000 a year for five years to increase it to 35 feet. And then the channel would lack 5 feet of the depth which, as I have pointed out, modern naval operations demand.

Even Norfolk has a channel of only 35 feet. Its other great advantages as a naval base, however, would easily justify the comparatively small expenditure needed to make the channel an ideal one.

Our fighting ships cannot get into the Charleston Navy Yard even at high water. Its channel at high tide is only 28 feet deep. In spite of this the Government in recent years has spent $1,250,000 building a dry-dock for battleships! A battleship, however, cannot reach this dock; it is therefore used for cleaning and repairing gunboats. Moreover, Charleston, because of the constant silting, never can become a real navy yard.

On the Pacific Coast, as already said, Puget Sound, without any dredging, has an ample depth of water. Our other Pacific navy yard, that at Mare Island, near Vallejo, cannot admit a first-class battleship. In 1907 our fleet of sixteen battleships, making its famous voyage around the world, could not dock at Mare Island, but had to go *en masse* to Puget Sound. Californians, however, insist that the *Missouri*, finding herself badly crippled and needing immediate relief, did manage, at high tide, to sneak up to the Mare Island dock. According to unfriendly critics, she spent some time on the mud flats of San Pablo in the process. The point is not important, as this single achievement by no means justifies the Mare Island yard.

No Real Naval Bases!

IN the foregoing I have emphasized only one point: the fact that modern battleships, at all times and in all conditions, can reach only two of our seven first-class navy yards. The situation, however, is much more complicated than this. Clearly a yard that lacks accessibility possesses no military advantage. A port deficient in these respects, however, might have other conspicuous qualifications; in that case the Government would be justified in spending reasonable amounts to construct a channel. Nearly all the naval stations mentioned above fail not only in the matter of approach but in other details which are indispensable to naval efficiency. *The outstanding fact is that the American navy at present possesses no real naval bases.* We have a miscellaneous assortment of thirty-six stations: first-class navy yards, second-class navy yards, naval stations, training stations, coaling stations, and the like, scattered along the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts and in several parts of the world; but we do not have a station on the Atlantic or Pacific seaboard which, unless completely modernized, could serve as a naval base. Not one of the yards upon which we are spending millions every year performs the function for the American navy that Portsmouth and Rosyth do for England, and Kiel and Wilhelmshaven for Germany.

In order to understand precisely what a naval base is, we must understand, first of all, what a navy is. The United States fleet presents many unpleasant surprises. A naval review, such as that which took place in New York Harbor last spring, discloses an apparently formidable fighting force. The records show that we have thirty-three battleships, about as many cruisers, and a large number of minor and auxiliary vessels. In reality, as said above, we have only eight ships in commission that could serve in the first line of battle. These are our dreadnoughts and superdreadnoughts. For purposes of naval strength, any ship constructed since 1906 may be neglected. The fighting strength of modern navies is measured by dreadnoughts, not by number of ships. Our fighting fleet at sea is inferior to that of Great Britain because we have only eight dreadnoughts while Great Britain has twenty-nine; it is inferior to that of Germany because Germany has seventeen. On the other hand, we are stronger than Japan because Japan has only four dreadnoughts; and stronger than France because France has only four. These figures represent the strength of Great Britain, Germany, and France before the outbreak of the war. Their precise strength at present is not

known, as they have lost vessels and also launched new ones since last August.

If we should go to war with any strong nation, we should place our dreadnoughts in the first line; we should use our inferior ships only in case we fought a navy that had no dreadnoughts, or one whose dreadnought fleet had been weakened or destroyed in previous operations. It ought not to be necessary to emphasize a truth so evident as this, but few Americans apparently comprehend it. Neither have they grasped another guiding principle of naval warfare: that we must operate this dreadnought battle fleet as a unit. Concentration is the first law of naval warfare. The admiral must keep all his ships together; if he divides them, the enemy will simply pick them out and destroy them in detail.

Naval bases are essential parts of this great fighting force. They exist to make effective this concentrated fleet of dreadnoughts. They are not properly manufacturing establishments—that is, they are not plants for building ships or the other materials necessary to a naval establishment. They serve two purposes. They are places to which a damaged ship should go to be repaired or cleaned, to have a hole in her side stopped up, or to have the hull cleaned of barnacles. They are places also to which the fleet resorts to get supplies—coal, oil, food, ammunition, and the like. A naval base that serves these purposes fulfills its proper function. Possibly, if national policy so directs, it may be used as a shipbuilding yard also; but this consideration is secondary; if the yard repairs and supplies our fighting fleet, it has played its part in naval efficiency. These considerations at once force home one fact of tremendous importance—that is, that the fewer naval bases we have the better. Concentration governs this as other details of naval strategy. Just imagine, for a moment, that our dreadnought fleet, in actual war time, is cruising Atlantic waters. It must keep itself together or it will be destroyed. It therefore needs bases, in which practically the whole fleet, if necessary, can find refuge for purposes of repair or supply. It must not scatter itself in half a dozen different yards, for, if it does, an energetic enemy will simply pick it off piecemeal.

The great naval nations, with the exception of the United States, recognize this prime consideration. England has a navy four times as strong as ours, yet she has only three first-class naval bases — Devonport, Portsmouth, and Rosyth. We have seven "first-class" yards. Had England followed our policy, she would have twenty-eight naval bases. Germany's navy is twice as strong as ours, but she has only two first-class naval bases, at Kjel and Wilhelmshaven. Had she followed our policy, she would possess fourteen bases.

Sell Inadequate Navy Yards

IT is unnecessary to argue these points. Instead I prefer to call as witnesses the greatest authorities in our own navy. We have a group of naval experts whom Secretary Daniels, in his grandiose fashion, usually describes as our "naval statesmen." Three of these naval statesmen—Admiral Dewey, Rear Admiral Wainwright, and Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske—were members, in 1911, of the Joint Army and Navy Board. Under direction of Secretary Meyer this board investigated the navy-yard situation. Their report, indorsed by the General Board of the Navy (Mr. Daniels's "naval statesmen"), outlines comprehensively a navy-yard policy. Keeping in mind this idea of concentration, the board lays down five qualifications absolutely indispensable to a naval base:

It must be located at an important strategic point.

It must be accessible from the sea under all conditions.

It must have near by a protected anchorage sufficient for a fleet.

It must be safe from attack.

It should be placed near a commercial center with plentiful labor and supply facilities.

The board concluded that, on the eastern Atlantic Coast, where we already have five navy yards, we need only two great naval bases. It recommended that we sell and close those at Portsmouth, Boston, and New York, and use the very large sums that could be realized from the sale to establish a great station at Narragansett Bay. The board condemned Portsmouth because, although it has a good channel, it can be attacked from the open sea and because it has no fleet anchorage and no adequate labor supply. It ruled out Boston because of an inadequate fleet anchorage. New York similarly lacks a sufficient fleet anchorage, has no room to expand, because of the great demands of commerce, and has a most unsatisfactory channel. Narragansett Bay, the board reported, would furnish a far better naval base than these three places combined.

Millions Thrown Away

THE board ruled out Philadelphia as a naval base. It is too far from the sea, has no fleet anchorage, and has a most inadequate channel. Because of its fresh-water basin (which is useful in cleaning ships, as fresh water destroys barnacles) the board suggested that the Philadelphia yard be retained as a place to lay up the reserve fleet—ships, that is, of second- and third-rate fighting power, or those entirely superannuated. Charleston, the board found, might serve similarly as a place for torpedo boats. Norfolk, when the channel is deepened, should become the great base in Southern waters. It has anchorage for fifty dreadnoughts and plenty of room for smaller boats, is well protected by fortifications, and is well placed strategically. Mare Island, the board recommends, should be abandoned and another base established elsewhere in San Francisco Bay. Puget Sound should be developed as the great naval base in Northwest Coast and Alaskan waters. In the Gulf region we should at once abandon New Orleans, Pensacola, San Juan, and Culebra, worthless second-class stations, and develop a great naval base at Guantánamo.

That is, this joint board, representing the greatest authority in the American navy, recommends two great naval bases on the Atlantic, Narragansett Bay and Norfolk; one for the Gulf, at Guantánamo, and two on the Pacific, in Puget Sound and San Francisco Bay. We have spent about $100,000,000 in building up five first-class stations on the Atlantic only one of which (that at Norfolk) is suited to our needs. For the other two necessary stations the board selects waters—Narragansett and Guantánamo—which Congress has left practically undeveloped. The board finds that the $18,000,000 spent in building up a great naval station on the mud flats of Mare Island has been practically thrown away.

Wild performances of this kind have their explanation, and in this case we do not have to look far to find it. Appropriations of public money in the United States are made essentially by committees. Government in this country is government by committees. In naval expenditures the Navy Department each year makes its estimates to Congress, which, in turn, refers them to its Committee on Naval Affairs. In practice this committee has supreme control over naval expenditures. Occasionally, of course, Congress amends the Naval Appropriation Bill; as a rule, however, the statement made above holds true. The gentlemen who make up our naval committees, therefore, are the great American sea lords. Eugene Hale, for more than twenty years chairman of the Senate naval committee, was commonly known as "the owner of the navy."

The "Owners" of Our Navy

IN the days of sailing ships these places met all necessary requirements; even Mare Island, established in 1854, had water enough to receive the American navy of that period. But the modern navy, which we began to build about 1890, and which has received its greatest extensions since the Spanish War, entirely changed the situation. Congress, however, refused to recognize this fact. The truth was that its interest in naval needs was not primarily naval. In a hundred years or so these navy yards had become the cherished properties of the communities that possessed them. They grew to be integral parts of their social and industrial life and solidified into a "business interest." The yards employed large numbers of local workingmen; the supplies purchased for naval purposes as well as the money spent by the personnel constituted important facts in the business of local tradesmen.

The make-up of the senatorial committee during the past twenty years explains our present national plight. Practically all its members have come from seaboard States. Few States that have

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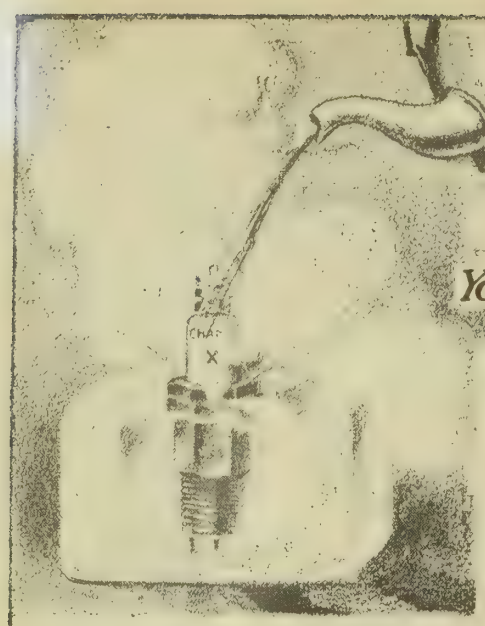
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a navy yard or navy station have been unrepresented. These statesmen, presumably sitting in the naval committee as representatives of the nation, really devote all their time to looking out for the interests of the navy yards within their own States. Their business is to see that, in naval appropriations, their sections are not "forgotten," while rival places are "remembered." Eugene Hale looked after the general interests of New England. Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire "steered" appropriations for Portsmouth. George C. Perkins of California always stood ready to see that Mare Island was getting "its share." Boies Penrose "took care of" Philadelphia, and Thomas C. Platt "looked after" New York. Samuel D. McEnery of Louisiana "got what was coming" to New Orleans, Thomas S. Martin protected Norfolk, and Benjamin R. Tillman saw, to use his own words, that Port Royal and Charleston annually got "their slice."

All these gentlemen were members of the Senate naval committee from 1900 to 1910, and two of them are still serving in that capacity. When the Democrats obtained control of the Senate, Mr. Tillman, as the senior member, became "the owner of the navy." Primarily these are the men responsible for our lack of naval bases—the men upon whom, in case of a great naval disaster, the blame would primarily rest. The catalogue of names discloses that they represent about the worst standards of one of the worst political eras in our history.

Pork Royal, S. C.

WE have constructed one of these yards—that at Charleston—in historic times; we can therefore study concretely the congressional mechanism at work. Charleston will show us more clearly than any other instance precisely how an American city gets a navy yard.

This story discloses that we did not build the Charleston yard for naval purposes; what we really did was to erect a monument to celebrate the reunion of North and South. In the years preceding 1901 Congress had spent $2,275,000 in a heroic but useless attempt to build up a naval base at Port Royal. Among other appropriations, this naval station obtained $450,000 for a dry dock which when finished proved to have no value. On March 1, 1899, Mr. Tillman, who had secured this public money, explained in open Senate the reasons back of his enthusiasm for Port. Royal. *"This bill,"* he said, discussing the Naval Bill for that year, *"is loaded down with expansion in every navy yard. I am trying to get a little for Port Royal because, if you are going to steal, I want my share.* . . . My object in all this matter is to endeavor to get a first-class navy yard, not a station, at some eligible point on the South Atlantic, and to have the South receive some recognition in naval affairs."

About 1901 the navy experts insisted that Port Royal should be abandoned. But Senator Tillman still demanded that the South should have its "recognition." Congress might tear down Port Royal, but it must build another station near by. "League Island now wants an appropriation," Tillman announced on this occasion, "and, as we have got back in the Union, we want our slice too." He made this statement at a hearing of the Naval Committee, at which certain influential people in Charleston, S. C., bombarded Congress for the establishment of a naval station at that town. Charleston had discussed the subject for many years. Such a yard would stimulate local business—be a "good thing for the city." Charleston had not consulted naval experts, of course; Charleston did not bother with such idle topics as national defense; the problem was purely financial and geographical.

In fourteen years we have spent nearly six million dollars on a dry-dock and other improvements, and now Admiral Dewey and his associates say that the whole thing is useless except for torpedo boats. But Charleston is not discouraged. Senator Tillman, old and broken in health, is still fighting for appropriations. Two years ago the Navy Department asked for only $30,000 for the Charleston yard, but Senator Tillman had this increased to $95,000, and Secretary Daniels wrote a personal letter asking for this increase. *"I have never failed,"* said Senator Penrose last February, *"to vote for the appropriations for Charleston Navy*



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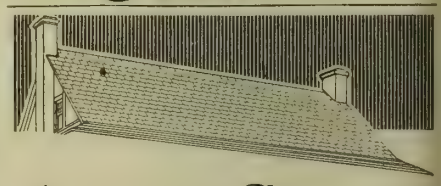
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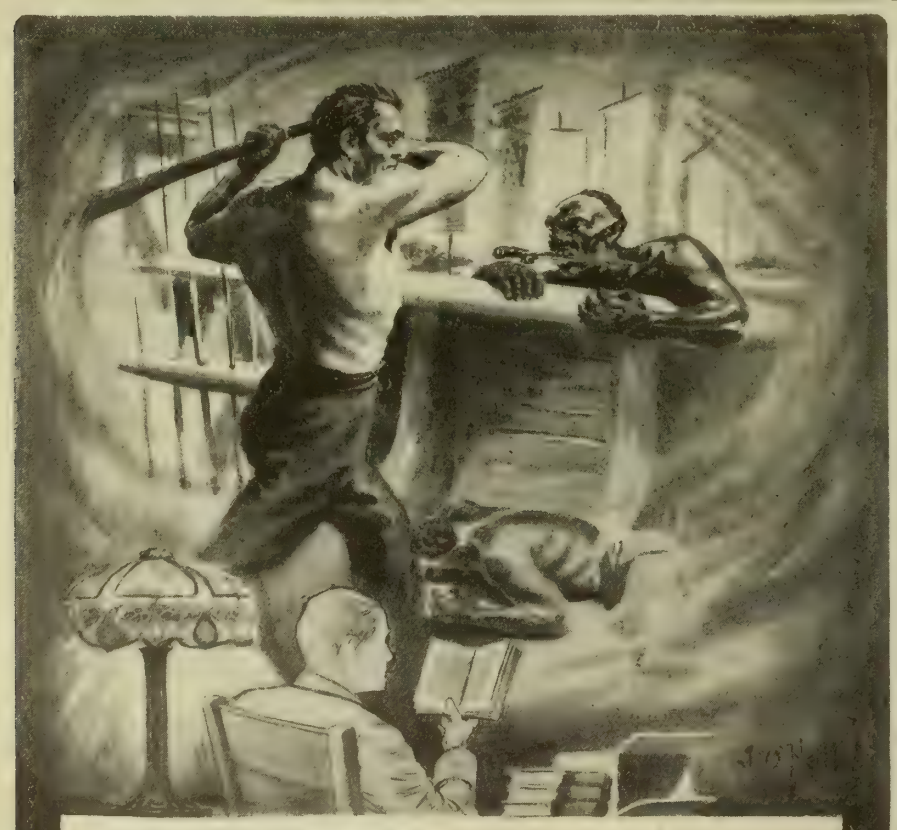
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Yard, knowing all the time that I could not get an adjournment of Congress until I did so." Whereat Senator Tillman replied: "I serve notice that I am going to have the Charleston Navy Yard made accessible to battleships at all times. I want Pensacola built up and I want Charleston built up. I don't want all the money we pay in taxes to go North. I want my share and no more. I am tired of seeing the South treated as though the war ended last year. It is forty-three years since the war ended."

The Kinkead Idea

CONGRESSMAN KINKEAD of New Jersey voiced the principle that governs our navy-yard policy when, at the last session, he introduced a modest bill providing that the New York yard should be moved bodily to the New Jersey coast. "The change," he said, "is of great importance to me and the people of my district." There you have the whole thing in a nutshell: first "me," then "my district"—the nation does not seem to be mentioned at all.

When Rear Admiral Goodrich recommended that the Portsmouth Navy Yard be abolished, Senator Gallinger rose in the Senate and denounced "this absurd recommendation."

"Be as considerate to the Philadelphia Navy Yard as possible," pleads J. Hampton Moore, a Philadelphia Congressman. At times the debate waxes acrimonious. Congressmen and Senators, not content with extolling their personal navy yards, take to abusing their neighbors' yards. Congressman Bryan of Seattle says unpleasant things about the mud flats of Mare Island, whereat Congressman Curry of Sacramento wants to know about the fogs on Puget Sound. Congressman Humphrey feels called upon to quiet such troubled waters. In getting appropriations for Puget Sound, he said, he had always received the support of the entire California delegation. Should the Washington delegation not reciprocate? Why not, indeed, since this is the time-honored logrolling method of legislating at Washington? *Mr. Moore of Philadelphia acknowledges and glories in the fact that he dips into the pork barrel. "If the gentleman from Connecticut,"* he replies to his accuser, *"was more active in getting pork for Connecticut, he would be more popular with his own constituents."*

"How long, O Lord," says Congressman Green of Iowa, "how long are we going to contribute money to the maintenance and upkeep of navy yards to which our large vessels and most of our smaller vessels cannot approach? It has long been a stench in the nostrils of the American people that for political reasons we establish and maintain naval stations in places like this. The time has come to stop it."

Unfortunately we can see no immediate prospect that we shall stop it, for the porkbarrelers have secured one recruit in an exalted quarter. Josephus Daniels, as Secretary of the Navy, has endured much criticism, a good deal of which has been misplaced. His serious sins are not that he has abolished rum or attempted to "democratize" the navy; the really distressing fact is that he regards the navy as a local, not a national, issue. Mr. Daniels's determination to build up huge shipbuilding plants at our navy yards illustrates this tendency. This policy does not contribute to the efficiency of the fleet, but it does add to the prosperity of the navy-yard sites.

Boston Butts In

THE Secretary's attitude toward the Boston Navy Yard well illustrates the way he hands out political patronage in the shape of warships. In 1914 Congress, in authorizing the construction of a supply ship, gave the Secretary virtual authority to have it built at a private or a Government yard. The Boston yard submitted an "estimate" which superficially implied that it could build the vessel $150,000 cheaper than a private builder. The navy experts did not trust this "estimate"; neither apparently did Secretary Daniels himself, for he hesitated two months before accepting it at its face value. Boston had never built a warship of this size; it had no slip in which to do it and no facilities. Indeed, the Government, before work could begin, would have to spend $148,000 installing equipment—an item that considerably reduced the "estimate." Congressman Murray and Congressman Roberts, both from Boston, gave up the larger part of their time to securing this plum for their district. The Massachusetts Senators and Congressmen descended upon Mr. Daniels, insisting, according to the report of the conference printed in the Boston "Advertiser," on "the bad political effect of awarding the contract elsewhere than to Boston." Current criticism was to the effect that "now that the South was in the saddle the South was being given the major share of everything." Mayor Curley of Boston and Governor Walsh of Massachusetts rushed to Washington in the interest of their contract. This pressure succeeded; as a result, the Government is spending $148,000 to equip for building ships a yard that naval experts say should be given up.

When we turn to our army posts, we find precisely the same situation. Under the most favorable circumstances our mobile army of 30,000 men could afford us little protection; and Congress has made it all but helpless by distributing it in forty-nine posts scattered all over the United States. Like our superfluous navy yards, these army posts represent the past. Just as the present navy yards were located in accordance with the requirements of a sailing fleet, so the army posts were established to serve an existing need. For the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century the American standing army protected the frontiers against Indian raids. As the Indians were pushed farther and farther west, it became necessary to establish army headquarters in the more distant sections. Hence we developed a string of them, reaching from Governors Island in New York to the Presidio in San Francisco. These posts were really little towns; the Government built barracks and officers' houses, laid out streets, installed water and sewerage systems, electric lighting and other improvements. But the time came when these places served no military purpose. The Indians disappeared or ceased to menace white people.

Within the Law, But—

AS the naval committee of the Senate is made up of representatives of the States that have navy yards, so the military committee is densely populated with lawmakers from the States with big army posts. As Senator Hale was for years "the owner of the navy," so Senator Warren of Wyoming was, under the long Republican régime, "the owner of the army." A glance at army-post statistics shows the result. In 1867 Congress established the post at Fort D. A. Russell, Wyo. The purpose, a perfectly legitimate one, was to protect the building of the Union Pacific Railroad.

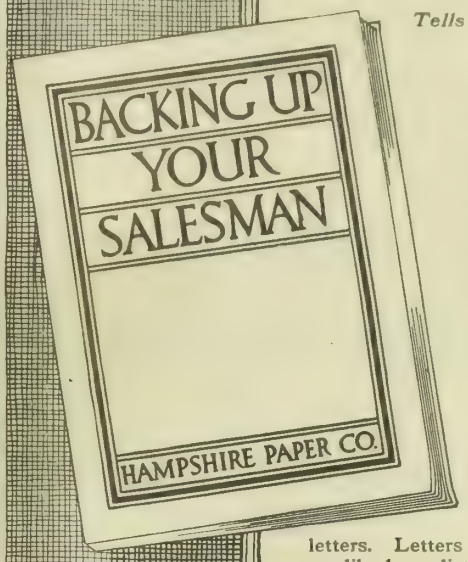
The Arapahoe Indians used to destroy the roadbed and periodically massacre workmen. It is a good many years, however, since the Union Pacific has been disturbed this way.

Major General Leonard Wood has reported that Fort D. A. Russell is not well located strategically and has officially recommended that it be abandoned. Yet in ten years, from 1901 to 1911, Senator Warren secured nearly $5,000,000 for this post. Congress has spent more money on this than on any other army post, although it is one of the least useful. In addition Senator Warren and Congressman Mondell have obtained $1,120,000 in the same period for Fort Mackenzie, another Wyoming army headquarters which, in the opinion of General Wood, should be given up. Wasteful as these methods are, the money loss is not the most serious aspect. The scattering of the army enormously reduces its efficiency in that it prevents quick mobilization and so greatly endangers national safety. Military dangers threaten the nation not in the interior, but on the coasts, and to get together these scattered troops in time to meet an invasion might be all but impossible. But considerations like this do not influence statesmen of the caliber of Warren and Mondell. Congressman Mondell explained his attitude in the course of a debate on army posts three years ago: "I would prefer to take the judgment of a committee of the House on this subject," he said, "rather than the judgment of the generals of the army, who view these matters entirely from a military standpoint, while we regard it from the broader standpoint of the citizens of a free country."

That is the philosophy of porkbarrelism, the practice that has so terribly weakened both the army and the navy. Some day the reckoning will come.

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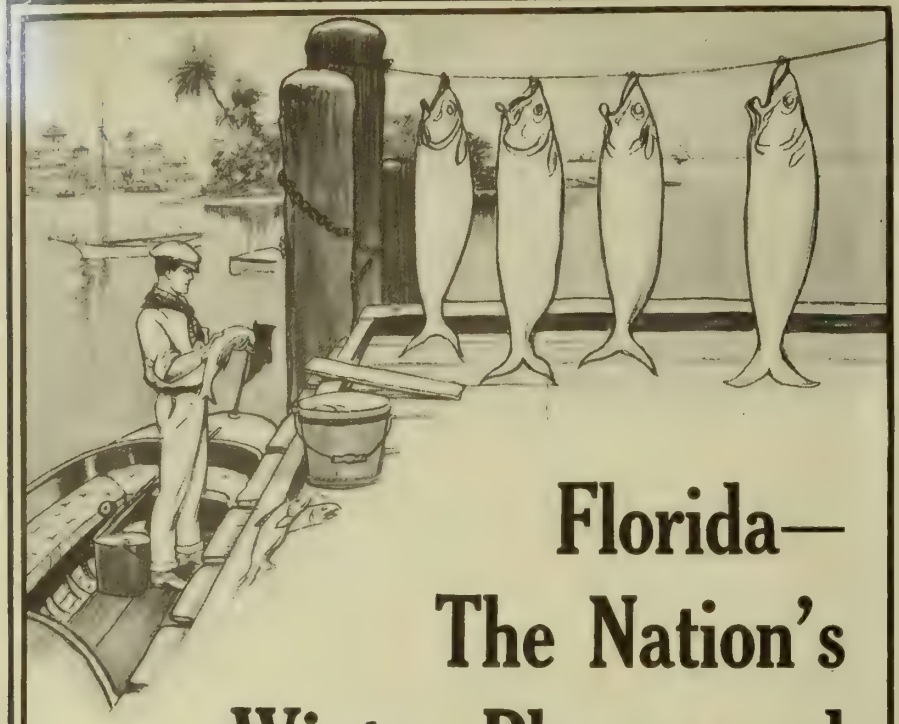
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Bulgaria at War

Continued from page 6

"No, no, no!" he repeated. "We are not Turks!"

The same question had come up while I was in Budapest in open letters exchanged between the editors of the London "Morning Post" and the Budapest "Pester Lloyd." The former, who knew Hungary well and liked Hungarians, had expressed his sympathy for them, the one nation, as he expressed it, that would be worse off if she won than if she lost, because if the Central Powers won, Hungary would become merely "the dog trotting after the German butcher wagon." The editor of the "Pester Lloyd" answered that while he did not think the figure altogether happy, yet, accepting it in the spirit it was offered, he would say that Hungarians would prefer to be a live dog running after the German butcher wagon to being a dead and dismembered deer lying in the butcher cart of the Russians.

We spoke of the peremptory character of the Russian ultimatum and heard how, the Russian Minister being ill, it had been presented by the secretary of the legation, who sat stony-faced, without saying a word. The Premier had read it through with amazement—"as if Bulgaria were a Russian province!"—and had asked the secretary if he were acquainted with the character of the note, and said that it seemed most strange and unfortunate. The secretary, under instructions apparently, said not a word. The Premier asked after his Excellency the Russian Minister's health, the secretary answered politely; and so Russia broke with her one-time ward.

The Russian accusation that Bulgaria had had German officers in her army was, the Premier said, false. There were no officers except the regular military attachés, nor would Bulgarian army officers have tolerated them.

"When Macedonia is occupied, will Bulgaria stop offensive operations?"

"Presumably so," said the Premier. "Should we be attacked we must defend ourselves; we must await developments."

"But the agreement with the Central Powers does not bind Bulgaria to any expeditions abroad?"

"No!" said Dr. Radoslavoff emphatically. "Egypt"—again he waved a finger in front of his face. "No, no, no!"

The other representatives of the Entente, to whom the character of the Russian ultimatum seemed to come as a surprise, followed its lead with varying degrees of emphasis, the English Minister contenting himself with a verbal message. The last of the Entente camp to leave Sofia, and the one who, perhaps, felt the turn events had taken most keenly, was Mr. Bourchier, once a master at Eton, Balkan correspondent for the London "Times" since the memory of man, and such a friend of Bulgaria that he had even had his picture taken for a frontispiece, in peasant costume, in tight white homespun embroidered breeches and a sheepskin coat, with the wool turned in. The "Times's" correspondent went away almost in tears, for it was inconceivable, he said, that England should not win in the end and this step meant the end of the Bulgaria he had known. There was no need to be told that something tremendous had happened when old Bourchier's card came down from the rack in the Hotel de Bulgarie.

Dedeagach Under Fire

I WAS still setting down these notes when the news came that the English and French were bombarding Dedeagach, Bulgaria's port on the Ægean, and now we have just returned from that more or less smashed and, at the moment, entirely deserted town.

Coming down from the incessant rain and wintry gloom of the highlands, we emerged once more into sunny autumn weather, and at last, after two days' fretful and more or less famished progress, along a route which takes some twelve or fourteen hours in peace times, to the blue Ægean. There, in the sun and sea, lay cloud-capped Samothrace, a fair, untroubled pagan spirit in this wrangling modern world. Beyond was Imbros, and beyond that, just over the horizon's edge, if not actually seen on it, Gallipoli and the Dardanelles. And there, too, lay Dedeagach, still smoking, and, close inshore, a small cruiser or armed transport—the *Hazel*, somebody said—scowling at us.

The men working our hand car said that the ships fired on everyone who showed himself and refused to go further, and we had to tramp a mile or so down the track, across entirely flat and unprotected country, while the *Hazel*—if that was her name—steamed slowly along with us, about a mile away. Nothing happened, and we walked on into the town, entirely deserted now except by a commandant and garrison and two or three civilians permitted to stay behind to bake bread.

It had been a rather polite and businesslike bombardment as bombardments go. Not more than a quarter of the town was smashed, the big church, an easy range-finder, was not touched, and special emphasis seemed to have been put on the barracks, railroad station, grain storehouses, and places of some military significance. The Bulgars are not used to being shot at by their much-looked-up-to friends, the English, however, and a roar is now going up over the bombarding of "unfortified" towns, just as it did in Constantinople when the English bombarded the drowsy little town of Gallipoli, just as it did in England when the Germans bombarded some of the coast towns—just as all people seem to forget what war is, and roar, except when they themselves are doing the bombarding.

Coffee, Camels, and Seaplanes

NO civilians were allowed to enter the town; indeed, it was not supposed that any could get in without drawing fire from the sea, and we were promptly haled before the commandant as suspicious characters. A little telephoning established us, Turkish coffee was promptly served, and the amenities continued in a medley of tongues that recalled, in a way, the various stages of Bulgaria's modern history. The commandant, dressed in the German fashion in a long gray-blue coat with red facings, spoke German; one of his staff conversed in Russian with the Hungarian member of our party; another stuck to the French, which educated Bulgarians know as a matter of course; and a third, a marine officer who looked like a Russian grand duke and had been to New York twice as first and second officer of a British cargo ship, talked some English and a bit of all the rest. He showed us the sights—hungry cats, smashed houses, piles of corn still flagrantly blazing—and said that the bombardment had begun at one o'clock, lasted all afternoon, and that at times as many as ten or a dozen shells came in a minute. No attempt had been made to land, and of the fifteen or more ships which had done the bombarding only two sentry ships now hung offshore, sending over a shell or two from time to time when somebody showed himself.

Resuming the hand car, we started back for the main line, through the hills this time, and country quite like that about Constantinople and the Dardanelles. All of this country was Turkish, of course, until a few years ago; minarets still lift their white fingers here and there, and the part through which we had come from Adrianople—ancient Demotika and the rest—is Bulgarian only since the transfer of a few weeks ago.

There were the same bare brown hills, with their thorny scrub, and goats and sheep, the flats spotted with low-spreading live oaks, and in these hills, and intrenching themselves on the flats, soldiers who might almost have just crossed over from Gallipoli—in one place we even passed a camel baggage train. An English hydroaeroplane flew up out of the sea as we waited here, dropped a bomb somewhere over behind these hills—one could hear its far-off detonation—and after circling round against the sun a few times came on straight overhead. It was painfully like well-remembered Akbash. The Bulgars cut loose with their rifles; the conscripts—very different from the highland Bulgars in turbans, fezzes, and clothes as varicolored as Oriental rugs—scattered into the brush, and the present narrator, crouched by this time in a dry water course halfway up the hill, peered through the leaves at the little buzzing hawk and waited for the devilish whistle of the descending bomb. Again nothing happened. The birdman merely looked us over, then flew back to sea again—to give his news to the ships and, doubtless, to return for longer and more intimate visits in the uncertain days yet to come.

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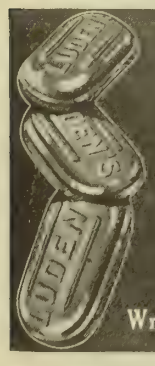
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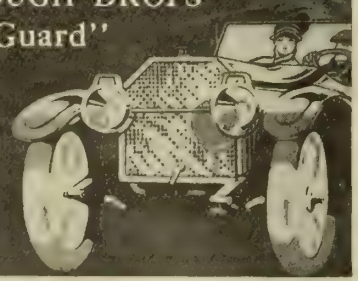
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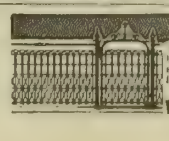
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Colors

Continued from page 9

but he reached back and forced her gripped hands from about his waist. He set her hands to her side—paused a moment, lifted and kissed the wrists where he had bruised them, and was gone. She leaned over the roof in time to see him bound out from the hotel to the open plaza. She saw him look around a moment; saw a squad of men in pajama suits and sandals wave him back.

She saw him leap to a marble pedestal on which stood a vase of flowers, hurl the vase to the ground and begin to wigwag his arms. She could hear plainly then the march of the American column, and above the rhythmic fall of their hard-shod feet and the roll of gun-carriage wheels lusty men singing.

She saw the squad of men in pajamas raise their rifles and fire, and Garrie cease to wigwag. One arm dropped; he looked down swiftly at it, and resumed wigwagging with the other.

And then she saw the brown men in pajama suits step out, and after careful aim volley him. She saw him raise his chin, twist a little to one side, twist back again, sag at the knees and tumble slowly sidewise. One arm was wigwagging even as he fell.

"My sailor boy—oh, my sailor boy!" cried Carmen—"and I thought I was going to have you for my own!"

UP from the water front marched the landing party of the American fleet; and from sidewalks, barred windows, latticed balconies, and illuminated cantinas the residents viewed them with curiosity, fear, contempt, respect.

And all these the marching columns saluted impartially; for they had nothing against the residents, and it was a fine night for a march, with a stretch of good ashpalt under their feet and at their backs a cooling little breeze from the Gulf.

At the head of the column marched the battalion from Garrie's ship, and at the head of that battalion marched Killorin. Memories of Cuba, the Philippines, China, Haiti, San Domingo, and half a dozen Central American countries were moving Killorin; but after threescore battles and skirmishes the thought of one more little scrap is not overwhelming—Killorin was thinking of Garrie, and, thinking, became melancholy; and, fearing it, took to song. "I will raise my voice up to this tropic night," said he to his nearest mates, and with no further preamble began:

"I can hear the East acallin',"
Says a guy somewhere abawlin'—
Of a sunrise up-sea haulin'
An' a road beside a bay.
Let him have his East acallin'
With his beggars caterwaulin'
An' their lousy rags acrawlin'—
Give me good old U. S. A.!

And then he stopped for reflection. "Scurrilous lines," he declared presently. "I will speak of scenes more pleasing." And so:

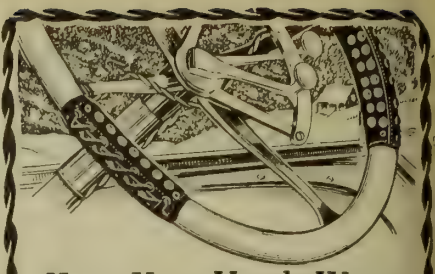
I can hear Manhattan callin'—
In my ears I hear the fallin'
Of a million flappin' footsteps
Floppin' down the subway stairs.
An' the newsboys yellin' piper!
An' the baseball season riper
An' the Giants an' the Phillies—
An' the Phillies gettin' theirs!

So Killorin—rifle, canteen, haversack and pack on back, and striding like a tall hero before his mates:

An' the fairies wi' their feathers,
An' the chappies wi' their leathers,
An' the coppers on the crossin's
Steerin' autos out the park—
An' the bush-tailed squirrels feedin',
An' the fat blue pigeons reedin',
An' the nurse girls wi' their babies
Hurryin' home afore it's dark!

"Oh, you nurse girls!" hailed the white-costumed youth, and he raised beseeching eyes to screened verandas; but nothing came from there to enchant them. However, the air of the song was a friendly one. They could at least scuff their feet to its rocking lilt:

Turn me loose among the benches
Where the bucks an' yeller wenches,
Where the hoboes an' the kiddoes
Like to take the mornin' sun!
Let me hear the trolleys clangin',
The Salvation bands abangin'—
Lead me to the lights o' Broadway
An' you'll see one son-of-a-gun!



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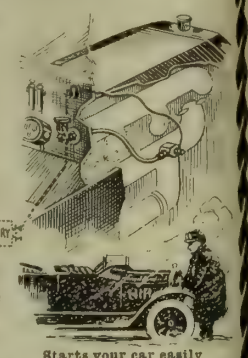
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"You betcher, Kill!"—

Lead me to the lights o' Broadway
An' you'll see one son-of-a-gun!

roared the battalion lustily. They liked that Broadway idea; and rolled it out again and again, and were for having more of the same; but Killorin had suddenly gone silent. "Halt!" came the bugler's call; almost with the order and the action came the echo of rifle shots from the plaza ahead of them.

And then came a volley of rifle shots, and almost with it the order: "Column right!" And they columned right. Behind them they could hear "Column left!" Down and up side streets they marched, and presently understood why: before them was an inert column of men in pajama suits, and beyond was the closing-in column of their own fellows who had columned left.

"There will be no fight," said the young Navy, knowing what was what. And presently their topside officer conferred with the revolutionary topside officer, and the sapient youth were right.

"Mr. Trench"—Killorin was saluting his battalion commander—"that boy who wigwagged was the man missing at roll call before we shoved off. He's a boy I'm sort of keeping an eye out for. I'd like you to let me go and stand by him."

"So that's who he is? All right, go ahead. I'll hurry the surgeon along in case he is still alive."

Killorin raced, and found him.

"God love you, Garrie boy, but what have they done to you?" He set an arm under the boy's neck.

"I don't know, Kill," he grinned, but with a twist to the grin. "But they sure lobbed a few my way. I can feel 'em here and there like plums in me."

The ship's surgeon arrived then. "Good Lord—that boy not dead!" And after a closer look at him: "Why, this leg's broke! Something for a splint—quick!"

On the plaza sidewalks was a fruit stand where Killorin spied a stout-staved barrel, which, as the man explained, held noble Spanish grapes. "They're no harm, the grapes," said Killorin, and turned the barrel upside down on the sidewalk. The staves were too long. He broke them across his knee.

The leg was soon in splints. "There," said the surgeon, and stood up to cock his head to one side and admire his handiwork.

"If that leg's broke, this other must be too—they feel about alike," said Garrie.

The surgeon had a look. "Why, man, so it is!" and with further staves of the grape barrel he set that leg also.

"And now, doctor," said Garrie, "if you'll take a peek up there at my right shoulder—they plunked me one there too, I think."

They had; and while the surgeon was probing for it, Garrie reached out his hand. "The cold drops are breaking out all over me—hold me, Kill!" And almost with that he fainted.

"He will be all right," said the surgeon. "But you stay guard over him. I'll send cot bearers for him, and see that he's sent home on the hospital ship to-morrow."

THE orders were to keep all civilians out of the plaza; but Carmen Whiffle, stepping up to the officer of the guard, said: "I would like to speak to that wounded man over there. I am an American, too."

She expected the gallant young officer to say: "American? Why, surely," and pass her in. And he did. They all did. They were all alike when you played them right.

She stepped over to where Killorin, with his back against the pedestal, had taken Garrie's head in his lap. She leaned on one knee beside Garrie. "I was watching from the hotel," she said. "He will be all right, won't he?"

"His kind at his age- you can't kill 'em. He will be high diving in a month again. With your permission, ma'am," and, drawing papers and tobacco from his pocket, Killorin rolled a cigarette.

"You must be Mr. Killorin?"

"Killorin—gunner's mate, first class —yes, ma'am."

"He thinks a lot of you?"

"He should." He smiled across at her. "'Twas me taught him to roll cigarettes with one hand."

"He saved my life at Los Cocos this morning."

"So he was telling me you told him."

"Indeed! And what else did he say of me?"

"Nothing but what was good of you, though I've an idea he was wondering



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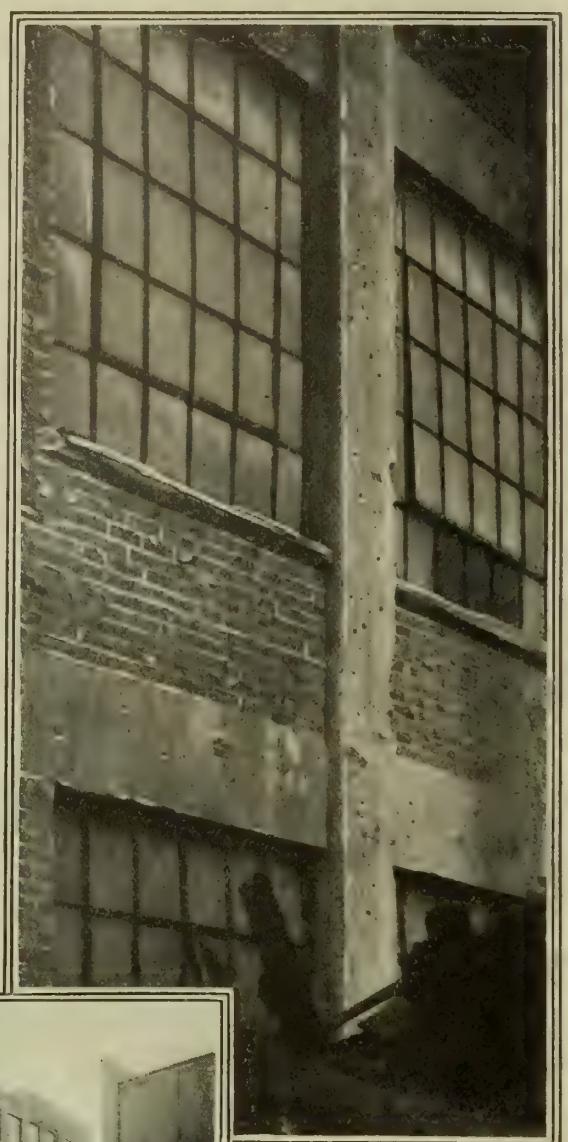
warded off the flames, although they were so hot they scaled the brick and concrete as shown in the photograph.

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all the while how a woman floated so easy could almost drown so easy."

She eyed him sharply. "To night he risked his life to come ashore to see me."

Killorin nodded.

"And so he must like me. Would he have made that desperate swim to-night if he didn't like me? And if he liked me so soon, why—I know from the way he spoke of you that you have great influence with him. I'm rich and he's poor, Mr. Killorin. My name is Carmen Whiffle."

"I know."

"You know? You say it as if you know much more of me. What is it? Say it."

Killorin waited to wet and put a crimp in the end of his cigarette. "I knew you when your first name was Hannah and you were a Diving Venus in a variety show."

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, you were the only Diving Venus that I ever saw who lived up to her photos in the Sunday supplements. And you met old Bannon, the oil man, one day—after you'd met a few others in between—and married him the next week and was divorced within the same year with half a million."

HE was only an enlisted man—a rugged-looking figure with gray hair crowding the black hair of his temples; but she recalled the boy's praise of him and spoke more heedfully.

"You couldn't have told him these things before he left the ship to see me? If you had, he mightn't have come. And now you're turning on me. Why?"

"Wrapping him in cotton wool won't make a man of him. And some things he must learn of himself."

"Then you're not against me?"

"To save him from you I didn't have to be. At ten o'clock he was to meet you, and by ten o'clock Morales was to be at the gates of the city and our fellows on their way to the landing pier."

"I don't understand."

"No? Well, a man who was on the way to be a man's poet till he took to making himself a drawing-room darling in an alien land wrote a good verse once. Maybe you've heard it:

The minstrel boy to the wars has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him—
His father's sword he has girded on
And his wild harp slung behind him—

"And 'tis a minstrel boy we have here between us, though the poor lad himself doesn't know it yet. And there was never yet a true minstrel boy who wasn't a warrior first, never one that in his youth wouldn't rather be leading a hundred charging men into battle than composing songs for all the nations for all the ages to come. And when he heard the call to colors, Miss Whiffle, I knew that you or any other woman that ever lived"—Killorin swept his free arm contemptuously through space—"might as well be a marble image—till his fighting was attended to."

"See here. I'm rich and he's poor. Suppose I marry him?"

"He'd only need that to finish him, but you'd never hold him."

"Why not?"

"'Why not?' says you, and the outraged pride of the great man-killer in every line of you now. 'Twould have done you good to know him longer. Only the woman who has borne children, or is willing to bear them, will ever hold Garrie's kind. And that's not you."

"You can put things more brutally than any man I ever met. What are you saving him for?"

"God help me!" smiled Killorin. "Poor me, a gunner's mate at thirty-five, talk of saving anybody for anything. And yet at his age I, too, never saw the sun fall or rise beyond the sea that it wasn't all of gold or all of silver, and never a far-away hill that wasn't like the coat of Joseph for bright colors; and few women but what wore golden crowns and few men but what had it in them to be heroes. A big, strong man of a boy I was, and yet the big body of me would stagger like I was drunk walking the deck with the force of the great fancies in me. But never a guiding soul beside me! And so my fill o' drink and women, and to prove the power of my fists in the four quarters of the world—that was me. And Garrie may be no better, for no plan of law of mortal man's is ever to be eternal; but, please God, I'll guide you, Garrie boy, till the day will come when it won't be the call to colors alone will hold you to your course. And then 'twill be only your own self can ruin yourself. With your permission, ma'am"—he lit and consumed his cigarette.

She stood. "You're too strong for me. But I cried—do you know that—and I can't remember when I cried before—I must have been a little girl. Will you tell him that when he comes to—you ought to if you're honest—how I cried like a child when I saw him fall?"

"I'll tell him. And one day he'll write a poem of the beautiful, wonderful girl he knew; and that will be you. And somewhere a million other girls will read it and pray to be like that girl—that never was."

"And you won't tell him of my—of what you know of me?"

"'Tis the illusions of the young that make heroes and empires. Why should I tell him?"

THE men with the cot came and shifted Garrie on to it; and in the bustle of shifting recalled him to consciousness. He felt the little breeze from the Gulf; and on the puff of it came the striking of bells. He counted them—one-two, one-two, one-two, one-two.

"Eight bells — twelve o'clock — midnight. And, Lord, but I'm glad!—another day coming, Kill."

"Yes, boy, another day coming. And—Lord, but I'm glad—another one gone!"

Held to Answer

Continued from page 13

Marien, with dramatic directness, and humming the while a teasing little tune, followed Julie through the portières, but in passing swung the curtains wide as an invitation to her caller's eyes to pursue her to where she stopped before a chiffonier which was turned obliquely across the corner of the large inner room.

Marien's shoulder was toward John, but the mirror seen beyond framed her face exquisitely, with its hood of flowing hair and the expansive whiteness of her bosom to the corsage, while the long, dark lashes painted a feathery shadow upon her cheeks as the eyes were bent downward to something before her on the chiffonier. For a moment she stood motionless, as if charmed by the sight on which their glance rested. Then, using both hands, she lifted the object and instantly the mirror flashed to the watching man the picture of a swaying rope of diamonds. They seemed to him an aurora borealis of jewels sparkling more brilliantly than the light of Marien's eyes, as she, for an instant, held them before her face, and then, with a graceful movement which magnified the beauty of her rounded arms and the smoothly chiseled column of her throat, threw back the close-lying strands of hair to fasten the chain behind her neck.

For another second the mirror showed her patting her bosom complacently with white fingers, as if loving the diamonds into the form of a perfect crescent, which, presently attained, she surveyed with evident satisfaction, and turning advanced toward her guest with hands at first uplifted and then clasped before her in an ecstasy of delight, while she laughed musically, like a child intoxicated by the joy of some long-anticipated pleasure.

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"Wonderful!" he exclaimed, leaping up to meet her as she advanced. "Splendid! Magnificent!"

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Satisfied beyond measure with the effect of her diversion, the calculating woman drew close with a complete return of all her old assurance and stood like a radiant statue, a happy flush heightening on her cheeks, while the minister, entirely unabashed, feasted his eyes on the beauty of the jewels and the snowy softness of their setting.

For a moment the actress was supremely confident. Breathing softly, her dark eyes swimming like pools of liquid light, into which her long lashes cast a fringe of foliate shadows, she contemplated John Hampstead—tall, strong, clean, healthful-looking, his high-roached yellow hair, his high-arched viking brows, the look of kindliness and the cast of nobility in which the years had molded his features—

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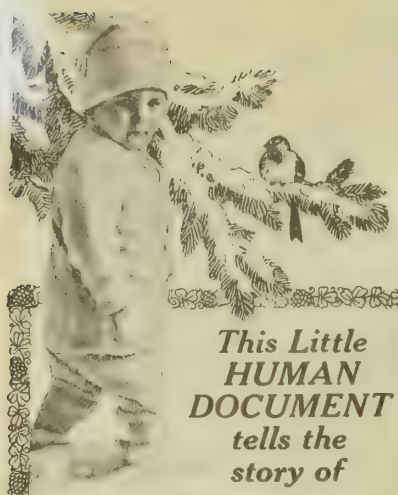
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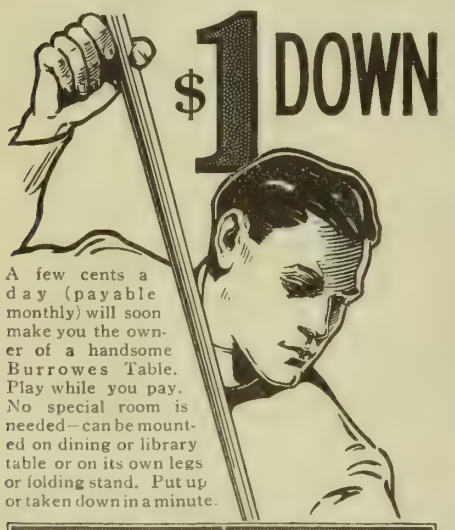
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until it seemed to her that she must spring up and drag him down to her lair of cushions like a prize.

But she made no impulsive move. Instead she breathed softly: "Dr. Hampstead, will you touch that button, please?"

John complied courteously but mechanically, as if charmed. The more brilliant lights in the room were instantly extinguished. What remained flowed from the shrouding red silk of the table lamp so softly that, while all objects in the room remained clearly distinguishable even to their detail, there was not a garish beam anywhere.

It was a fitting atmosphere for confession, and even the diamonds in this smothered light seemed suddenly to grow communicative, to multiply their luster, and to break more readily into the prismatic elements of color.

"More and more beautiful," Hampstead murmured, passing a hand across his brow.

"Sit down," Marien breathed softly, motioning toward the Roman chair.

Hampstead was surprised to find how near the divan the inanimate chair appeared to have removed itself. Had he pushed it absently with his leg, as he made place for her, or had she, or had the thing itself—insensate wood and leather and plush—felt, too, the irresistible thrall of this magnetic, beauty-dowered creature who snuggled like a living lure amid these silken panniers?

"I do not know diamonds very well," the minister confessed, sinking down into the chair.

"Look at them," Marien said, with a delightful note of intimacy in her voice, at the same time lowering her chin close in order to survey the jewels as they lay upon her breast.

"And what is the amber stone?" he asked innocently.

"Amber!" Marien laughed. "It is a canary diamond, the finest stone of all. It alone cost four thousand dollars."

"Four thousand dollars!" The minister drew in his breath slowly. "It had not occurred to me that there were such jewels outside of royal crowns and detective stories," he stammered. "Four thousand dollars! What did the whole necklace cost?"

"Twenty-two," the actress answered almost boastfully, again bending to survey the blazing inverted arch of jewels.

"Thousand?" The minister's inflection expressed his incredulousness.

"Thousand," Marien iterated with a complacent drop of the voice, and then, while the fingers of one hand toyed with the pendant, went on with: "I have a perfect passion for diamonds! That canary stone has temperament, life almost. Perhaps it is a whim of mine, but it seems to me that it reflects my moods. When I am downcast it is dull and lusterless; when I am happy it flashes brilliantly like a blazing sun.

"It is influenced by those whom I am with. It never burned so brilliantly as now. Your presence has an effect upon it. Cup your fingers and hold it for a moment, and see, after an interval, if its luster does not change."

Astonished at the feeling of easy intimacy which had been established between them so completely, so that he saw no reason at all why he should refuse, Hampstead did as he was bidden, although to hold the brilliant stone it was necessary for the heads of the two to be drawn very close, so that the tawny, wavy, loose-lying locks of the minister and the dark, glistening mass of the woman's hair were all but intertwined, while the four eyes converged upon the diamond and the two bodies were breathless and poised with watching.

Presently the man felt his vision swimming. He saw no single jewel but a myriad of lights. He ceased to feel the gem in his hollowed fingers and was conscious instead of a soft, magnetic glow upon the underside of his hand.

IN the same instant he became aware that Marien's eyes no longer watched the stone but were bent upon his face, and he felt a breath upon his cheek as her lips parted and she murmured softly: "John."

This word and touch together gave instant warning to the Rev. Dr. Hampstead of the spell under which he was passing, a spell mixed in equal parts from the responsiveness of his own nature to all beauty of form, animate or inanimate, and from the subtle sympathy which the rich, seductive personality of Marien Dounay had swiftly conjured. The shock of this discovery was entirely sufficient to break the potency of the charm.

"It did seem to change, I thought," the minister said casually, at the same time slipping his hand gently from beneath the jewel.

By the slightly altered tone in his speech and the easy resumption of his pose in the chair, Marien perceived that the minister and his purpose were again uppermost in her caller.

As for John, slightly irritated with himself, and yet feeling it still the part of tact to show no irritation with Marien, he guided the situation safely past its moment of restraint.

"You said there was something you wished to tell me," he reminded her gently; then added gravely: "That is why I came to-night. I was to be your father confessor."

The considerateness of Hampstead's tone and manner was as impressive as it was compelling. Marien's face became instantly sober and she fidgeted for a time in silence as if it were increasingly difficult to broach the subject, but finally she labored out:

"You misunderstood me horribly once—horribly!"

With this much communicated, she stopped as abruptly as she had begun, while a frightened look invaded her liquid eyes.

"Misunderstood you," Hampstead iterated gently, but with firmness; "I understood you so well that except through an impersonal desire to be helpful I should never have come here."

THE very dignity and measured self-restraint of the minister's utterance robbed the woman of her usual admirable self-mastery. She cowered with timid face amid her pillows as her mind leaped back to that night in the restaurant with Litschi, and the terrible lengths to which she had gone to shock this same big, dynamic, ardent Hampstead from his pursuit of her.

"I had the purpose," she admitted haltingly; "I confess it. Is it not pitiful?" and the lily hand which had felt its way so pleadingly across the embroidered cushions opened and closed its fingers on nothing, with a movement that was convulsive and appealing beyond words.

"Pitiful," the minister groaned, "my God, it is tragic!"

"Yes," she went on presently in a calmer voice that was more resigned and sadly reminiscent: "I purposed it."

And there she stopped. Her tone was as dry as ashes.

"You confess only to the purpose?" John demanded accusingly.

The glance of the woman fell before his blazing eye. She had meant to answer boldly, triumphantly, but the sudden fear that she might not be believed made her a coward and forced the realization that she must not attempt to deceive this man in anything.

"Sometimes one says more than one is able to perform," she whispered weakly. "Sometimes a woman names a price and does not know what the price means, and when the time of settlement comes will not pay it—cannot pay it—because there is something in her deeper, more overruling, than her own conscious will, something that refuses to be betrayed!" The last words were spoken with desperate emphasis.

JOHN sat watching the woman critically with an all but unfriendly eye while she struggled over this utterance, yet the very manner of it compelled him to believe in her absolute sincerity at the moment. Her revelation was truthful, no doubt, but just what was she revealing? The substance was so contrary to his presumption that his comprehension was slow.

"You mean—" he began doubtfully.

Marien took instant courage in his doubt; he was almost convinced.

"I mean," she exclaimed, leaping up with an expansive gesture of her arms, while the jewels, like her eyes, blazed with the intensity of her emotion: "*I mean that I never paid the price!*" Her voice broke into a wild crescendo of laughter that was half delirious in its mingled triumph and joy. Hampstead himself arose involuntarily and stood with a look first of amazement and then almost of anger as he suddenly seized her wrists, holding them close in his powerful grasp, while he demanded in tones hoarse with a pleading that was in contrast to his manner:

"Marien, are you telling the truth?"

The woman faced his searching gaze doubtfully for an instant; then, seeing that the man was actually anxious to believe her, she swayed toward him, weakened by relief and joy, as she cried impulsively:

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The fierceness of the minister's grip

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upon her wrists instantly relaxed, and he lowered her gently to the cushions, where she sat overcome by her emotions while he stood gazing at her as on one brought back from the dead, expressions of wonder and thanksgiving mingled upon his face.

But presently a reminiscent look came into Marien's eyes and she began to speak rapidly as if eager to confirm her vindication by the summary of her experiences.

"It was hard, very hard," she began. "It commenced in that first careless, ignorant year I told you about. I was fighting it all the time; fighting it when you were with me. That was really why I broke out of Mowrey's company. Men—such beasts of men—proffered their help continually, but not upon terms that I could accept. It seemed, eventually, that I must surrender. I taught myself to think that some day, perhaps, when I stood at last upon the very threshold—" She paused and looked over her shoulder at some unseen terror. "But the time never came. I burst through the barriers ahead of my pursuing fears."

THE actress ceased to speak and sat breathing quickly as if from the effects of an exhausting chase.

Hampstead turned and walked to the window, where, throwing up the sash, he stood filling his lungs deeply with delicious, refreshing drafts of the outside air. Coming back, he halted before her to say in tones of earnest conviction:

"Marien"—he had called her Marien!—"I feel as if the burden of years had been removed. Few things have ever lain upon my heart with a more oppressive sense of the awful than this vision of you, so beautiful and so possessed of genius, consecrating yourself with such noble devotion to a lofty artistic aim, and yet prepared to—to—" His words faded to a horrified whisper, and, finding himself unable to conclude the sentence, he reached down and took her hand in both of his, shaking it emotionally while he was able presently to say reverently and with unction:

"God has preserved you, Marien. You owe Him everything."

"It was you who preserved me," she amended, with jealous emphasis and that look again of hungry devotion which he had seen first in the church. "It is you to whom I owe everything."

"I preserved you?" Hampstead asked, now completely mystified, as he remembered with what scornful words and looks she had whipped him from her presence. "I do not understand. We pass from mystery to mystery. Is it that which you said you must tell me?"

"No. I have told you what I wanted to tell you."

The woman was again entirely at her ease, shrugging her beautiful shoulders and yawning lazily—a carefully staged and catlike yawn, in which she appeared for an instant to show sharp teeth and claws and then as suddenly to bury them in velvet. The minister stood gazing at her doubtfully.

(To be continued next week)

The Clutch of Circumstance

Continued from page 11

to encourage the girl, and she had been out to get some beer and cheese for the compounding of a rarebit. They were talking in the most casual way, and something got itself said somehow without warning, and Steve kissed her and she—didn't mind. Instead she kissed him too, and then they got away from one another and stared.

"Now we've done it!" said Beatrice with a little gasp. "Oh, Steve!"

"Sorry?" he said rather fiercely.

"No!" she said. "You know I'm not!"

"Ah!" he said, and caught her in his arms again and held her close, as if he meant never to let her go. Beatrice clung to him, and when he spoke again she shivered a little and drew away.

"I suppose there'll be a grand old row," he said. "I'd better see your father. Is he in town?"

"Oh, no!" she cried quickly. "Steve—let's wait! I couldn't bear to have anything ugly happen now! This is—it's so dear—"

She was always saying such things; that was one of the reasons he loved her so.

"Oh, it's going to be dreadfully complicated!" she said. "Poor pops—and I suppose your father will be wild too! But we've got to manage so they won't mind, Steve! I couldn't bear it if they did. You'll wait, won't you? And we'll try to make things come out properly—"

"If we just went off and got married!" he suggested. "They couldn't say anything then, could they? They'd have to come around?"

She shook her head.

"I couldn't," she said. "We'll have to wait—just to wait, and be awfully patient—"

He couldn't wrangle with her just then, you know. And the painter girl came back, too, and saw right away what had happened, but they didn't know it.

"Silly old ostriches!" thought the painter girl, who was very, very young, and hated men because they expected her to talk to them when she wanted to work, and was never going to get married. They bought all her pictures, of course, and made her promises to paint a lot more, and tried to buy some that were turned to the wall, which she wouldn't let them have because she said they were very bad. That girl's future was secure, you know, from that moment. But she never thought of that because she was that sort of girl.

It was easy for Steve to be patient at first. They could bask, you know, in the delight of getting to know one another all over again in this new and wonderful way. The glamour and the romance that they had seized upon in the studio held them, and they could live from day to day in a radiant, glowing dream. But it is the penalty of dreams that they lead to wakefulness at last, and glamour and romance will serve at best for such a little while. So these two found.

Beatrice could have gone on. But Steve, you see, could reduce all things to their simplest terms. He could ride roughshod over all sorts of obstacles that loomed up enormous and insurmountable in the path of Beatrice. It all came down to just this for him: he wanted Beatrice. And because she was afraid, and because she was fighting so desperately to save the glamour that must fade, he began to think that she did not want him as he wanted her.

HE began to rebel against the limitations upon their meetings. He wouldn't see the importance of the tremendous trifles that Beatrice's clearer vision forced her to see. He couldn't fully understand the gallant fight that Beatrice was making to save glamour and romance alike from the withering touch of subterfuge, of petty trickery. His solution of all their troubles was absurdly simple, you see.

"It's all wrong, dear," he said. "We've got a right to be happy. None of this is our fault. It's not our fault that our fathers act the way they do! And all we've got to do is to come out with the truth—or just to get married and let them do what they please—"

And Beatrice couldn't answer him. She felt that she was right and he was wrong; that was just the trouble. Her opposition was so emotional. It wasn't susceptible of reasoned explanation and it wasn't logical. That made it awfully hard for them to talk things over, and it grew harder all the time until swift, bitter little quarrels flamed up between them, and harsh things were said that left their sting, no matter how quickly they were unsaid.

Always at first there was swift contrition after those quarrels. Both were always sorry at once. But the time came when that was so no more, and they would part after one of their fleeting, hurried meetings full of an anger that it took solitude and wretched, unhappy thinking to turn to repentance.

So Beatrice saw all that she had fought to save being destroyed in spite of her. She could see the coming of the inevitable quarrel that couldn't be made up far more clearly than could Steve. Yet it surprised her when it came at last. Steve had been making an honest, clumsy effort to see things with her eyes. But he couldn't do it, and he broke out one day vehemently, angrily.

"You're not fair, Beatrice!" he cried. "You don't care! That must be it. If you did, these things you make so much of would look just as silly to you as they do to me!"

"It's you who aren't fair!" she answered swiftly. For just a moment the hot blood flamed in her cheeks, reddening them, and then it fled and left her very white, and a chill shook her.

"Steve!" she said in a tone he had never heard from her before. "It's no use, is it? We've been wrong—from



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The complete story of the Paris openings establishing the mode

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The last word on Spring gowns, waists and accessories

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A journey "thro' pleasures and palaces." News for the bride

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The final showing of the Summer modes that will be

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The newest ideas in mid-summer entertainments

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The Forecast of Spring Fashions Number is already on the newsstands. If you enclose the $2 with the coupon below, we will send you, with our compliments, this earliest and most authentic forecast of the Spring mode, making thirteen numbers instead of twelve.

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the very beginning. Haven't we? I thought we could win—but it's too much for us. You can't do your share—"

If she hadn't said just that even that crisis might have passed. But that aroused sullen devils in him that were too strong to be overcome.

"You can't make me bear the blame," he said with averted eyes. "I've talked and talked about the way to settle things from the very start. I don't see what else I can do, Beatrice."

"Oh!" cried Beatrice desperately. For just a second he was in danger of being seized by the shoulders and shaken violently as a small boy's mother shakes him sometimes when he has tried her beyond endurance. But it was all too tragic for her to stay long in that mood. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'm dreadfully sorry, Steve."

She frightened him. There was something so final in her voice.

"Beatrice—I didn't mean to be such a beast—" he said.

"Oh, my dear—you're not a beast!" she told him. "I can't think it's our fault! It's just that things are as they are—and that we can't change them. Oh, Steve, there's nothing for us to do!"

That was where they really stopped. He tried splendidly to move her. Now that it was too late he yielded everything. But he couldn't make her change her decision. And in the end, when it was time for them to part, they had both become bitter and angry. Each, by that time, blamed the other.

FURIOUSLY angry indeed Steve was. At her, at himself, at all the countless, invincible things that had conspired to beat him. Beaten he seemed to be. He was ready to admit defeat. He knew her pretty well by this time, you see. Things had brought them so close to one another that much that it would have taken years, as a rule, to reveal was known to them both.

He was going to do all sorts of foolish things at first, of course. That elementary instinct of the hurt child filled him with a desire to make her suffer by inflicting upon her the knowledge that he had come to some dreadful state on her account. But that passed very soon. He did nothing more desperate in the end than to go away to think things out. Once more he reduced things to their simplest terms.

"We're in love with one another. So all this is absurd—and rather childish. And there's some perfectly simple way to make everything right—if I can only find it."

That was what it all came to. And for quite a long time he couldn't get beyond that—until one day, as he tramped all alone, miles from everywhere, a thought came to him that drew a chuckle from him first, and then, as it grew and took possession of him, turned the chuckle into a delighted, wholesouled sort of laugh such as he hadn't been able to manage for a long time.

"Of course!" he said to himself. He turned out his pockets and began to make swift calculations as he counted the money. He didn't even go home to change, but made instead for the nearest railway station. After he had sent a long telegram he had only enough money to pay for about two hundred miles of his journey to New York, and he rode in a day coach until he reached a junction and found money that his telegram had brought waiting for him. It was a Presbrey railroad upon which he traveled, and he didn't carry a pass, of course.

New York at last, even though the train crawled. And more telegraphing then to his father, whom he located at last some thousands of miles away. He laughed most of the time, and most heartily after a certain message, the only one of the lot that he decided to keep, came from the busy wire. And then his eye fell upon a calendar, and he swore, sent out for a newspaper, turned to the society page, and swore again, because he was reminded of something he had forgotten. But after he had remained, frowning for a minute, the frown gave way to a grin of pure delight, and he slapped his knee and took to chuckling again.

"I'll do it!" he vowed.

IT was nearly eleven o'clock that night when he descended from a limousine before the portals of Presbrey, the enemy of his house and the father of the lady of his heart. He was wrapped in a domino, since he had had neither time nor inclination to procure a less conventional disguise. It was good enough; it would serve his purpose,

h-um h-um



ONE NICKEL

take heed

That was a fine play! Draw your wraps snug and take a few S. B. Cough Drops when you step into the chilly night air.

You'll find the medicinal oils in these drops will help prevent sore throat and cough, and keep the air passages free. They're far better than medicine. Carry a box of S. B. Cough Drops all during Winter. Take one o' bedtime to loosen the phlegm.

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MARY PAGE, young, beautiful, on the eve of her greatest success—is accused of murder.

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Did Mary Page kill Dave Pollock?

The police say she did it. The evidence says she did it. The jury is convinced! But—did she do it? What do you think?

Mary herself does not know. She remembers nothing but the vision—the haunting vision of the giant hand on the white shoulder! She cannot tell. Can you? Can you solve

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Mary Page begins her adventures in January Ladies' World, the McClure magazine for women. This is only one of many big features in January Ladies' World. The demand for this number will be tremendous. The price is only ten cents. Get your copy today. Remember—the January Number of

THE LADIES' WORLD

Ask Your Newsdealer for the Magazine!
Ask Your Favorite Theatre for the Picture!

he thought, even as he entered in the midst of devils and monks, Pierrettes and Columbines, Watteau shepherdesses, and beauties of the harem.

No one challenged him, of course. No one seemed to know him either. Everyone seemed to be there. He recognized a lot of people. But they didn't matter. There was only one person in the world who really did matter to him just then, though, after he had seen her, there might conceivably be another.

And he found her at last and knew her at once, because, of course, as hostess, she hadn't tried to make her costume a disguise. He knew her, too, with a little gasp at the sheer loveliness of her in her incarnation as a belle of Colonial days. He was pretty complacent before he saw her, but then he was just for a moment shaken. After all, he was taking so much for granted! Suppose he were wrong? But he wouldn't suppose anything of the sort. He feasted his eyes upon her for a little, and then set out to acquire knowledge that was vital to the success of his plan. He had to find her father and know where he could put his finger upon him, so to speak, when—and if!—he needed him.

HERE luck favored him. Presbrey was skulking in an alcove that had been intended for the delectation of couples seeking shelter from the glare of the floor. He had insisted, when his consent to appear at all at the dance had been wrung from him, on wearing the costume of a Highland chieftain, and, besides being incorrect in certain details, it wasn't at all suitable. He knew this now, when it was too late, and his bare knees bothered him. Beyond all question, this Presbrey was a great man. But you would never have known it had you seen him that night.

You would have seen a little man with a sad mustache and badly assorted features and limbs. He was always biting the mustache, too, and making it look worse than was at all necessary. Steve couldn't help feeling sorry for him.

"Frightful thing, this," he said when he saw to his relief that there was no girl with Steve. "Never have stayed home if I'd dreamed it would be as bad as this!"

He was a pathetic figure then, not a formidable one. He didn't have the least idea that he was talking to Camman's son, of course. But Steve knew whether or not he was really formidable. It was because of this poor wretch, so ashamed of his bare knees, that he and Beatrice—

But he wouldn't stay and talk, as Presbrey plainly wanted him to do. He had found out what he wanted to know. Presbrey would be here when he was wanted. That was plain. He went off now to find Beatrice. And when he did he lingered around unobtrusively until the music of a waltz began, and then dived through a crowd resolutely and mutely demanded the dance while outraged cavaliers protested. She laughed and yielded herself to him. But he felt the stiffening of her body in his arms as he swept her out into the maze, and he knew from the way she threw back her head and tried to stare through his disguise that she knew him.

He thought she wanted to stop, but he would not have it so. He guided her instead skillfully toward that alcove where the skulking Presbrey hid, and only stopped when they were clear of the merry crowd. And even then he did not let her go, but held her hungrily, and she clung to him too, and her hand stole up around his shoulders, and he knew, with a great surging up of joy, that he had not, after all, taken too much for granted. She did love him.

"Steve! How did you dare?" she said in a moment. Her voice broke. "Oh — you shouldn't have come — it wasn't fair! I've tried so hard—"

He laughed.

"Beatrice!" he said. "Didn't you know I was bound to come—some time? And this time—I stay! Oh, you had your way before—and you know what happened. Now—it's my turn."

GENTLY he pushed her into the little alcove. She was off her guard. She let him have his way. Just then she couldn't struggle. And then they were with her father. He broke out petulantly when he saw her.

"Beatrice—I'm going to bed!" he said. "I won't stand this another minute! I'm a tired business man—"

She couldn't say a word. She saw everything tumbling. It was Steve who spoke.

"Don't go to bed just yet, please," he said. "We want to talk to you—about something awfully important—"

"Steve!" said Beatrice faintly.

He wasn't going to be shut off then! He took off his mask and faced Presbrey.

"Yes—I'm Steve Camman," he said as he saw the look of amazement and annoyance that came into Presbrey's eyes. "I just came without being asked, because I knew you'd never have me here if you knew. And, what's more, Beatrice and I are going to be married."

"Hey?" said Presbrey, somewhat dazed and attacking his mustache savagely. "I guess not!" he decided viciously. "What sort of tomfoolishness is this? You get out, young man, before I have you put out—"

He stopped, partly because he was too mad to go on, and partly because he saw that Steve wasn't a bit impressed.

"I supposed you'd feel that way," said Steve pensively. "I figured that this was one time when you and my father would have exactly the same idea. You ought to see the wire he fired at me when I let *him* know!"

"Whazzat?" snapped Presbrey. That shot went home between wind and water, you know. "You mean to say Bill Camman isn't turning handsprings at the idea of his son marrying my girl?"

Steve risked a look at Beatrice then. Her shoulders were shaking very slightly, and she wouldn't look at him.

"He said he'd disinherit me and that he'd try to have me declared insane!" said Steve. "He's turning handsprings all right, but not the sort you mean."

"Huh!" said Presbrey. His mustache almost disappeared in the profundity of his thoughts. He looked just like the sketches newspaper artists made of him when he was being investigated by some Congressional commission. He swung around on Beatrice suddenly. "Beatrice!" he said, his high, thin voice cracking on her name. "Do you want to marry this boy?"

She nodded her head up and down violently. "Yes, please, pops," she said.

Presbrey turned around and scrutinized Steve.

"God knows why!" he said frankly after a while. "He looks like his father! But that settles it. I guess I'll put something over on Bill Camman this time. We'll have the wedding to-morrow!"

BEATRICE shrieked at that. She said it was absurd and impossible, and that no girl could get ready. But her father was in one of the Napoleonic moods that the Sunday newspaper writers were always ascribing to him, and Beatrice had two strong and determined men to contend with, who were fully resolved to make her yield and do what, in her heart of hearts, she really wanted above all things to do. So they succeeded, and Presbrey went off to begin making arrangements, entirely forgetting his bare knees. He left them alone, and that little alcove came into its own, while Steve explained rather loftily that all that had been required to make everything right was a little common sense.

"You see, I knew the way they'd feel," he said. "I knew that if each of them thought the other was mad, it would—well, that they'd be pleased, you see."

Then they began to talk about things that were really important.

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January 22, 1916

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Parisian

BY ALDEN BROOKS

S GERMANY WINNING? By Frederick Palmer



PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

IF every smoker knew the merits of Prince Albert they'd beat-it-quick for the toppy red bag, selling for 5c; or the tidy red tin, which is handed you for a dime. For Prince Albert doles out enjoyment that makes men sit up and take notice! When you smoke P. A. right along you'll realize that the patented process puts it in a distinctive class! And as you get to know Prince Albert better, you'll want bigger supplies at home and at the office. Then, you buy the handsome pound and half-pound tin humidor—or, that classy pound crystal-glass humidor, with sponge-moistener top that keeps P. A. in such fine fettle ALWAYS!

See how this listens to your smokeappetite!

For Prince Albert tobacco will jam you so chock-a-block-full of pipe joy and rollings joy you'll fire-up every-little-so-often!

And that enthusiasm *will come to you* as sure and as mighty-natural-like as you hitch your smokeappetite to P. A.!

For, you are firing-up tobacco with the quality that combines *all* the pleasures any man ever figured-out could be dug from a smoke! The patented process fixes that—and cuts out bite and parch!

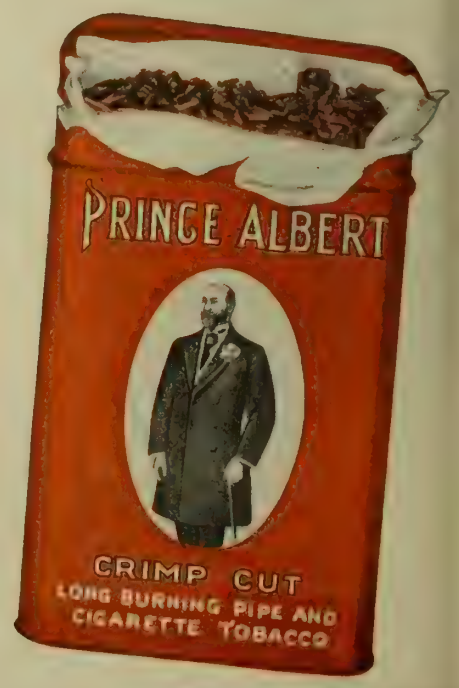
And the deeper and longer-enduring that pipe grouch or cigarette makin's grouch, riper the time is to cut-loose-wide-open like a flash! For *Prince Albert paves the way!* If *you have* an old jimmy pipe shelved, you get it fired up with P. A.! Because you *can* smoke a pipe and enjoy it all the time if you pin your faith to the P. A. standard! It certainly will contribute a lot of satisfaction, and *home*-content, and *work*-content to any red-blooded man!

That's because *Prince Albert is right*—right in flavor, in coolness, in fragrance! And *it will not* bite or parch! You smoke your fill of P. A. without a comeback—*it leaves such a friendly feeling!*

Watch your step!

It's easy to change the shape and color of unsalable brands to imitate the Prince Albert tidy red tin, *but it is impossible* to imitate the flavor of Prince Albert tobacco! The patented process protects that!

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THE PARISIAN

BY ALDEN BROOKS

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

AS the afternoon's sitting was nearly over and the court room had become insufferably hot and stuffy, De Barsac rose from his seat and pushed his way out. Trailing his cane behind him, he sauntered down the long flight of steps, then passed through the mob at the gate and wandered off along the quay toward the Boulevard St. Michel. It was a pleasant summer afternoon. The Seine shimmered between its embankments. Here and there patient citizens, elbows on parapet, dropped a long line into its waters. He turned across the Pont du Change with the intention of walking up to a café he frequented on the boulevards, a mile or so away. Eventually he came to a standstill and lifted his cane to a taxi. Seated upon the heated cushions, he asked himself how he was going to spend that evening. There were several things, of course, that he might do; but, as usual, the mere idea of actually doing any one of them bored him in advance.

"I might drop in on Louise," he muttered as he glanced at his finger nails, "telephone to her from the café, and take her out to dinner."

But he dismissed that idea also. He knew just what Louise would say and just how she would say it, just what she would eat, just how she would act and want him to act.

"In fact, Louise is beginning to bore me considerably. I might as well be married to her."

The Café des Etrangers was deserted inside. De Barsac sat out under the awning and nodded to Henri, the waiter, and Henri brought him an absinthe. Leaning back in his chair, hands crossed over his cane, he watched the familiar sidewalk scene and let his glance linger idly on the women who went by. Some were pretty; others were not. One or two stared back at him. Presently he fell to thinking what a strange thing it is how ugly any woman can be in the early morning before her toilet. And yet sex alone hides the awful stupidity of life. Once let a man see through the mechanism of sex and he realizes how little life is worth living.

A friend stepped out of the passing throng. They shook hands. "Acquitted?" eagerly asked the newcomer as he drew a chair between his legs.

"Not yet."

"But, of course, she will be?"

"Of course."

"Well, if she is, it's outrageous."

De Barsac gave a cynical shrug to his shoulders.

"Justice," he said, "may belong to the gods, but the law is good enough for man."

THEY sat there in silence a moment, then the other went on to speak of his own affairs. He was just off on his vacation. Yes, and he was going to Switzerland to climb mountains, perspire, draw fresh air into his lungs. What was De Barsac going to do?

"Oh, stay on here in Paris, as usual! Naturally I shall be bored—bored to extinction—but I'd only be more bored elsewhere."

Three other men came up and shook hands. Sitting down, they nodded to Henri, and Henri brought two absinthes and a glass of vichy. The famous trial and its issues were discussed. Since De Barsac was the only lawyer of the group, his word was considered with a certain attention. All had their opinions, however, and were not ashamed of giving them. Then the conversation turned on politics, then on women, then on the Balkan situation. Was there any chance of war? None of them thought there was, least of all De Barsac—only the usual scare.

A few days later, however, doubt began to succeed doubt; then, of a sudden, all Paris was on its feet, and the streets were crowded, and there were flags, flags everywhere. It was war.

Caught up in the general whirlwind of excitement, De Barsac could hardly realize what was happening. What was to be his own personal rôle in the coming drama? Like most of his friends, he belonged to the reserve, and, according to the vivid green slip in his military pamphlet, he must report at Fontainebleau the eighth day of mobilization and bring with him his own food for twenty-four hours. Until now he had passed over the sentence without much thought.

Here it was suddenly flashing at him, a peremptory command. The more he reread it, the more it puzzled, irritated him. It did not tell him what he was going to do in Fontainebleau; it merely told him to be there at a certain date. Still his friends were all in the same position.

"Eighth day, Fontainebleau. And you?"

"Fifth day at Langres."

"Bourges, tenth day, for me. I wonder if they'll send the reserve to the front."

THE others shrugged their shoulders. They talked the matter over. Possibly the reserve might be told off to guard railway lines or watch over prisoners. In the end they agreed, however, that it was more than probable that the reserve might see something of the fighting.

"Well, after all, why shouldn't we?"

"Yes, why shouldn't we?"

"Yes, somebody's got to defend the country."

"Well, if England only joins in with us—"

"Yes, but will she?"

When the papers told them that England had joined in with them, sword and cannon, they were very pleased. But they did not shout, they did not go into the streets and cry: "*A Berlin!*" They were wiser than their fathers, and much more serious. All they did was to look up at Jeanne d'Arc on her horse in the Rue de Rivoli and murmur, as they marched off to the station, sack in hand: "Come along with us, little girl."

The shops put De Barsac in a villainous humor. Everything he wanted was already sold out. Moreover, no trains were running even into the suburbs, and he had to hire a taxi to go out and say good-by to his father. But a busy morning between the law courts and his office finally disposed of his professional responsibilities. As for Louise, he merely wrote her a note. He could not bring himself to say good-by to her in person. His nerves were in no condition for a farewell scene. Besides, he no longer had a moment to spare; and all that night he walked about his apartment, burning letters, arranging his papers, packing up. At times he scarcely knew what he was doing. Once, when he went to the window to throw away a cigarette stump, he stood there nervously a few minutes and stared down into the vacant streets.



De Barsac sat under the awning. Henri brought an absinthe. "I might take Louise out to dinner," mused the Parisian, "but she is beginning to bore me"

Was this huge, murky city really at war—at war again with the Prussians? Yes, not only that, but he was one of its soldiers hurrying forth to meet the enemy. And the mere idea of it now made his heart suddenly beat faster. He had somehow foreseen every possibility in life except this, and the fact shocked him as something uncanny.

IT was almost as if some mighty unseen fist were at work, dragging him sideways out of his present surroundings and hurling him ruthlessly out on to the dangerous edge of things. For a second there jumped into his mind the thought of escaping to Switzerland, or Spain, or even America. But he soon saw that it was quite impossible: there were no trains, and the frontiers were watched; and even if he did get away safely he could never come back and must spend the rest of his life in places like Lausanne or worse. An automobile tore past below at a terrible speed and went honking, honking, honking across the city.

"Oh, and I don't care!" he said nervously as he turned back into the room. "If I croak—well, then, I croak—and so much the better."

The next morning De Barsac took the train down to Fontainebleau and was promptly quartered with some sixty others in a garage. There, upon a bundle of straw, with his valise for a pillow, he slept night after night, waiting to be dressed and equipped. In the daytime he and hundreds of his kind strolled over the town, hung about the cafés, and talked and read the newspapers and talked some more. However, at last they were dressed and equipped and formed into companies and marched about and sweated and bullied—all the imbecilities of one's conscript days over again with a wart-faced, knock-kneed, cow-eyed lieutenant to order one around. And that sack ever on one's back! What a weight! It was impossible that they could ever carry it; they would tell the colonel so. There was a limit, you know; they were not galley slaves.

DE BARSAC grew more and more sullen. Such a life soon became absolutely insufferable. And the mere idea of fighting now revolted him. Fight whom? And what for, pray? Was one a senseless brute or a civilized man?

"Ah, what an ass I was," he grumbled to himself, "not to have cleared out while I had the chance. It could have been done easily enough. Well, one thing is certain—these vulgar fools can march out light-heartedly to the slaughter if they like, but they'll have to drag, push me over every step I take—and, if worse comes to worse and the occasion presents itself, I shall let myself be taken prisoner—and I sha'n't be the only one."

"We're off!" shouted a sergeant one morning.

"Where?"

No one knew. And they were not told. They were simply marched over to Avon station and packed into freight cars. De Barsac managed to cling on to a side of the doorway and find a place to sit down and hang his heels out with three others. It was a long ride. The train crept along, stopping frequently. After a time, whenever it stopped, many of them tumbled out and stretched their legs. Some tore off branches and fastened them about the doorway; one or two, bolder than the rest, would even dash off and snatch a kiss over a hedge from a girl or a woman, then come hurtling back amid great cheers and laughter; a few stayed inside and passed the bottle about and sang songs and whanged the sides of the car noisily with their hands. To their disappointment the train skirted Paris. It went on and on northward. Everywhere there were crowds to watch them go by and yell farewells and best wishes. Not until nightfall were they on the road again.



"Spit, little lady, spit," the lieutenant coaxed the machine gun. "See them fall!"

Thereafter the road became their home. The majority of them, however, did not complain; for it was splendid weather, and wherever they went they were continually smothered under avalanches of cigarettes, cigars, biscuits, chocolate, fruit. In return they made great promises, especially to the throngs of refugees they met. Just wait until they got across the Rhine, then—well, not women or children, of course—but the rest—well, they weren't risking their lives for nothing. Once they ran across an English motor convoy. There was much good feeling, but it found difficulty in expressing itself in words. So they stood around with smiles and stared at the Englishmen, while the latter stripped half naked in public and took a bath, or cut large slices off a huge round cheese and drank tea, or tried to make conversation with the onlookers. Next morning they were on the road again. After emptying their small cup of black coffee ostentatiously under the Englishmen's eyes, they went off at a brisk pace.

An hour later a German aeroplane flew over their heads. All gave it a savage volley. It was their first shot. They dared it to come back again. That same night they heard cannon fire, and in the hurried orders and excited faces they smelt danger approaching. Many of them wrote home pathetic farewell letters.

IN the succeeding days they marched and countermarched. They marched up and down and across and back; and when they did not march they stopped and dug trenches; and when they neither marched nor dug trenches they fell asleep, just where they were, too tired sometimes even to eat. They saw nothing of the enemy; but they were continually under bombardment—that is to say, they stumbled into a village late one night and were bombarded out of it early next morning. Once De Barsac got caught in a farmyard. He heard the shell coming and dashed for a near-by cellar. There was a thundering explosion, and he found himself flat on his stomach under a heap of mortar, dirt, and bricks. Tiles were sliding off roofs. A chimney tumbled down. Realizing he was unhurt, he got up slowly, then dashed once more for the cellar. Too late again. His knapsack caught against the stone top of the entrance. There was another thundering explosion, and he was hurled headlong into the darkness below.

"He's done for," said one of several already hiding down there.

He was again unhurt, though they found a large shell splinter embedded in his knapsack. They showed it to him; but he felt faint and sick at his stomach. They could hardly get him up into the open again. He told them weakly that there was something gone wrong inside of him. So they took him, pale and trembling, to the doctor. But the doctor, after pretending to be interested in his case, merely cried out: "Apt!" Then every one laughed.

The regiment knew that in general they were retreating. Slowly there grew among them several ugly rumors. One rumor was that the Germans had slipped away to the right of them and were actually attacking Paris. Another rumor was that there was not enough artillery, not a quarter, not an eighth, not a hundredth part of what they needed. And a third rumor was that they were "sold," just as they were "sold" in 1870, and that it was all a put-up political affair. But they were too tired and worn out to be overcome by such rumors. The possibility that the rumors might all be true did not keep them awake nights when they had a chance to sleep. The most that it did was to give them something to curse against while they marched and countermarched and dug trenches.



A bold one snatched a kiss

Then suddenly they knew that a great victory was being won and that the Germans were being mercilessly hurled back toward their own country. They were hurried back north through Amiens in freight cars. They saw hundreds of German prisoners. Finally they passed along roads lined with the dying and the dead. At first they were in a great stew of excitement. They strained at the leash. They, too, wanted to be in the fighting, get their bayonets into the curs. But after they had passed along the roads lined with the dying and the dead, they became less impatient. They agreed that after all matters were all right as they were. Let the young fellows dash on ahead; they would follow along behind and give them support. As it was, even now they had enough to do dodging and ducking shells.

These shells would come singing along over the fields and sometimes burst, like a thunderclap, only a few hundred yards away, or else drop in a beet field, and with a dull boom send up a geyser of mud and stone.

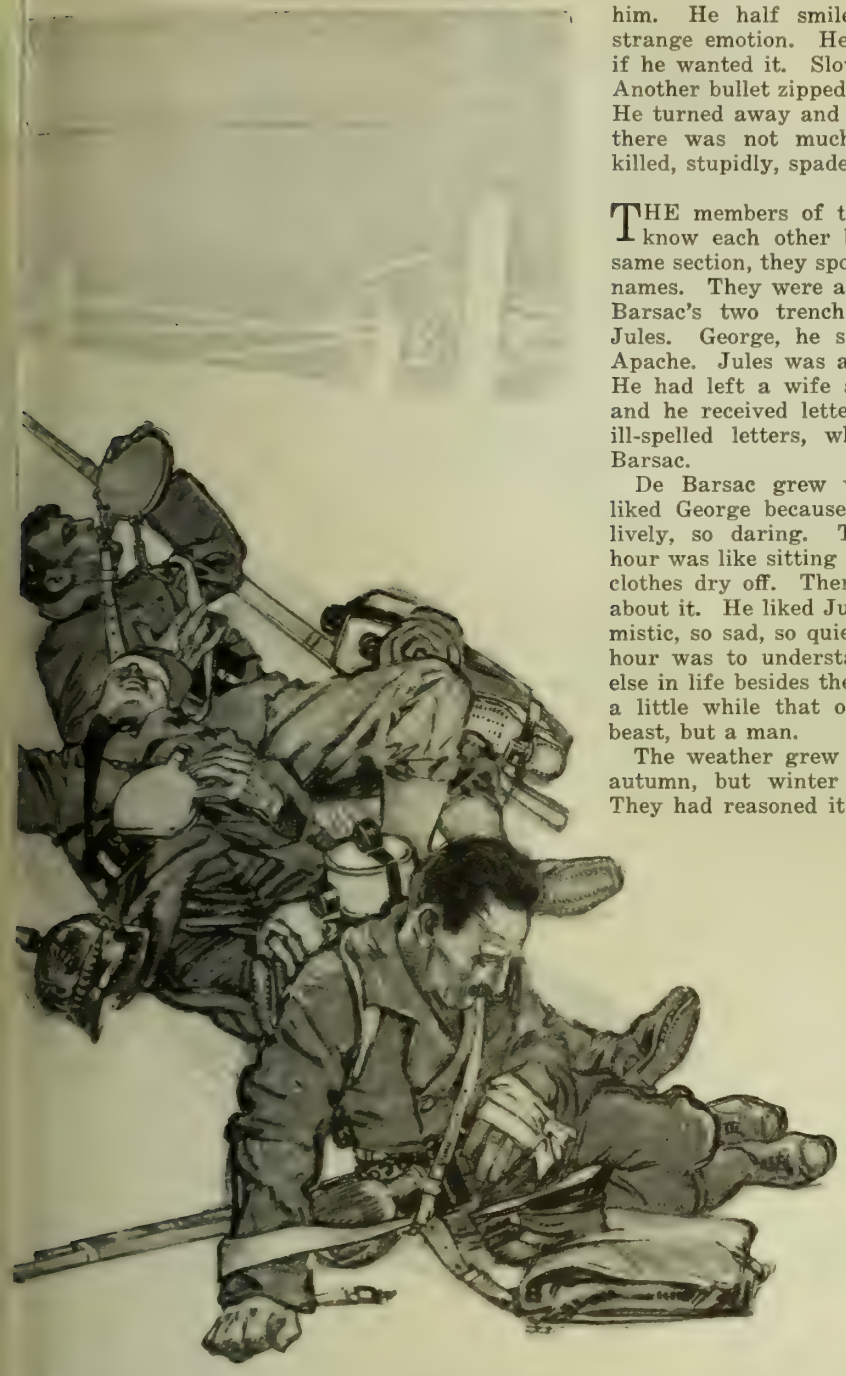
The regiment did not, however, go as far north as they expected. It was held up everywhere in long trenches.

Day by day they told each other that to-morrow they would move on; but day by day they were ordered to dig themselves in deeper. Then, presently, a very extraordinary thing happened. The shells no longer dropped a few hundred yards away, but fell quite near them. They crouched down in their trenches. They heard their neighbors, here and there, cry out and scream with pain. And instead of stopping or going away the shells fell even nearer still, a perfect inferno of smoke and gas and explosions. Then they wanted to jump up, run, crawl, leap, dive, hurl themselves away. A few of them tried it. They were torn to mincemeat and disappeared altogether. Arms and legs flew about in the air like ninepins.

So there was only one thing to do, just do as they were told—lie there and hang on, and, when the storm ceased a little, dig deeper. They dug deeper.

Day and night, whenever the storm ceased a little, they got up and dug deeper; they dug and they dug; they dug more trenches behind; they dug communicating channels; they widened out here room for two men, there room for ten; and all the time they worked, and whenever they were up on their feet they held their heads and shoulders bent over like men at a religious service.

EVENTUALLY a horde of Germans came across the field straight at them with a mighty roar. But they, too, were numerous and they jumped up and met them and drove them back and took fifty prisoners, then tumbled down once more into their trenches. And, although the trenches were filthy and wet, they were glad to be back in them. At once they dug even deeper and wider still, and boards were brought them and girders and sacks and cement, until they asked to do only one thing: stay right where they were and never move until the war was over.



Fear crept into all De Barsac's joints and muscles. He became a nervous wreck, a flaccid, useless thing, unable to move except under oaths and curses. At last life grew to be such an abomination that he eased cringing from death and turned toward it as his only salvation. Yes, he wanted to die and be rid of himself and this hellish existence once for all. Day by day he dragged himself about now with that one wish uppermost in his mind. Yet he did not dare expose himself openly, for fear death might not come outright. The wounded lying helpless in the no man's land between the two trenches constantly reminded him that death came as it chose and when it chose.

During the day these poor wretches would keep silent, lest they draw the enemy's fire upon them; but, once darkness had fallen, their cries would begin to pierce the night.

"Oh, hurry up! . . . Come out here, can't you? . . Water! For God's sake, water! . . . Ah, my God, my God! Why don't you hurry up and come? . . Can't you help a fellow?"

Then there would be silence. Sometimes one could even hear the Germans opposite talking, until the voice would continue again between moans:

"Ah, you cowards! . . . Do you hear? . . . A lot of damned dirty cowards, that's what you all are. . . To let a man die like this. . . . Oh! . . . Oh, my God! . . . Oh . . . oh, how it hurts! . . . Oh! . . Oh! . . . No, no, I can't move, not an inch."

The following night the voice would be much weaker, just a delirious whisper. One need no longer hear it unless one wanted to:

"Is that you, dear? Come closer. Kiss me . . . Julie, kiss me . . . Julie! . . . Julie! Where are you? . . . Julie! . . . Come back. . . . Ah, Julie, little wife, come back . . . come back!"

DE BARSAC little by little became utterly numb to everything. He lived in a sort of mental coma. He simply slopped about: first in the third trenches, then in the second trenches, then in those filthy, ghoulish first trenches, then returned to Bray for four days' rest and satisfaction of one's senses. One day he was digging turf back of the second trenches, when a bullet zipped past him. He went on with his work indifferently. A minute later a second bullet zipped by just over his head. He looked up. Evidently some sniper was firing at him. He half smiled to himself and enjoyed a strange emotion. Here was death right beside him if he wanted it. Slowly he went on with his work. Another bullet zipped by within an inch of his chest. He turned away and ducked out of sight. After all there was not much point in letting oneself be killed, stupidly, spade in hand.

THE members of the various companies came to know each other by sight. As for men of the same section, they spoke to one another by their first names. They were all a large family together. De Barsac's two trench neighbors were George and Jules. George, he suspected, was in real life an Apache. Jules was a farm hand from the Morvan. He had left a wife and four children down there, and he received letters from her regularly—queer, ill-spelled letters, which he often showed to De Barsac.

De Barsac grew very fond of both men. He liked George because George was so optimistic, so lively, so daring. To talk with George half an hour was like sitting out in the sun and letting one's clothes dry off. There was something rejuvenating about it. He liked Jules because Jules was so pessimistic, so sad, so quiet. To talk with Jules half an hour was to understand that there was something else in life besides these mud pits, and to dream for a little while that one was no longer a senseless beast, but a man.

The weather grew colder and colder. No longer autumn, but winter coming on. Another insult. They had reasoned it out thus:

"Three things may happen: Either we may be wounded, or we may be taken prisoner, or we may be killed. It makes no difference. Wounded? Then a nice hospital in the provinces. Prisoner? Out of harm's way for the rest of the war. Killed? Then it's all over, and so much the better. And if none of these come, then we are still intact. What! Skin-whole!"

They had not taken into consideration that there might be such accidents as freezing, windy nights. Fortunately, the authorities had; and they were provided with extra straw and extra blankets. Jules, however, fell ill. A shell had knocked his coffee into the mud one morning, and he had sworn to drop a bosche in revenge. All day long he waited obstinately at the *creneau*. But he caught cold and was seized with dysentery, and, as the doctor refused to recognize his illness, he lay around in the mud and grew feebler and feebler. They judged he was going to die, though De Barsac did his best to care for him. There came a distressed letter from the lonely, distant wife. She had not heard from him for a long time. Was anything the matter? She inclosed the photograph of herself he had asked for.

"You never told me she was so pretty," said De Barsac.

"Ah, yes!" muttered Jules weakly; "she's a dear little thing."

The doctor, at De Barsac's insistence, finally agreed to give Jules a couple of weeks' rest in Bray. It cured him, and he came back once more, and life went on.

It was full winter now. The fighting became very much less severe. New battalions appeared among them. No longer were there as many German aeroplanes. Behind them their own artillery made itself more and more heard. They were permitted to return to Bray more often. They were actually given hot baths. However, they were very discontented. As long as they had thought there was no chance of their coming through alive they did not care what happened. But this partial return to civilized ways was like returning to life after being nearly drowned. It hurt them physically; their bodies ached at the mere thought of going back home. It was perfect torture to see one's old life expand before one again, and yet have to hang on, hang on. How long was this damnable war going to last?

Some said until next spring.

"Next spring!"

"Yes, when we have all the artillery we need, and the English are ready."

"Pooh, the English!"

"Yes, the English—"

"Oh, a fine package, the English! With their marmalade and their jam and their tea and their football and I don't know what else! They're brave and obstinate, if you like, but, confound it, they aren't soldiers!"

"Yes, that's true."

"Of course it is. Why, every time they try to attack we have to go to their help, don't we? And look at Christmas evening, all having a roaring good dinner, and routed to the sea, if the Eleventh Territorials hadn't jumped in and saved the day—no, if we've got to wait for the English, then—"

"Well, when do you think it will be over?"

"Now, what's the good of asking a question like that? How the devil do I know? . . . Two years, five years, ten years from now."

They read the papers regularly. But the papers outraged all their sense of decency. They scanned the *communiqué* with disgust. When they had exploded a mine and tried to capture the excavation and had simply lost fifty men for their pains, the *communiqué* had said: "All quiet east of Albert." They cut that out and tacked it up on a girder. It was too good to lose. They also read once that "the moral of the troops is excellent. The men ask no better than to spend the winter in the trenches." It made them furious for days. They wished they could lay their hands on the idiot who had written that. They would show him a thing or two he did not know. Moral indeed! Why, even the silliest fool knew that if the road to Paris was opened to them for a second they would all of them drop everything and disappear to a man.

BUT there was the rub. The road to Paris was not opened to them. So they stayed on.

Bray is a small village in the hollow of the hills. It was one of the centers of communication in that part of the world. Most of the houses were still intact. There were several cafés where the soldiers could flock; but at the official hours they were always very crowded. De Barsac and a few others preferred the back room of a small grocery store. Every morning they went there and had a good breakfast of chocolate and bread. The chocolate had no milk in it, but it was very hot and well made, and the bread was real bread. The room they sat in was a sort of closed veranda with a restricted view over a scraggy patch of garden—one or two wretched plum trees, a few isolated cabbage stalks, scattered odds and ends, a broken ash barrel, the whole sometimes hidden by the wash on a clothesline. No landscape had ever appealed to De Barsac more. It gave him a pleasant feeling of home and comfort. The broken ash barrel alone was a continual reminder that for the time being one was back in a civilized world. As for the white linen floating on the clothesline, it gave him all manner of vague, happy impressions he could not define. The name of the young girl who waited on them was Marthe. Her hair was tied up quickly in a knot on the top of her head, her side teeth were missing, the key of her dress was a large safety pin in the back; but she was a gay, healthy young thing, and she told them she was sister to them all. They swore she was; and, sitting in that hot, closed room, drinking their chocolate, elbows upon the dirty, torn oilcloth, they let her flit gayly about them, and kept a watchful eye upon each other, even though she had a tyrant of a mother. De Barsac often brought George and Jules with him and paid their share. Though George had no objection, Jules at first hung back.

"Come along. What difference does it make? Tomorrow I may be dead; then you'll take the money out of my pocket and it'll be yours."

"Oh, never!" said Jules.

"Why not?" exclaimed George. "We're not going to leave it to the Germans to come along and pick up. Besides, we're all pals together, aren't we?"

"Sure," said De Barsac, "so come along."

But of a sudden the attacks began again. It was a horrible blow to all of them. Day by day they had softened their hearts, until there had settled there, despite the risks of their daily routine, a vague, desperate hope. Now they saw that fate had been only playing with them, (*Continued on page 32*)





IS GERMANY WINNING?

BY FREDERICK PALMER

Mr. Frederick Palmer has seen more war than any other living American writer. To altogether exceptional opportunity for observation he has added altogether exceptional power of observation and of understanding appreciation of what he has observed.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

IS Germany winning? On the map she is. She has all of Belgium except a sliver; the richest portion of France; the best part of Poland, and Serbia is overrun. Except in her oversea colonies, the foot of no foreign soldier is on Germany's soil. She is fighting entirely on that of her enemies, her old frontier intact. The Italians hold a small portion of Austria; a thin slice of Galicia is still in Russian hands. This at the end of seventeen months!

When are the Allies to begin their offensive? Say all you will about "attrition" and "exhaustion," those snake lines drawn on Russian and French and Serbian soil stare the Allies in the face. Germany goes on advancing. When will the tide turn? Still the Allies are fighting to hold. They are not gaining—not enough so that you can see it on the map.

"Germany must be winning," says the wise neutral, thinking of the hordes of prisoners Germany has taken, and with his dispassionate eye on that map. But in this war *the map is the greatest liar in the world. For Germany is not winning.*

The map is a liar unless it covers the whole world and includes the seas and continents. If it does, England is winning too—by the map. But perhaps nobody is winning. Perhaps everybody is losing. I knew a man who won a thousand dollars in Wall Street, but it cost him five thousand to win it. He was judging by a land map and not a world map.

You cannot say who will win until the war is over. It looked as if the Confederates were winners when they marched toward Gettysburg; as if the British were winning when Washington fell back on Valley Forge. So far none of all the combatants has really won, except Japan. She has her victory nailed down. She has Kiaochow and concessions from China. She is filling her coffers supplying munitions to Russia.

In common with Germany, England has not a single foreign soldier on her soil. Her empire is intact. She has annexed Egypt and Cyprus, taken German West Africa and Togoland and German Samoa and a few other bits of outlying domain. In order to win, all that England had to do was to hold what she possessed, while Germany, in order to win, must gain territory. It is really a war between England and Germany—on one side to hold, on the other to have. England holds. Germany does not have. She strangles for want of what England possesses. Take your map of Europe, extend the line from Flanders, following the British blockade, to Iceland, and you have only half the map fact. That line from the Channel to Iceland is the most important of all. Yet none of the newspapers ever publishes it. Extend it across Italy, blockading the shores of Bulgaria, and Turkey to Suez, and you have more of the map fact.

If Germany does win, it will not be due to her advance in France in the summer of 1914 or to her advance in the East in 1915, but to having brought Turkey and Bulgaria into the war. Her campaign in the Near East is her big card. The Sick Man of the East is the weight in the balance against the British and the Russian empires, the kingdom of Italy, and the republic of France.

The Mohammedan may settle the future of Europe and Christian civilization in Europe. If that is not satire enough on European politics, then the entrance of Bulgaria on the German side fills the gap. Four years ago Bulgar, Serb, and Greek were fighting under the Cross against the Crescent for religious liberation. Germany's last stroke is toward the East. It is her last try for a knockout blow.

Though she is on foreign soil, every campaign she has made has failed. Not one has gained its object. All her major plans have failed. So perhaps, too, have the Allies' major plans. But it does not, therefore, follow that Germany is winning.

"Oh, then it's stalemate," you say.

"Nothing like it," would be my answer. "This war will be won in its last three months. It is going to be won between now and the first of November next, I think. The great test is to come."

While Germany is giving the impression to the world that she is winning, her statesmen and her staff have known from the 4th of August, 1914, that she could not win. From that day they were fighting to hold instead of to have, just as England was fighting to hold—fighting for the stalemate on European soil which meant that Germany was "held." England may be on the defensive, but when she went into the war she put Germany on the defensive also—and Germany's only successful defensive, as we shall see, must be a successful land offensive. England knew that she had her stalemate when the German attacks of a year ago on the Aisne line failed and when her naval superiority was definitely established.

The Great English Surprise

THERE were two parties in Germany before the war, the peace party and the war party: the business interests and the army staff. The peace party said: "We are beating England in trade and commerce and by our superior organization every day. Let her remain complacent. Don't arouse her." But the war party, which had spent $150,000,000 of extra taxation in preparation for the war, said: "We will make money faster than that for you. First, we shall crush France and bring you home an indemnity more than equal to your profits for ten years. Then we shall turn and, with the aid of the Austrians, deliver a punishing blow at Russia, bringing you home another great indemnity. With all this capital you can turn on England. We shall have the money to build a bigger navy than hers, and in ten years we shall take the mastery of the sea from her."

There was no military fault in this plan, which realized the unpreparedness of the French army but did not realize the real quality of the French people; which realized rightly the superiority of the Austrian army in preparedness to the organization of the Russian, but did not foresee the failure of Austrian generalship at Lublin.

"But if England comes in—" said the peace or business party in answer to the war party.

This was the decisive argument with the Kaiser and the statesmen. With England out, Germany could have blockaded the coasts of France and landed troops behind the French army. With England in Germany herself was blockaded; Hamburg became a dead city.

There are documents enough—if unpublished—to prove that the Germans were convinced that the British would not come in. In England the Germans had a remarkable secret-service organization. Listening to the gossip of political circles and hearing the bitter railings of Ulster against the rest of Ireland, these spies became convinced that England was on the verge of civil war. The German Ambassador in England backed their opinion with his own. That and the fact that Austria was aroused to military fervor by the assassination of the archduke turned the balance in favor of the military party.

And England came in—and Germany knew that she had lost. But she could not stop her legions: she must go on, making the best of a bad bargain, as she has with amazing skill. To win the war you must take from the enemy, and hold, something which will constrain him to make peace. For the Germans this meant Paris and Moscow and Petrograd. They must still try to carry out their three months' campaign, still try to beat the French and then the Russians. The problem for the Allies was to hold the Germans until the Allies could use superior powers and resources in taking the offensive in turn—to stop the Germans in order to gain time. All the talk of the Russian "steam roller" and of an early allied offensive was good food for the public. But the staffs of the allied armies had no illusions. They knew the strength of the enemy and that the Russian "steam roller" could never go to Berlin.

"When we marched out to the field of Mons," said a British officer, "I took it for granted that we should be beaten; we were going out to do all we could—that was to die. For I had lived in Germany; I knew the state of German preparedness. I knew that the Germans not only had superior artillery, but that they would be able to throw crushingly superior, well-equipped numbers to any given point. I was surprised that we could come out alive and surprised that we held them as well as we did."

If they had any illusions before, the Germans, when they fell back from the Marne, had learned that they had no chance of carrying out their great plan of crushing both Russia and France and opening the road to England. The thoroughly prepared Austrian army had set out on the same kind of an offensive from Galicia into Russia as the Germans through Belgium into France. On form they ought to have beaten the Russians, but there was no team play among their generals—they were outmaneuvered. Germany had to come to Austria's aid. She was herself short of shells, and the French had beaten her legions in open battle. She chose her defense line from Switzerland to the North Sea on enemy soil, where she still remains. She had troops to spare for Von Hindenburg to go almost to the gates of Warsaw in the fall cam-



paign of 1914. While the French reservists and the new British army were short of arms or uniforms some of the German volunteers who enlisted on the 1st of August, 1914, were actually in the attacks on the Channel ports in October, 1914. Germany had not only had the start, but she kept the start, because she had the factories for making munitions, which gave her a fresh supply by October, 1914. She had unlimited reserves of officers to draw on to drill her troops.



The winter of 1914 found her settled in the trenches everywhere on foreign soil. Now, thanks to our information, as we look back, the whole German plan becomes simple. There were 116,000,000 people in Germany and Austria. Look at the map of their railroad system, as thick with lines as the veins on a frog's foot, and compare it with Russia's. France had 40,000,000 people, and she had lost some of her most important manufacturing cities. In resources Russia's 150,000,000 people were hardly equal to the 51,000,000 in Austria. All the Allies' manufacturing resources for making arms for the winter of 1914 were much inferior to those of the Germanic powers. Serbia needed arms, and Italy and Greece, if they were coming in.

Originally the English had considered that their part in the alliance was to hold the sea and put in six divisions of troops. In the fall of 1914, with the Germans held in France and before Warsaw, the British public were still perfectly confident. They had not waked up. Germany did not want them to. Every day they delayed meant time and advantage to the Germanic powers.

Why Germany Struck First

GERMANY started her starvation cry with two ends in view; one to keep the English complacent, the other to arouse in her soldiers the bitter enmity of the man who is fighting against an enemy who is trying to take the food out of his mouth. Germany kept her start. She could make more shells and machine guns than her enemies; she could equip her troops faster, which meant that she and Austria had superior numbers in the spring of 1915, when she was again able to force the fighting with superior skill and sheer weight of numbers. She must keep to her principle of the offensive. She must keep on striking in any direction she could, with all the strength she could.

She talked of the invasion of England, of Zeppelin raids, of wiping out London, of guns that would shoot across the English Channel. She promoted the idea of victory because of its effect on the world and on her own people. By psychology as well as arms she was trying to keep her enemies on the defensive; to make them do the worrying; to force them to send troops to meet her offensive rather than let them mass for the offensive. She still had the jump on the Allies. Her policy was that of Grant in his Western campaign to Vicksburg and in his campaign to Appomattox: of hammering with superior numbers.

Everything that she could do anywhere to consume British energy or detach British troops served Germany's purpose. Were it Turk or Bulgar, Arab or Egyptian, he was a welcome ally. Bringing Turkey in meant that the threatened invasion of Egypt might arouse the vast Mohammedan population in the British empire to action against its rulers, and certainly put a Turkish army on the Russians' flank in the Caucasus.

All this had important military results in Germany's favor. It meant that the English used innumerable transports, expended immense resources, and paid the price of enormous casualties on Gallipoli—where their troops did serve the purpose, however, of holding in front of them a big Turkish army which might have been operating in the Caucasus. Had Sir Ian Hamilton's expeditionary force gone up into Serbia to close "the ring of steel" around Germany on the Danube front, it would have been the one thing that Germany did not want. Then Bulgaria would have gone in on the side of the Allies, and not of the Germans. For the German eye had been all the while on that British new army, on the enormous resources of England in making munitions, once she was aroused, and on the factories of the United States and of Canada, which would be of service as soon as they were organized.

Germany has endeavored to make the start she had on her enemies decisive before they could catch up. For she knew that they would catch up. She was fighting against time—always against time as well as against the Allies. She has wanted to scatter that new army in every direction that she could. For while the German staff pretends to disparage the new army, it really respects it exceedingly. It has learned to value the quality of British troops and to hope for mistakes in British leadership. It is Germany's purpose so to direct and assist the Turks and Bulgars that she may be able to hold back the British in Mesopotamia and the Anglo-French army at Salonica, threaten the invasion of Egypt and arouse the Asiatic races.

The world was thinking that the Allies might be able to take the offensive early last spring. But the Allied leaders knew only too well that they could not. The Germans had believed in mobile artillery and plenty of machine guns, and the French had not. Ten thousand guns and fifty thousand machine guns would not be too small a complement for the army which England has ready for action.

As a prelude to their campaign of 1915, the Germans closed the Dutch frontier in a deceptively public fashion, as if they were about to make another effort for the Channel ports. But this was only to cover their gas attack. It succeeded, giving them the only considerable amount of ground they have gained in the last year in the west. England was worried and wondering if the line might not be broken. But the Germans had really brought almost no reenforcements into Flanders. The gas was a demonstration for a purpose—a threat to cover their action elsewhere.

They had no intention of making any real offensive on the western front, where they maintained about 1,500,000 men, or 3,000 men to the mile, which is regarded as a safe allowance for defense. But they kept up the semblance of an offensive, and whenever attacked here and there in the in-and-out trench fighting they counterattacked. They did not sit quietly and take the enemies' shells. They had more shells than the British and as many as the French.

Railroads Bring Victory

BARELY 400,000 Austrians were all that were needed, so far as one can learn, to hold the Italians. With 1,500,000 in this powerfully intrenched western line, with a superior number of machine guns the Germans could hold the superior numbers of the French and the British in place. All the Austrian army and every man and all the munitions the Germans could spare were set to the task of trying to carry out the second part of the original program, which was to crush Russia. Very simple, the German plan of campaign: no Napoleonic brilliancy in it, but gathering masses of troops and munitions at given points more quickly than Russia's weak transport would permit and then releasing the powerful battering ram.

The Russians were hopelessly out of munitions. Soldiers without arms waited in reserve trenches to take those from the hands of the fallen in the front trenches. In actual fighting men which she could maintain on the front, Russia, regardless of her immense numbers unarmed in the rear, was largely outnumbered by the Austro-Germans. Her single-track railroads were bringing munitions from Japan as fast as they could be manufactured, but not fast enough. Victory is gained, not by population, but by the available numbers of fighting men and guns and the quantity of shells.

Meanwhile the German army staff said to the German navy: "It is your turn to do something. Any shipload of munitions that comes from America may be a factor turning the balance against us." For the Germans did not know how strong or how weak the English and French were in munitions. They little guessed how short the British still were of those shells which, two months later, they had in excess for the offensive last September. They were not certain that they could resist an offensive by the Allies on the western front, but the campaign against Russia must nevertheless be made.

German Frightfulness Explained

THE German court party were busily at work in Petrograd while the German guns were thundering on the Russian front. Russia overwhelmed and suppliant meant that France and England, left to fight the battle alone, might yield. For, bear in mind, victorious Germany, ever since the 4th of August, has been fighting for counters with which to gain peace, and hopefully a peace that will leave her strong enough to step between France and Russia against her old enemy, England, at some future time.

War is force and war is violence. Frightfulness is an asset in giving the appearance of victory. Through the Balkans the news that the great *Lusitania* had been sunk by a German submarine was an advertisement of German efficiency and of British inefficiency. It was expected to be a warning to America that German prowess was irresistible. It represented the German navy doing its part in reply to the demands of the German army staff.

We achieved no diplomatic triumph over Germany. There was no likelihood of Germany's going to war with us—absolutely none. She is too shrewd to want the weight of our resources against her. She was not studying Washington but the American people to see how far she could go. If you will look back at the news of that time, you will find how the German campaign in Russia fits in with the submarine campaign. The German army staff, that concentrated brain trust, was demanding every ounce of assistance in its formidable effort to batter in Russia from the front and confuse her councils in the rear.

But the German court party in Russia was beaten out, Riga did not fall, and the German offensive had to stop. At the same time submarine after submarine left Kiel or Zeebrugge on three weeks' tour never to return. The silent British admiralty gave no clue to their fate. They disappeared; that was all—sufficient warning to the German admiralty to avoid the hunter's trap.

The submarine campaign had failed, thanks to the British navy, and it had not stopped the flow of munitions from America, which, however, had barely



started. German diplomatic relations with the United States in the summer of 1915 represented a part of the military policy of Germany, nothing more. She could draw back from the precipice of war at any moment she chose. If she had drawn the United States in against her, Bulgaria would not have come in on her side—such respect have the Balkan peoples for our power. "America has declared war on Germany!" What an argument that for the Allies when the Sofia government was leaning this way and that.

Russia was hard hit. However skillful the grand duke's retreat, it was nevertheless a retreat. The Russian people made themselves felt. They were for going on with the war, but convinced that something was wrong. The situation was met by putting the Czar at the head of the troops. This act of policy came, however, after the German offensive was over. Meanwhile the Russians felt that something ought to be done in the west to release the German pressure in the east. For the Germans still kept up the show of an offensive in the east even after their staff well knew that it could not be carried any farther. It is not the enemy that knows first that you have shot your bolt, but the cool and calculating minds of your own staff. Guarding its secrets with the elaborate army police system, the German staff knew its advance was at an end a month before the Russian staff could be certain of it.

So the French undertook an offensive in Champagne and the British at Loos on the 25th of September, after they had obtained supplies of shells. All sympathizers with the Allies hoped that this meant the breaking of the German line. The result was something over 25,000 prisoners, probably heavier losses to the Germans than to the Allies, and the taking of territory about equal to the size of Manhattan Island.

How Germany Won Over Bulgaria

THE value of this attack was not so much in ground gained or in prisoners taken as the demonstrated fact for the first time of the superiority of the Allied organization and the Allied artillery over the German. The Germans knew of the attack in time to bring some 300,000 reenforcements from the east. Very likely that and the rain on the second day, which prevented operations, saved them from having to make a general retreat.

There is no doubt that they received a severe shock and that their conclusion in the spring of 1915, that an offensive on the western front was out of the question, was warranted by the facts. Again let it be said that army staffs indulge in no day dreams: they deal with conditions. Thus the fall of 1915 had found the mastery along the trench line to the west with the Allies, but they had not made the big push which they had expected. It found battalions of infantry from the British new army fresh for battle against German forces that had lost their fighting edge. Back of these battalions were many others: 2,000,000 trained men, or in training at least, who had yet to go into action. Paris was almost as safe as New York. But that was not winning the war for the Allies any more than the taking of Warsaw and Brest-Litovsk was winning it for the Germans.

Now we come to the second winter campaign. The German staff, while talking loudly of a continued offensive on the eastern front, were already giving it up, for they saw the crushing of Russia this year was out of the question. They had to send those reenforcements to the west: and they had a job to do elsewhere. Once they decided not to press on—and, remember, their decision was kept secret—where they had used two men for the offensive they could now use one "digging in" in trenches to nail down their hold on the new territory they had gained. So they could spare men for the new task. For months they had been advertising their advance in Serbia. They had advertised it so well that some people thought that it was not coming off. There they played a double bluff. The advertisement had abetted their Russian successes in bringing Bulgaria in.

They had known for two or three weeks that Bulgaria was to strike in conjunction with their offensive. They were not working in the dark. It was not the failure of Allied diplomacy that brought Bulgaria in, but the conviction of the Bulgarians that the Germans would win, which the Germans fathered by propaganda and upheld by victory. The Bulgarians simply got on to the band wagon. For them the supposed magical power of Russia had ceased to exist: any force that could beat Russia seemed irresistible to them. And America did not come in. If we had, Bulgaria would have stayed out and the war's course would have been changed—the war shortened. The Bulgarian staff had presented to it too tempting an opportunity to settle a grudge, so the Bulgar army formed one jaw of the nippers which were destined to squeeze the life out of Serbia.

Three hundred thousand Bulgars fighting on the side of Germany might mean 300,000 of England's new army detached from operations on the western front. For Germany realizes that with guns and men enough the western line can be broken. And she realizes that if the Russians come in with their new forces in the spring, she may not be able to spare the necessary reserves to resist an attack in the west. The Germans are playing shrewd politics, making hay wherever they can. Theirs is an opportunism of blood and iron, concealment and determination.

But where does the end of 1915 find them? How are they winning? How much of what they have gained can they keep if they ask for peace to-day? And when they ask for peace they serve notice on the Allies that they are exhausted. The Allies will answer: "We are going to let you stew for another year."

Austria Saved and Serbia Punished

IN one sense at least Austria has won her original objects in the war. They were two. The public knew only one. The first was in the minds of the court party. Old Francis Joseph was tottering on an insecure throne. Unrest was increasing among the races which the house of Hapsburg has so cunningly held together by playing race prejudice against race prejudice. What would happen after his death? The future was dark for the Hapsburg monarchy and the Austrian bureaucracy. A successful war would strengthen the dynasty and rouse Austrian patriotism.

The assassination of the archduke set all Austria in a fever of rage, for all Austrians, however much they might disagree among themselves, were, with the exception of a few Slavs, united in hatred of the Serbs. Serbia should be punished: she has been punished.

The Germans helped the Austrians to put the Russians out of Galicia, kept Rumania and Greece from joining the Allies, brought Bulgaria in, and overran Serbia, laying the miserable country waste.

(*Continued on page* 31)

THE STORY OF COALY-BAY

THE OUTLAW HORSE—BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

FIVE years ago in the Bitter Root Mountains of Idaho there was a beautiful little foal. His coat was bright bay; his legs, mane, and tail were glossy-black—coal black and bright bay—so they named him Coaly-bay.

"Coaly-bay" sounds like "Koli Bey." Bey is an Oriental title, and those who saw the handsome colt and did not know how he got the name thought he must be of Arab blood. No doubt he was, in a far-away sense, just as all our best horses have Arab blood, and once in a while it seems to come out strong and show in every part of the creature—in his frame, his powers, and his wild, free-roving spirit.

Coaly-bay loved to race like the wind; he gloried in his speed, his tireless legs, and when, careering with the herd of colts, they met a fence or ditch, it was as natural to Coaly-bay to leap over it as it was for the others to sheer off.

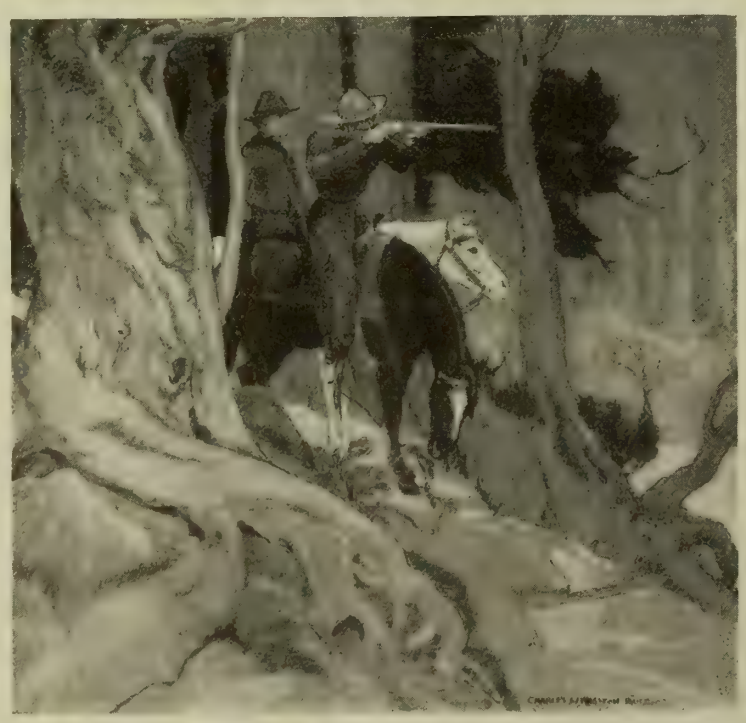
So he grew up strong of limb, restless of spirit, and rebellious at any thought of restraint. Even the kindly curb of the hay yard or the stable was unwelcome, and he soon showed that he would rather stand out all night in a driving storm than be locked in a stall where he had no vestige of the liberty he loved so well.

He became very clever at dodging the horse wrangler whose job it was to bring the horseherd to the corral. The very sight of that man set Coaly-bay agoing. He became what is known as a "quit the bunch"—that is, a horse of such independent mind that he will go his own way the moment he does not like the way of the herd.

So each month the colt became more set on living free and more cunning in the means he took to win his way. Far down in his soul, too, there must have been a streak of cruelty, for he stuck at nothing and spared no one that seemed to stand between him and his one desire.

When he was three years of age, just in the perfection of his young strength and beauty, his real troubles began, for now his owner undertook to break him to ride. He was as tricky and vicious as he was handsome, and the first day's experience was a terrible battle between the horse trainer and the beautiful colt.

But the man was skillful. He knew how to apply his power and all the plunging, bucking, rearing, and rolling of the wild one had no result that he desired. With all his strength the horse was hopelessly helpless in the hands of the skillful horseman, and Coaly-bay was so far mastered at length that a good rider could use him. But each time the saddle went on he made a new fight. After a few months of this the colt seemed to realize that it was useless to resist; it simply got him lashed and spurred, so he pretended to reform. For a week he was ridden each day and not once did he buck, but on the last day he came home lame.



The rifle was leveled, the very brain its mark. It was sudden death or a clean miss

His owner turned him out to pasture. Three days later he seemed all right; he was caught and saddled. He did not buck, but within five minutes he went lame as before. Again he was turned out to pasture and after a week saddled—only to go lame again.

His owner did not know what to think—whether the horse really had a lame leg or was only shamming—but he took the first chance to get rid of him, and though Coaly-bay was easily worth fifty dollars he sold him for twenty-five. The new owner felt he had got a bargain, but after being ridden half a mile Coaly-bay went lame. The rider got off to examine the foot, whereupon Coaly-bay broke away and galloped back to his old pasture. Here he was caught, and the new owner, being neither gentle nor sweet, applied spur without mercy, so that the next twenty miles was covered in less than two hours, and no sign of lameness appeared.

Now they were at the ranch of this new owner. Coaly-bay was led from the door of the house to the pasture, limping all the way, and then turned out. He limped over to the other horses. On one side of the pasture was the garden of a neighbor. This man was very proud of his fine vegetables and had put a six-foot fence around the place. Yet the very night after Coaly-bay arrived certain of the horses got into the garden somehow and did a great deal of damage. But they leaped out before daylight, and no one saw them.

The gardener was furious, but the ranchman stoutly maintained that it must have been some other horses, since his were behind a six-foot fence.

Next night it happened again. The ranchman went out very early and saw all his horses in the pasture, with Coaly-bay behind them. His lameness

seemed worse now instead of better. In a few days, however, the horse was seen walking all right, so the ranchman's son caught him and tried to ride him. But this seemed too good a chance to lose. All his old wickedness returned to the horse; the boy was bucked off at once and hurt. The ranchman himself now leaped into the saddle. Coaly-bay bucked for ten minutes; then, finding he could not throw the man, tried to crush his leg against a post, but the rider guarded himself well. Coaly-bay reared and threw himself backward; the rider slipped off, the horse fell, jarring heavily, and before he could rise the man was in the saddle again. The horse now ran away, plunging and bucking; he stopped short, but the rider did not go over his head, so Coaly-bay turned, seized the man's foot in his teeth, and but for heavy blows on the nose would have torn him dreadfully. It was quite clear now that Coaly-bay was an "outlaw"—that is, an incurably vicious horse. The saddle was jerked off, and he was driven, limping, into the pasture.



THE raids on the garden continued, and the two men began to quarrel over them. To prove that his horses were not guilty, the ranchman asked the gardener to sit up with him and watch. That night, as the moon was brightly shining, they saw, not all the horses, but Coaly-bay, walk straight up to the garden fence—no sign of a limp now—easily leap over it, and proceed to gobble the finest things he could find. After they had made sure of his identity, the men ran forward. Coaly-bay cleared the fence like a deer, lightly raced over the pasture to mix with the herd, and when the men came near him he had—such an awful limp.

"That settles it," said the rancher. "He's a fraud, but he's a beauty, and good stuff too."

"Yes, but it settles who took my garden truck," said the other.

"Wall, I suppose so," was the answer, "but luk ahere, neighbor, you ain't lost more'n ten dollars in truck. That horse is easily worth a hundred. Give me twenty-five dollars, take the horse, an' call it square."

"Not much I will," said the gardener. "I'm out twenty-five dollars' worth of truck, an' the horse ain't worth a cent more. I take him and call it even."

And so the thing was settled. The ranchman said nothing about Coaly-bay being vicious as well as cunning, but the gardener found out the very first time he tried to ride him that the horse was as bad as he was beautiful.

Next day a sign appeared on the gardener's gate:

FOR SALE

FIRST-CLASS HORSE; SOUND AND GENTLE—$10

Now at this time a band of hunters came riding by. There were three mountaineers, two men from the city, and the writer of this story. The city men were going to hunt bear. They had guns and everything needed for bear hunting except bait. It is usual to buy some worthless horse or cow, drive it into the mountains where the bears are, and kill it there. So, seeing the sign up, the hunters called to the gardener: "Haven't you got a cheaper horse?"

The gardener replied: "Look at him there; ain't he a beauty? You won't find a cheaper horse if you travel a thousand miles."

"We are looking for an old bear bait, and five dollars is our limit," replied the hunter.

Horses were cheap and plentiful in that country; buyers were scarce. The gardener feared that Coaly-bay would escape: "Wall, if that's the best you can do, he's yourn."

The hunter handed him five dollars, then said:

"Now, stranger, bargain's settled. Will you tell me why you sell this fine horse for five dollars?"

"Mighty simple. He can't be rode. He's dead lame when he's going your way and sound as a dollar going his own. No fence in the country can hold him; he's a dangerous outlaw; he's wickeder than old Nick."

* * *

"Well, he's an almighty handsome bear bait," and the hunter rode on.

Coaly-bay was driven with the pack horses and limped dreadfully on the trail. Once or twice he tried to go back, but he was easily turned by the men behind him. His limp grew worse, and toward night it was painful to see him.

The leading guide remarked: "That thar limp ain't no fake. He's got some deep-seated trouble."

Day after day the hunters rode farther into the mountains, driving the horses along and hobbling them at night. Coaly-bay went with the rest, limping along, tossing his head and his long splendid mane at every step. One of the hunters tried to ride him and nearly lost his life, for the horse seemed possessed of a demon as soon as the man was on his back.

The road grew harder as it rose. A very bad bog had to be crossed one day. Several horses got mired in it, and as the men rushed to the rescue Coaly-bay saw his chance of escape. He wheeled in a moment and turned himself from a limping, low-headed, sorry, bad-eyed creature into a high-spirited horse. Head and tail aloft now, shaking their black streamers in the wind, he gave a joyous neigh and, without a trace of lameness, dashed for his home a hundred miles away, threading each narrow trail with perfect certainty, though he had seen them but once before, and in a few minutes he was out of sight.

The men were furious, but one of them, saying not a word, leaped on his horse—to do what? Follow that free-ranging racer? Sheer folly. Oh, no—he knew a better plan. He knew the country. Two miles around by the trail, half a mile by the rough cut-off that he took, was Panther Gap. The runaway must pass through that, and Coaly-bay raced down the trail to find the guide below awaiting him. Tossing his head with anger, he wheeled on the up-trail again and within a few yards recovered his monotonous limp and his evil expression. He was driven into camp, and there he vented his rage by kicking in the ribs of a harmless little pack horse.

This was bear country, and the hunters resolved to end his dangerous pranks and make him useful for once. They dared not catch him—it wasn't really safe to go near him—but they drove him to a distant glade where bears abounded. A thrill of pity came over me as I saw that beautiful untamable creature going away with his imitation limp.

"Ain't you coming along?" called the guide.

"No, I don't want to see him die," was the answer; then, as the tossing head was disappearing, I called: "Say, fellows, I wish you would bring me that mane and tail when you come back."

Fifteen minutes later a distant rifle crack was heard, and in my mind's eye I saw that proud head and those superb limbs, robbed of their sustaining indomitable spirit, falling flat and limp, to suffer the unsightly end of fleshly things. Poor Coaly-bay! He would not bear the yoke. Rebellious to the end, he had fought against the fate of all his kind. It seemed to me the spirit of an eagle or a wolf it was that dwelt behind those full bright eyes; that ordered all his wayward life.

I tried to put the tragic finish out of my mind, and had not long to battle with the thought—not even one short hour—for the men came back.

Down the long trail to the west they had driven him. There was no chance for him to turn aside; he must go on, and the men behind felt safe in that. Farther away from his old home on the Bitter Root River he had gone each time he journeyed. And now he had passed the high divide and was keeping the narrow trail that leads to the valley of bears and on to Salmon River, and still away to the open, wild Columbian plains, limping sadly as though he knew. His glossy hide flashed back the golden sunlight, still richer than it fell, and the men behind followed like hangmen in the death train of a nobleman condemned—down the narrow trail till it opened into a little beaver meadow, with rank, rich grass, a lovely mountain stream, and winding bear paths up and down the waterside.

"Guess this'll do," said the older man.

"Well, here goes for a sure death or a clean miss," said the other confidently, and, waiting till the limper was out in the middle of the meadow, he gave a short, sharp whistle.

INSTANTLY Coaly-bay was alert. He swung and faced his tormentors, his noble head erect, his nostrils flaring; a picture of horse beauty—yes, of horse perfection. The rifle was leveled, the very brain its mark—just on the cross-line of the eyes and ears—which meant sure, sudden, painless death. The rifle cracked. The great horse wheeled and dashed away; it was sudden death or miss—and the marksman missed.

Away went the wild horse at his famous best, not for his Eastern home, but down the unknown Western trail, away and away; the pine woods hid him from view, and left behind was the rifleman vainly trying to force the empty cartridge from his gun. Down that trail with an inborn certainty he went and on through the pines, then leaped a great bog and splashed an hour later through the limpid Clearwater and galloped on, responsive to some unknown guide that subtly called him for the farther West. And so he went till the dwindling pines gave place to scrubby cedars and these in turn were mixed with sage: onward still, till the far-away flat plains of Salmon River were about him: ever on, tireless as it seemed, he went, crossed the cañon of the mighty Snake, and up again to the high, wild plains where the wire fence still is not—on till moving specks on the far horizon caught his eager eyes, and, coming on and near, they moved and rushed aside to wheel and face about. He lifted up his voice and called to them—the long shrill

(*Cont'd on page* 26)





HELD TO ANSWER

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. KING

Chapter Ten—The Plots of Chance

BOTH recognized that the time had come to close the interview, and each was extremely pleased with its result. Marien had demonstrated to her complete satisfaction that this minister was still a man; that his flesh was wax, and would therefore melt. She believed that to-night she had seen it soften.

As for John, he believed that this evening had witnessed a triumph for his tact and his moral force. His sympathy was wholly with the woman. Convinced afresh that there was something sublime in her character, he determined to give her every opportunity to reveal herself to him and to spare no effort upon his own account to redeem her life from that ingrowing selfishness which he felt sure was making her unhappy now and might ultimately rob her of all joy in its most splendid achievements.

"I shall save three o'clock to-morrow for you," Miss Dounay proposed, as if reading the minister's purpose in his eye.

But John Hampstead was a man of many duties whose time was not easy to command.

At three on Monday he was to address a mothers' meeting, at four to go with a sad-hearted man to see his son in the county jail, at five-thirty to wait with a woman upon a house boat in the canal for the coming of her husband, who on pay day invariably reached his home inflamed with liquor and sometimes abused his wife outrageously.

"But why so much concern about unimportant people like that?" questioned Marien, her eyes big with curiosity and wonder.

"Any person in need is important to me," confessed John.

"But how can you spare the time from the regular work of the church?"

"That is my regular work," he answered with definite emphasis.

MARIEN paused a moment as if baffled. "And your reward for all this busybodying?" the actress finally asked, at the same time forcing a laugh as if trying to make light of what had compelled her to profound thought.

"A sufficient reward," answered John happily, "is the grateful regard in which hundreds, and I think I may even say thousands, of people throughout the city hold me: this and the ever-widening doors of opportunity are my compensation. These things could lift poorer clay than mine and temper it like steel. The people lean upon me. I could never fail them and they could never fail me."

The exalted confidence of the man as he uttered these last words, which were yet without egotism, suggested the tapping of vast reservoirs of spiritual force, and, as before, this awed Marien a little, but it also aroused a petty note in her nature, filling her with a jealousy like that she had experienced in the church when she saw John surrounded by all these people who seemed to take possession of him so absolutely and with such disgusting self-assurance.

Maneuvering her features into something like a pout, she asked mockingly: "And since you would not leave your mothers' meeting and your jailbird and your wife beater for me, is there any time at all when all-seeing Providence would send you again to the side of a lonely woman?"

The minister smiled at the irony while scanning once more the pages of his little notebook. "To look in after prayer meeting, about nine-thirty on Wednesday night, would be my next opportunity, I should say," he reported presently.

"Wednesday!" complained Marien. "It is three eternities away. However," and her voice grew crisp with decision, "Wednesday night it shall be. In the meantime, do you speak anywhere? I shall attend the mothers' meeting if you will tell me where it is. I shall even come to prayer meeting; and," she concluded vivaciously, "you will be borne away by me triumphantly in my new French car, which was sent out here weeks and weeks ago to be tuned up and ready for my coming."

On Wednesday night Miss Dounay made good her word. When the little prayer-meeting audience emerged from the chapel room of All People's it gazed wonderingly at a huge black shape on wheels that rested at the curb with two giant, fiery eyes staring into the night.

Once the car even stopped before the home of the Angel of the Chair, perhaps because Hampstead had told Marien casually that of all women Mrs. Burbeck had alone been consistently able to understand him, and the actress wished to learn her secret. But the Angel of the Chair, while quite unabashed by the glamour of the actress's presence, nevertheless refused entirely to be drawn into talk about Brother Hampstead, who was usually the most enthusiastic subject of her conversation. Instead she spent most of the time searching the depths of Miss Dounay's baffling eyes with a look from her own luminous orbs, half-apprehensive and half-appealing, that made the caller exceedingly uncomfortable; so that Marien would have accounted the visit fruitless and even unpleasant if she had not while there chanced to meet the young man known to fortune and the social registers as Rollo Charles Burbeck.



After the conspiracy the debonair Rollie screwed up his courage. He sauntered nonchalantly through the hotel lobby

ROLLO was the darling son of the Angel and the pride of the elder's heart. Tall, blond, handsome, and twenty-eight, endowed with his mother's charm of manner and a certain mixture of the coarse practicality and instinct for leadership which his father possessed, the young man had come to look upon himself as a sort of favorite of the fickle goddess for whom nothing could be expected to fall out otherwise than well. Without money and without prestige—in fact, without much real ability and more because as a figure of youth he was good to look upon and possessed of smooth amiability—Rollie, as his friends and his doting mother called him, had risen through the lower rounds of the Amalgamated National to be one of its assistant cashiers and a sort of social handy man to the president.

There were, nevertheless, some grains of sand in the bearings of Rollie's spinning chariot wheels. In his capacity as an ambassador to the courts of society he had acquired some luxurious tastes—so luxurious, in fact, that in a straining endeavor to meet them his personal expenditures had for a long time considerably exceeded his personal income. To meet this drain upon resources the debonair youth did not possess he had dangerous recourse to misuse of checks upon a certain trust fund of which he was the custodian. He did this reluctantly, it must be understood, and was always appalled by the increasing size of the deficit he was making, but against the day of reckoning he knew must come several hopes were cherished.

One was that old J. M., brooding genius of the Amalgamated National, might become appreciative and double Rollie's salary. Yet the heart of J. M. was traditionally so hard that his hope was comparatively feeble. In fact, Rollie would have confessed himself that the lottery ticket which he bought every week, and whereby he stood to win fifteen thousand dollars, was a more solid one. Besides this, hope had other resources. There were, for instance, the "ponies" which part of the year were galloping at Emeryville, only a few miles away, and there were other race tracks throughout the country, and pool rooms conveniently at hand. While Rollie was too timid to lose any great sum at these, nevertheless they proved a constant drain; and the only real asset of his almost daily venturing was the doubtful one of the friendship of "Spider" Welsh, the bookmaker.

Rollie's first test of this friendship was made necessary by the receipt of a letter notifying him that the executors of the estate which included the trust fund he had been looting would call the next day at eleven for a formal examination of the account. Rollie at the moment was more than fifteen hundred dollars short, and getting shorter.

That night he went furtively through an alley to the back room of the bookmaker. "Let me have seventeen hundred, Spider, for three days and I'll give you my note for two thousand," he whispered nervously.

"What security?" asked the Spider, craft and money lust swimming in his small greenish-yellow eye.

"My signature's enough," said Rollie, bluffing weakly.

"Nothin' doin'," quoth the Spider decisively.

Cold sweat broke out on Rollie's brow faster than he could wipe it off.

"I'll make it twenty-five hundred," the young man said hoarsely.

Spider looked interested. He leaned across the table, his darting, peculiar glance shifting searchingly from first one of Rollie's eyes to the other, his form half crouching, his whole body alert. A cruel craft depicted on his face suggested that his nickname was no accident, but a sure bit of underworld characterization.

"Make it three thousand and I'll lay the money in your hand," said the Spider coldly.

Rollie's case was desperate. He drew a blank note from his pocket, filled it and signed it; then passed it across the table. But with the Spider's seventeen century spots deep in Rollie's trousers pockets the feeling that he had been grossly taken advantage of seemed to demand that his manhood should assert itself.

"Spider, you are a thief!" he proclaimed truculently.

"I guess you must be one yourself or you wouldn't want seventeen hundred in such a hell of a hurry," was Spider's cool rejoinder as he practically shoved Rollie out of his back door.

Now this retort of Spider's was quite a shock to Rollie; but there are shocks and shocks. Moreover, when the executors upon their scheduled hour came to Rollo Charles Burbeck, trustee, and found his accounts and cash balancing to a cent, which was exactly as they expected to find them, this in itself was some compensation for taking the back talk even of a bookmaker.

IT was while his finances were in this condition, with another of those formal turnings over of dead papers by the executors only a few weeks distant, that Rollie was greatly astounded to blunder into the presence of Marien Dounay in his mother's sun room at four o'clock one afternoon when chance had sent him home to don a yachting costume. Rollie's surprise at finding Miss Dounay *en tête-à-tête* with his own mother was the greater by the fact that he knew a score of ambitious matrons who at this very time were pulling every string within their reach to get the actress on exhibition as one of their social possessions.

Acquaintance between the two young people ripened swiftly. Because John Hampstead was busy, Marien had an abundance of idle time upon her hands. Agitated continually by a catlike restlessness, seeking a satiety she was unable to find, the actress had no objections to spending a great deal of this idle time upon Rollie. He rode with her in that swift-scudding, smooth-spinning foreign car.

Rollie enjoyed all of this, but without succumbing seriously. But all the while he held her acquaintance as a treasured asset, introducing her to about-the-bay

. . .

society with such calculating discrimination as to put under lasting obligations to himself, not only Mrs. von Studdeford, his friend and patron, but certain other carefully chosen mistresses of money.

As for Marien, her triumph was still too recent, her vanity was still too childish, not to extract considerable enjoyment from being Exhibit A at the most important social gatherings the community offered; but her complacence was at all times modified by moods and caprices. She would disappoint Rollie's society friends for the most unsubstantial reasons, and appeared to think her own whimsical change of purpose an entirely sufficient explanation. Sometimes she did not even bother about an explanation, and her manner was haughty in the extreme.

Her most vexatious trick of the kind was to disappear one night five minutes before she was to have gone with Rollie to be guest of honor at a dinner given by Mrs. Ellsworth Harrington. The hostess raged inconsolably, taking her revenge on Rollie in words and looks which, in her quarter, proclaimed thumbs down for that unfortunate, adventuring youth; and, all in all, Mrs. Harrington's dinner was about as merry as an undertaker's tea.

"Take me about nine hundred and ninety-nine years to square myself with that double-chinned queen," muttered Rollie, standing at eleven o'clock of the same night upon the corner opposite the Hotel St. Albans and looking up inquisitively at the suite of Miss Dounay. He frowned disconsolately.

"Looks as if I'd kind of lost my rabbit's foot," he murmured, relaxing into a vernacular that neither Mrs. Harrington nor Mrs. von Studdeford nor other ladies of their class would have expected could flow from the irreproachable lips of Rollo Charles Burbeck. Yet his friends should have been very indulgent with Rollie. The world had grown suddenly hard for him. The executors were due again to-morrow, and his deficit had passed four thousand dollars.

So desperate was his plight that for an hour that afternoon Rollie had actually thought of throwing himself upon the mercy of Mrs. Ellsworth Harrington, who had hundreds of thousands in her own right and might have saved him with a scratch of the pen. Her heart had been really soft toward Rollie too, but Marien's caprice to-night had spoiled all chance of that. Nothing remained but the Spider. Rollie had an appointment with him in fifteen minutes.

But in the meantime he indulged a somber, irritated curiosity concerning Miss Dounay. Since staring upward at her windows brought no satisfaction, he had recourse to the telephone booth in the hotel lobby. He got the information that Miss Dounay was out but had left word that if Mr. Burbeck called he was to be told that he was expected at ten-thirty and that there would be other guests.

EXPECTED at ten-thirty, and other guests! That meant supper and a lively little time. No doubt the actress would try to make amends. Well, Rollie would most surely let her. He had no intention of quarreling with an asset, even though occasionally it turned itself into a liability. But it was now past ten-thirty—ten-forty-seven, to be exact—and his engagement with the Spider was at eleven. However, since his hostess was still out, and therefore would be late at her own party, his own prospective tardiness gave him no concern.

But on leaving the telephone booth and advancing through the wide lobby of the hotel, young Burbeck was surprised to see Miss Dounay's car driven up to the curb. There she was, the beautiful devil! Where could she have been? Yet since Rollie's curiosity and his wish for an explanation of her conduct were nothing like so great as his desire to avoid meeting her until this business with the Spider was off his mind, he executed an oblique movement in the direction of the side exit, but not until a shoulderwise glance had revealed to him the stalwart form of the Rev. John Hampstead emerging first from the Dounay limousine.

"The preacher!" he muttered in disgusted tones. "I thought so. She's nuts on him, or he is on her, or something. Say!" and the young man came to an abrupt stop while his eyes opened widely and his nostrils sniffed the air as if he scented scandal. "I wonder if she tried the same line of stuff on the parson and he's falling for it? It certainly would be tough on mother if anything went wrong with her sky pilot."

However, Rollie's own exigencies were too great for him to forget them long, even in contemplating the prospective downfall of a popular idol, and he made his way to his engagement.

ROLLIE was a long time with Spider. Part of this delay was due to the fact that Spider was broke. He did not have forty-two hundred dollars nor any appreciable portion thereof. Another part of the delay was due to the fact that Spider took some time in elaborating a plan to put both Rollie and himself in possession of abundant funds. The plan was grasped upon quickly, but, being a detestable coward, Rollie halted long before undertaking an enterprise that required the display of nerve and daring under circumstances where failure meant instant ruin.

However, there was at least a gambler's chance, while with the executors to-morrow there was no chance. Inevitably, therefore, the young man, white of face, with a lump in his throat and a flutter in his breast, gripped with his cold, nerveless hand the avaricious palm of Spider, and the bargain was made. Even then, however, there was a stage wait while an emissary of Spider's went on a dive-scouring tour that in twenty minutes turned up a short-haired, scar-nosed shadow of a man who answered to the name of the "Red Lizard," a designation which the fiery hue of his skin and the slimy manner of the creature amply justified.

Once out of Spider's place, Rollie lingered in the alley long enough to screw his scant courage to the place where it would stick for a few hours at least, and at precisely half past eleven, looking his handsome, debonair self, his open overcoat revealing him still in evening dress, and with his silk hat self-confidently atilt, he sauntered nonchalantly through the lobby of the Hotel St. Albans to an elevator which bore him skyward.



"Here they are!" Rollo gulped, as he drew the diamonds from his pocket. "I stole them. The Red Lizard failed me. I am ruined and the shock will kill mother"

WITH more than a month of odd hours invested upon Marien Dounay, the Rev. John Hampstead had reluctantly made up his mind that failure must be written over his efforts in her behalf.

For five days he had not seen her, but hating so to give up entirely, and finding himself one evening in the vicinity of the Hotel St. Albans, he ventured to run in upon her for a moment. She was decked as if for an evening party in a dress of gold and spangles, as conspicuous for an excess of materials in the train as for an utter absence of them about the arms and shoulders, which on this occasion even the blaze of diamonds did not redeem from a look of nakedness to the eyes of the minister—a mental reaction proving that John Hampstead, man, had passed entirely beyond the power of Marien Dounay, woman.

Miss Dounay received her caller with her characteristic low pur of surprise and gladness, and instantly proposed that they go out for a ride on the foothill boulevard, and a dinner at the Three Points Inn.

Since the minister had resolved to make one last effort to help the woman he decided to accept the invitation.

The evening, however, was not a success. The dinner was good, the roads were smooth, the night air was balmy and full of a thousand perfumes from field and garden, but Miss Dounay's mood, at first merry, sagged lower and lower into a kind of sullen despair in which she reproached the minister bitterly for his failure to understand her.

François had by command of his mistress stopped the car on the curve of the hill, at a point where the bright moon made faces as clear as day, and, getting out as if to look the car over, they heard his boot heels grow fainter and fainter on the graveled road as he tactfully ambled off out of earshot.

Hampstead was still patient.

"I have been so earnest in my desire to help you," he said by way of broaching the subject again.

"You cannot help me," Marien snapped. "Something bars you. Your church, your position, all these foolish women who are in love with you, this whole community which has made a 'property' god of you—they are to blame! They stand between us. They prevent you from seeing what you ought to see. They make you blind. You think you are humble. It is a mock humility. Under its guise you hide a lofty egotism. You think you are a preacher; you are not. You are still an actor, playing your part, and playing it so busily that you have ceased to be genuine. All this sentiment which you display for the suffering and needy and distressed is a worked-up sentiment. It goes with the part you play. It makes you blind, false, hypocritical!"

"Miss Dounay!" exclaimed the minister sharply.

But, beside herself with chagrin and disappointment, the woman ran on with growing scorn as she asked sneeringly: "Do you not see that all this gaping adoration is unreal—that a touch would overthrow you? A single false step and the newspapers which have made you for the sake of a front-page holiday would have another holiday, and a bigger one, in tearing you down."

HAMPSTEAD gritted his teeth, but he could not have stopped her.

"Can you imagine what would be the biggest news story that could break tomorrow morning in Oakland?" she persisted. "It would be the fall of John Hampstead. Can't you see it?" she laughed derisively. "Headlines a foot tall? Can't you hear the newsboys calling? Can't you see the 'sisters' whispering? Can't you see the gray heads bobbing? The pulpit of All People's declared vacant! John Hampstead a byword and worse—a joke! Can't you see it?"

Not unnaturally the minister was angry.

"No," he said sharply, "and you will never see it, for I shall not take that single false step of which you speak."

"Oh, you really would not need to take it," sneered the actress with a sinister note in her voice. "A man in your position need not fall. He may only *seem* to fall."

The woman was actually menacing him.

"François!" John called sharply.

The chauffeur's heels came clicking back from

around the turn, and in a silence, which upon Miss Dounay's part might be described as fuming, and upon the minister's as aggressively dignified, the couple were driven back to the hotel, arriving in time for Rollo Burbeck to emerge from the telephone booth to observe the car and to avoid its occupants, as has been already noted.

With almost an elaboration of scrupulous courtesy the minister helped Miss Dounay from the automobile, walked with her to the elevator, and ascended to the doorway of her apartment, where, extending his hand, he said sadly in tones of finality, but without a trace of any other feeling than regretful sympathy: "I still desire to befriend you; but I shall not be able to come to you again."

To his surprise Marien answered him with something like a threat.

"It is I," she rejoined quickly, "who will come to you. I do not know how it is to happen yet, but I will come, and when I do, if I am not much mistaken, you will be happier to receive me than you ever were to receive anyone in all your life before!"

NEITHER had she ever been guilty of a more studied or effective bit of theatricalism than when, immediately following this insinuating speech, the actress noiselessly propelled the door inward, revealing the presence of a group of men in evening dress, posed about the room in various attitudes of boredom. As the door swung these men turned expectantly and with quick eyes photographed the picture of the minister in the hall, his sober, perplexed gaze set upon the figure of the beautiful woman whose features had instantly changed as she made her entrance upon an entirely different drama.

"Ah, my neglected guests!" exclaimed the actress in tones of mild self-reproach. "You will forgive my not being here to receive you when you know the reason. Dr. Hampstead has been showing me some of the more interesting and unusual phases of that eccentric parish work of his over which you Oaklanders rave so much. And now the dear, good man was hesitating in the hall at intruding upon our little party. I have insisted that he shall be one of us. Am I not right, gentlemen?"

Several of Miss Dounay's guests were well known to Hampstead personally, and the readiness with which they dragged him within attested to the clergyman's wide popularity among quite different sorts of very much worth-while persons, for, as a matter of fact, Miss Dounay's guests were rather representative. The group included a metropolitan editor, an associate justice of the Supreme Court, a prominent merchant, a capitalist or two, and other persons, either of achievement or position, to the number of some eight or ten.

The actress had carefully chosen her guests, and was vain enough to invite no women.

Standing in the center of the room, wearing that expression of happy radiance which admiration invariably brought to her face, her bare shoulders gleaming, her jewels blazing, she rotated upon her heel till her train wound up in a swirling eddy at her feet, out of which she bloomed like some voluptuous flower, while a chorus of "Oh's" and "Ah's" of laughing adulation followed the revolution of her eyes about the circuit. The guests knew that to their hostess this little gathering was a play and their part was to enact a vigorously approving audience.

"Gentlemen," she proposed, "you are all in evening dress; but I"—and she shrugged her bewitching shoulders naively—"I have been in this gown for ages, until I hate it. Will you indulge me a little longer?" and she inclined her head in the direction of the red portières through which she had gone that first night to don the diamonds for Hampstead.

Miss Dounay achieved another startling theatricalism by reappearing in astonishingly short time offering the most surprising contrast to her former self. The yellow and spangles were gone. In their place was the simplest possible gown of soft black velvet, without sleeves, with only a narrow band passing over the shoulders, and framing a bust like marble for its whiteness against the black. The dress was entirely without ornament, presenting a supreme achievement of the art of the modiste, in that it appeared not so much to be a gown as a bolt of velvet, suddenly caught up and draped to screen her figure chastely but beautifully. At the same time it revealed and even emphasized those rare, swelling curves and long svelte lines which lost themselves elusively in the baffling willowiness of her remarkable figure. The hair was worn low upon the neck, and the jewels, which had blazed in her coiffure like a dazzling crown, were no longer in evidence. With them had gone the pendants from her ears and that coruscating circlet of diamonds from the neck which was her chief pride and most valuable single possession. There was not even a band of gold upon her arms nor a ring upon her tapering finger.

What the admiring circle saw was not something brilliant because bedizened, but a creature exquisite because genuine, a beauty depending for its power solely upon nature's comeliness.

No woman with less beauty or less art, desiring to be admired as Marien Dounay passionately did, could have dared this contrast successfully. No one who knew men less thoroughly than she would have understood that for a purely professional artist to attain this look of a simple, womanly woman was the greatest possible triumph, stirring every instinct of admiration and of chivalry.

But more important to us than the slight additional sensation this achieved for the actress was the fact that it gave Rollo Charles Burbeck the chance upon which he was prepared to play his destiny.

AND whatever was at the back of the trick Miss Dounay had played—and there was generally something back of her caprices—in thrusting John Hampstead, with whom she had practically quarreled, into this group of her guests, she appeared to forget him entirely in the succession of whims, moods, and graces with which she proceeded to their entertainment.

For one thing, she admitted them to the large room which served as her boudoir, into which they had seen her go in gold and spangles to emerge like a miracle in demure black velvet.

Of course there was an excuse for thus titillating the curiosity of vigorous men with that lure of mysterious enchantment which lurks in the boudoir of a lovely woman where every corner seemed to hold a wardrobe trunk, its tall doors gaping to reveal tantalizing glimpses of garments all aglitter, the very emptiness of which in some manner is witchingly suggestive of the form they are designed to cover and adorn. The excuse was that the room, while half boudoir, was also half studio, and held tables on which were displayed the models of the stage sets and the costumer's designs for Miss Dounay's coming London production.

As the actress had divined, the inspection of these fascinating details of stagecraft interested her guests as much as the display of them delighted her.

In the hour which ensued before the supper—a collation that in its variety and substance again proved how well the actress comprehended the appetite of the male—two or three guests arrived tardily. The earliest of these to enter was Rollo Charles Burbeck, who came in ample time to roam about the room of mystery at will with the remainder of the guests. Indeed, he stayed in it so long that its enchantment for him might have been presumed to be greater than for the others.

Before the supper, too, one of the guests craved the liberty of departing. This was the Rev. John Hampstead. The farewell of his hostess was gracious and without the slightest reminiscence of anything unpleasant. He was prevented from more than mentally congratulating himself upon the change in her manner toward him, however, by the fact that in departing he came face to face with Rollo Burbeck. The latter was just emerging from the boudoir-studio with a disturbed look upon his usually placid face, as if, for instance, he had seen a ghost.

In consequence the minister moved down the corridor to the elevator, not pondering upon his own perplexities, but saying quietly to himself: "I wonder now if that young man is in any serious trouble. It would break his mother's heart—it would kill her if he were."

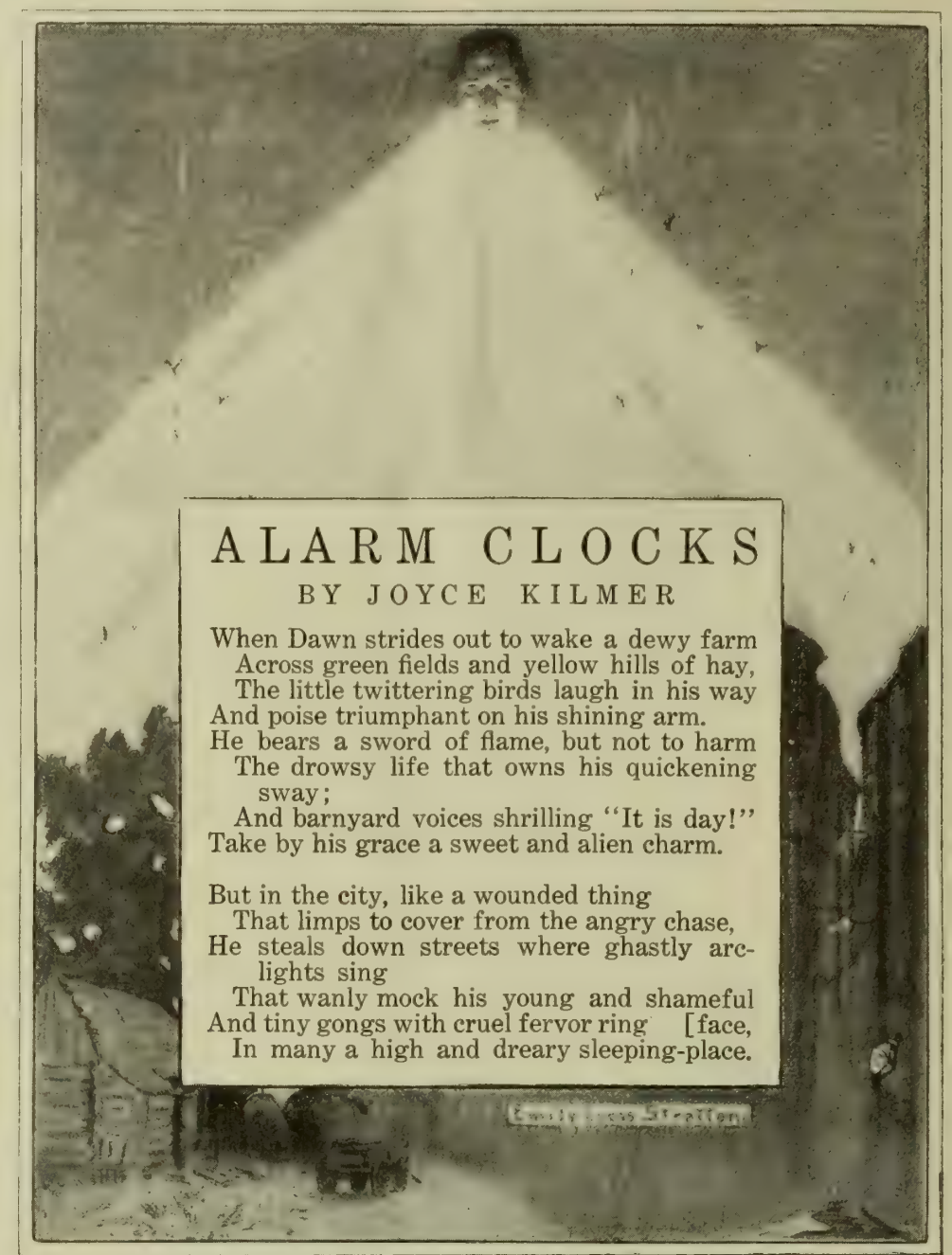
NEXT morning Dr. Hampstead was up bright and early, clad in his long study gown and walking, according to custom, beneath his palm trees while he reflected on the duties of the day before him. Although this was really the day of all days for him, he did not know it.

An unpleasant thought of Marien Dounay came impertinently into mind, but he repressed it. He had failed with her. A pity! Yes; but his work was too big, too important, for him longer to permit it to be interfered with by any individual.

Besides, there were with him this morning thoughts of a totally different woman whose life was as fresh and beautiful as the dew-kissed flowers about him. Five years of unswerving devotion on his part had all but wiped from Bessie's memory the admission of her lover which had hurt her trusting heart. That confiding trust, the loss of which her pen had so eloquently lamented, had grown again. The very day was set. In four months John Hampstead would hold Bessie Mitchell in his arms, and this time it seemed to him—more surely than it had that day in the little summer house by the tiny painted park in Los Angeles—that he would never again let her out of them.

In the midst of these reflections a thud sounded on the graveled walk at the minister's feet. It was the morning paper tightly rolled and whirled from the unerring hand of a boy upon a flying bicycle. After waving his hand in response to a similar salute from the grinning urchin, the minister turned and looked speculatively at the roll of ink and paper. That paper was the world coming to sit down at breakfast with him and tell him what it had been doing in the past twenty-four hours. It had been doing some desperate things. The wide strip of mourning at the end of the bent cylinder, indicating tall headlines, showed this. The paper had come to him to make confession of the world's sins. This was right, for he was one of the world's confessors.

But with this thought came another which had occurred to the conscientious minister before. This was that he had won his confessor's gaberdine too cheaply. He had gained his position as a deputy savior of mankind at too small a cost. (*Cont'd on page* 26)



ALARM CLOCKS

BY JOYCE KILMER

When Dawn strides out to wake a dewy farm
  Across green fields and yellow hills of hay,
  The little twittering birds laugh in his way
And poise triumphant on his shining arm.
He bears a sword of flame, but not to harm
  The drowsy life that owns his quickening sway;
  And barnyard voices shrilling "It is day!"
Take by his grace a sweet and alien charm.

But in the city, like a wounded thing
  That limps to cover from the angry chase,
He steals down streets where ghastly arc-lights sing
  That wanly mock his young and shameful face,
And tiny gongs with cruel fervor ring
  In many a high and dreary sleeping-place.

COMMENT ON POLITICS

IF one were to try to guess President Wilson's course in our present relations with Austria, basing the guess upon his past performances and upon such information as one is apt to extract from the atmosphere of official Washington, it would be something like this: President Wilson will practice forbearance and patience to the last degree. He will assume that Austria is a distracted country torn by a national crisis. He will assume that the responsible statesmen in Austria are troubled by many anxieties; and that under these circumstances many things can happen which would not happen normally. He will regard these circumstances as laying an obligation upon him to be patient and forbearing, just as one would be in analogous personal relations. If he resorts to a sterner tone in his relations with Austria, it will be after he feels that he has exhausted the last limits of courtesy and consideration.

The President

ACCORDING as you are friendly or unfriendly in saying it, President Wilson is either a victim of circumstances or he has suffered the fate of the opportunist. There is no doubt that his course at the beginning of the war met the approval of the American people. When the world is shocked by such a cataclysm as burst upon it in 1914, whatever a nation will do depends upon its leadership. Our leadership, in the shape of Wilson, chose to sit very tight and keep very calm. There is no doubt that at the time that course was generally accepted and approved. Wilson reaped the benefit of its popularity. In his annual message over a year ago the most striking point was his declaration that we would not be rushed off our feet by events outside our own borders. This, too, was applauded. When the *Lusitania* incident occurred Wilson maintained the same attitude. Probably that was the occasion when he overplayed the position of immutable calm. It remained true then as before that the thing a people will do in the face of such a shock as this nation had the morning after the *Lusitania* sinking depends upon the initiative that its leadership happens to take. This is familiar crowd psychology. For forty-eight hours after the *Lusitania* incident this nation could have done one of two things: it could have continued the policy of calm, of waiting, of negotiation, or it could have let its indignation find expression. There was just that short time when a nation could be indignant and could do the things that indignation justifies. Or, accepting different leadership—the leadership that Wilson provided—it could let its passion ebb away. Wilson chose this course, and it is coming home to trouble him now. It has been demonstrated that when a world is convulsed in arms no one nation can remain quite unaffected. War has forced itself on Wilson, and now he is out as an advocate of preparedness. He begins preparedness a year and four months after the warning has come.

The Issue

IF public opinion on our foreign relations is now swinging around to Roosevelt, and focusing upon him in such a striking way as to make him the one anti-Administration leader in the country, and a very likely presidential nominee of the Republican party, it must be said that he deserves the reward. Mr. Roosevelt took a course on our foreign policy which is squarely opposed to President Wilson's. He took it at the beginning, when President Wilson's course was popular and his was not. He has maintained it forcibly and consistently, and now the country is coming around to him. Meantime President Wilson has felt compelled to abandon much of his attitude and adopt at least a portion of Mr. Roosevelt's. The one point in which Mr. Roosevelt has been less fortunate has been in making himself clear, in making the public understand just what his course would have been. The "New Republic" has done Mr. Roosevelt a service in printing an intelligent statement of the distinction between the policies of the two men. It is from the "New Republic's" article that the following sentences are taken:

> There is neither paradox nor casuistry in the statement that in the long run the Wilson method leads to war and the Roosevelt method leads to peace. . . .
>
> Did Mr. Wilson come to terms with Germany without the use or threat of force? Not in the least. His first note about "strict accountability" was a threat. . . . Germany paused, for the United States had appeared as a possible enemy. . . . Now what were the decisive elements in Mr. Wilson's diplomacy? A threat several times repeated; a calculation in Germany as to the reality of the threat, and the rôle which the United States could play as a belligerent. . . .
>
> To call this a triumph of diplomacy is to ignore the facts. Mr. Wilson did not argue Germany out of her policy; Mr. Wilson used the old-fashioned method of threats. . . . There was no magic in his notes, but the threat of war. His words were backed by the possible strength of the United States. . . . There was nothing "new" about Mr. Wilson's diplomacy. It merely proved again that an international policy rests upon armaments. . . .
>
> The chief difference between the Wilson and the Roosevelt conception of diplomacy is not that Mr. Roosevelt doesn't use words or that Mr. Wilson doesn't use guns. They both use words and they both use guns. And in both cases the final sanction of words is guns. Where they differ is in this: when Mr. Roosevelt uses words the guns are already visible; when Mr. Wilson uses words his opponent is still kept guessing about the guns. . . . If his opponent guesses that perhaps guns will never be used, he is incited to go on committing outrages and piling up irritations which in the end will make war inevitable. . . .
>
> The Roosevelt method eliminates the period of guessing. It consists in using words at their full value, and making the opponent realize from the start that they mean exactly what they say. There is only one respect in which this method is more dangerous than Mr. Wilson's. It does not trust to luck. On the other hand, it has the great advantage that it catches the lawbreaker when he is young and easier to deal with. . . .
>
> The Wilson method is to watch and wait for things to happen, and then to try and find a way. The Roosevelt method is to act decisively when things are going to happen.
>
> So far as we can see there is nothing in the Roosevelt method which increases the real risks of war. It is far more likely to decrease them. In trying to explain his point of view Mr. Roosevelt has come to overstate it. But in the long run the Roosevelt methods, not the Roosevelt magazine articles, are likely to prove the methods of a genuine internationalism. . . .

The Lack of Leaders

WITH regard to the present Congress and what it is apt to do during the coming months, one gets a confused impression of chaotic conditions and arrives at the end of long thought about it with a rather discouraged feeling. It is clear that preparedness is going to be the chief topic of discussion. This is necessary and cannot be helped, but it means the postponement and ignoring of many other important issues. Even granting that it is necessary, if unfortunate, that preparedness should consume most of the time of the session, one would like to feel that on that question there will be clear-cut leadership and discussion likely to lead to action. But, sad to say, this is not true. President Wilson is for one kind and degree of preparedness. In the past when he has asserted his leadership he has secured what he went after, but there is plenty of evidence that in this present case he does not trust his leadership and will not put it to the test. He is more likely to rely on Republican help against the refractory elements of his own party. The leader of the Democratic party on the floor of the House, Congressman Claude Kitchin of North Carolina, is squarely opposed to Wilson on this issue. The chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs also differs from President Wilson, and so do most of the Democrats on that committee. In the Senate Committee on Military Affairs the case is the same. Such Republican Congressmen and Senators as believe in preparedness—and most of them do—believe in a kind and degree so different from President Wilson that they are not likely to submit to his program. What may come out of this condition is difficult to guess. The one certain thing is utter lack of leadership.

What Bryan Will Do

PERHAPS the most important thing—indeed, it is perhaps the only important thing—about the Democratic presidential situation is that Mr. Bryan has said to many persons that he is going to oppose President Wilson's nomination because of the plank against a second term in the platform of the last Democratic Convention. Mr. Bryan has made no secret of this intention and apparently has been entirely willing that it should come to the public through the newspapers. Neither the public nor the newspapers have seemed to attach to it the significance which it undoubtedly will have.



After the Ancona—What?

THE Austrian Government has disavowed the sinking of the *Ancona*, the guilty submarine captain is to be punished under their own rules in some unspecified way, and some indemnity is to be paid for the losses of life caused by his unauthorized act. Vienna agrees that passengers are to be given a chance for their lives. This looks good, but while the settlement is pending Americans are warned not to embark on the French liner *Lafayette*, and the *Persia* and other passenger vessels are torpedoed in the Mediterranean with an appalling loss of life. What will be the next act in this submarine inferno? The second Austrian note on the *Ancona* states "facts" that are inconsistent with each other and that agree with no other responsible version of the matter. The picture drawn is that of a conscientious submarine captain who causes panic by shelling a helpless ship and then stills the panic by blowing up the ship! Even so, the note would be a step toward settlement were it not for continuing slaughter at sea. Berlin is pleased with the outcome of the *Ancona* matter and resolutely does nothing about the unsettled controversy with us over the *Lusitania*. If the Teutonic powers wanted to string the United States along with endless diplomatic palaver while doing all the submarine piracy possible, they would be acting precisely as they are doing now. Public opinion in the United States has not formed any definite conclusions as to what should be done in these matters, and the Administration has never attempted the leadership necessary. Our position is merely that of the helpless bystander, and the *Ancona* incident proves it.

What Shall Our Land Be?

AMID the flood of Government documents the recent report of FRANKLIN K. LANE, Secretary of the Interior, is a real landmark. Here we have again the American sense of creative power and creative purpose, the mission of our country to build a great free state in a new land. As recited in this glowing report, the bare facts of our national resources are as thrilling as any romance. On this continent we have the basis for a civilization that, if necessary, can be made independent of all others; for we produce practically every mineral needed in industry, and all the grains, fruits, vegetables, and fibers of the temperate zone. We can build up our soils and keep them fertile with our own chemicals, while the running waters of this country can be made to yield some sixty million horsepower. To meet the puzzles set us by this abounding Nature we have the restless skill of our inventors, to whom over two hundred patents are issued every day; and for the future citizenship of the Republic there are more than twenty million boys and girls in the public schools. What are we determined that this glorious land shall be? The answer must be worked out by a wise leadership relying on the spirit and self-confidence of the people, and working toward a closer and stronger coordination of our industrial and social life. For the immediate future Secretary LANE urges, first, a general development bill to open up our national domain's resources of coal, gas, oil, phosphates, and potash, but with due safeguards against monopoly and nonuse. His second measure is the Ferris Bill, to promote the use of water power on national lands for the generation of electricity. Both these passed the House of Representatives at the last session, but failed in the Senate. Both embody true conservation principles and are essential to the solid growth of this country. In addition, Mr. LANE proposes a rural school campaign to vitalize education in its service to the farming communities. These measures are among the most important business Congress has to consider, for they are concerned with the permanent living strength of our country, and their fate will show what sort of statesmanship Congress has.

Railroading and Letter Writing

THE trial of the former directors of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad dragged its slow length along without any nerve-racking thrills. And yet wherever MELLEN figured, there was bound to be interest. MELLEN'S evident zest in the game was brought out by the reading of an old letter written by him to one of his underlings in regard to refusing credit to the New England Railroad, then one of the New Haven's chief competitors. Here is a part of it:

> Write just as nice a letter as you know how, expressing all manner of regret that you are obliged to take this action, and that it embarrasses them, but ask them to give some consideration to the railroad situation and try to put up with the situation as not being an unreasonable one, but rather one necessary for the proper protection of our property.
>
> You can fix up a good letter—I have no doubt one that will draw tears to the eyes of the people to whom it is addressed and convince them that you are only driven to this course by dire necessity.

That the recipient of this thoroughly understood the Mellen method is indicated by his reply:

> Instead of writing them I have decided to send a man down to Taunton to interview these parties verbally. I have selected young Palmer, and I think he will reflect our grief at the cruel situation. Palmer was to have been married the first of January, but the Pennsylvania cut down their force in Boston, whereby he lost his position. When he came here his pay was less and the poor fellow has been waiting, waiting, waiting ever since. I think his mournful appearance will enable him to do ample justice to the sad side of this unfortunate situation.

The paper reporting this added that at the reading "MELLEN laughed delightedly." All of which helps to explain why MELLEN has never achieved the position of a household god in New England.

Governing Our Cities

THE Federal Census Bureau figures on the subject show that the commission form of government will probably soon be in effect for a majority of our cities. It now obtains in 81 of the 204 that have over 30,000 population. The basic reason is plain if you look at certain facts in New York City. The best Board of Aldermen that metropolis has ever had went out of office last month, leaving no unfinished business and with a brilliant record of good work. Well done. Under the leadership of HENRY H. CURRAN they organized along modern lines, turning over administrative matters to the proper bodies, giving proper publicity to important committee work, and preventing snap action. After fifteen years of wasteful delay this body got a unified building law for the city and made a useful code of the tangled municipal ordinances. These are amples of their achievement. The voters rewarded this service by turning the board over to Tammany at the last election! It was an off year, the public mind was full of other things, MURPHY'S bunch were on the job and put the chief's men in. The answer is that the commission form of government makes a few men responsible, keeps the spotlight on them, and forces their acquaintance on the public. There are no shadows for the tiger to lurk in. With home rule cutting out the Legislature's meddling, the commission method is the best available means we now have for making our cities livable. More will try it and win.

The Hyphen in Hawaii

IN addressing the Japanese Citizens' Association of Hawaii, of which he is the leader, S. SOKABE of Honolulu said:

> You who were born in Hawaii are not the sons of the Emperor. If trouble should come with Japan, you must remember that you are the sons of the President, not of the Emperor. Aim to work for the best examples of citizenship and then aim to work for peace.

The Honolulu "Star-Bulletin" reports the entire speech, and it is worth reading. This is straight, plain talk, and there are men of the so-called superior races, much nearer home than Honolulu, who would do well to follow Mr. SOKABE'S example and advice.

Boot It Out Again

THE backers of the proposed Muscle Shoals waterway project are the princes of the bacon-hunting crowd, and ought to be crowned with hoops of the annual river pork barrel. They asked the Sixty-third Congress to spend $10,325,000 outright for locks, dams, and easements on the Muscle Shoals branch of the Tennessee River in Alabama, and to loan $8,375,000 to the Alabama Water Power Company, to be paid in installments covering a period of 100 years, with interest at 3 per cent. The $10,325,000 was for alleged navigation facilities, and the loan was to enable the private concern, which controls 96 per cent of all water power in Alabama, to make profits out of the Government's property. The river at that point, which is 250 miles from the mouth, was canalized between 1868 and 1889, and up to the end of the fiscal year 1913 it cost $4,555,655. That was for the promotion of navigation. The traffic reached 26,879 tons in 1906 and dropped to 5,887 tons in 1913, the last year for which we have an official report. For every ton shipped through the locks in 1913 UNCLE SAM paid a subsidy of over $40. The $18,700,000 scheme was booted out of last year's River and Harbor Bill, despite a vigorous defense of it by

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Majority Leader UNDERWOOD. Even Congressmen with pork projects of their own voted against this grab. But the Muscle Shoals lobby was not dismayed. It is back in Washington, trying its best to get away with the bacon. Congress must use the boot again.

Showing 'Em Up

"SKATING" is the edict. Special costumes, of all degrees of flossiness, adorn shop windows; the largest theatre in this country has made skating on real ice the big-feature spectacle, and some hotels are on the verge of transforming their ballrooms into indoor rinks. Yes, the city has "discovered" skating. "What are they gonna do with it?" you ask. Well, we'll venture that it won't be long before the ladies are even more charming on runners than in the multiform dances they have learned. But what about the young city man? He was in his element in the cabaret and tango parlor, but maybe it will prove a sorry day for him when he gets on skates. You remember what happened to WINKLE in "Pickwick Papers":

"How slippery it is, SAM!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. WELLER.

"These—these—are very awkward skates, ain't they, SAM?" inquired Mr. WINKLE, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied SAM.

"Just hold me at first, SAM; will you?" said Mr. WINKLE. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, SAM. Not too fast, SAM; not too fast."

Mr. WINKLE, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. WELLER in a very singular and unswanlike manner.

A little later WINKLE sat down—so hard that he found it difficult to smile with the onlookers. Oh, the thousands that are landing in WINKLE'S posture this winter!

Cartoon Drawn by Charles Huard



"And that eternal sea of silent waters?"
"Mothers' tears, Sire!"

The Real Thing

IN the country, anyhow, this sudden metropolitan craze of skating will be greeted with quiet amusement and with scorn, too, for any skating that has to be done indoors. Your real bred-in-the-bone lover of ice and the polished steel thinks of skating as a part of the great outdoors in winter. From his very childhood it has been a part of his life. Reminiscent he can relate with the poet:

> All shod with steel,
> We hissed along the polished ice in games
> Confederate, imitative of the chase
> And woodland pleasures . . .
> So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
> And not a voice was idle; with the din
> Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
> The leafless trees and every icy crag
> Tinkled like iron.

This is autobiographic, but less characteristically Wordsworthian than where he skates off by himself:

> Not seldom from the uproar I retired
> Into a silent bay, or sportively
> Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng,
> To cut across the reflex of a star
> That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
> Upon the glassy plain.

Boy and girl, youth and grown-up, all have been at it and will continue as long as winter is winter: cutting figure eights and the more intricate grapevine, playing hockey or "pullaway," or roaming far afield in leisurely couples in the crisp afternoon glow or under the cold moon. But all warm-hearted and friends together—very different from the city crowd which may soon abandon skating as too difficult and go back to its beloved foxtrot.

The Word of One Who Knows

A FRIEND of ours in Oneonta, N. Y., noticed a curious juxtaposition of headlines in the New York "Times" and sent us a marked copy. Here are the headlines:

FARMHAND ADMITS MURDER	DEMAND RIGHT TO DRINK
TELLS PASSAIC POLICE HE KILLED FRIEND TO GET MONEY FOR DRINK	ORDER OF "CLINKS" FORMED TO OPPOSE PROHIBITION MOVEMENT

The friend who called our attention to this knows something about booze. His name is LEE D. VAN WOERT, and he says:

> For the past two years I have been engaged in prosecuting misdemeanants in our local city court as police attorney. When the stuff that comes in bottles is *no longer made*, I expect my office will be discontinued. I am willing. I have revised my opinions in the two years I have served officially.

War and Trade

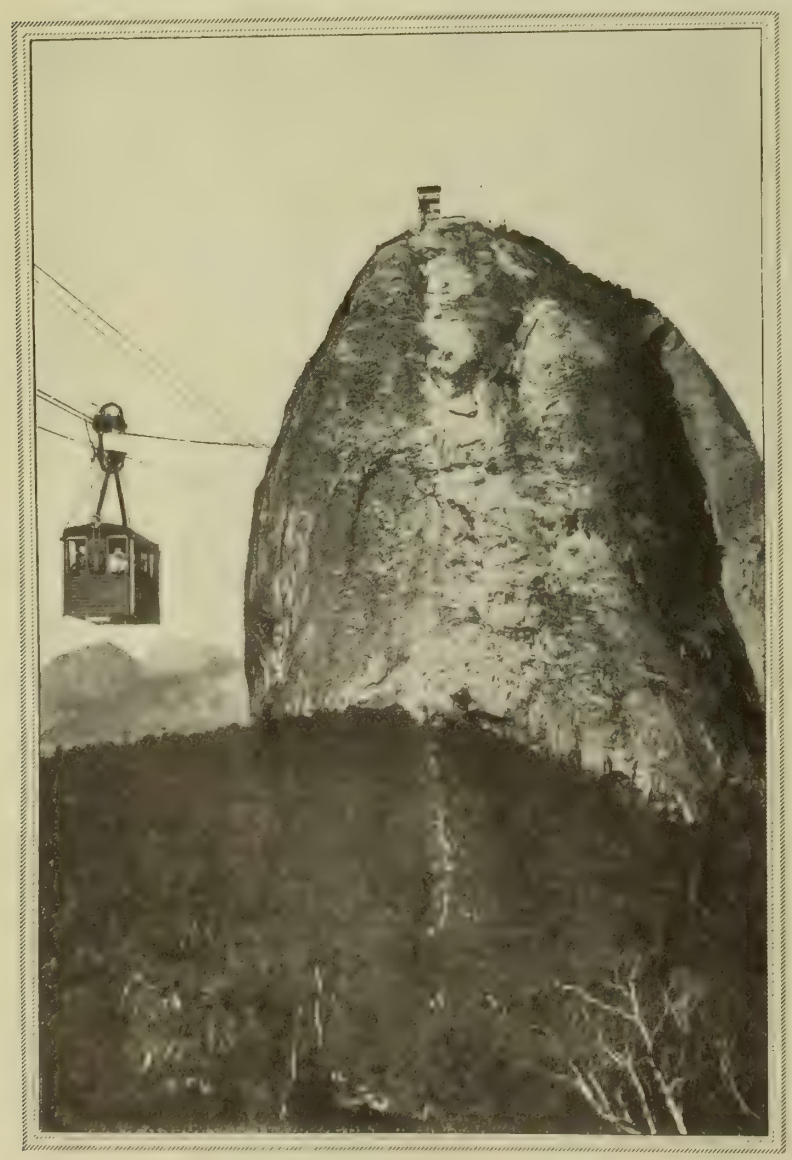
IN Washington last month some politicians asserted that our abounding export trade is founded on nothing but "munitions, murder, and mystery." This is typical of the nonsense now talked about our changing business relations with the rest of the world. Europe is at war, and if we are to trade with that region we must sell them what they want to buy. That seems simple. But the growth is not in our European trade only. The official figures for October, 1915, as compared with October, 1914, show increases in our exports to Asia, South America, and North America that range from 50 to 100 per cent. This is good, solid, new business based on normal needs. If we deliver the goods, deal fairly, and take the necessary trouble in perfecting our commercial and financial relations with these customers, this growth will go on. The essential thing is to keep mystery out of it and to furnish no munitions for politicians.

Concerning Proposals

AGAIN comes leap year, when tradition vouchsafes to woman the right to propose. The world has jocosely agreed to sanction such a reversal of custom once every four years. And it may be that somewhere, some time, outside of comic literature, leap year has had its prerogatives observed in orthodox fashion. But why—why should the wise virgin wait for a fourth year to legalize, as it were, what is going on all the time? Not perhaps in the undisguised method of ANNE in "Man and Superman," who frankly informs the hero that she is out to win him—and does. Nor like the young Chicago miss who one evening calmly kissed her constant caller, remarking naïvely: "It *is* customary, isn't it, for engaged people to kiss each other?"—a proposition to which the constant caller acceded in all its terms, though there had never been anything approaching a proposal from him. No; these things don't happen this way (except in the ten thousandth case) for two reasons: (*a*) it isn't the woman's way, and (*b*) it isn't the man's way. And the reason it isn't the woman's way is *because* it isn't the man's way. She knows very well that a man's pride in himself is illimitable; that nothing but the rôle of the pursuer will satisfy him; and that nothing pleases him so much as to regard himself as the arbiter of their twin destinies from the first moment they meet. And so, in a goodly number of instances—in married life as well as courtship—she lets him think he is playing the cards, when in reality she is leaning over his shoulder showing him what to play without his ever guessing it. All-wise Nature has ordained it thus. Everybody is content. He has her way, and all the while thinks he is having his own, and is consequently happy. *The dear stupid!*—as a BARRIE heroine might remark.

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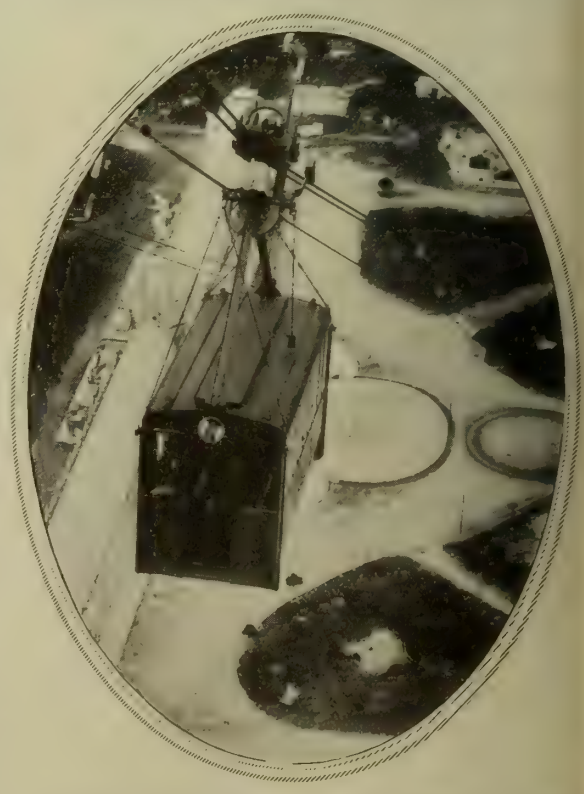
Part of Rio de Janeiro, seen from the top of Sugar Loaf. The Brazilian capital has a population of 1,128,637 and is one of the world's most beautiful cities



A car in the second lap of the flight to the crest of Sugar Loaf, 1,600 feet above the sea level. The first half of the trip is exciting enough, but here one gets a thrill that he never can forget

Seeing Rio de Janeiro from the Sugar Loaf Mountain Aerial Railway

THE photographs on this page serve a double purpose. They help to tell the story of the Sugar Loaf Mountain Aerial Railway, and give you the finest possible view of a large section of Rio de Janeiro, the beautiful Brazilian capital, and her picturesque environs. In the snapshot reproduced in the oval is one of the aerial cars approaching the crest of the hill seen in the central foreground of the large picture above, and at the left is a glimpse of another car on its way from the first hill to the summit of Sugar Loaf itself. The first lap, from the level of the city to the farther edge of the lesser cliff, is 800 feet. After that part of the journey is completed the passenger walks to the white building nearest in the foreground of the photograph above and boards a car for a 3,000-foot flight to the little house atop the big mountain, which towers 1,600 feet above the sea. Looking westward from this tower one sees, as in the upper photograph, a wealthy residential district of Rio de Janeiro, with the ocean at the left and Botafogo Bay at the right. In the lower left-hand corner is an army barracks, formerly an exposition building, and in the middle distance (left) is a bathing beach. The main part of the city is too far to the right to be included in this photograph. The trip to the top of Sugar Loaf is a thrilling experience for sight-seers. The railway is very popular now, but for some time after it was completed many people were afraid to use it. The first two women to take the ride to the summit were so badly frightened that for several hours they could not be persuaded to return. They said they would rather stay up there and starve than make the descent. It was only after they were blindfolded that they consented to reenter the car.



A thirty-passenger electric car ascending to the halfway station atop an 800-foot peak. The railway is patronized by tens of thousands of people annually

Copyright by Paul Thompson



Italian troops hiding behind a snow bank while reconnoitering in one of the high Alpine passes. They are facing Austrians intrenched on a hillside in the distance

Why Italy's Campaign Seems to Limp

THE failure of the Italians to advance much farther into Austria than a big gun could throw a shell has caused a considerable number of people in this country to suspect the Italians of shirking to save men and ammunition while their allies do most of the fighting. And this suspicion is strengthened by the fact that days and weeks pass without any news of serious fighting in the Austro-Italian zone. But those who go little beyond newspaper headlines for their information do not get a thorough understanding of Italy's part in the war. The truth is that Victor Emmanuel's forces, some of whom are seen in the striking photographs on this page, have been doing about all that could be expected of them under the circumstances. The principal reason why their campaign seems to drag is that the Austrian positions are well-nigh impregnable. This fact is well illustrated by the photograph at the right, in which Italians are seen in a captured gun position in the Carso Plateau district. Long before the war the gun was placed in the mountainside and the hole was sealed up with concrete the color of the stone; and when the fighting began, all the gunners had to do was to remove the concrete and go to work. Largely because of great natural advantages the Austrian positions along nearly all the line are harder to penetrate than the French or German earthworks, yet the Italians have gone a good deal farther since they began fighting than either side in France has advanced during the same period. Since last May Italy has sent between 800,000 and 900,000 men to the fighting line, of whom approximately 350,000 have been killed, wounded, or captured.



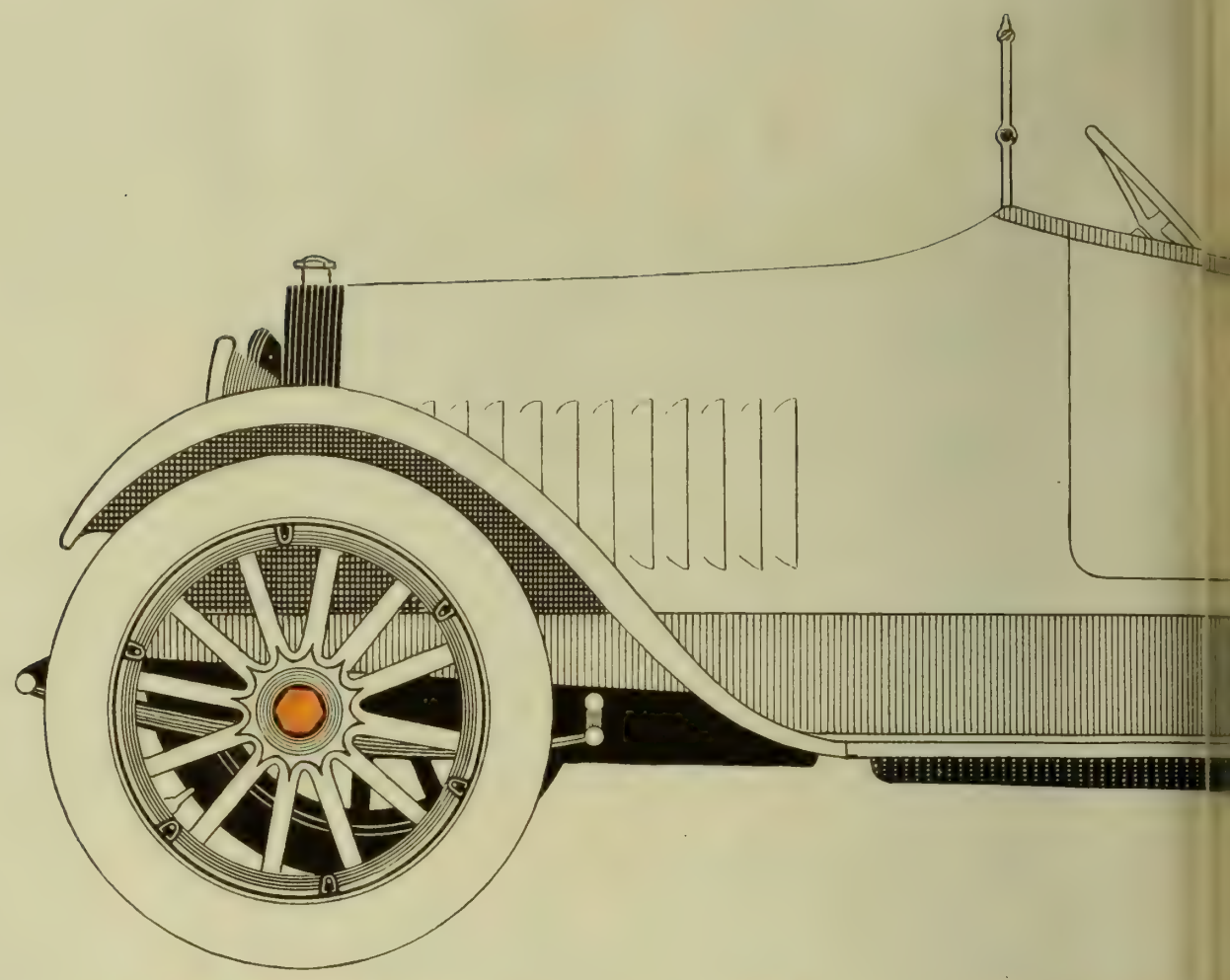
Copyright by Paul Thompson

Italians in a newly captured mountain artillery position. The gun was too far back in the hole to be caught by the camera

Copyright by International Film Service



A motor car battery with which the Italians do much effective fighting. They can fire and move to a new position before the enemy can get their range



A Motor of Might in a Car of Cha

Anyone with half an eye notes the charm in the new 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers. To cast one look is to capitulate. It is the kind of a car you would like to have your monogram on.

But the greatest lure is hidden from the eye. It is as invisible as night.

And yet one touch of the foot reveals the secret. Step on the accelerator button, and speed her up and up and up. The faster she runs, the smoother she gets. You will say the "last throb" has been removed.

This is super-engine speed, and why they call her the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers.

For 3400 r. p. m. means 3400 revolutions per minute, and that is the speed with which the engine "turns over." Most cars attain only 2000 r. p. m. Some do 1400 and 1600. One or two reach 2600, and another achieves 3000 r. p. m.

Super-engine speed means super-engine power. This explains the might in the 3400 r. p. m. motor.

For it isn't a big engine. It's a small one, when you think of the big hulks of engines of a year or two ago. Its six cylinders are 3¼ x 4½, and the displacement 224 cubic inches.

But it is a motor of might.

It delivers a horse-power of 45 at 2650 r. p. m.

This is the kind of power you once obtained from the big brute of a car.



n: The New 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers

Now you receive it in a car that weighs only 660 pounds, and a car "much faster on its feet."

For she carries no extra burden.

Aluminum pistons and light reciprocating arts remove the last dram of engine weight.

Then, too, with 32-inch wheels she is right own on the road and clings to it the deeper you ink the accelerator button.

That shows excellent balance, and explains ow it is possible to build the supreme of riding omfort into a 115-inch wheelbase.

There are other attributes, such as the simple Vestinghouse starter, the long-tuft upholstery, that makes the little biscuit kind an antiquity, and the magnificent "lay" of the steering wheel that fortify the little two-word slogan under the Chalmers Monogram.

But be sure to see the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers.

She tells her own story best.

Go to the Chalmers store or follow the crowd at the Automobile Show in your town.

You will find a motor of might in a car of charm.

$1050 f. o. b. Detroit

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

Quality First

THE TEETH OF FAMINE

FURTHER TALES OF "THE CAMPS OF CHAOS"

BY SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY SIGISMUND DE IVANOWSKI

THE river steamer *Voyageur*, one of the Arctic Circle Line which ex-Marshal Cronin Hess, Gayle Outremont, and Thorpe Calgour established on the Upper Yukon what time they made their pile on Davidson Creek, broke into view above the trading post of Selkirk at the Pelly's mouth. Her sides were white with blizzard-driven snow and sheathed in frozen spray. On her bow tossed a gargoyle figurehead of foam-pale mush ice. She drove at top speed, and her engines hammered incessantly in their feverish race with the frost. So fast she flew that the Selkirk inhabitants on the watch by the shore felt a pang of fear that she was going to ignore them and rush on down river. And no worse calamity than that could befall, for a famine threatened on the Yukon, and, like the men of golden Dawson, those of lonely Selkirk were counting the holes in their belts and concentrating their hopes upon the relief ship *Voyageur* to bring them supplies enough to tide them over the freeze-up till such time as the river ice would bear freight and freighting dog trains.

Twice before earlier in the fall had their hopes been dashed down, once when the C. D. C. boat *Canadian* sank in Five Finger Rapids and again as the N. C. steamer *Hannah* grounded fast below Tantalus Butte. The *Voyageur* was now their only salvation, and they gesticulated frantically upon the beach and bellowed lest they lose it till they saw her suddenly slow and buckle up the shore ice like glass as she swerved in to the post.

At the direction of Severil, the Selkirk trader, three French half-breeds and a Stick Indian in his employ ran forward to catch the *Voyageur's* lines, but no frozen hemp came snaking into their outstretched hands.

"No time to make fast!" yelled Cronin, grinning at Severil over the rail. "She'll hang a minute while we dump what you want. How many are you feeding?"

Severil took a swift glance about the group on the icy shore. He knew by heart their exact number, but in this emergency, when he had to assume full responsibility for their keep, he felt it necessary to make a final count. Besides himself there were his English clerk, the three French half-breeds and the Stick Indian aforementioned, two trappers and a prospector going up the Pelly to the Glenlyon Mountains and stayed by lack of supplies which they had figured on purchasing at the post, and a Government courier, coastward bound, whose canoe had been smashed to pieces by ice in an early winter gale at the Selwyn's mouth.

"Ten!" he answered. "And I've always a few stray bucks in the fall for a little debt. Call it twelve for margin. Twelve stomachs for thirty days. Can you stand it?"

Hess whistled speculatively. "Twelve stomachs for thirty days is eating some. We didn't count on more than half a dozen."

"Neither did I," confessed Severil, "but you see how the chances of the river have loaded me up with extras. I got to take care of them just the same as I would of myself. That's my need right now, and I hope you boys can stand it."

"What do you think, eh?" Hess asked his partner Gayle. "Can we stand it?"

"It's a large order under the present circumstances," declared Gayle. "There's Stewart City to provision yet before we even start on Dawson and Klondike cities. We better cut it some. But we can't cut the mouths, so we'll have to cut the days. Three weeks is your limit, Severil. You can get stuff through from Whitehorse in that time."

"I don't know," brooded Severil, "but I'll try."

HE was glad of even three weeks' grace, and he knew there was no use in arguing with the partners. Lords of the moment were they, and at their spoken word men ate or starved. Swiftly they, with the assistance of Thorpe and one of the crew, detached Selkirk's portion of the provisions from a mountainous pile, the overflow of the hold, lashed under a tarpaulin on deck. The boxes, bundles, and bags were tossed overside in a heap upon the river bank, and the steamer veered out again into the middle of the ice-thickened current.

A cry of farewell went up from those on shore. She was the last boat they would see that year, and their first hour of eight months' wintry isolation was upon them. Forlorn they looked, standing on the desolate shore, the rude post buildings behind them and behind the post buildings the outer fringe of a thousand miles of wilderness. They cheered with a gloom in their eyes, but suddenly as those eyes, gazing past the *Voyageur's* stern, encountered a canoe in mid river, the gloom was usurped by a flash of joy, the joy of a farewell unexpectedly delayed. Severil darted forward, running a few paces along the bank, waving his hands excitedly and yelling for the steamer to stop.

"Canoe, Hess, canoe!" he roared. "Three men! In mid river!"

Severil pointed in the direction of the craft. The ex-marshal ran to the starboard rail, took a look across, and shouted an order to Captain Ravigne in the wheelhouse. The wheel went over. The *Voyageur* slowed again and drifted along with the pour of mush ice.

In the canoe in mid river the bowsman, who had stood up wildly waving his paddle blade to signal the steamer, suddenly sat down and added the impetus of his stroke to the strokes of his two companions. The *Peterborough* angled across the Yukon in long jumps, squelching through the mush ice with a hissing sound like that of lashing hail. At times it careened from the thrust of a floe, but skillfully wielded paddles, forcing the craft to yield at the moment of impact, saved its fragile sides.

"Good paddlers, Cronin!" commented Gayle, watching their work with an expert's eye. "No cheechakos in that bunch!"

"Yes," admitted Hess grudgingly, "they know the art of the ashen blade, but that doesn't make me love them any better. Condemn their hasty hearts and condemn our rotten luck! They flip up at the time when we least want them. Three more stomachs to fill, for by the look of things they're traveling light and grubless!"

THE canoe, shooting across the *Voyageur's* stern, showed an empty bottom. It rounded to on the port side and worked into the shelter of the steamer's hull. The bowsman upturned his face as he caught the rope Gayle and Cronin threw to him, and the partners recognized him as Rooney Ryan. Amidships squatted Monte Marlin, while the steersman's seat was filled by Seattle Simons.

"Now I love you less and less!" railed Cronin, as the three, knotting the rope to the canoe thwarts, came up hand over hand and dropped one after another across the rail. "Why in thunder couldn't you stay where you were, wherever that was?"

"Because we were out of grub!" panted Rooney, leaning back against the rail to get his breath the while Marlin and Simons drew up the canoe by the ropes. "We been prospecting up the Pelly. We were down to the last rind of bacon and the final bean. We simply had to hike for Dawson. All we were afraid of was that we'd miss the *Voyageur* here at Selkirk, but we got you just by the tips of our toe nails."

"Dawson!" exploded Hess. "A luscious lot you're wanted in Dawson, and a plagued lot of good you'll get going there. You're thinking to gorge yourselves, but you'll go on rations instead. Savvy that? There's a famine in Dawson City."

"Famine!" Ryan's breathless body stiffened.

The ex-marshal nodded surlily. "That's twice I intimated it. And again I say I can't see why you couldn't have stayed up the Pelly, killed a moose, and lived on straight meat for a while. You're only butting in down river and cutting the rations for each man smaller than ever. But that's our blasted luck! Captain Ravigne," yelling at the deck house, "full speed ahead!"

The canoe had topped the rail, and the *Voyageur*, throbbing violently to her full stride, leaped on down the Yukon to another outburst of the Selkirk inhabitants' cheers.

"Now, Ryan, you take an ax," Hess ordered, "and chop some of that ice from our bow. Marlin and Simons, you take a couple of poles out of the hold and stand at the forward port to fend off floes. We're traveling like a buck-jumping bighorn ram, and we don't want any impediments."

"But, look here," protested Ryan indignantly, "we're passengers. We boarded your boat at a regular port of call. We're paying full fare for passage from Selkirk to Dawson, and we're sure not going to kick in and work. Besides, we nigh paddled our gizzards out, and we ain't fit."

"You'll pay and you'll work," Cronin delivered the ultimatum, "or you'll be flung ashore without any grub sack. Take your choice. You'll do as the rest of us are doing or get off. We left Whitehorse mighty short-handed just because we didn't want to take the men in to feed, and here you turn up, impose yourself on people and declare a labor strike. Consarn your nerve! If it wasn't for putting my knuckles out of commission for the rest of the trip, I'd pummel you to punk. Now it's up to you. In the present crisis every gink on this boat has to turn to, willingly or unwillingly, and lend his help to freight these provisions to Dawson in the shortest possible time. Are you going to use that ax and them poles?"

Grumblingly Ryan and his two friends accepted the instruments of labor and toiled with the *Voyageur's* crew. The *Voyageur*, straining her machinery to the limit, pounded on and on. Mile after mile she tore off the Yukon's icy breast. The enormous headland halfway to the mouth of the Selwyn River loomed in view, but just as the wheel went over for the inshore course, the racing vessel staggered to a violent shock. Like the buckjumping bighorn ram Cronin had spoken of, her whole forepart reared in air. The impetus of her speed still shot her forward. Her bow cleared whatever obstruction she had hit and came down with a swoosh upon the mush ice. The plunge of the bow drew the rest of the vessel after it. As a bighorn clears a ledge of rock, the *Voyageur* cleared the obstacle in her path. Her stern kicked upward. She landed floating free but with her hull ripped for fifty feet and her propeller shaft broken clean.

The moment the *Voyageur* hit the obstruction, Gayle and Cronin along with the rest of the crew hit the deck. They scrambled up again, gasping for the breath that had been knocked out of them, and ran across to the deck house. The deck house, torn from its foundations, was slanting weirdly. The wheelsman with two broken ribs and a gash in his temple dripped blood out of the window, while Captain Ravigne himself heaved viciously at the jammed wheel.

"Why in blazes didn't you keep your course, Ravigne?" thundered Cronin.

"I did," snapped the captain. "I was fair on it."

"But you see what you've piled her into, rocks or something!"

"It couldn't be rocks, not in my course. It's débris brought down by the current, a sunken tree or maybe submerged floe ice. If I could only get this wheel loose!"

"You can't. And it's no use anyway. Her propeller's gone. It did an air dance twenty feet high, and yonder are the blades lying on that floe. She's settling fast. Can't you feel her? It's one Hades of a fix you've put the *Voyageur* in, Ravigne, tying her up for all winter, and it's one Hades of a fate you've pulled down on Dawson! They'll never get a whiff of bacon or a bloody bean from our bags till it's freighted in by dog teams. Savvy what that means? But there's no gain cursing about it. Gather the crew and get the stuff out of the hold and up on deck before it gets wet. It'll be safe there when she hits the gravel."

CAPTAIN RAVIGNE darted out of the wheelhouse on his mission. Outremont helped the wheelsman below, while the ex-marshal looked about for Rooney Ryan.

Rooney's ax was overboard, and Cronin found him painfully rubbing the back of his skull as he conferred with Marlin and Simons by the port rail.

"You boys going to use your canoe?" Hess asked. "I'd like to know because it's the only craft aboard. We unshipped the steamer's boats at Whitehorse to make more room for grub."

"You bet we're going to use it," Ryan answered. "We've just put it to a vote. We're all in favor of taking a chance on beating the freeze-up to Dawson rather than stay for a month on this junk heap or even stagnate back at Selkirk. And don't try to take our canoe. You ain't got authority to do it, and we won't stand for the deal. Anyway it's no good to you. You can't send more grub in it than'll feed ourselves."

"I don't want to send grub. I want to send Thorpe on to wire Trudis, that's Gayle's wife, warning her of the situation. She's running the Arctic Circle store, and it's imperative that she should know what a fix we're in. Thorpe can get her from Stewart City. The wire's down between Selkirk and Stewart City or we could wire from the post."

"But we can wire ourselves," protested Ryan,

"without lugging Thorpe's extra weight all the way to Stewart."

"I know, but I want him to go on to Dawson then to take charge of the relieving dog trains. If Thorpe's there, I'll know that the teams'll start the minute the ice'll bear. And likewise I know they'll get here. Savvy? I don't want any trouble with you boys. I don't want to engender any hard feelings over this business. I'd rather not go so far as to commandeer your craft. So I ask you in the interests of humanity and famine-pressed Dawson to give Thorpe passage."

"Well," returned Ryan slowly, "you ain't been any too courteous to us since we climbed aboard, but if you put it that way, in the interests of humanity and famine-pressed Dawson we will give Thorpe passage. But he's got to work. We ain't going to freight any dead idle weight."

"Oh, don't you worry about that! Thorpe's no slouch. He'll paddle your arms off. Go ahead and lower your canoe."

While the three dropped the *Peterborough* overboard with ropes, the ex-marshal scribbled a telegram on a scrap of paper for Thorpe to fling off for transmission at Stewart City. The telegram read:

Trudis Outremont—
Arctic Circle store—
Dawson

Voyageur stove and stalled above the Selwyn River. Propeller broken, hull ripped. In Dawson in a month. Cut all sales to quarter-pound packages at one time. Try to keep some reserve as nothing can go on. Coming fast myself with Ryan, Marlin, and Simons in canoe. THORPE.

While Cronin wrote the telegram Thorpe made ready for the journey, unearthed an extra paddle aboard the *Voyageur* and slid down the rope after the other three. Four paddles dipping and flickering in unison, the *Peterborough* flashed down stream.

HESS watched it round the headland, and whereas he had cursed the coming of Ryan and the others, he now blessed their going when he thought that, barring mishaps and the jaws of the freeze-up, Thorpe would make Dawson in something under twenty-four hours.

Gayle and Cronin immediately turned their attention to the cargo of foodstuffs, aiding Captain Ravigne in the work of hoisting it on deck. Vigorously the short-handed crew slaved, but as fast as they emptied the hold the *Voyageur* continued to settle. Dark saw her on the bottom, and while Gayle and Cronin directed by lantern light the tarpaulin lashing over all on deck, there came a hail from under the steamer's stern. Gayle flashed his lantern over the side, and below he saw a man in a streaming parka supporting himself with his arms upon a small-sized ice floe.

"Who are you?" Gayle yelled. "And what are you doing there?"

"Thorpe—Thorpe," a familiar voice chattered. "I broke a floe from the shore and breasted it across. Hurry up. Throw a rope. It's certain degrees cold here."

The amazed and worried men dropped him a rope with a loop on the end.

Thorpe slipped it under his arms and allowed them to pull him up, for the water and ice in his heavy clothes weighed like lead.

"What's happened, Thorpe?" asked Gayle and Cronin together. "Where's Ryan and Marlin and Simons?"

"They've gone to Dawson sure. We went ashore up by the Selwyn River to light a fire to boil some hot tea against the frost. The three of them jumped me when I wasn't looking. Knocked me silly for a minute. When I woke up, they were gone. The telegram was gone too. I don't know what they wanted it for. But they know. Else why did they take it?"

Thorpe accompanied his logic with an ice-rattling shiver, and Gayle and Cronin paused to question no more but rushed him below to change his clothes and swallow some hot drink.

"Wouldn't that flabbergast you, Cronin?" demanded the angry Outremont. "Why'd they do it?"

"Search me," returned Cronin. "But I begin to have suspicions that that ain't the only thing they did. And do you know what we're going to do? We're going back to the spot where the *Voyageur* took the hurdle and see what she hit."



He sprang into the air from the hole where he had been crouching. A huge, umbrella-ribbed, hunger-maddened husky bounded after him. The earth vomited other wolves crazed by the smell of blood and food

"But how'll we get there? Breast a floe like Thorpe?"

"No, I don't envy him his bath any. We'll rig a raft and go dry."

With a pair of hatches fastened upon the long, heavy poles used to fend off floes they engineered a raft. It was dropped overside, attached to the steamer by a long rope lest in a mishap it should be carried down stream. With a couple of poles to propel the raft, an ax and a lantern the partners poled back from the *Voyageur's* stern for a distance of one hundred feet. They knew the place of disaster by a snow-crowned rock in the middle of the river, and while Gayle propelled, Cronin began to feel with his pole for the obstruction. About ten feet farther up his sunken pole thumped against it. Gayle got his pole over it and held the raft stationary while Hess continued his explorations under water. The gruel-like flow of mush ice masked everything below the surface, but Cronin defined the obstruction to his own satisfaction.

"A tree, Gayle; a sunken tree!" he exclaimed. "And rock anchored, or I'll be clammily engulfed! Wait till I use the ax. But mebbe you better push the raft up a little higher. There, I think we're clear."

Hess was tentatively feeling with the flat of his blade under water what was either a strand of rope or a long straight root. Slowly he twisted his ax helve and delivered short chops below the surface. Twice he missed. The third time he felt his blade bite. Something snapped, and right at the edge of the raft the gnarled and matted roots of a spruce tree, grotesque and slimy in the lantern light, reared up like some leviathan of the deeps. Gayle gave a violent shove to clear. The twisted mass scraped the raft poles, heaved in the air and fell again with a mighty splash, and just as the current began to whirl it round end on, Cronin, holding the light close, glimpsed the heavy hempen rope he had severed.

"Sure rock anchored as I said! The other end'll be the same. She was placed square athwart the ordinary course of navigation, and I'll bet a ten-foot quartz lead against a panful of flake gold that that pestiferous pariah of a Ryan placed her. Are you betting, Gayle?"

"No, Cronin, I'm not betting. You have a sure-enough hunch. But what I can't fathom is the reason for this stunt. Can you?"

"There I fall down, too, Gayle. I can't figure out any motive for it. There certainly ain't any motive. They've done it out of pure cussedness. Their story about prospecting up the Pelly was a lie. And they left Thorpe on the bank just because they didn't want to freight the extra weight of him to Stewart and could dispatch the telegram just as well themselves. They don't care a smatter whether the relieving dog teams ever get started or not. They got grub enough for a while—the grub we gave them. They figure we're stalled here for a month and by the time we get to Dawson they'll be out on some far creek with a laugh as long as their trail, but there they cut their cards too deep. Instead of a month from now, we start for Dawson now. If they beat the freeze-up to the golden city, we can too."

"Cronin," protested Gayle in amazement, "not on this raft! We'll never make the White River."

"No, on a boat procured at Selkirk Post. Savvy? It's back trail for us right sharp."

The slack of the raft rope drawn up by those on deck, Cronin and Gayle worked back to the *Voyageur*. There they hung a little while they explained things to Captain Ravigne, pocketed a few handfuls of grub dropped to them and called for Thorpe.

The latter came to the rail rigged out in a dry set of mackinaws.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Beat it for Dawson City to catch the bloody barrators who wrecked our ship," Hess told him. "We're off to Selkirk now for a boat. You coming with us, or would you rather hug the fire a while and have us pick you up here when we come by?"

"I'll go with you," decided Thorpe. "There's no heat in hugging a fire. You scorch your face, and your back is freezing all the time. I'll go. A run'll warm me better."

He dropped down on to the makeshift raft, cut the rope, and the three poled across to the western shore of the Yukon. They retained one lantern, and by its glare they broke a channel in the shore ice and through the channel came to land. The moment they struck dry ground they were off, running with the stampeder's swift lope, Gayle to the fore with the lantern, Cronin next, and Thorpe warming his congealed blood in the rear. For a good two hours they kept it up, (*Continued on page 27*)

THE "WHO WAS HE?" OF AMERICA

STATUARY HALL IN WASHINGTON WHICH EXCLUDES TWENTY-FOUR PRESIDENTS AND IMMORTALIZES THE INVENTOR OF THE ICE MACHINE



BY GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY F. G. COOPER

WHEN the visitor to our National Capitol has finished looking at the living giants in the House and Senate he generally takes a trip around Statuary Hall and gazes reverently over the silent throng which is supposed to represent the finest citizens of our glorious past.

Statuary Hall was instituted when the House of Representatives moved into its new quarters in the sixties, leaving its beautiful old room vacant. It was a great and wise idea. "Come," said the nation, "we will establish in this sacred place a Valhalla of national heroes; a sacred grove of splendid statuary; a mass meeting of our noble dead; a shrine where the earnest young American, with his freckled nose and overworked, single-cylinder suspender, may stub thoughtfully along, drinking in the inspiring thought that he may some day stand there, imperishable, in bronze or marble.

"—And in order to preserve the divine principle of State rights," said old Mr. Afterthought, scrambling hastily into the game, "each State shall be entitled to two statues—no more. Thus even-handed justice will be dispensed and the centralization of government will get another ringing blow."

Ever since 1864 the State Legislatures have been working fitfully on the job of electing immortals. The hall now contains forty-three statues. Fifty-five places are unfilled. In the last two centuries the United States has apparently produced only forty-two men and one woman worthy of hanging around the United States Capitol longer than the regular legal term of office.

Statuary Hall has been overlooked of late years in the general rush to write about the more exciting features of Washington. This is a mistake. It is entitled to some publicity. Those who have seen it should do their best to spread its inspiration and broaden its effect—not in the spirit of muckraking but with frank, unbiased honesty of criticism.

Entering from the rotunda we discover, first, John Stark of New Hampshire Continentals, leaning against a stump to which his sword has grown fast. Next to him is Sam Houston of Texas. According to the sculptor, Houston was a curly-haired youth of seventeen with a remarkable taste in dress, for he wears deerskins and a toga—or it may be a horse blanket, but the former is more reasonable; for no sculptor can resist hanging a toga on a subject whenever he can get the consent of the surviving family.

On the other side of the entrance is Texas's other contribution, Stephen F. Austin. Austin, we learn with amazement, was if anything more ethereal in build than Houston. He is a mere child, reaching only to the muzzle of his rifle and about half the size of his neighbor, Samuel Adams of Massachusetts, where marble is cheaper. Our hearts thrill with pity as we think of the task heaped upon these fragile sons of the wilderness who had to wrest the largest State in the Union away from the ravening Mexicans. They look more fitted for the job of mollifying an English sparrow with soft words.

A Hectic Band of Heroes

BESIDES Houston is John Winthrop of Massachusetts in a white marble ruff, with his arms full of Bible, toga, and map. He is much larger than Houston, but he is a mere infant beside Oliver Morton of Indiana. Morton is a tremendous figure, as tall as a Wabash sycamore, and he wears an old-fashioned tail coat, which is always as interesting in sculpture as it would be in vaudeville. His sculptor attempted to hang a toga on him too, but Morton was no man to stand for this. He has taken it off and piled it upon a low marble plinth beside him.

Next to Morton is a real work of art—General Lew Wallace of Indiana—erect, courageous, the wind blowing his army coat about him—every inch the warrior-dreamer that he was. Only we note with pain that a cuttlefish is eating his leg. On closer examination it turns out to be a wave of stone with oak leaves on it.

West Virginia is a young State and has not yet had time to breed heroes. But it has not flinched. It has sent Francis H. Pierpont, its first Governor—a fine, big, bearded elder of a man with one hand thrust in his statesman's coat and the other clasping a speech. He is accompanied by one Kenna, reputed to have been a Senator, a man as big as Pierpont, with a huge boyish head. He has one hand under his vest adjusting his galluses and is reenforced on all sides by books.

Wisconsin's Legislature, following its own sweet will, borrowed a Frenchman for its sole sample of citizenship and has sent Père Marquette—an eight-foot saint in bronze. And beside him, reaching about to his belt, is General Phil Kearney of New Jersey, just large enough, according to the idea conveyed by the comparison, to hold his own against a Camden mosquito.

General Shields is not much taller. He comes up to Father Marquette's shoulders. Why has a cruel nature made all of the preachers and orators of heroic size and piled the fighting upon these fine-fibered pygmies! Shields is a bronze in full uniform and stands without the aid of a pedestal, books or any other support. This is a novelty in Statuary Hall. Practically every subject is propped against either a Grecian altar, a Roman pedestal or an old dead stump. This is doubtless because the Roman pedestal still flourishes in the photograph galleries of the land and most of the statues have been carved from photographs furnished by the families of the deceased.

Next to Shields, who represents Illinois—a State which also produced Lincoln, Grant, and Logan, but probably didn't have photographs of them handy when the Legislature chose its subjects—is Richard Stockton of New Jersey. Mr. Stockton is not prominent in history, but deserves recognition somewhere, having died in prison for signing the Declaration of Independence. Next to him is George Clinton of New York, a bronze figure with a shiny bald forehead. Bronze emphatically doesn't do for bald-headed men. It is too realistic. Then William King of Maine looms aloft like a white lighthouse. King was eight feet high, it seems, and wore his toga with the grace so frequently noticed in toga wearers in Maine. We do not know much about King, but he was undoubtedly a tremendous politician to snatch off this honor with Blaine and other eminent men in the race.

Roger Williams of Rhode Island is two feet shorter than King, but makes up for it by carrying a Bible as big as a small safe. His confrère, Nathanael Greene, is still smaller — undersized, in fact. But just as the nervous tourist begins to wonder if the human race is going to peter out altogether a white giant looms ahead. It is J. L. M. Curry, a vast marble cliff, tastefully chopped out by the local tombstone man. He is a triumph of the valet's art. There is not a wrinkle in him anywhere. His trousers hang like milk-white waterfalls. His coat is as smooth as a snow bank. They washed him, combed him, curried him and pressed him before carving him, and the result is felicitous in the extreme.



Curry, we learn from the pedestal on which he stands, was a "statesman, educator, patriot orator." Looking him up still further we discover that he lived in Alabama.

Virginia has sent a fine bronze of Lee, which always has flowers before it, and the famous Houdon bronze of Washington. Of course, if she had known that her great sons were to be stacked up alongside of marble giants and would look like table ornaments in consequence, she would have made them larger. But it was Alabama's privilege to blow herself on marble regardless of dimensions or anything else. In consequence the undersized Washington with his fine aquiline features is almost insultingly unimpressive beside Curry.

Pennsylvania has borrowed Robert Fulton, who sits knotted up in a chair in a tangle of junk looking with despair at a model of his steamship which looks uncommonly like an old-fashioned sap trough. And now we come, breathless reader, to

JACOB COLLAMER.

We have rummaged through a good deal of history in the past without encountering Collamer. He is a mystery. Why is he leaning on a classic pedestal in his deacon's coat and his nice middle-aged mutton-chop whiskers—a green grocer on parade, cheek by jowl with the father of his country? What did he do to escape the common lot of obscurity which has befallen our presidents and most of the other noble great who haven't been able to break into this hall?

We trace Collamer down with relentless care and discover that Vermont, having to send some one, sent him. A great man he was, too, in his prime—Postmaster General under Taylor. And so he lives forever here, while poor old President Taylor who never did anything but win the battle of Buena Vista, and appoint Collamer to a job, has failed to qualify.

Fame Sculpted by the Foot

NEXT to Collamer is Allen of Ohio. He had a fine pull too, had Allen. He managed to squeeze in from a State which had five presidents to choose from, to say nothing of John and William Tecumseh Sherman. Some politician, Allen. Doubtless he is immortalized as the tallest man in Ohio, for in marble he is a regular mizzenmast. Next to him is the lamented Garfield, a tremendous lump of marble with a beard like Jupiter Ammon's.

Now we approach Lewis Cass of Michigan, a tall, beetling crag in a swallow-tail coat, the front flaps of which stick out like the bastions of a fort. His fierce, tremendous head is exceedingly impressive. He is a prehistoric Michigan monster, a colossus of the grand old early-statesman type. Chandler of Michigan is as tall as Cass, but more fragile and delicately built—a dream of smooth white marble, a triumph of the planer's art. He has a speech 220 pages long ready for instant delivery, which is another indictment against the art of sculpting. People's crimes should be buried with them.

Next to Chandler is a real statue. It is John C. Calhoun of South Carolina declar-

ng war on the world. Belligerent to he last upstarting hair of his head, e is just slipping off his pedestal to nix it with Daniel Webster, at whom ne is fiercely glaring across the hall. Then by the ironclad law of contrasts which prevails in this chamber we have eight marble feet of Shoup of Idaho—the happiest, most contented, most prosperous and most modern figure in the room—an up-to-date business man-senator, finely tailored, one thumb in the armhole of his vest, the other playing with his watch charm, his long coat carelessly flung open to disclose a well-rounded tummy; and having gazed on modern Idaho we go back 3,000 years into history and bump with a crash into Achilles, the giant of them all—a good nine feet high and a marvel of classic art.

An Immortal Skirt

HOLD on!—it isn't Achilles. It is Ethan Allen of Vermont, done after the old Greek style, with sightless staring eyeballs, well-parted lips, and a Continental uniform, with every detail deeply carved—a tremendous statue, fit to grace the end of an avenue—and towering behind the tiniest, most insignificant and most defiant memorial in the hall—Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania starting out of his preacher's coat, hand on sword, hostility in every line and as impressive as a bantam rooster in an exhibit of buff leghorns.

Muhlenberg and Allen are two of the picturesque characters of the Revolution, but we did not suppose that Green Mountain boys and Pennsylvania preachers varied so startlingly in size. Allen could put Muhlenberg in the pocket of his greatcoat without much inconvenience. Of course it is but natural that next should come Trumbull of Connecticut, suffocated in a huge coat and placidly reading a petition, undisturbed by Muhlenberg's riot and Allen's bellowing war cry.

Roger Sherman of Connecticut is next. He is an abused man—the only one who has to wear his toga in the old Roman style, wrapped about him and with no chance of concealment. He is arguing about it with Shoup, who refuses to pay any attention to him. Then we discover Blair and Benton of Missouri, fine choices on the part of the Legislature—James Harlan of Iowa, an enormous bronze; Kirkwood of Iowa, after whom we believe the Kirkwood Hotel of Des Moines was named—and, most pathetic figure of all, Frances Willard of Illinois.

There she stands beside her pulpit, her sightless eyes raised hopelessly, about to plead the cause of equal suffrage to a bunch who would have to look the phrase up to discover its meaning. A spontaneous movement of romantic Illinois women pushed her through the Legislature and out into this incongruous place where she stands in the full glare of the coming centuries—condemned forever to wear the funny puffed sleeves of the nineties and a voluminous skirt draped as gracefully as a canvas covering over a traction engine—a warning to all women to remain obscure lest they, too, be caught up by some legislative whim and perpetuated in clothes of some preeminently awkward style.

Maryland has sent two fine bronzes of Carroll and Hanson, Continental heroes. Florida, after having looked over its directory with anxious care, has immortalized Dr. John Gorrie, the man who invented the ice machine. And, finally, back at the entrance we come to Daniel Webster, New Hampshire's other contribution, stiff and unhappy, caught apparently after a long chase and frozen into a dejected position. It was Daniel's consolation prize for having missed the presidency, but it hasn't seemed to cheer him up any.

There are two other statues, but the custodian has kindly hidden them behind the colonnade on the north side. They are from Kansas—Ingalls, a perfect marvel of ugliness and leanness, clad in a long coat and a longer overcoat, modeled apparently from a telegraph pole—and a chap named Glick, a placid old Methodist elder in an open-faced coat. Until the next issue of the official guide we must remain in darkness as to the past achievements of Mr. Glick.

Looking over this national exhibit of petrified greatness with the statistician's eye, we find that only two Presidents of the United States have been able to break into the select company. Lincoln and Grant apparently do not qualify. Tennessee hasn't thought enough of Jackson to blow in $10,000 on a statue for him. Jefferson, it will be admitted by all, was quite a prominent American and is still gratefully remembered. But he made the mistake of being born in Virginia. Ordinarily this is not considered to be an error of judgment, but it will everlastingly prevent Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Patrick Henry from edging their timid way in beside Collamer, Curry, Allen, and the other Titans.

Massachusetts had two great Presidents—the Adamses. But with the customary Massachusetts idea of lugging all the Adamses possible into fame, she has chosen Samuel Adams for her representative. Still, John Quincy Adams is in the hall, to some extent. He fell, stricken with paralysis, while a representative, and a brass plate on the floor marks the spot. Incidentally, the brass plate is more famous than any of the statues, with the possible exception of Washington's.

Ohio has treated four of her Presidents with cold scorn. We also look in vain for Alexander Hamilton, Oliver Hazard Perry, John Jay, John Marshall, William T. Sherman, and other great men in other fields than politics who have had the misfortune to herd together where the density of prominent population is greatest. A score of States have given up the job of finding men big enough to install on pedestals, while men like the above can't get in.

Altogether a State legislature doesn't seem to be peculiarly qualified to assay the great men of America. It seems to elect its representatives by guess, by alphabetical preference, or by some unknown formula. Pennsylvania passed over Benjamin Franklin and William Penn for Muhlenberg and Robert Fulton. Maine sent its first Governor and left Reed and Blaine at home. New Hampshire immortalized a pretty Revolutionary story and left a President unrecognized. Kentucky hasn't taken the trouble to send Henry Clay.

Sane Rules for Statues

IF we Americans are to continue to pay ground rent for Statuary Hall, the rules of the game ought to be changed somewhat. In the first place, no State should be allowed to send a man over seven feet high. It is extravagant and also unfair to the States which carve their heroes in modest dimensions.

In the second place, the toga should be abolished by law. Historians who dig into Statuary Hall in the year 5000 A. D. will identify Roger Sherman as Minister to America from the Roman Empire.

In the third place, a ten-year term with privilege of reelection should be fixed. This would enable many States to retire certain statues honorably to their own capitols, where they will be known and loved, and to substitute figures who will not put such a strain on the guide's memory when questioned as to their achievements.

Fourth, great Americans should be allowed to stand for election in any district after the English parliamentary style. This would allow Arizona, Nevada, and other States which have not yet produced ponderous patriots to elect Jefferson, Franklin, and other worthy representatives, at present unable to get in.

Fifth, all elections should be reviewed by national boards of common sense and art. The first board would reject the results of temporary and misguided enthusiasms such as may lead Utah at any time to send Brigham Young, or Wisconsin to follow Florida's lead, and send the inventor of the bottling machine; and the second would view the submitted statue coldly and critically, and in necessary cases make alterations with an ax.

A GRAVE ERROR

"No alligators here," they said.
He swam—and found he'd been misled.
Next year that man will not go south—
He's quite too much down in the mouth.
Had it been I, *I should have been*
Put out to be so taken in. —L. B. C.

PUTTING ONE OVER

The grouch was dissatisfied with the letter which his stenographer presented for his signature. He signed, but made her put it back into the machine and add: P. S.—Dictated to a poor stenographer.

She folded the letter and put it in the envelope, but no sooner was her employer's back turned than she took it out and added: P. S.—No. 2. The reason I am so poor is because he pays me only $6 per week.



"This will keep him warm!"

Yes *keep*—that is the right word, and no doubt this sturdy youngster speaks from his own experience. There is something more than a mere temporary glow of enjoyment in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Its warming, invigorating effect *stays by you.*

The rich meaty stock—made from choice beef, is in itself strengthening and sustaining. It also contains selected white potatoes, sweet potatoes, carrots, tender corn, "baby" lima beans, small peas, green okra and a suggestion of red peppers, beside a sprinkling of "alphabet" macaroni. And all is delightfully flavored with celery and parsley.

The regular use of this nourishing soup tends to build up and fortify the body permanently against all kinds of weather and all kinds of wearing work. Hadn't you better order half-a-dozen from your grocer *today?*

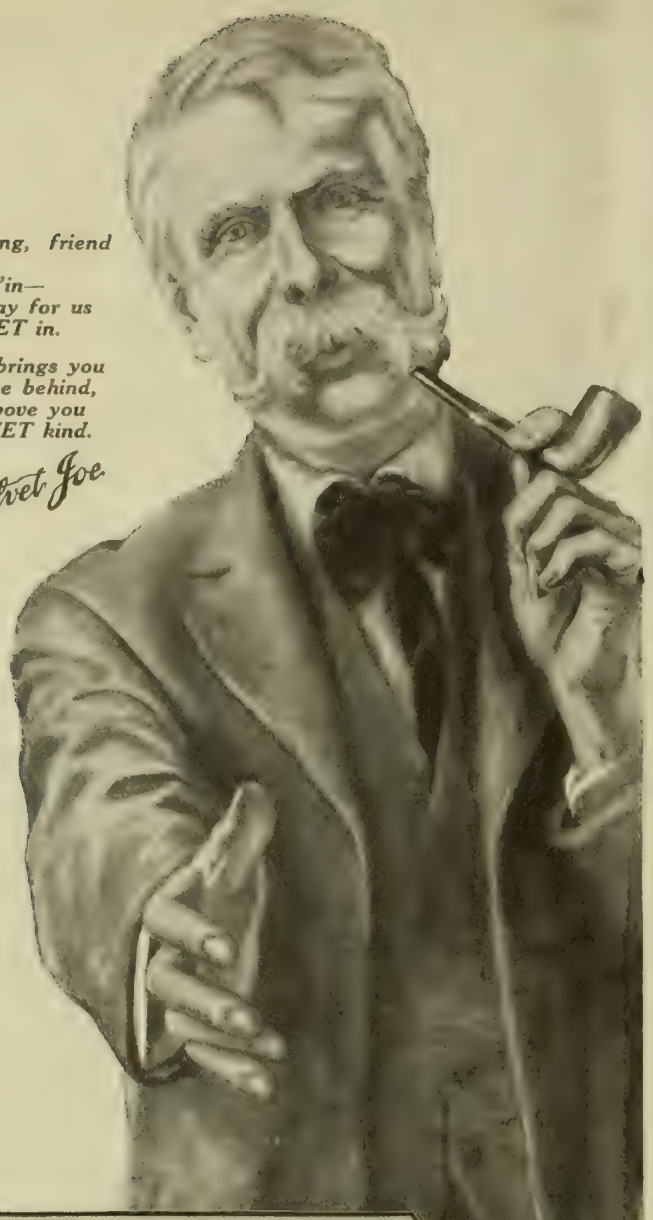
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The year's still young, friend neighbor;
It's leap year once ag'in—
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Be the fragrant VELVET kind.

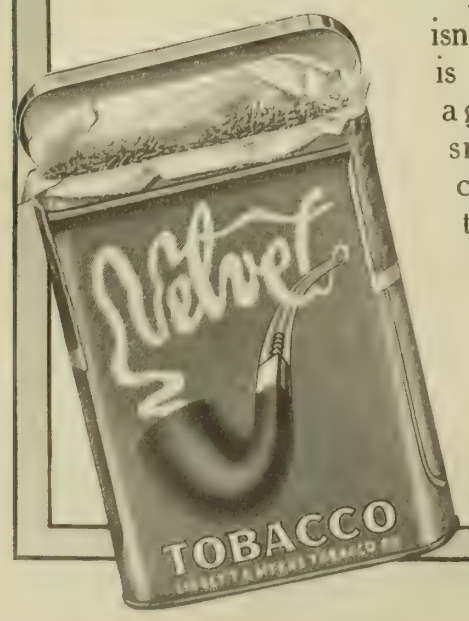
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Are *you* one of the lucky brotherhood that has smiled allegiance to the age-mellowed tobacco called VELVET?

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Remember VELVET isn't a name only. It is a *description* of the aged-in-the-wood smoothness that the choicest of mild Kentucky Burley tobacco gets from two years' mellowing.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c Tins 5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

Held to Answer

Continued from page 14

Sometimes he questioned if he were not yet to be made to suffer—excruciatingly, supremely—if, for instance, Bessie were not to be taken from him. Yet he knew, as he reflected somewhat morbidly to this effect, that such a suffering would hardly be efficient. It must be something within himself, something volitional, a cup which he might drink or refuse to drink. The world's savior was not Simon of Cyrene, whom they compelled to bear the cross, but the Man from the North, who took up His own cross. True, Hampstead had thought on several occasions that he was taking up a cross, but it proved light each time and turned into a crown either of public or of private approbation. Yet the cross was there, if he had only known it, in the tall, black headlines on the paper rolled up and bent tightly and lying like a bomb at his feet.

However, instead of picking up the paper, he strolled out for a turn upon the sea wall. The sun, just risen, shot a ray across the eastern hills and the dancing waters played elfishly with its beams as if they had been ten thousand tiny mirrors. A fresh breeze was blowing, and as the minister filled his lungs again and again with the wave-washed air it seemed as if a great access of strength were flowing into his veins. It flowed in and in until he felt himself stronger than ever before.

WITH this feeling of strength, which was spiritual as well as physical, came the desire to test it against something big, bigger than he had ever faced before. All unconscious how weak his puny strength would be against its demands, he lifted his arms like a sun worshiper and prayed that the day before him might be a great day.

Then, leaving the sea wall, the minister walked with swinging strides up the sidewalk and turned in between the green patches of lawn before his own door, picking up the paper and unrolling it as he mounted the porch. On the step before the top one he paused. The black headline was before his eye.

"DOUNAY DIAMONDS STOLEN!"

was its screaming message.

The minister was quickly gutting the column of its meaning when a step upon the graveled walk behind startled him into turning suddenly toward the street, where, between the polished red trunks of the palms and under the spreading leaves which met overhead, he saw framed the figure of Rollo Burbeck, halting uncertainly, with pale, excited face. This expression, indeed, was a marked exaggeration of the very look Hampstead had last seen upon it, but he did not immediately connect the two.

"Your mother!" exclaimed the clergyman apprehensively, for that precious life, always hanging by a thread which any sudden shock might snap, was a constant source of anxiety to those who loved the Angel of the Chair. "Something has happened to her?"

"No! To me!" groaned the young man hoarsely, hurrying forward as the minister stepped down to meet him. "Something awful! Can I see you absolutely alone?"

"Why, certainly, Rollie," replied the minister with ready sympathy; "come this way."

Hastily the minister led his caller around the side of the wide, low-lying cottage to the outside entrance of his study.

"Is that door locked?" asked Rollie as, once inside the room, he darted a frightened glance at the doorway connecting with the rest of the house.

Although knowing himself to be safe from interruption, the minister tactfully walked over and turned the key. He then locked the outer door as well, lowered the long shade at the wide side window, and snapped on the electric light.

"No eye or ear save one can see or hear us now," he said with sympathetic gravity. "Sit down."

Rollie sat down on the very edge of the morris chair, his elbows on the ends of its arms, while his head hung forward with an expression of ghastliness upon the weakly handsome features.

"You saw the paper?" he began.

The minister nodded.

"Here they are!" the young man gulped, the words breaking out of him abruptly. At the same time there was a quick motion of his hand and a rainbow flash from his coat pocket to the blotter upon the desk, where the diamond necklace coiled like a blazing serpent that appeared to sway and writhe as each stone trembled from the force with which Burbeck had rid himself of the hateful touch. The minister started back with shock and a sudden sense of recollection.

"Oh, Rollie!" he groaned, and then asked, as if not quite able to believe his eyes: "You took them?"

"I . . . I stole them," the excited man half whispered.

"Why?" questioned Hampstead, still wrestling with his astonishment.

"Because I am short in my accounts," he shuddered, passing a despairing hand across his eyes. "I have to have money to-day or I am ruined."

"But you could not turn these into money. You must have been beside yourself."

"No!" replied the excited man with a husky, explosive utterance. "The scheme was all right. Spider Welsh was going to handle 'em for me. We were to split four ways. But the Red Lizard fell down."

"The Red Lizard?" interrupted the minister, for he knew the man who bore this suggestive "moniker."

"Yes. He was to hang a rope down from the cornice on the roof of the hotel opposite her window, so it would look like an outside job, and he didn't do it. I got the diamonds easy enough—easier than I expected—you know how that was with all those people coming and going in that room. But I went to bed and couldn't sleep for thinking about the rope. I got up before daylight and went down there to see if it was there. So help me God, there's no rope swinging. That makes it an inside job; it puts it up to the guests. By a process of elimination they'll come down to me. I am ruined any way you look at it, and the shock will kill mother!"

The minister studied the face of his caller critically. Did he love his mother enough to care greatly on her account, or was this merely an afterthought?

"What am I going to do?" the shaken Rollie gasped pleadingly, his eyes fixing themselves in helpless appeal upon the clergyman.

(*To be continued next week*)

The Story of Coaly-bay

Continued from page 11

neigh of his kindred when they bugled to each other on the far Chaldean plain—and back their answer came. This way and that they wheeled, sped, and caracoled, and Coaly-bay drew nearer, called and gave the countersigns his kindred know, till of this they were assured—he was their kind; he was of the wild, free blood that man had never tamed! And when the night came down on the purpling plain his place was in the herd, as one who after many a long, hard journey in the dark had found his home.

There you may see him yet, for still his strength endures and his beauty is not less. The riders tell me they have seen him many times by Cedra. He is swift and strong among the swift ones, but it is that flowing mane and tail that mark him chiefly from afar.

There on the wild, free plains of sage he lives; the stormwind smites his glossy coat at night, and the winter snows are driven hard on him at times; the wolves are there to harry all the weak ones of the herd, and in the spring the rapacious grizzly too may come to claim his toll. There are no luscious pastures made by man, no grain foods—nothing but the wild, hard hay, the wind, and the open plains—but here at last he has found the thing he craved: the one thing worth all the rest. Long may he roam—this is my wish, and this—that I may see him once again in all the glory of his speed, with his black mane on the wind, the spur galls gone from his flanks, and in his eye the blazing light that grew in his far-off forbears' eyes as they spurned the sands of Egypt's plains to leave behind the racing wild beasts and the fleet gazelle, even the driving sand storm that overwhelmed the rest but vainly swept in the dusty wake of the desert's highest born.



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Grocers everywhere sell Postum

The Flyer: A Parable

BY ARTHUR H. GLEASON

IN a very small way we were helping in a Red Cross hospital at Furnes, and with the ambulances that fed the wards with their unceasing daily red hundred of wounded men. Our visitor was a brisk youth. "I'm taking a look around," he said, "I'm a flyer. They're not going to need me for a few weeks yet."

The head nurse called me aside.

"We're short-handed," whispered Sister Teresa; "see, if he will lend a hand for a few days. With his knowledge of a motor he could run one of the ambulances."

I told him of our need.

"This isn't my sort of work, you know," he said. "It's too slow; I have to be up and doing something. This is all in one place. I like to get the look of the whole thing. It's great to look down on it and see men like bugs. This is sort of woman's work, after all, isn't it? Binding and patching up. I like to create. I like to start things going. This sort of thing is all right if you can't do something else—you know what I mean, if it's in your line—doctor, nurse, very beautiful, yes. Useful, too. But I like to start out and get somewhere; see things happen."

A QUIET couple had entered the ward, and were making a call, cot by cot. It was the very kindly and shy gentleman from La Panne who with his wife used to drop over to our little hospital a couple of times a week to talk with the wounded homesick soldiers—very homesick, for they had no homes anywhere at all. He wore a simple officer's uniform.

I was called away for the moment, and when I got back my friend of the biplane was chatting with the husband of the sweet-faced little lady, who was busy with a boy from Aerschot. Perhaps the word chatting gives a touch of mutuality that was absent, for our visitor was holding forth. I caught the words: "I'm a flyer, you see—"

Sister Teresa came up to me. Her face was pulled with worry. "Can't you put him in a hangar?" she pleaded. "The king is so busy these days."

Teeth of Famine

Continued from page 23

making a brief pause every half hour for a breathing spell. The sky was thickly overcast. There was no hint of stars or aurora to outline the contour of the rough and tortuous shore, but the joggling lantern flickering on Outremont's hip saved them from bruises and broken bones.

THEY struck Selkirk near midnight. The post was all in darkness, but at their pounding on the trading-room door Severil stuck his head out of the loft above. The lantern was partially hidden by Gayle's coat. Severil could not guess at the composition of the midnight group, but he saw a sprinkling of arms and legs with here and there a shoulder or a head in the glow of the mellow light.

"Where are you from?" he demanded. "Who are you? How many of you? And how much grub have you got?"

"We're just down off the Macmillan River," boomed Cronin, disguising his voice in a hoarse croak. "Placer miners. Sixteen of us. And we haven't so much as a sour flapjack left. Hurry up and let us in. We're hungry."

Whereat Severil leaned far out of the loft with an astonishing flow of choice expletives and consigned placer mining and its sixteen exponents to uttermost perdition. In the middle of his tirade the three men burst into guffaws.

"Oh, quit it, Severil!" chuckled Gayle. "Hess sure got your goat with the word grub. But we're not going to eat you out this time. All we want is a boat that floats."

"By thunder!" exclaimed the abashed Severil. "It's you boys, eh? Bit of a fooler, eh? Tarnation, you've lifted such a weight from my mind that I forgive you your laugh! What's wrong? Steamer smash?"

"You've plugged it first crack," Cronin informed.

In a few words he went on to explain, and Severil came down the loft stairs on the run. "I've a light poling boat'll do you," he proffered. "Designed for speed rather than cargo. She's a lot faster than the ordinary boat in ice. Here she is in the shed."

He flung open the shed door at the



"There, Mother, Just As You Predicted—"

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That's what you will say if you prepare the blade of your razor in the scientific manner.

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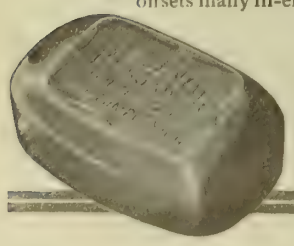
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back of the building and hauled out the trim, strong craft.

"Built for the business, oarlocks and all!" rejoiced Gayle. "I'll chop a hole, and you men launch her."

Into the hole that Gayle broke the boat was launched till it floated free. The three stepped in and, one chopping the ice in front as the craft progressed and the other two working the sweeps which served better than poles, they forged out to midstream.

"Thanks, Severil," yelled Hess, waving the lantern in good-by as they swung with the current. "And don't forget to give them sixteen placer men a good breakfast."

DOWN from Selkirk past the place of disaster the light poling boat drove. The *Voyageur* lay as quiet as a derelict, only with rail lights suspended to warn chance prospectors journeying off the creeks. The three partners dropped her behind and sped on, the glare of the lantern in their bow shining weirdly upon the ceaseless pour of mush ice and upon the white, grinning, saw-toothed floes darting at them in the rapids and eddies. All night they voyaged through the increasing cold. Dawn found them halfway to the White River; evening at the Stewart River and here Hess ran up to the telegraph office at Stewart City.

"Did Rooney Ryan wire Dawson from here yesterday?" he yelled over the operator's desk.

"No," answered the operator. "Ryan hasn't been here in a month."

"Thunderation!" snarled Hess. "Here, give me a message slip, quick."

"You can't get anything over," the operator told him. "The wire's down to the north somewhere."

"When'd it go down?" bellowed Cronin.

"About noon. We haven't located the—"

But Cronin Hess was racing for the river. "Ryan's cut communications," he shouted to the others, as he jumped into the poling boat. "Hit her up, boys. We can't get to Dawson too quick."

The boat dashed off down river, and, eating and snatching an hour's sleep by turns, they came in the gray of another dawn to Dawson City. In on the breast of the freeze-up they drove with their boat riding a floe to escape being crushed by the jams. They abandoned the craft in mid river, walked over a jumble of upended cakes to the bank and ran upstreet to the Arctic Circle store.

Trudis had just come down from her cabin on the hill and opened the store. She was in the act of putting fresh fuel on the coals of the all-night fire when the door opened, and she sprang up with a cry of joy at the three men's entrance. "In at last!" she greeted, throwing her arms about and kissing, first Gayle and then Thorpe.

"Here, where do I come in?" demanded Cronin with an injured air.

"You too and also," laughed Trudis, burying her nose in his frosted mustache. "I'm so glad you've brought my husband back, Cronin. But Dawson's asleep yet and doesn't know its good fortune. What was holding you so long?"

But the ex-marshal, not answering her query, was staring at the empty shelves behind Tru, shelves swept bare as polished glass, guiltless of even stray beans or coffee grains.

"Why in thunder did you sell, Tru?" he blurted in despair.

"Because I got your message to sell," returned Tru spiritedly, reaching over to a pile of bills, receipts, and other documents, and spreading a scrap of paper on the counter under Cronin's eyes. "There it is in black and white and dirt smudges."

THE ex-marshal scanned the paper, and a snarl ripped out of his throat. He rubbed his eyes and passed a hand over the writing as if there was some mesmerism in force, but the writing remained the same.

In pencil scrawl it read:

Voyageur momentarily delayed above Indian River. Piston heated. In Dawson in four hours. Give as large purchases as wanted at one time. No need to keep reserve as plenty coming on. Sending this ahead with Ryan, Marlin, and Simons in canoe. THORPE.

Portions of the message were as Cronin had written, but by looking closely he could see where the former words had been erased in places and the distorted version substituted.

"It's not our message, Tru," he declared. "Our message was:

"Voyageur stove and stalled above the Selwyn River. Propeller broken, hull ripped. In Dawson in a month. Cut all sales to quarter-pound packages at one time. Try to keep some reserve as nothing can go on. Coming fast myself with Ryan, Marlin, and Simons in canoe. THORPE.

"Thorpe went on with them to wire that message from Stewart, but they got the jump on Thorpe before they'd gone far and swiped the paper. Also they cut the wire this side of Stewart so we couldn't possibly get you."

"The brazen rascals!" exclaimed Trudis. "And they gave it to me as a message from you on the steamer at Indian River. But are you blaming me for selling?"

"No, Tru, he's not," Outremont cut in, passing an arm about her waist. "The paper said sell, and you sold. Now how much did you sell?"

"All I had reserved," she confessed. "We were down to the reserve. The C. D. C., N. A. T. & T., A. C. C., and N. C. stores were sold out over a week ago. Since that the run's been on the Arctic Circle. I staved it off and staved it off, cut the purchases 50 and 75 per cent, skimped and hoarded, but it was no good. When twelve thousand people besiege one store, stuff can't last. All I had left when your word came to me was the reserve which you cautioned me beforehand to hold till the *Voyageur* was heard from. When I took off the embargo, it went in an hour."

"How much?" asked Thorpe. "How many pounds?"

"Roughly speaking, twelve tons! About two pounds a person, spread over all Dawson! It sold at noon yesterday. The city's been on short rations for a fortnight, and they ate it in one meal. Understand? They imagined the *Voyageur* was at Indian River, eighteen miles away, and due before supper. I might as well confess that I ate two pounds for dinner myself. You can eat a pretty good meal after being on diet for two weeks. But I didn't eat any supper last night, and I haven't eaten any breakfast this morning."

"Neither have we eaten any breakfast," informed Gayle. "And we've bolted only a few handfuls of food in thirty hours. We made a race to reach you before Ryan and the rest, but they had the faster craft."

"Yes, and Dawsonites were just ready to jump for grub as fish jump for flies," enlightened Tru. "I feel pretty bad, Gayle, over the mistake I made. I certainly should have exercised some caution till I saw the smoke of your boat. But the hungry crowd carried me off my feet. I believe I'll cry over it yet."

"No, don't you dare cry," admonished Gayle, hugging her close. "Nobody's reprimanding you. But with the knowledge of Ryan's guile that's burst on my conception I'll show you with all the kindness of a worshiping husband where you might have been a little more wide-awake. Where's our daybook, Tru?"

TRUDIS took down a thick, moose-skin covered, yellow-leaved volume from the order desk, and Gayle ran over the pages till he found what he sought.

"Tru," he requested, "would you mind using your pencil for a minute? You're quicker with it than I am. Just make a total of the stuff bought by Ryan and his friends this fall. Never mind the dates. The purchases run through the months of August and September. Just the amount of grub and the price."

Quickly Trudis ferreted through the daybook entries, tabulating the dealings of Ryan and his two friends. The farther she ferreted, the more formidable grew the tabulations. Many articles purchased over and over in small

Peter B. Kyne's remarkable short story, perhaps the best he has ever written, "Light in Darkness," will appear in next week's Collier's

quantities by the three men at different periods without exciting comment at the time now grew into amazing bulk when added together. When Trudis finished, she held a paper list several sheets long, but the stark total worked out thus:

5,000 dozen eggs at 50 cents a dozen	$2,500
6,000 pounds of butter at 50 cents a pound	3,000
4,000 pounds sugar at 10 cents a pound	400
100 pounds of tea at $1 a pound	100
400 50-lb. sacks of flour at $4 a sack	1,600
100,000 pounds potatoes at 10 cents a pound	10,000
150,000 pounds bacon at 30 cents a pound	45,000
Total	$62,600

"For the land's sake!" ejaculated Trudis, staring half-unbelieving at the figures. "Who would have imagined it? Sometimes the purchases of those three did seem to me pretty frequent throughout the summer, but I knew they had men working creek claims for them, and in the rush of business the thought never occurred to me again."

"Yes, and that's where you might have been more wide-awake, Tru," smiled Gayle. "If you'd ever stopped to figure when the thought struck you, you'd have scented the conspiracy. He's bought that stuff at summer prices, trickled it off unnoticed and cached it somewhere. Now Dawson's gripped in the fangs of famine, and he has a corner in grub. We'll hear from him on the jump!"

THEY heard far sooner than they expected. Thorpe, who was exploring the remote corners of the Arctic Circle store building in the hope of discovering some overlooked provisions, opened for better light the door of the storeroom at the back.

"Look here!" he cried excitedly. "Look here!"

Thinking he had unearthed a bag of something, they ran out, but Thorpe was pointing to a placard tacked on the outside of the storeroom door. It had been placed there by night, and in the dim morning light neither Trudis nor Gayle nor Cronin had noticed it.

The partners and Trudis stared at it. Cronin had Trudis's total of the daybook entries in his hand. He spread the paper on the door alongside the placard and compared them. The items were not in the same order, but the amounts tallied exactly. In bold scrawl the placard ran:

SELLING ON SOURDOUGH STEEPLE

150,000 pounds bacon at $2 a pound.
400 50-lb. sacks flour at $40 a sack.
100 pounds tea at $5 a pound.
6,000 pounds butter at $8 a pound.
4,000 pounds sugar at $1 a pound.
100,000 pounds potatoes at $1 a pound.
5,000 dozen eggs at $10 a dozen.

By { ROONEY RYAN. / MONTE MARLIN / SEATTLE SIMONS.

The partners had expected this tabulation of the goods, but the prices staggered them. Flour that Ryan had bought for four dollars a sack he was offering at forty dollars, bacon bought at thirty cents a pound at two dollars, eggs bought for fifty cents a dozen at ten dollars a dozen, and so forth throughout the list of foodstuffs. Cronin took Trudis's pencil, penciled in on the edge of the placard what the sellers would realize on each article and added up the whole.

"Five hundred and eighteen thousand five hundred dollars!" he gasped. "He paid sixty-two thousand six hundred, and he aims to clear four hundred and fifty-five thousand nine hundred. Nearly half a million dollars to be coined out of the hunger pangs of famished Dawson! But by the shade of Schwatka the hound ain't going to do it!"

WITH a swish of his fingers Cronin ripped the placard from top to bottom, threw the remnants in the snow and shook a wrathful fist at Sourdough Steeple sticking up like a needle among the rock cliffs across the mile-wide Yukon.

"He's waiting there for Dawson to come to him, eh?" Cronin ranted. "Well, it's coming all right, and it's coming on the rampage. Tru, you slip round to the other stores and spread the news. And just tell the C. D. C., A. C. C., N. A. T. & T., and N. C. people what the *Voyageur* hit. Then they can guess what sunk the *Canadian* and the *Hannah*. And Thorpe," turning to the youth, "you shuffle yourself too. Marshal your dogs as you would for the frozen-in *Voyageur*. In the name of the Arctic Circle Company solicit or buy up every handy team you can and take them and enough drivers to handle them across the ice to the foot of them cliffs. Also, take a big cask with you—one of them big ones there in the back yard."

"What's the cask for, Cronin?" asked Gayle as Thorpe and Tru sped out of the store on their respective missions.

"You know Sourdough Steeple, sticking up in an unscalable bowl of cliff with a gap hundreds of feet deep broken off in front and a stringer of rock bridging the gap?"

"Sure, and Ryan, Marlin, and Simons'll be intrenched with the range of the rock bridge down to a hair. I wouldn't want to be the man to cross it, and it's the only gateway to the Steeple."

"No, it ain't either. Don't you remember the hole in the bottom of the bowl, what must have been an underground stream or something at one time?"

"Oh, yes! But a person could hardly worm through it, and besides, its entrance, or its outlet maybe, is under the Yukon's surface."

"That's what the cask is for. Thorpe'll cut a hole in the side of the cask to fit that underwater entrance, sink the cask tight against the rock, plaster it about with muck and bail the water out. There we'll have a dry and secret entrance to Ryan's citadel."

"But it'll be worse storming the citadel that way than by the causeway, and I tell you right now I plumb refuse to plug that underground passage with my dead body. I choose starving for my demise."

"Wait till you're asked, partner; wait till you're asked. No man'll be forced into the controversy against his will. Rather than have that, I'll call for

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volunteers. I don't think numbers'll be lacking. Look at the horde coming up the street already!"

Gayle looked out of the door on a main street packed from wall to wall with befurred humanity marching thousands strong. There had been little need for Trudis to enlarge in spreading the news. The snow avenues of the golden city were already full of men looking for the *Voyageur's* coming. All Trudis had had to do was to explain the plight of the steamer at that moment. The rest they surmised when they read Ryan's proclamation. For not only had the door of the Arctic Circle store been placarded but the doors of all the public buildings in the place and also the walls of private cabins. The wrath of the crowd was mighty. They had been on short rations for a fortnight with but one square meal in that time, the midday feast before the famine. Not a man of them had had a scrap of supper or a bite of breakfast. The gripe of their healthy stomachs was keen, and it would momentarily grow keener unless they could bring themselves to barter for food the food's weight in gold.

This they vowed they would never do, and they howled for the blood of Ryan and appealed to Hess and Outremont in front of the Arctic Circle store to lead them to swift action.

"Come on," they chanted in a chorus of appalling volume. "Come on, you Cronin and Gayle, and smoke out this skunk-souled renegade of a grub cornerer. Let our feet fertilize the earth with his trampled remains."

"Sure," grinned Cronin from the doorway. "Gayle and me was just figuring on enlisting your aid and going across to citadeled Rooney to blow the trump of Jericho before his walls. But we need dog teams to freight the stuff back. I've sent Thorpe to get them. I s'pose you fellows have no objections if he appropriates your outfits?"

"No, no, none at all!" they answered. "But whoever handles them'll have to be mighty careful. Our dogs is so clean famished that we've had to keep them stick tied. We've been staying our hunger with scraps for a whale of a while, and they haven't had a smell at all. They'll sure eat the hands and feet off careless drivers and swallow their heads for dessert."

"Oh, trust Thorpe to manage them! He's handled dogs that hadn't eaten but two meals in three weeks. And all the drivers he gathers together'll be old-timers like himself. Savvy? Don't you worry about the huskies. All you got to worry about is the grub. Gayle, you lead the bunch down to the river bank and pick the soundest crossing—that path we used coming to shore. I forgot to give Thorpe explicit instructions about sinking yon cask. I'll have to sprint after him and tell him. I'll meet you down there in a minute."

AT the river bank the horde of Dawson men picked the spot where several ice jams had piled one on top of the other, forming a ridge of considerable height. Here was where the three partners had walked ashore from their boat. The ridge was quite solid when they disembarked, and it was momentarily freezing faster, cemented by the chill river water and the viscid mush ice. At once the men began to cross. Many of them were armed with rifles, and these they held crosswise in their hands to save themselves should they plunge through. Those who carried no rifles broke themselves poles from the scrub timber along the shore, and all worked over safely in single file. Cronin Hess heeled them across, and when he reached the other side he saw, a mile behind, the first of the dog teams in charge of Thorpe loping in their trail off the farther shore.

"Thorpe's no slouch," he told the crowd. "And I tell you we don't want to be slouches either. Climb up thundering fast."

Up the river wall of rock they swarmed to the flat plateau that crowned it. From its top they could mark Thorpe's string of dog teams, one hundred in all, bolting across the ice and disappearing at the base of the shore cliffs.

Beyond the plateau the men stood on, a curving ridge of rock rose one hundred feet in air. It formed a natural and gigantic amphitheatre from whose pitted center sheered the thousand-foot spire of granite called the Sourdough Steeple. In ancient time the place had been an immense grotto pierced by a subterranean stream, but volcanic upheavals had crumbled the cavern roof, sealed the source of the stream and split an immense chasm five hundred feet deep in the floor of the plateau, a chasm bridged from Sourdough Steeple by a girder of granite.

This entrance to the amphitheatre the crowd expected Ryan to be guarding, but as they surged over the face of the plateau, they saw that he had gone one better than guarding. The girder, blown up by dynamite or other heavy explosive, reposed, a pulverized mass, at the bottom of the chasm. Ryan himself, a rifle across his arm, sat smoking on the precipice edge. Marlin, with a rifle on his knees, perched upon the stone grub cache at the foot of Sourdough Steeple; while, although the guarding of the opening of the subterranean passage seemed almost a superfluity since its other end was in the Yukon River, Simons sat sentinel-like with his legs in the hole.

"'Day, men!" greeted Ryan laconically. "What's your order?"

A ROAR like that of a rising tempest rumbled from the throng. A dozen rifles were outflung, and but for the ex-marshal's sanity Ryan would have been riddled carrion in the depths of the abyss. Cronin cast himself in front of the weapons.

"Hold on, boys," he commanded. "You pull trigger and you knot your own noose. Remember Inspector Strickland and his mounted men over in the barracks yonder. Put the guns down. That play won't fill your stomachs anyway. Look at Marlin intrenched behind the stone cache and Simons like a badger in his hole. You plug Ryan and you have to reckon with them still. You'll reckon a long while. You'll reckon till your caved-in stomachs hit your spines, and they'll sit tight and gorge and gaze on your emaciated remains. Let your hammers down gently—so! You leave eruptions to me. The tongue is mightier than the Winchester if you know its wiles, and I've sure practiced some. Stand back from the precipice while I hold oration with this low-caste Eskimo."

Hess shoved back reckless ones in the front whose rashness seemed liable to lead to calamity, and faced Ryan across the gulf.

"Now you Shylock-hearted heathen you coiner of women's and children's hunger cries and good men's stomach agonies into miserly gold, I'll give you our order: One hundred and fifty thousand pounds of bacon, four hundred sacks of flour, one hundred pounds of tea, six thousand pounds of butter, four thousand pounds of sugar, one hundred thousand pounds of potatoes, and five thousand dozen of eggs for nothing. Get me? You fill it or we'll fill it ourselves."

"Like blazes I will," scoffed Ryan. "What do you take me for?"

"For something fifty degrees worse than a cannibal ghoul gnawing on dead men's bones! Are you filling that order?"

"Not by a disastrous sight!"

"Think again. We're going to bridge."

"Go on and bridge. We'll perforate the first man as drops a stick."

"Gayle," requested Cronin, turning to Outremont, "yonder's storm-felled spruce on the edge of the plateau. The chasm's fifty feet wide. Two sixty foot trunks'll do it. Take the men and get them."

A CLAMOR of approbation from the crowd backed Hess's ultimatum. Hundreds with Outremont at their head rushed off to the storm-felled timber and bore back like staffs in their hands two long, straight trees. They laid them down side by side, the butts within a few feet of the precipice edge, and walking under them from tips to butts upended them and poised them there awaiting Cronin's signal for the fall.

As they poised thus, Ryan raised his rifle.

"Don't think it bluff," he warned. "You drop and I'll shoot. I'm dead within my rights. Inspector Strickland and his barracksful of mounted men ain't got any Indian sign on me. This ground I'm cached on is staked in my own name. I 'tended to that in the beginning. I've warned you not to tres pass, and the minute you do I'll start pumping self-defense. You may get me, but you'll not get the grub. Monte and Seattle's behind ramparts, and they'll pick you off as fast as you walk them trees."

Tensely the crowd waited, eyes upon Hess's upraised hand for the signal to bridge, rifles sneaking surreptitiously

to the level of their hips. For three full minutes Cronin waited, gazing not at Ryan but past Ryan at Seattle Simons, and in another second there happened what he waited for. Seattle suddenly uttered a violent shriek. Legs fang-torn and dripping blood, he sprang into the air from the hole wherein he had been crouching. After him like a missile from the hole bounded a huge, umbrella-ribbed, hunger-maddened husky, and after the first husky bounded another and another and another. Swiftly the earth vomited huskies in a perpetual gush, huskies crazy with the smell of Seattle's blood and the scent of the tons of food cached in the rocky amphitheatre.

"There's a living chain of huskies all the way down that passage clean to the Yukon's bank," grinned Hess. "Bringing the dogs across in harness was only a ruse to fool Ryan."

At Seattle's shriek Rooney had whirled round. In a rage he whirled back again. He fired once, wildly, across the chasm, the bullet whacking into the upstanding spruce trees, before springing away in a futile attempt to help Seattle dam the stream of savage beasts. Monte Marlin rushed from the cache to their aid at the same time, but the three might as well have attempted to check the Yukon's ice run in spring. In an overpowering geyser the wolf dogs spouted forth, eyes on fire, fangs agleam and slaver driveling from their famished mouths, and the half dozen that wilted in their air springs from the rifle volley were torn to pieces and bolted almost before they touched the snow. The rest were upon Ryan, Marlin, and Simons, slashing their Mackinaw trousers and German socks and splintering with their strong jaws the rifle butts that clubbed them.

BACKWARD yard by yard the trio retreated, now stemming no offensive onrush but battling desperately in withdrawal to the safety of Sourdough Steeple. Within ten feet of the base of the rock they flung their weapons in the face of the wolf-dog horde and flung themselves upon the rock needle, clutching, clambering, clawing a way up with their hands while kicking off the animals that clung to their feet. Ten hundred feet up they went till they found vantage in the niches near the top of the granite spire, and there they clung, sobbing for breath and gazing down with white faces upon the horde of semi-wolves hurling themselves at the rock slope in an essay of climbing and tearing furiously at the stones of the food cache at the base.

"Corner grub, will you?" Hess roared at them. "Now you know what the ancient baronial geezer who cornered corn and was eaten by rats felt like when the rat swarm jumped him."

HE dropped the hand he had held upraised throughout the wolf dogs' charge. "Hustle, boys," he exhorted. "Bridge her sudden or the brutes'll rip that cache stone from stone."

The spruce trees crashed down. The army of men poured across them, thousands strong, and savagely the wolf dogs turned at their coming. But now the fortunes of war were reversed. The dogs, outnumbered ten to one, were pressed, kicked and beaten away from the food cache. A double wall of human bodies was made from the cache to the bridge and through this neutral zone the remainder of the men carried forth the grub bags as through a picketed lane and piled them on the farther side of the chasm.

Then, leaving the dogs still besieging the rock needle and howling about the emptied cache, the men recrossed the chasm, tumbled the bridging spruce trees to the bottom and went back to feast in Dawson City.

For two full days they feasted, and those two full days, ere the chasm was rebridged and the huskies lured away with strips of succulent bacon, Ryan, Marlin, and Simons remained on Sourdough Steeple.

Perched a thousand feet in air, by day gray bumps against the slaty Arctic sky, by night black blots against the phosphorescent aurora and the glinting stars, with nothing but grim-clutched hand and foot holds between them and the fangs of famine below, they expiated their notorious crime.

Is Germany Winning?

Continued from page 10

The cost of this operation, first and last, would pretty well pay for rebuilding all the houses in Serbia.

Many fast trains in America do not stop at towns of the size of Belgrade. Serbia is a country of shepherds and swineherds, miserably poor, yet rich enough to make war. She has paid the price of offending Austria, and the Austrian royal family are avenged. Francis Joseph has won, by the aid of the Kaiser. And here is a peculiar fact: Austria had a brilliant military staff and a capable chief of staff. But the different cliques could not work in harmony. Forceful Prussia came in, and, although Austria dislikes Prussia, the Austrian staff now works harmoniously under Prussian direction. Prussia has won more than Germany, for Prussia has dominated the Central Powers and all their policies. Germany has won in the world-wide advertisement of her efficiency; has won in the prestige of her arms and her paternal organization for the present. The end is not yet.

The Prussian system has not yet undergone the final test.

Is Germany winning with probably 1,500,000 men dead or crippled for life? Is she winning when she does not know how she is going to force peace? Can she win if she cannot continue her offensive when spring comes? Can she win if she must accept the defensive?

War Half Over

WHILE it sometimes seems that we in America know more about Germany than about any of the warring countries, we really know less. The object of every nation in this war has been to let the neutral countries know only what they wanted them to know. In this, too, Germany has excelled. Japan learned her tactics from Germany, and Japanese tactics were the same in the Russo-Japanese War. Japan had fought herself to a standstill at Mukden, but she gave the impression to the whole world that she was capable of further advance and that at Portsmouth she could almost make her own terms. In five months after Mukden she had made no provision for another offensive—a secret which she was able to keep. The last blow she had struck had put her on her face in the mud, but with her face toward the enemy—thanks also to the German system.

Consider this war of about twenty rounds, Germany trying for a knockout in the first five. Having failed, many thought her offensive was over. But it was not. She was still taking the initiative in the tenth round. This winter brings us past the tenth round, and the spring will show us the fifteenth. It will be the nineteenth round, perhaps the twentieth round itself, that will tell.

England's new munition factories have only begun to supply shells. The maximum American and Japanese output will not be reached until February or March. With spring the Allies for the first time will have a real superiority in guns, material, and men on the fighting line. Germany probably still has 4,000,000 fighting men and Austria 3,000,000. France must have close to 4,000,000, England over 3,000,000, and Russia 3,000,000, not counting her unorganized reserve. Thus the Allies will have a superiority equivalent to the British new army.

If Germany is going to continue her offensive, where can she strike? Can she undertake another offensive against Russia when in May the French cover all the front-line trenches in the west with shells and undertake an offensive with five times the artillery power of Champagne and Loos? If the German, with all his strength, failed to get a knockout in the spring of 1915, can he hope for it in 1916? For he must have a knockout in order to win. At least one of his opponents must be counted out.

"Quit? Never!"

RUSSIA, which he hoped would be the first of all the countries in Europe to submit, has the least reason. For the Slav to yield to the German now would mean German domination of Europe and the eclipse of Slavdom. This the farseeing Russian leaders realize. So do the mass of the Russians. They are fighting for racial life. In order to gain a separate peace with Russia, Germany would at least have to evacuate Russia and Poland as well. Though she has

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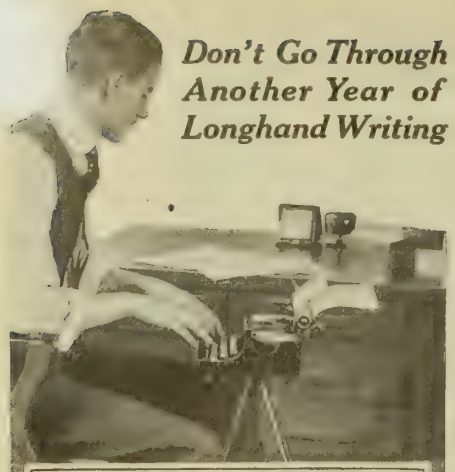
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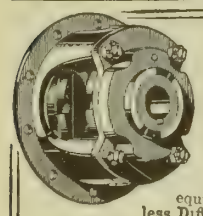
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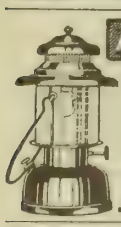
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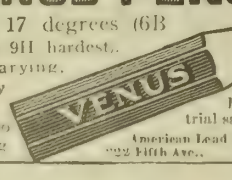
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made Russia suffer more than she has suffered, this does not mean that she is winning.

Sometimes last winter I heard from English and French officers talk of compromise. Their number was not one out of a hundred. This summer and fall I never heard such talk once from any English or French officer. Suggest a separate peace to a Frenchman, even should it include the cession of a portion of Alsace and Lorraine and all territory under the French flag before the war, and it is received with the grim and matter-of-fact refusal which characterizes the spirit of the French nation at war. They insist that they will finish the job. That is precisely the attitude of England. I suggested many times to Englishmen—and by that I mean men at the front—that, after all, if Germany would retire to her original frontiers, England would still remain the mistress of the seas. The answer to that was that they were in France in order to win for France. No victory that did not include victory on land would be satisfactory to England. Officers of shattered battalions coming out of action might say that it was impossible to break the trench line, as more than one officer in the Appomattox line thought after personal experience of Confederate fire. But when you said to them, "Why not quit and make a compromise?" they stiffened and answered: "Never!"

To win, Germany must beat the immense new British army. She must beat the 1917 class of recruits which in November, France had not yet called to the colors. She must win in some kind of a decisive victory at arms—or lose: must succeed in wearing down the Allies' resources and men by attrition instead of the Allies wearing down hers.

Germany insists that she is winning. She tells her people that she is. But have you ever looked through the German papers for copies of letters by French or British soldiers, or of letters from their relatives at home, which suggested any thought of yielding? Yet with every batch of German prisoners captured scores of such letters are found in their possession. The German soldiers are showing the strain. Their efficiency is decreasing; that of France and England increasing. And, make no mistake, those snake lines on the map, indicating German soldiers on the soil of the Allies, have been burned into the brain of every Englishman and Frenchman.

Suppose that all next spring and summer Germany throws herself against those lines of steel in vain. Suppose that a line of steel is across her path in the Balkans as well as in Flanders and in Russia. For if she extends her lines in Serbia and Bulgaria she needs correspondingly more men to keep them intact. Suppose that, instead of being able to take the offensive, she uses her magnificent railroad system for rushing bodies of troops here and there in order to halt the offensive of the Allies—what will be the effect then upon German sentiment? What would have been the effect on Japanese sentiment if the Russians had held out for another year and let the Japanese stew in front of their army?

When Lord Kitchener told the ministers of the British Cabinet that the war would be long they were skeptical. But now they know that he knew what he was talking about. He counted upon winning the last battle. That is the battle that England has always had to win, and usually has won, though we reversed the tables in the American Revolution.

She has always started in confidently, only to be beaten at first because she was not ready. But you may be sure the amazing brain trust which governs Germany, which knows how to inflame the emotions of its own people to its purpose, which unites great military leading with very skillful statecraft, is never going to give the world a sign that she is losing.

The one chance that Germany has of winning is the chance that gave Japan victory. Though beaten, she may keep her secrets so close, conceal her wounds so well, that she will give the appearance of victory and deceive her enemies into compromise. But if the Allies keep on for another eighteen months, and if they hold together, there is no doubt that Germany will be beaten. And if their money lasts! Watch and see if it doesn't. The allied troops may never get to Berlin; they may never cross the Rhine; none of them may again enter East Prussia. But it will be Germany that will have to sue for terms because she is in a state of siege. Even rebellion in India, of which she fondly dreams, could not change the event. The British hold the sea. They have the superiority in dreadnoughts and battle cruisers whose guns can smash anything above water. The methods they used in holding down the submarine campaign in the North Sea ought also to serve in the Mediterranean.

Germany is in the position of a man who strikes for want of air, for want of room. He lunges this way and that with the craving for breath for his lungs and space for his limbs. He pushes the wall back a little, but it is still there, dashing his own blood back in his face. He breaks through one door, but there is another beyond. The mental strain of such a battle is as severe as the physical. Next summer, if Russia comes back strong, and Turkey and Bulgaria are tamed, the walls will begin to fall in on the Germans.

The "Sketch," London



A DEEP QUESTION

"Long Tom" (*back from the front*): Mud, my boy? Why, it's up to one's neck!
The "Bantam": *Whose* neck?

The Parisian

Continued from page 7

teasing them. They must go back and boldly face death once more — worse than that, actually go forth to meet it. They became savage and sullen. And the slaughter among them was terrible. The wounded poured in. The ambulances rushed about night and day. Boots and rifles and knapsacks of the dead piled up in the courtyards. Company after company, night after night, were more than half wiped out. And though the Colonial Infantry nearly took Mametz and so opened the road to Péronne, a battalion of the Forty-fifth Regiment failed to back them up. How they cursed the Forty-fifth! But the Forty-fifth, sent thereafter to the attack night after night, soon ceased to exist. At last two companies of De Barsac's regiment were ordered to attack. And, as a pleasant send-off, word had now gone around that all these attacks were merely to draw the enemy on the English front. In other words, they were putting sixty pounds on their backs and going out in the dark to plow about in the mud and hunt for barbed wire and machine guns just to draw the enemy on. It was the climax. They were simply being thrown overboard like so much bait.

IT was a terrible night: dark, wet, and piercing cold. The pavements were slippery with a muddy slush. They tramped along in silence—not a word—each man with his own thoughts, yet each man's thoughts the same. Slowly, however, their blood warmed a little, and their shoulder straps settled into place. The trenches were five kilometers away to the north. By the



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time they reached the field kitchens the night was a little less dark—dawn was coming. There was a wee light burning. They halted beside it and wondered what was going to happen next. One or two went and knocked on the rough huts where the cooks slept. Perhaps there might be some chance of getting a little coffee.

"Coffee for us? You're crazy. Do you think they'd waste coffee on us?"

But it so happened that they had halted for just that reason. From the wee light there came a man with great buckets of hot coffee. They gathered about him and held out their tin cups. The man told them not to crowd around so, he could not see what he was doing, and there was plenty for everybody. Standing up, they gulped it down. It was hot. It warmed. Shortly afterward they were filing along the channels through the earth—the third trenches, the second trenches, then slowly into the first trenches. The watchers there rose stiffly and made room for them. A blue rocket shot up from the Germans opposite. It lit up the landscape with a weird light. The earth seemed to grow colder. Then the artillery began intermittently. Presently it got to work in earnest, and for half an hour or more it seemed to tear the sky above into shreds. They became impatient. They wanted to know what they were waiting for. It was the captain.

"What the devil is he fussing about now?"

"Oh, he's fussing about the machine guns!"

"Oh, he's always fussing about something or other!"

"That's his business!"

PRESENTLY the captain came creeping along. He spoke in a low whisper to the young lieutenant in charge of De Barsac's section.

"Are your men ready?"

"Yes, all ready."

"You've placed your machine guns the way I told you?"

"Yes."

"Good. Then, you understand, you attack right after us. Give me a few minutes, then come out and dash right up."

There was silence again. The captain moved off. Presently George snickered.

"That's all. Dash right up. Well, I'll promise you one thing, old whiskers," he murmured to a watcher by his side, "if I've got to rot out there for the next month, I'll try and carry my carcass as near as I can to their nostrils rather than to yours."

"Shut up!" growled Jules.

George looked around.

"God! you're not funking it, are you?"

"Oh, what do you lose? Nothing. Eh! What do you leave behind?"

"Old man, I leave behind more girls than you."

"Yes, I guess you do—yes, I guess you do—yes, I guess that's about it."

"Stop that noise," whispered the lieutenant.

The artillery fire ceased. A minute later they heard the shouts of the other company over to the left and, above the shouting, the rapid, deadly, pank-pank-pank of the German machine guns. They stood up instinctively; they swung on their knapsacks; they drew out their bayonets and fixed them on their rifles; and while they did so their breath steamed upon the cold, damp air. Then, standing there in a profound silence, they looked across at each other through that murky morning light and gave up now definitely everything life had brought them. It was a bitter task, much harder for some than for others; but when the lieutenant suddenly said: "At 'em, boys!" all were ready. A low, angry snarl shot from their lips. Like hunted beasts, ready to tear the first thing they met to pieces in a last death struggle, they scrambled out of the trench. Creeping through the barbed wire, they advanced stealthily until a hail of bullets was turned upon them, then they leaped up with a mighty yell, ran some twenty paces, fell flat upon the ground, and leaped up once more.

HEAD bent down, De Barsac plunged forward. Bullets sang and hissed about him. Every instant he expected death to strike him. He stumbled on, trying to offer it the brain and nothing else. He fell headlong over shell holes, but each time picked himself up and staggered on and on. Hours seemed to pass. He remembered George's words. Not rot here—nor here—nor here—but carry one's carcass higher and higher. Finally he heard the young lieutenant yelling: "Come on, boys, come on; we're almost there." He looked up. Clouds of smoke, bullets ripping up the earth, comrades falling about him, a few hurrying on, all huddled up like men in a terrible rainstorm. Of a sudden he found himself among barbed wire and pit holes. The white, bleached face of a man, dead weeks ago, leered at him. He stepped over the putrid body and flung himself through the wire. It tore his clothes, but failed to hold him. Bullets whizzed around his head, but they all seemed to be too high. Then of a sudden he realized that he was actually going to reach the trench. He started up. He gripped his rifle in both hands and let out a terrible yell. He became livid with rage. Up out of the ground rose a wave of Germans. He saw George drive his bayonet into the foremost, and, as the bayonet snapped off, heard him shout: "Keep it and give it to your sweetheart for a hatpin!" A tall, haggard German charged full at him. He stood his ground, parried the thrust. The German's rifle swung off to one side and exposed his body. With a savage snort he drove his bayonet into the muddy uniform. He felt it go in and in, and instinctively plunged it further and twisted it around; then heard the wretch scream; saw him drop his rifle and grasp at life with extended arms; watched him fall off the bayonet and sink down, bloody hands clasped over his stomach—and a golden ring upon the fourth finger. He stood there weak and flabby. His head began to whirl. Only just in time did he ward off the vicious lunge of a sweating, bearded monster. Both rifles rose up locked together into the air. Between their upstretched arms the two men glared at each other.

"Schwein!" hissed the German.

With an adroit twist De Barsac threw the other off and brought the butt of his rifle down smack upon the moist, red forehead. The fellow sank to his knees with a grunt and, eyes closed, vaguely lifted his hand toward his face. De Barsac half fell over him, turned about, and clubbed the exposed neck as hard as he could with his rifle. Bang! went the rifle almost in his sleeve. He swore angrily. But the bullet had only grazed his arm. He leaped on with a loud shout. Within a craterlike opening in the earth a wild, uproarious fight was going on. He caught one glimpse of George, swinging the broken leg of a machine gun and battering in heads right and left, then was engulfed in the mêlée.

A furious struggle took place—a score of Frenchmen against a score of Germans—in a cockpit of poisoned, shell-tossed earth. None thought of victory, honor. It was merely a wild, frenzied survival of the fittest, wherein each man strove to tear off, rid himself of this fiendish thing against him. Insane with fury, his senses steeped in gore, De Barsac stabbed and clubbed and stabbed, while close by his side a tall Breton, mouth ripped open with a bayonet point, lip flapping down, bellowed horribly: "Kill! Kill! Kill!"

THEY killed and they killed; then, as the contest began to turn rapidly in their favor, their yells became short, swift exclamations of barbaric triumph; then, unexpectedly, it was all over, and the handful of them that remained understood that, by the help of Heaven, they ten, relic though they were of two hundred better men, had actually come through it all alive and on top. The lieutenant, covered with blood, his sword swinging idly from his wrist, staggered over and leaned upon De Barsac's shoulder. In his other hand he held the bespattered, broken leg of the machine gun. So George must be dead. De Barsac burst out laughing nervously. The lieutenant laughed until he had to double up with a fit of coughing. What a picnic! Others sat down, breathing heavily, and told "the whole damned German army" to come along and see what was waiting for it. But a bullet flew out of the heap of fallen. It burned the skin on De Barsac's forehead like a hot poker. In a twinkling all ten were on their feet again, glaring like savages. The lieutenant reached the offender first. The broken leg of the machine gun came down with an angry thud; then the rest of them turned about and swarmed over the sloping sides of the pit and exterminated, exterminated.

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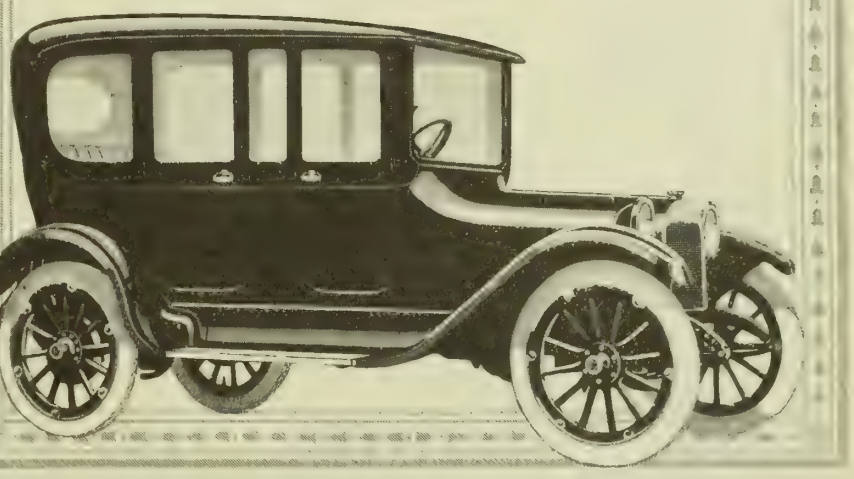
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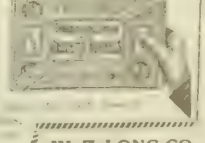
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"He's only playing dead. Give him one just the same. Don't waste a bullet. Here, let me. There, take that, sausage!"

THE lieutenant climbed up and took a cautious peep over the top of the crater. There was nothing to see. A dull morning sky over a flat, rising field. A bit of communicating trench blown in. 'Way over to the left, like something far off and unreal, the pank-pank-pank of machine guns and the uproar of desperate fighting. Behind, on the other side, a field littered with fallen figures in light blue, many crawling slowly away.

"What's happening?" asked De Barsac, still out of breath.

"Can't see. The fighting's all over to the left. Everybody seems to have forgotten us. As far as I can judge, this was an outpost, not a real trench."

"Well, whatever it was, it's ours now," said some one.

"Well, why don't they follow us up?"

"Yes, by God! right away, or else—"

"Oh, they will soon!" said the lieutenant; "so get busy—no time to waste. Block up that opening and fill your sandbags, all the sandbags you can find, and dig yourselves in."

But they stood there astonished, irritated. Yes, where were the reenforcements? If reenforcements did not come up, they were as good as rats trapped in a cage. The lieutenant had to repeat his command. Angrily they shoved the dead out of their way and dug themselves in and filled up the sandbags and built a rampart with them along the top of the hollow. They swore darkly. No reenforcements! Not a man sent to help them! So it was death after all. By chance they uncovered a cement trough covered with boards and earth, a sort of shelter; and down there were a great number of cartridge bands for a machine gun. The sight of them inspired the lieutenant. He went and busied himself over the captured machine gun, still half buried in the dirt. Only one leg was broken off; that was all. Hurriedly he cleaned the gun and propped it up between the bags. Then he stood back and rubbed his hands together and laughed boyishly and seemed very pleased. The sun came up in the distance; it glittered upon the frost in the fields. But with it came the shells. Cursing furiously, the ten ducked down into the trough, and for an hour or more hooted at the marksmanship. Only one shell exploded in the crater. Though it shriveled them all up, it merely tossed about a few dead bodies and left a nasty trail of gas. They became desperate savages again. Then the firing ceased, and the lieutenant scrambled out and peered through the sandbags. He turned back quickly, eyes flashing.

"Here they come, boys!"

THEY jumped up like madmen and pushed their rifles through the sandbags. The lieutenant sat down at the machine gun. De Barsac fed the bands. Over the field came a drove of gray-coated men. Their bayonets sparkled wonderfully in the new morning light; yet they ran along all doubled up like men doing some Swedish drill. They seemed to be a vast multitude until the machine gun began to shoot. Then the ten saw that they were not so many after all.

"Take care she doesn't jam, old man," said the lieutenant to De Barsac.

"Oh, don't worry, she isn't going to jam!"

They were both very cool.

"Ah! now she's getting into them beautifully," said the lieutenant. "Look at them fall! There we go. Spit, little lady, spit; that's the way—steady, old man."

As if by some miracle the gray line of a sudden began to break up. Many less came rushing on. They were singing some guttural song. The rifles between the sandbags answered them like tongues aflame with hate; but the machine gun answered them even faster still, a remorseless stream of fire. Finally there were only some seven or eight left. The lieutenant did not seem to notice them.

"You see how idiotic it all is," he said nonchalantly, "these attacks with a company or two? Why, our little friend here could have taken care of a whole battalion!"

Only one man remained. He was yelling fiercely at the top of his lungs. He looked like some hell-born monster. He came tearing on. Bullets would not hit him. Then he was right upon them. But he saw now he was alone and his whole expression changed. Across his eyes glistened the light film of fear. The man with the torn lip jumped up.

"Here you are," he spluttered hideously, "all yours!"

A loud report in De Barsac's ears, smoke, and the muddy soles of a pair of hobnailed boots trembling against the muzzle of the machine gun!

"Do you see what I mean?" continued the lieutenant. "What is the use of it? Did I say a battalion? Why, we could have managed a whole regiment. Now, then, somebody shove those pig feet out of the way so that I can finish off the whole lot properly."

The sun came up now in earnest and warmed them; but, though they sat back in their little caves and ate some of the food they had brought and then rolled cigarettes and smoked them, they were very nervous and impatient. Every so often one of them would go up the other side of the pit and look back. Always the same sight through the tangle of barbed wire—a foreground heaped with dead, a field sprinkled with fallen blue figures, and three or four hundred yards away the trenches they had come from; otherwise not a soul. Once they waved a handkerchief on a bayonet. It only brought a shower of bullets. So that was it. After they had accomplished the impossible, they were going to be left here to die like this. A little later the shells once more began to explode about them. The aim, as before, was very poor, but they knew it was the prelude to another attack. Death was again angling for them—and this time—

"Here they come!" shouted the lieutenant.

They stood up and, pushing their rifles well out through the sandbags, glanced along the barrels. They swore furiously at what they saw—twice as many of the pig eaters as before. De Barsac anxiously fed the bands to the vibrating machine before him. The lieutenant's face was very stern and set. It had lost its boyish look. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion, clouds of smoke, and a strange new pungent odor of gas. A man left his post and, eyes closed, turned round and round, went staggering down the slope, stumbled over a dead man, and lay where he fell. They stopped firing and huddled against their caves until the lieutenant shouted out something and the machine gun trembled again. Then there were two more frightful explosions right over their heads. Great God! it was their own artillery!

THROUGH the fog of smoke De Barsac could only see the lieutenant, cringed over the machine gun. His face became purple with rage as he hissed into De Barsac's ear his whole opinion of the matter. If he had not said anything before, it was because it was not fit that he should; but before dying now he wanted to tell one man, one other Frenchman, what he thought of a general staff who could first send men out stupidly to their slaughter, then abandon them in positions won, and finally kill them off with their own artillery. But De Barsac, now that the smoke had rolled away a little, was hypnotized by the huge gray wave roaring toward them nearer and nearer. The machine gun seemed to be helpless among them. However many fell, others came rushing on. Then, unexpectedly, a shell skimmed just over the heads of the nine and exploded full among the advancing throngs. It was the most beautiful sight any of the nine had ever seen. The gray figures were not simply knocked over, but blown into pieces. And in quick succession came explosion after explosion. Priceless vengeance! The field seemed to be a mass of volcanoes. The ranks faltered, broke, plunged about blindly in the smoke, turned, and fled. Only a few came charging wildly on. But the trembling little machine gun lowered its muzzle angrily. One by one the figures went sprawling, just as if each in turn had of a sudden walked on to slippery ice. So ended the second attack. The third attack, following right after, was a fiasco. The artillery now had their measure to a yard. The shells blew up among them before they were half started. The nine along the crater top did not fire a shot. Shortly afterward they heard the roar of an aeroplane overhead. It must have been there all the time, head in the wind. Under the wings were concentric circles of red and white about a blue dot. The mere sight of it intoxicated them like champagne.

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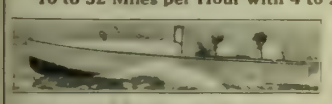
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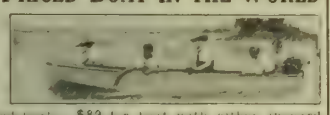


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And when it was all over for the moment, and the distant figure, moving off, waved his hand, they gave him a cheer it was a great pity he could not hear.

"You see, boys," said the lieutenant gayly, "he's telling us that it's all right now. Reenforcements will be up after dark."

They sat back once more and scraped the blood and muck off their uniforms and smoked and found another meal, and for want of a suitable oath mumbled abstractedly to themselves. Long, tedious hours followed. Little by little it grew colder; then at last the sun began to go down. A dreary, desolate landscape stretched out all around. But the thought that reenforcements would soon be coming cheered them. They rose up and got ready to go, then stood about impatiently. The lieutenant had to tell them to never mind what was going on behind them, but stick to their posts. It grew darker, and darker still. Now help would be here any minute. They heard voices; but they were mistaken. It became quite dark, night, half an hour, an hour, two hours, and still no one came, only an ever-increasing cannon fire all around them—shells whistling and screaming to and fro over their heads, red and blue rockets, cataclysms of sound ceaselessly belched into the hollow. At last they threw their knapsacks off in disgust and sat down and cursed and swore as they had never cursed or sworn before.

THE night air became painfully cold. They had to stand up again and stamp about to keep warm and not fall asleep. The lieutenant told them to fire off their rifles from time to time. Jules came nearer to De Barsac.

"Ah!" grumbled De Barsac, "they're making monkeys of us."

"Yes—or else they don't know we've taken this place."

"Oh, they know that well enough. Look at the artillery. No; they don't want this hole. They never wanted it. We were never meant to get here."

"Yes," said a voice in the darkness, "it's like this. They went to Joffre and said: 'General, some fools have gone and taken an outpost over there.' 'The devil they have!' says Joffre. 'Why, the damned fools! Well, give them all the military medal.' 'Very well, General,' says the Johnny who brought the message, 'but they are rather hard to reach.' 'Oh, in that case,' says Joffre, 'just finish the poor devils off with a couple of shells.'"

"Look here, boys," said the lieutenant, "cut that talk out. You know, as well as I do, that Joffre had nothing to do with this—"

"Well, why the devil then doesn't he send some one up to reenforce us?"

"Well," said the lieutenant after a pause, "look at all those fireworks. There's enough iron in the air to kill ten army corps. They don't dare come up."

"Don't dare? Lord, we dared, didn't we?"

"Well, they may come up by and by."

But no one came: just the furious interchange of shells all night long. So dawn appeared once more and found them stiff, weary, half frozen, and in their dull, hollow eyes no longer a ray of hope. And soon the shells began to fall again upon the hollow. Heedlessly the young lieutenant stood up and took a long look back at those trenches from which help should come. A shell broke just above him. He was still standing upright; but the top of his head was gone, only the lower jaw remained. Blood welled up for a second, then the figure slowly sank into a heap. De Barsac took the revolver out of the clenched hand and removed the cartridge belt. He went back and sat down at the machine gun.

"Feed the bands, will you, when the time comes?" he said to Jules.

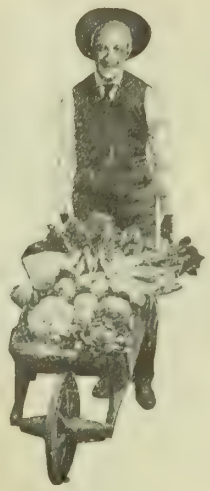
"Look here," said a man, "it's sure death hanging on here any longer. I'm going to make a dash back for it before it is too light."

"Stay where you are," growled De Barsac.

"No, I'm going to take my chance."

"Do you hear what I say? Get back where you belong or I'll blow your brains out."

More shells exploded over them. They were caught unawares. They had barely time to crawl into the trough. In fact, some of them had not. The man who at last wanted to run away doubled himself up grotesquely and coughed blood until he slowly rolled down toward the bottom of the pit. And



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there amid the smoke was the man with the torn lip, lying on one elbow, and both legs smashed off above the knees. De Barsac and Jules tried to haul him under cover.

"Don't bother, boys; no, don't bother—I'm done for now—my mouth was nothing—but this finishes me—no, you can't stop it bleeding—so get back quick—and I'm not frightened of death—I like it—really I do—I've been waiting for it for a long time."

THE bombardment continued. It soon became a tremendous affair. It was the worst bombardment any of them had ever experienced. It was as if they were trying to hide in the mouth of a volcano. They never could have imagined such a thing possible. Then it grew even worse. The very inside of hell was torn loose and hurled at them. Sheltered though they were in the cement trough, they were slowly buried under earth and stones and wood and dead flesh. And so, while they lay there thus, suffocated by gas and smoke, blind, deaf, senseless, the bombardment went on hour after hour. In fact, it was a great wonder that any of them lived on. But they were only six. And it is always difficult to kill off the last six among a crowd of dead; the very dead themselves rise up and offer protection. At last the French artillery once more began to gain the master hand; the bombardment gradually weakened; finally it ceased altogether.

Slowly, very slowly, the six unraveled themselves. They did not recognize their surroundings. Most of the dead had disappeared. They were just morsels of flesh and bone and uniform, here and there. They did not recognize themselves. As for rifles, knapsacks, machine gun, ammunition, they had no idea where any of these were. Should an attack come now, they were defenseless. But that was just the point. They had not come out to live, but to die. The bottom of the pit was more or less empty now. One by one they went and sat down there and stared stupidly at the ground. If another shell came into the crater, they would all be killed outright. But no shell came—just a nice warm midday sun overhead. So presently, for want of something better to do, they gathered about a blood-soaked loaf of bread, a box of sardines, a canteen full of wine, and in this cockpit of poisonous, shell-tossed earth, with only a blue sky overhead and a few distant, melodious shells singing past, they ate their last meal together.

AS they ate, they slowly decided several things. First of all, they decided they were cursed; but that, such being the case and since it was their fate to die like this, forgotten in this blood-stained hole, they would die like men, like Frenchmen. Then they decided that this hole was their property. Back of them lay France and her millions of acres and her millions of men; but right here, in the very forefront of the fighting, was this sanguinary pit; it belonged to them, all six of them, and they would die defending it. Then, finally, as soldiers of experience, they decided many things about modern warfare that all the thousand and one generals and ministers did not know. They decided that knapsacks were useless, and rifles also. What one wanted was a knife, a long knife—"look, about as long as that; well, perhaps a little longer"—a revolver, bombs, and endless machine guns, light and easy to carry. They agreed it was a pity none of them would survive to give these valuable conclusions to the others back there.

But after the six had finished their meal and had smoked up all the tobacco of the only man who had any left, they decided that death was not so hard upon them as they first thought. They could still meet it as it should be met. They rose stiffly and found here a spade, there a rifle, and eventually the machine gun. Under De Barsac's direction they threw up once more a semblance of a bulwark along the top of the hollow, and, to show that there was still some fight left in them, fired a few volleys at the Germans—that is to say, all the cartridges they had left, save a full magazine for that last minute when one goes under killing as many as one can. But, whether because the Germans had grown to be a trifle frightened of them, or for some other reason, they received no reply to their taunts beyond an occasional bullet—it was just a sweet little afternoon when people in cities flock about, straighten their shoulders, sniff the soft atmosphere, and inform each other that spring is coming. After a time they slumped down where they were, all of them, and, stretching out their wet, mud-soaked legs, fell asleep like tired children and slept on and on until they were awakened in the dark by scores of mysterious figures who patted them on the back, told them they were all heroes, and explained how five times they had tried to relieve them and how each time the German artillery had driven them back, and how—fortunately the six were boys who needed no help—all they had to do now was to take hold of the rope there and go home to Bray.

So they got up slowly and, hands upon the rope, wandered off. Once they stopped. They heard men digging away busily toward them. They said nothing. They wandered on.

But before the six could reach even the men digging toward them, the darkness was suddenly rent with stupefying explosions, and shell fragments slashed among them. They fell apart, tumbled into shell holes, rose up, fell down again, lost touch with each other, and what became of them all no one will ever know. One or two of them must have been killed outright; others must have crawled about in the dark until Fate decided what she wished to do with them. It was rather a sad end, for they deserved better than this, and the Germans did not prevent reenforcements from coming up. But thus they ended: who they were and what became of them the world will never know.

DE BARSAC fell flat upon his stomach and put his hands over his head. The ground shook under him. The darkness was a bedlam of endless explosions and death hisses. He rose up again and made a dash for it, a wild, frenzied dash for life and safety. But though he ran on some distance, it was blind work. The ground was littered with obstacles. Suddenly he was lying half buried under a pile of earth. He was in great pain, such pain that he moaned and moaned; yet he could not move, and now it was less cold and it was morning.

Slowly he extricated his right arm, but his left he could not move, and he had to take the dirt away handful by handful until the sun made his head ache. When his arm was at last uncovered he could not move it. His whole sleeve was a mass of blood. The sun had gone of a sudden; it was raining; and the wet ground was tossing him about again like a man in a blanket. His leg was broken and blood was trickling into his eyes. He moaned upon his arm until the sun again made his head ache and Jules and his father had disappeared. He had asked them to stay a little longer, for the man next him was so repulsive that he felt he could not die beside him. Leaning on his right elbow and pushing with his left foot, he moved away inch by inch, only the dead man followed him, or it was his brother, and he was repelled as before, so he took the canteen away from the dead man across his path and drank the stuff down. Then he began to shout at the top of his lungs. A race of bullets swished by over his head. He fell back again on his side and cried weakly into his arm. But presently he crawled on, inch by inch, until even the sun must have got tired watching him, and he fell down into a trench. There were a lot of dead men there, but all their canteens were empty except one, and he had a great loaf of bread strapped on his knapsack. It was very good inside under the crust.

He sat up and looked around slowly; just an empty trench, not a living soul, just the dead. How he had got here he could not remember, except that it had taken days, weeks. If his leg were not broken he might get up now and walk away somewhere. Ah, what a mean trick to play on a fellow! As if his arm were not enough! He judged it was late afternoon. He wondered what had happened to the others—well, he would get the machine gun into place all by himself and kill, kill, right up to the end. Then he remembered that, of course, that was over. Yes, of course. "I'm out of my head."

He took some more cognac out of the canteen. He found his knife and his emergency roll. Slowly he cut off his sleeve and slowly, over the great bloody hole in his arm, he wound the bandage; then he emptied the iodine bottle over it and yelled and moaned



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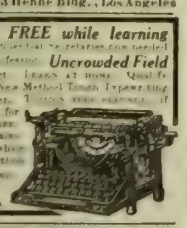
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with pain. But by and by he felt better. Some one spoke to him. It was a white face among the black dead men. He gave the fellow cognac. They sat up togethe: and ate bread and drank cognac. They talked together. All the friend had was a bullet through his chest, just a little hole, but he said it hurt him every time he tried to breathe. He belonged to the Forty-fifth. The trench here had been taken by the Germans, only the Germans had to abandon it because they had lost a trench over there to the left.

"Yes," said De Barsac, "that was us."

BY and by De Barsac asked the friend if he could get up and walk. The friend said he thought he could now. So he got up and fell down and got up and fell down until the third time he did not fall. "Wait," said De Barsac, "my leg's broken."

They helped each other. They went along, scraping the sides of the channel. De Barsac moaned in constant agony. But they saw two men with a stretcher in the fields above. De Barsac hallooed feebly. The men turned around with a start, then one of them said with a scowl: "All right, wait a minute." Then there was the ordinary explosion overhead. They saw nothing more of the two men, just a bit of broken stretcher and canvas sticking up out of the ground and a large cloud of dark smoke rolling away fainter and fainter. The trench was muddy. The trench smelled. The whole land smelled. The earth about was all burned yellow. The clay was red. There were boards in the bottom of the trench, but the boards wobbled, and one could not hop along them. They slopped and twisted about.

"Here," said the friend, "lean on me some more."

But he only fainted. So they both lay huddled up in the mud of the channel, and death came down very near them both. But De Barsac's face was lying against a tin can in the mud, and he lifted himself up and saw that it was nearly dark, and he shivered with cold. He remembered the cognac. He gulped it down. It hurt his arm, made it throb, throb, throb; but it somehow also made him feel like laughing. So he laughed; then he cried; then he laughed; all because the friend at his side was dead and he loved him. He had not known him very long, but he loved him. He turned the head up, and the friend's eyes opened. He was not dead after all. Quickly De Barsac hunted for the canteen, and at last he found it. He was horrified. Had he drunk all the cognac and not left the friend any? There were just a few drops.

"Thanks, thanks, old camel," said the friend.

De Barsac struggled to get up, and tried to help his friend up.

"Come on."

"All right."

But they both fell again. So they decided to crawl along. Only it was growing colder and colder and the waits were awful. Finally the white face said: "I'm . . . I'm going to sleep a little . . . you go on . . . you see . . . then you call me . . . then I'll come along."

De Barsac wondered why they had not thought of doing it that way before. He crawled on and on. At last he stopped and called back. The friend did not come the way he said he would. He was asleep of course. De Barsac started back to fetch him, only some men came along and stepped on him until they suddenly stepped off.

"Yes, he's alive."

De Barsac pointed feebly up the channel. "He's back there," he said.

"Who?"

"The friend."

"He's delirious," said a voice.

"Well, pass him back to the stretcher bearers and look lively with those machine guns."

THE dressing station was all under ground and lined with straw. It was very warm, only it was also very crowded. They gave him some hot soup with vegetables in it. He lay back on the stretcher and perspired, and though he was now in very great pain, he said nothing, because he had nothing to say. The surgeon, sleeves rolled up, bent over him. He set his leg and slapped plaster about. He swabbed his head and made him nearly scream. Then he unwound the bandage on his arm and swore and stood up and said:

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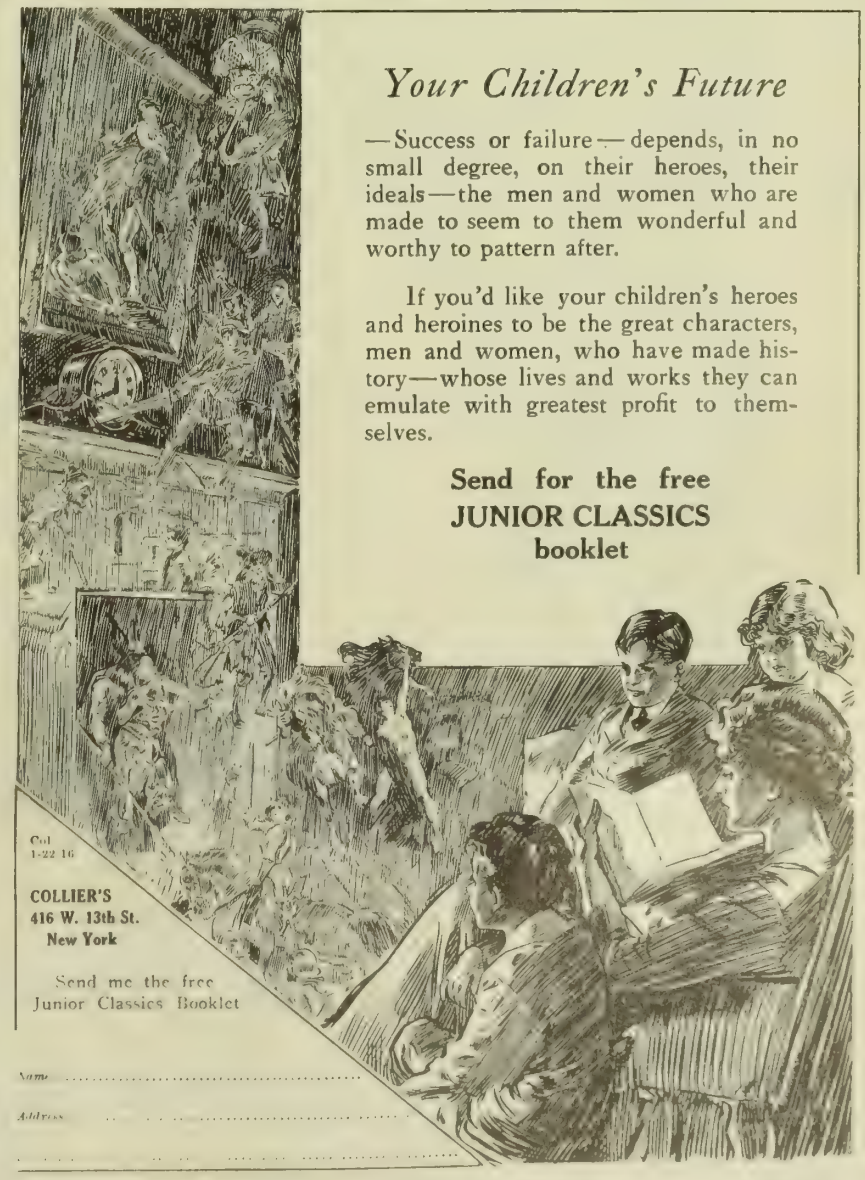
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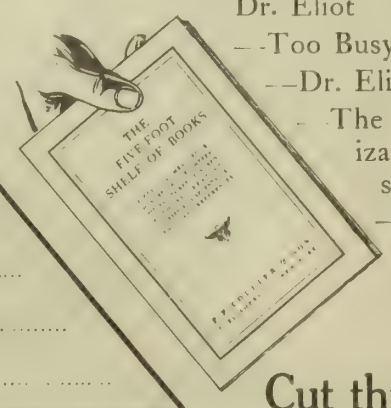
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under the open stars amid the cigarette smoke, but the ambulances in Bray made a powerful noise, and through the darkness a sergeant looked at him under a lantern and said impatiently: "Well, I don't give a darn, there isn't an inch of space left. Fire him along to Villers-Bretonneux with that convoy that's starting." The ambulance rocked and bounced over the roads, and it was twice as cold as before. He had not enough blankets. The ambulance smelled so he knew the man to his left must be dead, yes, the man to his left, not the man above, for the man above from time to time dripped hot blood upon him, now upon his neck, now upon his face. In the big shed at Villers-Bretonneux it was warm again, and he lay there upon the straw with the others while crowds of peasant people stared at them. One woman came up and offered him half an orange. He did not take it. Another woman said: "He's out of his head, poor fellow." He said: "No, I'm not." After the man on the stretcher next him had told him he was wounded in the stomach, left shoulder, and both legs, the man on the stretcher next him asked him where he came from and how things were getting on up there. He said: "All right." Then the man on the stretcher next him said weakly: "Well, you seemed to have picked up all the mud there is up there." So he said: "Oh, there's plenty left!" And a neat little man in black with a red ribbon in his buttonhole shook his head and said to a large man staring with a heavy scowl: "They're all that way, you know; a joke on their lips up to the very end."

THEY carried him out through the crowd, and when he was opposite the bloody table under the great arc light the men carrying him had to stop a second, and the doctor said to the man holding the end of the leg: "Bend down, idiot, haven't you ever sawed wood?" And he saw that there were beads of perspiration upon the doctor's forehead, and he wondered why. In the train it was very, very warm, only it smelled dreadfully, that same smell. He knew now it was the man in the bunk next him that was dead, and he wanted to tell the attendant so, only the shadows on the wooden ceiling danced about as the train rushed along over bridges and through tunnels. The shadows danced about, and sometimes they were horsemen on chargers and sometimes they were just great clouds flying out across the ocean, and all the time that the shadows danced about and the train rushed on and on a man in the other end of the compartment yelled and swore. But, although he called the attendants all the names a man has ever called another, the attendants did not move. One said: "Well, if they do shunt us over on to that other service that'll mean we'll get down to Paris now and then."

And the other said: "Yes, but it'll mean longer hours."

And the first man answered: "Oh, well, anything for a change—pass me the morphine again, will you, if you're through with it."

The train stopped, and everyone wanted to know where they were. One of the attendants told them "Amiens." He was taken out slowly and carried before a man with a glossy black beard smoking a pipe, who read the tag on his buttonhole and wrote something on a sheet of paper. They took him out into the cold, biting wind of a railway yard and carried him across railway tracks and set the stretcher down in pools of black mud and argued whose turn it was while a long freight train rolled slowly by and a man blew a whistle. The ambulance bobbed lightly over cobbles amid the clang of street cars and the thousand noises of a city. This ambulance also smelled, that same smell; but it could not be the man next him, for he was all alone. Then the ambulance ran along a smooth drive and stopped, and the flaps were opened and he was lifted out and carried into a long hallway, where a small man in red slippers scampered about and told others to come, and a white-hooded woman bent over him.

"What's the matter with him?"

"Operation."

"Yes—his left arm—the smell is sufficient indication. George, tell the doctor not to go away."

THE white-hooded woman again leaned over him. Her face was wrinkled and tired; but her eyes were very beautiful, they were so gentle and so sad. "How do you feel?"

"Yes," he mumbled.

"Poor boy! What's your name?"

"Pierre de Barsac."

She took his hand gently and held it.

"Well, Pierre, don't worry. We are going to take care of you."

A little later she said: "Poor fellow! Are you suffering?"

Tears came into his eyes and he nodded his head.

They carried him upstairs. They went up slowly, very carefully, and as they turned the corners of the staircase the eyes of the little man with the red slippers glittered and strained over the end of the stretcher. They undressed him. They washed him. They put him to bed. They unwound his arm. Then they stood away and stopped talking. They left him alone with a great wad of damp cotton upon his arm until the doctor came and said: "My boy, we've got to amputate your left arm at the shoulder." "At the shoulder," he repeated mechanically. "Yes, it's the only thing that will save you. What's your profession?"

"Lawyer."

The doctor smiled pleasantly: "Oh, then you are all right! An arm the less will be a distinction."

They went away. He turned over a little and looked at his arm. He realized that this was the dead thing he had so often smelled. The arm was all brown. It crackled under his finger. Near the large cotton wad there were strips of black flesh. The hand was crumpled up like a fallen leaf. He saw the scar on his forefinger, where as a little boy he had cut through an orange too swiftly. What a scene that was! His mother was dead now, his father was very old, and the hand now was going to be taken away from him! He turned his head back and cried weakly, not on account of his hand, but because he was in such pain—his arm, his leg, his head, everything. They rolled him into another room. They fussed about with him. They hurt him dreadfully, but he said nothing, because he had nothing to say. Then he was back there again beside the lieutenant. The machine gun jammed; he had to break the leg off and use it against the hordes of pig eaters. Smoke, more smoke, poured down his nostrils, and then it was awful, awful, never like this, and he clutched the pig eater by the throat and swore, swore, until now more smoke came rolling into his nostrils, and the white-hooded nurse was standing by his bed.

She went away, and when he woke up again he was all alone. There was a bandage upon his left arm, no, his left shoulder. His arm hurt much less; he felt much better. By and by he moved his right hand over. The sleeve of the nightgown was empty.

HE lay there quietly a long time and looked up into the sky through some pine boughs swaying in the wind. They reminded him of other trees he knew of, trees 'way back there in Brittany by the seaside, where he was born. They swayed beautifully to and fro, and every so often they bent over and swished against the windowpane.

Presently he smiled, smiled quietly, happily. Life, when one can live it, is such a really wonderful thing.

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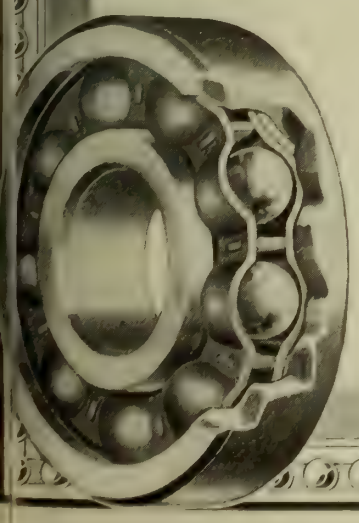
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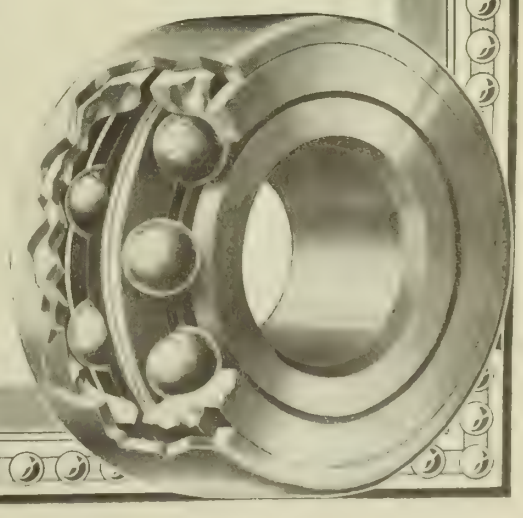
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The Entrance to the Beech-Nut Plant

"CONSPICUOUSLY BEAUTIFUL"

~A trip through the Beech-Nut Plant~

By Alfred McCann

PURE FOOD CRUSADER

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YESTERDAY I shot up into the country, two hundred miles, and put the plant of the Beechnut Packing Company at Canajoharie, N. Y., under the microscope.

The public is entitled to know just what I found in that institution, and I intend to let the facts speak for themselves.

It is hardly necessary for me to inform Globe readers that I have been in more food factories in more states of the Union than any other one man in the federal, state or municipal service.

In the first place congress has not empowered federal inspectors to enter any food factory. When they want to know what is going on inside they are obliged to prowl around and take a peep here and there when a forlorn chance makes such absurd methods of inspection possible.

The State of New York provides absolutely no food-factory inspection. Globe readers know too well what the City of New York has tolerated for years. They may recall that only last week in the Court of Special Sessions a dirty candy factory was convicted and fined $150 for putting paraffine into the sweetmeats sold to children.

There is a wide difference of opinion in high places as to the conditions found in food factories in general. Dear old Paul Pierce, in a velvety tone, tells the public that everything in the manufactured food line is perfectly beautiful, but then he has never been obliged to obtain evidence that would convict a food faker.

In contrast with his experience I have been mixed up in the conviction of over three hundred such fakers, so there is really some justice for at least a little difference of opinion in these important matters.

State food and dairy commissioners have other stories to tell, but court records that have withstood the scrutiny of jury and judge, it seems to me, provide the best evidence in such affairs.

From my experience I would divide the food manufacturers into two classes, 10 per cent. decent, 90 per cent. indecent. This statement will cause a howl, but that is neither here nor there. Most of my statements do result in howls.

The big point is this: I have always known the Beechnut Packing Company to be on the side of decency. Of that I have had so many proofs that I have never bothered about paying their plants a visit.

I confess, however, that I never suspected the extremes to which their decency has caused them to travel. I don't know of any finer exhibit than that which is to be seen at Canajoharie.

I simply cannot conceive of any commercial institution going farther than these people have gone. If I were to attempt seriously to translate my enthusiasm for what I beheld I am afraid that my appreciation of their efforts and of the results accomplished by their efforts would appear fulsome.

Come with me to the delivery of the fresh, uncured bacon, as it is received at the Beechnut plant. Let us follow it.

The green bellies are square cut, trimmed uniform in thickness, evidencing a careful, selective process which is satisfied with nothing short of fancy quality. They are all federal inspected before they arrive and another federal inspector receives them.

As soon as they reach the plant they are rubbed with a dry sugar cure and packed, rind down, for from twenty-three to twenty-nine days in as fine a battery of concrete bins, automatically drained, as you or I or anybody will ever see.

After the curing, the hog rinds, which are converted into sausage in every sausage factory in New York City, are sold to leather makers. This fact alone should be significant to Globe readers. The Beechnut people could get more money for hog rinds by selling them to food manufacturers. Apparently they do not believe that hog rinds should be diverted from the tannery to the stomachs of humanity.

After the curing the bacon hangs in the smokehouse for ninety-six hours, where it takes on the mixed fragrance of smoldering beech and hickory. After the smoking the bacon is chilled. It then goes to the slicing machine.

From the slicing machines it travels to the packing tables, where a little army of girls place it in jars, which are then capped in a vacuum field and afterward sterilized.

The girls, when they enter the plant, are all subject to medical inspection. They are a happy lot, and know the meaning of a living wage.

Let us go to the jelly kitchen where quince, grape, red and black currant, apple and crab apple jellies are made. The apples are Spitzenbergs. They are quartered by a corps of girls who remove skins, cores, stems and such occasional worm-holes and spots as are to be looked for in all apples, even in those which undergo careful selection, and for which high prices are paid.

The apples which I saw yesterday cost the Beechnut people $3.60 a barrel. They buy them in carload lots. They could buy apples for $1.50 a barrel. The fact that they don't buy such apples tells its own story.

"Why do you quarter the apples?" I asked.

"We object to cooking wormholes and spots," was the answer.

Let us travel with those apples. We see them taken to steam-jacketed copper kettles which are lined with silver to prevent erosion of the copper during the cooking process. Organic acids affect copper and copper in solution is not a good food product, although exposed copper kettles are to be found in every city in the country where commercial food is prepared for the unsuspecting consumer.

The Beechnut method of cookery prevents copper contamination. The apples are cooked into a thin sauce and then run through a hydraulic filter press after the filter cloths have been sterilized.

The juice then flows, unsweetened, through glass-lined pipes to the kettles on the floor below, where it is cooked with pure sugar at 219 degrees Fahrenheit for two and a half minutes. That settles the jelly, which is cooled, packed in a vacuum and sterilized while you wait.

How is any man to describe cleanliness satisfactorily? Cleanliness is next to godliness and almost approaches the infinite in its nature. There is simply no beginning or end to the Beechnut conception of cleanliness. It cannot be measured. It has no length, breadth, or thickness. It is a condition, not a thing.

I don't care how extreme, or how self-willed or fanatical a sanitarian may be, a visit to the Beechnut kitchen will disarm him, for the reason that it has been reduced to the laws which he himself has formulated.

Even the air in the plant is washed and filtered. Go and see the thing yourself. It is a revolution in twentieth century progress.

Take the orange marmalade as a sample of this progress. All the orange marmalade I have ever seen, and I have been mixed up in the making of thousands of pounds of it, has been manufactured from the "Seville Sour," which is the best orange for marmalade purposes.

This orange is usually crushed in Spain under sanitary conditions that we know nothing about, and in the form of a mushy pulp is packed in metal containers which hold five gallons. In this condition it is imported into the United States.

By the time it is ready for the marmalade people the energetic acids of the sour orange have eaten, in some cases, almost through the walls of the container, with the result that the mass is simply polluted with metallic salts of injurious character.

I was about to inform the Beechnut people that the one discordant note in their symphony of perfection was their marmalade, when I learned that they do not make it of pulp at all. This was the greatest surprise which I received.

They bring the oranges over from Spain in crates just as lemons are brought over from Italy. That settles the metal business.

If I were given to tears, I could have wept, just a little, for sheer joy in the presence of this self-disclosed evidence of decent regard for the quality, purity, and wholesomeness of a commercial food product which men, women, and children are destined to eat.

Another extraordinary thing which I found yesterday! The Beechnut people have ceased to pack figs solely for the reason that they cannot get the kind of figs which they demand, and rather than compromise with their standards of excellence they have quit entirely as far as this year is concerned.

Smyrna is not sending figs to the United States on account of war conditions.

In the making of Beechnut peanut butter we find another significant exception to the rule. I did not want to appear credulous about the statements that they made to me concerning the exclusive use of No. 1 Virginia and No. 1 Spanish peanuts, in the making of their butter. Nuts of such quality rarely find their way into butter, for the reason that the dear people would not know the difference anyhow.

I examined the books of the Beechnut people from December 4, 1914, for a period of eleven months. Therefore, I am able to testify on oath when I say that all the peanuts ordered and delivered during that period were specified as No. 1, and were paid for at the price of No. 1.

It's the same story exactly with respect to chili sauce and catsup. The fact that the Beechnut people have no use for "Seville Sour" pulp makes them just as much opposed to the use of tomato pulp. In consequence, nothing but the fresh tomato goes into these tomato products. The ordinary method of the catsup manufacturer is to process his pulp and put it away in barrels with benzoate, or sterilized cans without benzoate, until he is ready to convert it into his finished product.

Every law in the land allows this method of manufacture. What shall we say, therefore, of a commercial institution which rises higher than the law and does that thing which the law does not require?

Should I speak frankly about such things? I don't care whether I should or not. I am simply doing it and those who don't like it can cherish their bitterness of heart as long as they have a mind to.

When I see anything as conspicuously beautiful as the Beechnut plant I intend to lift my voice and shout.

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GENERAL MERRY SUNSHINE

BY LUCILLE VAN SLYKE

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

It is a part of the American character to consider nothing as desperate, to surmount every difficulty by resolution and contrivance. Remote from all other aid, we are obliged to invent and to execute; to find means within ourselves and not to lean on others.—THOMAS JEFFERSON TO HIS DAUGHTER



THE doctor knew she was quite happy because he could hear her singing in her garden. It wouldn't have seemed right to pass the Jordan garden and not hear her singing. From the time she was a funny pig-tailed kiddy, crooning queer, off-the-key tunes to her dollies until she was a very grown-up person of nineteen with her hair piled victoriously above her beautiful forehead, big Cousin Doctor had smiled at Merry singing in her garden.

It was always so droll and always so off the key, and yet—just sweet somehow. Her favorite song was "Beulah Land," an absurdly pious thing for a girl to love. Her loving it was as deliciously incongruous as a lot of other things about Merry.

So big Cousin Doctor smiled, and even though he had intended to drive right by the garden, he pulled his horse up short beside the mossy brick wall.

"'Morning, Merry Sunshine!" The silly kindergarten greeting was an ancient joke between them, because she had long ago confessed to him that when she was small she had thought the "merry sunshine" meant her cheerful self, daring wee egotist that she was.

Such a delectable garden! All narrow boxwood, bordered paths of white pebbles, and ivy-clad walls and scarlet salvia and frost-bitten barberry bushes. It was cold to be gardening; the morning sun was still glistening on the unmelted first frost, but Merry always did things inopportunely.

"Neglectful doctor!" she grumbled. "I do believe this wisteria will die, and it's all your fault because you didn't bring me the stable straw to tie it up with last week! I had to go steal this stable straw before you were up this morning! You are a careless doctor! Why don't you be more Chinesey? You ought to keep my garden from being frost-sick! You ought—"

Big Cousin Doctor was chuckling, such a suspicious little chuckle that Merry stopped scolding and came quite close to the wall.

"Oh-ee!" breathed Merry when she'd peeked over the wall, and her darling head disappeared as abruptly as it had bobbed up, but not quite quick enough for the stranger beside the doctor to miss the blush.

"Merry," said big Cousin Doctor.

"Yes'm," answered Merry meekly, but there was a little giggle in her meekness.

"Merry, I want you to stop sputtering and go around properly and open the gate and come out here and meet this malaria case."

"Can't," murmured Merry.

"Nonsense," sniffed the doctor.

"Please do!" urged a golden tenor. It fell on Merry's startled ears like the whisper of an archangel, music-loving, music-hungry Merry, who had barely escaped inheriting the queer rasping voice that had been her grandfather's!

Lord! what a voice that grandfather had had! Strident, insistent, roughly tender—it was a tool more cutting than his sword; it had lashed many a faltering soldier through a ticklish, just-going-to-get-panicky moment. Grandfather's voice had been the kind that just hurled folks into a furiously resentful "I'll show you" frame of mind. And his granddaughter hadn't ever noticed any other kind of masculine voice than the nasally staccato New England kind.

She wanted to make the golden voice speak again, and yet she was delightfully scary about it, almost afraid to look over the wall for fear the voice would belong to an ugly man.

"I can't," she insisted huskily. "I can't, because—because I've Aunt Jane's old galoshes on."

"Very well, Miss Vanity," teased the doctor. "This malaria case and I will go the rest of this ride alone—or until we can find some young person who isn't vain about her little feet."

Her red tam-o'-shanter topped the ivy.

"Oh, de-arling doctor! I'll be there in a jiffy! I'll be there now! I didn't know I was going riding!" and in her excitement she clambered right over the crumbly brick wall. Halfway over one of the galoshes fell, a small stockinged foot promptly tucked itself under the ugly old skirt, and she hopped bird fashion across the frosty brick walk and was perched on the phaeton seat almost before Cousin Doctor could move into the middle to make room for her.

THE doctor's rig was a roomy, big-enough-for-three buggy with a hooded top, but instead of a respectable homeopathic white horse he drove a hoity-toity, white-feet-right-up-in-the-air bay trotter.

"Gets me there quicker when you're sick," he justified himself. But the damages were scandalous, every new colt smashed something or other, and there was a new colt every autumn. "Don't like 'em when the ginger's out," he explained. This was the newest colt of all, a skinny-legged four-year-old, and Merry's eyes were sparkling with anticipation.

"Dear, dear medicine man!" she chattered, pretending to be oblivious of the malaria case (she wasn't; Cousin Doctor knew she wasn't, because she wouldn't look at him). "Dear medicine man, don't you s'pose maybe this one will run away while I'm riding?"

Merry had always hoped she'd be run away with. She'd always hoped it even when she was the pig-tailed size.

"'Cause when you were going—simply whizzing—just hanging on to an inch of your life—just think how gle-orious it would be when you ker-stopped him!"

"S'posen that you couldn't?" Cousin Doctor had once suggested.

"But *you* always do!" she retorted.

And Cousin Doctor, who had a way of talking to her as though she were a man, had answered: "But just you recollect I always know the nature of the critter. I'm on to his tricks. I know his sire and I know his dam, and I know what to watch out for."

"Well, I'd watch out, too," she had cried pluckily. "And besides—I'd do something you never think of doing! All the time I'd be pretending I was a colt so's I could guess what he'd do before he did it!"

Which so amused Cousin Doctor that in spite of the shocked protests of her timid mother he fell into the habit of taking the droll child with him. It was



He watched her pack away her garden through all the winelike afternoon. They "autobiographed" freely. So they met and loved

his one dissipation, a new colt, and Merry was the one woman creature he shared it with.

They only hit the high places the first quarter of a mile, then the doctor yelled in her ear: "Malaria case's name is Downing."

Merry turned her head slightly and smiled behind Cousin Doctor's broad back. The malaria case didn't look like a sick person really, just bundled up and blond and scared-looking. "Chilly?" giggled Merry.

"Fer-rozen!" mourned the tenor. It was a silvery, sparkling word when he said it. "Aren't you?"

"I'm never cold," laughed Merry. And Cousin Doctor groaned. The very young are always so surprised with their idiosyncrasies, the middle-aged so bored with their recital of them.

"I regularly shrivel up like a canary when it's cold." The tenor's teeth chattered pathetically.

"That's malaria—not you—" snapped the doctor. "I'm going to blast it out of you with some decent air. Gad, Downing, you fool Southerners don't know what decent air is!"

"And if he thinks *this* is cold"—teased Merry, almost falling into the icy brook as they banged over a tiny bridge—"if he thinks this is cold, he ought to have been here last winter!"

"W-was it m-much c-colder th-than this?" shivered the awe-stricken tenor after they'd grated over a fresh stony place.

"This? This cold?" scoffed Merry.

But Cousin Doctor eyed the malaria professionally as he whirled the colt around the narrow bend in the road and turned homeward so sharply that the big flecks of lather flew back in the crisp October breeze. The tenor watched anxiously when a bit of froth rested on Merry's disheveled curls; he wanted to brush it off! It was the first voluntary motion he'd wanted to make since the sluggish miasma had caught him in the early spring.

"Dear! Dear!" wailed Merry. "The tuck is all let out of this colt, and it's another time I didn't get run away with!"

"You don't want to—really?" gasped the tenor.

"She does," said the doctor. "She does, young man—don't get her to gushing about it."

SO they ripped along the last two miles without a word till they stopped with a bang at the brick wall, Cousin Doctor just pulling back the colt as he was trying to hurdle it. And Merry hopped out, stuck her stockinged foot unconcernedly into the waiting galosh, and nodded. "'By," she vouchsafed briefly. "Hope that malaria doesn't last long enough to make a cent for you, medicine man—"

The sick person leaned forward eagerly.

"I'm so glad I met you—" he began fatuously. "Do you know it makes me *warm* just to look at you!"

The doctor grunted as he let the colt bound away. "Better not get moony about that girl, young man. She's been going with a chap in the wholesale coffee business these two years."

"What of that?" asked the tenor flippantly. "There's two men engaged to our family this minute and I've only one sister—she always has a pair of suitors."

"I guess you aren't on to the New England kind of engagement," commented the doctor dryly. "It's about as apt to bust as Plymouth Rock."

The tenor clutched the side of the seat as they swerved around the drive into the barn.

"Her name's Mary what?" he persisted.

"Name's Mary nothing," snapped the doctor as the grumpy stableman caught the bridle. "Her name is Miss America Jordan. Now, sir, into the house and sling that tonic down. And then take a nap. And right after dinner you go out and take a brisk walk."

He grumbled all the time he was helping Zeb unhitch.

"Darned aftermath of war! That boy hasn't the stamina of a mosquito."

"Looks sort of pindling," admitted Zeb cautiously.

"Looks pindling? He is pindling. His father's pindling and his mother's pindling and sending him up here for me to patch up isn't going to amount to much. I have to prod him to get him to breathe. Hates to stick his nose outdoors. Won't go walking. Wouldn't have gone driving if I hadn't kidnaped him."

FOR once the doctor was wrong. The tenor did go walking. Exactly as soon as he'd finished his midday dinner he walked straight up the brick walk under the bare elms to the ivy-walled garden. And inside the garden he could hear the droning, off-the-key voice of Miss America Jordan.

". . . reached a land of corn and wine—" The sick young man smiled. It wasn't very musical, but somehow he too knew she was happy when he heard her singing in her garden.

"All its riches freely mine—" He let his golden tenor take up the thread of her song; it fluted softly over the wall to her. It was early October afternoon now with a summerish sun blazing down and the faint pungent smell of the boxwood and the thin trail of smoke from her dying leaf fire mysteriously mingling in a lazy cloud over the autumn-shabby hedge.

"Warm enough for you now, Mr. Shriveled Canary?" she mocked him. She at least was warm enough, healthily, ruddily, work-hard warm enough, and she was very good to look upon—a sturdy boyish little figure with the old garden rake in her freckled hands. He actually hurried through the gate to the queer iron bench and watched her pack away her garden through all the winelike afternoon, both of them "autobiographing" to their hearts' content until the sun was low and she led him through the prim side porch, built a fire in the Franklin stove, brought him apples and cider, popped corn for him, and introduced him to her mother and alert little Grandma Jordan.

And when it was twilight in the dear old room and mother had gone to see about tea and Grandma Jordan was dozing over her gently clicking needles, he sat at the tinkling out-of-tune piano and began to play ever so whimsically. Presently his melodious young voice, cunningly muted, began to sing.

"Oh, Beulah land! My Beulah land!" He coaxed it into something so dear, so intimate, that Merry crept toward him to rest her boyishly folded arms on the ledge of the piano as she listened.

"Isn't Beulah land wonderful?" she whispered.

"I didn't think so until this morning," he murmured significantly.

"I've always thought so." She let her husky tones rise passionately. "Listen—this is a great secret—only Cousin Doctor knows" (alas, she was as innocently under the spell of that golden voice as a fairy-story, prince-enchanted princess!): "I make believe something—I sing it America land! America land! Do you think it's awfully silly of me?"

HE tried it tentatively, sliding in the extra syllables deftly.

"Oh-ee!" sighed Merry, clasping her hands. "That's the way I've always wanted to make it sound and couldn't! Don't you think it's perfectly dreadful there isn't any really American song? I just hate that 'God Save the King' imitation!" She said it so vehemently he laughed. "And I perfectly loathe that silly 'Star-Spangled Banner' thing" (she drawled this so nasally that he had to laugh); "and worst one of all is 'Colum-bi-a, the muffin of the o-shun'!"

This time they laughed together, the irreverent intoxicating laughter of youth that trailed into adorably personal glances. The room grew quieter and quieter and duskier and duskier and the fire burned ruddier and ruddier. He tried her song again, very gently this time.

"'America land! America land!' Why did they name you America?" He asked it compellingly while his slender fingers still coaxed sweet variations from the yellowed keys.

"Because," breathed Merry proudly, "my father died fighting for America the day that I was born!" She murmured it so tensely, so passionately, that the boy was embarrassed. He was silent so long that she apologized timidly. "Please forgive me. I truly forgot you were a Johnny Reb."

"I forgot I was—" (he pulled himself slowly to his feet and leaned toward her in the lovely gloom)—"I forgot—I forgot, Merry darlingest, I've forgotten everything in this whole world but you!"

For all that the suddenness of it took her off guard she lay quite contentedly in his trembling arms. Somehow she was not in the least surprised.

"I'm so glad," she whispered irrelevantly, "that you're the first—"

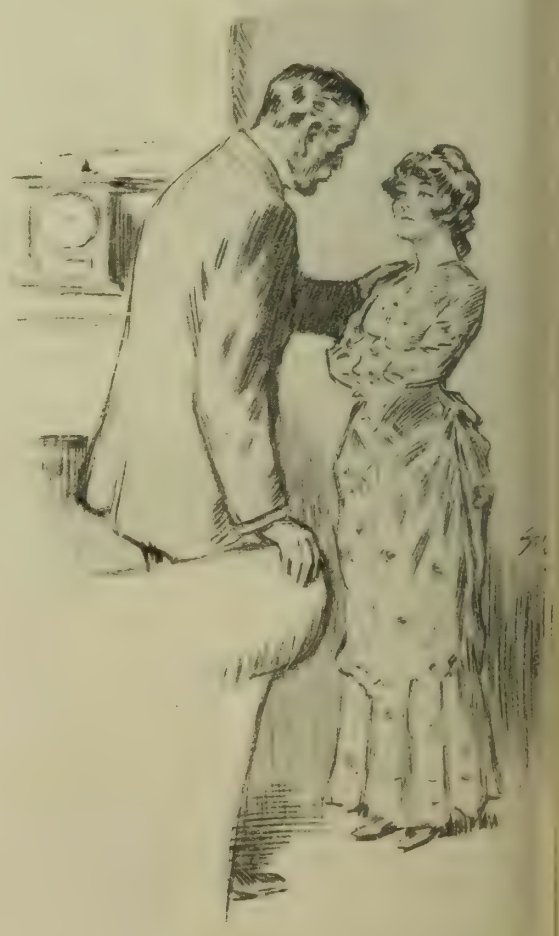
Just after he'd kissed her she looked over his shoulder and saw her mother in the doorway.

"Mother, mother!" she exulted. "We—we are exactly like a story book!"

"America Hunter Jordan!" cried her mother. And Grandma Jordan woke up with a start. "America Jordan, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing!" sighed Merry. "Everything is as right as right can be!" And then she ran over and threw her arms around her mother and began to cry.

Of course they ran away. They ran away on afternoon while Cousin Doctor was in Milbury for consultation. It was early evening before he found



"Merry," scolded the doctor, "you are divinely, foolishly wrong." Merry was defiant

them in Boston waiting impatiently for the minister to come to marry them. Merry was joyous and defiant. The tenor was joyous and anxious. Cousin Doctor coaxed him to go out on a trumped-up errand and sat down and took both her scrubby, boyish hands in his.

"Don't you scold me or we won't let you be best man!" laughed Merry.

"I'm not going to scold," he said very gently, "but I want you to listen to me just the same. Merry, why couldn't you have waited till your Cousin Doctor came home?"

"Couldn't!" she said tersely. "Everybody was so awful. Mother was awful. Grandma Jordan was awful, and then—this morning—they sent for the—the wholesale coffee business!"

"Didn't they have a right to?" he asked, still gently.

Merry smiled, a queer little twisty smile. "Nobody had any right to!" She threw back her head and looked at him from under her half-closed lashes. "Oh, medicine man!" she exulted, "it's just like the newest new colt you ever had. I'm run away with! Richie is run away with! And, oh, we're so happy! America land! America land!" She hummed it rapturously and began to dance about the ugly little boarding-house parlor.

"Merry, come here," ordered the doctor.

She dropped at his feet in mimic humility. "You can't talk to me like that" (she was actually flirting with him)—"I'm almost a married woman!"

"Almost," he said, and his head bent with the misery of his task. "And very much run away with at last! Merry, do you remember what I've always said to you—that I didn't go driving with any colt whose sire and dam I didn't know about?"

SHE blushed, a shy bride blush. "Don't be disgusting!" she protested.

"It's necessary," he continued dryly. "You didn't wait to find out before, and you must find out now. Why, that boy"—his hand shook as he gestured—"that boy isn't fit to marry anybody. He's wobbly with malaria this minute."

"I'm going to make him well," she boasted. "I'm making him better already. He says my loving him makes him feel stronger already."

"Stronger!" groaned the doctor. "You couldn't even make him strong! It's a miracle that he's alive! The boy hasn't a chance to be strong—he's got a consumptive mother—he's got a drunken, shiftless father. The only decent blood in him comes from a grandfather who was shot in a duel."

"Oh-ee!" cried Merry, springing up from her hassock. "How dare you talk to me like that?"

"How dare I not? You're not the sort of girl that mincing matters with can help. You've got to know these things some time and you'd better know them before it's too late."

"I don't want to know them!" She defied him, and put her hands over her ears. She was striding about the tiny room as though it were the battle field of her grandfather. "And I shan't take my hands away till you stop talking like that. Even if all the things you were saying were true things, I shouldn't care at all" (she stopped suddenly close to him and repeated the beginning and the end of her creed)—"because" (she said it as triumphantly as though he couldn't possibly answer the tremendous force of such an argument)—"because, whoever he is and whatever he is, I love him!"

"Love him!" taunted the doctor. "Love him! And last week you were letting us all think you loved a pretty decent sort of fellow who's been dangling at your heels these two years."

HER shoulders twitched with angry laughter. "That's so funny! Mother and I thrashed that all over! Oh, I know now I shouldn't have let Hal think—what he did think—but, you see, till now I didn't know really what love was like!"

"And how do you know now?"

"How do I know? Why, listen, Cousin Doctor—I know so well I know I'd rather marry Richie, poor, sick, and discouraged as he is, than—than the whole wholesale coffee business! You don't any of you seem to understand at all that I love him!"

"Love him!" cried Cousin Doctor. "Can't you see that it's the fact you love him that makes the whole calamity? Why, when you stop to think even a few minutes you'll see that even if you loved this boy ten thousand times more than you think you do, you wouldn't have any right to marry him, if you realized what I realize about him you wouldn't dare to marry him."

"Yes, I would," she scoffed. "Yes, I would, Cousin Charles *Hunter!* Because I'm a Jordan! I'm not a cowardy custard like you! You think I don't know about you, don't you? Well, I do. And I hated you for two whole weeks after they told me, I hated you till I got so sorry for you I had to forgive you. I know all about how you wouldn't consent to the marriage of that poor Miss Turner because she had consumption, and I don't believe she'd have died at all if you hadn't been afraid to let her marry. I think you just killed her!"

"Merry, how dare you?"

"How dare you?" she panted.

He pulled himself together magnificently. "I dare because I have to. Merry, can't you see that it was because I really loved Kate that I couldn't possibly let her marry? Can't I make you see it? Oh, why can't women reason? Why can't you see there's a bigger kind of love than just little sex love—that there's a thing we'll call *race love* that makes it wicked for us to marry when we're not fit for it?"

"I am fit for it!"

"Fit! You're magnificently fit! You're fit to marry a real man and not a weakling. You said just now you were a Jordan. You *are* a Jordan, Merry. You're not just any girl. You're America Jordan, the last of the fighting Jordans. You're built of the sort of stuff that saved a nation, not once but twice. You don't belong to yourself, you belong to the nation they saved for you. And you haven't any right to throw yourself away on a weak little invalid you didn't even know till last—"

"I know he is weak—" She was sobbing pitifully. "I know he is. But I've told you I'm making him well. And if you cared at all you'd help instead of—and you shan't call him *little,*" she ended impetuously. "He's exactly as tall as you are!"

And Cousin Doctor stopped to smile in the midst of his task, to smile as he always had to smile at his darling, illogical Merry.

"Merry," he said more quietly, "will you just wait about marrying him till I've tried to make him well?"

"I don't believe you could," she retorted. "I don't believe you could because you don't think you can yourself. If you'd had any faith in that sort of thing, you'd have cured poor Miss Kate. And just because you let a lot of stuff like that spoil your lives, I'm not going to let you spoil ours. Because I really love him."

"Love him!" He came quite close to her this time. "America Jordan, this thing you're calling love is simply lust, simply passion—just Nature laughing at you. I tell you, you must realize this: you've got to fight it out of yourself. Why, the very speed at which it's rushing you along ought to prove to you how dangerous a force is this new emotion for you. Come now, Merry. Play fair. If you really love him, don't you love him enough to wait? Wouldn't waiting prove it? Isn't that good logic?"

She shook her head. "No, it isn't," she decided positively. She was quieter now, but more determined than ever. "It's only your kind of logic, and maybe my kind of logic is better than your dry-dust logic. Maybe there's a logic to—passion"—she stumbled bravely over the ugly word—"that's just as important as your doctorish logic. *Maybe you doctor persons are logicaler than God wants you to be!*"

He sighed helplessly. "Merry, you're as off the key when you try to argue as when you try to sing."

A wan smile wreathed her trembling lips.

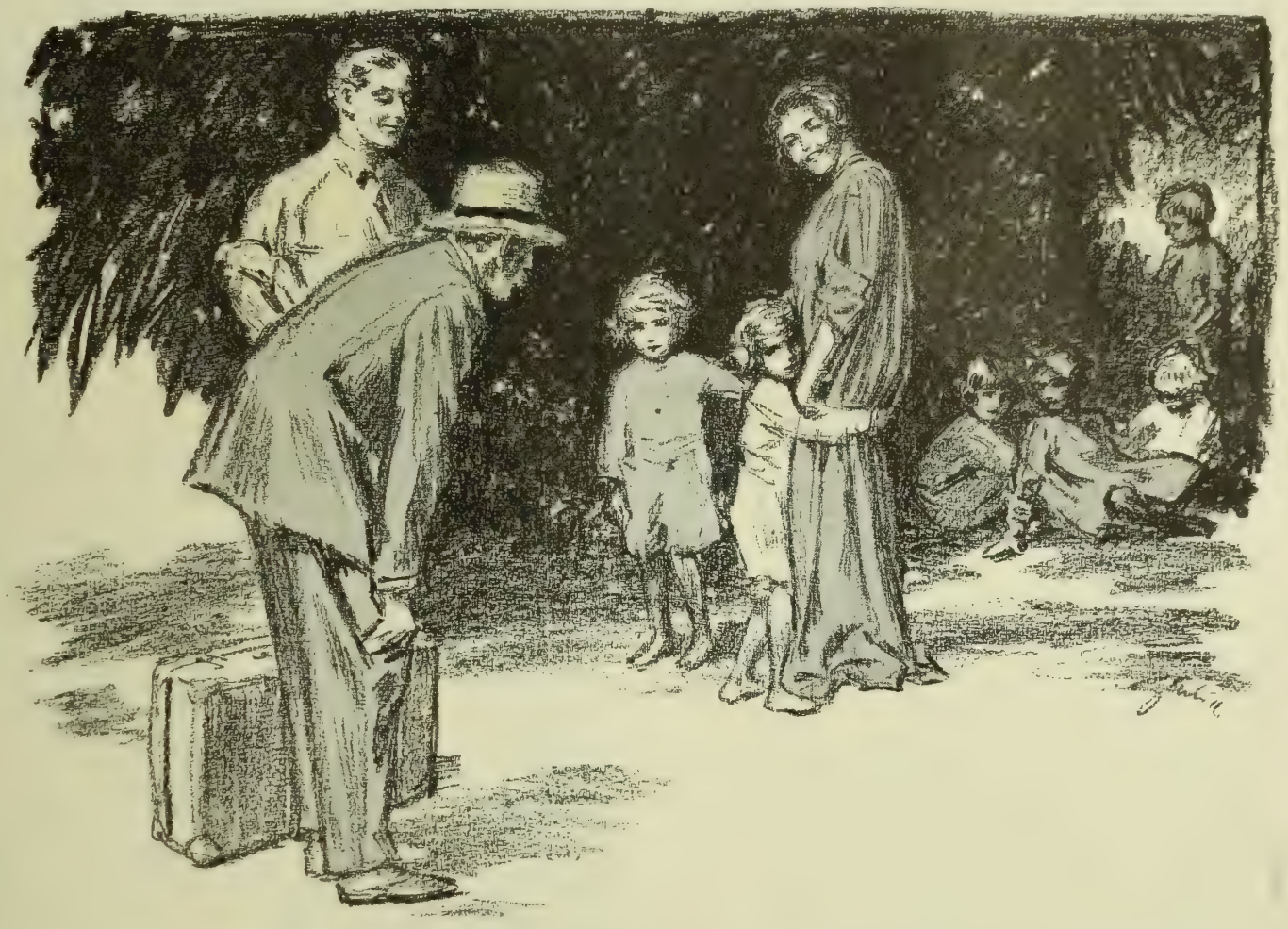
"You see," she flashed triumphantly, "I don't have to sing! Richie can do the singing for the family!"

"And you think you can do the rest?" He no longer tried to answer her absurd quibbling. "Merry, you are like every other headstrong woman in this world, divinely wrong. Divinely, foolishly wrong! You can't ever see it till afterward, but you are. And when the day comes that you see it you mustn't let your idiotic Jordan pride keep you from coming back to me and letting my poor skill patch up your mistakes—if it ever can—when the trouble comes I want you to promise me, Merry, you'll let me help."

"It's not coming. It's not. And I'm not wrong. *You are*—" she insisted.

"If I only could believe you—" he murmured piteously. The pain in his tender voice touched her heart. She went over and put her hand in his, her brave young eyes smiling through her tears.

"Dear medicine man!" she whispered, "I know you mean to be kind. But just you wait! Some day I'm going to make you walk right up to me—maybe in front of Richie, too—and put your hands on my shoulders and say: 'Good morning, Merry Sunshine—you were divinely right!'"



The babies completely bewildered him, there were so many, and they were so terribly alive. They fought, argued, and made up their quarrels with tempestuous kisses

IT was as impossible to argue with the love-mad woman as to reason with the colts she'd always wanted to have run away with her. In the end all he could do was try to pound queer sounding phrases into her memory—phrases she didn't believe and couldn't understand, but phrases that were coming back, God bless her, to help her through all the awful years she had caught toward her careless self.

"The times he will drink are when he's cold or hungry or when he's discouraged. Or when he is moody. He's very liable to be moody when he is indolent. And he's liable to be discouraged when he's with that shiftless family of his; they all get on each other's nerves. And you must not weep at him or rail at him—it will only make it worse. You must not even blame him; he will not be to blame. It will be the weak mother in him and the foolish father in him and the headstrong grandfather in him. And all the women in the world scolding and weeping can't prevail against an ancestry like that. You must always try to keep him warm, Merry. And busy. And happy. And keep him away from hard-headed crowds of men who can stand the drinking he can't. And keep him thinking he is strong even if you have to pretend (*Continued on page* 30)



Russian prisoners labored cheerfully in the harvest fields of Hungary



From the trenches in a burying ground bones and skulls projected

EAST OF LEMBERG

BY ARTHUR RUHL

This article was written at the height of the great drive on the East front and, with its survey of conditions in Galicia, supplements Mr. Ruhl's recent article, "In the Dust of the Great Retreat." It passed the Austro-Hungarian censor, but was held up or lost en route to America. This is a duplicate of the original narrative

WE left our little village in northern Hungary in the evening, climbed that night through the High Tatras, stopped in the morning at Kaschau long enough for coffee and a sight of the old cathedral, rolled on down through the country of robber barons' castles and Tokay wine, and came, in the evening, to Munkács and the foot of the high Carpathians.

This was close to the southernmost point the Russians touched when they came pouring down through the Carpathian passes and this one of the places in the long line where Germans and Austro-Hungarians joined forces in the spring to drive them back again.

Munkács is where the painter Munkácsy came from. It was down to Munkács, through Silesia and the Tatras, that the troop trains came in April while snow was still deep in the Carpathians. Now it was a feeding station for fresh troops going up and wounded and prisoners coming down.

The officers in charge had no notion we were coming, but no sooner heard we were strangers in Hungary than we must come in, not only to dinner, but to dine with them at their table. We had red-hot stuffed paprika pods, Liptauer cheese mixed salmon-pink with paprika, and these and other things washed down with beer and cataracts of hospitable talk. Some one whispering that a bit of cheese might come in handy in the breakfastless, cholera-infested country, into which we were going that night, they insisted we must take, not merely a slice, but a chunk as big as a small trunk. We looked at the soup kitchen where they could feed two thousand a day and tasted the soup. We saw the dressing station and a few wounded waiting there, and all on such a breeze of talk and eloquent explanation that you might have thought you had stepped back into a century when suspicion and worry and nerves were unknown.

The Hungarians are like that—along with their indolence and romantic melancholy—lively and hospitable and credulous with strangers. Nearly all of them are good talkers and by sheer fervor and conviction can make almost any phrase resemble an idea and a real idea as good as a play. Hungarians are useful when trenches must be taken by storm just as the sober Tyrolean mountaineers are better for sharpshooting and slow resistance.

One of the interesting things about the Austro-Hungarian army, as well, of course, as an inevitable weakness, is the variety of races and temperaments hidden under these blue-gray uniforms—Hungarians, Austrians, Croatians, Slovaks, Czechs. Things in universal use like post cards and paper money often have their words printed in nine languages, and an Austro-Hungarian officer may have to know three or four in order to give the necessary orders to his men. And his men cannot fight for the Fatherland as the Germans do; they must rally round a more or less abstract idea of nationality. And one of the surprises of the war, doubtless, to many people, has been that its strain instead of disintegrating appears to have beaten this loose mass together. At the table that evening was a middle-aged officer and his aid on their way to a new detail at the front. They were simple and soldierlike, and after the flashing bosoms of the sedentary hinterland it was pleasant to see these men, who had been on active service since the beginning, without a single medal. The younger Hungarian was one of those slumbering dare-devils, who combined a compact, rugged shape—strong wrists, hair low on the forehead—with the soft voice and shy manners of a girl. He spoke a little German and English in the slow, almost plaintive Hungarian cadence, but all we could get out of him about the war was that it had made him so tired—so *müde*. He had gone to school in Zurich, but could not tell our Swiss lieutenant the name of his teacher—he couldn't remember anything, any more, he said, with his plaintive smile. He had a little factory in Budapest and had gone back on furlough to see that things were shipshape, but it was no use, he couldn't tell them what to do when he got there.

Common enough, our captain guide observed. He had been in the fighting along the San until invalided back to the Presse Quartier and there were times then, he said, when for days it was hard for him to remember his own name.



Peaceful, gaberdined Jews in Lemberg



A soup kitchen in Munkács, Hungary, where two thousand a day were fed

The Carpathian Battle Fields

WE climbed up into the mountains in the night and he had us up at daylight to look down from creaking, six-story timber bridges built by the Austro-Hungarian engineers to replace the steel railroad bridges blown up by the Russians. We passed a tunnel or two, a big stockade full of Russian prisoners milling round in their brown overcoats, and down from the pass into the village of Skole. Here we were to climb the near-by heights of Ostry, which the Hungarians of the Corps Hoffmann stormed in April when the snow was still on the ground, and *orientieren* ourselves a bit about this Carpathian fighting.

I had looked back at it through the "histories" and the amputated feet and hands in the hospital at Budapest—now, in the muggy air of a warm autumn morning we were to tramp over the ground itself. There were, in this party of rather leisurely reporters, a tall, wise, slow-smiling young Swede who had gone to sea at twelve and been captain of a destroyer before leaving the navy to manage a newspaper; a young Polish count, amiably interested in many sorts of learning and nearly all sorts of ladies—he had seen some of the Carpathian fighting as an officer in the Polish Legion; one of the Swiss citizen officers—one can hear him now whacking his heels together as he did whenever he was presented and fairly hissing "*Oberleutnant W——, aus Schweiz!*" and a young Bulgarian professor, who spoke German and a little French, but, unlike so many of the Bulgarians of the older generation who were educated at Robert College, no English. The

Bulgarians are intensely patriotic and there was nothing under sun, moon, or stars which this young man did not compare with what they had in Sofia. German tactics, Russian novels, skyscrapers, music, steamships—no matter what, in a moment would come his "*Bei uns in Sofia*—with us in Sofia," and his characteristic febrile gesture, thumb and forefinger joined, other fingers extended, pumping emphatically before his face.

Then there was our captain-guide from the regular army, a volunteer automobile officer, a soldier servant for each man—for the Austrians do such things in style—and even on a separate flat car, our own motor.



The embarkation of Hungarian reserves for participation in the great drive

The Carpathians here are in the neighborhood of 3,500 feet high—a tangle of pine-covered slopes as steep as a roof sometimes and reminding one a bit of our Oregon Cascades on a much-reduced scale. To see that winter fighting you must imagine snow waist deep, the heights furrowed with trenches, the frosty balsam stillness split with screaming shells and shrapnel and the rat-tat-tat of machine guns; imagine yourself floundering upward with winter overcoat, blanket, pack, rifle, and cartridge belt—anyone who has snow-shoed in mountains in midwinter can fancy what fighting would mean in a place like this. Men's feet and hands were frozen on sentry duty or merely while asleep—for the soldiers slept as a rule in the open merely huddled in their blankets before a fire—the severely wounded simply dropped in the snow and for most of them, no doubt, that was the end of it.

Puffing and steaming in our raincoats, we climbed the fifteen hundred feet or so to the top of the mountain up which the Russians had built a sort of corkscrew series of trenches twisting one behind the other. We reached one sky line only to find another looking down at us. Barbed-wire entanglements and "Spanish riders" crossed the slopes in front of them—it was the sort of place that looks to a civilian as if it could hold out forever.



Hungarian women wept and sang mournfully as their men departed

The Relics of Defeat

THE difficulty in country like this is, of course, to escape flanking fire. You fortify yourself against attack from one direction only to be enfiladed by artillery from some ridge to right or left. That was what the Austrians and Germans did, and, following their artillery with an infantry assault, captured one of the upper Russian trenches. From this it was only a matter of a few hours to clear out the others.

Except for the visits of a few peasants the battle field had scarcely been touched since the snow melted. The hillside was peppered with shell holes, the trenches littered with old hand grenades, brown Russian overcoats, the rectangular metal cartridge clip cases—about like biscuit tins—which the Russians leave everywhere—and some of the brush-covered shelters in which the Russians had lived, with their spoons and wet papers and here and there a cigarette box or a tube of tooth paste, might have almost been lived in yesterday.

The valley all the way back to Skole was strung with the brush and timber shelters in which the Russians had camped—the first of thousands of cut-up pine trees we were to see before we left Galicia. All the drab and dreary side of war was in that little mountain town—smashed houses; sidewalks, streets, and fences splashed with lime against cholera; stores closed or just keeping alive, and here and there signs threatening spies and stating that anyone found carrying explosives or building fires would be shot. I went into one fairly clean little café where it seemed one might risk a cup of tea—you are not supposed to drink unboiled or unbottled water in such neighborhoods—and the dismal old Jew who kept the place told me that he had been there since the war began. He made a sour face when I said he must have seen a good deal. A lot he could see, he said, six months in a cellar "*gesteckt*."

There was a certain amount of cholera all through eastern Galicia, especially among the peasants, not so well housed, often, as the soldiers, and not nearly so well fed and taken care of. Everyone who went into Galicia had to be vaccinated for cholera and in the army this had all but prevented it. In a whole division living in a cholera-infected neighborhood there would be only one or two cases and sometimes none at all. The uncomfortable rumor of it was everywhere, however, and one was not supposed to eat raw fruit or vegetables, and in some places handshaking, even in an officers' mess, was prohibited.

Russian prisoners were working about the station as they were all over eastern Austria-Hungary—big, blond, easy-going children, apparently quite content. Our Warsaw Pole talked with one of them, who seemed to mourn only the fact that he didn't have quite so big a ration of bread as he had had as a soldier. He had come from Siberia where he had left a wife and three children—four, maybe, by this time, he said.

Beyond Skole we left the mountains—looking back at that imposing wall on the horizon one could fancy the Russians coming down from the north and thinking: "There we shall stand!"—and rode northward through a pleasant, shallow, valley country past Ruthenian settlements with their three-domed churches and houses steep-roofed with heavy thatch. Some of these Ruthenians, following the Little Russians of the south, Gogol's country, were not enthusiastic when the Russians came through. Among others the Russian Government had made great propaganda, given money for churches and so on, so that the apparently guileless peasants occasionally revealed artillery positions, so the Austrians said, by driving their cattle past them or by smoke signals from cottage chimneys.

We stopped for dinner at Stry, another of those drab, dusty, half-Jewish towns filled now with German and Austro-Hungarian soldiers, officers, proclamations, and all the machinery of a staff headquarters, and the next morning rolled into Lemberg. The Russians captured it in the first week of the war, held it through the winter, and then, after the Czar had, from a balcony in the town, formally annexed it to the empire forever and aye in April, the Austro-Hungarians retook it again in June. There were smashed windows in the railroad station, but otherwise, to a stranger coming in for the first time, Lemberg seemed swinging along, a big modern city of some two hundred thousand people, almost as if nothing had happened.

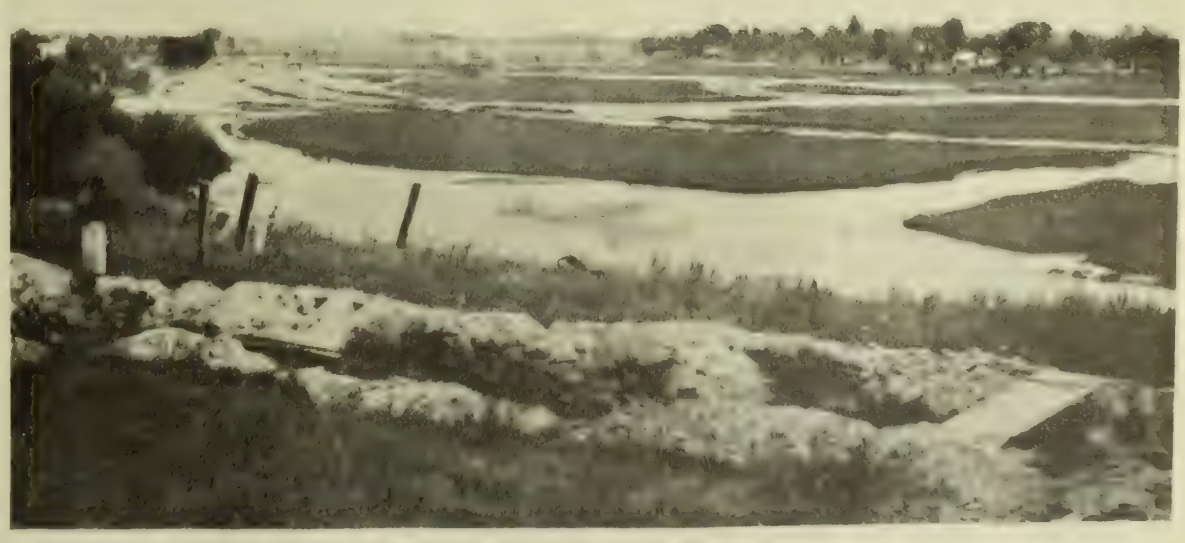
The Fall of Lemberg

WITH an officer from General Böm-Ermolli's staff, and maps, we drove out to the outlying fortifications where the real fighting had taken place. The concrete gun positions, the permanent infantry protections with loopholes in concrete and all the trenches and barbed wire looked certainly as if the Russians had intended to stay in Lemberg. The full explanation of why they did not must be left to those more familiar with what really lay behind the great Russian retreat. What happened at one place, a fortified position at Rzcerne southwest of Lemberg, was plain enough.

Here, in pleasant open farming country, was a concrete and earth fort protected by elaborate trenches and entanglements in front of which, for nearly a mile across the fields, was an open field of fire. Infantry might have charged across that open space until the end of the war without getting any nearer, but the offensive did not, of course, try that.

Over behind distant clumps of trees and a wooded ridge on the horizon they planted their heavy batteries. On a space perhaps three hundred yards long some sixty of these heavy guns concentrated their fire. The infantry pushed up under its protection, the fort fell, and the garrison was captured with it.

It is the use of such artillery as this that explains



The river Bug at Kamionka, across which the Russians had just been driven, resembled a tidewater stream split with swampy flats and lined with abandoned trenches

why such herds of prisoners are sometimes gathered in. Just before the charging infantry reaches the trench the cataract of artillery fire, which has been pouring into it, is suddenly shifted back a few hundred yards where it hangs like a curtain shutting off escape. The success of such tactics demands, of course, finished work from the artillerymen and perfect coordination between artillery and infantry. At lunch, a few days later in Cracow, a young Austrian officer was telling me how they had once arranged that the artillery should fire twenty rounds and on the twenty-first the infantry, without waiting for the usual bugle signal to storm, should charge the trenches. At the same instant the artillerymen were to move up their range a couple of hundred yards. The maneuver was successful and the Russians were caught, huddled under cover, before they knew what had happened.

Though Lemberg's cafés were gay enough and the old Jews in gaberdines, with the orthodox curl dangling before each ear, dozed peacefully on the park benches, still the Russians were only a few hours' motor drive to the eastward and next morning we went out to see them. All of the country through which we drove was, in a way, the "front"—beginning with the staff headquarters and going on up through wagon trains, reserves, horse camps, and ammunition stations, to the first-line trenches themselves.

Sweeping up through this long front on a fine autumn morning is to see the very glitter and bloom of war. Wounds and suffering, burned towns and broken lives—all that is forgotten in the splendid panorama—men and motors and flyers and guns, the cheerful smell of hay and coffee, horses, the clank of heavy trucks and the jangle of chains, all in beautiful harvest country; in the contagion of pushing on, shoulder to shoulder, and the devil take the hindmost, toward something vastly interesting up ahead.

Everyone is well and strong and the least of them lifted up and glamoured over by the idea that unites them. All the pettinesses and smallness of everyday existence seems brushed aside, for no one is working for money or himself and every man of them may be riding to his death.

Flippant young city butterflies jump to their feet and gravely salute when their elders enter, the loutish peasant flings up his chin as if he would defy the universe. What a strange and magic thing is this discipline or teamwork, or whatever you choose to call it, by which some impudent waiter, for instance, who yesterday would have growled at his tips, will to-day fling his chin up and his hands to his sides and beam like some hero-worshiping boy merely because his captain, showing guests through the camp, deigns to peer into his mess can, and slapping him affectionately on the cheek asks him if the food is all right!

In the Austrian Trenches

WE whizzed into the village of Kamionka, on the upper Bug, across which the Russians had been driven only a few days before. Their trenches were just within the woods a scant mile away and the smoke of their camp fires curled up through the trees. Across the much-talked-of Bug, which resembles here a tidewater river split with swampy flats, were the trenches they had left. They trailed along the river bank, bent with it almost at a right angle and the Austro-Hungarian batteries had been so placed that a criss-cross fire enfiladed each trench. From the attic observation station into which we climbed, the officers directing the attack could look down the line of one of the trenches and see their own shells ripping it to pieces. "It was a sight you could see once in a lifetime," said one of the young artillerymen, still strung up with the excitement of the fight—exactly what was said to me at Ari Burnu by a Turkish officer who had seen the *Triumph* go down.

That attic was like a scene in some military melodrama, with its tattered roof, its tripod binoculars peering at the enemy, the businesslike officers dusty and unshaven, the field-telegraph operator squatting in one corner with a receiver strapped to his ear. We walked across the rafters to an adjoining room where there were two or three chairs and an old sofa, had "schnapps" all round, and then went out to walk over the position.

In front was the wobbly footbridge run across by the pioneers, and on the swampy flats the little heaps of sod thrown up by the first line as they pushed across—wading up to their necks part of the way—under fire. On the near bank the Austro-Hungarian trenches had run between the tombs of an old Jewish burying ground and from the earth walls, here and there, projected a bone or a crumbling skull. The Russian trenches on the other bank wound through a farmyard in the same impersonal way—pigpens, orchard, chicken coops, all thought of merely as shelter. It was just to the left of a pigpen that a Russian officer had held his machine gun until the last minute pouring in a flank fire. "He did his work!" was the young officer's comment.

We lunched with a corps commander and dined with a genial old colonel and his staff, and between times motored through level farming country to a position to the northward on the Rata, a tributary of the Bug. Both sides were watching each other here from their sausage-shaped captive balloons and a few aeroplanes were snooping about, but at the moment all was quiet. The Austro-Hungarians had been waiting here for over a fortnight and the artillerymen had polished up their battery positions as artillerymen like to do when they have time. Two were in a pasture, so neatly roofed over with sod that a birdman might fly over the place until the cows came home without knowing guns were there. Another, hidden just within the shadow of a pine forest, was as attractive as some rich man's mountain camp, the gun positions as snug as yacht cabins, the officers' lodges made of fresh, sweet-smelling pine logs, and in a little recess in the trees a shrine had been built to St. Barbara, who looks out for artillerymen.

The infantry trenches along the river, cut in the clean sand and neatly timbered and loopholed, were like model trenches on some exposition ground. Through these loopholes, at each of which a soldier stood sighting along his rifle, one could see the Russian trenches, perhaps a mile away, and in between the peasant women, bright red and white splashes in the yellow wheat, were calmly going ahead with their harvest. All along the Galician front we saw peasants working thus and regarding this elaborate game of war very much apparently (*Continued on page* 22)

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

BY PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ANYONE seeking a metaphor to fit the Ingleside District would be very apt to allude to it as the back yard of San Francisco. Most back yards are unlovely, containing much that would not charm the eye if displayed on a front lawn. And this is true of Ingleside. There one may find, for instance, truck gardens tilled by immigrants from southern Italy—untidy folks who dwell in untidy houses of peculiar architecture; tumble-down fences, flocks of geese, belligerent goats, and a hog ranch or two existing in defiance of an ordinance made and provided; and lastly, perched on the slope of the hill, the scarlet geraniums in the well-kept grounds before its portals giving the lie to its apparent superiority over the remainder of the district, there is a large stone building which certain esthetic persons are wont to designate the House of Correction, but which the *hoi polloi* refer to bluntly as the county jail.

This public institution, however, has little to do with our story, and is mentioned merely because this tale, being a short story, must of necessity begin there. If it began elsewhere the necessity for long explanations might be productive of a novel. Also, on the day the story begins, there was a deal of excitement around the county jail, and this also must be explained, for had it not been for this excitement and the conditions arising out of it, quite probably there would not have been any story to relate!

We will commence, therefore, with the arrival in San Francisco of Deputy Sheriff Bradley (Brad for short) Milligan of Santa Paula, convoying a convicted felon en route to the State Penitentiary at San Quentin. Brad Milligan was new to his job, and this was his first visit to what the newspapers down his way called "the metropolis"; hence, when he arrived late in the afternoon and learned that it would not be possible for him to continue on to San Quentin and deliver his prisoner to the warden there the same day, he did not (as he learned to do subsequently) betake himself and his unwilling charge to the chief of police and request the official courtesy of a night's board and lodging for his prisoner in the city prison. For there is but one small mail-order calaboose in Santa Paula, the county seat; the county accords free lodging to the prisoners of the municipality, and the municipality, not to be outdone in decency, pays the county board for its prisoners. It is doubtful if Brad Milligan had ever heard of a city prison; consequently when he approached a policeman in the nave of the ferry depot with the idea of learning where he could put his prisoner up safely for the night, quite naturally he asked the location of the county jail, and was promptly directed to Ingleside, where he arrived with his prisoner about dark and requested the sheriff of San Francisco County to relieve him of the incubus overnight. The sheriff damned the chief of police and granted the request.

Early the following morning two prisoners, of no particular importance to society or themselves, escaped from the quarry gang, and in a hail of buckshot fled over the Ingleside hills to the shelter of the eucalyptus forest that lies beyond. Ordinarily the sheriff of the city and county of San Francisco would not have worried greatly over the abrupt departure of these fellows, but the fall campaign was approaching, and of late the sheriff had noticed that one of the morning papers appeared unable to go to press unless it carried a front-page story derogatory to the sheriff and his office.



The girl's moist, brown eyes gazed wistfully at the manacled prisoner

Under these circumstances, therefore, to permit two prisoners to escape would savor so strongly of giving aid and comfort to the enemy that the sheriff had promptly ordered out all of his deputies with a posse to encircle the belt of woods in which the escaped prisoners had secreted themselves.

To the bedeviled sheriff the recapture of these two men was an absolute necessity; due deference to his job dictated that he should remain on it until this worthy ambition should be achieved. And yet, by some infernal combination of circumstances, it was his duty to-day, of all days, to send a deputy to San Quentin with two prisoners lately convicted in the Superior Court and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. True, the transportation of these felons from the county jail to the penitentiary might be delayed a day or two without serious affront to the said felons (who would gladly have delayed the journey indefinitely), and in the case of one of the prisoners the sheriff would have risked the delay. In the case of the other, however, he dared not, for if he did his editorial Nemesis would be almost certain to query in heavy black type, boxed, why the sheriff was disregarding an order of the court and showing favoritism to a wealthy prisoner.

IN this dilemma the unfortunate man suddenly bethought himself of Deputy Sheriff Brad Milligan of Santa Paula—and the problem was solved. Thus it came to pass that when Deputy Sheriff Milligan arrived a few minutes later for his prisoner, preparatory to continuing his journey, the sheriff explained to him the predicament in which the former found himself.

"You've got to go over with your man," he pleaded, "and it wouldn't be much of an extra strain on you to take a man over for me, would it?"

"Well, if he ain't too much man, I'd be mighty happy to oblige you," Brad Milligan answered, "although I want to tell you this feller I've got under my wing now is mos' certainly a wild mustang. He ain't halter-broke yet, an' I dassen't take my eye off'n him. Another one like him would about make me step lively to keep up. Still, I s'pose I could cuff 'em together," he added.

"No need of it, Milligan. My prisoner is a very decent sort of chap, and I'd hate to couple him with the mongrel you brought in here last night. I'll loan you a hobble for that train robber of yours; you can leave it with the turnkey at San Quentin, and the next time one of my deputies has to make a trip over there he'll bring it back. All you'll have to do will be to deliver the prisoner and mail me the warden's receipt for him. Just put a pair of cuffs on him—in fact, if I was taking him over myself I wouldn't even do that—but he's such a mighty important prisoner I can't afford to take chances now, with the election coming on."

"All right, I guess I can handle 'em both," Brad Milligan replied good-naturedly.

The sheriff thanked him and handed him a key. "That's for the padlock on the van," he explained. "We always take our prisoners from the county jail to the ferry depot in the Black Maria. Just lock 'em both in the van and they'll be as snug as bugs in a rug. When the van arrives at the ferry depot you can meet it there. Give the key back to the driver. I'll speak to my assistant jailer and tell him to get my prisoner ready for you."

He shook hands and hurried away. Presently the assistant jailer came and escorted Milligan down the corridor to the cell occupied by the latter's prisoner. Here he expeditiously fitted to the "wild mustang's" off fetlock a hobble known as an Oregon boot, a contrivance ingeniously devised to discourage foot racing among felons. "I'm sorry, Bill," said Deputy Sheriff Milligan sympathetically. "An' I wouldn't try to drag the durned thing if I was you. Just pick it up an' carry it—there's chain enough so you can walk if you take short steps."

"I'll get the other fellow for you," the jailer announced as he darted down another corridor. "Take his nibs out that door an' you'll find the carriage waitin' in the court."

BRAD MILLIGAN escorted his train robber to the prison van, deposited him therein, and was standing by the steps when the jailer appeared with the other prisoner—a man of perhaps thirty, handsome, faultlessly dressed, athletic. His glance as it met Milligan's was fearless and direct.

"This is the gentleman you're to take over to the Big House," the jailer announced respectfully. "Mr. Milligan, shake hands with Mr. Ramsey Latham."

Milligan thrust out a great hand. "I'm pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Latham," he said simply and with all the warmth and bigness of his Santa Paula horizon, "but right sorry it ain't under pleasanter circumstances."

Ramsey Latham extended his hand gratefully. "At least I shall be escorted to my disgrace by a human being," he replied; "and so I am truly delighted to meet you, Mr. Milligan, even under the distressing circumstances."

"I dunno about that," Milligan replied, a trifle embarrassed, and drew out his handcuffs.

Latham started slightly. "Surely," he said, "you realize you do not have to manacle me. I give you my word of honor I shall not try to escape."

"Friend," said Brad Milligan earnestly, "if I was the boss your word of honor would be good enough for me. But the fact is I've got to put these things on you. The sheriff told me to. He ain't takin' any chances on losin' another prisoner to-day. I'm sure sorry, old-timer, but I guess—thank you."

He snapped the handcuffs over Latham's wrists and indicated the interior of the van. But the prisoner hesitated; his gaze wandered to Milligan's face, long, kindly, and honest, like that of a horse, but, seeing no hope there, he turned for a glimpse of the wide, free country around him. Over the west wall he could see the Ingleside hills, and across the crest of them the fog was rolling seaward again before the morning sun; through the barred gate he could look into the green valley below, where a dozen Italians knelt in a truck patch picking peas; the morning breeze brought to him the mellow cadence of the opera they sang in chorus. Afar a cow lowed, and the tang of tarweed and lupine and sage came to him from the bleak, brown hills, bringing with it poignant memories of other and happier days before Fate had marked him for that dreadful place where all who enter must leave hope behind.

Brad Milligan watched with grim sympathy as Latham stepped down to the gate and turned for a long look eastward toward the city. The deputy sheriff made no motion to restrain him, for Milligan was from Santa Paula, and already the city had gotten on his nerves; he had not slept all night



"'You!' she whispers and looks at me like I'm a devil"

because of the noise of it, and he could sympathize with that dumb yearning for a free range. He followed his prisoner to the gate, opened it, and bade Latham step outside.

"Take a good look, young feller," he suggested. "We ain't in no tearin' hurry, I guess." He signaled to the driver of the van, who whipped up his horses and followed, coming to a halt just outside the jail gate and patiently awaiting Milligan's pleasure.

Two women emerged from the sheriff's office and walked toward them. To Latham's quick, appraising glance one of them appeared to be about forty years of age, a kind, motherly looking person, perhaps the wife of a well-to-do tradesman. The other was a girl in her early twenties, and as she drew near with her companion Latham saw that she had, at no very distant period, been weeping.

He could not restrain the glance of frank admiration and curiosity he bent upon her. In that prison atmosphere, even though she walked free outside the walls, she seemed like a lovely little forget-me-not blooming on a garbage heap. Her face was not beautiful, but rather sweet and wistful, and Latham, trained judge of character, knew that she was intelligent, tender, and affectionate; despite the all-absorbing knowledge of his own tragedy, he found himself wondering what calamity had cast its cloud upon that alert yet pensive face.

He stepped aside to let her pass, and her moist, brown eyes looked straight into his for an instant; then the glance drooped until it rested on his manacled hands, clung there an instant, and traveled back to Ramsey Latham's face, bearing him a silent message of sympathy and understanding.

HE burned with the swift rush of shame that suffused him; in the presence of this girl he felt a terrible degradation that he should be seen wearing the badge of infamy, and he turned swiftly toward the welcome haven of the sheriff's van. His foot was on the lower step when a hand was laid detainingly on his arm; he turned, and through sudden tears of shame and heartbreak looked into the girl's face.

"You must be braver than that," she said in a low voice, and patted his arm with a little friendly air of camaraderie. "You mustn't lose heart now when your trial is just commencing; you must conserve your courage to make the fight all over again after you come out of prison. How long?" she queried.

"Ten years," his choked voice answered her. "The ten best years of my life—and what will life mean to me when I leave San Quentin? From a convict I shall emerge from my stripes into civilian clothes and be—an ex-convict."

"Good behavior will shorten your sentence, you know," she reminded him, "and when you have served half of it you will be eligible for parole. That means a trifle over four years of confinement for you—and the years pass quickly."

"Not in San Quentin," he answered. "Nevertheless the memory of you will help. I shall never, never forget that on the dark day of my disgrace a gentle and lovely lady gave me of her sweet sympathy when all the world denied me," and he took her soft little hand in both of his, manacled, and kissed it reverently. Then he stepped into the prison van, the heavy door closed behind him, and Brad Milligan made fast the padlock in the hasp outside.

When the van had rumbled on for half a minute Latham rose and stood with his face pressed to the little barred window in the door of the vehicle. The train robber sat smiling sneeringly at him. The girl and her traveling companion were slowly walking away from the jail, downhill toward the trolley line. Brad Milligan lingered to roll and light a cigarette, then he too followed toward the trolley line, for, with his prisoners manacled and securely locked within that strong van, he saw no reason why he should accompany the slower-moving, horse-drawn vehicle on its rough, eight-mile journey to the ferry depot. He much preferred to travel in the street car, meet the van upon arrival, and again take charge of his prisoners.

UPON arrival at the ferry depot the van backed up to the curb, and Milligan appeared and unlocked the door. "Out you come, boys," he called cheerfully. "I've waited until we've just got a minute to catch the boat. 'Tain't no sense hangin' around in the waitin' room, with the crowd starin' an' speculatin'."

Latham and the train robber descended and instantly were surrounded by a morbidly curious crowd. One young man pressed forward and almost thrust his pert face into Latham's, so Brad Milligan smote the intruder smartly across the mouth with the back of his great hand. "Cattle!" he murmured sententiously.

Latham bowed his head, waiting for the train robber to pick up his impedimenta and start for the boat. While he waited his face was aflame; then, suddenly recalling the girl at the gate of the county jail, he raised his head defiantly, squared his shoulders, and bent upon the crowd a glance that strove to be cool and calm and unabashed—and at that instant he saw the girl again. Still accompanied by her companion, who Latham guessed was her mother, she was passing around the flank of the crowd, across the shoulders of which her calm glance now met his. She favored him with a little sad, wistful smile and a nod of approval that was scarcely perceptible ere she passed on through the ticket gate and disappeared in the crowd surging through the waiting room to the pier.

In the meantime Brad Milligan had thoughtfully removed his overcoat, folded it, and drawn it up between and over Latham's manacled hands. "There," he said, "you can make a bluff at carryin' the overcoat in front o' you with both hands an' that'll hide the bracelets. Now walk a little bit ahead o' me, an' don't look back; don't pay no attention to me all the way over; sit in the seat ahead o' me, an' nobody'll ever know you belong in my party. Bill here's got so much hardware on him I reckon it's embarrassin' to be seen with him; he's used to it an' you ain't."

At Sausalito, just before they boarded the train for Greenbrae, Latham saw the girl again. She was taking leave of her companion, who clasped her in a motherly embrace and kissed her. Latham could see the girl's mouth quiver a little as she forced back the tears, and so interested was he that unconsciously he paused to stare at her. Milligan, too, was guilty of a similar breach of good manners, for not until she had parted with her companion and boarded the train did he nudge Latham and bid him move on. They followed the girl up the steps and watched her take a seat a few sections in front of them. Apparently she was oblivious of their presence on the train, for throughout the entire trip she continued to gaze pensively out the window.

THE brakeman came through the car calling the next station. "We pile off here," said Milligan as the train slid to a halt, and Latham's heart leaped in the knowledge that the girl was leaving the train at Greenbrae also. He longed for one more sympathetic glance from those tender brown eyes; he felt that it would be a priceless jewel he could treasure in his heart through all the weary years behind San Quentin's grim, gray walls.

The open bus that operates between the penitentiary and Greenbrae was waiting for them. A common carrier is this same bus, by the way, making no distinction whatever in the social status of its passengers. Murderers en route to the penitentiary to be hanged, mothers visiting their wayward boys, the prison reformer, the investigating committee

from the State Legislature, the warden's latest cook sent up by a San Francisco employment agency—all these have ridden in that bus, either singly or together. In happier days Latham had once visited San Quentin as a luncheon guest of the warden under a previous administration; hence he was aware of this incongruity and was not surprised when the girl climbed up on the seat beside the driver.

"Engaged in prison reform work, I suppose," he whispered to Milligan. The latter shrugged.

The short trip up to the prison was made in silence, the girl not deigning to look back once at the other occupants of the vehicle. Arrived at the penitentiary, Milligan alighted with his two charges, saw a door with a sign on it, "Turnkey's Office," and started toward it. The girl followed, and the four entered the office together. The turnkey from his desk looked up interrogatively, for he had never seen Brad Milligan before.

"I'm Brad Milligan, deputy sheriff of Santa Paula," the latter announced quietly, and laid a sheaf of commitment papers on the turnkey's desk. "I've brought one prisoner from Santa Paula, but the sheriff over in San Francisco was busy, on account o' havin' two prisoners get away on him this mornin', so he asked me to help him out."

The turnkey nodded, looked through the commitment papers, and cast a cold eye over the little company. He pressed a button. Milligan unlocked the Oregon boot from the ankle of the train robber and tossed it in a corner; then he unlocked the handcuffs on Latham's wrists and tucked them in his pistol pocket, for he carried his gun in a holster under his left arm.

"Nice growin' weather we're havin'," he said with the amiability of the country dweller. "That heavy rain we had last week didn't do the cherry crop no good—"

The door opened, and a large, aggressive woman, in starched white linen, bustled in. Latham concluded she must be the matron in charge of the women convicts. The turnkey nodded toward the girl, standing quietly behind Brad Milligan.

"Make a search, Mrs. Grant," he ordered. Milligan lifted his sombrero as the matron nodded to him. "Mrs. Grant," he said, "the sheriff over in San Francisco told me to tell you that he wanted to put in a good word for the little gal here. He says to give her all the best of it whenever you can, because she ain't had nothin' but the worst of it so far. An' he says she's a good girl too. He wouldn't send her down in the van—just let her go quietlike with the matron an' me on the street car; at Sausalito the matron turned back, an' the little girl come up here all by herself, just as brave as they make 'em. I don't so much as have to keep an eye on her."

The matron nodded again and advanced upon the girl. She smiled a professional smile. "Come, my dear," she said, and led the girl toward the door. As they passed out the girl looked back through her tears at Ramsey Latham, and as their glances met he bowed to her gravely and with old-fashioned courtesy. Then the door closed. Like some bright celestial visitor, she had flashed across his horizon ere she too vanished, like him, into the abyss.

AS he had anticipated, the years were long before Ramsey Latham emerged from the turnkey's office. His figure still was that of a young man, but his face was lined and serious, and the light of youth had gone from his eyes; his black hair was plentifully besprinkled with gray. With these exceptions, however, he was still the same handsome, well-dressed man that had entered San Quentin five years before. By permission of the warden he had been granted, in anticipation of his release on parole, a visit from a San Francisco tailor, who had measured him for a natty suit of the latest cut; he had been supplied with shoes and haberdashery and a jaunty cloth hat, and as he stepped forth from the turnkey's office, with the latter's "Good-by, Latham, and good luck!" still ringing in his ears, he looked in every particular that which once he had been—a smart, brisk, care-free, well-dressed business man.

It lacked an hour of the departure of the prison bus for Greenbrae, but Latham would not wait. He struck out down the road at a brisk walk. It was late spring—a season that decks northern and central California in a blaze of glory, and the vivid green Marin County hills were aflame with California poppies and buttercups, relieved at intervals by patches of blue-flag lilies and early-blooming purple lupines. It had rained a little the night before—just sufficient to level the dust in the road and cleanse the atmosphere—and suddenly Latham realized that at last he was out of prison. The air no longer was burdened with the odor of disinfectant. A lilt that was closely akin to pain rose in his heart; the future stretched before him, as glorious in prospect as any golden-tinted dream of youth, and he paused and gazed around him.

From the wet fields on both sides of the road rose that pungent, earthy aroma peculiar to the season of the year when Mother Nature rouses from her winter somnolence to strew with lavish hand her gold across the landscape. In the cloudless blue above a long wedge of wild geese sailed, honking, into the south; the burbling trills of meadow larks came from grass and fence rail; in the chaparral far up the hillside a cock quail called to his mate—and lo, it was spring again in Ramsey Latham's wintry heart! He thrilled with the joy of living, with anticipation of the conflict of rehabilitation, for on such a day it did not seem futile or pitiful for a man to dream of a lost world reconquered. He turned and glanced across the bay where San Francisco lay hidden in the morning mist; in his mind's eye he saw "the Mag's parade" passing down Market Street after the Saturday matinée; he tasted again the cuisine of his favorite restaurant, and, because of the lilt in his heart and the fact that he had been silent five years, he raised his voice in a ballad that had been popular in the world before he had left it.

Presently he turned a bend in the road and paused. In the lush grass below the road a woman sat on the trunk of a fallen scrub oak. She had heard him coming, sensed the swift rush of joyous vitality back of his song, and she was watching for the singer. Latham ceased abruptly when he saw her glance fixed upon him; then her eyelashes dropped modestly, and she devoted her attention to a bouquet of wild flowers in her lap.

Latham stepped down off the road and paused beside her, hat in hand. "You do not remember me," he said; "but we have met before—"

She did not even glance at him, but shook her head with something of the weariness and hopelessness of a sad little child. "Please go away," she answered drearily. "I do not know you, and I do not care to know you. We have never met before."

"I realize that I employed the banal language of the professional masher," he replied, smiling; "but still I decline to go away. I insist that we have met before, although we never were introduced. Nevertheless, despite that fact, the last time we met you were gracious enough to speak to me. That was the day I was leaving the county jail in the prison van; you will remember the matron took you down to the ferry depot in the street car and had you in charge as far as Sausalito. The deputy sheriff kept his eye on you after that. You were kind to me that day. I told you I'd never forget you for it—and I never shall."

"Oh, forgive me," she pleaded and held up both hands to him. "I had forgotten you—"

"I understand. Ours was a very brief meeting five years ago; naturally your thoughts were distracted that day so you couldn't be presumed to carry a very clear picture of me in your mind if, indeed, you graciously condescended to remember me at all."

They shook hands as old friends. His smile was boyish; hers had lost none of its wistfulness: it leaped to her brown eyes as Latham stooped and again kissed her hand before relinquishing it.

"This is the happiest day of my life," he declared. "First the Board of Prison Directors has paroled me, and now I've found you again. Are you waiting here for friends and am I intruding?"

"I have no friends to wait for me, Mr.—"

"Latham is my name, Ramsey Latham."

"Thank you. My name is Hilary Kenyon. They paroled me this morning too."

"And you haven't any friends?"

"No. Have you?"

"Well, I know a lot of people, and I have one friend in the strict sense of the word. Have you any relatives, Miss Kenyon?"

"None. Nobody cares," she answered.

"I do," he retorted. "I've always cared, from the moment you spoke to me that day at the county jail. And, moreover, somebody must have cared, else how did you manage your parole? You had to have a guarantee of employment before they would release you."

"The Salvation Army attended to that. I have a position as a domestic—upstairs work and two children. I hope you are going to a nice position, Mr. Latham."

"While I was in prison my attorney purchased a ranch for me down near Santa Paula. I'm going down there. Under the rules of the parole office I cannot engage in business for myself until my sentence expires, and I have sufficient of the world's goods to obviate the necessity of a clerkship. So I'm going to be a rancher—alfalfa and beef cattle, you know."

HE sat down on the tree trunk beside her. "It's a fine day," he remarked.

"Beautiful."

"It could be made a perfect day, Miss Kenyon."

"I doubt it, Mr. Latham."

"I do not. You know the old adage, Miss Kenyon. 'Birds of a feather flock together.' Well, I have an idea. Suppose you and I walk to Greenbrae and catch the down train to Sausalito. There, instead of boarding the ferryboat for San Francisco, we will ride up through Marin County on the electric local to San Anselmo. A mile up the road from San Anselmo, right under the lee of Mount Tamalpais, there used to be a little inn kept by an Italian. He served wonderful things to eat, and as he was doing well the last time I favored him with my patronage it is probable the inn is still in operation. On a week day at this period of the year we will be the only guests there, and we'll lunch out under the oak trees close to the bank of a beautiful stream—"

"But you don't know anything about me—what brought me to San Quentin."

"And I do not care. Moreover, I think there is a democracy to misery which should preclude snobocracy, and, contrary to your statement, I do know what brought you here. I remember your case very well. You were a stenographer in the office of a brute who persecuted you, and in a scuffle one day you stabbed him with a stiletto paper knife."

She nodded gravely. "It is hard to convict a woman of murder," she said. (*Continued on page* 27)



"We have met before," ventured Latham. "Please go away," she answered drearily. "I do not know you, and I do not care to know you"

DO FIGURES LIE?

BY WILLIAM MAXWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

FIGURES don't lie in the sense that they could be easily convicted of perjury if they were human, but, like many crafty human beings, figures sometimes conceal the real truth and permit you to mislead yourself, which in humans is considered a form of lying, else why that searching, if futile, oath administered in the law courts: "You solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"?

There was once a time when a business man trusted a good deal to luck, and, if he was religious, particularly if he was also superstitious, invoked for every new undertaking the aid and protection of whatever form of deity and whatever patron saint he happened to believe in. The merchant who sent a caravan across the desert or a trading ship across the seas needed to believe in luck, since there were no reliable data from which to forecast a successful result unless luck was on his side.

Business was once both adventurous and picturesque. Gradually, however, there developed branches of business that were only adventurous. To-day few businesses are picturesque, but nearly all remain adventuresome—that is, full of risks and uncertainties.

To reduce the uncertainties of business to certainties, as far as may be, is the chief function of the business executive.

A generation ago the admired type of business man was the "man of broad vision." He was the kind of man who had confidence in Kansas, who believed that big department stores would pay, and that "horseless vehicles" would some day be in general use. He also was the man who merged railroads and manufacturing companies and gave us the trust question to torment us. He used figures when he could get them, but many of his operations were far beyond the bounds of then existing figures. He was a man of imagination, and figures served chiefly as a spur to his imagination. The use he made of statistical data would be smiled at nowadays.

Then came the business man of the modern type. He has catalogued and card-indexed all available data on his particular business. He knows what happened last year in the face of certain controlling conditions. He knows what the controlling conditions are this year, and, accordingly, it is purely a mathematical problem to determine what will happen this year. Do events always turn out as calculated? Certainly not. But they should. That is the point. It is something to know what should happen even if it doesn't happen.

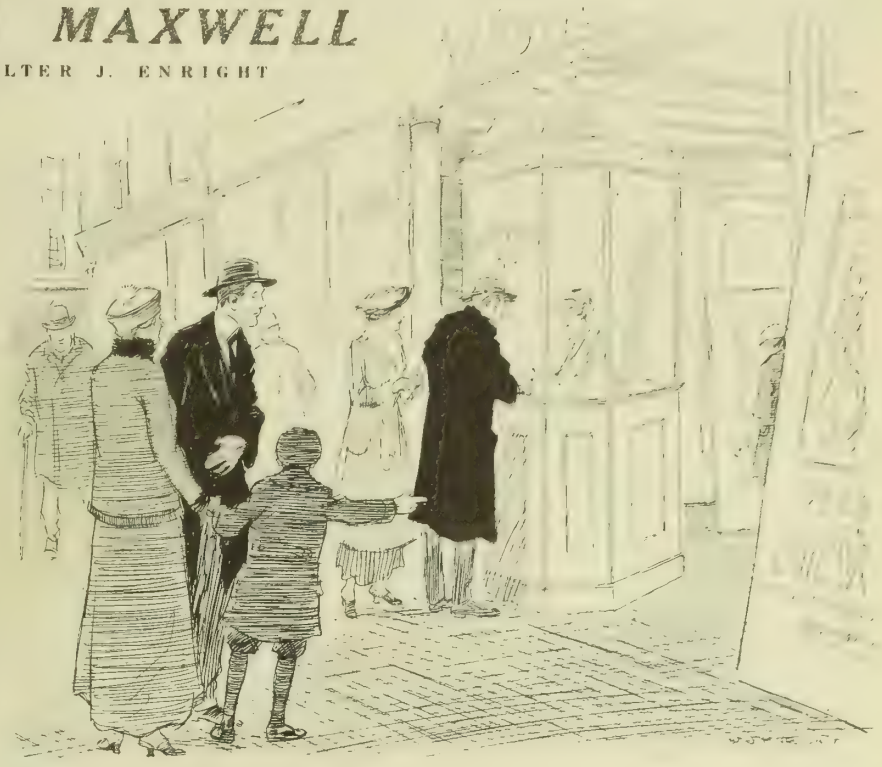
I think there is no one who does not like to evolve a plan that is based upon and supported by figures. I have less confidence in figures than most men, but I experience a keen intellectual pleasure in collecting figures and deducing conclusions from them. I must confess, however, that figures have as frequently led me astray as guided me to a right conclusion.

Perhaps the most scientific figuring done by anyone is in the handicapping of race horses. The quantity of really significant facts and figures available to the business man in most lines of business is strikingly incomplete when compared with the data at the command of any race-track dopester. Furthermore, the attempted forecasting of what a race horse will do by what he has done is a very definite science nearly one hundred years old and based on the actual experience of scores of men. The past performances of every race horse are carefully charted, and from these charts it is possible to calculate with absolute exactness where any given horse should finish in any given field of horses when the weights, distance, and condition of the track are known. But what a race horse should do and what he actually does do are two quite different things, as witness the empty pockets of most of the men who make a practice of betting on the races. It is somewhat the same way in business. The results which figures forecast frequently fail to occur, because the determining factor turns up in some circumstance entirely outside the realm of figures. In other words, figures, while seeming to tell the entire truth, frequently fail to do so and therefore may justly be called liars.



Accounting figures are at their best when they tell you about your expenses

It is well to have figures, but it is also well not to put too much confidence in them. That is the trouble with both race-track dopester and business statistician. The race-track gambler's figures are so convincing to him that he bets his last dollar without hesitation, and the business man's statistics so conclusive that he risks more than he should before his plans have actually demonstrated that they will accomplish what his figures indicate.



His figures couldn't show why the movies are popular

I know of a certain hotel out West which is being conducted at a loss because its owner depended too much on statistics when he decided how many private bathrooms the hotel should contain. The town needed a new and up-to-date hotel. There was no doubt that such an enterprise would be a money-making venture. The problem was to make it pay the highest possible return on the investment.

There was no first-class hotel within fifty miles, but a slightly larger city about sixty miles away supported a most excellent hostelry. There our hotel promoter went to study conditions. He learned approximately how many drummers were cared for weekly by the principal hotels of the neighboring city. He learned how many rooms with bath were being let to these drummers weekly. He already knew how many drummers were housed each week by the hotels of his own town. He also knew the number of rooms with bath in the home-town hotels, and, furthermore, he knew that these few rooms were in constant demand. It became a very easy matter to compute the number of rooms with bath his new hotel should contain.

The hotel was opened over a year ago. A majority of the rooms with bath are vacant every night. The figures from which the hotel man estimated the number of private baths that he could rent to drummers were perfectly correct figures, but he had overlooked the sordid fact that most commercial travelers do not take a tub bath at every opportunity. They reserve that ceremony and its added expense for the places which they call "live" towns. This man's town was "dry" and was reputed to be anything but "live" by the traveling fraternity. There is something about a "live" town that quickens the pulse of even the most sober-minded Gideon and prompts him to bathe, shave with unusual care, have his trousers pressed, and wear his best cravat. In other words, drummers who regularly take a "room and bath" and employ the services of the hotel valet in a "live" town eschew those luxuries when they visit a "dead" town. This strange idiosyncrasy of the average drummer rendered valueless the hotel man's data on the demand for bathing facilities—or, as the bus driver told me, "made a fool of his figgers."

A gentleman once consulted me with reference to the sales possibilities of a motion-picture apparatus suitable for use in private homes. He had ascertained the estimated number of people who are in the habit of visiting motion-picture theatres frequently, had calculated the number of different families from which this attendance was probably obtained, and then, by the use of certain statistics on American incomes, had arrived at the percentage of those families in which his apparatus could be afforded. To be on the safe side, he divided in half the figures thus obtained. It all sounds reasonable enough, doesn't it?

His figures may have been all right, but he overlooked the circumstance that the charm of the "movies" lies partly in the fact that they afford "some place to go." What makes a man leave untouched the decanter in his own sideboard and go to his club to get a highball? What makes the man who has a billiard table in his own home go downtown to play a match with his next-door neighbor? The same cause makes the average movie fan more or less indifferent to the idea of having motion pictures in his own home. My friend's market for his apparatus developed, not among the people who make a practice of patronizing motion-picture theatres, but among those who do not.

Figures frequently mislead by appearing to be the controlling figures when, as a matter of fact, they are not. To determine what figures one needs as a guide is often difficult, and to obtain such figures is more often practically impossible.

Some years ago I was present at a conference called to discuss the advertising of a large revolver manufacturer. It was suggested that a certain amount of money be used to advertise this revolver in the farm journals, which is to say the agricultural papers, read by farmers. "Perfectly useless!" snapped one of the conferees. "I have the figures to prove it. The So-and-So Farm Journal made an investigation for us two years ago. They sent an inquiry blank to several thousands of their subscribers asking each farmer whether he owned a revolver and, if not, whether he felt that a revolver was a weapon for which a farmer had any reasonable need. I wish you could have seen the replies. Ninety-five per cent of the farmers who replied said they didn't own revolvers and had absolutely no use for such things. The advertising manager of the paper had to admit that revolvers were one article he couldn't sell."

"What percentage of replies to their inquiry did they receive?" I asked.

"I don't remember. Five or ten per cent, I believe."

I didn't press the point, as I am not a believer in the farm paper as a medium for advertising revolvers, but it struck me as remarkable that these figures should be considered conclusive. I am quite sure that no reliable statistics in regard to revolvers could be obtained save by a most careful and tactful house-to-house canvass. (*Continued on page* 24)



Bad Days for Small Potatoes

TIMES like these and issues like the national defense are fatal to the commonplace politician. It is barbarous to ask him to face such a problem in a presidential year and tell him his place depends on the kind of answer he gives. He has no landmarks to go by, no precedents to guide him, and no leader whom he is not afraid to follow. Vainly pleading for time and protesting his spiritual unpreparedness, he is dragged to his unhappy fate. Life was very soft for him before the flash of gunpowder in Europe revealed the world in a searching light, forced us to consider the realities of our national existence, and made us understand how intimately our own lives and fortunes are bound up with it. There was no public question which he could not answer out of the campaign book of slang, and no patriotic longing that he could not gratify by waving the poor old flag. His experience had taught him that one of the best ways of disposing of a troublesome issue is to avoid it. A lot of "crying needs" and "pressing problems" will evaporate if you give them time. Many a man whose only ability consists in dodging has enjoyed a long, interesting, and contemptible public career. A list of successful cowards in politics would include eminent names among the leaders of both parties. But once or twice in a lifetime a real issue that cannot be evaded arises at Washington, and it is almost invariably destructive of the timid and shuffling politician. A man may survive who takes one side or the other. But the politician who doesn't know which side to take is no better off than he would be between the trenches in Flanders. He is the most miserable of neutrals at a time when the word neutral is practically synonymous with doormat the world over. It is a waste of time to offer advice. Congress at the present moment is in a state of panic. It would hardly be surprising if Congressmen jumped out of the window of the Capitol before the session ended. The Bryanites are wild with fear of their own countrymen. Many Democrats are utterly bewildered, and most of the Republicans cower in the corners and only dare come out to utter some highly illuminating expression about the delightful personal character of the German-American voters of their districts. It would be useless to whisper to these statesmen that men have been known before this to get into office merely by the exercise of patriotic judgment. That is language for which their own offers no equivalent.

The Leaderless

THE President must blame himself if the House majority is "milling" crazily. What else could be expected without definite leadership? The notion created in the minds of Congressmen is that the President is either indifferent on the question or that he is just about as undecided which side to take as some of them are. He has given the impression that he is less interested in the nation's defense than in other subjects, but that the question has been forced on him and he will consider it among the numerous matters to be adjusted by Congress. The consequence is that the Bryan-Kitchin plotters, who feel no such indecision and are sharp enough to see that this is no minor issue, but by far the most important matter that has come before the public in many years, have managed to stir almost a rebellion against the President among members of his own party. The fault lies with Mr. WILSON or, rather, with his inability to understand the immense seriousness of the question and the depth of feeling in the country. He was a long time in getting rid of Mr. BRYAN. Whether he ever got rid of Mr. BRYAN'S influence—or ever will get rid of it—is a question. In any case, even after he had apparently made up his mind that "something must be done," he left decision as to what should be done and plans for doing it entirely to his Cabinet officers, and merely repeated to Congress their opinion. The consequence is that there is an Administration policy on every subject except the most important subject of all. On that there is a Garrison policy and there is a Daniels policy, but there is no Wilson policy. Congressmen cannot be blamed for not following when there is nothing to follow. But as we say, the difficulty lies in Mr. WILSON'S own feeling. It seems impossible to arouse his interest. Otherwise we believe that if he could be persuaded to attack the subject with the same energy and intelligence that he has shown in dealing with matters with which he was familiar, if he would call the leaders in the House and Senate and the trained military advisers of the Government into consultation, he might even now prepare a bill that would rally the common sense of his party to his support. As it is, he has left this element unprotected, bewildered, and leaderless. No one is happy over the recommendations for the navy which he made casually in his message. They don't satisfy the Bryanites, they give the sane members of the party nothing to stand on safely, and they are ridiculous to a who believe that this generation is the trustee of a vast estate, bot material and spiritual, and who are by conscience driven to deman that it receive the assurance of safety. To them the Daniels pr gram seems little better than no program at all. In fact, it ma be worse if it gives the people of the country a false and exagge ated notion of the strength of their defenses, and leads them to clin to such political policies as the Monroe Doctrine which are safel put forward only by nations able to defend them by force of arm

An Editorial by a Senator

HERE is a very good editorial. It consists (without chang except the italics we have introduced) of a letter sent to u by United States Senator HENRY F. ASHURST of Arizona:

> "Your editorial, entitled 'Smash the Pork Barrel,' was timely. In these parlous days, when most persons see, or think they see, what is wrong with Congress in particular and the Government in general, it is passing strange that they do not perceive that *the most damning blight upon Congress is the Pork Barrel system.* Your editorial discusses the expenditures of public money on waterways of doubtful value. Why do you not, as a remedy for the Pork Barrel system, urge the passage of Senator NEWLANDS' bill, which provides for the creation of a waterways commission and a board of river regulation, etc.? This bill was 2739 in the Sixty-third Congress and is S.2685 in the Sixty-fourth Congress. The bill provides that our rivers and harbors shall be dealt with in a large way, just as we dealt with the Panama Canal.
>
> "To illustrate how the Pork Barrel system cripples the efficiency of the Government, you will recall that recent disturbances on the Mexican border required the presence of a number of American troops in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. The necessity for these troops still exists, but the 1916 elections are looming up, and some members of Congress in whose States forts or barracks are situated are bombarding the departments urging that the troops be taken away from the Mexican border where they are really required and sent back to those various army posts in the interior of the country where soldiers are not just now needed. I am convinced that *the Pork Barrel is an evil that will remain until the people and the newspapers denounce appropriations for their own districts* unless the same be justified by the actual necessities and requirements of the Government as a whole.
>
> "Politicians, as a rule, pawn their courage with JANUS in return for a popularity ticket. *When the Pork Barrel becomes unpopular Congressmen will strenuously oppose it.*
>
> "Very respectfully yours, HENRY F. ASHURST."

This is an exact analysis in small space. Critics always aim the blows at the Congressman or Senator (and the Congressman c Senator who is cowardly ought to be blamed); but the critics ough to help the Congressman by pointing out that the real demand fc pork often originates with the people of the district. The poir of this editorial can probably best be made concrete by this que tion: Where is the first newspaper, or the first commercial clu or the first group of persons in any community which will go o record *against pork for their own district?*

The Perfect He

AN author, described editorially as "one of the chief spokesme of the English feminists," has this utterly precious bit in th "Atlantic Monthly" for January:

> A few days ago, when Britain was floating a large war loan, one woma told me that she could not understand its terms. We went into them togethe and she found that she understood perfectly. *She was surprised.*

We wonder if this "novelist of ability" ever heard of the America young woman who is taught to play tennis every summer? Hi little essay is entitled "Further Notes on the Intelligence of Woman, but he doesn't note how this woman had the intelligence to flatte him to the top of his bent. There may be better ways of handlin the average male in England, U. S. A., or elsewhere than to let hir tell you about it, but nobody has ever discovered same.

Those Mysterious English

THE English are at once a cold-blooded and extremely senti mental people. When they *are* sentimental they are ver much so—they lose consciousness in a manner rarely observe in the more quick-blooded, critical French. Here, in the crisi of their fate, you will find hundreds of sturdy, stolid Britisher

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listening enchanted night after night in a music hall while some fragile, saccharine, yellow-haired little soprano sings:

Oh, we don't want to lose you,
But we think you'd better go,
For your king and your country,
They do need you so. . . .

—and assures the prospective warriors, with the devoted gallery humming the tune, that

We will cheer you, thank you, *ki-i-ss* you,
When you come back home again!

For months this was one of the most popular "war" songs in London! And yet the men who express themselves in such lyrics as these are the same men who held the German right wing when the avalanche first came rolling down through France, do not know when they are beaten, and are perhaps the best individual soldiers in the world.

Guesses About Business

A SUCCESSFUL financier named J. P. MORGAN used to warn his interviewers that there is no sense in betting against the future of the United States. In reading all these January forecasts as to the coming year's business, one wonders why the predicters and experts don't profit by that observation. A year ago the economic palmists were of two factions—one predicting that the war would knock things endways in this country, and the other saying that perhaps, after all, it might not be so bad. Neither had any idea of the strength and resourcefulness that our country's business actually did show during 1915, nor of the results that were actually achieved. So again we now have two schools of financial prophecy—one urging that peace after the war will be an awful setback for us, and the other stating that possibly we may be able to weather the storm. One gets rather tired of these gloom gassers. There are certain fairly definite tests of business strength, just as of human health, and these are all in our favor. The rates at which the means of paying debts in other countries are valued here shows that our country has the upper hand in its foreign trade as never before in all history. The stock market may alternate hot and cold fits, but the solid securities of both railroads and industrial companies hold what they gained in 1915. Their doing so is justified by the established tests of crop prosperity, record bank clearings, huge activity in iron and steel making, and reviving railroad earnings. The health is there whether our economic doctors want to admit it or not.

Booze Boosting

A CORRESPONDENT of ours out in St. Louis—Mr. H. J. CARROLL—writes us a letter that seems to be a ready-made editorial. Here is his letter:

On Christmas Day the St. Louis (Mo.) "Republic," in closing a "booster contest" among public-school children as to why their city is the best ever, awarded first prize (which happened to be $10) to a boy whose letter began:

St. Louis is great because it has the largest brewery—

Maybe that is why the "Republic" thinks St. Louis is a live city; but if this is boosting, what is a knock like?

And Some Congressmen?

THIS capital bit of advice should have been printed long ago by the newspapers of San Francisco and Hoboken and various points between, but, so far as we know, DON MARQUIS said it first in the New York "Evening Sun":

Lots of people go to a clairvoyant to get their minds read when they should consult an osteopath.

Darling, in the Des Moines (Iowa) Register



Ruining That Rehearsal

The Chippewas Object

NEWSPAPERS print a dispatch from Cloquet, Minn., concerning a petition that the Reservation Indians are signing at Fond du Lac. The petition is addressed to CATO SELLS, commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington. Here's part of the dispatch:

The Chippewa Treaty of 1854 provides that "no spirituous liquors shall be made, sold, or used," and at Brookston, Minn., liquor is being sold and disposed of to the hurt and detriment of the Indians.

Perhaps "personal liberty" advocates will hold that an Indian treaty signed sixty-one years ago is only a scrap of paper after all. But the Chippewas seem to have some good ideas about the effects of booze, and they aren't afraid to speak right out in meeting.

The Truth About Patronage

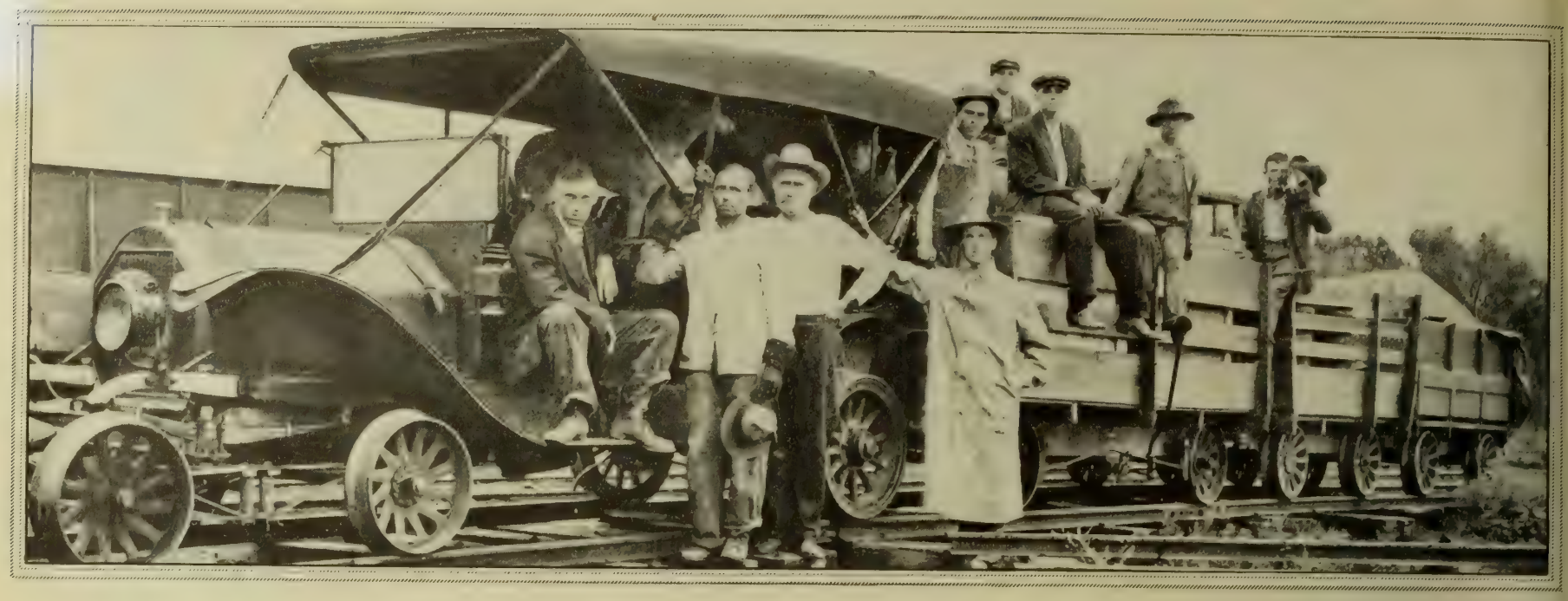
WHEN a man is sent to Congress and paid $625 per month (plus extras) to represent the nation as seen from the angle of his locality, he ought to do a good job or get out. A leading Southern newspaper, "The State" of Columbia, S. C., gets at the nub of the matter in these words:

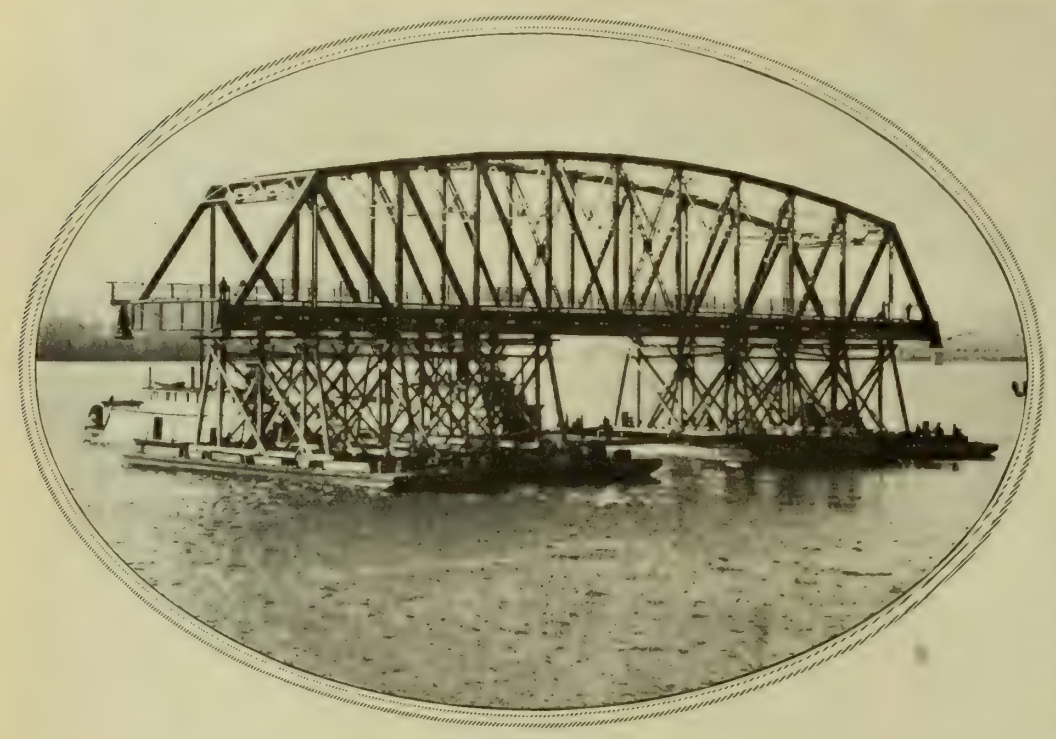
Once a Representative has arrived at a commanding place in the House patronage becomes a nuisance to him. It is valued in the main by members whose talents are best suited to the sordid task of hanging around and pleading for it, and who ought to be engaged in the far more honorable trade of soliciting subscriptions to "Mother, Home, and Heaven," and similar literary productions.

If public opinion in the South will only back up this enlightened view, the nation will get a lot more service out of the present Congress and its successors.

Golden Days

ANNIVERSARIES hark back. Sometimes they also point forward. A forward-pointing anniversary was Vassar's recently celebrated fiftieth birthday. Here was a women's college lodging and feeding 3,000 guests and providing all the necessary services. One envious college president remarked: "Whom did they ever get to do all this? Do you suppose he would be available again?" Nor was practical management all. Intellectually, too, the air was invigorating. Problems ranging from the geographical to the neo-social were under discussion, and on every hand were lectures by authorities and debates by college undergraduates representing various colleges. Artistically, Vassar's fiftieth anniversary was no less a joy. Undergraduates themselves wrote and enacted the Pageant of Athena—symbol of the wisdom-consecrated life. A wall of evergreens barely concealed a stream, slow-winding through a meadow, and green hillsides beyond, over which knights and ladies in medieval splendor, falcons in hand, galloped to the chase. Radiant SAPPHO stopped as she passed by, and appealing MARIE DE FRANCE repeated one of her lays—carefully selected! There were the Abbess HILDA and little Lady JANE GREY, and many others, each a lingering picture. The Vassar orchestra furnished the music, all except strange little wisps of tune from tinkling minstrels. As the whole gorgeous procession filed across the greensward the college body, which had been massed behind, marched down eight abreast in sweaters of many shades, joining in the chorus of the last episode—*Gaudeamus igitur*—a complete up-to-date allegiance to gray-robed Athena. When, in a celebration of four short days, a college can inspire thousands of women with a sense, not only of what she has done, but of what they may do, when each woman's sense of her own possibilities is heightened by her consciousness of the vast body of which she is so small, though so real, a part, it is time for all women to admit how great is their joy in this heritage. And for men to be proud of this our newer world.





A Railroad Run with Gasoline

WHEN G. R. Richardson of Westmoreland, Kas., general manager of the Kansas & Southern Railroad, is through with a day's work he runs his rolling stock into a shed next door to the depot, locks the door, and goes home. Next morning he unlocks the door, cranks his engine, and starts for the town of Blaine, at the other end of the line, six miles away. His train, seen in the photograph above, makes three round trips a day, carrying both passengers and freight, and earns real profits. The K. & S. was originally a steam railroad. It failed to make money, and then Richardson put on the gasoline train. The line is the only rail service out of Westmoreland, the seat of Pottawatomie County.

Hauling a Bridge Span on Barges

IN the oval at the left two tugboats are seen towing a large steel span on barges to its place on the piers of a new bridge that is being built across the Columbia River from Portland, Ore., to Vancouver, Wash. The bridge will have thirteen spans, and twelve of them are transported this way. After each section of the bridge frame has been built at a Vancouver dock, four barges, half filled with water so that they will support trestles at the desired height, are placed under it. Then the water is pumped out of the barges, which rise and float the span. At the piers the method is reversed. The span is lowered into position by pumping water back into the barges.



THE TOLL- FIVE LIVES. A defective steel span across the Spokane River in Spokane, Wash., collapsed under the weight of two trolley cars, dropping one of them into midstream and leaving the other leaning against the abutment. Five passengers in the first car were killed and twelve were badly hurt



A French nine-inch gun on Gallipoli replying to a Turkish gun across the strait in one of the last artillery duels before the allied land forces embarked

Copyright by Medem Photo Service

A Farewell Shot—the End of a Campaign That Fizzled

IN the snapshot above French gunners are seen taking one of their last shots at the Turks before the withdrawal of the Franco-British land forces from the Dardanelles. The abandonment of Gallipoli Peninsula was a final acknowledgment of British failure and of the efficiency of the Germanized Turkish army, and it is quite natural that the Turks and Teutons should rejoice; but the retirement itself was not one of the big sensations of the war. The cave-in of the campaign to open the straits was obvious as far back as last August, when the British were driven off the crest of Sari Bair, which they had taken after an appalling sacrifice of men. The price of England's folly in trying to break through and take Constantinople was about 200,000 British and 5,000 French in killed, wounded, and captured; four big warships (three British and one French), and something like a billion dollars. Beating the invaders cost Turkey probably 150,000 men and half a billion dollars, and in war terms the victory was cheap. Its moral effect upon the Turkish nation can hardly be overestimated. Its immediate military effect is to release 400,000 or 500,000 Turkish troops for service against the British on the Tigris front or in the Suez Canal region, or against the Russians in the Caucasus. On the other hand the British will be free to use their Gallipoli army of 200,000 seasoned men, most of whom are Australians and New Zealanders, to strengthen their limited forces elsewhere in the Near East, particularly in the Egyptian fighting zone, where the Turks and Germans threaten the Suez Canal and England's traffic with the Far East.



A WOUNDED RED CROSS DOG being treated by a French army doctor. The animal was hit by a German bullet while looking for injured soldiers on a battle field in France

Copyright by American Press Association



THE MAURETANIA AS A HOSPITAL SHIP in the Mediterranean. The snapshot was taken at the Dardanelles shortly before the British army retired from Gallipoli Peninsula. The Cunard liner *Mauretania* is a sister ship to the torpedoed *Lusitania*, and was in the New York and Liverpool service before the war

You can't "spell-bind" many men into liking what they dislike —*every man's taste is his own*

IF A MANUFACTURER in his advertising tells you (truthfully, as he believes) that he has the "best tasting cigarette in the world" and you believe him, you probably try his cigarette. It may be a very good cigarette. But his over-enthusiasm has led you to expect something almost impossible. You light that cigarette and—

Well, there's a good chance that you're disappointed. It may not be the fault of the cigarette. The cigarette may be mighty good. But you've been led to expect too much. You've been "over sold."

And besides, *tastes differ*—who can tell what cigarette will best please your taste before you try it?

they ever smoked. Figures indicate that. More Fatimas are sold than any other cigarette in the world costing over 5c.

But the Taste isn't All

If you do like Fatima's taste as well as these thousands and thousands of other men do, you'll find a *second* reason for sticking to them for good. And that reason is that Fatimas will give you *cigarette-comfort* at all times. This is why they have won the name of being as SENSIBLE a cigarette as a man can find anywhere.

They are comfortable to the throat and tongue. You'll never experience any "sand paper tickle" or "hotness" in the cool Turkish blend of Fatimas.

And Fatimas can be smoked more freely

COLLIER'S FO

entirely up to you. We believe you will like them; but you may not.

To be sure, most men like the taste of Fatimas better than any other cigarette

If you have never smoked Fatimas—you should try them.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

The Original Turkish Blend 20 for 15¢



TWO TESTS FOR ANY CIGARETTE

The taste of the cigarette—according to a leading tobacco journal—is up to the smoker. But there are other qualities that you should look for in the cigarette that you are going to stick to for your steady smoke. Here are a couple of tests that may help the average smoker to choose more wisely between different kinds of cigarettes.

The first test is for coolness, which means more comfort to the throat and tongue. Light any cigarette. Draw in a cloud of smoke—a small, ordinary puff is not sufficient to make this test. Hold it in your mouth for a few seconds. Let it "float" around against your tongue and throat. Now blow out the smoke.

If the cigarette contains a high grade of mild tobacco leaves, combined in just the right proportion, it will always feel cool and smooth both to your throat and to your tongue.

On the other hand, if the proportions are not right and if the cigarette contains inferior grades of tobacco or hidden strands of rank, oily leaf, you will feel a nipping sting at the tip of your tongue or that "sandpaper tickle" in your throat.

Test number two—How do you feel after smoking all day?

If the tobaccos in the cigarette include a correct proportion of mild grades—and if all of the various grades have been properly mellowed by age—and if they have been so blended as to bring out the best qualities and to neutralize any unpleasant qualities in each of the different types of tobaccos, you will be able to smoke practically whenever you feel like it through the day without feeling any effect from it.

But with another cigarette in which the blend is less skillful, even though the tobaccos are of the highest grade, you will find along towards the end of the day that you are likely to have that feeling of having "smoked too much."

Clip out these tests and try them on Fatima

JANUARY 29, 1916

HELD TO ANSWER

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. KING

Chapter Eleven—The Hammering of the Cross

"THE thing to do is clear," announced the minister bluntly. "Take these diamonds straight back to Miss Dounay. Tell her you stole them. Throw yourself on her mercy."

A sickly smile curled upon the young man's lip. "Her mercy?" he managed to ask. "Do you think that woman has any mercy in her? She has got the worst disposition God ever gave a woman. She would tear me to pieces."

The young fellow once more lifted a hand before his eyes, shuddering and reeling as if he might faint.

With a feeling almost of contempt, Hampstead gripped him by the shoulder and shook him sternly.

"Your situation calls for the exercise of some manhood—if you have it," he said sharply. "Tell me. Why did you come here?"

"To get you to help me out!" the broken man murmured helplessly, twisting his hat in his hands. "That was all. I won't lie to you. You've never turned anybody down. Don't turn me down!"

"It was on your mother's account?"

"No, I'm not as unselfish as that. It's just myself. I don't know what's the matter with me. I've lost my nerve. I had it all right enough when I took 'em, except for just a minute after; that's when I met you going away, and with that damned uncanny way of yours you dropped on that something was wrong. But I had my nerve all right; I had it till I got out there on the street this morning and that rope wasn't swinging there over the cornice."

At this point Hampstead leaned back in his chair with a change in manner which the narrator noted instantly.

"You won't help me out?" he reproached, hunching himself forward pleadingly.

"Not in your state of mind, which is a mere cowardice in defeat," replied the minister flatly. "I should be accessory after the crime."

"Not even to save my mother?" whined the wilted man.

"I should be doing your mother no kindness to confirm her son in crime."

Young Burbeck sat silent and baffled, yet somehow shocked into vigorous thought by the notion that he had encountered something hard, a man with a substratum of moral principle that was like immovable rock.

FOR a moment the culprit's eyes wandered helplessly about the room and then returned to the great, rugged face of the minister, with so much of gentleness and so much of strength upon it. Looking at the man thus, Rollie had a sudden, envious wish for his power. He had never envied Hampstead before. Now he did. This man had a strength of character that was enormous and Gibraltarlike.

"You can help me if you will!" he broke out wretchedly, straining and twisting his neck like a man battling with suffocation.

"Yes," said the minister quietly, his eyes searching to the fellow's very soul, "I *can*—if you will let me."

"Let you?" A hysterical smile framed itself on the young man's face. "My God, I will do anything."

"It's something you must *be*, rather than do," explained the physician to sick souls, once more deeply sympathetic, as, leaning forward, he continued significantly: "I want to help you, not for your mother's sake nor your father's, but for your own—whenever you are ready to receive help upon proper terms. You have come here seeking a way out. There is no way out, but there is a *way up*."

The cowering man shook his head hopelessly. He had not courage even to survey a moral height.

For a moment the minister studied his visitor thoughtfully, wondering what could make him see his guilt as he ought to see it; then abruptly he drew close and began to talk in a low, confidential tone. Almost before the surprised Rollie could understand what was taking place, the Rev. John Hampstead, to whom he had come to confess, was confessing to him; this man, whom he had thought so strong, was telling the story of a young girl's love for him; of his weak infatuation for another woman, of the heartaches that half-unconscious breach of trust had occasioned him and, worst of all, the pangs it had cost the innocent girl who loved him and believed in his integrity with all her impressionable heart.

There was a moisture in the minister's eye as he concluded his story, and there was a fresh mist in Rollie's as he listened.

But the clergyman passed on immediately from this to tell modestly how, when the death of Langham had imposed the lives of Dick and Tayna on him like a trust, he had been true to it, although at the cost of his great ambition; but that afterward this surrender had brought him all the happiness of his present life as pastor of All People's while even the hope of that first love had been given back to him again.

"And so," Hampstead concluded, "to be disloyal to a trust has come to seem to me the worst of all crimes, while to be true to one's obligations appears to me as the highest virtue. In fact the whole active part of my creed could be summed up pretty well in this little idea of *trust*.

"Trust is almost the highest thing in life. Society leans together upon trust. It is the cement of civilization. Trust is the very foundation of banking. You believe in banking, don't you? In the principle?"

"I never thought of the principle," Burbeck faltered after a moment. "I thought of it as a job."

"Well, you see the point, don't you? It's rather a high calling to be a banker. The dead man trusted the bank. The bank has trusted you, and you have stolen from the bank. Miss Dounay has trusted you, and you have stolen her diamonds. You see at what I am getting."

Hampstead paused and glanced penetratingly into the face of Rollie, who had been a little swept out of himself, as much in wonder at the new insight into the life of the minister as at the convincing clarity of the lesson conveyed.

"Yes," he replied thoughtfully and with an air of conviction. "That I am not to think of myself as merely a thief, but as something worse, as a traitor to many sacred trusts."

"Exactly," exclaimed the minister with satisfaction at the sign of moral perception growing. "To shield a thief from exposure is possibly criminal. To help a man repair the breaches of his trust, to put him in the way of never breaking another trust as long as he lives—that is the true work of the ministry. If it is for that you want help, Rollie, you have come to the right place."

"I did not come for that," admitted the young fellow, strangely able to view himself objectively as a sadly dispiriting spectacle. "I came, as you said, in cowardice, because I didn't know which way to turn; desiring only to find a way out. Somehow I felt myself a victim. You make me see myself a crook. I came here feeling sorry for myself. You make me hate myself. You make me want to be worthy of trust. You give me hope.

"I have a feeling I never had before, that I am not much of a man, that I am not equal to a man's job. But tell me what I must do to repair the breaches of my trust, and let me see if I think I can."

BURBECK'S manner had become calmer, and something of the grayness of despair had left his face, but now at the recurrence of all his perplexities he presented again the picture of a man cowering beneath a mountain that threatened to fall upon him.

"First of all, you must go back to Miss Dounay with her diamonds," prescribed the minister seriously. "If you have not manhood enough to face her with your confession, I do not see the slightest hope for your character's rehabilitation."

"But the executors!" exclaimed Rollie with the sense of danger still greater than his sense of guilt. "They will be checking me up at eleven. I've got to cover the shortage or I'm lost. J. M. would be more terrible than Miss Dounay. It would not be vengeance with him. He'd send me to San Quentin, entirely without feeling, just as a matter of cold duty. He'd shake hands and tell me to look in when I got out. That's J. M."

"Yes, I think it is," said the minister, pausing with an expression of supreme gravity upon his face, while he considered whether by taking some very serious responsibility upon himself he might not shelter this young man from the consequences of his crime while he grew a new character. Indeed, it was not at all his usual magnanimity, nor his leaning toward mercy, but his moral enthusiasm for the rehabilitation of lost character, that impelled him finally to take the great



"You got the Wadham currency?" asked the minister in a low voice

chance he did in his decision. Looking up, he asked: "And how much is your defalcation?"

"Forty-two hundred," sighed Rollie.

"The expedient is almost doubtful," announced the minister solemnly and with evident reluctance; "and I do not say that the time will not come—when you are stronger, perhaps—when you must tell Mr. Manton that you were once a defaulter, but that bridge we will not cross this morning, and in the meantime I will let you have the money to cover your shortage."

"Brother Hampstead!" gulped Rollie, reaching out both hands, while his soul leaped out of his eyes in gratitude. It was also the first time he had ever called Hampstead "Brother" except in derision.

The minister waved away this demonstration with a gesture of self-deprecation, and a smile that was sweet almost as a woman's lighted up his face, while he took from a drawer of his desk a small, flat key, familiar to Rollie because he had seen it before and many others resembling it.

"Here," said Hampstead, "is the key to my safe-deposit box in the Amalgamated National vault. In that box is eleven hundred dollars. It is not my money, but was provided by a friend for use in a contingency which has not arisen. I feel at perfect liberty to use it for this emergency. As you will remember, there is already on file with the vault-room custodian my signed authorization for you to visit the box, because you have served as my messenger before. You will be able, therefore, to gain unquestioned access to it the minute the vaults are open, which as you know is nine o'clock. Take the envelope marked 'Wadham currency.' In the meantime I will go to a friend or two, and within thirty minutes after the bank's doors open I will bring you another envelope containing thirty-one hundred dollars."

Rollie listened as a condemned man upon a scaffold listens to the reading of his reprieve.

"How can I thank you?" he croaked finally, clutching at the minister's hand.

"You don't thank me," adjured Hampstead, towering and strong, while he gripped the pulseless palm of Burbeck. "Don't thank me! Do your part; that's all."

Rollie clung to the strong hand uncertainly for a few seconds until he himself felt stronger, when his face seemed to lighten somewhat.

"You have a wonderful way with you, Dr. Hampstead," he exclaimed. "You have put conscience into me this morning—and courage."

"Both are important," smiled the minister.

AT this moment Rollie, who was beginning to recover his presence of mind, did one of those innocent things which thereafter played so important a part in the tragic chain of complications which followed from this interview. The act itself was no more than to select from a small tray of rubber bands upon the study desk the only red one which happened to be there and to snap it with several twists about the neck of the vault-box key, remarking as he did so:

"For ready identification. There are sometimes several of these keys in my possession at once."

The minister nodded approvingly. "I suppose," he commented, "other people make use of you as a messenger to their boxes."

"Half a dozen of the women have that habit," the young man observed.

"Trusted!" exclaimed the minister impulsively, laying a cordial hand upon the young man's shoulder. "You have been greatly trusted. It is a rare privilege, isn't it?"

Rollie nodded thoughtfully.

"And these?" questioned Dr. Hampstead, motioning to where the diamond necklace curled, appearing to Rollie less like a serpent now and more like a strangler's knot.

"I'm afraid of them," said the young man with a shudder. "Couldn't—couldn't you take them back to her and tell the story?"

The clergyman shook his head solemnly.

"I cannot confess your sins for you," he averred. "If you are not man enough for that, we might as well stop before we begin."

Hampstead's tone was final.

"You are right," admitted Burbeck, in tones of conviction, "you are right."

But still he could not bring himself to touch the diamonds, and stood gazing as if charmed by the evil spell they wrought. Sensing this, the minister took up from his desk a long envelope, which bore his name and address in the corner, opened it, lifted the sparkling string by one end, dropped it inside, moistened the flap, sealed it and handed it to Burbeck.

"There," he exclaimed, "you don't even have to touch them again. Go straight to her hotel."

"Oh, but I cannot," exclaimed Rollie, apprehension



He was all alone in the closed room. No glance could possibly rest on him

trembling in his tones, "I shall not dare to leave the bank until the shortage is covered. The executors might come in ahead of time, and I must be there to stall them off if necessary. But I might telephone to Miss Dounay."

"Telephones are leaky instruments," objected Hampstead with a shake of his head.

"Or send her a note," suggested Burbeck.

"Notes miscarry," controverted the minister sagaciously, "and they do not always die when their mission is accomplished. Since you are taking my advice, I would say summon all your self-control, contain your secret in patience during the hours you must wait until your shortage is made good and you can leave the bank to see Miss Dounay in person. You must do your part entirely alone, for my lips are sealed."

"Sealed?" questioned Rollie, not comprehending.

"Yes, the secret is your own. Think of your confession as made to God!"

"You mean that you would never tell on me, no matter what happened?"

"Just that. The liberty is not mine. I can only expect you to be true to your trust as I am true as a minister to mine."

This was an idea Rollie could not grasp readily. It was taking away a prop upon which he had meant to lean.

"But," he argued, "you make it possible for me to take your money and that of your friends and keep it if you don't have some kind of a club over me."

"Exactly," replied the minister. "I want no club over you, Rollie. You must be a free agent or else I have not really trusted you. Your right action would mean nothing if compulsory. You must be true to your trust from some inner spiritual motive."

But Rollie was still groping. "And if I should, for instance, steal the money you give me?"

"You would know it, and I, and one other," replied the minister, raising his eyes devoutly.

ROLLIE swept his hand across his face slowly, with a gesture of bewilderment. This minister was taking him to higher and higher ground. He began to feel as if he had been led up to some transfiguring mountain peak of moral eminence.

"It is the highest appeal which would be made to the honor of another," he breathed in tones approaching awe.

"Exactly," declared Hampstead again with that air of finality, "and if I should fail to be true to my part of the trust, what has passed between us this morning has been the mere compounding of a felony and not the act of a priest of God looking to the regeneration of a soul."

In a wordless interval, Rollo Burbeck pressed the minister's hand once more and departed, his face still wearing a veiled expression as if he had not quite caught the import of all that had been said.

But neither, for that matter, had the minister. He had still no suspicion that this was the day of all days for him, or that he had just sawed and hammered the cross which would make his title clear to saviorhood.

Young Burbeck's desk at the Amalgamated National was in an open space behind a marble counter. About him in the same open space were desks of two other assistant cashiers. Back of these were the private offices of the cashier, the president, and the vice president, as well as one or two reception rooms. Beyond the marble counter was a broad public aisle on the farther side of which the tellers and bookkeepers worked, screened by the usual wire and glass. The safe-deposit vaults were in the basement and reached by a stairway from the open lobby on the first floor.

Hurrying from the minister's house, Burbeck reached his desk at ten minutes before the hour of nine, the time when access to the vaults could be gained. This left him ten minutes of waiting time before he could get the eleven hundred dollars of the Wadham currency; and waiting was the very hardest thing he could do under the circumstances. He was the first of the assistant cashiers to arrive, but the cashier, Parma, heavy-jowled, with dark wall eyes, was visible through the open door of his office checking over some auditor's sheets with a gold pencil in his pudgy hand. His thick shoulders and broad, unresponsive back somehow threw a chill of apprehension into Rollie. What brought that old owl down here at this time of the morning? he wondered.

The colored porter, resplendent in his uniform of gray and brass, advanced with obsequious courtesy and proffered a copy of the morning paper. Rollie snatched at it with a sense of relief, but the relief was only momentary. There was the hateful headline again. It seemed hours, days, weeks since he saw that headline first while standing on the street and looking up for the rope that was to be swinging over the cornice of the Hotel St. Albans. Couldn't they get something else for a headline? Why, of course not. The paper had been on the street but three hours. That headline must stand till the noon edition. Besides, it was a good headline.

Rollie grasped the paper firmly with both hands, threw his head back in the chair, and pretended to read, but he was not reading. He was looking to see if his hands trembled. They did. Unmistakably they did. They trembled so the paper rattled as if it were having a chill. But pshaw! There was really little to read anyway beyond the headline. The news had come in too late to make a story for the morning papers. It only said that Miss Dounay had been entertaining some friends and on retiring at half past two had chanced to notice that her diamond necklace was missing. A search failed to reveal it in the apartment. She at once notified the police. That was all. No word as to who was present, who was suspected, whether a guest or a servant, or a burglar, or whether any clue had been discovered. There had been no time for that. That would all come to-day. That would be the story for the afternoon papers. They would find out all about Miss Dounay's movements the night before and all about her party and who was present. They would interview each guest and get a statement from him. They would be sure to interview John Hampstead. Rollie had a sudden feeling of security as he thought of their investigating Hampstead. It was amazing what rocklike confidence a man could feel in Hampstead.

BUT they would also interview him—Rollo Burbeck. Because he was so readily accessible, they would interview him first. What would he tell them? How would he bear himself? Would his voice tremble when he tried to talk, as now his hands trembled when he tried to hold the newspaper?

At this very moment the diamonds were in his inside coat pocket. Could he receive the reporters with his usual urbanity, sit smiling nonchalantly, and recite the incidents of the evening, suggest theories and clues, express his righteous indignation at the crime—all with that envelope and its contents rustling under every movement of his arm? Could he?

To the young man's tortured imagination the necklace became again a serpent. He could feel it crawling there over his heart, could hear it hissing and rattling as if about to strike. Then it ceased to be a serpent and was a nest of birds. He knew that every time a reporter asked a question one of those birds would stretch its wings and call "Cuckoo."

There! It said "Cuckoo" just then. Did no one hear it? Was the bank haunted? Rollie looked up frightened. Cold sweat was on his brow. Not his hands alone but his whole body trembled. He was really in a very bad way. Could a man have delirium tremens just from fright? Rollie didn't know, but if a reporter came in just then he was sure that he would take out the diamonds and hurl them at the news gatherer.

Speaking of delirium tremens, he wished he had a good stiff highball. He must slip out presently long enough to get one. Worse than reporters would be nosing round,

(*Continued on page* 24)

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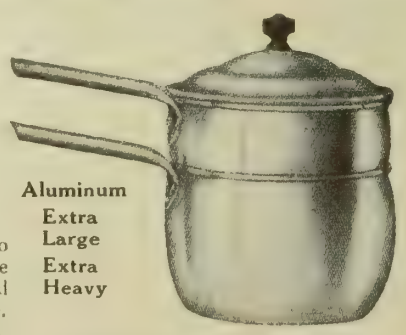
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East of Lemberg

Continued from page 10

as busy farmers regard a drag hunt or a party of city fishermen. At one point we had to come out in the open and cross a footbridge.

"Please—Lieutenant," one of the soldiers protested as the officer with us stepped out, standing erect, "it is not safe!" The officer crouched and hurried across and so did we, but just before we did so, up out of the field where they had been mowing, straight through this gap, came a little company of barefooted peasant women with their bundles of gleanings on their heads and, talking in that sing-song monotone of theirs, as detached as so many birds, they went pat-patting across the bridge. If one of these women could but write her impressions of war!

They had done their part, these peasant women and old men and children left behind. All over Galicia, round the burned villages, right through barbed-wire entanglements up to the very trenches, stretched the yellow wheat. Somehow they had ploughed and sowed and brought it to harvest and now with scythes, with knives even sometimes, they were getting it under cover. At home we know gleaners generally only in rather sentimental pictures; here we saw them day after day, barefooted women and children going over the stubble and picking up the forgotten wheat heads and arranging them in one hand as if they were a bouquet. There will be no wheat wasted this year.

And with them everywhere were the Russian prisoners swinging scythes, binding grain, sometimes coming down the road, without even a guard, sprawled in the sun on a load of straw. It would be hard to find a place where war seemed more a vast theatricalism than in some of these Hungarian and Galician neighborhoods. There seemed to be no enmity whatever between captors and prisoners. Everywhere the latter were making themselves useful in the fields, in road making, about railroad yards, and several officers told me that it was surprising how many good artisans, carpenters, ironworkers, and so on, there were among them. The Russians got exactly the same food as the Hungarian soldiers and were paid a few cents a day for their work. You would see men in the two uniforms hobnobbing in the open freight cars as the work trains rolled up the line and sometimes a score or so of husky Russians working in the wheat field guarded by some miniature, lone, Landsturm man. Of all the various war victims I had seen, these struck me as the most lucky—they could not even, like the wounded, be sent back again.

We drove back through the dark that night and in the bright, waving circle of an automobile searchlight, with the cool breath from the pines in our faces, saw that long "front" roll back again. Now and then a soldier would step into the white circle and, holding up his arm, struggle between his awe of this snorting motor with its imperial double-eagle flag and its sharp-voiced officers muffled in gray coats—between his peasant's habits of taking off his hat and letting such people blow by, and his soldier's orders to stop everything that passed. He stopped us, nevertheless, and the pass was laboriously read in the light of his electric lamp before we went on again.

Next day, swinging southward into another sector of the front over beautiful, rolling hills rather like the Genesee Valley, we drummed up a hill and came out at the top in a village square. It had once been a white little village clinging to the skirts of an old château—the village of Swirz and Count Lavasan's château—and both were now black and tumbled walls.

"Poland Is Not Lost"

IN the center of the square people were singing—a strange little crowd and strange mournful singing. We thought at first it was a funeral service, for the women were weeping as they sang, but as the automobile swept up beside them we saw that it was men the women were crowding round—live men, going away to war.

They were men who, now that the enemy had been beaten and driven home, must go out and fight. At a little table by the side of the square sat the recruiting officer with his pen and ledger, and the village schoolmaster, a grave, intelligent-looking young man, who must have held much such a place in this half-feudal village as he would have done a hundred years ago, was doing his best to glamour over the very realistic loss of these wives and sweethearts with patriotism's romance. He sang and obediently they all wailed after him the old song of scattered Poland—Poland is not lost—

"Yeszcze Polska nie Zginela
Poki my zygemy. . . ."

The song stopped, there was a word of command and the little squad started away. The women clung to their men and cried aloud. The children hanging to their skirts began to wail too. There was something creepy and horrible, like the cries of tortured animals, in that uncontrolled crying there in the bright morning sunshine. The schoolmaster spoke to them bluntly, told them to go back to their homes and their work, and obedient, and a little quieter now, they drifted away, with aprons to their faces and their little children clinging to their skirts—back to their cottages and the winter ahead.

This picture did not fit in very well with our rollicking military panorama, but we were soon over the hills and half an hour later were breakfasting on pâté-de-foie-gras sandwiches and champagne with a charming old corps commandant, at a round table set outdoors in a circle of trees that must have been planted for that very purpose. Cheered and stiffened by many bows and heel clickings and warming hospitality, we hurried off to an artillery position near the village of Olszanica.

A Splendid Battle Scene

JUST under the brow of a hill we were stopped and told that it was dangerous to go further, and we skirted off to the right under cover to the observation station itself. More little Swiss chalets, more hospitable officers and out in front, across a mile of open country, the Russian trenches. Through a periscope one could see Russians exercising their horses by riding them round the circle—as silent and remote and of another world as a picture on a biograph screen.

"You see that clump of trees," said the young officer, "one of their batteries is just behind there. Those aren't real trees, they were put there by the Russians." I swung the glass to the left and picked up a company of men marching. "Hello, hello!" he whispered; then, after a moment's scrutiny: "No—they're our men." After all, war isn't always so different from the old days when men had a time for fighting and a time for going in to powder their wigs.

The division commander, standing a little behind us, remarked: "We shall fire from the right-hand battery over behind the hill and then from the left—the one you passed near the road." Then turning to an officer at the field telephone he said: "You may fire, now."

There was a moment's pause, when from over the woods behind us came a "Wh-r-r-*rong*," and out over the sunny fields a shell went milling away to send back a faint report and show a puff of cotton above the trenches to the right. It was a bit short—the next shot fell better. Another nod, another "Whr-r-*rong!*" from somewhere behind us, and this time the cottony puff was just short of the clump of trees where the Russians had concealed their battery. I picked up the spot through the glass and—one might have known!—there was one of those eternal peasants calmly swinging his scythe about fifty yards short of the spot where the shrapnel had exploded. I could see him straighten up, glance at it, then go on with his mowing again.

There was a certain elegance, a fine spaciousness about these artillerymen and their work which made one more content with war again. No huddling in muddy trenches here, waiting to be smashed by jagged chunks of iron—everything clean, aloof, scientific, exact, a matter of fine wires crossing on a periscope lens, of elevation, wind pressure, and so on, and everything in the wide outdoors and done, so to say, with a magnificent gesture.

People drive high-power motor cars and ride strong horses because of the sense of power it gives them. How about standing on a hill, looking over miles of splendid country to where a huddle of ants and hobbyhorse specks—say a battalion or two—are just crawling around a hill or jammed on a

narrow bridge, and then to scatter them, herd them, chase them from one horizon to another with a mere "Mr. Jones, you may fire now," and a wave of the hand!

The division commander took us back a mile or so to his headquarters for lunch, the Russians slowly waking up and sending a few perfunctory shells after us as we went over the hill, and here was another genial party with three "*Hochs*" for the guests at the end. Even out here in empty Galicia the soldiers got their beer—"We're not quite so temperate as the Russians," the general smiled, "a little alcohol—not too much—does 'em good."

A young lieutenant, who sat next me, regaled me with his impression of things in general. The Russians had squandered ammunition, he said, in the early days of the war—they would fire twenty rounds or so at a single cavalryman or anything that showed itself. They were short now, but a supply would come evidently every now and then, for they would blaze away for a day or so, then there would be a lull again. They were short on officers, too, but not so much as you might think, because they kept their officers well back of the line. Their artillery was better than the infantry as a rule, the latter shot carelessly and generally too high.

Both he and the officer at my left—a big farmerlike commissary man—spoke most amiably of the Russians.

The latter told of one place where both sides had to get water out of the same well. And there was no trouble—"No," he said in his deep voice, "they're not *böse*," using the same word "bad" one would apply to a naughty boy. They were a particularly chipper lot, these artillerymen, and when I told the young lieutenant, who had been assigned to speak French to me under the notion that I was more at home in that language, that I had stopped at Queens Hotel instead of the St. Antoine in Antwerp, and that the Belgian army had crossed the Scheldt and the pontoon bridge been blown up directly in front of the hotel, he said that he would "certainly engage rooms there for the next bombardment," as he waved good-by.

We were presented, while in Lemberg, to General Böm-Ermolli and lunched at the headquarters mess. We also met Major General Bardolf, his Chief of Staff and Chief of Staff of the assassinated Crown Prince. The latter described to us the campaign about Lemberg and it was interesting to hear the rasping accent he gave to a word like *Durchbrechung*, for instance, as if he were a Prussian instead of an Austrian. and to observe the frankness with which he ascribed the difference that had come over the spirit of the Austro-Hungarian army to the coming of Mackensen and the Germans.

West of Lemberg the pleasant country lost its war-time air, and in Przemysl the two or three lonely Landsturm men guarding the wrecked fortifications, twice taken and twice blown up by retreating armies, lit candles to take us through the smashed galleries and ac cepted a few heller with quite the bored air of professional museum guides when we came out.

The town of Przemysl itself was untouched. The greater part of the visible damage to the forts, some distance outside the town, was done by the dynamite of the retreating army. In one place, however, we saw the crater of one of the 42-centimeter shells which have been talked about oftener than they have been used. The Austrian "thirty-point-fives" have done much of the smashing ascribed to the "forty-twos" and ordinary work, like that of bombarding a city or infantry trenches, has been done by cannon of smaller caliber. A genuine forty-two had been dropped here, however, on a building used by the Russians to store ammunition, and the building had simply disappeared. There was nothing left but a crater sixty or seventy feet across and eighteen to twenty feet deep.

Poland for Austria

WE trailed westward, through Tarnow, where the great drive first broke through, and on to the pleasant old university city of Cracow on the frontier of the Poland of which it was once the capital and to which it belonged until the partition of 1795. It was toward Cracow that the Russians were driving when they first started for Berlin and they were but a stone's throw away most of the winter. We got to Cracow on the Emperor's birthday and saw a military Mass on the great parade ground with the commandant of the fort standing uncovered and alone fac

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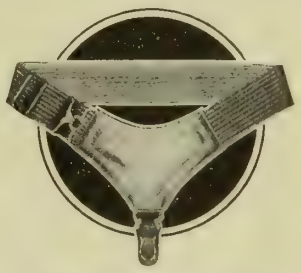
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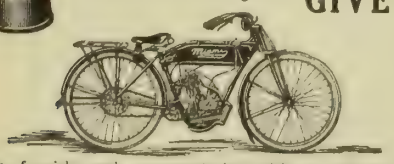


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ing the altar, behind him his staff, and perhaps a hundred yards behind them, and stretching for a quarter of a mile down the field the garrison. At the intervals in the Mass the whole garrison fired salutes, the volleys going down the field, a battalion at a time, now and then reenforced by the cannon on Kosciuszko Hill.

Cracow is Polish in atmosphere and feeling and even in the few hours we were there one heard a good deal of Polish hopes and ambitions. The independence which Russia was to grant must come now, it would appear, from some one else. The Poles want a king of their own, but apparently they would prefer to be under the wing of Austria rather than of Germany. The Germans, who have laid rather a firm hand on the parts of Poland they have occupied, may not fall in with this notion, and one could detect here one of those clouds, "no bigger than a man's hand," which dramatists put in the first act and which generally swell to interesting proportions before the final curtain goes down.

Do Figures Lie?

Continued from page 13

Speaking of house-to-house canvasses, I once upon a time, at much personal discomfort and in some instances at no small risk of dog bites, called on several hundred householders in various stations in life in various parts of the United States for the purpose of finding out how best to revamp the merchandising methods of a certain well-known concern. My quest was partly for figures and partly for a very illusive thing. I wanted unstudied answers to a number of questions, and it was important that I get answers entirely uninfluenced by the manner and form in which the questions were put. At the end of a week's investigation I found, in collating my notes, that I had merely corroborated my own personal opinions. My first week's work had been largely wasted because, in spite of my precautions, I had unconsciously led the people interviewed to concur with my views instead of expressing their own. Such a collection, as well as the interpretation of data, contains many pitfalls for the unwary.

The man who uses figures expertly and with the air of reading their most hidden meaning at a glance invariably commands respect. Nothing fascinates me more than to see a man take a pad of paper and, excluding all theory or supposition, commence to reduce a "proposition" to cold but neatly formed figures. I like to do this myself, although my figures are not very neat and can seldom be understood or interpreted by other people. Particularly I like to make estimates of an entire year's sales or collections or expense or anything else that needs to be estimated. Frequently my estimates are quite close to the actual result, but not always is that result achieved in just the way I expected. Perhaps I am a good guesser rather than a good estimator.

Figures are at their best in cost accounting, and always most truthful, if not always most palatable, when they tell you about your expenses. Figures then are surly, ill-natured things, but they are truthful—at least, they seldom exaggerate. It is when figures undertake to tell you how much money you are going to make next year or the year after that you must beware of them.

A disbelief in figures is reactionary, but a moderate distrust is warranted. When planning a business venture a very good way in which to proceed is to get all of your statistics together, study them carefully with an open mind until their correct interpretation reveals itself to you and you are positive you can see just what is going to happen as a result of the action you have in contemplation. When you are satisfied that your plans are absolutely sound, compare them with the plans of the gentleman who proposed to breed cats for their fur, feeding the cats on rats bred for that purpose, which, in turn, were to subsist on the flesh of the cats as the latter were slaughtered for their fur. There are reliable statistics as to the rate at which both cats and rats multiply, and, for all I know to the contrary, it may be possible that a ratio of cats to rats could be established which would enable each to sustain life in the manner indicated. However, I do not know of any cat-and-rat farm in successful operation along these lines, and I surmise that there are serious practical difficulties which a person experienced in the diet and hygiene of cats and rats could quickly point out. Nevertheless I feel indebted to the humorist who originated the cat-and-rat farm story. Several times it has aided me to get the right mental attitude toward schemes of my own which figured out convincingly on paper but on careful and critical second analysis proved about as fantastic as the idea of starting a cat-and-rat farm.

Held to Answer

Continued from page 21

too—detectives! Chief Benson might come in person. Rollie disliked Benson and mistrusted him. Benson went on the theory that it takes a crook to catch a crook; when it came to inducing a crook to talk, he was a very handy man with a club.

Benson would at once scour the pool rooms and "hop joints." Suppose he got the Red Lizard in the dragnet. Suppose he hit the Red Lizard a clip or two with that small, ugly billy that was generally in his pocket when he went to the sweat room; or suppose he kept Red's "hop" away from him for a few hours. Or suppose Benson happened to learn that he, Rollie, had done business with Spider Welsh. The man might just walk into the bank and search Rollie on suspicion. And Rollie would have to submit, would have to seem to invite him almost. His teeth were chattering at the thought.

Discovery — disgrace — conviction—ruin—that was the sequence of the ideas. Stripes! Ugh! Just when the way out, "the way up," was opening to him too. Discovery, now that a moral hope was gleaming, would be infinitely more terrible than an hour ago when he was only a rat burrowing from a terrier.

He tried to shake himself together. He must brace up and play the game with a cool head or he could not play it at all. One thing was clear. The diamonds must be got out of his possession temporarily. But where should he put them? In his desk? Anywhere about the bank? Benson would find them if he started a search, and if Benson didn't search some one in the bank might stumble upon them accidentally.

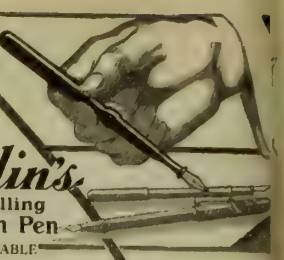
There was a police whistle now! The agitated young man looked about him, startled and then laughed at himself. It was not a police whistle at all. It was the first clear bell-like note of the bank clock, beginning the stroke of nine. With a sensation of relief, Rollie took the minister's key and strolled with the most casual manner he could command down to the vault room.

"Dr. Hampstead's box," he announced, exhibiting his key.

The vault clerk turned to his card index as a mere matter of form, for he remembered well enough Rollie's authorization, and read upon the card of the Rev. John Hampstead his signed permission for Rollo Charles Burbeck to do with his box "as I might or could do if personally present." The clerk stepped inside the vault, scanned the numbers and tiers, and thrust his master key into the proper lock. Rollie slipped the minister's key into its own place, turned it, and the door flew open. The vault clerk returned to his stand outside the door. Rollie took the box and walked into one of the private rooms provided for the safe-deposit patrons. In a moment he was ripping open the envelope marked "Wadham currency," which he found exactly as the minister had described it.

AT sight and feeling of the money in his fingers a great wave of hope surged over Rollie. It was a solid assurance of escape. With this assurance there came to the young man a sharp, definite impulse to begin at once the work of character building. As an initial step he wrote upon one of his personal cards: "I O U $1,100," and signed it, not with his initials but with the whole of his name—*Rollo Charles Burbeck*—boldly, and in vigorous chirography to express the stoutness of his purpose. While putting this card carefully back in the envelope from which he had extracted the currency and placing the envelope on the top of the papers in the box, the young man experienced a fine

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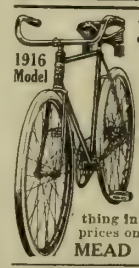
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glow of satisfaction. He had done a good and honorable act in this frank assumption of his debt and this leaving of the written record there behind him.

But when Rollie took up the currency from the table and slipped the long, thin package into his inside pocket, his fingers with a shock came into contact with that other envelope, the presence of which, under the strain of what he must go through this morning, threatened to break down his nerve completely.

WITH the preacher's box lying there open before him, there came a sudden inspiration. What safer place for the Dounay jewels than in it? Dr. Hampstead's character put him absolutely above suspicion. He was the one guest at the supper before whose door no process of elimination would ever halt to point the finger of suspicion. His box was at the moment the safest place in the world for the Dounay diamonds.

Rollie was all alone in the closed room. No glance could possibly rest on him; yet, as furtively as if a thousand eyes were peering, he slipped the envelope containing the diamonds from his pocket into the box and heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the lid close the package from his sight. Returning to the vault room, he locked the box in its chamber and went upstairs to his desk.

With a new feeling of confidence which made him bold and precise in all his movements, Rollie laid the safe-deposit key, with its innocent little red rubber band about it, exactly in the center of the blotter upon his desk, where it might be every moment under his eye. Then he pinned a penciled note to the stack of bills representing the "Wadham currency" and sent it by one of the bank messengers across the wide aisle to a receiving teller's cage. When it arrived, the gap in his financial fences had narrowed to thirty-one hundred dollars. This lessening of the breach increased self-control and strengthened resolution. He had only to wait now until the minister appeared with the additional currency, and then at the first opportunity he would slip down to the vault, get the diamonds, and go straight to Miss Dounay.

But in the meantime his premonition that reporters would lean heavily upon him for information about the actress's supper party proved correct. When he talked to these reporters, Rollie noticed that it gave him a fresh sense of security to let his eyes turn occasionally to where the little flat key with the red band about it lay upon his desk—and almost laughed. It was really such a good joke to think where the diamonds were.

What made this joke better was that each reporter shrewdly inquired whether Rollie thought the diamonds had actually been stolen or whether this might not be the familiar device of dramatic press agents. Begging in each instance that he be not quoted, Rollie admitted that, of course, the whole affair might be no more than the latter.

Yet, after the reporters had gone, Rollie wished he had not done this. It was clever, but it was not just to the woman to whom he was going to make his first exhibition of new character by returning her jewels and making a plea for mercy. That was not going to be an easy job—that confession. Besides, everything depended on whether or not Miss Dounay should grant his plea. She might hand him over to Benson. Once more he had that distasteful vision of a chalky head and a suit of stripes.

But here came a big man down the aisle, his features expressing grave consideration and his gray eyes twinkling with evident satisfaction. It was Dr. Hampstead. Courage and increase of confidence seemed to come into the office with the minister, and more was imparted by his cordial handclasp as he leaned close and asked in a low voice:

"You got the Wadham currency?"

"Yes," Rollie answered eagerly, and in an excited whisper told how he had laid the foundation stone of his new character by the IOU left in the place of the currency.

"That is good," agreed the minister, his face beaming. "The right start, my boy, exactly."

Then, with a replica of that smile, sweet as a woman's, with which he had two hours before passed over his vault key to Rollie, Hampstead now placed in his hands an envelope like that which had contained the Wadham currency, only thicker. The young man seized it gratefully, but with fingers trembling so he could hardly get behind the flap of the envelope.

"It is there," said the minister, a little gurgle of emotion in his own throat.

"It is here," mumbled Rollie woodenly, a surge of relief and gratitude rising so high in his breast that it felt like a tense, hard pain, and for a moment stifled the power of speech so that for want of words he reached out and touched the hand of the minister caressingly with his clammy fingers.

Hampstead, happier if possible than Rollie, understood his emotion.

"It's all right," he whispered. "Courage, boy, courage!" At the same time he pressed the young man's arm almost with affection. With the word and the touch came clarity both of thought and feeling to the excited mind of Rollie.

"Will you excuse me three or four minutes, Brother Hampstead?" the young man inquired, for the sudden leap of joy in his heart, now that his embezzlement was to be wiped out legitimately and definitely, was so great that he could not at this time delay to send the money across by messenger.

THE minister smiled understandingly, and Rollie stepped out of the little gate and over to the teller's window.

When he returned, old J. M. himself had come out of his office and was standing there chatting with the minister. There was nothing unusual about this, since wherever Hampstead went persons of every sort were anxious to get a word with him. Presently Parma, too, joined the group at Rollie's desk. Of course the topic of conversation was Miss Dounay and her diamonds, for both the president and the cashier had learned that the minister and their own social ambassador were present at the supper which every hour became more famous. In the midst of

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It's every man's business how his representative voted

on The Tariff. Increasing the Navy. Child Labor. Currency Reform. Literacy Test for Immigrants. Panama Canal Tolls. Federal Aid for Good Roads. Freeing the Philippines. Convict-Labor-Made Goods. Anti-Trust Legislation. Woman Suffrage. National Prohibition

and other important matters coming up during the Sixty-third Congress. Also, everyone should know something about his Representative's attendance on the sessions of Congress. The important roll calls in the House of Representatives during the Sixty-third Congress may be obtained from Collier's Washington Bureau, 1121 Woodward Building, Washington, D. C., free of charge. (The important roll calls for the Sixty-first and Sixty-second Congresses, covering the tariff, labor measures, postal-savings bank, pensions, and other important matters may also be obtained from Collier's Washington Bureau. The NAME of the ONE Representative whose record is wanted MUST be given. The entire House of Representatives comes up for election in 1916.)

These Records are prepared under the direction of Mark Sullivan

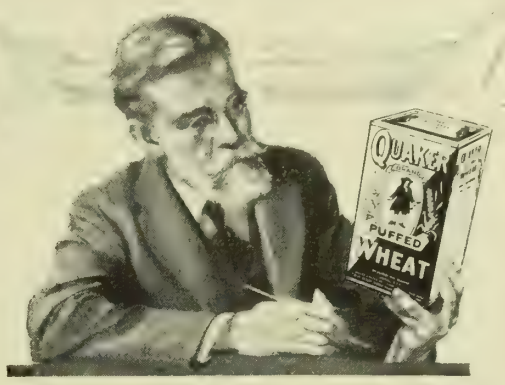
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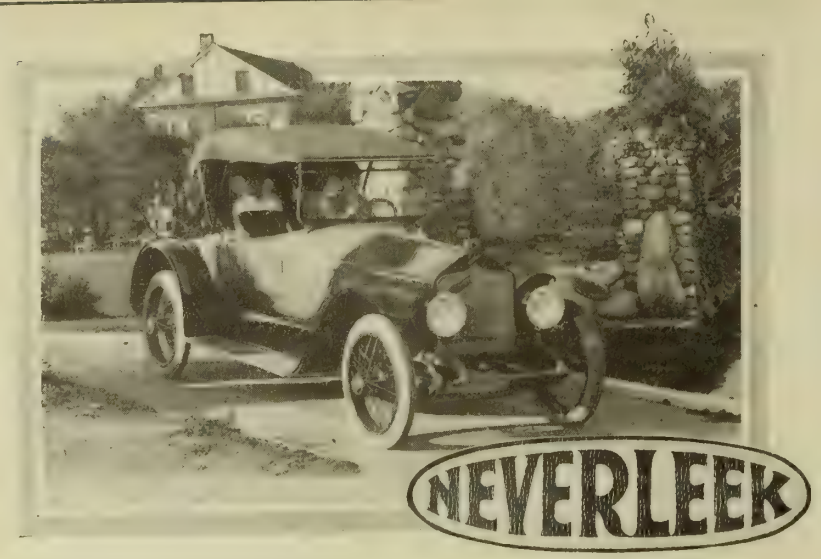
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Spring Millinery — **Feb. 15**
The newest models in smart hats, veils and coiffures

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Working models for one's whole Spring and Summer wardrobe

Paris Openings — **Mar. 15**
The complete story of the Paris openings establishing the mode

Spring Fashions — **Apr. 1**
The last word on Spring gowns, waists and accessories

Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes — **Apr. 15**
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American Travel — **May 15**
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The final showing of the Summer modes that will be

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Name.....
(Please write name very plainly)

Address.....

Col. 1-29-16

this conversation a telephone call for Mr. Manton was switched to Rollie's desk. "Yes," said the president, talking into the phone. "We will send a man over to represent us. Are you ready now?"

The banker hung up the telephone and turned to Rollie. "Step right over to the Central Trust, Burbeck, and see us through on those transfers, will you? Hurry. They are waiting."

NOW, when Mr. Manton said hurry, the men hurried. Much as Rollie desired to whisper one more word of gratitude to the minister and to receive the additional installment of moral strength which he felt sure would follow from a few quiet minutes with this man on whom his soul had begun to lean so heavily, there was nothing for him to do but to depart immediately.

"Certainly, Mr. Manton," he answered, and then as he reached for his hat turned to Dr. Hampstead with: "Shall I find you here when I return?"

"That depends on how long before you return," laughed the minister; yet the blandness of his expression indicated that he was in no hurry, and Rollie went out expecting to see him again in a few minutes.

But the matter of the transfers was not so easily dispatched. Over one detail and another the young man was held for nearly forty minutes. The delays, too, were of that vexatious sort which detained him without employing him, so that most of the irritating interval could be and was devoted to a consideration of his own very private and very pressing affairs.

Giving up hope of finding the minister in the bank upon his return, he addressed both his thoughts and his fears to the subject of Miss Dounay and her diamonds. The prospective interview with this passionate, self-willed and no doubt wildly excited woman loomed before him oppressively, and the nearer it drew the more ominous it seemed. A man going unarmed to return a stolen cub to a tigress in a jungle lair would be going upon a mission of peace and safety compared to his. He feared that in her passionate vehemence she would never permit him to get the full truth before her. How was he to turn aside the impact of her sudden burst of rage? She would assault him—tear him! If that curious Moroccan dagger he had seen some of the guests fumbling with last night were at hand, she might even kill him.

The idea occurred to him that he had best lie to her—at least begin by lying to her—that he might play the rôle of restorer of her diamonds, and put her under a debt of gratitude, explaining that the thief had brought them to him to borrow money on them; then, in the softer mood that would come through joy over their prospective recovery, he might elaborate the story, touch her sympathies, and make his full confession. She might even be happy enough over their recovery to cease the hunt for the criminal, and thus confession would be unnecessary. That in itself would be a great relief.

Yet the common sense, if not the moral sense, of the young man rejected a proposal to lay the bricks of newfound honesty in the mortar of a lie. If he were true to the trust which Hampstead had reposed in him, he would walk straight into Miss Dounay's apartments and say: "Here are your diamonds. I am the thief. I throw myself upon your mercy!" This was what he resolved to do.

Reentering the bank, young Burbeck walked first to the open door of Mr. Manton's office. That gentleman was engaged with a caller, but the shadow at the door caused his eye to rove toward it. Rollie waved his hand; J. M. nodded. The transfers had been accomplished; the president had taken note of that fact, and the assistant cashier's mission was discharged.

ROLLIE went immediately to his desk. There was a litter of papers representing matters of greater or less importance which had required attention during the interval of his absence from the office. He sifted them quickly. Some received his penciled O. K. and went into a basket for the messenger; two or three took him on errands to other desks about, or to the windows opposite; the rest went into a drawer. He had not removed his hat. He proposed to go immediately to Miss Dounay before the remnants of his resolution could entirely ooze away.

But when he turned to pick up the vault key upon which his eye had rested so many times this morning, it was not at hand. He removed everything fro the desk, searching every nook an cranny. He took up the wastebaske dumped the contents upon his desk, an examined every scrap and fold of e velope or paper. He even got dow upon his knees to make sure the ke was not upon the carpet, going so fa as to move the desk. Next he searche his own pockets, realizing that when h left the bank that was where the ke should have been placed. But for h excess of care it would have been i his pocket safe enough all the tim But he could not be content with fee ing it or knowing it was in his pocke He wanted to see it, to have it unde his eye. He had babied himself thr far by placing it in plain sight upo the desk.

In the excitement of the momer when Hampstead had brought in th money that saved him from being a d faulter, and in the disconcerting pre ence of J. M. and Parma when h wanted to be alone with his benefacto and especially with the more disconcer ing instructions to go out and look afte the transfers, he had, for the tim being, forgotten the key. Now it wa not to be found.

Rollie stood nonplused first, and the aghast! His guilty conscience ir stantly suggested that some one ha seen or suspected his visit to the vaul and what had occurred there. This ide brought with it a rush of blood to th head. He was dizzy and had almost a attack of vertigo. Yet with a few clear ing minutes of thought the explanatio leaped plainly into mind. Dr. Hamp stead had taken the key. In the inter val while Rollie was at the teller's win dow he must have seen it lying ther upon the desk, recognized it by the re rubber band, and, having been assure that the key had served its purpose, ha done the perfectly natural thing o dropping it in his pocket and thinkin no more of it. Where was the ministe now? Until Rollie could find him an get the key he could make no confessio to Miss Dounay.

FOLLOWING his instincts rathe than any rule of sense, Rollie hur ried out upon the street, posted himsel upon a conspicuous corner and for sev eral minutes indulged the wildly im probable hope that he might spy th minister passing in the throng. Whe a little reflection had convinced him tha this was time wasted, he made a hast inventory of near-by places where hi benefactor might have gone, and got s far as hurriedly to visit two of them threading the tables of the Forum Café where sometimes Hampstead ate hi luncheon, and scanning the chairs in th St. Albans barber shop, where fro time to time the dominie's tawny fleec was shorn.

But by this time a new probability forced itself into the distracted youn man's consciousness. This was that th minister had gone to pay his sympa thetic respects to Miss Dounay an condole with her over her loss. Rolli was so near, with the Dounay apart ment only eight stories over his head that to go upstairs and inquire if th minister were there would have bee easy, but the peculiar circumstance made it difficult. Indeed, but to recal how near he was to the lair of that fear inspiring tigress threw him into col shivers and made him fly to the safe vantage ground of the telephone upon hi own desk at the bank. But merely t name the Rev. John Hampstead wa hard. In his weakened, nervous state distracted by gloomy forebodings an now unfortified by the possession of the diamonds, Rollie felt utterly unequal t so much as a long-distance contact with their owner. All the morning he had been in terror lest she should herself call him up. All the morning he had known that in his character as an interested friend he should have telephoned to her. Now the moment she recognized his voice he would be taxed with this breach. What was he to say? Why, that he had not telephoned because he was intending to call in person at the first moment he could get away from the bank and that he would be up very soon now. She would be sarcastic, but the explanation would have to do. Besides, he positively had to locate the minister, and so, struggling to command a tone of indifference, he gave the St. Albans number.

Of course Julie or the secretary would answer anyway. But evidently Miss Dounay, in her highly aroused mental state, was keeping an ear upon the telephone bell, for it was an animated note of her own that rasped at

him through the instrument. It appeared, mercifully, that she did not recognize his voice—a fact which at first relieved him, but on reflection, at the conclusion of the incident, shook his remaining self-confidence still further to pieces, for it showed how completely out of hand he had allowed himself to get.

When, moreover, Rollie launched his timid inquiry if the Rev. John Hampstead was there, he got a negative so sharp that the receiver seemed to bite his ear. He broke the connection hastily and sat eying the telephone apprehensively, expecting the mouthpiece to open like a solemn eye, scan him accusingly, and report to Miss Dounay. When it did not he shrugged his shoulders and elongated his neck to get rid of that nooselike feeling which had just come upon him from nowhere. He had not killed anybody. What was the noose for, then? But this reflection got a most disagreeable answer: "It would kill your mother to know you are an embezzler and a thief. You would then be her murderer." Again he shrugged himself free of the distasteful sensation.

"Brace up, boy," he commanded himself, "or you are done for."

Once more he seized the telephone, and this time more determinedly, for in the midst of his misery one really first-class inspiration had come to him, which was to communicate with the County Jail. The minister was really much more likely to have friends in the County Jail than in the St. Albans; and it was a safe wager that he went there more frequently. Rollie knew the jailer well. "Hello, Sam," he called. "This is Rollie. Has Dr. Hampstead been there this morning?"

"Yeh!"

"There now?"

"Nope."

"Know where he went?"

Evidently Sam turned to some one else in the room for information. Rollie heard a voice answering him, and caught the words "San Francisco" and 'Red Lizard."

"Did you get that?" called Sam into the phone. "He's gone to San Francisco."

"Yes, but what's that got to do with the Red Lizard?"

"He came down to see the Red Lizard."

"The Red Lizard!" Rollie could not restrain a gasp. He wondered if gasps are transmitted over the telephone, but went on to ask: "Is the Red Lizard in?"

"Yeh!"

"What for?"

Rollie was clinging to the telephone now like a drowning man to a rope's end.

"He got in some kind of a row with a service elevator man at the St. Albans last night and landed on him with the brass knucks. This morning the judge gave him three months in the County."

ROLLIE clenched his teeth, and his shoulders rocked for a moment.

So that was what happened to the Red Lizard. What a long time ago last night was! How many things had happened! Last night he was a crook and a defaulter. To-day he was an honest man, and his accounts would bear the scrutiny of an X-ray. Now if only those diamonds—

But Sam had gone right on talking.

"We think Dr. Hampstead went to San Francisco on some sort of errand for the Lizard—Red's got a woman sick over there or something. But, say, the parson telephoned his house before he left here, and they can tell you sure."

"All right, thanks."

"So long, Rollie!"

Gone to San Francisco! Worse and worse. Rollie huddled in his chair. But there was still a grain of hope. Sam might be mistaken, or the trip might be a short one, or the minister might have left a telephone number that would reach him.

But the voice of Rose Hampstead dashed these possibilities one by one. Her brother had gone to San Francisco on an uncertain quest; he would not be back until very late at night, and he had no idea himself where in the city his search would lead him.

For the second time that day Rollie found himself in a state bordering on physical collapse. The very stars were fighting against him.

GOADED, tricked, tantalized, defeated—everything was in a conspiracy against him! It was enough to drive a man insane. Burbeck felt himself very near the maniacal point. Again he was seeing things. One moment the street outside was full of patrol wagons, all ringing their gongs at once, while platoons of police were marching and surrounding the bank. Another moment he had decided to anticipate the police by rushing out to the corner by the plaza, tossing his hat high in the air, and shouting and shrieking until a crowd had gathered, when he would exhibit the diamonds and proclaim himself the thief.

But he was spared the possibility of this insane freak by the fact that he could not produce the diamonds. They were in the vault. The devil with the vault, with them, with himself! That was where he was going!

Suddenly he looked up, trembling. Mercer, the assistant cashier whose desk was next to his own, must have overheard him. But no, there was Mercer calmly writing. He had heard nothing because nothing had been spoken. Rollie had been thinking in shouts, not speaking.

And yet he looked about him wonderingly like a man coming out of a temporary aberration.

"I will be shouting it next," he said to himself. "I am getting dotty; I'll burst if I have to hold this much longer. I'll burst and give the whole thing away."

His hat had been pushed back from his brow; he drew it forward and down until it shaded his face, and then, with his jaws set in the most determined mood he could muster, he walked out of the bank and piloted his steps, with knees that were sometimes stiff and sometimes tottering, in the direction of the Hotel St. Albans.

(To be continued next week)

Light in Darkness

Continued from page 12

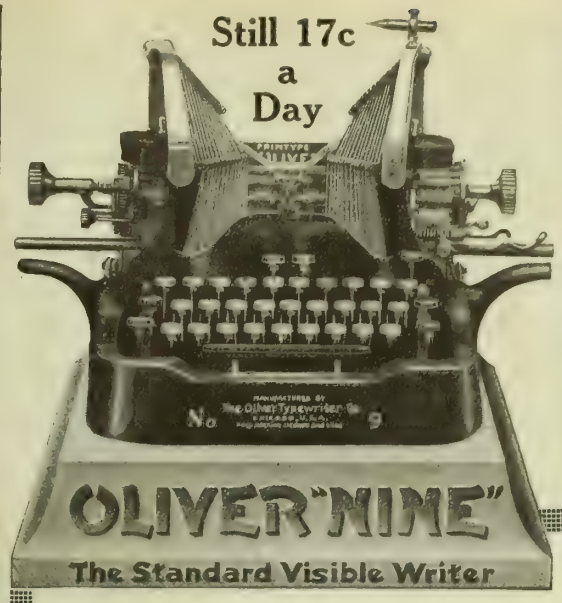
"The jury compromised, after an all-night session, on conviction of manslaughter. I suppose they were tired and wanted to go home, and that young lawyer the court appointed to defend me was no match for the district attorney."

"Why didn't you leave the man's employ?"

HILARY KENYON looked up at him with a slightly amused smile. "You have never been hungry, have you?" she queried. "I was desperate when I went to work for that monster—and he knew I couldn't afford to resign. And I really didn't mean to kill him. I was protecting myself, blindly and furiously."

"You did a good job and you shouldn't worry over it, Miss Kenyon. And now for my tale of woe, for, of course, I have one, and you, being human, have a curiosity to hear it. Well, they sent me over here for violation of the State banking laws. I was cashier, and I discovered our president had looted the bank and that it was insolvent. Instead of going to the State bank examiner, however, I went to the president. Of course he wept and promised restitution, and I believed him when he promised to come in at eleven o'clock next day and settle for his defalcation. I continued to accept deposits until eleven-thirty, when the bank examiner swooped down on me. The president had not yet arrived to make restitution, as per his promise to me, and I lost my head. I knew that detection of the insolvent condition of the bank was only a matter of a short time—they always look over the loans first, you know—so I ordered the receiving tellers to decline deposits.

"Then I realized that my order was infallible evidence that I had guilty knowledge of the condition of the bank, and I ordered them to continue to accept deposits. One of them refused and went to the bank examiner about it—and the crash followed. I admitted my technical guilt, and I really think I should have been acquitted had it not been for the fact that three days before I discovered the bank's condition I had withdrawn all of my own funds from the bank. The district attorney made capital of that. He likened me to a rat deserting a sinking ship; pointed out to the jury that I had saved my own money, but left the depositors to shift for themselves, and, as the judge's mother had lost some money by the failure of the bank, I got ten years. I might have appealed the case to the Supreme Court, but it would have taken them two or three years to reach a decision—possibly longer—and as the Supe-



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rior Court would have denied my application for bail I would have had to spend all of those years in the county jail. Then, if the Supreme Court sustained the verdict of the lower court, I would have had to go to the penitentiary to serve my ten years anyhow. I didn't have much hope—I was smirched as it was, so I concluded to save time and money by bowing to the inevitable. I was guilty, of course. Through my very efforts to prove myself a good man I convicted myself of being a bad man. Serves me right. I played the game like a fool. I had worked in a bank long enough to have known enough to smother my sentiment."

"And the president of the bank—?"

"Wrote a maudlin note to his wife and blew his brains out—of course. He didn't even take the trouble to square me before doing it. However, I've forgiven him—one learns to be charitable over yonder. Besides, God has been good to me. I invested in Steel common at the height of the panic of 1907—spraddled the market, you know, and made a killing. My attorney invested the proceeds judiciously for me in city realty; he's turned four deals while I've been over here, and now I have the ranch near Santa Paula and about fifty thousand in cash."

"I'm very happy to hear that," she answered.

"And we'll spend the day together," he continued. "We'll have luncheon and dinner at the little inn I spoke of, and we'll cross the bay in the twilight. Just think of coming home on the ferryboat when they're lighting the street lamps on Russian Hill and North Beach, eh? Won't it be glorious?"

He rose and assisted her to her feet; together they walked down the road into their Wonderland.

THE governor of the State of California looked up as his secretary ushered a visitor into the room. The visitor—a tall, rangy countryman with a long, kindly, honest face like a horse—advanced and tendered a horny hand for the governor's grasp.

"I'm Brad Milligan," he said; "I'm the sheriff at Santa Paula, Mr. Governor."

"It is a pleasure to meet you, sheriff. Pray be seated. What can I do to make you happy?"

"Well," said Brad Milligan humorously, "you might use your influence to revise the parole laws, I guess. Did you ever read them damned laws we're aworkin' under just now?"

The governor smiled. "I'm not aware that I have, Sheriff Milligan. The State Board of Prison Directors are good men in whom I have absolute confidence, otherwise I should not have appointed them. They make their own rules governing the conduct of paroled prisoners. I presume that is what you refer to, rather than the State law that provides for the paroling of prisoners."

"I guess that's what I'm driving at, Mr. Governor. And you ain't never read them rules?"

"No, I have not."

"Then," said Brad Milligan, drawing a small slip of printed paper from his vest pocket, "help yourself to a liberal education," and he passed the paper to the governor, who proceeded to read aloud:

"RULES GOVERNING PRISONERS ON PAROLE

"To.....No.....at.....
Prison, California.

"SIR: The State Board of Prison Directors of California, having confidence in you and desiring to afford you an opportunity to demonstrate your character and your determination to become a law-abiding citizen, do, by virtue of the authority conferred upon them by law, grant and order this parole, subject to the following conditions, restrictions, and regulations, viz.:

"RULE 1. You will proceed directly to your place of employment at....., where you will report to ....., your employer, and there remain until permission be given you to go elsewhere.

"RULE 2. Should you desire to change your employment or your residence, or should you desire to leave the county in which you are employed, you must first obtain the written consent of the parole officer.

"RULE 3. Your civil rights are suspended by law until the expiration of your sentence. You cannot, therefore, lawfully enter into any contract, engage in business for yourself, or marry.

"RULE 4. You shall in all respects conduct yourself honestly, avoid evil associations, obey the law, abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, opium in any form, or other noxious drugs. Under no circumstances must you enter any room or place where liquor is sold or given away.

"RULE 5. While on parole, and until the expiration of your sentence, you will continue to be in the legal custody and control of the State Board of Prison Directors; and should you fail at any time to live up to the requirements of the board or the parole officer you will be returned to prison.

"RULE 6. On the first day of each month, until your final release by law, you will forward by mail to the State parole officer, at Room 13, Ferry Building, San Francisco, Cal., a report of yourself in accordance with a blank form to be furnished you by the State parole officer. This report must be carefully and completely made out, and it must be certified to by your employer and also by the peace officer or other person designated by the State Board of Prison Directors. Should your employer be absent so that you are unable to secure his certification of your report, you must, nevertheless, forward your report to the parole officer accompanied by a letter explaining fully why you have been unable to secure the certification of your report by your employer.

"RULE 7. In all matters not covered by the foregoing you will be governed by the instructions of the parole officer.

"RULE 8. The members of the State Board of Prison Directors are your friends. They want you to succeed. Through the parole officer they will do all they can to afford you the opportunity to succeed. With opportunity thus afforded you, and with the encouragement, counsel, and advice of the parole officer, we shall expect you to go forward to certain and lasting success.

"RULE 9. One word more. The foregoing regulations are not mere meaningless words. They have been carefully prepared and must be precisely followed. We therefore admonish you to read them, to study them, and in every detail to follow them.

"STATE BOARD OF PRISON DIRECTORS."

"Well," the governor remarked when he had finished his perusal, "those look like sound, sensible rules to me. You realize, of course, that while some of them may appear very stringent, such stringency is necessary because of the class of men the parole officer has to deal with. Moreover, I believe it is left largely to the discretionary power of the parole officer and the board to condone or punish violations of these rules. For instance, a paroled prisoner who is known to have been a sober man would not be likely to suffer a return to prison for visiting a place where alcoholic liquor is sold or given away. If such a man were offered a position as porter in a wholesale liquor house, provided the Board of Prison Directors would parole him, I feel quite confident the board would acquiesce in his acceptance of such a position, and parole him accordingly, provided his conduct in prison had been exemplary."

"How about gettin' married?" Brad Milligan queried.

"That point is covered in Rule 3," the governor reminded him.

"But what's wrong with a feller marryin'?" the sheriff demanded.

"Marriage is a civil contract, and a man whose civil rights are suspended cannot lawfully enter into any contract. For instance, if a paroled prisoner marries without informing his wife of the fact that he is a paroled prisoner, he places her in the position of thinking she is married, whereas she is not, and any children born to such a union are illegitimate. Moreover, after having entered into such a relationship, whether knowingly or in ignorance of the man's civil status, the woman faces the risk should the parole officer deem such action necessary, of having her pseudo husband returned to the penitentiary to complete his unexpired sentence, in which event she and her children may become public charges, or otherwise suffer."

BRAD MILLIGAN fingered his sombrero. "I see," he murmured. "I never looked at it that way. They can't marry legally, an' if they marry illegally they ain't married but just livin' in defiance o' public morals."

"That's about the situation," the governor answered.

"But suppose they don't look at it the way the law does," the sheriff persisted. "Suppose they both believe marriage is pulled off under a higher law than the civil law, and that ever if they ain't married in the sight of man, in the sight of God an' themselves

they're just as much married as they're ever goin' to be. How about that?"

"Well, in that case, sheriff, I daresay it resolves itself into a question of personal privilege. If they can bring the parole officer around to that point of view, he can turn his blind side on them, I daresay."

SHERIFF BRAD MILLIGAN smote the governor's desk a mighty blow. "That's just the trouble with the parole officer," he half shouted; "he won't turn his blind side on them."

"Well, he's clearly within his rights, and I cannot interfere. Doubtless he has good and sufficient reasons for taking cognizance of the marriage. I presume you have reference to some specific case."

"I have," said Brad Milligan. "Listen. I'm settin' in my office in the county jail at Santa Paula here about a week ago, when in walks an elegant-lookin' feller in a cutaway suit. He's whirlin' a cane an' wearin' these yaller gloves peeled back from the wrists, like they're too warm for him, but he hates to take 'em off entirely. From his card I see he's J. Arthur Converse. He don't waste much time sparrin', but gets right down to business an' asks me if I'm aware that Mr. Ramsey Latham, a rancher in my section, is an ex-convict.

"Now, governor, I've been seein' this Ramsey Latham, off an' on, ever since I've been elected sheriff, an' every time I see him I have a notion I've met him some place before, but I can never remember his name. The minute this J. Arthur Converse mentions it, however, I remember. About six years ago when I'm deputy sheriff I have occasion to take a prisoner up to San Quentin. We arrive in San Francisco too late in the afternoon to finish the trip to San Quentin that day, so I put up at a hotel that night an' the sheriff houses my prisoner for me in the county jail. The next morning when I go to get my man, the San Francisco sheriff asks me to oblige him by takin' two prisoners over for him, a man an' a woman, he bein' specially busy with all o' his deputies that mornin' on account o' havin' two men escape. So I take his prisoners over to the pen for him an' mail him back the warden's receipt. The man is Ramsey Latham, an' he's in for wreckin' the Traders' Bank and Trust Company. The woman is Hilary Kenyon, in for manslaughter on account o' killin' a no-good skunk of a man."

"I remember the man's case very well," the governor announced; "I had $21.09 in that bank at the time. But proceed, sheriff."

"I looked at this J. Arthur Converse, an' I says: 'Well, supposin' he is? What's the use tellin' on him?'

"'He's a paroled prisoner,' says Converse. 'Don't he report to you on the first of every month? Under the law he has to report to the local peace officer in his county, an' he can't leave the county every time he feels like it without permission of the parole officer.'

"'Well, he don't report to me,' I says.

"'He's been out o' the county three times in three months, an' he's gone to work an' got married. That's breakin' his parole on two counts, an' in view o' the fact that he don't report to you it looks like he's sort o' ripe for the attentions o' the parole officer.'

"'What interest have you got in this case?' I says.

"'Nothin' much, except the interest o' the common citizen who believes that such fellers in a community should be watched. An', remember, there's always a reward for the recapture o' convicts that's broken parole. If I was you, I'd arrest this Latham an' then wire the parole officer. I think it would be worth your while. At any rate, it can't do no harm to make him give an account o' himself.'

"'Yes,' I says; 'an' it won't do no harm to look up your record, neither,' an' I take him by the neck, chuck him into a cell, mug him, an' send his picture to the wardens at San Quentin an' Folsom that same day. The followin' afternoon I get a wire from San Quentin informin' me the bird I've got in my cage is Gentleman Harry, who makes a good livin' marryin' light-headed widders an' swindlin' 'em out o' their first husband's life-insurance money."

THE governor threw back his head and laughed. "What did you do with the scaly scoundrel?" he demanded.

"Well, I didn't have a thing to hold him on, so I took him out in the jail yard, snubbed him to a post, an' peeled enough hide off'n his back with a bull whip to start a tannery. Then I took him down to the station, bought him a ticket, put him aboard a train, an' told him to get out o' my jurisdiction or I'd kill him. You see his game, don't you? He'd celled with Latham in San Quentin, an' when he got out an' run into Latham, livin' respectable an' prosperous an' married in a community where nobody knew his record, he tried a little blackmail. But this Latham is game; he won't be blackmailed, so Gentleman Harry comes to me an' peaches, figgerin' I'll fall for his game to get the reward of a hundred dollars for apprehendin' a parole violator.

"Well, governor, the day before yesterday I hear from Gentleman Harry again, indirectly. I get a telegram from the parole officer at San Francisco instructin' me to arrest Ramsey Latham an' hold him until an officer arrives to take him up to San Quentin. You know how they work it, don't you, governor? The parole officer just chucks him back in San Quentin again, an' there he stays until the next regular meetin' o' the Board o' Prison Directors, when they consider his case an' turn him loose again or make him finish his sentence.

"Well, governor, I see right off Gentleman Harry's squealed, an' the case havin' come to my notice officially, you understand, I just have to 'tend to business. So I mount into my automobile—we're all usin' 'em down our way now, although I keep two good saddle animals for mountain work—an' I go out to Latham's ranch. He's got a right pretty place, governor: a garden an' weepin' willer trees in front o' the house, which is bran'-new an' up-to-date—a big, low, ramblin' place with vines an' geraniums in winder boxes, an' a deep, cool porch with wicker chairs on it—everythin' comfortable an' first-class. It's the sort of a place I'd want to set down in an' rest if I was an ex-convict with nothin' much in common between me an' my neighbors. I can see with one eye that Latham has spent a deal o' thought an' some money on his place.

"Well, I ring the front door bell an' a Chink cook comes an' lets me in. 'Is that you, doctor?' says a man the minute I step inside (it's about dusk when I drive up, an' the light in the hall ain't lit yet). Then without waitin' he jumps to the conclusion I'm the doctor. 'Come right in,' he says. 'I'm sure it's nothin' to bother about, but Mrs. Latham was worried, so I thought best to telephone an' have you come out.'

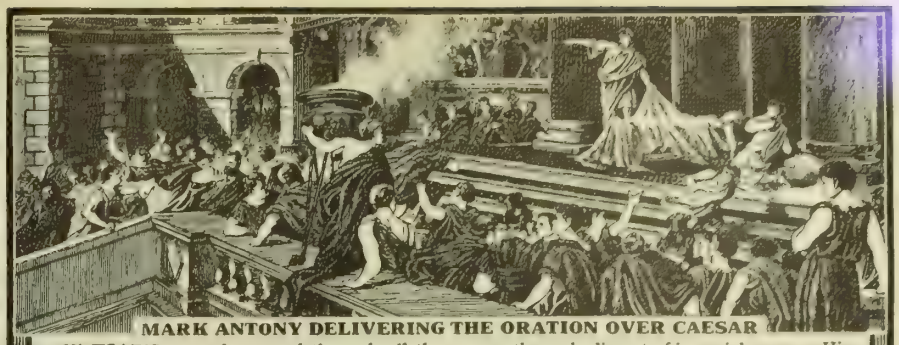
"He walks ahead o' me down the hall an' turns in at the livin' room. I foller. 'My dear,' he says, 'the doctor's come,' an' just then I step into the room an' stop, like a setter frozen on point. Settin' by the fire is his wife with a baby boy in her lap; she looks up with a smile, an' then the smile fades an' her mouth opens a little an' she puts her hand up—this way—an' looks at me like I'm a devil.

"'You!' she says in a whisper.

"Governor, if I'd 'a' been a dog, I'd 'a' hung my tail. I'm knocked silly. This here wife o' Ramsey Latham's is an ex-convict too. She's the same Hilary Kenyon I take over to San Quentin six years ago with Ramsey Latham, to oblige the sheriff o' San Francisco County. She don't know I'm from Santa Paula then, an' all she knows now is that I'm standin' there in the doorway; she connects me with the law, an' she realizes what I'm there for. Latham follers her glance, an' as soon as he sees my face he knows the jig is up. Right away he crosses over, kneels beside her, an' pulls her head down on his shoulder; he's pattin' her on the back an' whisperin' to her, an' she's crying now fit to break her heart. However, I'm glad o' this because it gives me a chance to think what my next move's goin' to be."

"Your duty was plain," the governor observed.

"That's the way I figger it, governor," Brad Milligan replied. "As I stand there, lookin' at all the joy an' happiness I've come to bust up, just because two people want to be human bein's an' the law won't let 'em, I think back to the day this Hilary Kenyon an' Ramsey Latham meet for the first time. It's at the gate o' the county jail an' I have the bracelets on him when she comes by walkin' free with the matron outside the walls. He don't know she's bound for San Quentin with him; all he sees is a lady, an' he can't bear to have her look at him with the handcuffs on. But her—well, she knows just how he's feelin', so she goes up to him an' comforts him, an' he kisses her hand an' says as how he'll never forget



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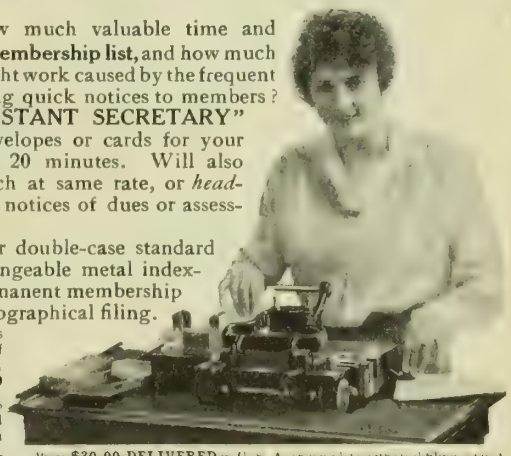
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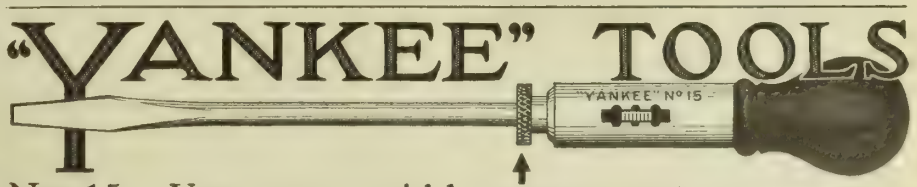
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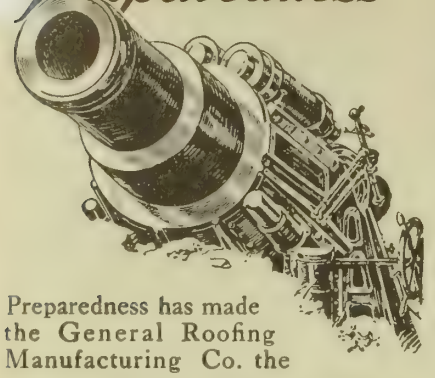


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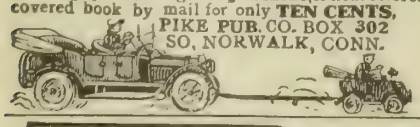
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her. Forget! I wish I could forget the look in his face when we get to the turnkey's office at San Quentin an' he wakes up to the fact that she's a convict too."

"How did he take it?" the governor demanded.

"Like a thoroughbred. Just bows to her like she's the finest lady in the land, when the matron comes to take her away."

"It would appear," said the governor, "that you have been playing understudy to Dan Cupid."

"I don't know nobody by that name," Brad Milligan replied respectfully. "What was he—a deputy sheriff or a prisoner?"

"A worthless little hound of no particular importance; he shot several people through the heart—always trying for a bull's-eye that way. But go on with your story, sheriff. What did you do next?"

"Well, pretty soon he gets her quieted an' then he looks over to me. 'Which one of us did you call to see, sheriff?' he says.

"'Both,' I says.

"'But Gentleman Harry didn't know about—her,' he says.

"'Oh,' I says, 'I ain't been informed about her officially. The fact is, I don't recognize her until I come in, an' what in thunder she's cryin' at is more'n I know. I ain't goin' to steal the baby or nothin'.'

"'Then what are you here for?' she says, her face lightin' up with hope.

"'Why, ma'am,' I says, 'if it ain't presumption on my part, I come out to see the baby, an' congratulate your husband on makin' good. I don't figure none on renewin' acquaintance with you, but seein' as how we've met again I ain't objectin' to shakin' hands an' includin' you in them felicitations I'm just about bustin' to unload. Here I've drove out five miles, expectin' to be made welcome as the flowers in May, an' I find I'm as popular as a long-haired wet dog in a Chinese laundry. Whatever's the matter with you folks, anyhow? Did you figure, ma'am, as how I was come to take your husband away from you?'

"Governor, she can't answer; she's that happy. She just bends over an' kisses the baby an' cries over him for straight joy, an' her husband—say, if you want to fool that feller you'll have to get up right early in the mornin'. He winks at me, an' I wink back, an' then I come over an' salute Hilary Kenyon—yes, by George, I kiss her an' the kid, both—an' shake hands with him an' stay for supper. I tell 'em about Gentleman Harry callin' on me, which gives me the first news I've got of old friends livin' in the same township, an' hence I take the first opportunity to look in on 'em. An' when I tell 'em how I thank Gentleman Harry for his interest, Hilary swears she's goin' to name the baby Brad, after me."

The governor grunted and eyed Brad Milligan appraisingly. After a while the sheriff continued:

"When I leave, Ramsey Latham walks out to the front gate with me. 'You fooled Hilary all right, sheriff,' he says, 'but I know blamed well the parole officer wired you to come out an' get me. What are you goin' to do about it? I can't run away, an' I wouldn't if I could. You'll have to do your duty.'

"'An' I'll do it,' I says. 'Don't you worry none about that parole officer.'

"'I don't,' he says. 'What I'm worryin' about is the fact that two o' the five prison directors voted agin grantin' my parole, an' if I'm hauled up before 'em again they're liable to influence the other three an' throw me in again for a year or two. Both of 'em lost heavy in that bank deal.'

"'I'll be out this way at six o'clock to-morrow morning, young feller,' I says, 'an' you an' the wife an' the kid be ready to come along with me then. You tell her that if she don't cry an' carry on I may be able to fix it with the governor.'

"'Why,' he says, 'is the governor a personal friend of yours?'

"'No,' I says, 'but I take it he's a human bein'.'"

"Sheriff Milligan," the governor interrupted with extreme dignity, "you took a great deal for granted."

"Which the same is a left-handed compliment, governor. About how long will it take you to legitimatize that there little baby?"

THE governor pressed a button, and his executive secretary entered. "Fix up two full pardons right away," he ordered. "The sheriff here will give you the data." He turned to Brad Milligan. "If you'll return in about half an hour, sheriff, I guess we can legitimatize that baby."

"Thank you, governor. I'll try to catch even some day. Down in my country quite a lot o' folks go a heap on my judgment o' the right kind o' man for governor, an' I'll remember this day's work when you're up for reelection. But we're not quite through with this little deal, governor—not quite. When we got into the capital this morning, we stopped by the county clerk's office an' Hilary an' Ramsey take out a marriage license; then I hunt up a preacher an' the party's waitin' out in the anteroom now. I'm agoin' to wed them two officially an' legally, an' I'd like mighty well if you'd be on hand, governor, to give 'em each their weddin' present. Then the preacher'll baptize the kid an'—er—"

"Well, what?"

"I forgot to say that Bradley's goin' to be his middle name. His ma would have it that his front name ought to be the same as yours; anyhow, the space has been left vacant."

"Brad," said the governor, "I'm on."

"I kinder thought you would be," said Brad Milligan.

General Merry Sunshine

Continued from page 7

to be weak. My God, Merry! You mustn't ever let that boy know how strong you are! You mustn't ever let him know he is depending on you—for he's got more fool pride than you have, girl, and he wouldn't endure it!"

She folded her arms and smiled at him.

"I wouldn't endure this," she said, "if I didn't know just how mother's been going at you! And I'm not going to remember a single thing you've said. I don't have to because nothing like that will ever happen." Her foot tapped angrily. "But just the same I'm getting mad again. Awfully mad. And you'd better go before I get as mad as I was just now—"

"Oh, Merry land! My Merry land!"

He was singing outside, she rushed to the door and threw herself weeping into his arms. "We're quarreling horribly, Cousin Doctor and I!" she wailed. "You mustn't be polite to him. *He wouldn't think it was logical!*"

INDIAN summer! Indian summer! Day after day of beautiful November haze as golden as Richard's voice and as vague as Merry's vision of the future. As softly, seductively sweet as though winter were never coming and then—

No one would dare to tell of the cruelty of the winter, the pitiless December, the relentless January. No one would dare to bring back to her the misery of those bleak nights! Especially the most frightful night of all when she searched for him until nearly morning, when she fought with him to hold him, when she struck him senseless so the terrified cabman could help her drag him home. One thing rang through and through her anguish. Cousin Doctor's voice saying: "It will happen when he is discouraged—it will happen when he is cold."

He was lying in a crumpled heap on the lumpy boarding-house bed, trying to sing "Beulah Land," cursing about the cold North, begging mammy to build a fire, laughing drunkenly whenever he happened to recognize Merry.

"You're so damned funny!" he chortled. "That's why I love you! J'ever notice how a man can't love a woman he can't laugh at? 'Nd you 'nd your singing—everlastingly off the key—could laugh at you f'rever, Merry!"

But it was a very long time before he ever had a chance to laugh at Merry's singing again.

In the hallway outside while she waited for the chambermaid to fill a hot-water bottle (hot-water bottle! She laughed at the silly, inadequate thing as she took it from the reddened hands of the pitying woman), she heard a bluff voice below the stairway. It was a big, husky nasal man's voice—she was thinking, poor girl, she never wanted to hear any other kind of voice, and she leaned over the stair rail just to catch the wholesome sanity of it.

"Glad to get back?" it drawled. "I

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should say; yes, ma'am! Flat broke but tickled to death to get where my lungs can get a clean breath o' air! That blamed West Indy sun nearly melted the inards out o' me! I wouldn't go back there, not if they was to give me the whole blamed torrid island!"

"What island?" asked Merry, shivering in the drafty hallway. "Tell me, man, what island?"

DEAR COUSIN DOCTOR [she wrote her lie bravely]: *I'm very sorry you and I said all the dreadful things we said to each other. But I want to forgive you before I go away and I want you to forgive me. Because I'm so happy I can't stay mad with you. Richie is taking me on a beautiful honeymoon to a funny West Indian island I can't spell. You tell mother and the rest so they won't worry about me. And tell them I'm happy. Of course I am happy, because Richie is singing to me this very minute.*

How she got him to that steamer she never remembered, how she managed to coax him into the stuffy stateroom she never knew, but when she had locked him in and stood outside in the narrow passage trying not to hear his singing—trying to stop thinking until the boat should really start—she suddenly toppled into the fat stewardess's arms.

"Isn't seasickness awful?" She asked it dreamily; she was languidly grateful for the smooth rise and fall of the ship, blessedly numb from the blackness of pain, and utterly unaware that it was the third day of the journey. "I never knew that seasickness was so awful—"

The tired ship's doctor nodded victoriously and disappeared.

"Poor dear!" said the stewardess who was even more tired and inordinately vain because Merry was at last conscious. "It wasn't seasickness that made you suffer so."

"What was it?" asked Merry dully.

"You shouldn't have tried to travel, dearie—not while your dear little baby is coming—"

THE middle inside drawer of the doctor's secretary was locked. And in it through the slow years he tucked the letters of Merry—letters that hid the poor honeymoon lie, the lie she'd forgotten to blot the tears from. Cousin Doctor only let himself read each letter once, but he read it very slowly in the evening when his day's work was done, and then he would answer carefully, weighing every word, and he always thought of their letters to each other as the story of a brave, losing fight.

Merry's letters were not readable letters. She never bothered about describing the scenery. Her pages were as dry and matter of fact as her father's reports to his superior officer. The only difference was Merry's letters were mostly questions.

"Do you think nine pounds is enough for a four-months-old to weigh?" was in the first letter. "Nurse says it's so-so, but nurse is an awful loghead about things. Do they all have colic teething? Should I keep a flannel band on her when it's 104 in the shade?"

The second letter was more serious. "Do I need ankle braces? Beulah is awfully queer-legged, and I hate a woman who can't walk well."

After a while she wrote: "Why didn't you tell me the teething rules were different for boy babies? I thought maybe this one would be a Richard, but I didn't know he'd be a perfectly different animal from Beulah. Took me six months to learn the whole blamed business over. P.S.—Could you send some of the single hollyhock seeds? Off the white ones at the south end of the wall?"

Then there was no letter at all for so long he was frightened, she'd never made up her quarrel with her mother, and he could get no news of her except when she chose to let him.

"Twins." The penmanship was wobbly. "Twins yesterday morning. How do you account for that, Dr. Heredity? Not a tiny bit alike either and nobody in either of our families ever had twins. *I had them to spite you and your logic!*"

It was about this time she began writing for books: Merry, who'd always hated to read because books were so awfully booky. She wrote for books on heredity, books on tropical fruit culture, books on the science of war, but after she'd thumbed her way laboriously through Jomelli she sent it back—postage unpaid, the minx—with "Bother take all kinds of science—it's too theoretical to be useful! Don't you know what they say General Grant said to my father? He said, 'War is simple enough. Find out where your enemy is. Get at him as soon as you can. Hit him as often as you can. Keep on moving.' You can give these old tactics to some one who will fuss with them. I'll teach the twins to fight Grant's way."

HE sent her four fat volumes of the Brownings. He even marked some of the sonnets. He never knew she didn't even cut the pages of the second volume.

"I suppose I have to thank you for those red books," she wrote. "Maybe Beulah will like them when she gets to the mushy age, but I'm too busy to bother with them. P.S.—Did you notice in the introduction what Mr. B. said about not being able to do anything without the help of—say, do you think she was really sick or pretended, Mrs. B.? He said 'Can't you imagine a clever sort of angel who plots and plans and tries to build up something?' *That made me think of you, you darling old meddler!*" And inconsequentially she tucked in another postscript in which she demanded the price of ice machines by return mail. "I want the kids to like American ice cream and I think Richie might like to play with it and we might make enough money for clothes for new baby. Twins just busted the swaddling kit."

Two years of silence then. He would have cabled if he'd known anybody in the unspellable vicinity.

"Ice machine a frost," she grumbled. "Ice cream made the kids fretty. But here's the money for it, Mr. Shylock. We got it back in pineapples. Got that January 'Medical Review.' It said 72 per cent white born in tropics died before five years of age. Tell them to fire fool native nurses and they'll be O.K. Mine all alive and kicking. Kicking all the time. We named the last one for you; he rides a new hobbyhorse every morning and throws old ones over wall. Enough more fun out of it to pay. You might copy."

Only once did Cousin Doctor try to interfere. That was when her mother was dying.

"Simply can't go," wrote Merry. "Am so horribly seasick that Richie has promised never to make me get on a boat again."

He tore up that letter the day of Mrs. Jordan's funeral. It was the only time in his life he was really ashamed of Merry. . . .

At last it came, a little letter written on gayly embossed stationery—a letter that made the doctor go out and find a young doctor to take care of the colt and the practice.

"If you think you can find our island, peek over our garden wall some morning and holler at my children and say 'Good morning, Merry Sunshines! Your mother was divinely right.' P.S.—You'd make a hit if you'd bring them some popcorn. And could you ask Aunt Jane for my second largest bisque doll and the bent garden trowel?"

The excitement of the thing absolutely dazed him. He had never been in such a hurry in all his methodical life. He felt as though he were driving a runaway colt when he kept himself from racing up and down the aisles of the train that bore him shipward and he exultantly caught a boat that Merry hadn't thought remotely possible. The very passengers laughed at his impatience, the captain got positively sick of answering his questions.

THE tides were unpropitious. They had to anchor in the lower bay and wait for a slow-moving fleet of native boatmen to come for them. There they lay for hours in sight of the coral reef on which Merry had exiled herself. Up in the very top of the palm trees, the third time he borrowed the mate's glass, the doctor made out an American flag—at least he hoped it was American.

"Flag's American," the captain admitted unwillingly. "That's all there is American about the place. Family named Downing live there. The woman is a granddaughter of old General Jordan and a daughter of Colonel Jordan and she doesn't give a hang for her country. Was seasick when she came down here on her honeymoon and won't let her husband go back. How's that for the daughter of a bunch of fighters? Second and third generation of heroes are usually just about as brave as that. Fighting strain peters out awful quick. And when there's no war and no sons and only daughters like that one—



Plate K1007 Kohler enameled one-piece sink, with right-hand drain-board

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well, I don't know what you think but I think the kind of woman who quits because of a stomachache is about the cheapest kind of quitter going."

"Isn't it perfectly der-readful?" lisped that trip's bride. "Much as I love Harry, I wouldn't leave my country for him especially if I was a general's granddaughter and a colonel's daughter. It's such a der-readful example for her to set."

"And, my dear, if you could see her husband," chattered the inevitable woman who had been there season before last. "He is the darlingest chap. We met him at the new yacht club's dance—sweetest clubhouse, awfully English, you must get a card—he sings like an angel, is awfully popular and perfectly stunning. It's a shame to deprive America of a man like that. He's one of those fascinating Southerners. I don't see how he ever came to marry her; she has absolutely no charm—just as homely as the lithographs of her grandfather: forehead something like his. And she must be about ten years older than Mr. Downing. Everybody says the poor man gets awfully discouraged; drinks at times. They have had such hard luck you can't very well blame him. She eggs him into such queer businesses that lose so much money. Keeps trying to grow queer fruits. Of course the soil back inside the island there is wonderful, the climate is much hotter all the time than on the coast. I don't see how any woman can stand it and I think she looks simply scorched!"

And Cousin Doctor asked the captain if there weren't plenty of sharks in the water and if they swallowed *live carcasses if you threw them over.*

HE was actually standing outside her garden, such an adorable garden that he caught his breath at the loveliness of it—an old coral block wall, all crumbly with queer mosses, gorgeous cacti hanging in the ledges; a wide green gate with a strangely familiar latch exactly like the one on the Jordans' New England gate; great red hibiscuses topping the wall, a towering papaw tree, its trunk studded with golden fruit shaded the gate posts and grazing along the top of the gaudy-flowered terrace was a ridiculous little white kid that ran whimpering like a baby when it glimpsed the stranger.

The morning sun was so hot he had a mild desire to kill the stupid native who had brought him thither. Through the latticed top of the gate he glimpsed a pool, a delectable pool hollowed out of the rocks and it seemed to him there were a score of children quarreling around the fern-bordered edges.

"The blue angel fish is mine!" cried a melodious boy soprano.

"I tell you it's mine!" cried another so like it the doctor thought maybe the voice had answered itself. And from the feathery poinciana tree beside the pool a raucous-voiced beast of a gray and crimson parrot screamed "Mine! Mine!" as though he heard it very often. And then a sweet, just a wee bit husky girl's voice drawled: "Wait till to-night till you fight, it's so hot now and you're sure to wake Merry mother."

By the time he had managed to count them he discovered there were only six, but they were all more or less squirmy, golden-haired, bare-kneed young savages and they seemed to be all muscle. Just as he mustered courage to go in and was hoping he could speak to them without their noticing the lump in his throat, they all dashed away from the pool in a wild sortie and fell upon a man who called to them from the back of the garden. He was a biggish man, very tanned; his blond hair looked wrong somehow, he was a trifle too fat, but he pushed the kiddies away from him with astounding vigor. Cousin Doctor clicked the green latch and went in.

"Oh, Merry, Merry!" Richard's voice poured out her name in a golden flood of sound; richer, fuller, sweeter, and higher than Cousin Doctor had ever remembered it. And out from the green-blinded window, all wreathed with the straggly velvet poinsettia, came Merry's head.

"You're court-martialed for daring to wake your superior officer," she scolded. "Who's in trouble now?" And then she saw Cousin Doctor. And to the eternal amazement of that brood of babies their mother crawled straight through the window and ran and fell upon the neck of the grizzled old man who was standing by their fountain.

Cousin Doctor stood there holding her over his breaking heart, trying to hide his misery in his pitifully rollicking old laugh.

To those babies of course mother was exactly what mother should be—short and ridiculously dumpy. Thin-haired with a droll white wispy lock that would tumble over her forehead, she was their heavenliest, darlingest, beautifully homely mother. But the grace of her and the slimness of her and the joyous light of her brave eyes were things they had never known. All these dear pieces of Cousin Doctor's Merry had been lost—lost in the wonderful dreams of Beulah's eyes, lost in young Richard's fierce joy in life, lost in the glorious bodies of the quarreling twins, lost in the irresistible smile of the littlest baby of them all. And so she stood, Merry Jordan, stripped of all the dear merriness of her and smiled through her tears into Cousin Doctor's eyes and put her boyish rough little hands over his trembling old mouth.

"If you've come to scold," she said, "you can't begin till evening. I will not be disgraced before the offspring!"

SHE tried to introduce them to him, but they completely bewildered him; there were so many of them and they were so terribly alive. They weren't well-behaved children at all, they fought dreadfully, they argued excitably, and made up their numerous quarrels with tempestuously slobbery kisses. By afternoon he was so fatigued from watching them that he wanted to run away from them. And he never seemed to see Merry. She seemed to be doing something all of the time for one or two or all of her babies; her slatternly servants abused her with plaintively sweet requests of how and when to do things. She was constantly disappearing in a silly little donkey cart in the direction of the pineapple place to tell Richard something or other, and when at last they both came back from that insufferably hot region (the doctor had insisted on walking to it but had to submit to the ignominy of letting the microscopic mule haul him back after five minutes of it), though Richard had time to change his duds for cool-looking linens and come to lie in a sprawling chair at his guest's side and boast till Cousin Doctor hated him, Merry didn't seem to have a single minute. At last when the sun was really ready to drop Cousin Doctor was startled by a bugle call from the top of the garden.

Merry was there with a little white-clad bugler beside her, shrieking commands in her husky old voice to a squabbling line of children that was forming below her.

"Better line up," laughed Richard; "it's the greatest little sight you ever saw in your life."

The four-year-old stumbled, dumped himself in a cactus, and whimpered: "Not hurted, Merry mother."

"How's that for pluck?" demanded Richard.

And, finally, up that coral hilltop they marched, those golden-haired young savages and bravely saluted their flag and reverently hauled it down.

"Isn't that the real thing?" gloated Richard.

"Whole thing, flag business and all, is blamed rubbish," snorted Cousin Doctor. They were lining past him now, the wee officer of the day with the flag folded over his right arm.

"Halt!" commanded Merry. "Traitor in the side lines, salute your flag." And Cousin Doctor meekly saluted.

SUPPER on the terrace, the three of them alone at last under the wonderful tropical sky, Richard tenderly solicitous of Merry.

"Look after her a bit, won't you?" he entreated. "I can't make her look after herself."

But when they'd finished their coffee Richard excused himself. There was a beastly charity affair at the yacht club, it seemed; he had promised to sing, but was terribly bored with it. It was quite evident, however, from the number of times he called to Merry while he was dressing that he was inordinately vain that he was so necessary to the concert and he bore his silk-clad figure proudly as he hurried down the curving white road in the wonderful moonlight.

"Very tactful of him," murmured Cousin Doctor, making the first attempt at polite speech in all his irascible life.

"Very tactful of you," laughed Merry and came and tucked a cushion behind him. Cousin Doctor couldn't get used to the maternalness of her; she took care of the babies, she took care of

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Richard, she took care of the servants, and all day long he'd been more or less conscious she was taking care of him. It made him want to spank her.

She strolled across her garden and began to pull the great hibiscus blossoms and fling them over the wall.

"Easy, Merry," he cautioned professionally. "You're using a lot of energy on that fool task for a tired woman."

"'Tisn't a task; it's a pleasure," she answered.

"Lovely garden you have here," he managed.

"Yes? Oh, you know I've only one garden in all this world, really. Did you bring that trowel? I guess you would have laughed," she added more lightly, "if you could have seen me at first in this garden. When I was young I used to stamp on it. If I was near smelly flowers I hated them for the tropical smell of them, and if I was near the stupid ones that can't smell I glared at them for what they couldn't help. Forgot to thank you for those hollyhock seeds; they wouldn't grow—not like home."

SHE lay back in Richard's chair and sighed. "Weren't we clever to have our first this year's cool night for you? Of course even this must seem hot after home. Must be awfully cold home."

"Very cold," he admitted.

"Icy cold," she breathed. "And the ivy all ragged along the path and the trees all bare and clean so's you can see what they really look like. And my poor little Christmas roses under the snow by the drifted place at the gate. Ugh! What a dismal garden!" Her voice was so passionless that Cousin Doctor hated her.

"Don't you ever want to come home?" He hoped it would hurt her. He was peevishly cross at this self-contained person who wasn't his Merry at all.

"Oh, I can't go for quite a while," she answered easily. "I hate being seasick and besides—there'll be another baby."

"Another?" gasped the doctor petulantly.

"Mmm," she confessed contentedly. "A perfectly new baby! Poor dear, you look so shocked! You think I'm plain disgusting without my nice New England prudishness! You see, I discarded that; it didn't fit this background. And oh, medicine man, you don't know what a regular orgy a new baby person is! You can kiss it and cuddle it and—"

"Can't you cuddle some of those already on the market?"

"Good gracious, no! I stopped kissing baby two months ago! My kiddies are fighters, not parlor pets. Fighters—that's what I've got to send back home."

"Think there's another war coming?" snapped the doctor.

"Umm, well, you can't ever tell." She said it as carelessly as though a war or two didn't especially matter. "But you always need fighters—even when it's as peaceful as that moon. What would I do if I wasn't a scrapper?"

"Do you er-scrap much?" he asked.

SHE came over toward him slowly, picked up a battered little bench her children had left behind them, and settled herself at his feet, her head resting against his bony old knees.

"Doctor man," she began softly; "it's no use dodging you—I've got to tell you the truth. I don't want to—it hurts so. You aren't going to say 'Good morning, Merry Sunshine, you're right'—not yet. Maybe you can some time, but not now. The easiest way to make you understand will be to tell you my make-believe. 'Member how I always used to have a make-believe when I was little? This is a very queer make-believe. It's that I'm a soldier like grandfather and father. And I have a little war of my own, a sort of a civil war. And I'm leading the whole scrappy Jordan forces against the—oh, all the things you knew about poor Richie's dreadful family were true!—that's what I'm leading Jordan's army against! And I thought I'd won when I sent you that silly letter. I hadn't—it was just that I was drunk when I wrote it."

"Drunk!" gasped the doctor.

"Drunk, doctor dearest!" She settled herself more comfortably. And as though to make it a little easier for him, she began to tease him softly. "Funny old total abstainer, you might as well know it's very nice being drunk—while you are! It's rather awful afterward, of course. But it was very good for me. Morally, I mean. It made me understand poor Richie a lot better—even better than all the things you'd explained to me about him. I felt so wonderful that night I was drunk: as if I could do anything in this world, as if I had done everything in this world—as if I could even sing like Richie!

"It happened this way. We went to one of those beastly yacht-club parties. Oh, I do hate them so! And I had a dreadful headache, and one of my biggest heartaches, for things were going so badly (I guess this year's crop's another fizzle, but don't tell Richie), and when we sat down to that dinner there were a lot of silly tourists there, and one of them, a big brute of a fellow, had given the club a silver cocktail mixer and brought a new song out of some new opera you have home. Richie was to sing the song—it was a heavenly thing about a cocktail with the Star-Spangled Banner all mixed up in it—and we were to drink to America. Wasn't that fiendish? Making it patriotic like that? 'Course I didn't want Richie to get to drinking before dinner, and while he was singing I drank his and mine too. And—and—" (her head bent lower), "oh, how heavenly clear my head got! And I began to laugh and to think of you and to think how I'd got the better of you by marrying Richie and proving your old theories all wrong—that's what just two cocktails did for me! Fooled me into thinking I'd won a fight that's got to take all my life to win! I wrote that silly little letter to you while they were all dancing; and then—well, it wasn't any use my having drank Richie's: they made some more. It was a dreadful night, almost the worst night ever. Only that as I told you in the first place it made me understand better than anything else why Richie does it. I've been awfully unfair to him all these years that I didn't understand. So now you understand why you happen to be here—" (she stopped to squeeze his hand, just as in the old days when they'd talked things over together), "and now I can go back and tell you about the Jordan war. You see this maternity business isn't any cinch. I never get any of the thrills about it that you read of in stories. I'm always *that* frightened! Hate the pain! Hate the waiting! Wondering all the time how I ever dared marry a poor dear angel like Richie and scared because I can't keep up—all the things you told me to do. It's rather hard, you know, when things are going badly. And one night before Beulah came I decided it was probably a good deal like a battle with the enemy coming in two ways. Grandfather got to be a general because he won that kind of a battle. So I pretended that if I got through having Beulah and kept Richie straight too I could give myself a rank for it—just a tiny one, you know. So that's the way the war began."

"Did you get it?" asked the doctor eagerly.

"I got put out of the army!" she laughed. "I *was* a coward! And Richie was *so* scared over the baby. I was awfully sick, you know, that was why he was—was pretty awful. But before I could crawl out of bed I reenlisted. I was only twenty, you see; nobody gets to be an officer at twenty. And then—well, it's a rather stupid war to tell about, especially to a man. I've never told Richie all of it. He just thinks I play it to discipline the kiddies. He doesn't know it's really a war. Such battles! Over teeth, over bowlegs, over fever—ugh! That was horrible. The twins, you know, I pulled them both out and kept Richie perfectly sober and made myself a lift-tinent!" She was so gay over it that Cousin Doctor's heart was nearly breaking.

"What are you now?" he asked gruffly.

"Only a colonel! Oh, doctor man, It's a much bigger fight than you ever thought it could be! And if I hadn't been stronger than you believed and more logical than all your theories—"

"Still mixing love and logic?" he asked sadly.

"Yes," she said. "If you were a mother you'd understand it's often done. Especially the thing you called race love. I didn't have the remotest idea what that was until one time when I was just hating Richie. And suddenly it flashed back to me what you said about race love being a bigger thing than sex love. And I decided that one of the reasons Richie had got to make good was to help justify me. Being in love with him wasn't half so important as being in love with race,



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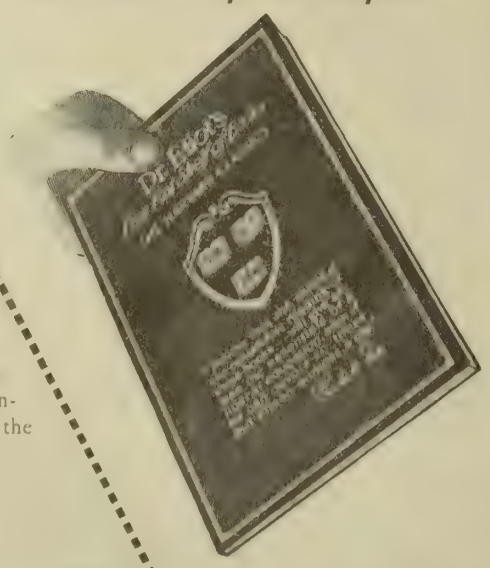
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but he was the only piece of it I was concerned with, so I just hung on to Richie. And, well—aren't they pretty good colts?" She asked it fondly, her head thrown back to look up in his eyes.

"And such an adorable battle ground they make! I'm fighting it out in 'em Grant's way. Finding out where the enemy is, hitting him as often as I can, and keeping him moving. You yelled at me awfully the day that Richard was just aftermath of war. Of course that's what I've got to fight in my babies. Aftermath of war! But it's perfectly fair that I should. My father helped make that aftermath. Suppose, now, that my father killed six men"—she reckoned it calmly. "Even if my kiddies have a lot of faults, they're better than the six out-and-out Southerners my daddy killed, aren't they?"

And Cousin Doctor shook with laughter at the whimsy of his Merry, he'd forgotten how wonderful she was!

"Don't you scoff! Just you wait till I get 'em back home! Some day, some day when we've gone through two rainy seasons without Richie's getting discouraged or cold or anything, I'm going to stop pretending I'm afraid of being seasick, and we're going home. All of us! All of us! Oh, you can't think how I wanted to go when you wrote about mother! But that was such a dreadful year!—the whole march was a retreat! Business things going badly; Richie got perfectly drenched in the rain while a kiddy was sick and—and—however! Even if I've had to fight, don't you think, on the whole, Dr. Logics-and-Heredity, it would have been an economic loss to waste a unit of character like the Jordan family's on the *wholesale coffee business?*"

She'd caught him squarely at last, beat him at his own kind of argument; they laughed together softly and he patted her shoulders. Somehow he seemed to have found his dear young Merry again. It was very still and sweet in the garden, a trifle chill he thought as he shivered in the unaccustomed dampness. But they sat in happy silence, each of them proud of the other and each of them afraid to say so.

THEN, as they watched the moonlit road, they could see Richard coming. Just a tiny figure at first far under the hillside, then he was lost in the bend of the road and then—alas, he was walking in an aimless zigzag that brought Merry to her feet, her head erect, her nostrils quivering. Presently they could hear his voice, that unearthly sweet voice, pouring forth its glory into the wonder of the tropical night.

"'Merica land! Hic—'Merica land!" The tone soared like some heaven-free creature; it was so piercing sweet.

She waited for him at the gate, put her arm through his, and walked beside him calmly, never looking at Cousin Doctor.

"You'd better not sing any more just now," she said. "It might hurt your throat in this cool night air."

"Certainly." He caught her suggestion cunningly. "Couldn't hurt m'voice, could I? Wouldn't love me if I couldn't sing, would you, old Off-the-Key! That's how I got m'girl—singing to her. Bowled her right over. She was a Northerner, you know. Engaged to a chap in the wholesale coffee business, but he couldn't sing—"

It was very much harder than Cousin Doctor had thought. He put his hands together and groaned softly. He couldn't insult her by offering to help.

The golden drunken voice began to sing again.

"'Merica land! Ah-merica land—" He clung to her arm foolishly. "Merry, what was that darned funny thing you used to say 'bout our national songs? I tried to tell a fellow t'night—a tourist chap, he said he used to know you. Got rather miffed when I told him. Muff of the ocean, was it?" He asked it anxiously as though it were a vital point in a tense argument.

"Columbia, the muffin of the ocean," said Merry firmly. "Now will you come in, Richie? I can't mend the buckle on Richard's shoe. You're so clever at things I can't do, will you try it?" Her resolute grip never left his arm, and so they went in together and left Cousin Doctor in the night.

HE was ashamed to face them in the morning. He was afraid to go into the garden. Yet it was strangely normal when he mustered courage to go. Richard was waiting for breakfast on the terrace. A bit pale under his tan, a bit puffy under the eyes, but a perfectly presentable host. The youngsters were getting papaws for breakfast. One twin hunched, a cherubic monkey, in the gorgeous tree, chucking the fruit with quite unnecessary vigor to the group below him; they were already horribly messy and shining-eyed with suppressed mischief. He couldn't see Merry anywhere until she called to them from the flagpole.

They lived through the farcical agony of that flag raising, Cousin Doctor and Merry, grateful for the confusion of the lad who fought to be officer of the day and that Richard could laugh so unconcernedly. But when the children had tumbled down the hillside to corral the wee goats that were grazing along the wall Merry sat on the garden seat, wan and spent.

"I'm so afraid you don't understand!" she moaned. "It's hurt my silly pride; that's all. It's spoiled the dear joy of seeing you! I was such a fool to have—have told you about the war! That wasn't a real loss anyhow!—nothing but a little skirmish! And—and your fault, really!" A flash of the dear illogical young Merry crept back. "You see I was so excited over your coming. I forgot a regular lot of old rummies would be in that tourist crowd. And I didn't even notice that he was wearing his pongee suit—he ought to have worn his white flannels—he only took just a little gin to ward off the chill, you know." Her face went into her hands, and the tears trickled through her lax fingers. "I wouldn't mind ordinarily—only, only why does Life nag so? I wish Life wouldn't nag so!"

Cousin Doctor went over and took her two hands in his.

"It nags because it's Life," he said. "Look at me, Merry. Think how it's nagged me, and I'm not a Jordan. I'm only your old cowardy custard. But you, why—" He stood erect, squared his old shoulders, and saluted her stiffly, just as her children had done.

"Good morning, General Merry Sunshine," he said clearly. "You're going to win your little war because you are divinely right!"

Half an hour later, as he rested under the arbor, very old and spent from too much emotion, Richard came running through the garden, his eyes shining.

"Oh, but you've done her good!" he cried softly. "Just hear that! I haven't heard that since—" His eyes were glistening with rapture. For all he was in such a tremendous hurry to get to her he stopped and caught Cousin Doctor's hand in his and gripped it gratefully.

She was cutting the lilies, great gaudy, odorless things. And above the joyous babble of her children rose her droning sing-song:

" . . . reached a land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine—"

It was so droll, so off the key! But Richard was smiling as though it were divine melody. "Riches freely mine—" he repeated almost shyly. "That's what she's been to me, Cousin Doctor, that girl you called Merry Sunshine!"

And Cousin Doctor closed his tired eyes and smiled. For he knew she was quite happy when he heard her singing in her garden.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



IN THIS NUMBER: CHARLES E. VAN LOAN, ARTHUR RUHL, VICTOR MURDOCK, SAMUEL A. WHITE, PETER C. MACFARLANE,



Stop Living Out of Cans —Start a Garden

Which do you prefer—the fragrance of flowers, or bottled perfume? Which do you prefer—ripe fruits and vegetables, or the run of a canning factory? In winter, home-grown fruits cannot be available, but why unnecessarily prolong the "season of cans"?

How long since you tasted Peas that were picked the instant they were big enough to eat—too tender to stand transportation? Do you know that, as a rule, the very choicest varieties of fruits and vegetables can never be tinned, or even brought to market, because they do not possess fibre or rind or some such protection against early wilting? *Start a garden.*

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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

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THE REDEMPTION HANDICAP

BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED C. YOHN

***"Solomon had a thousand wives, but I dare you to show me where he ever said a good word for polygamy."*—From the Sayings of Old Man Curry**

"WELL, old sport, are you going to slip another one over on 'em to-day?"

"What do you think of Jeremiah's chances, Mr. Curry?"

"Can this black thing of yours beat the favorite?"

"There's even money on Jeremiah for a place; shall I grab it?"

Old Man Curry, standing at the entrance to a paddock stall, lent an unwilling ear to these queries. He was a firm believer in the truth, but more firmly he believed in the fitness of time and place. The whole truth, spoken incautiously in the paddock, has been known to affect closing odds, and it was the old man's habit to wager at post time, if at all. Those who pestered the owner of the "Bible stable" with questions about the fitness of Jeremiah and his chances to be first past the post went back to the betting ring with their enthusiasm for the black horse slightly abated. Old Man Curry admitted, under persistent prodding, that if Jeremiah got off well, and nothing happened to him, and it was one of his good days, and he didn't get bumped on the turn, and the boy rode him just right, and he could stay in front of the favorite, he might win. Pressed further, a note of pessimism developed in the patriarch's conversation; he became the bearded embodiment of reasonable doubt. Curry's remarks, rapidly circulating in the betting ring, may have made it possible for Curry's betting commissioner, also rapidly circulating at the last minute, to unload a considerable bundle of Curry's money on Jeremiah at odds of 5 and 6 to 1.

ONE paddock habitué, usually a keen seeker after information, might have received a hint worth money had he come after it. Old Man Curry noted the absence of the Bald-faced Kid, and when the bugle sounded the call to the track he turned the bridle over to Shanghai, the negro hostler, and ambled into the betting ring in search of his young friend. The betting ring was the Kid's place of business—if touting is classed as an occupation and not a misdemeanor—but Old Man Curry did not find him in the crowd. It was not until the horseman stepped out on the lawn that he spied the Kid, his elbows on the top rail of the fence, his chin in his hands, and his back squarely turned to the betting ring. He did not even look around when the old man addressed him.

"Well, Frank, I kind of expected you in the paddock."

The Kid was staring out across the track with the fixed gaze of one who sees nothing in particular; he grunted slightly, but did not speak.

"Jeremiah—he's worth a bet to-day."

"Uh huh!" This without interest or enthusiasm.

"I saw some 5 to 1 on him just now."

The Kid swung about and glanced listlessly toward the betting ring. Then he looked at the horses on their way to the post. The old man read his thought.

"You've got a couple of minutes yet," said he. "Mebbe more; there's some bad actors in that bunch, and they'll delay the start."



"Here, son, take it," said Old Man Curry. "An honest horse run for it"

The Kid looked again at the betting ring; then he shook his head. "Aw, what's the use?" said he irritably. "What's the use?"

Old Man Curry's countenance took on a look of deep concern.

"What ails you, son? Ain't you well?"

"Well enough, I guess. Why?"

"Because I never see you pass up a mortal cinch before."

The Kid chuckled mirthlessly. "Old-timer," said he, "I'm up against a cinch of my own—but it's a cinch to lose."

He returned to his survey of the open field, but Old Man Curry lingered. He stroked his beard meditatively.

"Son," said he at length, "Solomon says that a brother is born for adversity. I don't know what a father is born for, but I reckon it's to give advice. Where you been the last week or ten days? It's mighty lonesome round the stable without you."

"I'm in a jam, and you can't help me."

"Mebbe not, but it might do some good to talk it all out of your system. You know the number, Frank."

"You mean well, old-timer," said the Kid; "and your heart's in the right place, but you—you don't understand."

"No, and how can I 'less you open up and tell me what's the matter? If you've done anything wrong—"

"Forget it!" said the Kid shortly. "You're barking up the wrong tree. I'm trying to figure out how to do right!" . . .

THAT night the door of Old Man Curry's tack room swung gently open, and the aged horseman, looking up from his well-thumbed copy of the Old Testament, nodded to an expected visitor.

"Set down, Frank, and take a load off your feet," said he hospitably. "I sort of thought you'd come."

For a time they talked horse, usually an engrossing subject, but after a bit the conversation flagged. The Kid rolled many cigarettes which he tossed away unfinished, and the old man waited in silence for that which he knew could not long be delayed. It came at last in the form of a startling question. "Old-timer," said the Kid abruptly, "you—you never got married, did you?"

Old Man Curry blinked a few times, passed his fingers through his beard, and stared at his questioner. "Why, no, son." The old man spoke slowly, and it was plain that he was puzzled. "Why, no; I never did."

"Did you ever think of it—seriously, I mean?"

Old Man Curry met this added impertinence without resentment, for the light was beginning to dawn on him. He drew out his packet of fine cut and studied its wrappings carefully.

"I'm not kidding, old-timer. Did you ever think of it?"

"Once," was the reply. "Once, son, and I've been thinking about it ever since. She was the right one for me, but she got the notion I wasn't the right one for her. Sometimes it happens that way. She found the man she thought she wanted, and I took to runnin' round the country with race hosses. After that



The Gray Ghost was ahead at the first quarter. Mose began to coax Elisha: "Can't loaf to-day, hawss! Shake yo'self! Li'l mo' steam!"

she was sure I was a lost soul and hell-bent for certain. This was a long time ago—before you was born, I reckon."

After a silence, the Kid asked another question: "Well, at that, the race-track game is no game for a married man, is it?"

"M-m-well," answered the patriarch thoughtfully, "that's as how a man's wife looks at it. Some of 'em think it ain't no harm to gamble s'long's you can win, but the average woman, Frank, she don't want the hosses runnin' for her bread and butter. You can't blame her for that, because a woman is dependent by nature. If the Lord had figured her to git out an' hustle with the men, He'd have built her different, but He made her to be p'tected and shelteredlike. A single man can hustle and bat round an' go hungry if he wants to, but he ain't got no right to ask a woman to gamble her vittles on any proposition whatever."

"Ain't it the truth!" ejaculated the Bald-faced Kid, with a depth of feeling quite foreign to his nature. "You surely spoke a mouthful then!" Old Man Curry raised one eyebrow slightly and continued his discourse.

"For a man even to figger on gettin' married, he ought to have something comin' in steady—something that bad hosses an' worse men can't take away from him. He oughtn't to bet at all, but if he does it ought to be on a mortal cinch. There ain't many real cinches on a race track, Frank; not the kind that a married man'd be justified in bettin' the rent money on. Yes, sir, a man thinkin' 'bout gettin' married ought to have a job—and stick to it!"

"And that job oughtn't to be on a race track either," supplemented the Kid, his eyes fixed on the cigarette which he was rolling. "But that ain't all I wanted to ask you about, old-timer. Suppose, now, a fellow had a girl that was too good for him—a girl that wouldn't wipe her feet on a gambler if she knew it, and was brought up to think that betting was wrong. And suppose now that this fellow wasn't even a gambler. Suppose he was a hustler—a tout—but he'd asked the girl to marry him without telling her what he was, and she'd said she would. What ought that fellow to do?"

Old Man Curry took his time about answering; took also a large portion of fine cut and stowed it away in his cheek.

"Well, son," said he gently, "it would depend a lot on which the fellow cared the most for—the race track or the girl."

THE Kid flung the cigarette from him and looked up, meeting the old man's eyes for the first time.

"I beat you to it, old-timer! Win or lose, I'm through at the end of this meeting. There's a fellow over in Butte just about my age. He was a hustler too, and a pal of mine, but two years ago he quit, and now he's got a little gents' furnishing-goods place—nothing swell, of course, but the business is growing all the time. He's been after me to come in with him on a percentage of the profits, and last night I wrote him to look for me when they get done running here. That part of it is settled. No more race track in mine. But that ain't what I was getting at. Have I got to tell the girl what I've been doing the last five years?"

"Would you rather have her find out from some one else, Frank?"

"No-o."

"If you want to start clean, son, the best place to begin is with the girl."

"But what if she throws me down?"

"That's the chance you'll have to take. You've been taking 'em all your life."

"Yes, but nothing ever meant as much to me as this does."

"Well, son, the more a woman cares for a man the more she'll forgive."

"Did Solomon say that?" demanded the Kid suspiciously.

"No, *I* said it. You see, Frank, it was this way with Solomon: he had a thousand wives, more or less, and I reckon he never had time to strike a general average. He wrote a lot 'bout women, first and last, but it seems he only remembered two kinds—the ones that was too good to live and the ones that wasn't worth killin'. It would have been more helpful to common folks if he'd said something 'bout the general run of women. You'd better tell her, Frank."

The Bald-faced Kid sighed.

"I'd rather take a licking. You're sure about that forgiving business, old-timer?"

"It's the one best bet, my son."

"Pull for it to go through, then. Good night—and thank you."

Left alone, Old Man Curry turned the pages for a time, then read aloud:

" 'There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not: The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, and the way of a man with a maid—*the way of a man with a maid.*' Well, after all, the straight way is the best way, and the boy's on the right track."

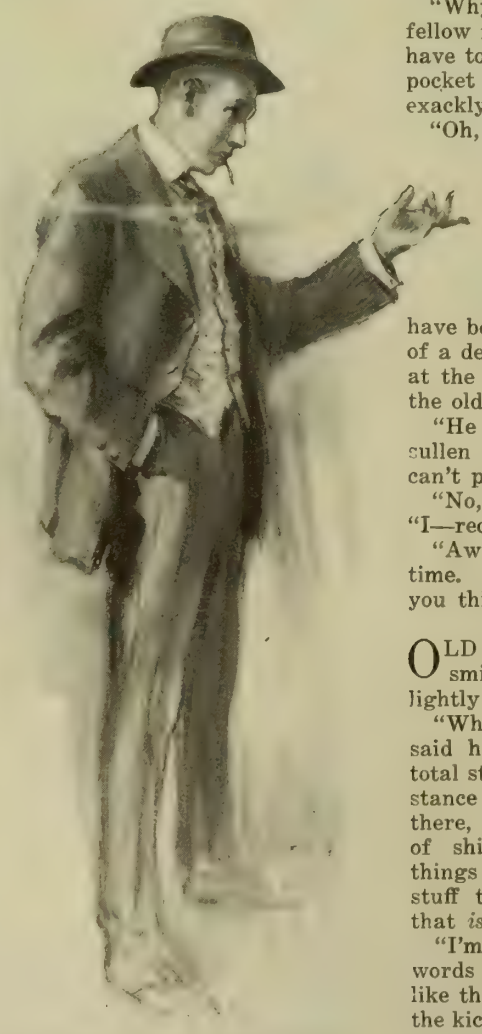
A FEW days later Old Man Curry, sunning himself in the paddock, caught sight of the Kid. That engaging youth had a victim pinned in a corner and, program in hand, was pointing the way to prosperity.

"Now, listen," he was saying; "you ain't taking a chance when you bet on this bird to-day. Didn't I tell you that the boy that rides him is my cousin? And ain't the owner my pal? What better do you want than that? This tip comes straight from the barn, and you can get 20 to 1 for all your money!"

The victim squirmed and wriggled and twisted and would have broken away but for the Kid's compelling eye. At last he thought of something to say:

"If this here Bismallah is such a hell-clinkin' good race horse, how come they ain't *all* bettin' on him?"

"Why ain't they?" the Kid fairly squealed. "Because we've been lucky enough to keep him under cover from everybody! That's why! Nobody knows what he can do; the stable money won't even be bet here for fear of tipping him off; it'll be bet in the pool rooms all over the Coast. He'll walk in, I tell you—just *walk* in! Why, say! You don't think I'd tell you this if I didn't know it was *so?* Here comes the owner. I'll go talk with him. You wait right here!"



"Aw, spit it out!" said the Kid

IT was really the owner of Bismallah, who, speaking out of the corner of his mouth, told the Bald-faced Kid to go to a warmer clime. The hustler returned to his victim instead.

"He says it's all fixed up; everything framed; play him across the board. Come on!"

The victim allowed himself to be dragged in the direction of the betting ring, and Old Man Curry watched the proceedings with a whimsical light in his eye. Later he found a chance to discuss the matter with the Kid. The last race was over, and Frank was through for the day.

"You're persuadin' 'em pretty *strong,* ain't you, son?" asked the old man. "You used to give advice; now you're makin' 'em *take* it whether they want to or not."

"Where do you get that stuff?" demanded the Kid, bristling immediately.

"Why, I saw you working on that big fellow in the gray suit. I was afraid you'd have to hit him on the head and go into his pocket after it. Looked to me like he wasn't exackly crazy to gamble."

"Oh, him!" The tout spat contemptuously. "Do you know what that piker wanted to bet? Six dollars, across the board! I made him loosen up for fifteen, and he howled like a wolf."

"The hoss—lost?" By the delicate inflection and the pause before the final word, Old Man Curry might have been inquiring about the last moments of a departed friend. The Kid was looking at the ground, so he missed the twinkle in the old man's eyes.

"He ran like an apple woman," was the sullen response. "Confound it, old-timer, I can't pick 'em every time!"

"No, I reckon not," said the patriarch. "I—reckon—not." He lapsed into silence.

"Aw, spit it out!" said the Kid after a time. "I'd rather hear you say it than feel you thinking it!"

OLD MAN CURRY smiled one of his rare smiles, and his big, wrinkled hand fell lightly on the boy's shoulder.

"What I was thinking wasn't much, son," said he. "It was this: if you can make total strangers open up and spend their substance for something they only think is there, you ought to get rid of an awful lot of shirts and socks and flummery—the things that folks can see. If you can sell stuff that *ain't,* you surely can sell stuff that *is!*"

"I'm sick of the whole business!" The words ripped out with a snarl. "I used to like this game for the excitement in it—for the kick. I used to like to see 'em run. Now I don't give a damn, so long as I can get

. . .

some coin together quick. And the more you need it the harder it is to get! To-day I had four suckers down on different horses in the same race, and a sleeper woke up on me. Four bets down and not a bean!"

The twinkle had gone from the old man's eyes.

"Four hosses in one race, eh? Do you need the money that bad, son?"

For answer the Kid plunged his hand into his pocket and brought out a five-dollar gold piece and a small collection of silver coins which he spread upon his palm.

"There's the bank roll," said he, "and don't tell me that Solomon pulled that line about a fool and his money!"

The old man calmly appraised the exhibit of precious metals before he spoke.

"How come you to be down so low, son?"

"I was trying to win myself out a little stake," was the sulky answer; "but they cleaned me. That's why I'm hustling so hard. It's a rotten game, but it owes me something, and I want to collect it before I quit!"

"Ah, hah!" said Old Man Curry, stroking his beard meditatively. "Ah, hah! You haven't told her yet."

"No, but I'm going to. That's honest."

"I believe you, son, but did it ever strike you that mebbe she wouldn't want you to make a fresh start on money that you got this way? Mebbe she wouldn't want to start with you."

"Dough is dough." The Bald-faced Kid stated this point in the manner of one forestalling all argument. "At one time and another I've handled quite a lot of it that I got different ways, but I never yet had any trouble passing it off on folks, and they didn't hold their noses when they took it either. Anything that'll spend is good money, and don't you forget it!"

"But this girl, now—mebbe she won't think so."

"What she don't know won't hurt her."

"Son, what a woman don't know she guesses and feels, and she may have the same sort of a feelin' that I've got—that some kinds of money never bring anybody luck. A while ago you said this game was rotten, and yet you're tryin' to cash in your stack and pick up all the sleepers before you quit. Seems to me I'd want to start *clean*."

"Dough is dough, I tell you!" repeated the Kid stubbornly. He turned and shook his fist at the distant betting ring where the cashiers were paying off the last of the winning tickets. "Look out for me, all of you sharks!" said the boy. "From now till the end of the meeting it's packing-house rules, and everything goes!"

"'A wise son heareth his father's instruction,'" quoted Old Man Curry.

"I hear you, old-timer," said the Kid, "but I don't get you. Next thing I suppose you'll pull Solomon on me and tell me what he says about tainted money!"

"I can do that too. Let's see, how does it go? Oh, yes. 'There is that maketh himself rich, *yet hath nothing;* there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.' That's Solomon on the money question, my boy."

"Huh!" scoffed the unregenerate one. "Solomon was a king, wasn't he, with dough to burn? It's mighty easy to talk—when you've got yours. I haven't got mine yet, but you watch my smoke while I go after it!"

OLD MAN CURRY trudged across the infield in the wake of the good horse Elisha. Another owner, on the day of an important race, might have been nervous or worried; the patriarch maintained his customary calm; his head was bent at a reflective angle, and he nibbled at a straw. Certain gentlemen, speculatively inclined, would have given much more than a penny for the old man's thoughts; having bought them at any price, they would have felt themselves defrauded.

Elisha, the star performer of the Curry stable, had been combed and groomed and polished within an inch of his life, and there were blue ribbons in his mane, a sure sign of the confidence of Shanghai, the hostler. He was also putting this confidence into words and telling the horse what was expected of him.

"See all them folks, 'Lisha? They come out yere to see you win anotheh stake an' trim that white hoss from Seattle. Gray Ghost, thass whut they calls him. When you hooks up with him down in front of that gran' stan', he'll think he's a ghost whut's mislaid his graveyard, yes, indeedy! They tells me he got lots of that ol' early speed; they tells me he kin go down to the half-mile pole in nothin', flat. Let him *do* it; 'tain't early speed whut wins a mile race; it's *late* speed. Ain't no money hung up on that ol' half-mile pole! Let that white fool run his head off; he'll come back to you. Lawdy, all them front runners comes back to the reg'lar hosses. Run the same like you allus do, an' eat 'em up in the stretch, 'Lisha! Gray Ghost—pooh! I neveh seen *his* name on no lamp-post! I bet befo' you git th'ough with him he'll wish he'd saved some that ol' early speed to finish on. You ask me, 'Lisha, I'd say we's spendin' this yere first money right *now!*"

It was the closing day of the meeting, always in itself an excuse for a crowd, but the management had generously provided an added attraction in the shape of a stake event. Now a Jungle Circuit stake race does not mean great wealth as a general thing, but this was one of the few rich plums provided for the horsemen. First money would mean not less than $2,000, which accounted for the presence of the Gray Ghost. The horse had been shipped from Seattle, where he had been running with and winning from a higher grade of thoroughbreds than the Jungle Circuit boasted, and there were many who professed to believe that the Ghost's victory would be a hollow one. There were others who pinned their faith on the slow-beginning Elisha, for he was, as his owner often remarked, "an honest hoss that always did his level best." Eight other horses were entered, but the general opinion seemed to be that there were only two contenders. The others, they said, would run for Sweeney—and third money.

Old Man Curry elbowed his way through the paddock crowd, calmly nibbling at his straw. He was besieged by men anxious for his opinion as to the outcome of the race; they plucked at the skirts of his rusty black coat; they caught him by the arms. Serene and untroubled, he had but one answer for all.

"Yes, he's ready, and we're tryin'."

In the betting ring Gray Ghost opened at even money with Elisha at 7 to 5. The Jungle speculators went to the Curry horse with a rush that almost swept the block men off their stands, and inside of three minutes Elisha was at even money with every prospect of going to odds-on, and the gray visitor was ascending in price. The sturdy big stretch-runner from the Curry barn had not been defeated at the meeting; he was the known quantity and could be depended upon to run his usual honest race.

The Ghost's owner also attracted considerable attention in the paddock. He was a large man, rather pompous in appearance, hairless save for a fringe above his ears,



As the Kid entered the aged horseman looked up hospitably from his well-thumbed Old Testament

and answered to the name of "Con" Parker, the Con standing for concrete. He had been in the cement business before taking to the turf, and there were those who hinted that he still carried a massive sample of the old line above his shoulders. When cross-examined about the gray horse, he blunted every sharp inquiry with polite evasions, but he looked wiser than any human could possibly be, and the impression prevailed that he knew more than he would tell. Perhaps this was true.

The saddling bell rang, and the jockeys trooped into the paddock, followed by the roustabouts with the tackle. Old Man Curry, waiting quietly in the far corner of Elisha's stall, saw the Bald-faced Kid wriggling his way through the crowd. He came straight to the old man.

"Elisha's 4 to 5 now," he announced breathlessly, "and they're still playing him hard. The other one is 5 to 2. Looks like a false price on the Ghost, and I know that Parker is going to set in a chunk on him at post time. What do you think about it?"

"You goin' to bet your own money, son?"

"I've got to do it—make or break right here."

"How strong are you?"

"Just about two hundred bones."

"Ah, hah!" Old Man Curry paused a moment for thought and sucked at his straw. "Two hundred at 5 to 2—that'd make seven hundred, wouldn't it? Pretty nice little pile."

The Kid's eyes widened. "Then you don't think Elisha can beat the Ghost to-day?"

"I ain't bettin' a cent on him," said the old man. "Not a cent." And the manner in which he said it meant more than the words.

"Then, shall I—?"

Old Man Curry glanced over at the gray horse, standing quietly in his stall.

"Play that one, son," he whispered.

After the Kid had gone rocketing back to the betting ring, Curry turned to Jockey Moseby Jones.

"Mose," said he, "don't lay too far out of it to-day. This gray hoss lasts pretty well, so begin workin' on 'Lisha sooner than usual. He's ready to stand a long, hard drive. Bring him home in front, boy!"

"Sutny will!" chuckled the little negro. "At's bes' thing I do!"

WHEN the barrier rose, a gray streak shot to the front and went skimming along the rail, opening an amazingly wide gap on the field. It was the Ghost's habit to make every post a winning one; he liked to run in front of the pack.

As he piloted the big bay horse around the first turn into the back stretch, Jockey Mose estimated the distance between his mount and the flying Ghost, taking no note of the other entries. Then he began to urge Elisha slightly.

"Can't loaf much to-day, hawss!" he coaxed. "Shake yo'self! Li'l mo' steam!"

The men who had played the Curry horse to odds on and thought they knew his running habits were surprised to see him steadily moving up on the back stretch. It was customary for Elisha to begin to run at the half-mile pole—usually from a tail-end position—but to-day he was mowing down the outsiders even before he reached that point, and on the upper turn he went thundering into second place—with the Ghost only five lengths away. The imported jockey on Parker's horse cast one glance behind him, and at the head of the stretch he sat down hard in his saddle and began hand riding with all his might. Close in the rear rose a shrill whoop of triumph.

"No white hawss eveh was *game*, 'Lisha! Sic him, you big red rascal, sic him! Make him dawg it!"

BUT the Ghost was game to the last ounce. More than that, he had something left for the final quarter, though his rider had not expected to draw upon that reserve so soon. The Ghost spurted, for a time maintaining his advantage. Then, annihilating incredible distances with his long, awkward strides and gathering increased momentum with every one, Elisha drew alongside. Again the Ghost was called on and responded, but the best he had left and all he had left, was barely sufficient to enable him to hold his own. Opposite the paddock inclosure, with the grand stand looming ahead, the horses were running nose and nose; ten yards more and the imported jockey drew his whip. Moseby Jones cackled aloud.

"You ain't *stuck* on 'is yere white sellin' plater, is you, 'Lisha? Whut you hangin' round him faw, then? Bid him good night *an' good-by!*"

He drove the blunt spurs into Elisha's sides, and the big bay horse leaped out and away in a whirlwind finish that left the staggering Ghost five lengths behind and (*Continued on page 37*)

COURIERS OF CHANCE

FURTHER TALES OF "THE CAMPS OF CHAOS"

BY SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY SIGISMUND DE IVANOWSKI

GAYLE OUTREMONT raised his bent head into the sweep of the blizzard that roared out of the White River's mouth. He listened; it seemed to him that, faint amid the demoniacal howling of the tempest, he heard a human shout. He battered his snow-plastered parka hood with his mittened hand to clear it of its inch-deep coat and give his ears a chance. A lull in the wind's terrific force helped his hearing, and the shout, though still weak, became audible enough. Gayle turned to the outfit behind him, to the wolfish string of dogs bellying through the drift, and to the hawk-nosed, parka-enshrouded figure hunched over the gee pole.

"Cronin, who in blazes owns that voice?" he asked.

"Nobody in blazes," growled ex-Marshal Cronin Hess.

"But I heard a voice, a human voice. You stop those dogs short and listen when she lulls."

Cronin halted the team at Gayle's heels, and immediately the five huskies dropped down and curled up in the snow, nesting low from the lash of the storm demon, their sharp-pointed noses laid upon their paws and their bushy tails laid over nose and paws for warmth.

At once the faint shouting rose through the storm wrack with redoubled strength, and hard on the shouting came the sound of a shot.

Gayle sprang away on his snowshoes, breaking trail through two feet of fresh snow which the blizzard had piled on the ice. In his swirling wake Cronin turned the dog team straight to the left from the middle course of the Yukon River and lashed them into a gallop. Another shot cracked out, followed by a wailing cry.

"Hey, you, hold on!" shouted Gayle, increasing his pace. "We're coming. Save your shells."

They could see nothing through the white curtain of the snowfall, but, heading for the sound and shouting as they went, Gayle and Cronin steered for the Yukon's bank. As they neared it, a voice hailed them, a voice that had in it the rasp of pain.

"Who's that?" it yelled. "Larvon?"

"No. Hess and Outremont. Who're you?"

"Rooney Ryan! Coast bound with Dyea mail!"

"But where are you, Rooney?"

"In the cove. No, don't turn south. Straight on!"

Gayle, feeling round the jut of a rock shoulder, broke suddenly into the cove and almost stumbled over Ryan, who lay at full length upon his blankets. The rock shoulder shut out the whistling arrows of the storm. Inside the cove the air was calm and quiet save where the drift spumed over the rocks on top of the farther wall and filtered through the spruce.

GAYLE'S eyes in a single glance took in the general aspect of the cove. In the same moment that he noted the recumbent Rooney he noted the different objects surrounding him: the broken sledge with the mail pouches atop, the ripped grub sacks, the canvas fly crazily propped on sticks, the meager fire that burned in front of the fly, the dead spruce tree, limb-lopped and trunk-chipped, which lay alongside Rooney. Also, Gayle observed that the snow all about had been padded in a strange manner, as if a man had done much wallowing, and, stiffened in fighting attitudes in the padded snow, stuck the dead bodies of five dogs. "Rooney, what's happened?"

Rooney gingerly tapped one of his blanketed legs. The leg gave out a wooden sound.

"Splints?" guessed Gayle.

Ryan nodded. "Don't know whether I got her set or not. But I took her before she started to swell. And she pains considerable. Good sign, they say. It was the spruce tree's fault, boys. Pinched me when I felled her to make camp."

"How'd you know we were coming in this storm?" asked Cronin.

"Heard your sled working on the river. Vibration, I guess. I'm low down to the ice here. But I thought it would be Borg Larvon bringing up supplies from Sixty-mile."

"Who's Borg Larvon?"

"Swede woodcutter. Has a camp a few miles up the White River. And his head must be as thick as his wood. I can hear his ax chopping on fine days, but he can't hear my revolver. I been signaling him days with all the shells I could spare."

"He'd take it for Indians after moose," declared Gayle, "and never dream there was any need to come to you."

"Well, I couldn't go to him. I couldn't walk a snowshoe with a crutch, and the drift was too deep to crawl."

"But your dogs! What killed your dogs?"

"The beggars rushed the grub the minute it happened. They had it all eaten before I could drop one with my gun, and then they rushed me. Saw I had only one pin and did their proper darnedest. I wanted to use the team, you see, and I hated like blazes to make it a finish fight, but I had to do it at last. I have been living on dog meat ever since."

Gayle and Cronin silently reached out hands to shake anew.

"You boys travelin' south?" asked Rooney as he relinquished their grip.

"No, we're hiking north," Cronin told him. "We been up the Selwyn River looking at some of our claims, and now we're heading back to Dawson."

At which information Ryan's stoicism for the first time deserted him, and disappointment gloomed his eyes. "Tarnation!" he breathed softly. "That's too bad. That's too plumb putrid bad!"

"Buck up, Rooney!" bantered Cronin. "What's the points of the compass got to do with it? We're here, ain't we? That's the tangible thing."

"But say, boys," ventured Rooney regretfully, "I sure wish you had been traveling south. Then you could have hiked my mail along as far as Selkirk and tried some way to get her sent on."

"What's it matter?" demanded Cronin. "Ain't the Dawson mail ever delayed? And what you running it through for, anyway? Just on a business trip to the coast?"

"Boys," confessed Ryan, a hectic flush coming into his swarthy, wind-seared cheeks, "I'm broke! All crowded creation wouldn't have made me admit it to you before, but now I got to. I been bucking a string of losses, and I'm just about doing the camel stunt under the last straw. I'm drained dry. I put up a stiff front all along, but the Troandike's mortgaged to the troughs on the roof. All my other holdings likewise, and my friends Monte Marlin and Seattle Simons ain't a bit better off. All Dawson says it's sure a famine winter this year, so we just had to make a break to get a stake to last till spring. Monte's got a chance to freight winter supplies for the Alaska Commercial Company. Seattle's working a lay on French Hill. And I grabbed the Dyea mail contract. This ain't no side whim on a business trip to the coast. I'm the regular mail courier carrying for the pay!"

"The deuce you are! Why didn't you tell us you were broke?" reproached Gayle. "Why didn't you hit us up for a loan? You know we'd have given it."

"I know, but I couldn't do it, boys. I got too much tarnation pride. I know I'm a plumb erratic character and game to buck any deal that breaks, but all the same I got my pride. I'd rather strike open water on the Thirty-mile and drown, dogs and all, than beg a loan. So I grabbed the mail contract first whack. There's a chance in that, boys. Not the regular wages, I don't mean, though that's a bare living and not to be despised in time of famine. But this is the first post out to salt water since the freeze-up. I've twenty-four hundred letters in them bags, and the senders put on a bonus if they go through in time to catch the ocean steamer at Dyea. If they catch that boat, they'll reach the States by Christmas. Savvy? You know what it means to get word home for Christmas when you can't come home yourself! Well, they gave me thirty days to Dyea and ten dollars a letter bonus if I made it. A twenty-four-thousand-dollar prize! She would have sure put me on my feet! And she looked safe in my poke when I pulled out of Dawson City on the 21st of November. The river trail was fair, and I made decent time. Four days to here. One hundred and seventy-six miles. Not too bad, eh? I got here at dark on the 24th and broke my leg the blasted minute after dark. That makes it ten days, according to my account. This is December the 4th, ain't it?"

"December the 4th, sure!" nodded Cronin.

"Them bags," pointing at the mail pouches still lashed on top of the broken sledge, "are supposed to be slung aboard the *Seattle* at Dyea by six o'clock on the evening of December the 20th. That's sixteen days away. Dyea's five hundred-odd miles away, and here I am, and you boys are going north. Aw—what's the bloody use of talking?"

ROONEY threw out a helpless hand in eloquent disgust and slumped moodily down into his blankets.

"You mean we *were* going north," mended Gayle, significantly.

Rooney sat erect with a jerk which made him grimace with pain. "Now I ain't asking you to do it," he rapped out. "And you ain't going to do it. It can't be done, anyway, and it would be rank lunacy to try. So roll into camp here, boys, and bind my splints a little better, and tomorrow you can haul me up to Borg Larvon's."

"No, we'll haul you up to Larvon's now, bind your leg a little better and then strike out with the mail," declared Gayle determinedly.

"But it's bloody craziness," protested Rooney. "The snow's against you and the blizzard. You'll hit ice jams and open water. The time limit ain't near enough so early in the winter, and I'm the one as knows it. Blazes!—if I hadn't wasted ten days in this cove. Curse that Borg Larvon to perdition! Why didn't he hear?"

"No use ripping and tearing, Rooney," soothed Cronin. "You talk as if you'd squandered your time, but I can't see any waste. Most two-legged men in your fix would be filling huskies' bellies by now. You've sure put up some scrap, staving off for ten days tree fall, bone break, fever, frost, and starvation. By thunder, if any gink ever deserved a bonus, you deserve this one! And I'll take it upon myself to speak for my partner as well as myself and swear you'll get it if there's any get to it."

"Oh, I know how you fellows feel about it! But I want you to take it out in feeling. I don't want you to start in a race that's already lost and mebbe lose yourselves. Just promise me before you take me up to Larvon's that you won't start."

"Go to blazing Brimstonia!" refused Cronin.

"Yes, plunk!" supplemented Gayle. "We're going to start. And I'll go one better and swear we'll get you that bonus whether there's any get to it or not."

"The good Lord knows I need it," Rooney admitted.

"Don't mention it," Cronin belittled.

IN an hour they hit the woodcutter's camp. It lay on the left limit of the White amid a regal stand of lofty spruce. All about the log cabin the solitary Swede had made a great cutting. The bench ground was stripped of the largest trees, and on the river bank the cordwood was piled like huge ramparts. Larvon, a hulking-shouldered, tow-headed man with a face so plastered with soot and grease that practically only his eyes were visible, came to the door at the sound of the shrieking sledge runners. He had quit work for the day and was frying moose meat for supper. He had a big fork in his hand, and the smoke of the burning fat enveloped him in a cloud. "Coom in; coom in," he invited heartily. "Where you ban trail?"

"Right here," Cronin told him. "And it ain't any pleasure trip either. Ryan's got a broken peg. Did it in the cove down yonder by the river mouth. He's been shooting signs to you for a week and a half."

"By tam!" ejaculated Larvon, a regretful, pained expression dimming his eyes. "Ay ban hear that shootin', but ay ban tank her Sticks after moose!"

"That's what I said you'd think," put in Gayle. "But never mind, Larvon. Don't feel guilty about it. You can do your part now. Hess and I are going to take his mail on to Dyea. Bonus on her. Savvy? Got to run on time. You see he gets the best of care till we come back. And give us a hand with him, will you?"

Carefully the men transferred Rooney from the sledge to the bunk in the cabin. There they attended to his leg. They dared not shift the splints, but over Rooney's own binding they wound a more secure bandage and propped the stiff limb comfortably on a wad of blankets. And once the administering was finished they hastily hauled out their dogs again.

"I tank you ban batter stop till morning," Larvon advised them. "The wind she drop then, yas."

"Can't risk it," Cronin refused. "It might be worse. It always blows for days here. Gets a clean sweep down the White and up the Stewart. It wasn't blowing much up Selwyn way. So Gayle and me been talking it over, and we figure we'll be running out of the storm all the time. If we run fast enough and far enough, we ought to strike tolerably clear country to-morrow. Savvy? Then we'll be that much to the good and free of the wind's hold-up."

"But eat a tam good supper first," pleaded Larvon. "Ay ban got moose meat nearly fried."

"Wish we could spare the time!" declared Hess wistfully. "But we can't. We've certain miles to make before we eat. So long, boys!"

It was four o'clock when they left Larvon's camp. It was five when they mushed out of the White River's mouth and turned up the Yukon. By the custom of the trail they should have camped at six, but

they kept right on through the dark and the blizzard. It was bitter work, and the most bitter part of it was in the lead, breaking the track through snow which seemed to have the weight and consistency of sand. Gayle and Cronin spelled each other at short intervals in this position.

They drove at the same rate as upon a packed surface. The pace took it out of themselves and out of the animals. Onward they flew through a wall of darkness, through a void that seemed no void at all but a space blocked with the stiff thrust of some intangible power. In addition to the resistance underfoot, there was resistance knee-high, breast-high, head-high.

At times they were at a loss to know or feel each other's presence. It was monotonous, agonizing labor that continued mile after mile, hour after hour, with no sound but the hissing swish of the snowshoes, the creak of frozen shoepacks, the grating churn of the sledge runners, the complaint of a lagging husky pounded into White Horse, drew up with a crash in front of the Cañon House and stumbled inside. The old-timers surrounded them and demanded in the names of all the northern gods what special form of insanity obsessed them.

WHEN Cronin explained their mission they broke forth violently. "You can't make it," they insisted. "It's ninety-five miles from the Cañon to the head of Lake Bennett and thirty-four miles over the pass to Dyea. One hundred and twenty-nine miles in thirty-six hours! You sure can't make it!"

"We got to make it," declared Gayle angrily as he ripped off his iced garments. "What in blazes do you think we've come three hundred and seventy-five miles in fourteen days and a half for? Pastime? You rustle some dry clothes. Buy us the best team of malemutes old Silas Manning's got. And have them hitched and ready while we dress and eat."

Down the sheer five-hundred-foot pitch on the south side of the pass they dropped to the creek bed above the Scales. There was not even a trail, for a week of storm had tied up all traffic. The partners groped their way by the feel of the creek bed from the Scales down past Stone House. Midway to Sheep Camp the dogs wandered off the creek into a channel iced by the summer's glacial drip. But the smiting storm had deadened the wolf dogs' instinct.

Hugging the rocks of the channel wall to save themselves, the men saw the sled leap into space.

With infinite labor they backed up the channel and found a side lead down into the gulch. Three dogs were dead. Two were only waiting to be shot. The sled was a tangle of wood and steel shoeing. The mail pouches were ripped in a dozen places. But they made repairs and staggered through the cañon and across Dyea Flats.



They camped far up the Yukon at midnight, cooked and ravenously ate bacon and flapjacks. The huskies about the fire greedily watched their masters

under the lash, and, embroiling all, the angry brawl of the blizzard. They camped far up the Yukon at midnight and cooked and ravenously ate bacon and flapjacks and drank hot coffee. The huskies sat in a ring about the fire and greedily watched their masters. They were under way again before dawn.

Although the back of the storm was broken, a bitterly cold wind began to moan in the spruce.

The nooning was of only a half hour's duration, and then the tireless rush went on. The sun failed them in the middle of the bleak afternoon, and again the dark came down. That night they won past Tulare Creek. The next day they reached Selwyn River, and on the fourth day, after a grueling run, they reached the post of Selkirk at the mouth of Pelly River.

The evening of the seventh day found them at the Little Salmon. But between the Little Salmon and the Big Salmon they encountered tedious ice jams. The thirty-six miles required sixteen hours of tremendous endeavor.

On the Hootalinqua the jams proved worse. A march of twenty hours was made to make the thirty-three miles. On the Thirty-mile River, which reaches from the mouth of the Hootalinqua to the foot of Lake Lebarge, they encountered open water, portages, and heartbreaking bluffs. Once the skim ice broke, a honeycombed ice bridge collapsed, and they lost three dogs in the current. They barely missed drowning a score of times.

On the morning of the 19th of December they

"But it's plumb lunacy and brainstorm," the old-timers still argued. "Besides, there's a blizzard blowing on the tip of Chilkoot. Nobody's gone over for a week. Nothing can live through the pass."

"You get the clothes and dogs!"

That run of the partners is a lengthy story in the annals of the north. Wherever dogs and sleds are talked of, in camp or on trail, the tale of the run goes forth. It established a record in Arctic travel, and it lives in the history of the land. But of the harsh heroics of it the two were not in the condition or the mood to have much conception. They only knew that up the river stretch to the mouth of the McClintock and through Lake Marsh, Tagish Lake, Nares Lake, and Lake Bennett they lashed four miles an hour out of their dogs for twenty-four hours on end. From dawn to dawn they traveled. They did not stop to eat, but munched out of their hands as they went. The dogs got never a shred of food. They dared not feed them even when they hit Bennett at six o'clock next morning, lest they kill their speed.

Long Lake and Deep Lake slipped by and Happy Camp was gained. Crater Lake was won.

Up the hogback and across the slippery glacier the men dragged, dug in their moccasined toes for footing, and clutched projecting ice spikes for handholds. They rolled down in a tangle of dogs, harness, and mail sacks, and were compelled to climb twelve hundred feet to make the necessary two hundred.

Coming down out of the storm line on the mountain to the terminal moraine which filled Dyea Valley, near to Dyea Post and within sight of Dyea Inlet, Cronin's spirit gave out, and he slumped noiselessly into the snow. The fall switched the tump line from his head, and his burden of mail dropped down beside him.

Gayle stared stupidly at his partner's inert body. Then he heaved up Cronin's one-hundred-and-fifty-pound burden on top of his own and stumbled on past Dyea Post. His swollen, blizzard-seared eyes saw the *Seattle* in the inlet, the volume of smoke issuing from her funnel denoting fire pits hard stoked for sailing. The sound of anchor chains rattling through the hawse pipes drifted over the water, and Gayle goaded himself into a shambling run.

WILSON and Healey, traders at Dyea, stepped out of the door of the post to watch the *Seattle* getting out of the inlet, and before their astounded eyes Gayle lurched by.

"By the Sundowns' gods!" exclaimed Healey. "It's Outremont."

"What time?" gasped Gayle.

"Six o'clock. Why? What in blazes you packing?"

"The Dawson mail. I got to get the *Seattle*."

On the instant they jumped out of the doorway and almost ran him down in the trail.

"Here," they yelled. "Give it up. Give it to us. We'll rush her aboard." (*Continued on page* 30)

A WAR CORRESPONDENTS' VILLAGE

BY ARTHUR RUHL

THE Press Department of the Foreign Office in Vienna duly presented the application to the Press Bureau of the Ministry of War; the latter conveyed it to the "Kaiserliche-und-Königliche Armee-Oberkommando Kriegs-Presse-Quartier," a day's railroad journey nearer the front; the commandant made his recommendation to the chief of the General Staff. The permission itself percolated back to Vienna presently, and early next morning I took the T—— express.

It was one of those semimilitary trains which run into this region behind the front—officers and couriers, civilians with military passes, just before we started a young officer and his orderly saying good-by to their wives. He was one of those amiable, blue-eyed young Austrians who seem a sort of cross between German and French, and the orderly was much such another man, only less neatly made and sensitive, and there were the same differences in their wives and their good-byes.

The orderly saluted his officer, turned, clicked his heels, and saluted his officer's lady before he embraced his solid wife. The latter, rather proud to be in such company, beamed like a stove as the two men looked down from the car steps, but the girlish wife of the captain bit her lips, looked nervously from side to side, winked faster and faster until the tears began to roll down her cheeks. Then the train started, the orderly waving his hand, but the young officer, leaning quickly forward, drew his wife toward him and kissed her on one of the wet eyelids.



The women whose men were fighting invoked the public shrines

We crossed into Hungary, rolled northeastward for five or six hours into the V—— valley, with its green hills and vineyards and ruined castles; finally came to a little place whose name consists almost entirely of consonants, in the Tatra foothills. Two blond soldiers in blue-gray saluted, took my luggage, showed me to a carriage, and drove to a village about a mile away—a little white village with a factory chimney for the new days, a dingy château for the old, and a brook running diagonally across the square, with geese quacking in it and women pounding clothes.

It was mid afternoon, yet lunch had been kept waiting, and the officer who received me said he was sorry I had bothered to eat on the train. He told me where lodgings had been made ready and that an orderly would take me there and look after my personal needs. They dined at eight, and at five, if I felt like it, I would probably find some of them in the coffeehouse by the château. Meanwhile the first thing to do was to take one's cholera vaccination — for no one could go to the Galician front without being *geimpft* — and just as soon as I could take the second, a week later, we should start for the Russian front.

In this fashion were strangers welcomed to the Presse - Quartier, or rather to that part of it—this little Hungarian village—in which correspondents lived during the intervals of their trips to the front. The Austrians have charming manners. Their court is, next to that of Spain, the most formal in Europe, and ordinary life still retains many of the older courtesies. Every time I came into my hotel in Vienna the two little boys at the door jumped up and extended their caps at arm's length; an assistant porter, farther in, did the same; the head porter behind the desk often followed, and occasionally all four executed the maneuver at once, so that it was quite like a musical comedy but for the music.

The ordinary salutation in Vienna, as common as our "hello!" is "I have the honor" (*Ich habe die Ehre!*). In Hungary—of course one mustn't tell a Hungarian that he is "Austrian"—people tell you that they are your humble servants before they say good morning, and those who really are humble servants not only say "Kiss the hands," but every now and then do it. It was natural, therefore, perhaps, that the Austro-Hungarians should treat war correspondents—often, in these days, supposed to be extinct—not only seriously but with a certain air. They have not only the air but indeed a more elaborate organization for handling war correspondence than any of the other belligerents.

At the beginning of the war England permitted no correspondents at all at the front. France was less rigid, yet it was months before a few favored individuals visited the trenches. Germany took correspondents to the front from the first, but these excursions came at irregular intervals and admission to them involved a good deal of competitive wirepulling between the correspondents themselves. The Austro-Hungarians, on the other hand, prepared from the first for a large number of civilian observers, including news and special writers, photographers, illustrators and painters, and, to handle them satisfactorily, organized a special department of the army—this Presse-Quartier, once admitted to which—the fakers and fly-by-nights were supposed to be weeded out by the preliminary red tape—they were assumed to be serious workmen and treated as the army's guests.

The Presse-Quartier—the Germans have recently organized one in Berlin on somewhat different lines—is divided into two sections: an executive section with a commandant responsible for the arrangement of trips to the various fronts and the general business of censorship and publicity; and a second, an entertainment section, so to speak, also with its commandant, whose business it was to board, lodge, and otherwise look after correspondents when they were not on trips to the front. At the time I visited the Presse-Quartier the executive section was in the city of H——; the correspondents lived in the village of N——, two or three hours' railroad journey away. It was to this village—the most novel part of the scheme—that I had come that afternoon, and here some thirty or forty correspondents were living, writing their past adventures, setting forth on new ones, or merely inviting their souls for the moment under a régime which combined the functions of tourists' bureau, rest cure, and a sort of military club.

A Delightful Exile

FOR the time being they were part of the army—fed, lodged, and transported at the army's expense, and unable to leave without formal military permission. They were supposed to "enlist for the whole war," so to speak, and most of the Austro-Hungarian and German correspondents had so remained—some had even written books there—but a good deal of freedom was allowed observers from neutral countries and permission given to go when they felt they had seen enough.



The Presse-Quartier in the little Hungarian village where forty correspondents wrote their adventures

Isolated thus in the country—the only mail the military field post, the only telegrams those that passed the military censor—correspondents were as "safe" as in Siberia. They, on the other hand, had the advantages of an established position, of living inexpensively in pleasant surroundings where their relations with the censor and the army were less those of policemen and of suspicious characters than of host and guest. To be welcomed here, after the usual fretful dangling and wirepulling in War Office anterooms and city hotels—with hills and ruined castles to walk to, a brook rippling under one's bedroom window, and all the time in the world—



The Slovak at home is sturdy, contented, and picturesque



Mr. Ruhl and his frugal, thriving Slovak hosts

seemed idyllic enough. We were quartered in private houses, and as there was one man to a family generally he was put in the villager's room of honor, with a tall porcelain stove in the corner, a feather bed under him and another on top. Each man had a soldier servant who looked after his boots and luggage, kept him supplied with cigars and cigarettes from the Quartier commissariat—for a paternal government included even tobacco!—and charmed the simple republican heart by whacking his heels together whenever spoken to and flinging back *Ja wohl!*

Slovak Local Color

WE breakfasted separately, whenever we felt like it, on the rolls with the glass of whipped cream and coffee usual in this part of the world; lunched and dined—officers and correspondents—together. There were soldier waiters who with military precision told how many pieces one might take, and on every table big carafes of Hungarian white wine, drunk generally instead of water. For beer one paid extra.

The commandant and his staff, including a doctor, and the officer guides not on excursions at the moment, sat at the head of the long U-shaped table. Anyone who came in or went out after the commandant was seated was supposed to advance a bit into this "U," catch his eye, bow and receive his returning nod. The silver click of spurs, of course, accompanied this salute when an officer left the room, and the Austro-Hungarian and German correspondents generally snapped their heels together in semi-military fashion. All our goings and comings, indeed, were accompanied by a good deal of manner. People who had seen each other at breakfast shook hands formally half an hour later in the village square, and one bowed and was bowed to and heard the sing-song *habe die Ehre!* a dozen times a day.

N—— is in the Slovak part of northern Hungary, and the peasants round about were Slovaks—sturdy, solid, blond people with legs the same size all the way down. Many of them still reaped with scythes and threshed on the barn floor with old-fashioned flails, and one afternoon there was a curious plaintive singing under my window—a party of harvesters, oldish men and brown, barefooted peasant girls, who had finished their work on a neighboring farm and were crossing our village on their way to their own.

Their scythe blades were unslung and bound to the shafts with flowers and twisted straw; the girls had flowers in their hair and the men flowers in their hats. With their strange peasant detachment, they drifted, singing, past our patronizing villagers, scarcely looking to right or left, wild and wistful as wood animals or birds. I followed them for half a mile out between the fields. They scarcely spoke, but now and then handed about a jug of some peasant elixir, and all the time sent back that plaintive chant, which would die away, then swell out again as some new singer took up the refrain.

As one watched them disappear or saw others like them working in the fields—their red embroidered caps like poppies in the wheat—one thought of what the term "Slovak" is generally associated with at home—of mines and slaughterhouses and inside tenements and all the greed and sordidness that are so often their only glimpse of the New World. That the kind of living such immigrants will submit to is as bad for us as it is for them, and that immigration should be restricted, one may readily admit, yet they must smile a little bitterly if they ever hear the talk of the "dunghills of Europe" and think of the life they have left behind.

The Quartier naturally stirred things up a good deal in N——. There was one week when we could not go into the street without being surrounded by little girls with pencils and cards asking for our "autogram." The candy shop kept by two girl wives whose husbands were at the front did a vast business, and the young women had somebody to talk to all day long. The evening the news came out that Warsaw had fallen, candles were lighted in all the windows on the square, and the band with the villagers behind it came to serenade us as we were at dinner. The commandant bowed from the window, but a young Hungarian journalist leaned out and without a moment's hesitation poured forth a torrent for fully fifteen minutes with scarce a pause for breath. I told him that such impromptu oratory seemed marvelous, but he dismissed it as nothing. "I'm *politiker!*" he explained, with a wave of his hand.

One day there was a cattle fair. To see one of these hard-headed old peasant women punch, poke, and otherwise examine a cow from teeth to tail as impersonally as she would look over some sort of churn was an experience in itself. Another day there was a wedding. People waited for an hour in the rain to see the carriage come from the church, and all that evening womenfolk loitered in the shadow across the street for a glimpse, through the shutters, of the wedding supper. The kitchen door was open, and they could see the dishes hastily washed to go on again, and listen while the bride, without accompaniment, lifted her voice in lugubrious song.



Only women, children, and beggars were left in the town

The son of the family in whose house I lived was fighting on the Russian front, the father spent most of his time at an inn he kept in a neighboring village, and the house was looked after by a hard-fisted old Slovak mother and her daughter—a capable chip of the old block, with blond hair and rather chilly green eyes.

They were well-to-do, as the villagers went, and owned a rented building down the street, but preferred to live frugally. They were up at daylight and busy all day making dough pills with which to stuff their geese, tending bar, cooking for the absent husband, and now and then poking something into the pen where their pig lived his dismal and mysterious life—in darkness but for the light which squeezed through the crack at which he hopefully grunted when anyone came near.

The mother knew only Slovak, but the daughter spoke a little German as well as Hungarian, and with a handful of German words we gossiped at length. She had strong leanings toward the polite world, but, like many village girls, was, beyond a certain point, more self-contained and circumspect than the softer, subtler city type. She rarely joined in the evening promenade round the square—at least not after nine o'clock. It was not done, she said, "by the best houses." And while she could talk to any well-behaved (*anständig*) man, she "had no need" of these army officers, nor any of us. She once showed me an album full of picture post cards sent by various admirers—that was nothing, she said: she had plenty more.

There were at least three eligible suitors for whom she had but to whistle. One kept a little *Gasthaus* in a near-by village and was much desired by her parents, but him she would never take. There was no life for a girl even in N——; in the other place she was as good as dead—no theatre, no band, no place to go walking: nothing but work. I made some sage comment to the effect that it might be better to live in a village with a man she was fond of than in a city with somebody else, to which Stefania shrugged her shoulders and averred that with agreeable surroundings she thought she could like almost anybody.

Stefania's Romance

THE second man was in the army, but serving as a station agent. He was good-looking and in a place that was almost a city, but—and this "but" was evidently the third man. As she spoke of him—the young drug-store man in Pressburg—her manner underwent a sudden and dazzling change. He came from a very elegant family, she said, and was himself very elegant, and she revealed a photograph of a swarthy youth in a soft hat and a short, wide tan coat with big buttons.

So elegant was he, so amiable, with such a city air—as she went on about him her German collapsed and finally even her Slovak. She could not talk at all, only glow and sparkle and nod her head with a curious birdlike motion, finishing with an odd, convulsive gesture which began somewhere in her shoulders and came out with a curious sort of sidewise kick. There was no doubt how Stefania felt about the Pressburg druggist.

With amenities of this nature—walks and climbs, and even a little work—the Quartier guests passed their time while waiting their turn to go to the front. There were always, while I was there, one or more parties in the field, either on the Italian or the Russian front, or both, while a few writers and artists were well enough known to be permitted to go out alone. The Hungarian Mr. Molnar, for instance, whose "Devil" was played in America a few years ago, was writing at that time a series of letters under the general title

(*Continued on page 26*)

FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE PACK

BY DOROTHY PAUL

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

OF course in discussing the affair—and you may be sure it was thoroughly discussed over every foot of the Calumet Club's golf links—nobody thought for an instant of blaming Dick Merrill. Dick isn't the sort of man one blames for things. If there are any comments to be made, it is usually Dick who makes them. As Al Tracy used to say: "When Dick bestows blame upon you, you accept it with the feeling of having gotten an expert's diagnosis free of charge," and Al was an authority on the subject if anyone was, for that affair with Colonel Estes wasn't the first scrape Richard Merrill had dragged Al out of by the heels—not by a good many.

Just precisely how Dick gave the impression of having come into this wicked world *sans peur*, and being amply capable of threading its miry mazes *sans reproche*, is one of those arts-and-crafts secrets that the laity never unravel. It may have been his comradely, eye-to-eye fashion of gripping life by the hand, and again it may have been any one of a goodly number of other things. All of which is a digression, the real point at issue being that in the multifold discussion of the Ross-Maesfield case no one attached any blame to the winsome person of the honorable Richard Merrill.

The affair had begun a good many moons before Dick came on the scene at all. Even as early as the night of the Spring cotillion everyone was saying that Hudson Ross and Lucie Maesfield were engaged. Not that *they* were saying so, of course, but everyone else was, and that's not such a bad beginning. Lots of perfectly good engagements have come about that way. It may be a bit hind-part-before, but that doesn't seem to make it any the less effective.

There wasn't a more popular fellow at the club than Hudson Ross—great bronzed giant that he was. Straight as a die, too—they don't come much finer than Ross! And as for Lucie, she was the most typical bit of femininity that ever nicked up the green with a putting iron. So, naturally, it wasn't long before all the men were saying that Ross was a lucky dog, and that he deserved the luck, if ever a man did, and all the feminine contingent of the Calumet Club were saying what a pity it was that there wasn't "a little more *to*" Lucie, and "What *do* you suppose a man like Hudson Ross can see in that little Maesfield girl?"

Whatever it may have been, it seemed to more than satisfy Hudson Ross, and he didn't bother to conceal the fact. Which may or may not have been wise, according to the way you look at it. But you know when a man who can play as good golf as Ross is willing—*eager*, if you please—to confine his game exclusively to twosomes with Lucie, there's something in it. Not that Lucie isn't the rippingest little girl in the world, but that hasn't a thing to do with golfing qualifications.

As for Lucie, she seemed sweetly content with life and Ross and herself and the drift of events; used a brass like a croquet mallet, and Ross as a caddie, winsomely and undeprecatingly; fluttering beside him in her little scarlet blazer and letting him build her tees and choose her irons—personally I doubt if Lucie could have told a mashie from a mid-iron—and correct her stroke, while she smiled upon him with that particular brand of child-eyed dependence that is mightier than pen and sword combined.

But, as I said, all this was a good many moons before Richard Merrill arrived on the scene—naturally.

He blew into the Calumet Club for the first time one crisp September afternoon fresh from two years in the Foreign Office service in some forsaken little station down on the Caribbean seaboard.

NONE of the fellows at the club knew him. I don't think even Stewart Evans knew him, though it was Stewart who put him up for membership. Stewart did it only because Merrill had a letter of introduction to him from Benson, and Stewart and Benson had been pretty good pals, in the old days, before Benson went out to the Philippines to have an eye to Uncle Sam's sugar interests. He drifted down to South America later, you remember, and that was where he met Richard Merrill.

It was the day of the Fall Cup Tournament, and everyone was having tea out on the veranda when Dick Merrill swung along the gravel walk and up the clubhouse steps, picking his way expertly among the men and maids and tea things. He went right over to Stewart Evans and held out his hand, with a frank, boyish gesture that was so winning and so much a part of him. Stewart looked a shade puzzled for an instant, then he tossed away his cigarette, swung himself down off the veranda railing, and shook hands in that welcome-to-our-city fashion that is one of Stewart's best assets. Of course, Stewart piloted him around then, with one arm across his shoulder—you know how Stewart can do it—and introduced him, group by group, to everyone on the veranda, and couple by couple to all the stragglers from the links. In half an hour he was one of us, and the men were asking his opinion about things, and the girls were falling over each other to fill his teacup.

It's true he was a friend of Benson's, and Stewart Evans was his sponsor—those were drawing cards, both of them; nevertheless, without either, Dick Merrill was a man you liked at once, simply and solely for the sake of Dick Merrill himself.

There was a quiet directness about him that made you listen when he talked, and with it an almost boyish buoyancy, a keen sort of eagerness for joy and beauty, and what Constance Ray used to call "a sense of the gladness of things." Poor Connie, I always thought she cared a bit more for Dick than was strictly necessary! Still, you never can tell.

BUT to return to Dick: he was so radiantly glad to be back in civilization once more, "and speak real English to real white people again," as he said, that he talked to us as if he'd known us for years and borne the separation with difficulty. You know how charmingly Dick *could* talk when he chose, in a breezy, offhand sort of way, with that whimsical little lift of one eyebrow over the humorous bits. His stories always had a laugh hidden somewhere about them, too. Sometimes it was on himself and sometimes it was on the other fellow; but it was kindly always, with that lazy, good-humored kindliness.

Well, Dick had loitered on, from one story to another, until he was right in the middle of that one about the señorita and the pineapples—you remember—when Hudson Ross and Lucie sauntered up the walk and across the veranda. Hudson was carrying Lucie's hat, and her hair was all wind-blown about her face, in those light, silky little curls that always made her so babyishly innocent-looking. Her arms were full of goldenrod, and she was laughing up over it into Hudson's eyes, with her little pointed chin impishly atilt. She was quite worth looking at. And Dick was looking.

"Who's the little gold-and-white primrose?" he wanted to know, abandoning the señorita and the pineapples with their climax in mid-air.

"Not that it would do you a bit of good to be told," Constance had laughingly informed him; "it's awfully pretty, of course, but you mustn't touch it, because it belongs to Hudson Ross."

There was a deal of satisfaction under the laugh in Connie's voice. Funny things they are, these women, with their open-face hearts!

After Lucie had put the goldenrod in the big brass bowl on the reading-room window seat, she and Hudson strolled over to our little crowd on the veranda, and Stewart introduced Merrill.

I'd give a good deal to know how Dick did what Al used to call "that sunrise on Lone Mountain stunt of his." I never saw Dick's peer in pantomime, anyway. He had a knack of lighting his face up from the inside when he wanted you to know he was pleased. That was how he met Lucie. He just let the sunrise dawn across his face, a slow, glad sweep of it that flashed out at last, in that deliberate, whimsical smile of his; then he took her outstretched hand for a moment, looked, for a moment, straight at her, in that grave, eye-to-eye fashion of his, and while he said only the usual things a fellow *can* say to a girl he's never laid eyes upon before, you got the impression, somehow, that they were distinctly *un*-usual things. I think Lucie gathered the same impression, for the faint, wind-stung pink in her face deepened a bit and her eyelashes flickered down against her cheek for the merest second before she answered. Which wasn't in the least typical of Lucie. She'd been "out" a whole season then, and Hudson Ross was only the last in a series.

Well, anyway, that was how it began. I think the fellows were all a bit sorry for Merrill from the first. He was such a likable chap, and he was so obviously and hopelessly hard hit.

I remember, that first afternoon, Stewart had taken him back to the office to see about his locker keys and things, and while Stewart was making some arrangements of his own Dick strayed out into the reading room. At the farther end of the room Lucie, with her back to him, was pinning on her hat before the mirror over the mantel, and laughing up under the brim of it at Ross, who was leaning against the chimney watching her with a little lazy, amused air of satisfied possession. I don't know whether Dick noticed them or not—I rather fancy he did—but I saw him break off a bit of Lucie's goldenrod from the bowl on the window seat and brush it against his lips. When Stewart joined him he was drawing it nonchalantly through his buttonhole and Lucie had stopped laughing and was staring straight in front of her into the mirror.

The next day it rained—a little chilly, persistent drizzle—and the few who had been golfing in the early afternoon came into the library and shuffled through the magazines before they gave up hope and went home.

There was a log fire snapping in the big fireplace and on one of the high-backed settles of the inglenook Lucie was curled up cozily, like the luxurious white kitten she was, pretending to be absorbed in a book of tennis rules. The ruddy shine of the firelight on her hair was not bad; neither was the little foot on the fender rail. I remember I rather enjoyed sipping the effect in occasional glances myself.

After a while Dick Merrill came in and crossed the room to where Lucie sat—not idly, nor strollingly, nor indecisively, but quite as though it were the end of a quest and really the only thing in the world worth doing. That is one of the most flattering things about Dick: until you see the wheels go round you are the most important person in the world to him, while he is talking to you, and while he's listening to you too, which is rarer still. Dick always listened as though it were a privilege he was keen to make the most of. He had a way of looking a bit beyond you while you talked and smiling his agreement or applause, in a quiet *en rapport* sort of way, throwing in an occasional monosyllable, but never interrupting you or jumping at your conclusion before you handed it to him of your own accord. When you thought about it afterward, it was really alarming how much you found you'd told Dick in a



They sat on a bunker and read "Sonnets from the Portuguese"

short half-hour and how little Dick had told you. Lucie shut her book and smiled up at him, in a shy, fluttered way that was not in the least like Lucie, and then she moved up and made room for him on the settle.

When I came back an hour later they were still talking. That is, Dick was talking, and Lucie was leaning forward eagerly to listen, with her lips apart and her fingers locked about one knee, in that little-girl way of hers. There was a tiny point of blue light above one hand, where the firelight touched a ring she'd been wearing of late. I rather think it was Hudson Ross's ring.

DICK had the waiter bring them tea, there in the inglenook, on one of those little wicker tea wagons, and Lucie poured it, with the firelight playing over her hair and hands and the tea things, in a way you couldn't help liking to watch. That's a pretty strong combination—a woman and a hearthstone and a kettle. Stronger than a good many men I've known. Funny!

Toward dusk it began to rain in earnest, and I heard Dick go to the phone, in spite of Lucie's laughing protests, and order a taxi. When it came, he helped her in and got in beside her. With an air of quiet authority he placed his overcoat about her shoulders.

From the reading-room window I saw Stewart Evans watch the machine crunch down the wet drive, with a puzzled little frown between his eyes and a dead cigar between his teeth. Stewart always was strong for Hudson Ross, even after he saw how things stood between Hudson and Lucie. Poor old Stewart! It takes a Man to play the game as straight as he plays it.

Well, Dick and Lucie were pretty constantly together from then on. They strolled and rode and golfed together, or, rather, as far as golfing went, they'd start out with a full kit of irons and balls and caddies and things, and end up by sitting on the sunny side of the farthest bunker and reading Omar and "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and all the rest of the first-aid-to-the-injured literature.

Still, she strolled and rode and golfed with Hudson too, and it never dawned upon me that Lucie *could* be serious about Dick Merrill until the night of the Christmas dance. And then you wouldn't exactly say it dawned: the term's mild.

Lucie came to the dance with Ross, wearing Dick's lilies of the valley—I know they were Dick's because I heard him thank her for wearing them—and she danced with Ross and Dick, pretty much share-and-share-alike all evening.

Just before supper I went out to smoke a cigarette. The air was crisp and chilly, but the frosty starlight was keenly refreshing after the close rooms, and I strolled down the drive a little way. As I turned back to the house, I saw Ross and Lucie come out on the veranda. They walked the length of it slowly, Ross silently, with his head down and his hands behind his back, Lucie trailing the delicate length of her white lace gown unmindfully after her and talking low and fast, with a queer little catch in her voice. I couldn't hear the words. As they passed the open window, above the window seat, I saw Ross reach in and get an overcoat and put it around Lucie's shoulders. She was a childishly fragile little figure as she gazed up at him from the depths of the big coat, with her small, wistful profile clear against the light behind her. Ross turned away and struck a match on the veranda railing, and held it to his cigarette. The red glow in his hollowed palm threw the outline of his face sharply against the darkness for an instant. It was not a face you would care to remember—the face of a strong man alone with his dead.

The match shook and went out. He did not light another. Lucie was holding something out to him that gleamed in her hand where the light touched it. With her other hand she fumbled in the pocket of the big coat unconsciously, and drew out an endless crumpled length of handkerchief and wiped her eyes with it forlornly.

I turned and went back to the house softly by way of the tennis court and the side porch. The situation was distinctly not divisible by three.

Lucie and Ross went home, with a gay little crowd of the younger set, in the Grants' machine, and, upon the surface, there was nothing for the innocent bystander to observe. As they drove off I heard Ross teasing Al about Constance Ray and laughing with the rest at some witty retort of Connie's. I thought of the face that had leaped out from the dark in the flare of Hudson Ross's match. That sort of thing takes a thoroughbred.

This was in December. It was February when Dick Merrill got his appointment as assistant vice consul to Vienna.

HE was to leave on Thursday, and on Wednesday night the Calumet Club gave him a farewell dinner. I think everyone was genuinely sorry to see Dick go, from the president right on down the line to the triflingest caddie that ever swiped his golf balls.

I shall never forget Dick as he looked that night. He was so winningly, boyishly radiant over his new appointment; so gratified at being made much of by everybody; so clever and quick and gracious in answering the toasts. We were all distinctly proud of Dick and showed it. And he seemed to feel it and take fire from it, for he was his charming, brilliant best. Lucie sat at his feet, dainty as a Dresden china shepherdess, in white chiffon and pale-blue hyacinths. Her eyes followed Dick with something more than mere approval; as Al remarked, with less charity than wit, "a for-what-we-are-about-to-receive expression"—but then Al never did like Lucie.

Ross was not there—out of town on a business trip—for which I thanked Allah every time Dick looked at Lucie.

Ross had sent a telegram of congratulation to Dick about his appointment, though, and Dick read it aloud, and then proposed a toast to Ross, and we drank it with our glasses raised to the empty cover that had been laid for him.

I THINK everyone was more than a little disappointed that no announcement was made at dinner about Dick and Lucie, although it hardly needed the confirmation of an announcement, at the rate Dick had been conducting the rush and Lucie approving it.

After it was all over I drove Dick and Lucie home in my machine—just the three of us. I'd let the chauffeur go—I rather thought they'd prefer it that way—and I paid the most unprofessional attention to the steering gear and let them have the conversation and the tonneau strictly to themselves.

Dick was still in high spirits, and talked incessantly about things of no moment, while Lucie sat cuddled back among her furs, with her muff to her cheek, and answered in monosyllables.

Just as we turned into the boulevard I heard Dick say—you know how he could pull out the cello "stop" in his voice, and get that vibrant tone—I heard him say: "Lord, I can't bear to think it's all over, Lucie! You've been the rippingest little sister a fellow ever had. You can't *know* what these days have meant to me—a stranger in a strange land—or what a blessing it's been to know you!"

I didn't hear what she said. I slid the machine against the curb then, and he helped her out. At the door he raised her hand to his lips a moment and stood with his hat lifted while she trailed into the dimly lighted hall and disappeared.

Then he came down the stone steps two at a time, swung himself into the front seat beside me, and slammed the door.

"By Jove," said Dick Merrill, rummaging in his case for a cigarette, "there isn't a sweeter little girl anywhere than Lucie Maesfield—no foolishness about her—just a regular pal!"

The flare of a match spilled yellow from his cupped palms across his face. I turned and looked at him. I don't know what was in *my* face—the thing I thought, most probably—but I saw him flush before he tossed the match away.

And all the way home the face of Hudson Ross went before me in the night, as the flash of another match had flung it to me once across the darkness.



Hudson was carrying her hat, and her arms were full of goldenrod. "Who's the little gold-and-white primrose?" Dick asked, abandoning his story



A Fight for Leadership

SPOKESMEN for the President announce that he is getting ready to take the stump for his program of national defense. He will go before the public and meet the attacks of Mr. BRYAN and Mr. BRYAN'S followers in Congress. That is cheerful news. It is cheerful news for everybody, but especially for the Democratic party, which has just about been brought on the shoals by paltry treatment of this question. "Too proud to fight" we now know was a mere slip of the tongue. The President's record at Princeton and other more or less renowned battle fields is evidence that the phrase does not correctly express his intellectual attitude. But it was sticky and it is likely to stick. One way to evade this stain of rhetorical melted sugar might be for Mr. WILSON to show that he is not too proud or too anything else to fight for the leadership of his own party. There have been party mutinies and rebellions in Washington in the past, but this is more than either. It is a perfectly open attempt to overthrow his leadership. Through the belief which Mr. BRYAN shares with his friends in Germany and Mexico that "the President will not do anything," Mr. WILSON as a party leader is about in the position of poor DOM PEDRO before the Brazilian revolutionists put him aboard a boat and shipped him back to Portugal. Mr. WILSON need have no doubt as to Mr. BRYAN'S purpose. It is no more a matter of uncertainty than the intentions of the U boat toward the liner. That able gentleman does not mix his emotions. In politics he has only political friends, and knows no others. His influence is greater in Washington than in the country at large, where it distinctly withers from day to day and, we might almost say, from speech to speech or from the announcement of one "deathless principle" to another. But at the Capitol there is still a kind of superstitious dread of his power, and it has been increased by the feeling that anyone who went out to fight him would have to do it alone and without hope of support from the White House. A bold stand by the President on the one great issue before the public would at least settle the question of leadership. It might lend some probability to the prediction that the patriot who made his entrance as a presidential candidate through an attack on the credit of the Government will make his exit through an attempt to destroy the defenses of the nation.

Programs

BUT that is a matter of party discipline. It would be more important to know the nature of the President's program and the spirit in which it is to be carried out. Let us take the case of the navy. Is it a satisfactory naval policy to secure a vote for nominal increases from Congress and then postpone the building of the ships for years, to substitute amateur for professional advice, to cut down the appropriation requested for reserve ammunition, to neglect improvements of the most vital naval bases and leave them partially useless, to cover up a shortage in the personnel that amounts to something like 15,000 men, to represent to Congress that expert opinion has been followed in a recommendation that a fanciful number of submarines be substituted for a practical number of first-class fighting ships, to include in the naval strength ships that should be in the junk pile, to permit a minority faction in Congress to saddle naval bills with conditions which nullify them, and to fill out the program with the "man-for-man, ship-for-ship" nonsense that has been the bane of our naval policy for years? Such programs are only too familiar to the country. But we can imagine another kind, carefully thought out, informed by the most competent opinion, subjected to the most searching criticism and proposed in Congress with the assurance of the unyielding support of the Administration. Such a program would not need explanation or defense. It would explain and defend itself.

Just Rhetoric?

OUR staid and thoughtful friend, the Boston "Transcript," heads a column of war news:

> ANOTHER GORY SCALP OF A SMALL PEOPLE WILL DANGLE PROUDLY AT THE BELT OF THE TEUTONIC WAR MACHINE

Did a Harvard man write that sentence? We should value Professor BARRETT WENDELL'S opinion. Is it mixed metaphor? Or is the "gory scalp" just allegory? Did the Teutonic war machine move a little faster, one might suggest the use of *belting* in place of *belt*. The figure would be more appropriate for a highly industrial civilization. It would also carry with it the faint suggestion of revolution, which might be helpful to the common people of the Fatherland when the war machine has stopped dangling scalps.

The Business End of Preparedness

WHEN an athlete goes to work to get himself into condition he doesn't simply add more muscle, he gets rid of fat and puts his whole body into a better state of strength and endurance. This analogy holds absolutely for our National Government in getting into training for our country's defense. Floods of bills have been introduced in Congress which aim to get preparedness just by spending more money, as a stupid strong man might plan to train by adding two or three pounds of beefsteak to his daily diet. The Chamberlain of New York City, HENRY BRUÈRE, who had a great deal to do with putting in a modern budget system there, has called attention to the fact that:

> The budget of the National Government is voted in a way which would mean ruination to the city of New York or other American cities if similar methods were pursued.

There is enormous waste at Washington because there is no budget in any modern sense. Money is voted in many separate bills, on guess, without comparison, without searching inquiry, and without any proper basis of proved facts. This does not mean dishonesty in the Federal departments, but it does mean confusion, lack of systematic leadership, and, in the end, more taxes for smaller results. Putting in a budget system does not mean hostile muckraking of the Federal departments, but rather giving them the oversight of a central authority and the immediate assistance of that authority's experts in framing plans, checking methods, and testing results. Congress *now* has the power to establish a central budget-making committee which can frame *one* solid plan for spending our money, and thus end the locust plague of unrelated and unproved appropriations which has always wasted our nation's substance. The necessary plans for such a system were drawn up three or four years ago. Congress need not wait for any election report, or other event; it need only act; but the reports from Washington are that they are too busy to do so! The fact remains that if preparedness is to be a reality we must have a national budget. Congress has done a good deal of talking about legislative prerogatives, and hasn't at all liked the way the President's office has gained in power and prestige while Congressional glory has alarmingly slumped. Here is a chance for Congress to encourage the public to think of that body as a governmental asset.

Food, Milk, and Bunk

THOSE special correspondents who are syndicating official Germany's assurances that the Kaiser's subjects have more food than is really needed ought to get together with CARL L. SCHURZ, EDMUND VON MACH, and the others who are wailing for American milk to "save" German babies. They could decide which story is true (or nearer true) and suppress the other one, which makes foolishness of it. This German milk agitation, which has been raging in paid advertisements and padded meetings since last November, is a very queer propaganda indeed. It has no apparent basis in facts. Cattle from Belgium and northern France and hogs from Belgium and Serbia have been added to the German resources. Trade by land with Denmark, Hungary, and Switzerland (generally reported to be the great cow-keeping regions of Europe) is going on much as usual, and the admirable local milk supply arrangements of the German cities are untouched by the war. Yet the hyphenated weepers here propose to send over a couple of tons of powdered milk in a submarine. Possibly the Kaiser's chemists have other than infantile uses in mind for these lacteal exports, but that seems a harsh suspicion. Our guess is that VON MACH, SCHURZ and company want to get a little sentimentality enlisted on their side, and that those who see further want to establish some precedents for trading through the British blockade. Both schemes are too coarse to fool anyone.

Somewhere in Chihuahua

THE university is just across the bay from San Francisco, and you can loaf there on the dusty grass under the big live oaks and look out through the Golden Gate to where the sun is blazing down into the Pacific. CHARLIE PRINGLE played tackle on the blue-and-gold team there sixteen years ago. Those were the days JIMMY HOPPER barking the signals (he's in France now), CORNISH and GREISBERG tearing holes in that Stanford line for HALL to charge through, KAARSBERG'S punts soaring like gulls, and CHARLI

down the field with the ends. What was that last score, 28—0 or so? Big, quiet fellow he was, with a gentle voice and a smile that kept coming back, and that level look in his eyes. "Fifty miles west of Chihuahua City," the paper said, robbed and shot and left there like a dead dog by some of VILLA'S greasers. CARRANZA'S Government? Well, one bunch of politicians is pretty much like another: they'll do a lot of dignified talking, but that won't bring CHARLIE PRINGLE back again.

This Busy World

THOSE in the habit of keeping up with events have no doubt noticed that C. W. MORSE is now busy organizing steamship lines to carry our flag to Russia and South America. It is a broader field than that of coastwise shipping, and, if experience is any guide, the new enterprises should be financed on a sound and solid basis. Time will show. The trial of eleven ex-directors of the New Haven Railroad has ended in muddle and lawyers' fees. The whole affair has been a sharp jolt to the men who were easy joiners of corporation boards, and the lesson will not be lost, no matter whether there is or is not a retrial. It should be remembered that the New Haven magnates were tried for attempted monopoly, not for the disgraceful waste and graft of other people's money that took place under the Mellen régime. Concerning the real crime, there has been no acquittal. The Supreme Court has upheld the Sherley amendment to the Food and Drugs Act in a case based on the statement made by the proprietors of "Eckman's Alterative" that this precious bunkum "will cure tuberculosis." The court was unanimous in supporting Justice HUGHES'S condemnation of "swindling preparations designed to cheat credulous sufferers." It is to be hoped that every newspaper that comments favorably on this decision will at once close its columns to the bottle fakers. Advertising is still the life-blood of quackery. So our country goes on with the task of getting better business and of establishing its relation to the law.

The Hardships of Mr. Terrazas

ABOUT the only gleam of humor that comes out of blighted Mexico is the movie recital of how LUIS TERRAZAS was imprisoned by VILLA so that he really starved, was partially hanged so that he could not eat solid food for a week, and grew so fat in the torturing confinement that his rescuers could hardly pull him through his cell window! Our country has been pensioning martyrs of this sort ever since 1865.

Stuffed in Germany

AN American newspaper man named GUSTAV C. ROEDER has been scouting through Kaiserdom for the New York "World," and his interviews with eminent personages have been numerous. He was especially interested in Germany's economic problem, and his Teutonic informers never dropped a stitch. They told him that German industry is free of debt, that the food shortage is a mere corrective of overeating, and as war triumphs of German technical resourcefulness described the new process of extracting nitrogen from the air (which was in operation in Norway a few years before the war) and the substitute rubber tires for autos (some of our motor trucks have had 'em for some time). They told him further how the Germans hate and detest the United States, and are planning to trade with us after the war. Mr. ROEDER swallowed and printed everything, just as Professor GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN of Princeton University acted as medium for a lot of their official misinformation about Belgium last summer. Teutonic efficiency is versatile and stuffs a sausage, a professor, or a journalist with equal neatness and dispatch.

Be Careful!

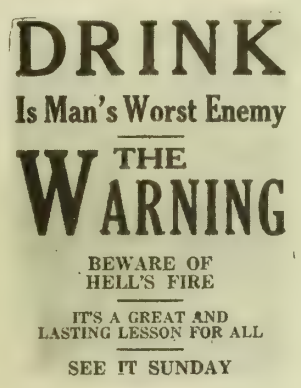
IN a big colliery near Scranton, Pa., we read some days ago the following notice, posted in several prominent positions:

Pennsylvania Coal Company
Notice
NOT ALLOWED
Smoking
Swearing
Open Lamps
Fire of any kind
Use of Intoxicating Liquors
SAFETY FIRST - BE CAREFUL

A good deal of ground is covered in that one brief warning, and perhaps some workers who are not coal miners or breaker boys might properly apply some of those rules in working hours.

Counting Ten on Booze

A BUNCH of Western States went dry January 1, 1916, and the December 31 issues of the local papers are racy reading. The Portland "Oregonian," for example, has plenty of whisky, wine, and beer ads from mail-order houses anxious to befriend. A three-column cut shows "162,200 pieces of 'wet' mail for delivery in Oregon" being put aboard the train at Hornbrook, Cal. The local stock company offers HOYT'S comedy satire on prohibition, "A Temperance Town," while the modern movie theatre hits back with the program we have photographed and reproduce. The "Oregonian" bristles with news of liquor auctions, the old familiar "church member" who bought two gallons of whisky for use as hair tonic, what the saloon men are going to do, the dire effects on "property," the imminence of the blind pig hunt, and a front-page story concerning J. W. BREWER'S election to the presidency of the Oregon Irrigation Congress. When Oregon goes dry, things surely do hum and buzz! And then some inspired reporter got down to business with this statement:



With police and sheriff's deputies officiating, they'll spring the trap at twelve o'clock to-night that sends old BILL TANGLEFOOT as a licensed institution on the long way that red lights, gambling hells, six-shooter justice, and all his pals of the once-upon-a-time days of a wide-open town already have traveled.

That is not only picturesque writing, but also the cold, historic fact. The West has given B. TANGLEFOOT the short drop!

Profiting by Nature

THE best way to be sincere is never to think anything about it. Be yourself and let the rest go hang. No one ever yet heard of an insincere tree or mountain or sunset. Perhaps one reason is that they never analyze themselves or stop to consider what sort of impression they are making.

Some Tall Figures

ONE of our Eastern railroad systems, the Pennsylvania, announces that in two years it has carried 361,572,114 passengers—or more than the combined home populations of the United States, Canada, the United Kingdom, France, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Germany —without a single one of those passengers being killed in a train accident. These passengers traveled on 2,400,000 trains; about as many more freight trains were in motion during the same two-year period. Thinking in millions is not the easiest of tasks, but our great corporations must do it, and do. Moreover, the best of them carry their passengers with more safety as well as with more comfort and over greater distances than those of other countries. An interesting question for academic debate would be whether the Pennsylvania's record could be achieved under governmental ownership?

The Way Home

TWO little boys of under ten were skating on a thinly frozen canal in Jersey City. The ice broke and they disappeared in the water. That would have been the end of the story had it not been for a young man named IRA STRINGHAM. He had left his office in Manhattan as usual and was on his everyday walk home after his day's work when he saw the accident. Without an instant's pause he raced out and dived into the black hole where the boys had vanished. And he got them. Then he tried to raise the boys to safety on to the ice, though time after time the brittle ice at the edge of the hole broke and let them back into the water. But at last, with the aid of ropes thrown from the bank, both youngsters were hauled to shore—and life. IRA STRINGHAM did not follow them. He clutched feebly at the rim of the ice, but his strength had been exhausted and his hand could not keep its grip. They got his body an hour later. "There was nothing to distinguish this from countless other cases," you say; "hundreds of soldiers are doing as much every day." So they are, fired by the call which summons them to a glorious end and sustained by the example of their comrades. But IRA STRINGHAM heard no such call. No one would have termed him a coward had he paused, weighed chances, reasoned, "If I go after them, we shall *all* be drowned," and let the great moment pass. He chose differently. He was something more than a mere slave to duty. His twenty-one years of life may not have been great. But he suddenly came to real greatness that night as he went home.

A Highway to the Top of Pikes Peak





Tourists gazing at a 300-mile Rocky Mountain sky line from a point on the new Pikes Peak highway. They are within 300 feet of the summit, from which one can see an area as large as Illinois

THE great West is not content to stop at merely inviting the people in other parts of the country to come and see its natural wonders. It is proving its good faith by spending huge sums of money for fine roads for visitors to travel over. Such States as Colorado, California, Oregon, and Washington are doing things in highway construction that rival the railroad building of thirty or forty years ago. The most picturesque of the new feats in road making is a hard-surfaced way, twenty feet wide, to the crest of Pikes Peak, in Colorado, glimpses of which are given above. The large snapshot was taken at a point 11,800 feet up the side of the mountain, and dimly outlined in the distance can be seen a row of snow-capped peaks 150 miles to the northwest and 75 miles beyond Denver. In the companion picture you can see motorists within 300 feet of the top, which is 14,147 feet above the sea level. From the crest the tourist can scan a Rocky Mountain sky line 300 miles long, the most impressive long-distance view in America. The new road, which was built by a private concern under a franchise granted by Congress, starts at Cascade, a summer resort in Ute Pass, 7,000 feet up, and is eighteen miles long. It contains eighteen hairpin curves with a 40-foot radius, and the maximum slant is 10 per cent. The roadbed is of disintegrated granite, and cost $250,000.



THE WORLD'S BIGGEST FREIGHT AND RECREATION PIER, built by the city of Chicago at a cost of $4,000,000. It is 3,000 feet long and 292 feet wide, and, in addition to providing 8,500 feet of dockage, it will accommodate over 50,000 pleasure seekers at a time. The play space is at the outer end, and is 665 feet long. The building has three floors, and there is a double-deck esplanade on three sides. The conveniences include a well-equipped emergency hospital

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Bad Gunnery and What the Rocks Did

IN the center of the photograph above is the wreck of the British torpedo destroyer *Louis* in the Dardanelles, with a Turkish shell striking the water about fifty feet away. The *Louis*, according to the British Admiralty, was driven upon the rocks by a heavy gale, and afterward broke in two. The bow and stern are pointing in the same direction. A medium-sized Turkish gun, hidden on a hill overlooking the straits, fired twenty-nine shots at the hulk, and this was the best it could do. The man with the telescope, an English naval officer, is watching the performance from behind a large bowlder. With the Anglo-French land forces gone from Gallipoli Peninsula it is no longer necessary for the Allies to keep all of the original Dardanelles fleet at the mouth of the straits, but enough fighting craft to prevent the Turkish navy from getting out into the Mediterranean will be held there as long as the war lasts.

Copyright by Paul Thompson

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Britain's New Hope—Three Million Volunteers

THE photographs on the lower half of this page illustrate the story of England's new hope in her man power as a deciding factor in the war. The men in the oval are British members of the Hongkong police force who came all the way from the Chinese city to London to join the army; and at the right is a snapshot of a patriotic machine-shop foreman in Chew Magna, an English village, writing the names of newly enlisted men on the neighborhood roll of honor. There is still some disaffection throughout the United Kingdom—enough to necessitate limited compulsion—but on the whole the recent responses to the call for volunteers have been highly encouraging. According to Lord Derby, Director of Recruiting, 3,000,000 men in the empire have enlisted in the last six months. The lack of loyalty to the Government seems to be confined to the British Isles. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India have been doing their part ever since the war began.



Adding the names of volunteers to an English village's roll of honor, kept ever since the war began

Ingenious Women in Odd Occupations



AN ENGLISH TRAINED NURSE, named Ward, who, during spare hours, has learned deep-sea diving. In this snapshot she is seen getting out of her uniform after a 34-foot dive in the Thames River

A Bird Physician

AT the right is a photograph of Miss Virginia Pope of New York City performing an operation on a pet bird. Miss Pope earns her livelihood running a hospital for feathered pets. Her work would not pay in a small city, but in the metropolitan district of New York there are thousands of caged birds that occasionally need the services of a doctor.

She Raises Mice

UNLIKE nearly all other women, Miss E. C. Lathrop of Granby, Mass., is not afraid of mice. She raises them for a living. In the snapshot below she is seen driving two mice back into their box after they have had a little recreation outside. A female mouse and her young are in the far corner of the box. Miss Lathrop also raises guinea pigs for the market.





A Trainer of Domestic Animals

MISS WINONAH VON OHLE, seen in the photograph reproduced above, is one of the country's most successful animal trainers, and her specialty is creatures hitherto regarded as incapable of learning tricks from human beings. Her most notable achievement was the training of two calves to do circus stunts. One of these performs in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, and the other has been bought by the 101 Ranch circus. Miss von Ohle has had considerable success with raccoons, teaching them tricks nobody ever believed they could learn. She lives and works on a farm near Englewood, N. J.

A Girl Saw-and-Plane Expert

MISS LOUISE BRIGHAM of New York City makes exceptionally good furniture out of discarded wooden boxes, and teaches her craft to a class of 100 East Side boys and girls. Three of her pupils are with her in the photograph below. She does not teach the children with a view to making furniture builders of them, but to train their minds for industry in general. The classroom work also serves to keep the youngsters off the streets. Some furniture made by the young woman and her pupils was shown at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The exhibit was financed by admirers of Miss Brigham's work.





AUDIENCES

BY VICTOR MURDOCK

CARTOON BY F. G. COOPER

I WROTE a Roman tragedy at twelve. So, as a prospective purveyor to audiences, I began to study them early. The first thing I discovered about them remains to me to this day their chief characteristic. This is their childlike primitiveness. They are as simple and emotional as a baby.

One of my favorite fancies is of an audience composed of the elect of the ages, with Socrates, Homer, Sophocles, Demosthenes, Praxiteles, Cicero, Horace, Dante, Molière, Milton, Goethe, Washington Irving, Ben Jonson, Coleridge, Thackeray, and Bernard Shaw in the front row and back of them an assemblage of personages of like degree listening to William Shakespeare lecturing on "The Sanity of Hamlet." I can imagine him holding that crowd with a fascinated interest, working upward through increasingly palpitating stages to a volcanic climax. And then in the midst of it I can fancy a tortoise-shell cat prowling forth from the wings, and as she crosses the stage stealing every eye and intelligence in that crowd away from the speaker, including the attention of Homer, who detects from the rustle that something is happening and who finds himself suddenly possessed with a demoniac desire to get away from the speech.

No audience can resist a cat, a dog, a bat, a bird, or any simple diversion. The more commonplace the interruption the more splendidly the audience concentrates upon it. Once at an outdoor meeting of farmers, with one of our leading orators in his peroration, I saw a farm wagon take his auditors away from him almost as completely as they would have been if each man in the crowd had been suddenly informed that his house was afire. They didn't actually arise and follow the wagon away, but they glued their eyes to it and they kept them glued to it with a loyal longing that was really pathetic in its constancy. They had seen wagons all their lives; they had heard this particular wagon for years. If it had appeared while they were at work or in conversation, they would have given it hardly a passing glance, but now, during the flight to which the orator had been mounting for an hour, the vision of that van was as balm to a throbbing wound.

First-Aid Principles

MOVEMENT is not essential to successful diversion on the part of an audience. Noise is equally acceptable. The repeated tap, tap, tap of a loose awning fixes a crowd's attention upon it with the rapt devotion of a footsore pilgrim at a shrine.

There is only one thing for the orator to do in the event of competitive diversion. Contest with the interruption is out of the question. He would be worsted speedily. Shakespeare wouldn't hesitate for a second. He wouldn't fight the cat. Neither would he ignore it. Not he. He would join it. He would put it into his lecture and go along imbecilely with his distinguished audience and so steal it back.

As is evident, I am dealing with audiences with a single figure on the platform. But whether the performance is the address of a lone individual or the movement and dialogue of a group, the situation is much the same. Whatever is behind the footlights is, in the one case or the other, a mechanical, artful, and necessarily inflexible arrangement. Whatever is before the footlights is, in essence, artlessness. There is no other explanation for some platform effects. A glance of the eye, a simian grimace, a suggestive pause, an attitude learned with painstaking precision and given with the last degree of artificiality, are often more potent in the performer than thought or word. This is demonstrated occasionally in the most startling way. At a soldiers' reunion several years ago a young woman, Miss Ebers, an elocutionist of local renown, preceded me on the program. She gave a highly tensioned poem describing a battle. In the midst of it she broke down. There was the heartbreaking silence incident to such a catastrophe. With much guile I handed her a glass of water. She drank this slowly, waiting in vain for the return of her truant lines. Then she looked over the audience and finding a figure well in the rear asked: "Mother, can you help me out?" The mother solemnly shook her head. There was nothing further to be done, and Miss Ebers, with a grim smile, stepped from the platform. Immediately she stepped back again, gained the center of the rostrum, and went ahead splendidly. The audience was carried quite away. A year after I met the young woman and congratulated her for her poise before that crowd. "Well," she said, "it was all right, but I can't afford to deceive you. That second poem had nothing to do with the first one. But the audience didn't know." And the audience *didn't* know. It was too busy, in its childlike, sympathetic innocence, with the diverting dilemma of the performer.



No audience can resist a cat, a dog, a bat, a bird, or any simple diversion

If you happen to be one of a circle of public speakers who are relating their experience, you will hear often some one remark, apropos of the proper construction of an address: "Get a good beginning and a good ending: stuff it with whatever you please." Good stuffing is the rarest thing in public addresses. The audiences are to blame. If it is good, the audience is more likely than not to resent it. There is a reason for this. Most audiences are alert at the start, and nearly always alert at the conclusion. But an audience has rights to mental repose in the middle of an address and it dares maintain them. The Chautauqua audience is typical. During a week's entertainment this audience is treated to a rapid succession of speakers. Its critical sense is sharpened. It is wide-awake and sensitive to first impressions. It "sizes up" the speaker on his opening sentences. By design these opening sentences are striking, and it is during their delivery that the segregated units in an assembly fuse, and most of the auditors forget themselves as individuals and become an audience. The initial gear, then, is high, and while it flatters the speaker, he is certain to find that he cannot maintain it, unless, of course, he is obsessed with a truly tragic belief in his own eloquence at all stages. For after a period of high mental exhilaration an audience flunks. It is aggressive about it—insists on flunking. It needs the rest—and takes it. There are various indications that the audience has reached this condition. It becomes very quiet. The auditors have lapsed into a mild form of comfortable catalepsy. Their eyes turn glassy. This sign is unmistakable and unfailing. It seems a peculiar form of blindness. It is not the hard glaze of death or the blank and forbidding inanity of idiocy. It is a sort of zoological indifference—the benevolent but uninterested look of a circus lion at spectators. Those public speakers who are persuaded beyond cavil of their eloquence and those who have reason to doubt their eloquence view this condition in an audience in two entirely different ways. The self-confessed spellbinder sees in it a spell of his own casting. To him it is the result of magic, presenting an opportunity. The audience is now subjugated, subject to his will. It is his hour for tremendously sonorous phrases freighted with vast platitudes, with commonplaces so certain that the audience cannot be distracted, by any manner of accident, out of its cushiony content. If the orator now avoids with care the shock of casual thought, leonine indifference shades off slowly, in the optical line, to a look of calflike comfort. It was probably this stage the old woman meant when she testified that she went to church just to hear the minister pronounce Mesopotamia. The spellbinder works out of these Elysian fields only to spring his peroration to which he invariably signals his approach by the words: "And now in conclusion." Whereat the audience comes to itself with a jerk and goes out to meet the orator rested and restored and with all faculties alert.

Hints on Hypnotism

BUT the speaker who doesn't bind an audience in a spell uses another method. He doesn't believe the crowd is hypnotized. He believes it is mentally gadding. A little later he persuades himself that it is in a gigantic conspiracy to go to sleep on him with its eyes deceptively open. Of course it is in every way a reflection upon his effort, and, if he has shrapnel, he lets it fly. But no well-ordered audience in this condition will respond to shrapnel. It can be jarred out of this somnolence by only one known device. That is a story—and it must be an old story at that. Many a budding Demosthenes has been nipped by a mistaken recourse to a new story at this stage. The story that is specific for this hour is one that everybody has known and forgotten. It ought to have application. The psychology of its effect is twofold: it reawakens the audience through the gentle process of recollection and at the same time puts each individual auditor into active collusion with the speaker against the audience.

Daring an illustration: the speaker, wading out of the slough of aggressive slumber, starts in:

"Do you remember the story of the old woman who traveled all over the world boring everybody to death about wanting to see the equator?"

"Seems to me," says Jones (on the front seat) to himself, "that I have heard that."

"She had seen it in the geography when she was a girl," continues the man on the platform, "and when she grew up she wanted to see the real thing. She traveled east and west and north and south and everywhere the burden of her song was if she could only see the equator."

"Where on earth did I hear that?" puzzles Jones.

"One time," the speaker pursues, "while traveling from the Cape of Good Hope to Liverpool, she worried the life out of an old Irish sea captain about it, and one night when he couldn't stand it any longer he told the first mate that he was going to show that old woman the equator. The first mate asked how. The captain told him to wait and see. And the next morning the captain (*Continued on page* 24)

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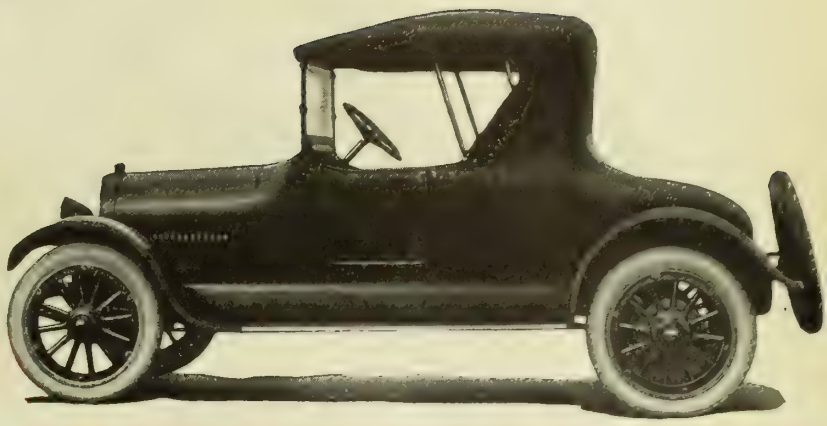


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HELD TO ANSWER

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. KING

Chapter Twelve—A Circumstantial Case

WITHOUT waiting to be announced, Rollie went up and knocked at the door of Miss Dounay's suite. It was opened a mere crack to reveal a nose and a bit of an eyebrow. This facial fragment belonged to Julie, and with it she managed to convey an expression at once forbidding and inquisitorial.

"Oh, la-la!" she exclaimed after her survey. "It is the handsome man. Come in!" and the door swung wide. "Madame will be glad to see you. Perhaps you bring the diamonds."

Julie said all this in her slight but charming accent with an attempt at good-humored vivacity, but that last was a very embarrassing remark to a caller in young Mr. Burbeck's delicate position. His knees shook as he maneuvered to a position where he could lean against a heavy William-and-Mary chair and thus remain standing until Miss Dounay should enter the room; to sit and then rise again suddenly in his present physical condition was a feat that promised to be entirely beyond him.

Moreover, light as had been Julie's manner, Rollie saw that her appearance belied it. Her eyes were red, her sharp little nose was also highly colored; in her hand was the tight ball of a handkerchief that had been wetted to such compactness by tears.

Mercifully Miss Dounay did not leave time for the young man's apprehensions to increase. She entered almost as Julie disappeared. She wore a black, oddly cut, baggy thing like a gown he remembered once seeing upon a sculptress when at work in her studio. It was the nearest to an unbecoming garb that he had ever known Marien to wear, and yet unbecoming was hardly the word. It did become her mood, which was somber. Her face was pale, and there were shady spots beneath her eyes. There were hard lines, too, about the mouth, lines which Rollie had never seen there before. A dogged expression and a volcanic passion smoldered in her eyes. She greeted him respectfully but rather perfunctorily, and bade him be seated. As she sank upon the couch piled with cushions the actress shrouded herself in a state of aloofness which reminded Rollie of the weather when a storm is brooding.

Rollie had expected her to be raging like a wild woman—alternately hurling anathemas at the thief for having stolen her gems and heaping denunciations upon the police because they had not already captured the criminal and recovered the necklace.

The apparent indifference of the actress to that subject only emphasized to him what he had before observed—that it was impossible ever to forecast the mind of this woman upon any subject or under any circumstances.

At the same time the young man was extremely grateful for this abstraction because it made what he had to do vastly easier.

"I suppose," he ventured huskily, "you are worried to death about your diamonds."

The sentence drew one lightning flash from her eyes as she snapped: "To tell you the truth, I have hardly thought of them."

Rollie sat with open mouth, totally unable to comprehend, gazing until his stare became annoying.

"I say I have hardly thought of them," she repeated with an asperity that recalled the young man from his amazement at her attitude toward the real object of his visit.

"But wouldn't you like to get your diamonds back?" he asked perspiringly.

"Of course, silly!" the actress replied, not bothering to conceal the fact that she regarded Burbeck as a child, sometimes useful and sometimes a nuisance. Apparently she had hailed his advent because her ill humor required a fresh butt, Julie's face indicating clearly that she had been made to suffer to the breaking point.

But Rollie was in no position to insist upon niceties of speech or manner. He had a trouble compared to which all other troubles of which he had ever conceived were nothing at all. He was haunted by a terrible fear, and to escape its torture plumped full in the face of danger by blurting:

"I have come to tell you that you are going to get your diamonds back."

If Marien's demeanor was a pose, it must have proved that she was what her press agents claimed, the greatest actress on the English-speaking stage. She did not start. She did not speak. For a few seconds not even the direction of her glance was changed. Then her face did shift sufficiently for the black, piercing eyes to stab straight into Rollie's, while her brows were lifted inquiringly. The glance said: "Well, go on!"

The young man obeyed desperately: "I am an ambassador for the—"

Still Miss Dounay did not speak; she did not move nor change her expression; and yet Rollie felt himself interrupted. He could not tell how this was done, but he was sure that this woman had detected him in the first note of insincerity and by a thought wave had emphatically said: *"Don't lie to me."*

All at once, too, he realized that this motionless, marble-lipped creature sitting there before him was more implacable, more potential for evil than the raging tigress he had expected to confront. He felt somehow that she was not a woman, but a superdevil into whose clutches he was being drawn. He even had a sense that he was not going to be allowed any increased issue of moral stock on the ground of telling this woman the truth. He was going to tell her the truth because he had to, because she hypnotized it out of him.

"I say," he began, and stopped to wet his lips; "I say," he went on again, croaking hoarsely, "that I am—the thief."

"You? The banker?"

Rollie fell to wondering how blue vitriol bites. Certainly it could not be more biting than the sarcasm in look and tone with which the woman had asked this question.

"Yes, I stole them," he affirmed doggedly. "And I am going to bring them back."

"Going to?" she asked, again making the fine shade of her meaning clear.

"Yes; a little accident happened."

"An accident!" The woman's eyes blazed, her cheeks were aflame. "You didn't lose them?"

"I only lost control of them for a few hours through a bit of stupidity," he confessed, and hurried on to explain: "For safe keeping this morning I locked them in John Hampstead's safe-deposit box, and he went off with the key. He's wandering around the Tenderloin of San Francisco now on an errand for a man in the County Jail, and they don't even expect him home before to-morrow morning. We can get them—"

Again Rollie felt himself mentally interrupted, although Miss Dounay had not spoken. This time, however, her features did change, unmistakably. She had been listening to his story with a cynical expression that somehow suggested the manner of a cat about to pounce, and suddenly this manner had departed. It was succeeded by a look of surprise and then of thoughtful interest, followed by that indefinable something which bade him cease to speak. Her features were a sort of moving picture of complex and swift-flying mental processes succeeding one another with astonishing rapidity. Then, as if again becoming suddenly aware of the visitor's presence,



"It has come! It has come!" murmured Hampstead hoarsely, covering his face with his hands. His cross had come!

Miss Dounay exclaimed rather pleasantly: "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Burbeck; but something you said started such an interesting train of thought."

She reached out a hand and, laying it reassuringly upon Rollie's arm, asked considerately: "Will you be kind enough to tell me again, very carefully, and a little more in detail, just why you couldn't bring the diamonds to-day?"

Rollie, greatly relieved at this softening in the woman's mood at the very point where he had feared she might leap upon and throttle him, retold the story, only being careful to omit all reference to why he chanced to be visiting Dr. Hampstead's box and why Dr. Hampstead happened to come into his office so that he might pick up the key as he did.

"What an odd coincidence!" commented Marien when the recital was finished. Actually she was laughing. Rollie's heart went out to her completely. He felt a sting of self-reproach at the harshness of his judgment of her, and was sensible of a new charity growing in his life for all mankind. It was really going to be made easy for him to take "the way up." He felt like singing a little psalm of thanksgiving.

"And the minister has no idea that the diamonds are in his vault?" the mercurial lady inquired with a chuckle.

"Not the least in the world," replied Rollie anxiously.

"And when did you say Dr. Hampstead was expected home from San Francisco?"

"Perhaps the last boat to-night—possibly not till to-morrow morning."

"Then there is no way of getting the jewels until to-morrow morning?"

"None at all," confessed Rollie. "But as a matter of fact they are perfectly safe there—safer than they are in your own apartment."

"So I should say," Miss Dounay observed dryly, "unless I revise my guest list."

Rollie flushed.

"That was coming to me," he confessed; "that and much more."

HIS tone was serious and full of bitter self-reproach. Miss Dounay's surprisingly indulgent attitude emboldened him to pursue the disagreeable subject further.

"I have not told you," he went on, "that I came to ask you for mercy."

"Do you not perceive that you are getting it without asking?" the actress replied, with a liquid glance that was really full of gentleness and sympathy.

"Of course," Rollie averred. "But I am so grateful that I did not want you to think I could take it for granted. I was in a terrible position, Miss Dounay. The crime was not accidental, but deliberate; that it miscarried was the accident. But that your diamonds are to be restored to you, and that I myself am on my way to a sort of restoration of character, if I ever had any, which I begin to doubt, is all due to one good friend who is also a friend of yours."

Again Rollie was interrupted; but this time there was nothing intangible about it. Miss Dounay's face grew suddenly hard; cruel lines appeared about her mouth, while her eyes bored straight and menacing into his, as she exclaimed sharply: "Never mind about that. As for the theft, the only injunction that I lay upon you is to keep absolute silence about it yourself. Remember, no matter what comes to pass, you know nothing and have nothing to say. So long as you are silent I will protect you absolutely. Break the silence and you will go where you belong!"

Of all the hard glances Miss Dounay had given young Burbeck the look which accompanied this last warning sentence was the hardest. A spasm of terror wrung the young man's heart as he saw how deliberately implacable this woman could be and how completely he was in her power.

But presently Miss Dounay, as if suddenly ashamed of her outburst of feeling upon so slight an occasion, broke into radiant smiles, took Rollie by the arm, and led him a few steps in the direction of the door. Her manner was gracious and almost intimate, proclaiming that at least as long as all went well with her moods the whole wretched incident was past and forgotten absolutely.

As if to make this emphatically clear, she asked interestedly: "And when is it that you go out with Mrs. Ellsworth Harrington upon her launch party?"

"With Mrs. Harrington's launch party?" Rollie repeated in a dazed voice, his mind groping as at some elusive memory.

"Yes," the actress replied crisply. "You told me yesterday you were going out to-day with her party for a cruise on the bay."

"Yesterday!" confessed Rollie dreamily. "By Jove, so I did. But" (and as though it made all the difference in the world) "that was yesterday!"

"And isn't to-day to-day?" Miss Dounay asked significantly. "Going to buck up, aren't you?" she continued with intimate friendliness of tone. "You are still to continue as the Amalgamated's social ambassador?"

"Why, of course," the young man replied, although weakly, for after what he had passed through of hope and fear in the past few minutes he felt quite unequal to any such prospect as the immediate resumption of his social duties.

But it was a part of the swiftly forming plans of the strong-willed woman that he should take them up immediately, and she cleverly recalled his mind to the necessity of special attention to Mrs. Harrington's projects by inquiring tentatively: "I suppose Mrs. Harrington was very much put out because I did not attend her dinner last night?"

"I should say!" confessed Rollie, turning a wry face at the memory.

"Suppose," suggested Miss Dounay in calculating tones, "that I went with you upon her launch party this afternoon."

"You? Oh! Miss Dounay!" Rollie exclaimed with another of his looks of doglike gratefulness. "Could you be as good as that? Why, say!" and the young man's enthusiasm actually began to kindle. "You'd undo the damage of last night and fix me with her for life. Positively for life; because" (and he hesitated while an expression half ludicrous and half painful crossed his face) "—because you are ten times as big a social asset now that—that—" He could not bring himself to finish the sentence.



Bessie was now not a master of arts, but merely a woman with a breaking heart

But Miss Dounay relieved him of his embarrassment by appearing not to notice and broke in with a practical question:

"What time does the launch leave the pier?"

"At four. It is now one-thirty."

For a moment Miss Dounay's brow was again threaded with lines of thought, as if she were making calculations and tying the loose ends of some project together in her mind.

"Yes," she declared presently, a look of impish happiness coming into her eyes, "I can go. It will be a delightful relief. I have been bored beyond measure by my own company to-day. Come here at three-thirty, and François will take us to the pier."

The interval of two hours which this appointment allowed the actress must have been a fairly busy one judging by subsequent events. When Rollie returned he found her dressed for the bay. As the *Black Swan* steamed gayly down the harbor with its merry party on board the young man felt that he was leaving all his troubles behind him. The gracious, forgiving smiles of Mrs. Harrington seemed further assurance that only good things lay ahead.

Certainly no one could have been expected to foresee that shortly after sundown the *Black Swan* would thrust her nose upon a mud bank and ingloriously stick there the whole night through waiting for the morning tide to lift her off, and only Miss Dounay could have divined what might be happening on shore in the meantime.

Indeed, with such accuracy and precision had the actress timed her plans that before the luxurious launch left the pier the reputation of the Rev. John Hampstead had begun to pass into eclipse beneath the shadow of a woman's frown.

IT was a quarter past six when the minister, his underworld quest got over sooner than he had anticipated, climbed to the upper deck of a ferryboat bound from San Francisco to Encina. He reflected as he did so that he was both tired and hungry and that he would be at home in time for dinner.

But Dr. Hampstead's reflections were rudely interrupted when the headline in an evening newspaper caught his eye. "Minister to Be Arrested!" it proclaimed screechingly.

Great was his astonishment when he read that the minister was himself and much greater when he discovered that the charge was the theft of the Dounay diamonds. Yet he concluded the perusal of the news without a thought of danger to himself. Such a farce could cause him no more than temporary embarrassment, if embarrassment it might be called. The very manner in which the news was handled showed how completely immune in this community he was from such attack.

So secure was the minister in his mind that he actually busied himself with consideration for the foolish woman and wonder as to how she would emerge from the embarrassment occasioned by the recoil of her own charge.

This sense of security was not even disturbed when at the point of transfer from the ferryboat to the suburban train the minister got a taste of what an unfriendly attitude on the part of a newspaper can make of the most innocent set of facts, for here he encountered a later edition of another evening journal which announced: "Cleric Flies Arrest."

This account had cleverly touched up those circumstances in the narrative which looked incriminating and left the others unillumined. One would never gather from it that there was any reason to doubt the guilt of the minister or that his temporary absence was anything but guilty flight.

But while this story did not alarm, it irritated, and with an irritation that grew toward outrage when Hampstead read further that his house had been searched in his absence. This was the more alarming because there were documents in his possession which he would most particularly wish might not come under the eye of unfriendly police officials. He reflected, however, that the most important of these were in his safe-deposit box.

But, once arrived at his home, the sinister connotations of arrest began to multiply rapidly, for he found awaiting him two city detectives, a deputy sheriff named Wyatt, whom he knew very well, and Searle, an assistant district attorney. Somewhat to the minister's chagrin, these men insisted upon a personal search. This search disclosed the key to his safe-deposit box.

"We got to go through that box," announced Wyatt doggedly.

The minister was instantly on his guard.

"I decline to permit it," he affirmed unhesitatingly. "There are very private papers in that box—things which have been communicated to me in the utmost confidence—and I would not be justified in permitting you, or anyone else, to handle them. Under the rules of the bank, without my consent or an order of court you could not reach that box."

"I have that order of court here," said Searle, speaking up quickly, "in a search warrant directed particularly to your safe-deposit box."

THERE was nothing to do but to submit, protest and suspicion growing in his soul. Following this came the humiliating realization that he was actually under arrest; that he was this man Wyatt's prisoner until bail was given.

"The bail is fixed at $10,000," explained Searle smoothly. "When we learned from the telephone message to your sister that you would be home at seven o'clock, I took the liberty of arranging for Judge Brennan to be in his chambers at nine to-night so that you could be there with your bondsmen and not have to spend the night in jail."

The night in jail! Ten thousand dollars bail!

Dr. Hampstead had expected to be released upon his own recognizance. The disagreeable intimation of being treated like a common criminal came crowding in upon him with a suffocating effect. But the minister tried to bear himself coolly.

"That was very considerate of you," he assented, but with a huskiness in his tone. And then, more resolutely determined to make the best of an unpleasant situation, he added: "If I am to meet Judge Brennan and yourself with my bondsmen at nine o'clock, I suggest that we go from there direct to the bank vaults. They are accessible until midnight, as you doubtless know."

"Very good, doctor," replied Searle.

Although the assistant district attorney and the two detectives now departed, leaving the minister and his family to their evening meal in peace, the gloom above the family board was thickened by the presence of the deputy sheriff as an unwelcome but unavoidable guest.

Then, too, the more the minister reflected upon the situation, the more serious it began to appear. With his imagination running on, knowing what the other members of his family did not, Hampstead could even reason out that this preposterous charge of the stealing of the diamonds might be fastened on him temporarily.

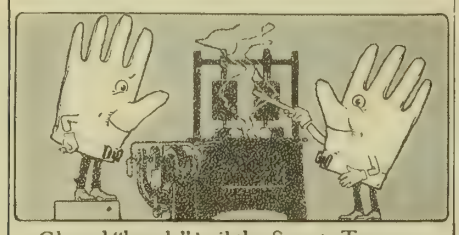
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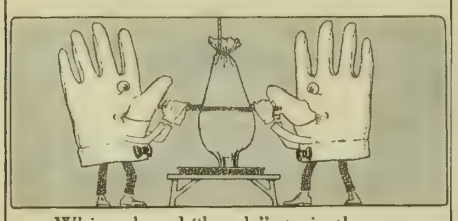
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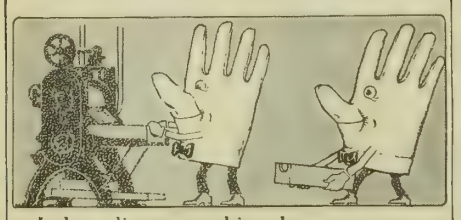
Every Sterling worker starts the day with a fresh-washed pair of clean white gloves. These white gloves are worn through all fourteen processes of Sterling Gum making.



Gloved "hands" boil the Sapota Tree sap



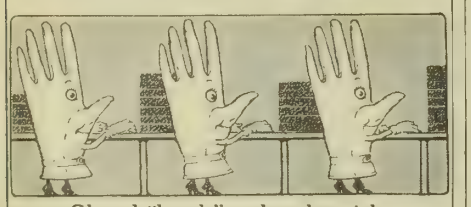
White-gloved "hands" strain the sap



In kneading, too, white gloves are worn



Here gloved "hands" roll the gum



Gloved "hands" gather the sticks

The 7-point gum

Point 1—Crowded with flavor
Point 2—Velvety body—NO GRIT
Point 3—Crumble-proof
Point 4—Sterling purity
Point 5—From a daylight factory
Point 6—Untouched by hands
Point (7) What?

The Sterling Gum Co., Inc., New York
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Audiences

Continued from page 19

sent for the little old woman to come up on deck at once—that the equator was at last in sight. The little old woman hustled up on deck and asked if she could see it. 'Sure,' said the captain. 'Take this telescope.'"

"Ah!" says Jones.

"'Don't you see it?' asked the captain. 'I surely do not,' said the old woman. 'Shorten up that telescope and get the focus,' growled the captain. And while she was fooling with the telescope that Irish sea captain reached back in his head and pulled out a long, red, coarse, straight hair!"

"Ah! Ah!" says Jones.

"And that captain slipped that hair around in front of the telescope and he held it there."

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" chuckles Jones with a desire to wink at the speaker.

"And the captain asked: 'Do you see it now?' 'I should say I do!' exclaims the old woman."

"I've got it now," exults Jones. "I've got it now." And while the audience is laughing, Jones goes on to himself: "I know it! He'll fool 'em! I know the cracker to it. Say, but he's going to fool 'em! They've laughed too soon and he's got 'em!" And Jones turns to his neighbor and nudges him to prepare said neighbor for a real surprise. Jones is not aware that three-fourths of the audience are meeting the story as he has and that most of the auditors are mentally if not actually nudging their neighbors.

And it has become obligatory upon Jones to help out in the success of the story. In fact, he would take it as an offense against himself as well as the speaker if the audience failed to respond to the joke. Therefore his hands are in midair with spreading palms as the speaker concludes: "'Wait a minute,' said the little old woman, her eye to the telescope. 'Hold up a minute! Say, there's a camel walking right down it!'"

I am writing of the average auditor. There are many who are not average, and it is curious how in an experience with hundreds of audiences those who are not average reduce themselves to a few types. Every speaker who permits himself to pick out individuals in the crowd has an experience with a young woman who gets a prominent seat and remains throughout an address a graven image, adamantine to humor, pathos, or argument. Her absolute callousness challenges, fascinates, and often affronts a speaker. She is almost universal. She is "superior." I once made it my business to track her to her lair and identify her. In this instance she proved to be a schoolteacher recently come to town, and she was fixing her intellectual status in that community by demonstrating that she was immune to the devices of a public speaker.

Speakers Do Like Applause

THERE is also another type that is universal. He is the man who affects a front seat and habitually wheels around in his chair with a look of pained surprise, in an earnest effort to locate and identify that daring soul who had the effrontery to start the applause. In his line he is a success, for an audience, not often certain of warrant for its applause, has a marvelous capacity for abruptly and guiltily quitting it.

Then there is the man who takes a rear seat and enjoys himself. He applauds when he desires and with blank indifference to the opinion of the crowd. Sometimes there are three or four of his kind present—usually they flock together. They are manna from heaven to the speaker, and their one fault is their preference for rear seats.

All audiences differ. No two are alike. The individuals who gather are of infinite variety, and the fusion which follows is an infinitely varied product. Only on general lines are they similar. The audience which is cold and unresponsive flatters itself that it is "attentive." The town which is burdened with that kind never gets the possible best of any performance. It never will. The town that is warm, alert, and demonstrative wins from the platform the best that is in it. And when the occasion, the performer, and such an audience are completely in tune—and this happens once in a while—some of the most indifferent speakers rise to the heights of genius. Every public speaker has in his repertoire one story of "the night I put it over," and a good many of them live in the hope of its repetition.

With nearly every successful address applause plays a leading part. There are several varieties of applause. The common variety is the perfunctory handclap—a poor, weak contribution which makes a butterfly look long-lived in comparison. A second variety is the charity offering of an audience to the oratorical beggar. The speaker ends a profound declaration with a pause which is next door to an open declaration of war if the audience doesn't come across. Or he works himself up in a series of mental paroxysms which impel the auditors to rush to his rescue before it is too late. All spellbinders pocket this variety of applause as real coin. Of course it is nothing of the kind. The genuine issue in laudation is a spontaneous and volcanic eruption of approval and delight. It blows out violently from the subterranean fires of folk, and when it has reached its climax there comes, suddenly and gorgeously from the midst of it a second and more terrific explosion, and as this is reaching its highest point, a third and seismic spasm rockets up through bedlam and overwhelms everything and everybody. This is the real thing. It cannot be made to order and it cannot be counterfeited. The prearranged outbursts at national political conventions following the nominations are pitiable attempts to manufacture it. Claques and coteries of devotees try occasionally to produce it mechanically. They never do successfully. All veteran speakers know it and, having experienced it, live on in the bright expectancy of the golfer who has accidentally driven 275 yards and believes that any minute it is liable to be done again. There are many communities which have never witnessed such a scene. They never will. For there are some communities that are strangers to all manner of response.

Fools Not Fervid

NEARLY every public speaker knows this story of Horr of Michigan. A quarter of a century ago Horr, it is said, prided himself on possessing a variety of devices that would compel any crowd to come through. He had logic and argument, and if they did not avail he ran the gamut of humor, pathos, incident, and sentiment. Somewhere along the line he figured on lifting his crowd. One night in a Pennsylvania town he tried the whole set and got no response. He was driven to the railway station after the lecture that night by the man who had introduced him, the superintendent of the schools. "What was the matter with that crowd to-night?" Horr asked with some petulance. "Well," said the superintendent, "I get my living from those people. And you understand that anything I say must be confidential." "Certainly," said Horr. "Go ahead." "Mr. Horr," said the superintendent, "they are damned fools."

No one escapes the cold audience. I asked Lou Beauchamp, who has been lecturing for forty years, how he met the cold audience. "It is automatic in my case," he replied. "When they freeze on me, I stop thinking of them and warm up in the contemplation of my fee." In Woodrow Wilson's old lecturing days I once asked him if he ever met cold audiences. "I should say I do," he exclaimed with enthusiastic candor. "And when I meet one I call it 'wading through ice water.'"

But the cold audience is a rarity. Nearly all audiences are genial, kindly, and, barring their capacity for diversion and need of mental recesses, generous to the man on the platform. And something may conspire to bring the atmosphere which makes a meeting notable to both speaker and auditors. Sometimes an audience leaps to novelty. A delayed speaker often puts a keen edge on an audience. If the orator is heralded as on the way and he is of sufficient moment, those in a hall will hang on for hours and give him the warmer welcome when he does appear at last, in a strange, childlike outburst to prove to him that they are as game as he is.

Similarly stormy nights, wintry nights, unusual places of meeting, halls difficult of access, do not deter or dampen crowds. Indeed, sometimes these difficulties brighten the hour. Several years ago I was opening up a lecture course in a Western State. I arrived at the town of Powder Creek, selected

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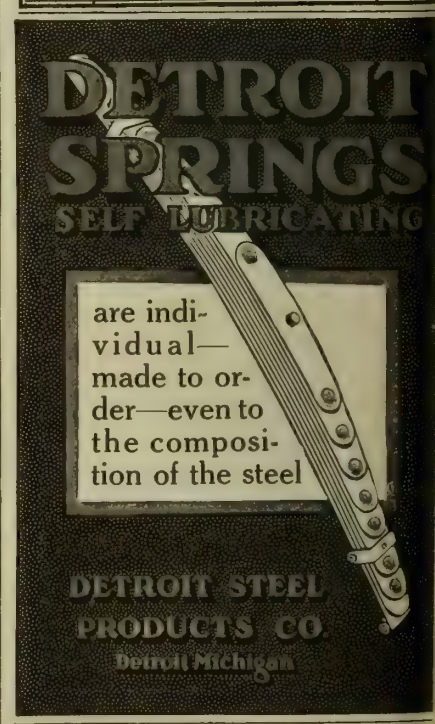
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my hotel, dropped my heavy suit cases at the counter, and registered.

"Have you a room?" I asked.

"Sure," said the Westerner behind the counter; "I'll give you the bridal chamber. But you're not here to-night."

"Yes, I am," I reassured him. And with that I walked out of the hotel and made off for some near-by mountains which I spent the afternoon in exploring. I worked my way back to town in the light of a setting sun, and on the steps of the schoolhouse perched on a foothill I sat down to view the evening scene in the little town below me. Presently I noticed a man running up the hill toward me. I had an uneasy recollection of the hotel man's remark. I consulted my list. I was right. My booking put me at Powder Creek that night. The man came on up the hill and stopped in front of me out of breath. He proved to be the superintendent of schools and in charge of the Lyceum course.

"You're not here to-night," he exclaimed. "You're here to-morrow night."

"No," I said, "I am here to-night and at Brooks to-morrow night." And when I saw his distress I added: "Have you anything to support your idea?"

Eleventh Hour Advertising

HE said he had—a letter from the lecture bureau—in the trunk at home. There we journeyed and there he produced the letter and found that he was wrong. He rushed from the house as one possessed, and I followed him, demanding to know why he was so overwrought.

"The school board has guaranteed this lecture course," he gasped. "And they put me in charge! I advertised you for the wrong night and they'll hold me for your fee—and—and it'll bust me."

"But we'll have the lecture to-night," I said.

"How?" he asked, catching at a straw.

"We'll play politics on them," I said. "We'll shake up the town by visiting the stores, shaking hands and sending out criers."

So we gathered up a half dozen schoolboys, organized them and sent them forth to the residences to inform the people of the change of date, arranging that later these boys should scatter about town and cry the lecture.

Then the professor and I started in to visit the business men. It was twilight, but we pushed quickly from store to store, notifying all hands of the change of date. Whatever of cordiality I mustered was, as an appeal, nothing to the evident distress of the superintendent.

This all left me scant time to dress for the lecture, and supperless. While in the midst of donning my lecture regalia I found I had to journey forth for a collar button. I met a boy coming down the middle of a dark street shouting at the top of his voice this description of me:

"Come out to-night and hear Victor Murdock! He's the man who pushed the bull off the bridge in South Omaha!"

Lecture Bores Barred

WHEN I reached the hall it was crowded, and the people were still coming. It was a "grand success." The novelty which had brought the crowd put the edge on its spirit, and I suppose on mine. It was responsive to a degree. The professor sat on the front seat. The crowd and the success of the address speedily chased all sorrow from his face. A smile that had come to stay drove stakes there. I watched him and him only. And then just before I closed his face suddenly took on a look of such abject sorrow as I had never before seen off stage or on. I didn't know what had happened to him. I couldn't. I couldn't even guess. I never heard the applause which followed my conclusion. I was otherwise engaged. I was getting to the professor.

"What on earth happened to you just now?" I cried.

"Heavens!" he gasped as he steadied himself against me. "I forgot to put anybody at the door to take in the admissions!"

A few years ago a general belief prevailed that public speaking was dying out in popularity. The platform, and chiefly the political platform, was sorely burdened by a surplus of grandiloquent and aggravating spellbinders. These bores have largely gone out of fashion. The attendance at lyceum courses, which are a winter entertainment and within doors, and at Chautauquas, which are in summer and under a tent, is on the increase. The lecture is the backbone of both. But the bore is barred.

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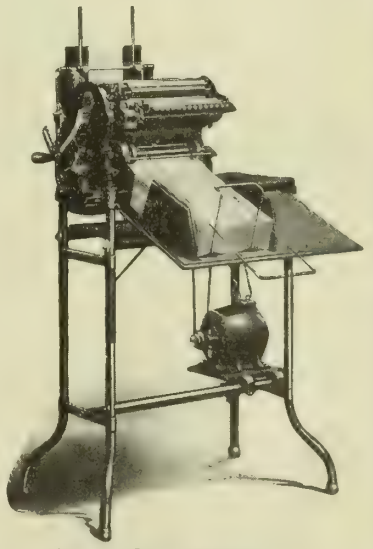
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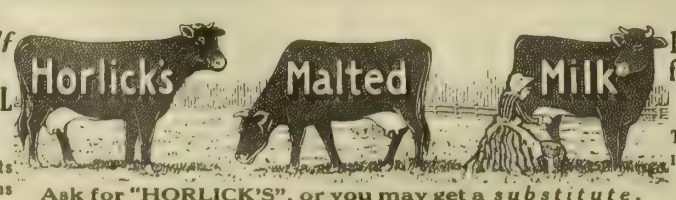
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A War Correspondents' Village

Continued from page 11

"Wanderings on the East Front," and apparently, within obvious military limitations, he did wander. One day another man came in to lunch with the news that he was off on the best trip he'd had yet—he was going back to Vienna for his skis, to go down into the Tyrol and work along the glaciers to the battery positions. Another man, a Budapest painter, started off for an indefinite stay with an army corps in Bessarabia. He was to be, indeed, part of the army for the time being, and all his work belonged to the army first. As this is being written a number of painters sent out on similar expeditions have been giving an exhibition in Vienna—portraits and pencil sketches much like those Frederic Remington used to make.

Foreigners not intending to remain in Austria-Hungary could not expect such privileges, naturally; but if they were admitted to the Quartier at all they were sent on the ordinary group excursions like the home correspondents themselves. Indeed, the wonder was—in view of the comparative ease with which neutral correspondents drifted about Europe; the naïveté, to put it mildly, with which the wildest romances had been printed in American newspapers, and the incredible behavior of several American correspondents—that we were permitted to see as much as we did.

One day a copy of the New York "Times" turned up at the Presse-Quartier with a long two-column story, under a Bucharest date line, sent by an alleged American correspondent. Beginning with the misstatement that no Americans were permitted to go to the front in Austria-Hungary, this individual, whose name I had never heard, narrated a series of Nick Carter adventures, including getting to the front without any pass whatsoever, merely by volunteering as a cattle driver, and once there seeing the dead "pitchforked" into wagons, an officer plunging his sword through the chest of a soldier who happened to be scuffling in front of him—in short, a series of ravings that one would think could not pass the sleepiest copy reader or even the editor of a monthly magazine. It was not an agreeable spectacle for Americans trying, under conditions difficult at best, to do legitimate work. A protest in writing from the commandant was read to us, but I could not see that the privileges of the two Americans, then at the Quartier, were in any way restricted.

When a group started for the front, it left N—— in its own car, which, except when the itinerary included some large city—Lemberg, for instance—served as a little hotel until they came back again. The car was a clean, second-class coach, of the usual European compartment kind, two men to a compartment, and at night they bunked on the long transverse seats comfortably enough. We took one long trip of a thousand miles or so in this way, taking our own motor, on a separate flat car, and even an orderly-servant for each man.

Each of these groups was, of course, accompanied by an officer guide—several were detailed at the Quartier for this special duty—whose complex and nerve-racking task it was to answer all questions, make all arrangements, report to each local commandant, pass sentries, and comfortably waft his flock of civilians through the maze of barriers which cover every foot, so to speak, of this region near the front.

The Correspondents' Privileges

THE things correspondents were permitted to see differed from those seen on the other fronts less in kind than in quantity. More trips were made, but there is and can be little place for a civilian on a "front," any spot in which, over a strip several miles wide, from the heavy artillery positions of one side to the heavy artillery of the other, may be in absolute quiet one minute and the next the center of fire.

There is no time to bother with civilians during an offensive, and, if a retreat is likely, no commander wishes to have country described which may presently be in the hands of the enemy. Hidden batteries in action, reserves moving up, wounded coming back, flyers, trenches quiet for the moment—this is about as close to actual fighting as the outsider, under ordinary circumstances, can expect to get on any front.

The difference in Austria-Hungary was that correspondents saw these things, and the battle fields and captured cities, not as mere outsiders, picked up from a hotel and presently to be dropped there again, but as, in a sense, a part of the army itself. They had their commandant to report to, their "camp" and "uniform"—the gold-and-black Presse-Quartier arm band—and when they had finished one excursion they returned to headquarters with the reasonable certainty that in another ten days or so they would start out again.

Held to Answer

Continued from page 23

The secret of who did steal them was the young man's. Suppose he were too weak to speak out. The minister could never speak without breaking the vow he had made that morning. But the realization that, even if Rollie was minded to speak, he must not be permitted to do so, flashed forcibly into Hampstead's mind when he heard the rumble of wheels on the wooden runway outside his study door. This runway had been constructed to make it easy for the Angel of the Chair to visit her pastor. That rumbling sound proclaimed that she was doing the very unusual thing of visiting him now, after night had fallen.

Nor had the minister ever seen Mrs. Burbeck look more frail and spiritual than to-night.

"You seem almost like another son to me," she began, as if to explain the depth of consideration and anxiety which looked out of her luminous eyes. "You must know," she explained with quivering lip, "that if anything should happen to Rollie it would crush me; that I should not care to live—in fact, should not be able to live. I feel as much consideration for you—every bit."

Reaching out, she gave the hand of the minister an impulsive clasp that was eloquent of affection and tenderness.

THE minister, with a lump in his throat that made speech impossible, returned the pressure of the saintly woman's hand and the look of her eyes; while, vows or no vows, he resolved that never through him, while his shoulders were broad enough to receive the brunt of the charge, should this fond, frail mother be permitted to suffer one pang on account of the knowledge that her son was a thief.

But Mrs. Burbeck had not come alone to express sympathy. Wise in the wisdom of that reflective life which her affliction forced upon her, she was much keener to sense the elements of real danger in the affair than the minister himself, and her words showed that her spirit was as stout as her body was frail.

"YOU must act immediately and vigorously," she insisted. "Begin your defense by a counterattack. Declare your disbelief that the diamonds have actually been stolen. Sue out a warrant of search, and you will probably find them now concealed among her effects. This countersearch would hold the public verdict in suspense, and it would be like your well-known aggressive personality. If the search fails to reveal them, if her diamonds really are stolen, your complete vindication must depend upon the capture and exposure of the *thief*."

Mrs. Burbeck was emphatic.

Hampstead wiped his moist brow nervously. It was terrible that this woman of all persons in the world should say this to him. "But how unjust to force a contract like that upon me!" he urged.

"It is unjust," she admitted; "yet the innocent often suffer injustice, and you must realize that you are not immune. That is your only course, and I came specifically to warn you of it. Prove there was no theft or get the thief!"

"I cannot do either," he confessed, half-whispering his desperation. "Yet I think I begin to appreciate how sound your advice is. But there are reasons



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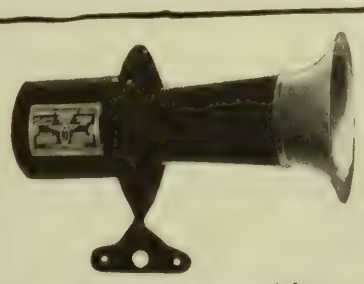
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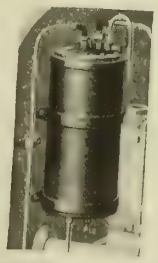
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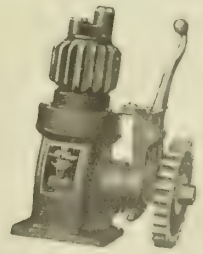
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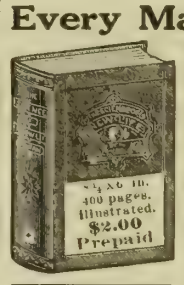
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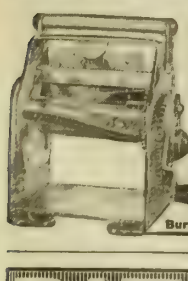
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Mitchell Tower

that I cannot give you, that I cannot give to anyone, why the course which you suggest cannot be followed. And now," he murmured like a benediction, "may God take care of you. May He keep your frail body in strength and your soul in peace and fortitude." Then he added, as if with sudden premonition of impending danger: "Conserve all the strength of your beautiful spirit. It may be that I shall have to lean heavily upon you."

"You may have my life to the uttermost," the mother said sweetly, not dreaming the thought which the words suggested to her pastor and friend.

DR. HAMPSTEAD arranged for three trusted friends to meet him in Judge Brennan's chambers at nine o'clock that night and qualify as his bondsmen. Within ten minutes after that hour the formalities in the judge's chambers were concluded and the minister's brief period of arrest was at an end.

But as he turned to the assistant district attorney, backed by the two detectives, the minister suddenly recollected that Rollo Burbeck's I O U for $1,100 was in this same safe-deposit box. If the detectives got an eye on that card, it would start innumerable trends of suspicion, each of which would center on the young bank cashier. This would involve the young man in explanations he would be unable to make. It would mean his ruin! And Rollie must not be ruined. The vision of the mother's face, but an hour before so tenderly solicitous for himself, and with such doting, happy pride in her boy, rose before his eyes.

"Searle!" the minister exclaimed passionately. "You must not proceed with this. If you are a man of any heart, you will not persist against my pleadings. I tell you frankly there are secrets in that box that, while they would do you no good, could be used to ruin innocent men—guilty ones, too, perhaps—but the innocent with the guilty. You have no right to violate such confidences because they happen to be in writing."

The judge, the attorney and even the minister's three friends were surprised at the degree of agitation displayed by the minister. It appeared like an emotion held in leash which at last had broken forth. But only Searle saw now that it was an incriminating circumstance and gloated over this reassurance that the actress had not lied to him.

"And I tell you I have no intention of violating them," returned Searle testily. "My order is a warrant of search for a diamond necklace. I will be in that box in five minutes. If you want to be present, come along." He turned toward the door, followed by the two detectives.

The minister, now genuinely perturbed, realizing his powerlessness to prevent the search, followed the attorney closely, grateful that his bondsmen saw fit to accompany him without waiting for an invitation.

On account of the large number of witnesses, the inspection of the minister's box was made upon a table in the vault room itself. In the group of onlookers, Hampstead, because of his commanding figure, his remarkable face, and his very natural interest in the proceedings, was the most conspicuous presence.

He recalled how the search of the box, after all these excessive precautions of the district attorney's office, could only recoil upon their case like a boomerang; but his countenance shaded again to an expression of anxious helplessness as Searle paused dramatically with his hand upon the box.

It was a long, hairy hand, with a misshapen nail upon the thumb and a heavy onyx ring upon the third finger. Somehow it was not a pleasant hand to look upon. Hampstead had the horrid feeling that this was the hand of doom for Rollie and for the Angel of the Chair. He felt the mad wish that his right arm held a sword; with one swinging blow he could have severed that hand.

But it was too late now. The hand lifted the hinged cover of the box. The contents were revealed. A long white envelope lay on top.

As if from a nervous eagerness to come quickly at the object of his search, the assistant district attorney turned the box upside down. Nothing appeared but papers: legal-looking documents, neatly folded, long envelopes carefully sealed, and other shorter ones, some in business form and some in the square eccentric shapes employed in social correspondence. Most of these latter bore the familiar evidence of once having traveled through the mails.

The attorney attempted to open none of them. Proceeding with deliberate care as if to vindicate himself in the eyes of the bondsmen from the suspicion of the minister that he might be on a "fishing expedition," Searle merely took up each piece of matter singly and precisely, felt it over with his long thin fingers and laid it by, until at length but two envelopes remained. The first of these was long and empty looking, and gave evidence that the flap had been rudely, if not hastily, torn open. Searle held it in his hand.

Hampstead's heart stood still; he knew that this must be the envelope which had contained the Wadham currency, hence between this attorney's thumb and forefinger, screened by one thickness of paper, lay the card that was the clue to Rollo Burbeck's crimes. But the moment of suspense passed.

Submitting it to the same inquisitive finger manipulation as the others, yet not looking within it nor turning it over to read what might be written on the face, Searle laid the Wadham envelope on the pile of discards.

But in the meantime Hampstead was asking himself suspiciously what was in the last envelope. He thought he knew by heart every separate document that was in the box, and he could not recall what this might be.

"You must be convinced by now," argued Searle, as if deliberately heightening the suspense while he turned a straight glance upon the minister, "that I had no object in inspecting the contents of this box except to search for the diamonds."

"And you have not found them!" exclaimed Silas Wadham, one of the bondsmen.

THE minister did not speak at all, did not even raise his eyes to meet the glance of Searle. His gaze was fixed as his mind was fascinated by the mystery of the last, lone envelope.

"Not yet," replied Searle significantly to Wadham's interjection, but instead of disappointment there was that pregnancy in his tones which heightens and intensifies expectancy. At the same time he took up the envelope by one end. Under the weight of something within, the paper bent surprisingly in the middle and the lower end swung pendant and baglike, accompanied by the slightest perceptible metallic sound. Every member of the group of witnesses leaned forward with an involuntary start. Triumph flooded the face of Searle. With his left hand he seized the heavy baglike end and raised it while the envelope was turned in his fingers, showing the printing in the corner.

"This envelope bears the name and address of the Rev. John Hampstead," he announced, his tones sounding hollow in that tomblike place. "I now open it in your presence."

Nervously the assistant district attorney tore off the end of the envelope, squinted within, and exclaimed: "It contains—" His voice halted for an instant while he dramatically tipped the envelope toward the table and a string of fire flowed out and lay quivering before the eyes of all—"the Dounay diamonds!"

The jewels compelled the attention of all; then every eye was turned upon the accused minister.

But these inquisitorial glances came too late. Amazement, bewilderment, a sense of outrage and hot indignation, had been reeled across the screen of his features; but that was in the ticking seconds while the gaze of all was on the strangely behaving envelope and then upon the scintillating diamonds. Now the curious eyes rested upon a man who, after a moment in which to think, had visioned himself surrounded and overwhelmed by circumstances that were absolutely damning—his own conduct of the last few minutes the most damning of all. His face was as white as the paper of the envelope which contained the irrefutable evidence. His eyes questioningly searched the faces in the circle about him as if for confirmation of the conclusion to which the logic of his own mind forced him irresistibly. In not one was that confirmation wanting.

"It has come," he murmured hoarsely, covering his face with his hands: "it has come!"

His cross had come!

SOME odd, disastrous chain of sequences which he had not yet the time to reason out had fixed this crime on him. By another equally disastrous chain of sequences he must bear its guilt or be false to his confessor's vow

Especially must he bear it if he would shield that doting mother who trusted him and loved him.

As if to hold himself together, he clasped his arms before him and his chin sank forward on his breast. As if to accustom his mind to the new view from which he must look out upon the world, he closed his eyes. The heaving chest, the tense jaws, the quivering lips and the mop of hair that fell disheveled round his temples, all combined to make up the convincing picture of the breaking of a strong man.

Not one of those present, cross or sympathetic, but felt himself a witness to a tragedy in which a man of noble aspirations had been overtaken and hopelessly crushed by an ingrained weakness which had expressed itself in sordid crime.

Even the hard face of Searle softened. With the diamonds gleaming where they lay, he began mechanically to replace the contents of the box.

"I suppose," said the minister with melancholy interest, "that I may take it now."

"Certainly, doctor," replied the attorney suavely, yielding his place; nevertheless there was a slight expression of surprise upon his face, as upon those of the others, at the minister's sudden revival of concern for what must now be an utterly trifling detail so far as his own future went. Hampstead appeared to perceive this.

"There are sacred responsibilities here," he explained gravely, his hesitant utterance proclaiming the deeps that were stirred within him; "which, strange as it may seem to you gentlemen, even at such an hour, I would not like to forget."

TAKING up a handful of the papers, he ran them through his fingers, his eye pausing for a moment to scan each one of them, and his expression kindling with first one memory and then another, as if he found a mournful satisfaction in recalling past days when many a man and woman had found peace for their souls in making him the sharer in their heart burdens—days which every member of that little circle felt instinctively were now gone forever.

Last of all his eye checked itself upon the envelope marked "Wadham currency." Allowing the other papers to slip back to their place in the box, the minister turned his glance into the open side of this remaining envelope. It was empty, save for a card tucked in the corner. "This thing appears to have served its purpose," he commented absently, as if talking to himself. Then casually he tore the envelope across, and then again and again; finer and finer; yet not so fine as to excite suspicion. Looking for a wastebasket and finding none, he was about to drop the fragments in his coat pocket.

"I will take them," said the vault custodian, holding out his hand. To him the minister unhesitatingly committed the shredded envelope and card which contained the only documentary clue to any other person than himself as the thief of the Dounay diamonds. A few minutes later this clue was in the wastebasket outside. The next morning it was burned.

But the next morning also the story of the finding of the diamonds in Dr. Hampstead's vault and his guilty demeanor at the time was widely heralded in the public prints; and, as a matter of fact, within forty-eight hours from the time when the scene in the vault room was enacted to Thursday night when the first glimmer of a way out came to the beleaguered man, the heavy guns of the newspapers had battered and blasted out of existence the last shreds of his high reputation.

To the victim it seemed unbelievable that the thing could be done. Yet it was done; and with a riotous headline holiday in the doing of it. But while the public fed fat eyes to surfeit on the spectacle of a trusted clergyman's fall, the man himself, although with a hunted look growing in his eyes, remained adamant in his unwavering silence. He cared not even tell the truth.

But on Thursday night Hampstead's own heart joined loudest of all in the chorus that clamored for the unsealing of his lips. The hour was late, and he sat alone in his study. The evening papers were at his elbow, but it was long before he could bring himself to take them up. When he did it was to encounter an appalling debauch of some reporter's imagination in which the minister's acquaintance and association with Miss Dounay when he was himself an actor were woven together with the number of his calls upon her at unconventional hours in the last few weeks. When the minister had finished reading this story he sat white and motionless as marble. To-morrow Bessie would be receiving her M. A. degree at the University of Chicago. After this and a summer in Europe she was coming back to California and to him!

But now as he read this story he knew that she would not come back to him. The vague suspicions engendered by his confession of the brief attachment for Miss Dounay had never been quite wiped out. He suspected it was a thing no woman ever successfully wipes out. This salacious lie would be telegraphed widely. Bessie would see it. More than anyone else she would be inclined to believe implicitly the inferences to which it pointed.

But while struggling to realize the full extent of this calamity there came a furtive tap at the outside door of the study, and a pallid, terrified young man crept in with a frightened backward look as if danger lurked in the shadows of the palm trees.

"Rollie!" exclaimed Dr. Hampstead.

"She haunted me!" the conscience-stricken man faltered helplessly, sinking into a chair. "She threatened to denounce me right there in the bank if I dared to communicate with you." Again there was that frightened look backward to the door.

As Rollie told his story the minister gasped with relief to learn that his own plight was due to no Judaslike betrayal, but that the young man was, like himself, a victim of this scheming, devilish woman. He listened with sympathetic eagerness while the narrator depicted brokenly the frightful conflict between fear and duty through which he had passed during the last two days.

The duty of each was still plain. The silence must be kept. Moreover, in this revulsion of feeling from doubt to active sympathy, the minister perceived how much the young man had suffered and realized that his presence here, even after forty-eight hours of cowardly silence, was really a moral victory. Hampstead began to hope rather confidently for Rollie and was sensible of the entry of a new motive for the great sacrifice which was being forced upon him. The minister wished henceforth not merely to be true to his vow, nor even to save a few weeks or, at most, a few years of the life of a saintly woman, but to save the soul of a man!

From that hour the bearing of John Hampstead under the succession of blows that were falling upon him had in it more of the self-abandonment of one who finds a religious ecstasy even in pain.

Yet there was also hope for himself in Rollie's story. This lay in the fact that an explanation of the presence of the diamonds in the vault might now be offered, and his caller was no more than out of the door when the minister's hand was reaching for the telephone.

Next morning the papers made a fresh sensation out of the announcement that Dr. Hampstead had suddenly changed his policy, and now demanded an immediate examination upon the charge against him, and accordingly the hearing had been set for ten o'clock on Saturday morning in the court room of Police Judge Brennan.

THE whole metropolitan community was instantly on the *qui vive* for some startling disclosure, and prepared in the child soul of it to swing as wildly back to the first extreme as, in accepting the ruin of the clergyman as an assured fact, it had gone to the other.

The intervening day of Friday was for the accused minister a day of impatience and tedium.

As a mere matter of law, his position appealed to him as impregnable. In consequence, along toward the close of the day, he began to be very satisfied and very hopeful.

Yet at about the same hour a young lady in a room of a hotel in Chicago had begun suddenly to be very dissatisfied and utterly hopeless. She was beautiful, but was recklessly spoiling her beauty with tears which rained upon a newspaper crumpled in her lap. Only that morning she had been very proud and happy, and very tall and dignified; and when she received the degree of master of arts from the University of Chicago, her forehead had seemed very high and her manner quite self-sufficient. But now there was no sufficiency at all; no tears even, and low-falling loops of crinkly brown hair obscured the high forehead entirely. She was not a master of arts any more. She was a mere woman with a breaking heart.



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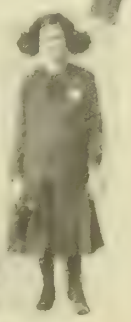
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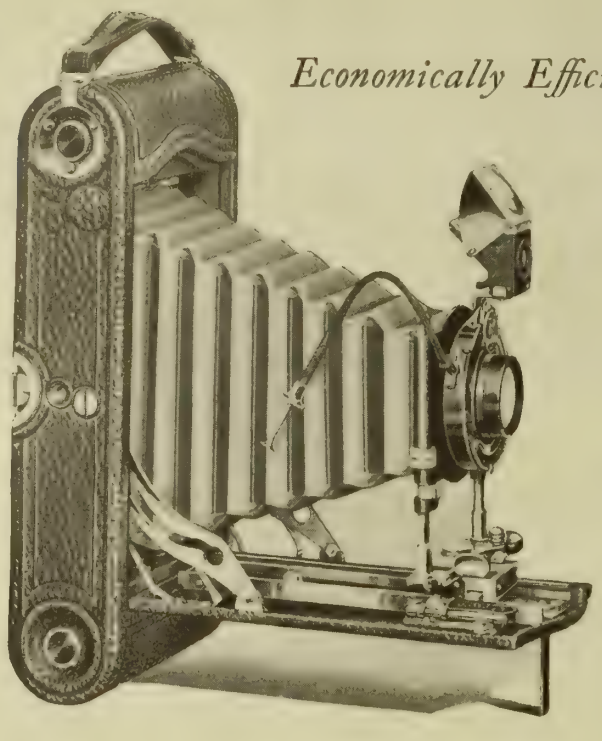
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The perplexed and somewhat annoyed Mrs. Mitchell, after trying in vain to get from the young lady a hint of the occasion for these copious tears, attributed it, motherlike, to hysteria from a combination of overstudy and overhappiness.

But the practical Robert Mitchell, vice president of the Great Southwestern Railway, coming upon this picture of loveliness in distress, indulged no speculations at all. Instead he stooped and took up the crumpled newspaper. After sweeping the column heads with a glance, his small blue eyes opened wide as they came suddenly to rest.

"Damnation!" he ejaculated.

Bessie looked up through her tears and watched with absorbed interest the huge sober face of her father and its growing stubbornness of expression as his eyes ran down the page.

"Damned if they do!" he blazed rather enigmatically at the end, and, turning to his wife without a moment's hesitation, announced: "Mother; our trip to Europe is off. We start for California to-night."

BESSIE, regarding with hopeful eye the bend of her father's jaw, had sniffed away the last of her tears, and as he announced this change in the family program clasped her hands in silent transports of relief and joy.

But the mother, having sensed the matter of the column over her husband's shoulder, interrupted her daughter's ecstasy to exclaim, with reproachful eye and tones of deliberate conviction: "Why, you deceitful thing!" After which she inconsistently clasped the deceitful beauty to her arms and, between more tears, heard the greatest secret one woman tells another.

(To be continued next week)

Couriers of Chance

Continued from page 9

"No," Gayle refused. "You fellows go and carry Cronin in. He's up the valley apiece. Plumb bushed and quiet as a dead man. Go quick. The heat'll go out of him and he'll freeze."

Down toward his goal Gayle tottered to the tidewater that washed Dyea Beach. He had striven for sixteen days and traveled five hundred miles to gain it. He had not slept for two nights. He had mushed without appreciable pause for sixty hours in a string. He had covered in that final spurt of sixty hours over a hundred and forty miles of unspeakable trail, one hundred and seventeen of them on river and lake, nine of them up a mountain and nineteen of them down. He had martyred his body and tried his soul, and now, doubled up with three hundred pounds of mail on his back, he crawled along, squeezing the last yards out of the marrow of his bones.

At the water's edge the mail pouches crashed from his back into one of the boats that lined the beach. He fell aboard after the mail and shoved weakly off. As he dipped his oars the sounds of weighing anchor stopped, the *Seattle's* siren blew, and in an agonized glance across his shoulder he glimpsed her funnel smoke spout blacker and blacker. The fear that he had failed sent a wave of nausea sweeping over him. His eyes went blank for a second. His fingers lost the oar grips. Yet in that blank second there was imaged on his mental vision the picture of Ryan in the cove by the White River's mouth, staving off tree-fall, bone-break, fever, frost, and starvation. And there was likewise conjured up the Dawson thousands who had dispatched Christmas cheer out to their homes in the sunland and those thousands in the sunland who awaited the message from the Arctic.

THE thought impulse cleared Gayle's eyes. He bent down, scooped a double handful of water from the inlet and dashed the icy restorative in his face. Then his hands fell again upon the oar grips, and, straining in a frenzy, he drove the boat through the water in long leaps. His flashing blades gained on the slow-starting propeller. His craft ground under the *Seattle's* stern and bumped the moving side. He hammered the drumlike side with an oar and bellowed like a bull moose challenging to battle. A man left the deckhouse and poked his head over the rail.

"Hey, you!" he yelled in a monstrous voice. "What boat is that?"

"Dawson mail! Christmas mail!" Gayle shrieked. "Throw a rope!"

The *Seattle* still moved, and Gayle worked one oar frantically sticking like a crab to the cliff-high side of the steamer, till the rope snaked down at his feet. Swiftly he ran the rope through the cords binding the mail pouches and signaled those above to haul.

The rowboat had lost way while he made fast. The mail sacks jerked across his gunwale and splashed in the inlet. But, the slack quickly taken up, they rose again, dripping, up the *Seattle's* side.

GAYLE, his eyes fixed trancelike, watched them till they vanished over the rail. Then he sat down with a thump on the seat amidships and stared at the waves drifting him back upon Dyea Beach. He had no strength left to lift an oar, but he could see Wilson and Healey there filtering brandy between Hess's teeth—and two others. The boat finally thudded on the icy beach. Two men of the Mounted Police, fresh over the pass by dog train, were there to meet him.

"Consarn your carcass!" anathematized one of them. "You made a tight race of it, but you lost by seconds. And your loss is my gain. Savvy? I'm Sergeant Silgarde, the new officer in charge at Sixty-mile. That's why I burned all creation behind you. I sure couldn't fall down on my first assignment. You don't sail on the *Seattle* this time. You come back to Dawson with me."

"To Dawson? What for?" gasped the dizzy Outremont.

"Pah!" spat Silgarde contemptuously. Ignoring the question, he hooked an arm securely in Gayle's and turned to the man who held the boat. "Private Mattan, bring on the mail," he ordered.

"There's none to bring," announced Mattan dubiously, raising his head after a search. "The boat's empty."

"Then what have you done with it, eh?" demanded Silgarde, jolting Gayle roughly. "Dropped it in the inlet?"

"I put it aboard," Gayle grated, his anger rising through his weakness in a surge of fictitious strength. "What in thunder'd you think I was trying to do?"

"Oh! That's the game? Confederate aboard! Well, we've got you, and we'll get the money too. Don't you think for a minute you can pull off that stunt. We'll cable Seattle and the steamer'll be stopped outside the port. The Alaska Commercial Company'll find their hundred thousand if they have to strip every passenger stark naked and pull the *Seattle* apart to the last rivet. They don't stand for robbery, that firm!"

"Robbery?" Gayle's swaying figure stiffened, and his eyes blazed into Silgarde's. "You're a new man on the Yukon, sergeant, and you don't happen to know me or my partner. That's why you're getting palaver instead of a fist under your jaw. Do I understand you to say you take me for a thief?"

"What else would I be taking you for? I got you with the goods on, didn't I? And don't you know you're under arrest?"

With the swiftness of a snake Gayle's right elbow doubled up, his fist poised under his armpit; but just before it started on the forward blow, Wilson, who with Healey had succeeded in getting the ex-marshal upon his feet, threw himself between.

"Don't strike, Gayle; don't strike!" Wilson implored. "Things look mixed enough as they are. Don't muddle them any worse. Silgarde's not to blame. He's only doing his duty. He says two men waylaid Betteille Trentoin, the mail courier, and stole the Dawson mail. Sake of a hundred thousand, you said, sergeant?"

"Sure," nodded Silgarde. "One hundred thousand hard cash, in big bills, belonging to the Alaska Commercial people. That was the only value in it, Trentoin said. The rest was letters, twenty-four hundred letters. Betteille crawled into Sixty-mile with a broken head, no dogs, and the story of how the two men jumped him from behind on the river trail. It happened below the mouth of the White, in a storm, on the 4th of December. Betteille was hit so suddenly he didn't see who laid him out, but he saw the trail they left. They lit upriver with his dogs. He knew there was no use following, so he lit down river for me at Sixty-mile. I lit after them, and I'm not done lighting yet. I'm going to light right back to Dawson with you now."

"Thunderation, Cronin!" exclaimed Gayle, reaching for a gulp of brandy. "What do you know about that?"

Hess, leaning limply against Healey as against a wall, began to quiver with weak laughter. *(Continued on page 33)*

"What you cackling at?" demanded Silgarde indignantly. "Mail robbery isn't any laughing matter, and you'll soon find that out."

"You don't understand, sergeant," chuckled Hess. "You've got the wrong men. It's Rooney Ryan you want, and we know where he is. We weren't trying to get out of the country with the mail, although mebbe it looked that way to you. Ryan sprung a courier rôle on us there by the White River, and we was running against time to put the mail aboard the *Seattle* and pull him down a bonus."

Cronin went on to explain Ryan's ruse to shift suspicion. At which explanation Wilson and Healey grinned and nodded, for they knew Rooney of old, but Sergeant Silgarde scoffed in scorn.

"You can't make me swallow that tale," he declared. "I don't know anything of this Ryan you talk about. You've got to show him to me before I believe in him."

"We'll show him to you, all right," prophesied the ex-marshal, "when we get to the White River's mouth. You'll unbend enough to stop there and let us prove the truth of our statement, won't you?"

"Oh, sure, men, sure! I'll give you every chance that way. If this Ryan's there as you say, we'll freight him along to Dawson too and let Inspector Strickland decide between you."

"He'll be there. Men with broken legs don't run much. The spruce tree capped his play, sergeant, or he'd have been out of the country with the one hundred thousand before this and we'd have never run foul of you. The one hundred thousand didn't go with the letters. You can bank on that. He has it cached somewhere, and we'll find it along with him. But you'll have to sled us back."

WHILE Hess and Gayle stretched themselves upon the sledge and commenced to appropriate what they needed from the grub sack, Sergeant Silgarde scribbled a cable message to be sent from Skagway. This he left with Wilson and Healey for transmission, and at once pushed back across the snowy moraine of Dyea Valley.

They made the White River on the 8th of January and turned into the cove at dusk. The cove had been described to Sergeant Silgarde by Outremont and Hess. Now he saw that it corresponded with the description even to the minutest detail.

The same drift spumed over the rocks and filtered through the spruce tops down the cliff side like a silent fall of ghost-white sand. There lay the identical spruce tree, limb-lopped and trunk-chipped. The remains of fire showed in a dark heap beside it. Under the sprinkling of snow were starkly outlined the stiffened bodies of five and one-half dogs.

"Looks good to me!" decided Silgarde. "I want to tell you fellows straight that I've begun to like you on this trip and to have greater faith in you every day. Let's go up to the wood camp and see who's there."

THE wood camp, viewed from a distance, was as the partners had left it, high-piled on the White River's bank amid the regal stand of spruce. When they drew nearer, they saw that the cabin itself was cold and silent. The inside appeared even more deserted than the outside. The table as well as the floor was heaped with dust and dirt. The bunk on the wall wherein they had deposited Ryan was filled with rotten spruce boughs and powdery snow, while the rusted, dilapidated stove, stripped of lid, pipe and door, looked as if it had never fried a moose steak within a year.

"Thunderation!" exclaimed Gayle. "I can't believe this is the same place, Cronin."

"It is," asserted Cronin, solemnly, "and it goes against us. I can't blame you, Silgarde, for saying nothing. But I tell you straight it's a frame-up. This cabin was in good condition and occupied a little over a month ago. The old-age grease has been plastered on and plastered on thick. A stove can be rusted and robbed, you know, a blanket of dust kicked up and a bunk filled with spruce mold and snow in a very short time. Ryan couldn't do it himself. The Swede Borg Larvon's done it. Ryan's bribed him to do it. They've sky-hiked to nowhere, but mind we'll get trace of them. A broken-legged man can't vanish in a country like this. We'll sure get trace of them in Dawson."

"I hope so," breathed Silgarde grimly. "We may as well camp to-night by the old shack, and you can search it to see if you strike any clue."

They searched the cabin from the rafters down and pulled up the floor, but there was nothing to be found. Without having discovered a single thing to support their story, the partners mushed out with Silgarde and Mattan on the river trail once more.

This failure turned the partners' cheerfulness to gloom. Robbery of the northern mail was a grave matter.

"WHAT you boys been doing now?" asked a voice behind them at the corner of Dawson Barracks parade ground.

Hess and Outremont wheeled to see Ryan, standing, whole-limbed, by the barracks inclosure with a grin on his face that was a mighty revelation. For a second both stared dumfounded, and then they both jumped for him, but Sergeant Silgarde and Private Mattan threw themselves between.

"Here, don't you know you're prisoners?" demanded the sergeant. "Get into the barracks square. Get in, I say, or I'll signal for a squad to manhandle you in."

"All right, sergeant, all right," yielded Gayle with a return of wisdom. "We sure forgot ourselves. But we had reason to. That's Ryan."

"Oh, it is!" Silgarde gazed hard at Ryan's sound limbs, and as he gazed the faith in his prisoners that had accumulated within him suddenly went out. "Then your broken-legged story isn't worth a Siwash curse. It's cells for you now, and the only person that'll see you is Outremont's wife."

"Can't we see her brother, our third partner, Thorpe Calgour?" asked Hess.

"No. Men that'll put up a brazen story like you have must be watched close. You can't see anybody but Outremont's wife."

"That's the person I want to see—Trudis," declared Gayle. "Silgarde, you send for her on the jump."

Within fifteen minutes Trudis was at the barracks, and within five more she was laughing and crying at one and the same time over Gayle's tale.

"Gayle, Gayle," she reproached, "you shouldn't have gone and frightened me by getting into jail like this."

"Bah! There's nothing to cry over. What worries me is that Ryan's branded us for tenderfeet all over Dawson."

Trudis's tears turned suddenly to hysterical laughter. "I know," she choked. "They'll die of laughteritis. Cronin, didn't you know Ryan better than to be taken in by his tableau?"

"You'd have been taken in yourself," snapped Hess. "And I don't see no joke. It's too serious a thing."

"It's the serious side of any joke that makes it good," reminded Tru.

"I don't mind the joke," complained Gayle. "I don't mind the seriousness of the thing much. What I do mind is that our record run was all for nothing."

"Oh, but it wasn't!" Tru informed him. "Ryan stuck to the truth as far as lay within him. I guess that's what made the tableau look so sincere. He and Simons must have arranged it. Marlin really is with the Alaska Commercial Company in some capacity. That must have been the way they discovered the money was going out. They are all hard up as he stated and grabbing for what they can get, and it's Ryan and Simons for the easy money every time. And I guess that's why Marlin got on for the moment with the Alaska Commercial people, just to spy out a good haul. But his talk about the mail was pretty nearly the truth. Take out the ten fictitious days he lay in the cove, and it holds sound. The Dawson mail was running on schedule and due in Dyea at six o'clock on the evening of the twentieth. There was a bonus on its twenty-four hundred letters of ten dollars a letter, but Betteille Trentoin was the man who was trying for it and not Ryan. You've pulled it down for Betteille. That's some satisfaction for you. He needs it. He's played in hard luck all summer. Lost three outfits and canoes, two on Tagish Lake and one on the Thirty-mile. It's a good turn you've done him in the face of a famine winter. And think of the distilled essence of joy in the letters."

"Good!" ejaculated Gayle, with a deep sigh of relief. "I'm satisfied to hear that. That knowledge is sure balm to my wounded feelings, and one smile of a sunland wife or kiddie over one letter we freighted will kill all Dawson's ridicule."

"But you and Thorpe get busy, Tru,

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and have Ryan arrested right away," directed Cronin.

"No, not yet," counseled Tru. "There are no lawyers in Dawson, but remember I can handle your case better than either of you. Ryan knows we haven't anything on him, or he wouldn't be here in Dawson. Neither he nor Seattle Simons would be here. They're not afraid of arrest. So just postpone their arrest till we have proof enough to convict them. They haven't the loot with them. Another thing: Seattle Simons has been in the business along with Ryan. They knew when you were due to leave the Selwyn and when the mail courier according to schedule was due to pass the White. They lay up near the Selwyn keeping watch on you, started down a little ahead of you and waylaid Betteille. Seattle disappeared with the money, while Ryan remained to make you the suspects of the job. A pretty plan, eh? Ryan in the cove for ten days, staving off tree-fall, bone-break, fever, frost, and starvation? Ha! Ha! Finish fight with the dogs? That's a lifelike touch. I'll bet he wasn't in the cove more than an hour or two. It wouldn't take long to shoot five dogs, carve one up, fell a tree on the mail sled, build a fire, trample the snow and whittle some splints. And when you kindly left him in Borg Larvon's care and started with the mail, he bribed the Swede to keep quiet and depart for the silent places. I'll take Thorpe along and investigate."

Trudis and her assistant, being absent a week investigating the scene of the transfer of the mail sacks, were not at the preliminary hearing.

When the court reconvened, the barracks room was jammed with Dawson men and men from many a mile of creek and trail. In a cleared space by the stove sat Inspector Strickland as magistrate. Sergeant Silgarde, Private Mattan, Betteille Trentoin, and Ryan were present, summoned by the Crown. On the bench Gayle Outremont and Cronin Hess sat alone until joined a few minutes before the opening of the court by Trudis and her brother Thorpe Calgour.

"This court," thundered Inspector Strickland, "is now doing business. The prisoners Gayle Outremont and Cronin Hess appear after remand to be tried on the charge of robbing the Dawson mail to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars. Sergeant Silgarde, enter the Seattle report, which was not available at the preliminary hearing."

SERGEANT SILGARDE, a cablegram in his hand, stood up in the middle of the cleared space. "This," waving the document, "is the reply to a cable dispatched by me from Skagway on the day of the prisoners' arrest inquiring as to the contents of the Dawson mail. It runs: 'Steamer *Seattle* stopped outside port as requested by civil and postal authorities. Mail examined. Passengers and ship searched. No money package found. Letters total twenty-four hundred, water-stained but all intact. Duly forwarded. Cable us new developments.'"

"Counsel for the defense, any objections to the entering of that report?" asked Strickland.

"None," answered Trudis. "We knew beforehand what it would be. Enter it."

"The report is entered," boomed Strickland. "It is the only new evidence entered on behalf of the Crown since the preliminary hearing. There is no use wading through all the detail of that hearing again, and it is only on demand of the counsel for the defense that the court will do so. Counsel for the defense, do you make that demand?"

"I do not," waived Trudis.

"Then the evidence of the prosecution, being the evidence of Sergeant Silgarde, Private Mattan, and Betteille Trentoin, and the alibi of Rooney Ryan and Seattle Simons, stands as recorded. The prosecution's side of the case is closed. Unless the defense has some fresh evidence to offer, I shall give judgment according to the proven facts. Has the defense any further evidence? Does it wish to call more witnesses?"

"No," answered Trudis, "but I wish to cross-examine one witness already called by the Crown, one Seattle Simons."

"Don't you do it, Tru!" protested Cronin Hess, tugging at her elbow. "What in thunder d'you mean? Isn't it bad enough the way it is? I told you before not to do it. Sit down and waive that examination you've demanded."

"I wish to examine Simons," announced Tru in a louder voice, as she shook off Cronin's restraining hand. "And I beg the court's permission to examine him in an unorthodox way. Such a procedure is necessary because the case is an unorthodox case. My clients are all webbed up in a net of circumstantial evidence, a net woven by certain spidery perjurers who must remain unnamed. I ask a free hand in an endeavor to cut them loose. Does this court grant it?"

Inspector Strickland looked at Tru in puzzled surprise. It was evident that, in spite of his impartial pose as magistrate, he thought the defense had more to lose than to gain by calling the witness Simons. "The court does," he permitted. "The court recognizes the exigencies and ramifications of this case, and it gives you a free hand to introduce new evidence in any way you wish."

"BEFORE examining the witness," announced Trudis, "I wish to establish something like the identical conditions under which my clients approached the woodcutter's camp on the White River with their helpless burden. I want you all to kindly bear with me and consider this room the old, deserted shack. I shall try to create a similarity."

From under the loose folds of her parka, Trudis produced a small frying pan, a fork and a piece of meat. She threw the meat into the pan and placed the pan on the red-hot stove. Immediately the savor of frying moose steak filled the air, and the court room swam with the smoke of burning grease.

"This is the woodcutter's cabin as my clients found it. I shall ask my clients to step to the door, illustrate their coming and speak in the very conversation they used as recorded in the records of the preliminary hearing. Thorpe has left his dog team at the door. They will jingle the bells a bit to signal their arrival and use Thorpe himself in place of the broken-legged Ryan."

With a cavernous smile on his face Thorpe jumped up. Gayle and Cronin, casting wondering and doubtful glances at their erratic counsel, followed so slowly that Thorpe had to pull them along by the arms. The significance of their attitude was not lost upon the audience nor upon Ryan.

"Scared to try it," he sneered aloud. 'They know such a fishy frame-up won't work in this court."

"You hold your silence, Rooney!" ordered Strickland, whirling on him and banging the table with his gavel. "You're out of order. Not another whimper out of you!"

"I shall now dispense with the court's assistance and take the liberty of summoning the witness myself," announced Trudis as the door closed on Gayle, Cronin, and Thorpe.

She opened the guard-room door and led out Seattle, drunker than a drunken Siwash, with a smile of imbecility and eyes that saw nothing in the crowded court room but the dense smoke of the burning moose steak.

Trudis piloted him carefully, located him in the cleared space by the stove and put the fork in his hand.

"Now," she whispered in his ear, "Hess and Outremont'll be here on the jump with Rooney and his broken leg. Don't forget what you're to do. And see that you sling the patter right smart."

BY the red-hot stove in the haze of grease smoke Seattle stood, fork in air above the pan of moose steak, nodding his head comprehendingly. Instantly behind the curtain of smoke there arose a scuffling among the row of chairs of the prosecution. Ryan was desperately struggling to rise and yell a warning to Seattle, but at a sign from Trudis Sergeant Silgarde and Private Mattan on either side of him were holding him in his seat and Silgarde's huge hand was gagging his mouth.

The scuffling and squeaking of the chairs sounded much like sledge runners dragging over packed snow, and the next instant the musical jingle of dog bells arose at the door.

Seattle made a zigzag line for the door and threw it open.

Outside he saw Hess and Gayle with a prone figure on the sledge they drove.

"Coom in; coom in," he bellowed. "Where you ban trail?"

"Right here," answered Cronin. "And it ain't any pleasure trip either. Ryan's got a broken peg. Did it in the cove down yonder by the river mouth. He's been shooting signs to you for a week and a half."

"By tam! Ay ban hear that shootin' but ay ban tank her Sticks after moose!"

"That's what I said you'd think," put in Gayle. "But never mind, Larvon. Don't feel guilty about it. You can do

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THERE is one thing that will pry love out of *anybody*. A sort of universal, modern love potion. It is really twelve things in one. It should be administered along about the first of every month. It works just as well with young girls as with mature women; with college boys as with grown-up, mature men. It works with débutantes, artists, writers, old ladies, motor cranks, dog fanciers, book-worms, plethoric clubmen, futurist picture buyers, and even the most hopeless golf perverts. But it also works with the vast and swarming army of people who love nobody but themselves.



"A little dark girl at school."

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P. S.—For the few benighted souls who may still be lingering in outer darkness, let us say:

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your part now. Hess and I are going to take his mail on to Dyea. Bonus on her. Savvy? Got to run on time. You see he gets the best of care till we come back. And give us a hand with him, will you?"

WHILE the court held its bated breath, Seattle stooped and gave them a hand. Carefully the three transferred the stiff-legged Thorpe Calgour, whose close-drawn parka hood concealed his face, from the sledge to the table in front of Strickland. It was just about the height of a wall bunk, and there the partners fiddled with Thorpe's leg a second and then made for their outfit again. "I tank you ban batter stop till morning," Seattle leered. "The wind she drop then, yas."

"Can't risk it," Cronin refused. "It might be worse. It always blows for days here. Gets a clean sweep down the White and up the Stewart. It wasn't blowing much up Selwyn way. So Gayle and me been talking it over, and we figure we'll be running out of the storm all the time. If we run fast enough and far enough, we ought to strike tolerably clear country to-morrow. Savvy? Then we'll be that much to the good and free of the wind's hold-up."

"But eat a tam good supper first," pleaded Seattle, flourishing his fork. "Ay ban got moose meat nearly fried."

Instead of answering further, Cronin Hess choked in an ever-rising paroxysm of mirth. Other men all round him choked also. Pandemonium reigned in the court room, while Inspector Strickland nearly split the table with his pounding gavel.

"Order! Order!" Strickland shouted. "I will not have disorder here. I'll fine you all for contempt of court. Stop that laughter this minute."

"It isn't laughter, inspector," wept Thorpe in all humility. "They're choking with the smoke."

"Then open the door and clear the smoke out," directed Strickland. "It's enough to strangle anyone."

Somebody kicked the frying pan off the stove and pulled the door open. A draft of frosty air blew a clear shaft through the haze. In that clear shaft stood the dazed and conscience-stricken Seattle, staring guiltily round him the while Trudis smeared his face from a little tin of soot and grease and clapped a tow-haired wig upon his head.

"Behold Borg Larvon, the Swede woodcutter who infested for the needful hour the deserted camp on the White," proclaimed Tru as she finished. "Borg Larvon, whom the prosecution deemed mythical and whom the defense thought departed sky-hiking for wilds unknown."

A FRESH surge of delirium rocked the court. Gayle Outremont sprang forward and swept Trudis up in his great arms.

"Tru," he eulogized, nearly hugging her head off, "you're a sparkling, effulgent, comet-tailed wonder!"

"Sit down!" Strickland bellowed at them. "Sit down. You're out of order. You're all out of order. Every blessed one but Trudis is, and if you don't do better I'll clear the barracks and conduct the conclusion of this case in camera!"

The threat worked.

This pageant was too rich to be lost, and all in the court room suppressed for the moment their riotous impulses.

"Now," declaimed Trudis, who was still in order, "I have offered my fresh evidence. It rests with the court to judge of its importance. Only I would ask the court to compare the written evidence as taken down these last few minutes by the clerks with the written statements of my clients as recorded in the records of the preliminary hearing."

"It is compared," announced Strickland ominously as he set the sheets side by side, "and I find that it smashes the whole case against the accused. Outremont and Hess, you are honorably dismissed on the robbery charge. It now remains to apprehend the real culprits. The Crown can do that on its own initiative unless the defense wishes to lay a countercharge."

"The defense does," declared Trudis. "It loses no time in laying that countercharge, and it asks this court to arrest Rooney Ryan and Seattle Simons, and arraign them on the said charge. The defense, which now becomes the prosecution, has further incriminating evidence to submit."

"Arrested they are," nodded Strickland with a quick gesture to Silgarde and Mattan. "And arraigned they are. Go on with your incriminating evidence."

Trudis glanced at Thorpe, and Thorpe stepped outside the doorway. He ap-

An Old Man at Fifty— A Young Man at Seventy

The Remarkable Story of Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco Business Man Who Has Solved the Problem of Prolonging Youth

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Sanford Bennett at 50



Sanford Bennett at 74

All this he has accomplished by some very simple and gentle exercises which he practices for about ten minutes before arising in the morning. Yes, the exercises are taken in bed, peculiar as this may seem.

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There isn't room in this article to go into a lengthy description of Mr. Bennett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All of this he tells himself in a book which he has written, entitled "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention." This book is a complete history of himself and his experiences, and contains complete instructions for those who wish to put his health and youth-building methods to their own use. It is a wonderful book. It is a book that every man and woman who is desirous of remaining young after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, and, as Mr. Bennett firmly believes, the one hundredth milestone of life, should read.



Partial Contents

Some idea of the field covered by the author may be gained by the following topics: Old Age, Its Cause; How to Prevent It; The Will in Exercising; Exercising in Bed—shown by fifteen pages of illustration. Sun, Fresh Air and Deep Breathing for Lung Development; The Secret of Good Digestion; How I Strengthened My Eyes; Internal Cleanliness; External Cleanliness; The Hair; The Obese Abdomen; The Rejuvenation of the Face, Throat and Neck; The Skin, and scores of other experience chapters of vital interest.

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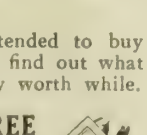


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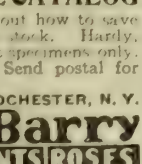
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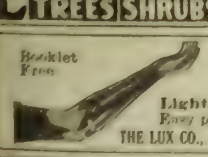
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peared in another moment bearing the dead body of a malemute, which he deposited on Strickland's table. Every neck in the court room craned forward, while the inspector gazed suspiciously at the animal.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"The incriminating evidence," answered Trudis. "It is one of five and one-half dogs we found buried under the snow in the cove by the White River's mouth, one of Betteille Trentoin's dogs shot by the real culprits in the staging of the broken-leg tableau. Thorpe, go on and dissect it!"

THORPE, taking a long knife from his pocket, slit the malemute down the legs and up the belly. But no livid flesh nor clotted blood showed on his incisions. Only an astounding flow of plucked ends of green spruce littered the table, and, instead of yards of entrails, out slid the Alaska Commercial Company's package of one hundred thousand dollars.

"A dead malemute, you see," laughed Tru, "but a skinned, stuffed malemute as well. An original cache, all right, and a fine piece of taxidermy. A little flat in the chest now, though. That's where the grease box and the tow-haired wig went in."

Gayle's arms flew out and hugged her anew, while the feet stamping and roaring of the court audience made the log walls quake.

Nor did Strickland call them to order. He stood up in the midst of the tumult, his cheeks all crimson and his eyes on fire, for his heart was riled at the duplicity which had so nearly forced him in the light of the law to pronounce judgment on his old friends.

"Rooney Ryan," he roared, "do you and Seattle Simons plead guilty to this countercharge? You'd better. That plea, coupled with the fact that the money's been recovered, is the only thing that'll lighten your sentence. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

Ryan looked once into the inspector's eyes. "Guilty for me," he quavered, "and—guilty for Seattle."

"Twelve months on the barracks woodpile," sentenced Strickland.

The Redemption Handicap

Continued from page 7

incidentally lowered the track record for one mile.

It was a very popular victory, as was attested by the leaping, howling dervishes in the grand stand and on the lawn, but there were some who took no part in the demonstration. Some, like Con Parker, were hit hard.

There was one who was hit hardest of all, a youth of pleasing appearance who drew several pasteboards from his pocket and scowled at them for a moment before he ripped them to bits and hurled the fragments into the air.

"Cleaned out! Busted!" ejaculated the Bald-faced Kid bitterly. "The old scoundrel double-crossed me!"

THE last race of the meeting was over when Old Man Curry emerged from the track office of the Racing Association. The grand stand was empty, and the exits were jammed with a hurrying crowd. The betting ring still held its quota, and the cashiers were paying off the lines with all possible speed. As they slapped the winning tickets upon the spindles, they exchanged pleasantries with the fortunate holders.

"Just keep this till we come back again next season," said they. "We're lending it to you—that's all."

Old Man Curry made one brisk circle of the ring, examining every line of ticket holders, then he walked out on the lawn. The Bald-faced Kid was sitting on the steps of the grand stand smoking a cigarette. Curry went over to him. "Well, Frank," said he cheerfully, "how did you come out on the day?"

The boy stared up at him for a moment before he spoke.

"You ought to know," said he slowly. "You told me to bet on that gray horse—and then you went out and beat him to death!"

"Ah, hah!" said the old man.

"I was crazy for a minute," said the Kid. "I thought you'd double-crossed me. I've cooled out since then; now I'm only sorry that you didn't know more about what your own horse could do. That tip made a tramp out of me, old-timer."

"Exackly what I hoped it would do, son," and Old Man Curry fairly beamed.

"*What's that?*" The cigarette fell from the Kid's fingers, and his lower jaw sagged. "You thought Elisha could *win*—and you went and touted me on to the other one?"

Old Man Curry nodded, smiling.

As the boy watched him, his expression changed to one of deep disgust. He dipped into his vest pocket and produced his silver stop watch. "Here's something you overlooked," he sneered. "Take it, and I'll be cleaned right!"

Old Man Curry sat down beside him, but the Kid edged away. "I wouldn't have thought it of you, old-timer," said he.

"Frank," said the old man gently, "you don't understand. You don't know what I was figgerin' on."

"I know this," retorted the Kid: "if it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have to go to Butte alone!"

"You've told her, then?"

"Last night."

"And I was right about the forgivin' business, son?"

"Didn't I say she was going to Butte with me? We had it all fixed to get married, but now—"

"Well, I don't see no reason for callin' it off." Old Man Curry's cheerfulness had returned, and as he spoke he drew out his old-fashioned leather wallet. "You know what I told you 'bout bad money, son—tainted money? You wouldn't take my word for it that gamblers' money brings bad luck; I just nachelly had to fix up some scheme on you so that you wouldn't have no bad money to start out with." He opened the wallet and extracted a check upon which the ink was scarcely dry—the check of the Racing Association for the winner's portion of the stake just decided. "I wouldn't want you to have bad luck, son," the old man continued. "I wanted you to have good luck—and a clean start. Here's some money that it wouldn't hurt anybody to handle—an honest hoss went out and run for it and earned it, an' he was runnin' for you every step of the way! Here, take it." He thrust the check into the boy's hand—and let it stand to his credit that he answered before looking at it.

"I—I had you wrong, old-timer," he stammered: "wrong from the start. I—I can't take this. I ain't a pauper, and I—I—"

"Why of course you can take it, son," urged the old man. "You said this game owed you a stake, and maybe it does, but the only money you can afford to start out with is clean money, and the only clean money on a race track is the money that an honest hoss can go out and run for—and win. No, I can't take it back; it's indorsed over to you."

THEN, and not before, did the Kid look at the figures on the check.

"Why," he gasped, "this—this is for twenty-four hundred and something! I don't *need* that much! I—we—*she* says three hundred would be plenty! I—"

"That's all right," interrupted Old Man Curry. "Money—clean money—never comes amiss. You can call the three hundred the stake that was owin' to you; the rest, well, I reckon that's just my weddin' present. Good-by, son, and good luck!"

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J. W. Norman, Paint Rock, Texas	1909-Mitchell	**183,837**	Geo. R. Mason, Des Moines, Iowa	1910-Maytag	**135,000**
Sam Deck, Darlington, Ind	1910-Mitchell	**175,875**	J. M. Bertolet, M. D., Reading, Pa	1910-Mitchell	**127,681**
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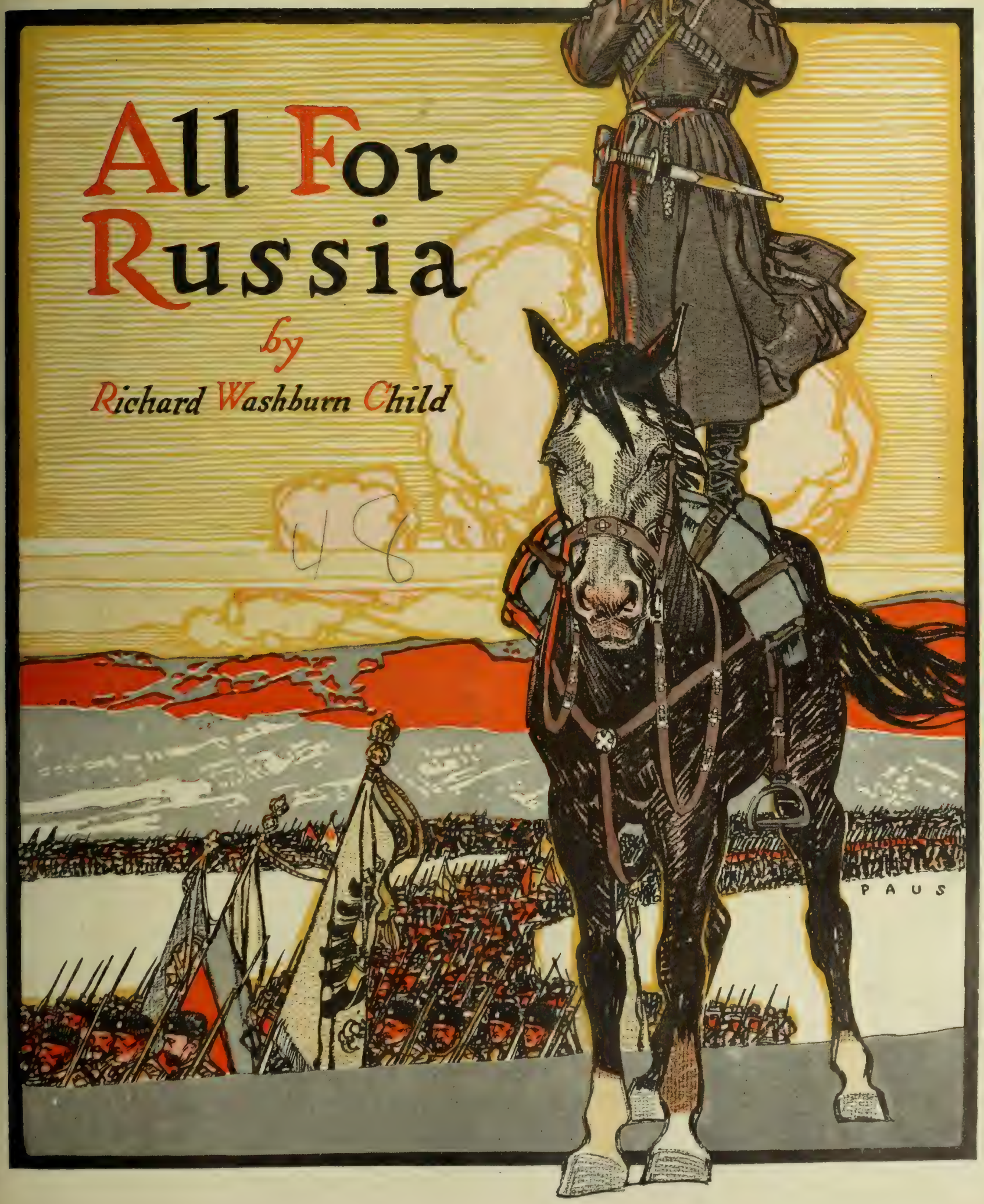
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by

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DEATH ISLAND

BY BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOHN

WHEN Marcus Brock was married there were some of the guests who thought the bridegroom "fey." In the Trafalgars—that great central Pacific group where the sugar lands are so rich and so wide—many Scotsmen have made a home, and quite a dozen of the wedding guests were Gaelic enough, by ancestry or by birth, to feel disquieted at the bridegroom's almost unnatural gayety. Indeed, they whispered to one another, behind engraved glasses of excellent champagne, that something would surely "come of it." No one used the word "fey," which forebodes disaster and sudden death, but I think that in all the Scottish minds it was floating about unspoken. Every guest felt the mystery.

And yet the wedding was a supreme success. If Brock himself was somewhat hysterically cheerful (on one and a half glasses of champagne and an oceanful of bliss), the demeanor of the bride was all that could be wished. Kathy May—Kathy Brock since three of the afternoon—was the prettiest girl in the islands: pale as the island girl is always pale, but warm and sweet as a white noon lily. The bridal costume, orthodox from coronet to shoe (for Kathy loved in all things the safe, the settled, the foreseen), might have been specially designed to suit her blue-eyed, black-haired beauty; and her expression—a little downcast, a little smiling—was so like the expression of the typical bride in a magazine picture that it looked almost unnatural. Kathy was quite a success.

The scene, too, was perfect—Marcus Brock's own splendid bungalow on the hill above the Cocos River; wide verandas set with long tables, whence the guests could look down through climbing stephanotis and buginvillea over the panorama of mountain, palm, and sea that is the pride of Port Victory; all the town, from his excellency the governor to M'Tagart of the native store, enjoying itself in its best white suits, its finest feathers, silks, and muslins; a wedding breakfast that had taxed three provinces to produce, laid out in a splendor of silver, china, and crystal that no one but Marcus could have managed (the Mays were desperately poor, and free-handed Marcus had insisted on "giving the shivoo" himself); dozens of Trafalgar Island boys, in the planter's own uniform of purple and white, serving table; above all and through all the diamond tropic sun, the scents of the climbing flowers, and the rush of the merry trade winds from the harbor, fresh and clean and strong. A picture painted without shadows was surely this marriage of Marcus Brock.



They watched the launch approach the jetty. "He's cruel," she said; "he'll fight"

Yet a wedding is never without a shadow—somewhere. There is always the woman who would have liked to be the bride; always the man who thinks he might have been the bridegroom, had not that other come in the way. At the table of Marcus Brock these two were present. Young Cranage, the assistant medical officer, sat very silent at the far end of the veranda, and looked often at the bride. Kathy had been good to him—or he thought so—before Marcus's Cophetua wooing of a penniless miss came in the way. And he was younger than Brock, who would never see thirty again, or perhaps thirty-five. And he was about as good-looking. And there had been girls—yes, girls—plenty of girls who—well, hang it all, he thought he was more than on a level with the planter if they had stood simply as man to man.

But they did not. Marcus's love, inevitably, came wrapped in gold. He was the only big holder in the islands; the Pacific Sugar Milling Company, which had bought out all the other estates in the Trafalgars one by one, had never been allowed to lay finger on the Cocos River plantation. Marcus's grandfather had started it in the seventies, when the Trafalgars were a (literally) howling waste of cannibals; Marcus Brock, the third holder, was reaping the harvest of two generations of foresight and industry, added to all that his own hard work and ability had done. Big Marcus, jolly, fair-haired Marcus, was a manager of men; in the Pacific Islands, where fortunes are made by black labor, such a one can dip his hands in streams of gold. There was little running away on the Cocos River Estate; there was scarcely ever an application to the magistrate. Overseers worked hard and stayed long. Undermanagers were cheerful and contented. Engineers cherished as few grievances as an engineer may keep and live. Big Marcus, laughing Marcus with the cheery word and the small gray devil in his eye, rode up and down the coolie lines, galloped through the miles of verdigris-colored cane, sprang up like a pantomime demon in unexpected places of the dark, sweet-smelling sugar mills—saw everything, knew everything, poured his abundant vitality into every corner of his job, and made the Cocos River Estate the model of the South Pacific.

BECAUSE of this the brands on gold-necked bottles were of the best; the stables held silk-skinned riding horses, and the motor house sheltered more than one fine car; there was a stone-arched billiard hall and a marble swimming pool; there was Marcus's bungalow, better built and furnished than Government House; there was a splendid launch in the bay, a beautiful hot-weather cottage up in the hills behind Port Victory, and a town house in far-away Melbourne. Now, if all these things had not been—if Marcus Brock had had an income of three hundred and twenty-five pounds a year, and lived in a two-room iron shanty at the foot of the Hospital Hill, which of the two would have won?

"What are you thinking of?" asked the girl at Cranage's side. She was prettyish, cleverish, not too young: she was getting anxious about her settlement in life, and Marcus had been good to her before Kathy came along—or so she thought. There was vinegar in the champagne that she raised to her lips—Marcus's wedding wine.

Cranage, seized with a mad fit of confidence, told her.

"Oh," said the girl with a bitter laugh, "you needn't have puzzled over that. Kath wouldn't have taken either of you. Kath has an eye to the main chance."



Marcus reined in and took a last, despairing look at the bungalow which sheltered his unsuspecting wife

"She's the sweetest little soul—" began Cranage.

"Oh, yes, sweet—as that," said the girl viciously, pointing to a strawberry jelly that was slowly yielding to the influence of the Trafalgar climate. "As sweet as that—and with the very same flop in her character. You know Kathy flops."

"I do," said Cranage. "I—I like floppers."

"So does Marcus Brock apparently. Kathy knows that. She's cultivated the flop for all it was worth, and it's been worth—that!"

The girl pointed a couple of fingers at the splendid view of the Cocos River Estate, spread out like some colored tapestry between the swaying fronds of the creepers screening the veranda.

"I think you and I are getting spiteful," said Cranage calmly, rising in his seat. "And as I have to slip off and see a patient—"

IT was the last seat on the veranda; no one noticed him. The clean, strong breeze from the harbor struck him in the face as he ran down Marcus's marble steps, out into the stabbing sun. He laughed a little at the thought of the girl who had been sitting beside him. She had flushed scarlet at his words.

"She deserved it," thought Cranage, as he crossed the garden. "So did I. We were both catty. Marcus is the finest fellow in the islands, and Kathy is the best girl—and God bless them both!"

A crystal veil had fallen across the world; in its glitter the pathway swelled to a broad white plain, and the flowers grew to rings and disks of dancing color. Until he had fought it away, he could scarcely tell where he was. It cleared, and he became aware of green lawns, bright beds, and trellises, a gateway near at hand, and a tall, white figure making for the gate along another path.

"The chief," he said, straightening himself up.

The Honorable James Scott-Braden, M. D., chief medical officer of the Trafalgars, member of the Legislative Council (whence the "honorable" in his title), fellow of more medical and scientific associations than his correspondents could ever remember, was a man whom Cranage respected clear down to the soles of his boots. Cranage himself was not clever, and knew it. He could treat malaria and dysentery according to the established laws; he could handle general practice without fatal mistakes; he was a decent, tidy operator of the sort that takes no risks and in consequence suffers few failures. Besides, he was a cricketer, a tennis player, a dancer; girls liked him, and he liked himself pretty well. That was the most that could be said. But Scott-Braden—well, the world already knew a good deal about Scott-Braden, and was likely to know more. He was a big man in bacteriology; it was understood that he would never have accepted the post he held save for its opportunities of studying tropical disease. Usually he was much too busy to visit: the assistant was amazed to see him coming away from the wedding party. "I didn't see you at the table, sir," he said as the two fell into step together, making for the Hospital Hill.

Scott-Braden shut up his eyes before answering—an odd trick he had. Like most brilliant men, he was somewhat given to tricks of manner. "Oh, yes, yes," he said. "Sitting on a line with you. You were too busy watching the—yes, yes—the bride."

Cranage colored furiously. This brown, dried man of science, with his forty years and his hermit temperament, seemed to see the country lying below the aerie of his own high-seated mind with astonishing clearness of vision. "I used to be—interested in her rather," he answered lamely.

"Interested—yes," said Scott-Braden, opening his eyes suddenly. They were hazel eyes, very brilliant, showing up against his sun-tanned skin like topazes set in copper. "I'm interested myself.

"In the husband," he added after a jerky pause.

"Oh," said Cranage. They had reached the Hospital Hill now, and were slowly mounting its steep pathway among the frangipanes and pink oleanders that bordered the track. The wind beat among the flowers and scattered them in white and rosy snow; it was the season of the furious southeast trades.

"I didn't think, sir," ventured Cranage, "that you were ever interested in such beefy, healthy people as Brock."

"I never am," said Scott-Braden with a fascinating smile. "How did that blackwater patient take the change of medicine?"

"Oh, God, he's too clever by half for me: I'm hanged if I can follow what he means. The blackwater patient? He's sinking, I'm afraid."

"I want his blood," remarked Scott-Braden, conversationally.

"I'll see to it," answered Cranage, who had learned to translate most of his chief's odd expressions. "I'll have a specimen for you at once. I think we're going to lose him."

"He has a wife," said Scott-Braden.

"Yes. She was up at the hospital this morning, crying, poor soul," said the soft-hearted Rob.

"Ay, crying! By the way, Cranage" (the chief dropped his impersonal manner, and spoke with sudden, live emphasis), "I wish you would see to it that these women don't upset my work. I believe I heard Mrs. Blackwater-fever when I was exceedingly busy in my study about ten o'clock doing some microscopic work that demanded perfect concentration. And there was a Trafalgar woman howling—absolutely howling—like a dog, at lunch time. That must not occur again, at least not until I get the Government to give me a more isolated house."

"Well," said Cranage with some heat, "I don't see how I was to stop her. She was the mother of that lad you sent to the leper island, and she had sense enough to know it was a parting forever."

"Popular language—popular language, Cranage; don't let that habit grow upon you," warned the chief. "Of course the permanent segregation of leprosy is part of the— Well, matron, what is it?"

The hospital matron, white-clad, thin, and pale with tropic paleness, was standing on the steps.

"I was going to send for you, doctor," she said. "There's a bad case of tetanus."

Cranage bit his lip a little. Like most young doctors, he loathed tetanus.

"Now, that is all right," said Scott-Braden pleasantly, beginning to take off his coat with the quiet speed of the man who knows his job. "I wanted one."

LATE that night Rob Cranage, tired to death, sick with his own troubles and worn with the work he had gone through, dropped under his mosquito net half undressed.

"He's magnificent," said the young doctor to himself. "That tetanus fellow will pull through, and the blackwater is going to live, but I wonder—do wonder sometimes if he's a human being himself at all.

"And I wonder too," he thought, as he put his head on the pillow—"I wonder what the deuce he was playing at when he talked of Marky Brock."

At this the wedding scene arose again in the darkness, and a stab of pain, so sharp that it seemed almost physical, ran through the defeated lover.

"Kathy!" he said out loud. "Kathy!" . . .

Passed, the outermost sentinel of the Trafalgars, the high, lone pyramid island pointing up to heaven. Passed, the cluster of atolls, fairy rings of green upon the blue. Passed, the low, dark island of the old native graves, called Death Island, where quarantine huts stand white on the shore. The sugar fields in sight now, verdigris upon gray. The beach of Port Victory, a thread of white. The town, a pinch of colored beads. Masts pricking up, black jetties straddling out. Government House; the stores, the hospital—home again.

Rob Cranage, gentleman at large (or on leave) upon the boat, stepped ashore an assistant medical officer with his holiday over and work and the hot season looming together ahead.

"Who was it said," he mused, as he tramped up the long wharf from the customs, "that the worst of having a holiday is that it makes you want another immediately after?"

He opened the collar of his white patrol coat, and mopped his neck. Port Victory was living up to its reputation as the hottest town in the South Pacific. The red dust of the roads seemed red-hot. The scent of frangipane and sandalwood, the reek of copra, fairly smote you in the face. Trafalgar natives, wild-eyed and shoebrush-haired, were squatting in the shade of the big stores chewing betel and spitting scarlet upon the paths.

"Old Port Victory," said Cranage as he breasted the Hospital Hill. "One gets to like its inconveniences, as a man likes the ugly face of the woman he's married. Which reminds me that I seem to be decently cured at last. The steamer prescription worked. I wonder how they get on—seven or eight months married now. I wonder how I was so gone on her, though she is a nice little thing. Well, Marky was the right sort of man for the clinging-vine business; I dare say I'd have got tired. Now, that's too bad—matron signaling me from the hospital. I don't care who's dying; by rights I oughtn't to be on duty till to-morrow. What's the blessed substitute doing who gave us pratique?"

HE turned away from the veranda of his house and put the door key back in his pocket.

"Well, matron," he began breezily as he topped the Hospital Hill; "how has the world been treating you? This beastly hot season—"

"Dr. Scott-Braden wants you," cut in the matron, paler and thinner-faced than ever under her white linen veil. She looked, the assistant thought, a little agitated.

"Anything special?" he asked, balancing backward and forward on his toes and heels. He felt cheerful in spite of the heat.

"You know what he is talking about," said the nurse briefly. "I was to tell you you'll have to go out to Cocos River."

"Kid? Hardly, I suppose," hazarded Cranage.

"Mrs. Brock's not there; she went to see her mother, who's ill."

"What is it?" asked Rob, suddenly sobered. There was something in the matron's manner!

"There he is," said the nurse, retreating as Dr. Scott-Braden came out.

The chief medical officer had grown much thinner in the months that were past; Port Victory's hot-season climate and the hard work expected from one who had already made his name famous as a writer on tropical diseases seemed to have worn his lean, brown frame to a bundle of sticks. In the skull-like face the topaz eyes burned more brightly than ever, and as Cranage greeted his superior he saw again the curious trick that everyone noticed about Scott-Braden—the sudden closing of the lids for quite an appreciable space of seconds. Cranage even noticed that the doctor shut his eyes for a longer time than he used to do.

"Glad you are back," said the chief, open-eyed now and looking at Cranage with the face of a stone image. "I ought to have been at Cocos River this morning, but you will have to take the duty; there is a nasty case of hemorrhage—"

He gave professional details; life, it seemed, in that white room behind him was flickering in the wind of sudden and imminent death.

"Take the car that is waiting at the back," went on Scott-Braden with a certain quiet hurry. "The case will return with you on horseback."

"On horseback?"

"Yes. You know the procedure; act as usual. Remember to—"

"But what is it?" asked Cranage, impatient with his superior's elliptic methods of conversation.

"Doctor!" came a sharp call from within the ward.

Scott-Braden reached the door in two long steps.

"Go," he flung over his shoulder; and Cranage, scenting something unusual, swung round to the back of the hospital, jumped into the car, and gave the Chinese chauffeur the word to start.

"Cocos River Estate—hurry," he said.

"Old Marky will tell me all about it," he reflected. It was not the first time there had been a hurry call to Cocos River; Indian laborers were often careless in the mills, which caused accidents; infectious diseases had sometimes flared up like bush fires among the coolie lines, and had been dealt with effectively and well by himself and Marcus and a quickly impounded sanitary gang.

"If there's trouble of any kind, Marky will be all there," he reflected, lighting a cigar, behind the wind shield, as the car whirled sharply down into the highroad and began to eat up the miles between Port Victory and the Cocos River. "But I don't quite get the stuff about bringing in the patient on horseback. Well, Marky will explain."

The master of the Cocos River Estate was sitting at the top of his famous flight of white marble veranda steps when the hospital car panted up to the house. Marcus had a big pith helmet on his head; his face was heavily shaded by the brim. A saddle horse, tied up, waited in the shade of the veranda.

"What's the blessed row this time, Brock?" asked Cranage, running up the steps with the energy of a man fresh from leave. It was a December day of the worst; the twelve-foot feathers of the palms hung motionless as cut steel against a heat-dark sky; electric fans whined ceaselessly from the shaded inner rooms. Probably it was cool in there; Marcus was a fool to sit outside in the heat. A small upgrowth of the old resentment against this man's extraordinary good fortune was stirring in the heart of the assistant; he felt ready to find fault.

MARCUS BROCK rose from his chair and nodded. He did not offer his hand, but that might have been because both hands were in his pockets. Again, it might not. Rob Cranage thought that he looked sulky—or something. Perhaps something. It must be remembered that the intellect of the Medical Department was centered chiefly in Scott-Braden.

"What's up?" he asked again.

"Leprosy," said Marcus briefly.

"Oh, the deuce!" exclaimed Cranage. "That coolie labor is the curse of the country—with all respect to you, Brock. I suppose we'll have to burn down a few of your huts before we take the beggar to Death Island. What is his humpy?"

"This one," said Marcus Brock of the Cocos River Estate, waving a hand behind him.

"I don't quite get you; can't see any huts from here."

"You can. This is his," repeated Marcus, striking his big foot on the marble of the steps and pointing one hand at the roof. "Try not to be any stupider than God has made you, Cranage."

The full force of his meaning burst upon Cranage like a bomb.

"Oh, my God!" he said and sat down on the steps.

"I would offer you a tot; you seem to need it," said Marcus, looking down at him, "but—an infected house, you know. It will be rather a job setting things to rights here. I think you'd better take me first."

"Take you? How?"

"I'd have supposed Scott-Braden—"

"He had a bad hemorrhage case—touch and go—couldn't stop to talk."

"Well, you've done the job before." Marcus's face, under his helmet, showed something oddly colored, but his voice was the voice of every day. "I have a few things in a bag; old Jenny can carry them as well as myself. You can have the saddle burned at the jetty, and I'll attend to the mare."

"That's not necessary," objected Cranage weakly.

"Not quite sure it isn't; anyhow, she's an old friend of mine, and I've a fancy not to leave her behind," replied Marcus. "Give me a match."

Cranage handed it to the fingers that reached scrupulously at the farther end of the box.

"You won't expect it back of course," said Marcus, lighting up and pocketing the box. "I think I've seen to everything, but I haven't had much time. It was only yesterday that Scott-Braden gave me the final result of the microscopic examination."

HE stopped for a moment. Cranage waited, silent: the world seemed to have come to an end.

Brock's voice was quite steady as he went on:

"When I heard there was a doubt I sent Kathy to her mother for a bit. She doesn't know. She was a bit ratty because I didn't—kiss her. Do you mind pulling that mare in out of the sun, it always makes her fidgety."

Cranage did it. Brock proceeded:

"It's on my arm. Nothing much; I thought it was just a Port Victory sore—hot season and all that."

"'Not so deep as a well, or so wide as a church door, but—'" quoted Cranage. He felt he had to say something. Marcus Brock brushed the triviality quietly aside.

"I don't think poetry matters much, do you?" he said. "I never was a booky man; I was an outdoorer." It was sickening to Cranage to hear him using the past tense, but Brock seemed unconscious that he was doing so.

"Well," he said, shifting his cigar to the corner of his mouth and speaking half through his teeth, in the way that all Marcus's friends knew well—"old man, it's up to you to make the arrest. I'll go quietly. I think you really need that drink, by the way. Sing out to my secretary, or—"

Marcus's bull-of-Basham voice—the voice that his cane fields were never to hear again—sounded out across the avenue and the lawns.

"Johnson! Johnson! Have you any whisky?"

A neat, slight man, looking exceedingly scared, emerged from a tent under the trees.

"Give the doctor a drink."

Johnson ran under the fly, and came out with a bottle and glass. Cranage offered them to Brock.

"I wish Scott-Braden saw you," said the master of Cocos River with the ghost of a dead smile. "It seems I have to teach you your own trade. Keep that to yourself, take a drink, and come on."

He seemed to be dominating the situation, as usual. Johnson, the small and scared, looked at him with an eye that seemed to say: "The last time—the last time, my buck!" It was said that Marcus had been rather rough with Johnson at times; his manners had little velvet in them.

"Come on," repeated Marcus as the doctor handed back his glass. "It will take us till near sundown to get there in that rotten quarantine launch."

"Get to—"

"Death Island. Yes, man. If I can bear it, I reckon you can; hump yourself, will you?"

Cranage was not clever, but he had been in general practice for six years and he knew when a man was suffering pain, bodily or mental. He saw the tortured look in the burnt-out eyes beneath the helmet. He felt rather than knew that it was time to get away.

"Let no one enter the house till I return," he ordered, putting on an air of crisp authority that he did not by any means feel. "If you're—if you're ready—"

"Stand, will you?" was Marcus's reply, addressed to his mare. He swung into the saddle, pressed his helmet close, and trotted quietly down the drive. The cigar had gone out, but he held it tight between his teeth. He did not look back.

Cranage whirred down the avenue and out into the road after him.

"My God, this will break her heart!" he thought. Then: "The first white case we've had. The new iron hut, of course—away from any natives. The chief will have to come too; I won't run this on my own— That's the Mays' house on the hill. . . ."

Wun Lee stopped the car. Marcus had reined in the mare and was sitting still in his saddle with his face turned toward the red-roofed bungalow half a mile away where Kathy, his wife, walked innocent of harm or fear.

He did not strike the mare when he went on; he shook the rein, and Jenny broke into a trot, with an impatient little shy that swung round her rider's face into sight for just one moment. Cranage saw it, and it was the face of the Lost Soul in Michelangelo's "Last Judgment." Then Jenny stopped curvetting, and only the back of Marcus's helmet could be seen. . . .



He sat up and stared at her. "Oh, my girl," he cried, "what have you done!"

DEATH ISLAND is lovely. It lies far out and alone, in the sapphire-green of shallow coral seas. Its windy palms swing high above a beach of burning, cloud-white sand. Trees with scarlet flowers stand up behind the beach, and banks of white spider lilies; the red flowers blow down to the water and drift about in the lagoon like tiny fire ships, but the white ones fade and die as they fall. Behind the beach and the palms rise dark-green woods, with breaks of emerald lawn. Red and green parrots, pigeons, and white cockatoos with crests of gold fly out and in among the trees; sometimes a butterfly, large-winged as an English swallow, sails like a blue flower floating on the wind across the mystery of an opening glade. The air is full of scents: wild jasmine, frangipane, the new-mown hay smell of the flowering pandanus, the frankincense odor of gum and spice-bearing trees in the bush, blow out across the water.

Death Island is quiet. When your launch runs into still water under the lee of the land the *spat-spat-spat* of your engine echoes back to you from an empty shore. There is no one on the small, black jetty. There is nobody upon the sanded walk leading back among the trees. White cockatoos fly inland with a frightened scream; the yellow flag at the head of the jetty—a flag that is never taken down—slats softly against its pole; the coral reef whispers, a long way out at sea. Otherwise there is silence.

You tie up your launch to the jetty (not the battered old quarantine launch, reeking of lysol and carbolic, but the doctor's own smart, bright, twelve-knot boat), leave your

(*Continued on page* 36)



"The hour for the Slavic world has struck!" reads the sign carried with sacred icons and imperial banners in this patriotic demonstration in Petrograd

ALL FOR RUSSIA

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Mr. Child, who has recently returned from Russia, is preparing a series of articles of which this is the first

ONE instance is the case of Maxim.

The story of Maxim will tell much of Russia at war. With its movement, its color, and its pictures it will contain much of the sum total that one can see or feel in the empire of the Czar to-day. In it there is the theme of the fourth of the four great dramatic facts of this conflict.

The first of these great dramatic facts, I think, is the spirit of Great Britain. No empire has ever been given the free-will service of so many men willing, if need be, to die. I spoke to a Scotland Yard secret-service man in Norway of the millions of British volunteers. "You were in England!" said he. "You saw It." He spoke as if It was a vision.

And the second is the efficiency of Germany. I have been in five countries, and two of them are Germany's bitterest enemies. But even where anti-Prussianism is almost madness, whether among statesmen and officials, those who fight and those who wait, or those who fear and those who have suffered, there is mingled in one breath hatred and admiration.

And the third is the dignity of France. This, too, is felt everywhere. At the cold, narrow gate of Russia, on the frontier between Finland and Sweden, I met General Pau on his way to visit the Czar's army. This distinguished veteran officer of France, one-armed and not tall of stature, behind his heavy gray brows and white mustache has a countenance filled with a strange combination of power and sadness. That which is firm and resolute and that which is reflective and tender mingle in the expression of his features. I spoke of the dignity of France, and then feared I had taken too great a liberty and had changed too abruptly from some hurried words about the Russian army, whose General Staff headquarters I had just left. He smiled, however, quietly and with pleasure. "France is patient and strong," he said. "If necessary, she will suffer without complaint, but also she will remain calm after her victories." The Russian commandant of the frontier station looked at Pau with blinking eyes and wet his own lips with the tip of his tongue. But he said nothing.



A parade of Russian veterans who fought the Turks in 1877

And the fourth drama of the conflict concerns a terrible thing. It is the human flesh of the endless hordes of men. It is the stockyard hordes of armies like the Russian army. It is the story of the millions. But, individually, it is the story of Maxim.

Russia is a country of peasants; if Maxim were destined to be born in Russia, the chances were three to one that he would be a peasant, and that Maxim should be a peasant fate decreed. Fate dropped him, a pink and squirming thing, in a little Russian village a day's journey from Petrograd, and almost that distance from Moscow.

Maxim represented Russia as much as any soul could represent Russia. He was more Russian than the Czar, more Russian than any bureaucrat. He was a Slav, a peasant; he was one of the 120,000,000 cast in the image of God and tilling the soil. More than this, his infancy represented Russia because the lusty health of his young flesh combined with the stare of his blue eyes, in which no one could quite tell whether there were simplicity or guile, dense ignorance or the ancient meditations of old Oriental mysteries. Above all, Maxim had the quality which is the essence of the charm of Russia and Russia's peasantry. It was not picturesqueness; it was not simplicity or elusiveness: it was potentiality; it was possibility. Like Russi Maxim was a humanize question mark; he was slate upon which nothin had been written. No one could tell whether he wa the world's yesterday or the world's to-morrow.

He was born into a world of earth and wood. An in this, too, he represented Russia, for Russia is civilization of earth and wood. That which satisfie the hunger of the Russian mind is ownership of soil it is the passion of the empire. That which satisfie the hunger of his body is eaten with a wooden spoo from a wooden bowl.

The home of Maxim, for whom destiny had marke out a part—a little but significant part—in the grea world war, was of wood. Snow and wind from th lowering skies of Russian winters had turned t weathered gray the unpainte exterior of the half-thatched peas ant home, the roof of which ex tended to cover the shed i which the horse, the two cow and a pig were kept. Inside, i the room where Maxim, his sis ter, and his father and mothe spent all of their indoor hour the reverse side of the lum ber was yellow-brown, unplas tered, and undecorated, except b clothes that hung on the wall, b four covers of a magazine pub lished in Moscow, wooden utensil on a shelf, and a painted wooder icon hung in the corner so tha a saint of the Russian orthodo church might ever cast upon th room a benevolent stare fron brown, doelike eyes. There wa a large wooden table and a stov of tiles with a mouth always hun gry for wood.

The outdoor world across whic the young legs of Maxim first be gan to walk was a part of th great Russian plain, but the vil lage of fourteen or fifteen house was built under the shadows of four lines of birch trees, whos leafy tops waved in the summer, s that the birches writhed as grace fully as dancing dryads—as the birches wave in a landscape by Corot. Maxim's world extended as time went on and as his hair grew more and more like flax through the bleaching of hatless summers, and then, as his body was made to have magnificent form and strength, retaining its unbent, untwisted youth through its labor in the communal fields, extended until this world of his could be said to include nearly thirty square miles. It included at least one town on the railroad from which the produce of the countryside was shipped away and in which there were such things as newspapers from Petrograd and Moscow, and a local government in the control of landed proprietors which was a cross between a paternal village-improvement association and a board of

ldermen, was called a zemstvo council, and main-ained schools, doctors, and hospitals. Maxim did ot know that a few years ago only one person in our in Russia could read or write; it was quite a ormal thing not to read or write, but Maxim learned om a traveling teacher because a plump, young ning named Vera, who looked most pretty in the old easant heirloom dress, had learned and teased Maxim nmercifully for his backwardness. If he could have oreseen the Great War, no doubt he would not have othered his head; for, like the millions of him, Iaxim was something of a simple philosopher.

The Wonderments of War

HE was something of a simple philosopher, but his religion had a large part in the sweetness of is life. In Maxim there was a capacity for religious eeling of which even Father Sergius, the village riest, a rather stupid man, did not dream. Maxim's vorld was small, therefore the unknown world of uperstition and of religious hope appeared all the arger. The young man saw that men of his own ge in the town celebrated holidays by their vodka rinking and congregated in tough gangs—a new hing in Russia—but it was Maxim and not these ough young men of the town who could repre-ent the spirit of the Russian peasantry. Maxim imply prayed for help and purity and for the pity f a stern God; his eyes remained clear as crystals rom the Urals, and there was a spring in his step s he walked over the creaking snow in his rope and asket shoes, his padded leg swathings, and his calf-kin cap, and he had deep-breathing lungs and oursing blood under his skin.

In this respect, too, he represented the real, human Russia. An American doctor in charge of one of he largest of the hospitals, receiving soldiers from he front, told me that among the six thousand muzhiks he had treated only eleven men had the iseases of immorality. "Why?" said I. "Russian easant: religion; clean living," said he. "I never elieved an army could be so free from these diseases."

In the winter the young man's father went to the ity where, as an *izvoshchik*, or single-horse public ehicle driver, in a padded coat, he earned money, ot to spend upon luxuries, but with the eternal Rus-ian muzhik's ambition, his land madness: the same and madness which forced the abolition of serfdom n Russia and which, way down deep, consuming the Russian heart, was the real strength behind the agi-ation of the so-called intelligent class in cities and owns and the urban revolutionary elements that n 1905 resulted in Russia's first Duma or national ssembly: a form, if not a fact, of constitutional overnment. The theory of constitutional govern-ent Maxim did not understand at all, and in this espect he represented the real Russian much bet-er than the universities and the widely diverse eform theories and the politicians of the cities. But he understood the land madness of the muzhiks, or he had it.

Maxim had also a Slav sense of a mild sort. Be-ween himself and his own customs and the peasants nd the customs of villages not far away there were ast differences. In common, however, there were lav instincts, the orthodox religion, the vague, mys-erious recognition of a vague, mysterious govern-ent, and at bottom a childlike attitude toward the Czar which has given rise to the term Little Father. ll these combined bound Maxim to other Russians, o the infinite world of Russia beyond the horizon of is own little world.

Happy enough, dreaming much, worshiping blindly, n ignorance of the modern western world, but feel-ng a hunger for it; not influenced much by the Orient, but feeling its ancient breath, Maxim, the uman animal whose body was beautiful, whose hair as light, and whose mind was dark, still repre-ented Russia, for he was young, strong, rather in-crutable, untested, undeveloped—a Potentiality.

Then the war came.

The news of the war reached the village, but in he length and breadth of that little hamlet no one ould be found who knew why the war had come. Var was something which came like a tempest of nknown forces. Not even the zemstvo doctor who ame into the canton could explain. A war was in rogress, and that was a fact to be accepted, for the ind of the muzhik likes to say to itself: "Life is fe; a fact is a fact, and if nothing can be done bout it, it is something to be taken down in one ulp." Old Vladimir, who heard that the Czar was ghting the Austrians, recalled the days he had spent n Petrograd and said: "Well, the Germans are a reat business people, and it is lucky they are on ur side." It took several days to correct the impres-ion which the remark had made. Indeed, it was not ntil Vera had received a note sent by a messenger rom her brother, who was serving his term in the rmy, that it was known that the Russian forces ad been mobilized and that the western frontier lready was in the tumult of masses of men and netal hurled against other masses of men and metal n a fury of hate which no one understood.

One evening Maxim came back from a journey to he town on the railroad. Summer had gone, and the skies, with their flat, gray blanket threatening a winter covering for the flat Russian plains, were lit for a moment in the west with a flare of red as if the war had thrown up the spray of its blood and fire. Maxim plodded along beside the undersized chestnut horse with the flax-colored mane and tail, but the head of the young man was bowed and his mind was full of the pictures he had seen.

At the railroad station of the town a troop train had stopped and out of it there had poured in liquid streams endless soldiers, unshaven, unbathed, red-eyed. It was a Siberian regiment which had marched and ridden and starved and thirsted across the empire. The men were strange types, and in the last cars of the train were half a hundred tribesmen from the far eastern borders of Mongolia who wore jackets of sheepskin with the wool side exposed and fierce, curved knives carried in broad metal-studded belts. Maxim had thought that the enemies of Russia had arrived, for he did not know that beside the body of the army, made up of muzhiks, the fighting strength of Russia contains much wilder and more curious elements than the Cossacks. He did not know that some of these strange tribesmen ask after a few hours of their journey from their homes when the fighting will begin, and that in one case, over a hundred miles from the Austro-German trenches, some of these tribesmen roamed abroad by night and, returning, reported to the Russian officers that they had killed seven Japanese, but that four had escaped.

Maxim had seen the flat cars carrying the field pieces, and he wondered if these had been cast from the metal which once had been the chimes in the church of the town and which the authorities had taken away. He knew nothing about the great Russian standing army which the Government was to throw headlong without sufficient munitions into the hungry mouth of the slaughter, day after day, until that active army of more than two millions would be wiped out and it would be the turn of the reserves.

"You Are Cannon Meat"

WHEN the troop train of the Siberians had gone Maxim could see the second train standing on the other track. A great crowd was around it, and yet he could see that a truck was being moved from car to car and that limp men were being taken out of the doors and placed in double rows.

"They are hurt!" gasped Maxim, standing on tiptoe.

"They are dead," answered the crowd, it seemed almost joyfully, and a cloud of its breath showed on the frosty air.

"I am so glad I am not twenty-one, the army age," said Maxim. "I would have to be killed."

But that night, when he had entered the living room of his father's cottage, he hung upon the wall a picture which he had bought. It was the colored lithograph of a man unbelievably handsome and perfect, the portrait of a demigod. It was a picture familiar all over Russia. It is supposed to be the likeness of the Czar.

Maxim during the ten months that followed often came in from work in the fields and looked at the icon in the corner, crossing himself, and at the picture of the Czar. The icon meant God, and the Czar meant Russia, and he knew in a general way that Russia was threatened; that his own kind was threatened. He knew no more of why there was a war than he knew in the beginning. Austrian prisoners had gone by in open freight cars with the cold rain beating down upon their bedraggled, muddy uniforms, and their heads, often hatless and matted, bowed down in hopeless misery. One of them had looked at Maxim, and Maxim had waved his hand because he felt the sense of being a human creature and that the other was a human creature too. But the prisoner from a long distance spat at Maxim.

"God will take care of Russia," said Maxim. "I hope I will not have to fight."

In these words he spoke something of the presence of fanaticism and the lack of an intelligent patriotism in Russia: Maxim was still being representative of human Russia, the overwhelming peasant Russia. But Maxim had to fight. They came for him. After the notice a soldier came.



Czar Nicholas at the front mounting a hill from which to review his troops

"Do you know what you are now?" said the soldier, and a scar across his cheek grew red as he said it. "You are what we call cannon meat."

Maxim did not understand that remark. From childhood he had felt the presence of some mysterious authority over his destiny. Somewhere there was a government. Its arm was long; its grasp was strong; its power was great. If it now reached out for Maxim at a time when the harvest was just beginning, and, indeed, at the time when he was making plans to marry Vera, the niece of old Vladimir, there was nothing to be done about it. So it is in Russia. But also there is an astonishing self-respect for the individual in Russia; so strong is it that in many quarters parents and school-teachers would not think of corporal punishment. Therefore Maxim looked at the recruiter, who was old enough to be his father, and said insolently: "*You* make a good soldier."

The other looked at Maxim's clear skin and eyes, at his flaxen hair, and at the straight, powerful body of the young giant.

"So do you," he said indulgently. "And when you are a soldier you will learn something about your country. When soldiers come back from wars they are the wisest men in their villages. And they can talk of things that no one can print in newspapers."

Maxim was glad to hear it. He put a map of Russia on the wall and made the soldier draw a line upon it to show his old father, bent by husbandry, and his old mother,

(*Continued on page* 32)

OPENING GUNS

BY HENRY J. ALLEN

EDITOR OF THE WICHITA (KAS.) BEACON

WE are about to change the topic of conversation in the nation.

Arms and the man, the toll of the dead, the new gas that kills at 600 yards, the daily cost of human slaughter, the probable duration of the European conflict—all will recede into a troubled background. The coming preparation of the big leagues for the opening games will find us preoccupied. With all the stage properties, the politician and the national political campaign are again in our midst, to remain until the frosts of next November.

A whole nation, busily involved in making money and spending it, in discussing war, finance, and the President's bride, suddenly shakes itself into a certain alertness of mind, starts up and says: "What's the situation?"

All over the smiling land certain busy men pack their light hand baggage for their respective State capitals, change their manners, and get cordially inquisitive among their neighbors. Mysterious conversations, sometimes significant with whispered words, are being held, and the "situation" is declared to be "developing."

These are the premonitory symptoms, coming almost as unexpectedly as measles, which constrain us to realize that the nation is about to experience another quadrennial explosion in an effort to fix representative government again.

And the absorption of our interest for eighteen months in the world tragedies, in the midst of which we have stood untouched, has been so deep that we drag our pain-doped minds away from the appalling ravages abroad to face the familiar call of the politician at home with a certain sense of lost perspective, of chaos, of vague realization of the instability of rules and precedents.

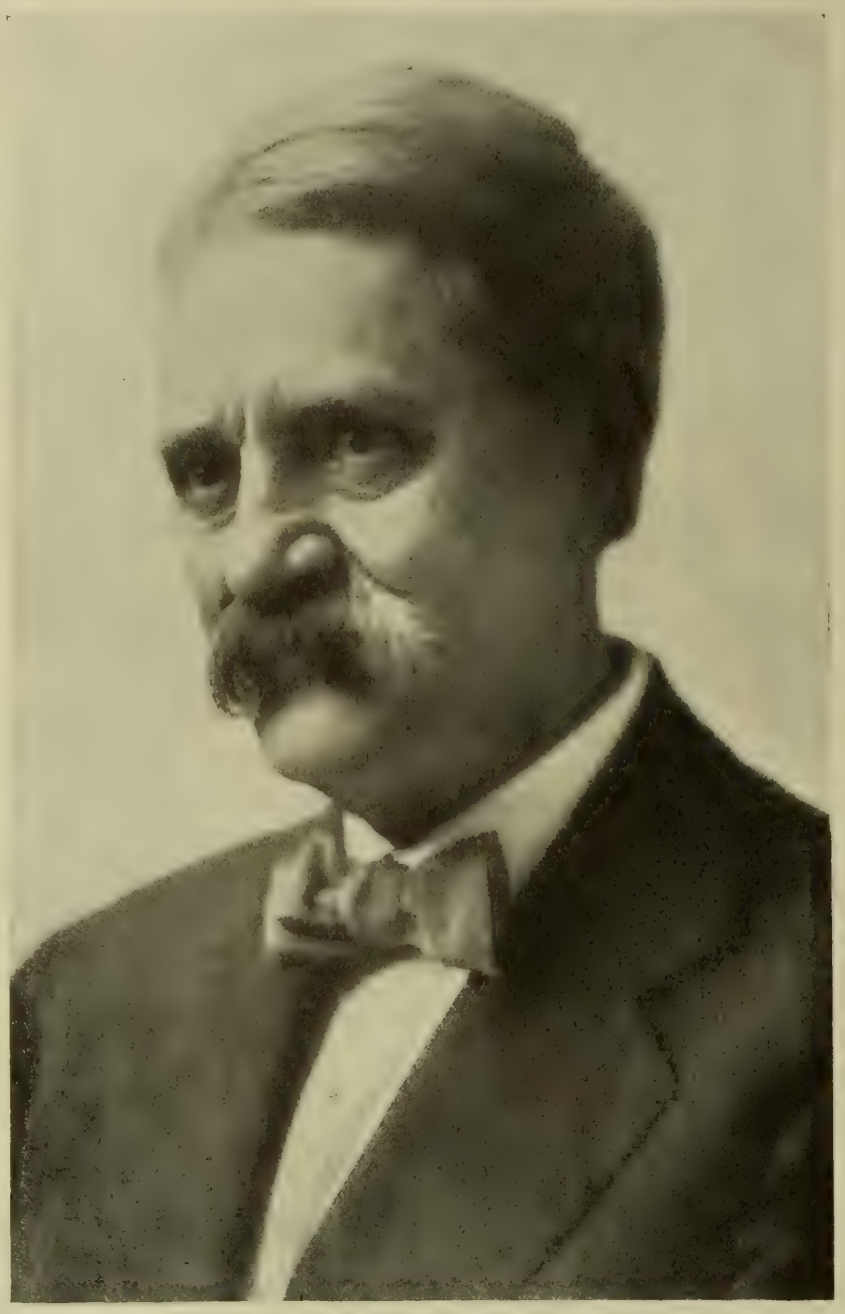
The Democrats, of course, are tied unalterably to the renomination of President Wilson, the most ardent desire of whose interesting nature four years ago was supposed to be for one term and no recurrence. Now he has had that which his heart most desired, had it to the uttermost, in an administration filled to the brim with more unexpected things than have happened to any Democrat in the White House since the days of Andrew Jackson. Yet, whether he wish it or not, he is slated for renomination by a law of demand more inexorable than any polemic of political platform: "You cannot swap horses in the middle of the stream."

So Democracy, slightly fretful over a candidate who has no more jobs to give, nothing new to say and no new way of saying nothing, who has no surprises to spring or novelties to attract, gets ready to send Vice President Marshall, who never insisted on the one-term idea, to the scrap heap in order that the popular hero, Mr. Whitlock, who saved Belgium, may take his place on the Democratic ticket. With this new headlight placed where it would at least illuminate an orderly retreat, the badgered but thank-God-full-fed-for-once Democracy faces its ancient Republican enemy—faces it with the immortal jinx grinning over the left shoulder of Mr. Bryan!

And the Republican party, still using salves and ointments, with considerable proud flesh yet quivering under a gay exterior, is trying to read its own fortune out of a deck dog-eared with rough handling and minus some of the important face cards and the joker! The standpat leaders, who so grimly ran their steam roller over the jeering, hooting, defiant pandemonium of the overpoliced convention of 1912, have become benevolent in manner of speech.

The opening of an evangelical gathering never breathed a gentler spirit than that which exuded from the National Committee room at the Willard Hotel in Washington the week of December 15. It filled the corridors with its fragrant oblation, offering a lesson in harmony to the two warring equal-suffrage organizations grimly holding each other at bay in the same hotel.

The countenances of Barnes, Smoot, Penrose, Hemenway, seen in saturnine determination in 1912, were revealed in such benignant cordiality that one glanced involuntarily over the committee room to see if baby blue ribbon tied in lover's knots had not been used in the decorations!



Senator Cummins, who will get Iowa as a gift from both factions

A raucous member from California started a peevish tirade against Theodore Roosevelt and was frozen where he stood in his hot blood! Hours later his smoldering eyes held a hurt, awed look. The next time Colonel Roosevelt's name was mentioned there was applause, not violent, not even enthusiastic, but enough to let the California brother know that kind hearts are more than coronets, that the feverish vocabulary of 1912 is now obsolete, and that all men who intend to vote against the Democratic party in 1916 are brothers. So strong was this atmosphere that the more factional candidacies of Root and Weeks apparently lost popularity, while the more nearly neutral Burton of Ohio blossomed amazingly for a neutral.

It was felt that every outward manifestation possible should be made to let the progressives from the Middle West know that for the present everything necessary for their comfort and peace of mind is going to be done. Later it might become necessary to be firm, but just now all disagreeable subjects were to be avoided. If Mr. Root's candidacy offended, it was to be dropped. If Senator Weeks's candidacy did not strike a popular chord, then think no more about it—for the present!

The Hope in Hughes

ONE thing, the leaders declared, we could all get together upon—that was Hughes! Ah, yes, we could all agree on Justice Hughes! He could unite our party. But, then, of course, they added with bitter regret, it wouldn't do to nominate Hughes. It was in fact impossible to think of Hughes on account of the Supreme Court. We must not spoil the court by letting politics invade it, or rather escape out of it. It is remembered that Mr. Hughes was placed on the Supreme Court to clear the presidential track. The thought that he should be allowed back on the political speedway now is not proper. The Supreme Court must be saved from the ravagir suggestion that a man once having bee thus entombed should ever again thir the thoughts of the politically quick This was explained to be a very seriou matter, in fact the most serious thin before the Washington meeting night day. Everyone felt that if Mr. Hugh forgets even for a moment the delica position of the court in this matter, th robustness of his personal boom wi break all bounds of careful manag ment. The very arguments with whic the leaders seek to head off Mr. Hugh merely whet the American appeti which, once whetted, often refuses to b appeased by substitutes. The Hugh boom may keep on smoldering throug the winter and the spring month There is no telling what might happe to it if a fierce breeze, springing su denly from a field overplowed by favo ite sons, should come out of a June da in Chicago and start in Mr. Hughes direction. The Hughes boom is a boo of the most persistent type. It do not rest upon the enthusiastic hip, hi hurrah of those who follow a popula hero. Mr. Hughes is a sedate, impecca ble candidate whose strength is in th widely recognized quality of his availa bility. He appeals to the boys at th courthouse who hunger and thirst afte victory at the polls.

Minnesota the First Battle Fiel

IN the meanwhile, without even wait ing for the annual season of "peac on earth, good will to men" to get it self out of the way, the Republican figh started in Minnesota between the stand patters and the progressives. To Sena tor Cummins of Iowa belongs the dis tinction of being the first presidentia candidate to set in motion definit plans to secure delegates outside of hi own State. Senator Weeks has mad some trips West and broken bread wit some leaders; friends of Senator Bur ton have written letters and inclose circulars with photograph; Fairbank will get Indiana and Sherman Illinoi without a struggle, but Senator Cum mins, who will get Iowa as a gift fro both factions of the party, has starte fast work in Minnesota. In the some what inchoate condition of sentiment, th first State to hold its primary will hav a pivotal effect. Minnesota leads the list of contested States in which presidential-preference primaries are held, and Mr. Cummins's candidacy is already very popular in the land of Knute Nelson, Mose Clapp, and James J. Hill, although it's no fault o Mr. Hill's that this is so.

Up to the day before Christmas the contest was true to its type. The standpatters had lined up behind ex-Senator Elihu Root in an effort to keep Senator Cummins from capturing the twenty-four delegates from Minnesota. Both the Cummins and Root men had announced that it would be a fight to the finish The other candidates were staying out. Then when the stage was all set and the asbestos curtain rolled up, Root withdrew. E. B. Hawkins, national committeeman, had just declared in an interview that "Mr. Root is the strongest candidate whose name has been mentioned in our State." J. A. O. Preus State Auditor, standpatter elected upon the Republican ticket, on which Mr. Taft was defeated, had just said for publication: "There is no falling off in the Root sentiment; in my judgment he'll sweep Minnesota."

Even D. F. Reese, said to have been formerly one of the managers of the game which certain Minnesota interests are playing in politics, had spoken in northern Minnesota for Root and expressed the belief that "the Cummins candidacy in Minnesota is a passing flurry." With all this going on, Mr. Root withdrew!

A cyclone could not have done more to obliterate a growing Minnesota wheat stack than Root's telegram to his Minnesota friends the day before Christmas did to disperse the standpatters' organization. It was the most grotesquely harrowing Christmas present anybody ever received. Standpattism in Minnesota has had pretty tough luck, but nothing so bad as this has happened since Roosevelt beat Taft in 1912.

In 1912, in the general election, Roosevelt received

twice as many votes as Taft, but the standpat leaders believed this year that they could rally the State around Mr. Root. They had turned the Root campaign over to the management of Walter N. Carroll, a modest millionaire taking his first adventure into politics. However, Mr. Carroll was not going into it alone. Back of him were all the experienced party leaders and great managers of "interests" who had supported Taft in two losing fights in 1912.

And Mr. Carroll, now suspended *in medias res* without a candidate, with a carload of printed matter for the Root campaign clubs on his hands, did not go into the matter blindly. One of the circumstances which the old-fashioned politician would declare to be "significant" is that he started to organize the Root campaign with Mr. Root's full knowledge and at least quiescent approval. Mr. Carroll is not the type of man who jumps at things. He is trained in cautious business ways. He went to Clinton, N. Y., the home of Mr. Root, a short time ago, and on his return began at once to organize Root clubs. He gave it out that Mr. Root had spoken as follows: "If the nomination for the presidency were tendered me, I should feel it my duty to accept though it killed me." With this solemn thought to encourage him, Mr. Carroll went cheerfully to work. His plan for the organization of the Root clubs in each township, with a giant central Root club in Minneapolis, was to be simple, effective, and rapid.

However, it was not by any means to be as simple a fight as Mr. Carroll's ingenuous statement indicated. It was to be a real blood-and-bone contest and behind it the complete line-up of the standpat leaders who made the fight for Mr. Taft in 1912. A vital manager of the movement was Edward E. Smith, a man wise in his generation, with a long history of managerial successes, but with no great good luck since the preliminary fight of 1912. The sudden withdrawal of Mr. Root has thrown the standpat forces into momentary confusion. It is believed that eventually they will line up behind Senator Burton of Ohio, but just now an effort is being made, with the full approval of the standpat leaders, to induce ex-President Northrop of the Minnesota State University to enter the race as a candidate for president, so that they can elect behind Mr. Northrop a standpat delegation.

Meanwhile, following a decided trend which no one understands very well and which grave-mannered men therefore call "psychological," Roosevelt's shadow broods over the Minnesota situation just as it does over the other situations political. The Roosevelt talk is becoming as epidemic as influenza. It seems to be the taste for red meat that follows a long vegetarian diet. The familiar posture of the President spitting on his hands and getting ready to hit out with another ultimatum has palled. Then, too, some men on the Atlantic Coast having trusteeship over great affairs have become alarmed. They think of the long-range naval guns of modern warfare and are nervous. Instinctively scared men like to come into the presence of a strong man. They contemplate Roosevelt as a type.

We seem to be passing through a phase of dissatisfaction with the Wilson type. The suggestion by Charles Sumner Bird of the possibility of a man like Roosevelt for president and a man like Root for secretary of state has caught the American imagination. It visualizes an Americanism of big type needed for a grave period of international crisis.

Whether it will last no one knows, but it seems to be gaining momentum. Unlike the Roosevelt movement of 1912, it did not start in the Middle West. It began in the East among the anti-Roosevelt men of 1912, and it is finding quite naturally a cordial welcome in the Western field which furnished so many recruits for Armageddon four years ago. This movement will not affect the Cummins situation. The Cummins ticket in Minnesota is backed by the entire progressive following: the original Hughes man and the original Borah man have joined the original Cummins man behind the Cummins ticket. There will be no other progressive name on the Minnesota Republican ballot at the presidential primary.

Cummins Will Sweep Minnesota

MR. CUMMINS'S manager is I. A. Caswell, the clerk of the Supreme Court of Minnesota, a position which he holds by election. Mr. Caswell was the manager of the Roosevelt forces in Minnesota and was elected at the Chicago convention as national Republican committeeman from that State. He was ignored by the National Committee and after waiting vainly several weeks for recognition resigned from the committee. E. B. Hawkins of Duluth was appointed, through Ed Smith's suggestion, to succeed Mr. Caswell.

Mr. Caswell says that Cummins will inherit practically all of the Roosevelt sentiment and that whoever represents the standpat side will receive little more than the Taft support. This prophecy surrounds Senator Cummins's fight for Minnesota with very roseate atmosphere. In the general election in 1912 the result was:

	Votes
Roosevelt	125,856
Wilson	106,426
Taft	64,334
Debs	27,505
Chafin	7,886
Reimer (Socialist Labor)	2,212

The Cummins men say that nothing has happened to strengthen the standpat element in Minnesota since the election of 1912; there is no third-party progressive problem to deal with, since the Roosevelt movement in Minnesota in 1912 was not carried forward by a progressive party organization, but by Mr. Caswell and his fellow progressives working inside the Republican party. Mr. Caswell, who managed the Roosevelt fight in the general election of 1912, was himself elected on the State ticket as a Republican.

Senator Cummins is going to receive a very large farmer vote. March 14, the date of the presidential primary, is known in Minnesota as Town Meeting Day. In all of the townships and villages of the State the people come out to vote on the annual tax levy, on the election of township offices, and on the settlement of all community public business. Added to these duties of the annual town meeting will be the election of delegates to the national conventions and the expression of the presidential preference. Owing to a peculiarity of the law, the presidential-preference ballot requires the voter to state first his preference for president. He then votes upon the list of delegates, each of whom must also have declared on the ballot his preference for president. Under this law even should a standpat delegation be chosen through better campaigning it would be bound for Cummins if the presidential-preference expression were in his favor.

Senator Cummins's strength among the farmers of Minnesota is given a personal momentum not only by reason of his neighborly relationship to the State, but by his attitude on Canadian reciprocity. Senator Cummins opposed Mr. Taft's program on that subject, and all of the wheat farmers of Minnesota remember his attitude with something more than the usual degree of political gratitude because the wheat farmers of Minnesota suffered something more than the usual degree of fright over the probable effect upon their market of free wheat from Canada. Their gratitude is declared to be commensurate with the worry they had at that time. Senator Cummins's good fortune in this respect is enhanced also by the further fact that most of the standpatters stood by the Taft plan for Canadian reciprocity.

Both the standpatters and the progressives are conscious of the fact that the straight-out fight in Minnesota between Cummins and whatever candidate the standpatters unite upon to oppose him will have an unusual effect upon the States that are to follow. Senator Cummins's success in Minnesota means that he will carry North Dakota, which holds her primary a week later, and that his candidacy will be vitalized in all the mid-Western States. It means that the progressives in Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Missouri, South Dakota, Colorado, and the Far-Western States, waiting for a favorable sign from fate, will rally around Cummins. (*Continued on page* 27)

OFF DUTY

BY HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AS THE steamer moved timorously between the jagged promontories of Two-Rock Channel, Mr. Allen Seymour came to the rail with the first unadulterated enthusiasm he had known for forty-eight hours. He had been to Hades—at least to that portion of it which, lying northwest of Bermuda and southeast of New York, does business under the name and style of the Gulf Stream; more than once he had been prepared, even anxious, to die, and the immensity of his failure had kept him filled with alarm. Even so, his grasp of the facts enabled him to grin understandingly at the purser, who stood a few feet away explaining to a girl passenger that the trip had been one of the worst on record. Seymour had no intention of shifting the responsibility; he was a bad sailor, and he knew it; and he also knew that part of an officer's code of ethics is to furnish proper alibis on demand.

He said to an elderly gentleman at his elbow—they had exchanged pleasantries on the boat deck two days before: "Curiously enough, I'm beginning to believe that every trip *is* the worst one."

"Privately I agree with you," answered the man, laughing. "But if it's for publication—the ocean was as smooth as glass. You see, I own stock in the company."

"Indeed! I thought this was your first visit!"

"You're quite right." He laughed again. "I've been a stockholder only since last week—I rather hoped for a bonus of immunity, but I didn't get it. I went below as we were passing Staten Island, and emerged again this morning."

"My schedule exactly! And, of course, there were some interesting people on board. I never knew it to fail—if there's a soul on the passenger list I've ever met, or want to meet, I'm doomed to the seclusion that the cabin grants! Why, the only time I stayed on deck from customs to customs was once when we were carrying a convention of master plumbers."

"And you had friends aboard this time?"

"Oh, no—but there were three I wanted. The other two I haven't yet seen for the first time."



She had been kissed before and believed in the instinct

"I—I beg your pardon!" Seymour smiled quizzically.

"On the pier in New York I had the pleasure of beholding a paradox. I'd been under the impression that the combination of unconscious beauty and conscious intelligence went out of fashion when Victoria died. It was a girl—you might have guessed that!—and I should mighty well like to meet her parents. That's all. I admire them."

"The young woman behind you, perhaps?"

THE girl who had received absolution from the purser now stood at the rail; even if Seymour hadn't overheard the dialogue, he would have assumed that this was her introduction to the Bermudas, for she wore dark clothes and a hat with a long feather in it. The feather blew across his face; the girl murmured an apology, and drew away; but their eyes had met, and Seymour forgot to reply.

"Is that the one you meant?" his neighbor asked.

"It certainly is!"

"That's my daughter," said the elderly gentleman, evidently not offended. "Hello! This isn't the water front, is it? Are we as close as that?"

"We'll be ashore in twenty minutes." He glanced over his shoulder, but the girl had disappeared. Her father, bowing slightly, said something about an overcoat, and strolled forward; Seymour, isolated, stared at him and presently chuckled, partly in good-humor, partly in chagrin. "Oh, well," he said to himself, "I reported straight to headquarters, anyway!" Half an hour later he was registering at the Hamilton.

"Glad to see you again, Mr. Seymour," said the head clerk affably. "Bad trip, was it? I heard it was one of the worst on record. I'm giving you the same room as last year, and the table you asked for. Let's see—Astwood telephoned that he's reserved the bicycle you wanted. And there's a package from Darrell's—had you ordered anything?"

"Cigars."

"I had 'em sent to the room. And there's a mes-

sage from Trimingham—two new doeskin suits for you to try on."

"What!" said a voice behind Seymour. "Is *that* your system, young man?" The elderly gentleman was shaking his head in manifest amusement. "You didn't happen to cable what you'd like for lunch, did you?"

"I didn't cable; I *wrote*," said Seymour.

"Detail like that on a vacation?"

"Surely! Now I'm comfortable! Are you stopping here too? Did you get good rooms?"

"Only fair—I hadn't made a reservation."

"Look here," said Seymour on impulse. "When I get off the boat I'm so battered that I always have a special lunch—ordinarily, it's American plan—won't you let me offer you the only hospitality I can—"

HIS acquaintance looked at him incredulously, and put a hand to his face as though to conceal his emotion.

"Why, really," he deprecated, "I hardly think—"

"It would be a pleasure to me," said Seymour, reddening. "And from long experience I can recommend the menu—"

"No, thank you. It's very generous, but—"

Seymour acknowledged the refusal with a smile, and followed a bell boy to the elevator. It didn't please his vanity to find his invitation unwelcome; instinct told him that the man was apprehensive of something ulterior. Seymour flushed again at thought of the girl. As a matter of fact, he hadn't volunteered to play host on her account, but he was still impartial enough to see that the parallel was deadly. He did think of her, however, as he changed the blue serge of shipboard for the flannels of the semitropics. He wondered altruistically if her father realized that to youth unaccompanied by youth Bermuda is most insufferably dull. He told himself that she looked like a girl who might appreciate a beat to St. George in a two-reef breeze, or a swim in the Great Sound by moonlight; or a morning at that sport which, on Spanish Point, is a composition of athletics, agriculture, and engineering, and is called golf. He knotted his tie with a jerk, and resolved to cultivate her father.

At luncheon they sat at the next table; after a momentary conversation, both glanced at him; the girl smiled almost imperceptibly, and the man broadly, and Seymour's heart sank to his midriff; for in the manner and expression of the pair he detected a certain measure of analysis. Without doubt, the man had told her that Seymour was too eager, perhaps importunate. He felt that his ingenuous kindness had been misjudged; and it didn't help his disposition to find himself flushing.

To be sure, they entered upon formal diplomatic relations in the lobby. Seymour discovered that the girl was Helen Hollister; at least, when he encountered her in future, he could speak of the weather without bearing insult. But immediately after the formalities the Hollisters withdrew; and if Seymour had compromised himself at the outset the penalty was more than adequate to the offense, for it was two days before he saw them again, except at a distance.

In the meantime they had paid war prices to visit all seven caves, and the Aquarium, and the Sea Gardens, and the Devil's Hole, and the Blue Grotto; and Seymour had wasted many precious hours loitering in the lobby and pretending that he needed to be acclimated before he started out to enjoy himself.

ON the third afternoon he mounted the heavy English bicycle from Astwood's, and pedaled grimly along the shore to Paget and over the hills to the beaches of the south. He was irritated, puzzled. He liked both the Hollisters, the father slightly more than the girl; he had anticipated some satisfaction in acting as guide and companion to them; he couldn't conjecture what there was about him to repel them.

Even after he had thrust the legs of his portable easel deep into the sands of Elba Beach; after he had scattered his colors in rank profusion; after he had made the first breathless sweep of brush across a virgin canvas, he paused to wrinkle his forehead and reflect upon the perversity of social usage. Then all at once his energy overpowered him, and all his consciousness was strung upon the tremendous blue of Bermuda waters.

Presently—it might have been in three hours or in three minutes—he was aware of a person beside him. He didn't lift his head; for one tiny moment out of eternity he believed that he had accomplished a masterpiece.

"Oh!" said a soft voice. "May I look, please?"

The illusion vanished; as Seymour sat back, a trifle bewildered, and as Miss Hollister peered admiringly over his shoulder, he saw that the sketch was abominable. "Why, *I* didn't know you were an artist!" she breathed.

"Artist!" said Seymour. "I should say not! I'm a corporation lawyer!" He sighed dispiritedly, spilling turpentine on the sand. "There was a tenth of a second there when I could have agreed with you, but—after all, I'm beginning to see some merit in the statement that God hates an amateur."

"Mr. Seymour!"

"Oh, well," he conceded, touching the canvas wearily, "I suppose I *am* a little better than the average painter in the Bar Association."

"At least," she said, "I don't see how anybody could possibly mistake it for anything else—do you?" She was so obviously sincere and so unsuspicious of what she had implied that Seymour managed to restrain his mirth.

"I hope not. If I bring a camp chair over from the pavilion, will you sit down?"

"I'd rather sit on the sand." With the carelessness of a boy, she was already comfortable before he could reach out his hand to her. "Is it all finished?"

"Too much," he said. "You know they say it takes two men to paint any picture—one to handle the brush and the other to tell him when to stop, but I can't seem to get an assistant, and without one I *never* stop. I've spent three quarters of my time on detail, and if I wanted to improve the thing vastly I'd paint most of it out."

"Why, I thought detail is what counts!"

"It does with me, because that's the sort of man I am. But that's why I'll never be able to make a good sketch. I only do it for fun, anyway."

"Oh, if you worked hard—"

"It isn't worth it—I mean, it isn't worth while fighting my character. Detail is bread and butter. In that way, I'm rather an insurgent."

"Please explain."

"Why, I know dozens of men who never in the world would study and practice in their offices in the same way they'll study and practice a mashie shot. I know twenty lawyers who represent manufacturing concerns. Every one of 'em drives a car and knows all about it from the radiator to the tail lamp, but not one man of the lot would ever think of putting on overalls and learning the principles of the machinery in a client's company. Most men work that way. But I slap paint around for amusement—recreation. What would be the sense in my finessing myself? I go at my recreation just as I do my business, and *vice versa*. I use the same principles. I'm a detail man—if I ever paint anything *I* think is good, it'll look like a photograph."

"But I like this one—really."

"Do you?"

"Yes, truly. Perhaps it isn't—professional, but it's spontaneous."

"In spontaneity it was conceived," he said gravely, "and in spontaneity it was about to perish. I was wondering if I could throw it as far as the Boilers."

"Oh, don't do that!"

"Would you care to buy it?" he asked, looking humorously down at her. "I don't dare t offer it to you as a gift, but I never sol a picture in my life, and I'd like to kno what it feels like."

"Perhaps I couldn't afford it."

"The canvas," he reckoned, "cost two do lars. I haven't spoiled it so *very* much—"

"Spoiled it!"

"Yes—I put paint all over it. Do yo think thirty cents is too high?"

"You—you're joking!"

"Not a bit of it. It's a good investmen Any art store would give as much as tha for the second-hand surface. You ca send me a check, and I'll have it frame —and you'll have the moral satisfaction o having saved a genuine Seymour from horrible end. I won't make you a presen of it because I'm scared—I'd be only to happy to deed it to you, but I'm afraid o your father."

Miss Hollister was suddenly embar rassed.

"*Oh!* Now I see! I *told* him he wa silly."

"You did?"

"Why, yes. And he was, wasn't he?"

"To the best of my knowledge an belief—"

"I *told* him you weren't that kind."

"But—specifically—?"

"Why," she said, "the kind that ma like us, and may not, but just plays aroun because my father's Elmer Hollister. It' very annoying. But if people really d like us—that's different."

"But why should anybody 'play aroun Mr. Hollister?"

She regarded him earnestly, wide-eye "Don't you *know?*"

"I give you my word I don't."

"Don't you read the newspapers?"

"Frequently, but I'm still uninformed—

"Don't you know anything about rail roads?"

"Oh, yes; I'm attorney for one. That is, I'm i the legal department."

"What one is that?"

"Empire Central."

She laughed rather constrainedly.

"My father," she said, "used to be the biggest ma in motion pictures. His name wasn't plastered o billboards, but still—well, I think he's the larges individual stockholder in Empire Central, and tw weeks from now he'll be a director. Please don' think I'm conceited, Mr. Seymour, but, honestly, don't judge my father's importance from the num ber of times his name's in the papers. I do it fro the amount he's bothered. And recently—of cours you know how quickly things happened in the pic tures—it's impossible for us to go anywhere with out having men grow very friendly on short ac quaintance. Then they sell him something. Why we were in the South a little while ago, and m father got to playing bridge with three New Yor bankers, and when he went to bed that night he' lost five rubbers and joined a pool to manipulat stocks and bought a thousand shares in the steam ship company that brought us down here! So he' growing shy."

"No wonder! And here I am asking you to finance an artist so poor that he hasn't sold anything in twenty-nine years—"

"*Honestly*, didn't you know?"

"I honestly didn't."

SHE gazed out to sea; when she turned back to Seymour, her eyes were bright with merriment.

"I'll just buy that painting," she said, "and I'll get even with you too! I'll hang it between a François Millet and a Sorolla in the front hall: those are some more things he bought—from an art dealer he met on the Santa Fe. And when you come to the hotel, you're to lunch with *us;* and after that *please* take us out somewhere and let's *do* something! He's the worst traveler in the world. Why, do you know how long it took us to get into Leamington Cave? Fifteen minutes! He thinks everybody on the island is trying to stick him! I shouldn't wonder if they are! And I'm *so* glad I found out. Both of us liked you, but my father—"

"Yes?" he encouraged her.

"He *wanted* to know you, but he said—" Her voice dwindled to a mere whisper.

"What did he say?"

"He said—he came down here to have a good time, and you had the—the address and the ingratiating smile of a—a bond salesman!"

They both laughed helplessly. Over the dunes came Mr. Hollister; his daughter waved a summons.

"*He'll* think it's screamingly funny," she confided under her breath. "Watch his face when I tell him!" She leaned very close to him; Seymour gave a little involuntary gasp. "Quick!" she said. "Really, what did you think *he* was? I won't tell, I promise! Only it's so ridiculous—please tell me!"

"You're sure you promise?"



The feather blew across his face; the girl apologized and withdrew

"Yes, yes! Hurry! I love to know things no one else does."

He looked sideways at her. Mr. Hollister was fifty feet away. "On my word of honor as an artist," he said, "I thought he was an actor!"

AFTER a day or two Seymour and Mr. Hollister talked together often and frankly; at the end of a week the capitalist became confidential.

"Seymour," he said, "of all the men I've met since the tide turned, you're pretty nearly the only one who hasn't been bluffed. This talk about America being a republic makes me sick—it isn't a republic; it's a plutocracy. Don't think for a minute I didn't want to be rich—any man who says he doesn't want to be rich either *is* rich or he's a hypocrite! But here's the result: suspicion, distrust, overcaution—and a scarcity of friends. I put men into three classes now. One class has some of my money, the second is after it, and the third hasn't the nerve. Then there's you. You haven't asked for it, so I'm going to give you a tip. You're too strong for detail. There never was a detail man yet who made a smashing success of life—you can count the exceptions on the thumbs of one hand! You don't get much of a view, you know, if your horizon stops in the foreground. I hate to see a young man like you cramping himself. The first thing you know, you won't have any more initiative than a squirrel in a cage."

"I thought that men like you generally argue that it's the little things that count."

"They do—hence the wage earner. The wage earner, Seymour, is the man who's paid cash every Saturday for attending to details all the week; the big salaried man *thinks!* When I was fighting hardest in my own field, I had a man against me who was a wonder at detail. He was the best man I've ever seen. He kept diaries and private cash accounts, and he'd tell you offhand how many dollars and cents more he spent for cigars this March than March, 1913, or November, 1912. He knew every trivial detail of his own business—he passed on the most insignificant items. That's how I beat him. I could get out a form letter twelve hours before he could if we started at the same time. Mine were being manifolded while he was calling somebody down for ordering twenty-pound stock instead of eighteen, and switching from Packard to Cheltenham, and revising paragraphs—he couldn't seem to get it through his head that the main thing is the *idea!* I beat him every time we started. Now he's somebody else's office manager, and a wonder at it. What I was driving at is this: I'm not in a position just now to help you much; but you can't tell when opportunity's waiting up an alley to sandbag you. I don't know anything about railroads nor law, but I know men. Stick in your groove and you'll always have a good job; but don't be so fussy about trifles—*think* big, *act* big, *plan* big, and you can hire the other fellow! And if I can throw anything your way a bit later I'll do it. But—widen your vision, Seymour, widen your vision!"

Seymour listened with appropriate interest, disagreed almost entirely, and didn't say so, and in the course of the afternoon found occasion to tell Miss Hollister about it. "Yes," she said, "he rather prides himself on ignoring trifles. That's why he's so unhappy now."

"Why, he doesn't seem unhappy!"

"But he is," she insisted. "Restless—not good company for himself. He's always lived with big plans. The doctors have told him not to *dream* of business for a year at least, and he doesn't know what to do next. Any other modern man would play golf, or do *something*, but the details of sport bore him as much as the details of work. Travel's even worse. And the last thing on earth he'd do is what *I'd* like."

"What could that be?"

"I'd like to go up into Westchester County to a place I know and build a Colonial farmhouse under the trees, and have a vegetable garden and a flower garden and chickens and cows and a lot of Airedales, and perfect quiet."

"Not both! Not dogs and quiet, too!"

"Then I'd give up the quiet. But I'd like to be out of sight of the nearest house. I'd like to be able to go into my own kitchen without having an insurrection. I'd like to go back to live as I was brought up before the pictures came along."

"You're a disgrace to the tax commissioners!" said Seymour.

"Oh, but I mean it! *You're* the fortunate man—ever so much more fortunate than he is! You're contented wherever you are. I believe you could spend a solid day with nothing but one onion bulb and a microscope!"

"And yet you're wrong."

"Why, how is that?"

"Like the majority of men, I want what I haven't got."

"What is it?"

"If I could have it for the asking," said Seymour, "I'd ask for a farmhouse—remodeled and convenient—about forty miles from New York. I'd want to be within motoring distance of a golf club. Did I mention a motor? I'd be content with a notorious runabout. I'd ask for a studio and a library; and to make the place complete I'd—well, that's about as far as I go."

"That isn't all, then?"

"I said it's as far as I go."

"Then there *is* something else?"

"Indeed there is."

"Aren't you going to tell me?"

"Not this time."

"But I told *you*."

"That was different."

"Why?"

"I didn't ask more than you were willing to tell."

"I'm afraid you don't understand, Mr. Seymour. It's been three or four years since anyone has talked as frankly to me as you have. You aren't going to be like all the rest, are you? You're not going to say things you don't mean—or keep from saying what you do mean—because of circumstances, are you? I'm interested. I *hate* to spend so much time concealing thoughts! Please tell me."

"It might shock you." He intended the remark as a subterfuge.

"I doubt it. Please!"

He turned abruptly and looked straight into her eyes. "I—think not."

"Not when I ask you so nicely? Please?"

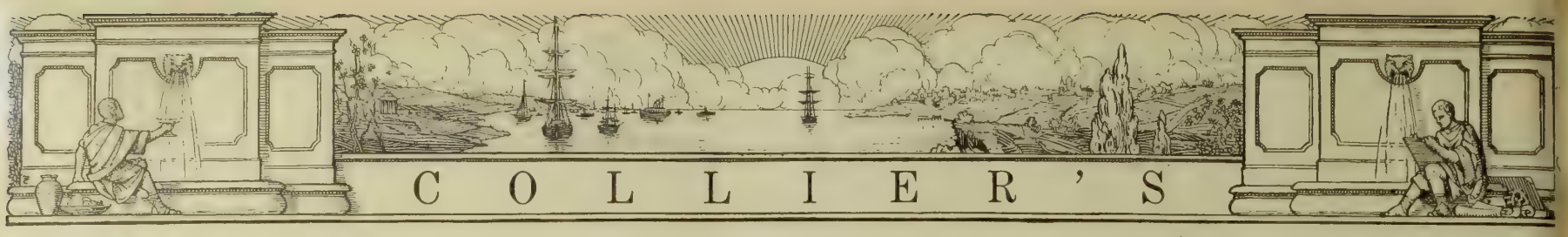
IN the past, even without her own acquiescence, she had been kissed often enough to justify her faith in instinct. In truth, the thrill was so swift and so benumbing that for an instant she was uncertain whether she had been kissed now or not. Their faces had been separated only by the thickness of a rose petal; their eyes had clung together in an interchange of lightning; Miss Hollister had dropped her lashes; the storm swept over her; then, unkissed, she was again on the sunny terrace of Fairyland, sitting beside a young man who surveyed fixedly the glittering panorama of the isle of white and breathed with greater rapidity than the scene ordinarily warranted. Her world rocked dizzily. She recognized with an inrush of blistering shame that she had wanted him to kiss her; that her heart had waited on her lips. She had made no endeavor to entrap him; her motives were crystal; but when he had misinterpreted; when the fire of resolution had shone in his eyes, she had known instantaneously the purpose of her life henceforward. And he had—retreated!

"Why, the rest of it," said Seymour with some difficulty, "is—nothing. I—I should like to have—money."

(*Continued on page* 28)



"Oh!" said a soft voice. "May I look, please? I didn't know you were an artist!" "Artist!" exclaimed Seymour. "Never. I'm a corporation lawyer!"



Stay Home a Little While, Mr. Bryan

DISPATCHES in reliable newspapers tell us that Mr. BRYAN is going to spend the next few months stumping the country against preparedness, against the renomination of WILSON, against several other things which this country wants and needs. We wish Mr. BRYAN would stay at home a few days and do nothing but just think acutely and steadily about himself. We suspect he might arrive at certain conclusions about his relation to the universe which it would be useful for him to realize. We think highly enough of Mr. BRYAN'S earnestness to believe that if the thinking part of him could be raised to a somewhat higher efficiency, the feeling part of him (which is the part that works most of the time) would perform more surely for the public good than it now does. If Mr. BRYAN could see that he is a bit of a charlatan, we think he would try sincerely to be different. Just as one small item on which Mr. BRYAN could profitably concentrate a few moments, we mention the January issue of the periodical which he is now using to oppose the President's policies. On page 31 of the "Commoner," WILLIAM J. BRYAN, editor and proprietor, we note some choice specimens of the old-style medical advertisements. One is of an "Eczema Specific" with the legend: "Will absolutely cure eczema, salt rheum, barber's itch, and other skin diseases. Sent by mail, $1.50." A smug-sounding person, one J. W. STOKES of Mohawk, Fla., also breaks breezily into print with: "Brother—Discovered root cures tobacco habit and indigestion. Gladly send particulars." These are offensive enough in themselves, and it doesn't help any that they are inserted in the Subscriber's Advertising Department, which is alleged to be for the benefit of "Commoner" subscribers and for which a special price of six cents per word per insertion—the lowest rate—has been set. Page 32 is given up to one of these "free" medical books, a "Guide to Autology" ("Well or Sick, You Need Autology," is the slogan), which is skillfully trumpeted to appear as a life saver from appendicitis and a relief for hardening of the arteries. The friends of WILLIAM J. BRYAN believe that he is both honest and sincere. We wonder what they think of his taking money to help persons who delude suffering people with blatant promises? BRYAN'S editorial-column views on preparedness and the country's need of it are pretty much off the same piece as his advertising-column views about health and how to get it. No facts, no expert knowledge or hard work, but big, windy promises, "absolute cures," newly discovered remedies. Sensible people have no more use for patent medicine in statecraft than in hygiene. Its power in both cases is to delude and harm by preventing wise action.

Congress and Common Sense

ONE of the discouraging things about the present Congress is its bent for getting off the main track. Just now there is one important issue before this country, and everybody knows what it is. But the historian of fifty years from now won't discover it through a study of the subjects about which the present Congress has been really busy. The Philippine matter we have with us always. If there is anything which is not urgent just now, it is the question of independence for some islands we happen to own some ten thousand miles away from our coasts. But it is about just this question that the present Congress chooses this particular time for getting excited. Then consider the Hon. HOKE SMITH of Georgia. His time and energy are consumed in pleading that we should prevent England's interference with our foreign business and her seizure of war-time profits that belong to us. Our foreign trade last year amounted to just 1.1 per cent of domestic commerce. This is the estimate of the New York Times "Annalist." The Georgia Senator ought to be able to make a strong argument out of that 1.1 per cent—it sounds as tragic as a circumvented lynching. Certainly it's a better argument than most of those he has got hold of so far. And yet there is very little to it, after all. If plots "to block our trade in every port of the world, to cripple and destroy the growth of commerce not only with the friendly neutral states of Europe, but with the friendly neutral states of South America," have really been plotted, they have been singularly unsuccessful. In spite of the modicity of our foreign trade for 1915, as compared with home trade, our exports for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1915, had a value $400,000,000 higher than our exports during any earlier year. (The actual figure was nearer three billions than two.) And since June 30 our foreign trade has been so notably expanding that it now exceeds $300,000,000 a month—which means $3,600,000,000 a year. Incidentally, this growth is not by any means limited t munitions of war. In some cases our trade with neutral countrie has increased more rapidly than our trade with the Entente power This is not the time to speculate as to what share of our greatl expanded traffic with Scandinavia represents goods bound for Ger many. The main fact is that our foreign trade has not as yet bee stifled through the interested malevolence of Britain and her allies We hope the fact will not too greatly depress Senator HOKE SMITH— but facts are facts, even in the United States Senate.

A Letter to One Congressman

EARNESTNESS always rings true. We are moved to this gen erality through reading a letter which a fine and earnest ma sent to his Congressman. The man is Mr. STEWART EDWARD WHITE the letter is a little longer than can be printed in full here, bu there is room for enough to convey its quality:

TO MY CONGRESSMAN

DEAR SIR: . . . And because you are responsible to me, you must listen to me. In no other way is it possible for us to come into touch. I do not know you personally; I do not vote for you. My newspapers do not reach you fully; you do not quite believe in newspapers, though they have their influence. Only when I, and that proportion of the hundred million of me who will take the trouble, write you direct do you feel the pressure of my desire, do you come in vital touch with Public Opinion.

Only occasionally does Public Opinion become strong and practically unanimous. It is so now. It is more voiceless than usual because it is very deep, and when we Americans feel and think deeply we do not talk about it. We wait grimly to see what will happen. This is a pity, but it is largely your fault. We have lost confidence in you. We believe you will talk, and wrangle and stray into side issues; that you will filibuster and waste time, and finally at the very last will rush through some sort of an unsatisfactory compromise. That is your usual method. . . .

And we have, in the past year, been getting educated. We have learned some things we did not know before; and we know the falsity of some doctrines we have always unquestionably accepted.

Thus:

We know that war is not an impossibility nor was an improbability in the modern world.

We know that police forces and fire departments are necessary; that insurance money is well spent.

We know that modern warfare means the handling of great bodies of troops; and that therefore it is not sufficient to arm a State militia and drill it on armory floors.

We know that our Atlantic seaboard could be taken by any foe better equipped than ourselves; and that once taken it could be held almost indefinitely. The development of modern trench warfare has taught us that.

We know that we are wealthy enough to provide ourselves adequate protection.

We know that You Know all this.

And knowing it, we know further that the humiliation of redeeming our proudest cities by ransom would not be tamely accepted by us. This is a patriotic country. Our men would fight; and they would continue to fight until they had won. Can you doubt that it would be a long and deadly process? The first volunteers, the flower of our patriotic spirit, would go into the struggle unequipped, untrained, overmatched. They would fight, and they would die, probably almost to the last man. They would know this, as they know all the above facts; and they would go to their certain fate cursing the men whose shortsightedness or petty political maneuverings made such a martyrdom necessary. It will seem to them better to have paid in advance by wise legislation and mere money than to pay now usuriously in blood. They will know that their resistance will be ineffective, but they will know also that their sacrifice will arouse the spirit of the nation to sweep pork barrel and party politics aside and belatedly to try to accomplish what its servants should have done long ago.

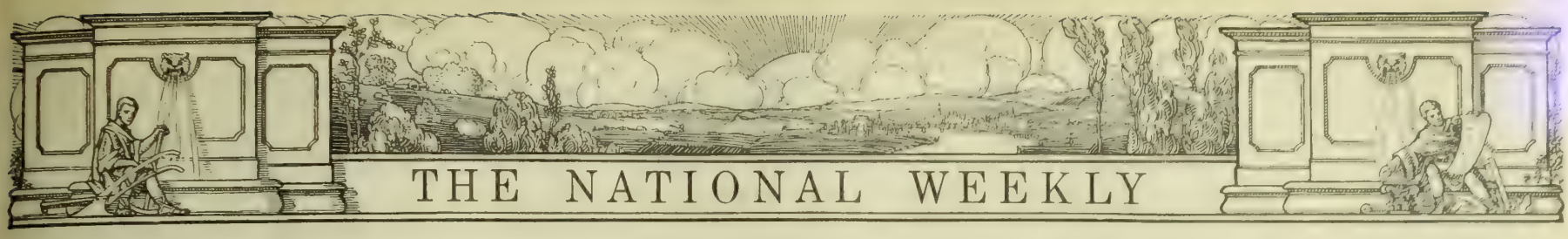
We do not want war; we do want preparedness against war. We know that unless we can defend ourselves we are a temptation to attack.

It is up to you; and we are all watching!

STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

"All for Russia"

MR. RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD'S "All for Russia" is so excellent a piece of writing that an expression of admiration for it ought not to be restrained by the mere fact that it is printed in this paper. Writing is one thing. The philosophy of an immense and complex situation is another. Mr. CHILD has both



Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN became long since the best-loved man in our history. At this moment he is a power of inspiration to all those of us who still believe in American nationality. A letter from HENRI MARTIN, the French historian, written long ago, tells us how LINCOLN is regarded in the great sister republic:

> LINCOLN will remain the austere and sacred personification of a great epoch, the most faithful expression of democracy. This simple and upright man, prudent and strong, elevated step by step from the artisan's bench to the command of a great nation, and always without parade and without effort, at the height of his position; executing without precipitation, without flourish, and with invincible good sense the most colossal acts; giving to the world this decisive example of the civil power in a republic; directing a gigantic war, without free institutions being for an instant compromised or threatened by military usurpation; dying finally at the moment when, after conquering, he was intent on pacification . . . this man will stand out in the traditions of his country and the world as an incarnation of the people and of modern democracy itself.

A fine expression, this, of a great fact. Striving for the good of one people, LINCOLN'S love of his fellow men made him a figure for all mankind. He stands, as the French historian said, for the perfect expression of democracy. Besides being all things to one nation, he has become one thing to all nations.

Personal

"TO hardy natures cold is genial and dear," remarks the poet. Think this over before you grumble the next time the mercury crawls down the tube. Maybe it's you yourself, not the weather, that is to blame for the way you feel.

Peace and the Stars

ONE way to live is to be acquiescent; the other, to fight back. If you seek quiet days and downy nights, few enemies and a host of good-natured comrades—in short, if you put your own personal pleasure foremost—then choose the life of acquiescence. You have only to be as tolerant of your fellow man's misdeeds as of your own blunders; to look with imperturbable complacence upon the evils and injustices which bring suffering. That is the feather-bed life. The other is a bed of nettles. It brings no calmness of spirit, no wreaths of flattery, no hail-fellow-well-met greetings from contented drifters. Anything but that. To meet life face to face, to strike blow for blow, breeds nothing (or seems at the moment to breed nothing) but enemies and worries. Worse still, one is misunderstood, even by one's friends. To steel oneself to fight when the rewards seem all for the acquiescent—that is the difficult task. But the right one sometimes. A poet, modestly concealed under the name of "MORRIE," sends up this "Invocation" from the columns of a New York newspaper:

> GOD, make me bitter! Let me rage
> Against the cruelties of this age—
> Not gently would I bear my scars;
> I am not meek; I hate the bars
> That strive to keep me in my cage.
>
> Some walk across this earthly stage
> In peace—and chains . . . I fling my gage
> Of battle—I would see the stars—
> GOD, make me bitter!
>
> I would find peace in the printed page,
> And learn content from child and sage,
> And love from woman—but who wars
> Must clothe himself in the armor of Mars.
> Then, for the battles I must wage,
> GOD, make me bitter!

Of course bitterness against all life curdles its possessor. But to cultivate bitterness against wrongs and oppression is one way to lessen the bitterness of life for others. And that is the surest means of seeing the stars yourself.

Cartoon drawn by F. G. Cooper

Maybe It Will Happen Like This!



The War Gamecock—Get up you fat old rooster, I'm going to take a fall out of you!



The Fat Old Rooster—Maybe the exercise would benefit me—who knows?

No Room for John Barleycorn

NOT all employees in Pennsylvania welcomed the Workmen's Compensation Act which became effective on January 1. The trouble with it is that it indirectly violates the ancient principle of "personal liberty." To get its benefits one must generally wave good-by to old JOHN BARLEYCORN. When Pennsylvania employers go to the expense of insuring their workmen against injury under the provisions of the new act, they take pains to reduce accidents to a minimum. The first step is to discharge drinkers—drinkers on duty or off. So it was in industrial plants and in steel mills, where thousands of men had their "puddlers"—a whisky and a beer—at lunch time. In most Pennsylvania communities nowadays the corner saloon no longer employs an extra bartender for the noon hour. It has taken Pennsylvania a long time to realize the answer to the problem of booze *vs.* efficiency. Apparently it has been realized now and Pennsylvania industry has no room for JOHN BARLEYCORN.

Speed

WE have sung the magic of man's handiwork in so harnessing gasoline and mechanism to his purposes that he can cover approximately two miles in sixty seconds of time. There is nothing short of magic in that. But it depends, not alone on the daring and technique of the car's driver, but also on the perfection of brain and workmanship which forged every part of the machine. Scores of minds and bodies contribute to such speed. Another sort of magic is that recently performed by young HERBERT VOLLMER, who cut through 150 yards of water in the incredible time of 1 minute 29 4-5 seconds. Even DANIELS and Duke KAHANAMOKU, the Hawaiian fish, never swam it in a minute and a half. Such burst of aquatic speed, achieved by bodily skill alone, dims even the winged wonders of steam, gasoline, and electricity.

Tribute to an Artist

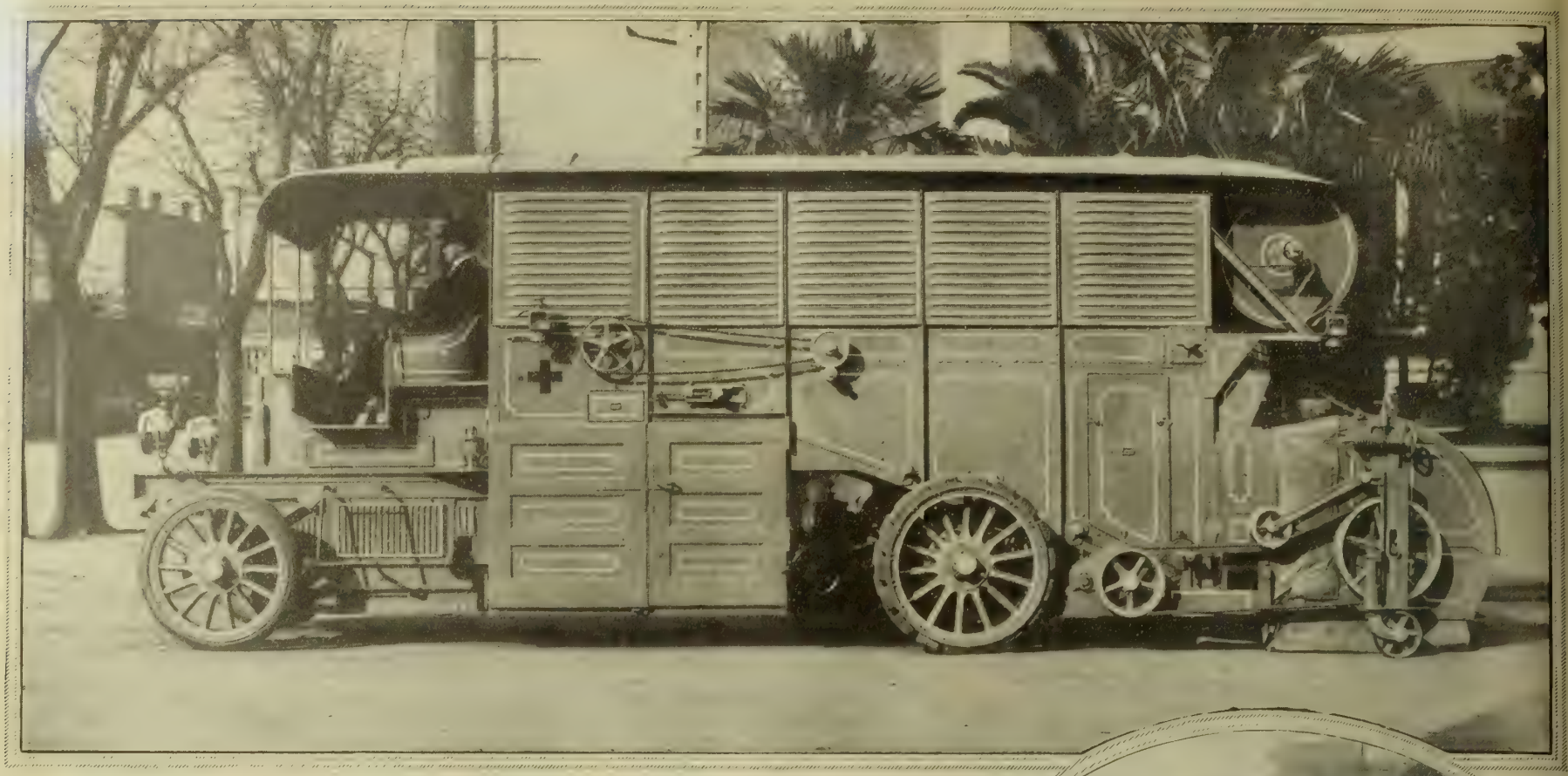
IN a circular urging various opportunities upon their clients, a metropolitan stock and bond house prints these business-like sentences:

> THOMAS W. LAWSON is the leading spirit in the company, and is evidently planning a campaign to advance the price. It is well known that his past campaigns in Butte, Mont., and many others have made fortunes for those following his advice if they were able to get out in time.

We believe this to be the most complete description of THOMAS W. LAWSON and his business that has ever been submitted to the public.

A Treasure of the Humble

A GERANIUM blossom has been perfected measuring six inches across. Where? you ask. Where but in California. To see achievement with all that grows, one turns to that State. However, it was not of California, but of the geranium, that we started to sing. We are not eager to see peony geraniums. When one thinks of geraniums, he thinks of a bloom modest in size, but brave in scarlet, the color of good cheer. For the geranium is a treasure of the humble. In countless pots it fills the sunny south window of the sunny housewife. The little country school marm can see it as she gazes across the heads of her plodding scholars out the school window, and may take heart thereby. Then there is the geranium which thrives and blossoms from its battered tin can on the window sill of the slum tenement, not only brightening the cell of its owner, but lifting the hearts of dwellers across the air well or alley. What is the spell of this humble plant that makes it so potent to give happiness? Not its foliage, patterned and neat as that is. Perhaps the secret was known to the blind girl who said that, as nearly as she could imagine it, *scarlet must be like the note of a bugle.*



A Motor-driven Substitute for "White Wings"

THE machine in the two upper photographs does the same effective work on streets that a vacuum cleaner does in a house—it cleans thoroughly and dustlessly. At the rear end there is a rotary broom which picks up all dust and trash and deposits it in bins just back of the chauffeur's seat. This way of cleaning streets is far more satisfactory than the hand-broom method, because the machine leaves no loose dirt and disease germs to pollute the air every time the wind blows. The sweeper has a 54-horsepower engine, and runs from eight to twelve miles an hour, cleaning a width of eight feet five inches. It is not finding much favor among city politicians. Mayor Rolph of San Francisco recently objected to having the machine used on the streets of that city because, he said, it would rob many men of their jobs. He knew the "White Wings" and their friends had to be reckoned with at election time.



The new sanitary sweeper and how it cleans a street



A NEW HIGH-SPEED MOTOR SLED, driven by a motorcycle engine and rear wheel. The clutch is controlled by the left foot and the brake with the right foot. The sled makes thirty-five miles an hour. It was devised by Ben Eisenman of Sheboygan, Wis., who is seen in the photograph

A Water-tight Suit for the Shipwrecked

IN the two snapshots at the bottom of this page, O. A. Youngren of Sheridan, Wyo., is seen demonstrating the advantages of a new life-saving device which he recently invented. The suit, which fastens in front with a patent clasp and is water-tight, is supposed to be better than an ordinary life belt because it keeps the wearer dry up to the chin and, by means of weights at the feet, holds him in an upright position. Its buoyancy is derived from an inside belt, which passes around the waist and over the shoulders. A person wearing the suit can keep alive in the water for two or three days unless the sea is cold enough to chill him to death. The complete outfit weighs only fifteen pounds and, when folded up, is no more cumbersome than an average-sized dress-suit case. Mr. Youngren is trying to have his invention adopted by all the big passenger steamship lines. He recently demonstrated its qualities before a gathering of prominent shipowners in New York City.

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood



Testing the water-tight life-saving suit at a meeting of steamship men in New York City



Small weights at his feet keep the man upright in the water

Copyright by Janet M. Cummings

Starting a Cloud of Deadly War Gas

ABOVE is the first close-range snapshot of battle gas to be printed on either side of the Atlantic. The cloud of deadly fumes is being let loose by Italians as a preliminary to an infantry attack upon Austrian trenches near Görz, in the Isonzo district. The gas is released through pipes reaching from the tripods to large tanks concealed in a thicket at the left. Early in the war, before masks and respirators came into general use in first-line trenches, this method of killing men, which was used first by the Germans, was more dreadful than Kaiser Wilhelm's 42-centimeter guns. Thousands of soldiers, particularly at the British front in Flanders, were asphyxiated or permanently injured. But now the poison victims are counted by hundreds instead of by thousands. As a rule fumes carried by the wind can be seen in time for the men attacked to either put on masks or run out of range of the cloud. The gas-laden shell, another German invention, is a more effective weapon. It kills men at a distance of forty yards from the point of explosion before they can use their masks.

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GENERAL CONRAD VON HOETZENDORF (left), chief of the Austrian General Staff. Austrians say that although the German generals Von Mackensen, Von Linsingen, and Von Hindenburg commanded Austrian troops in the great drive into Russia, Von Hoetzendorf was the main brain power behind the campaign. Here he is seen talking with a Galician archbishop



WAR ORPHANS OF THREE NATIONALITIES. Alberto (left), the son of an Italian; Jacky, a Britisher, and Marthe, the daughter of a French soldier, photographed in the arms of their nurse at a babies' home established by Lady Maud Barrett at Rustington, in Sussex, England. The women of England are taking care of thousands of little ones from the Continent, most of whom are Belgians

HELD TO ANSWER

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. KING

Chapter Thirteen—The Prisoner at the Bar

THOUGH a very human hope was in his breast, the man who, after three days' seclusion, went out to face a public hearing on Saturday morning upon a charge of felony in the city where a week before he had been a popular idol, was not the same man who had stood trembling and bewildered in the vault room.

Rose had noticed first merely a physical change in her brother's appearance, as from day to day the situation became more intense. She saw lines deepen on his face, the knot of pain grow again and again upon his brow, and the whiteness of his skin increase to a point where it ceased to be white and became a parchment yellow, only paler than his tawny hair. But later she became conscious that there was taking place also a spiritual change, a certain rare elevation of the character of the man, giving at times the eerie feeling that this was not her brother but some transfiguration taking place before her eyes.

When John Hampstead appeared in Judge Brennan's court room, something of this exaltation of character was discernible, even to those who had known him casually. Desiring ardently a happy outcome, the man revealed in himself something of a new capacity to endure yet further reverses.

Rose, Dick, and Tayna had been determined to accompany John and to sit beside him as he faced his accusers, but the minister forbade this, declaring that it would be construed by his enemies as an attempt to create sympathy.

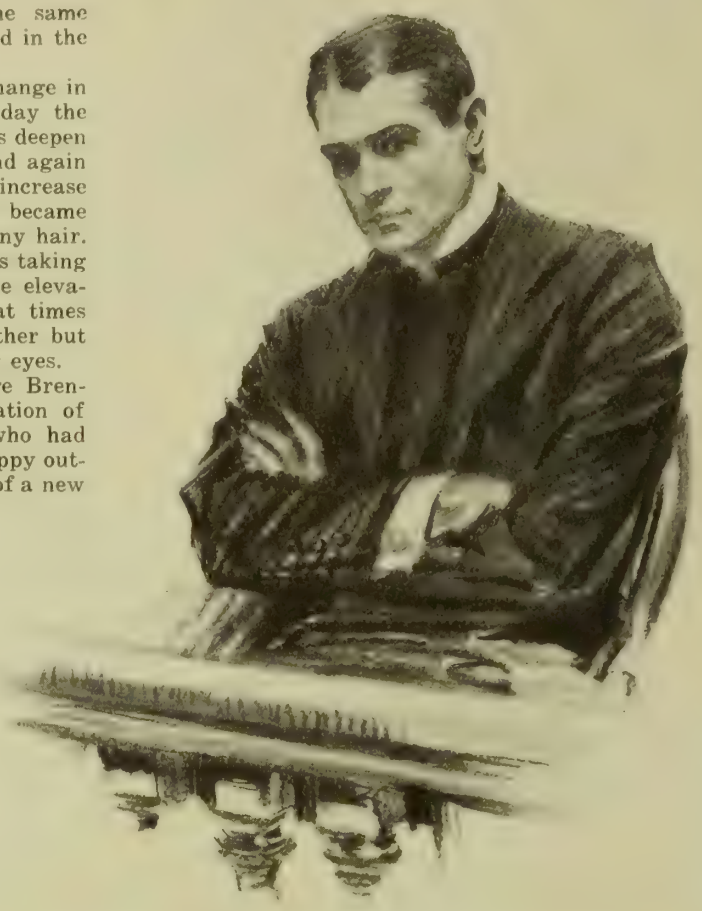
Yet, despite the stoutness of the clergyman's hope for justice, the sight of the court room, of Judge Brennan upon his bench, the clerk and the official reporter at their desks, Searle, Wyatt, the detectives and the massed spectators, packed, craning, curious, somewhat dismayed him.

"The case of the People *versus* John Hampstead," announced the judge in matter-of-fact tones.

There was a slight movement among the group of attorneys, principals, officers, and witnesses within the rail, and before the long table, either of hitching chairs or of leaning forward with eyes and ears attentive. Outside, the close-packed onlookers breathed short in hushed expectancy.

"Prisoner at the bar, stand up!"

It was the monotonous, unfeeling voice of the clerk who said this, himself arising.



Hampstead sat unheeding the stares of the curious

HAMPSTEAD, accustomed, as his own legal battlings had made him, to court formalities and to seeing men arraigned in just this language, failed to comprehend its significance when addressed to him. For an appreciable instant of time he sat unheeding until every eye in the throng and the glance of every officer of the court staring into his face with inquiring wonder recalled him to his position. When he arose hastily they saw his strongly molded features as gravely impassive as some weather-blasted granite mountain face.

But for all its massy strength, it was seen again to be a gentle face. The lips were firmly set, but the expression of the mouth was poised and kindly. The eyes were fixed upon the clerk who read the charge against him, while the prisoner listened with a look at once solemn and dutiful; for it seemed that again John Hampstead had risen equal to the height on which he stood.

The tableau was an impressive one. It revealed the majesty of man bowing before the majesty of the law. It seemed to portray at once the ponderousness and the powerfulness of organized government. A woman who was almost a stranger had touched a tiny lever and set the machinery of the law in operation against the most shining mark in all the community; and here was the man, with the guillotine of judgment poised above his head.

In feelingless monotones that galloped and hurdled through the maze of technical phrasings, the clerk read the complaint which charged the minister with the crime of burglary; then, pausing for breath, he asked the formal question:

"Is this your true name?"

"It is," the minister replied quietly but in a voice of vibrant carrying quality that penetrated to the outward corridor and swept a sense of moral power to every listener's ear.

The voice was answered by a sigh, involuntary and composite, that broke from somewhere beyond the rail. The hearing was on. The unbelievable had come to pass: John Hampstead, pastor of All People's Church, was actually standing trial like a common felon.

Briefly and casually the court instructed Hampstead that he was entitled to be represented by counsel of his own choosing, or to have counsel appointed for him by the court.

The minister thanked the court for its consideration, but stated that, without disrespect to the legal profession, which he greatly honored, he did not feel that his cause required expert defense; that in his experience he had acquired a considerable knowledge of court practice, and would depend upon that, trusting his honor to put him right if he stumbled into wrong.

The judge nodded comprehension and assent, and the defendant sat down.

"Are the People ready?" inquired the court.

"We are," answered the crisp, crackly voice of Searle.

"And the defense?"

Hampstead, his arms folded passively, responded with a slight affirmative bow.

"We will call Miss Alice Higgins," announced Searle, his voice this time reflecting that sense of the dramatic which hung over the court room like a cloud, impregnating its atmosphere as if with an electric charge.

THE woman known as Marien Dounay had been sitting at the right of Searle, gowned in tailored black and her person stripped of everything that looked like ornament. The wide, flat brim of her hat was carefully horizontal and balanced by a curtain of veiling which, while black and large of cord, was wide-meshed enough to show that the very colors on her cheeks were subdued, as if her whole person was in mourning over the somber duty which she found herself compelled to perform. And yet the beauty of her features, adorned by the black and sweeping eyebrows and lighted by the smoldering jet of her eyes, was never more striking than now, when, after standing for a moment, tall and graceful on the raised platform of the witness chair, she sat down and, leaning back composedly, swung about to where her glance could alternate between the eye of the court who would hear her and that of Searle who would interrogate.

The witness had not glanced at Hampstead, whose sleeve her arm must have brushed in passing to the witness chair. His own eyes rested upon her face with an odd, speculative light in them.

"Please state your name, business occupation or profession, and place of residence," began Searle.

"I am an actress by profession. My name is Alice Higgins; my place of residence is New York City."

"In your profession as an actress and to the public generally your are known as Marien Dounay?"

"Yes," replied the witness.

"You are the complainant in this action?"

"Yes."

"I will ask you," began Searle, "if you have ever seen this necklace before."

He drew from a crumpled envelope the familiar tiny string of fire and offered it to the witness. Miss Dounay took it, passed it affectionately through her fingers, during which the brilliance of the gems appeared to be magnified, and then, holding the necklace by the two ends, she dropped it for a moment upon her bosom, a touch that was either the height of art or a supreme manifestation of femininity.

"They are my diamonds," she replied.

"And what is their value?"

"Twenty-two thousand dollars."

"Lawful money of the United States?"

"Yes."

"Now, Miss Dounay," continued Searle, "will you be kind enough to relate to the court when and under what circumstances you first missed your diamonds."

MISS DOUNAY told her story, briefly and skillfully, with an appearance of reluctance when she came to relate the circumstances and facts which pointed to the minister as the thief. She stated that Hampstead had always shown curiosity regarding the diamonds and had especially questioned her concerning their value. As a trusted friend, whom she had known for years, and who during the last several weeks had visited her frequently and become rather frankly acquainted with her personal habits and mode of life, he knew where she kept the diamonds; that so far as she knew he was the only one of her acquaintances who possessed this knowledge; that she had worn the diamonds in company with him during the evening preceding the supper party, at which she appeared without them; that none but her guests were in this room in which the diamonds were kept temporarily, and that no one but he, so far as she remembered observing, was in that room alone; that it was her custom to keep the box containing these and other jewels in the hotel safe, and when, after the departure of her guests, she went to get the casket to send it downstairs, it was gone.

Her story ended, Searle then put the final formal questions:

"This property was taken against your will and without your consent."

"Yes."

"This all happened in the city of Oakland, county of Alameda, and the State of California?"

"Yes."

"That is all," concluded the prosecutor.

"Cross-examine," directed the court, turning to the defendant.

"I have no desire to cross-examine," replied the minister quietly, but again with that vibrant far-carrying note in his utterance.

"You are excused," said the judge.

With an expression of relief, Miss Dounay left the stand, still without once having directed her gaze at the accused, although he continued from time to time to regard her fixedly, with a curious, doubtful look.

"Miss Julie Moncrief," announced the prosecutor.

Red-eyed and frightened, the French maid took the stand. In a trembling voice, and with at least one appealing glance at the minister, who appeared to regard her embarrassment more sympathetically than her own mistress, the little woman gave her testimony. It told of finding the defendant alone in this room where the guests had been inspecting the models for the London production of the play. He was not near the table upon which the models were displayed, but standing by the chiffonier with his arm absently thrown across the corner of it, and the hand within a few inches of the small drawer in which the diamonds reposed temporarily.

"What part of his body was toward the chiffonier?" asked the prosecutor.

"His back and side."

"Where was he looking?"

"Out toward the room to which the guests had withdrawn."

"As if watching for an opportunity of some sort?" suggested Searle.

Hampstead started, and his eyes kindled, but he did not speak. The court, however, did.

"In view of the fact," interposed his honor, "that

Dr. Hampstead is unrepresented by counsel and taking no advantage of a technical defense, I will remind you, Mr. Searle, that your last question calls for a conclusion of the witness. She may testify where he was looking, but she cannot tell what she thinks his actions implied."

"Of course, your honor, that is right," confessed Searle quickly. "The witness is somewhat hesitant and embarrassed, and the form of my question was inadvertent. Under the circumstances," he added oilily, "I am being especially careful not to take advantage of the defendant."

"That must be apparent to all, Mr. Searle," the judge palavered in return.

"Where was he looking?" queried Searle.

Having been properly coached by the attorney's question and his reply to the judge, the half-frightened girl faltered:

"He was looking out *as if watching an opportunity.*"

COLOR mounted to the cheeks of the judge. Searle looked properly surprised. The defendant smiled cynically.

"Strike out that portion of the answer which involves the conclusion as to why he was looking out," instructed the judge solemnly to the stenographer.

"Certainly," exclaimed Searle apologetically. None the less, he was satisfied with his maneuver. He knew the effect of the little French girl's conclusion could not be stricken out of the mind of the judge who had heard it expressed nor out of the mind of the public before whom he was in reality trying his case.

"State what further you observed," directed the attorney. "Did you see him move, or anything?"

"He did not move; he only smiled at me and was still there in the same position when I went out. A few minutes later I was surprised to see him bidding Miss Dounay good night."

"Strike out that the witness was surprised," commanded the court sternly, while Julie shivered at the sharpness of Judge Brennan's tone.

"That is all," continued Searle.

"Do you wish to cross-examine?" inquired the judge, directing his glance to Hampstead.

"I do not," replied the minister.

This time the judge looked surprised, and there were slight murmurings, rustlings, and whisperings beyond the rail. The faltering testimony of the little maid had driven another nail deeply in the circumstantial case against the minister, and he had not made the slightest effort to draw it out by the few words of cross-examination that might have broken its hold entirely. He might, for instance, have asked if she saw anyone else alone in this room. But the minister did not ask it.

Searle went on piling up his case. The detectives testified to the arrest of the minister, to the search of his person and house, and to the finding of the diamonds in the vault box, after which the jewels themselves were introduced in evidence and marked "People's Exhibit A," while the envelope which had contained them and bore the minister's name and address upon the corner became "People's Exhibit B."

Each detective, Wyatt also, was asked to describe minutely the actions of the minister from the time when the personal search ending in the discovery of the safe-deposit key was proposed until the time when the diamonds were exposed to view upon the table in the vault room. By this means Searle got before the court the demeanor of the minister as indicating a consciousness of guilt.

Relentless in pursuing this line, Searle put on the defendant's own bondsmen, Wilson, Wadham, and Hayes, compelling them to describe, although with evident reluctance, the impetuous outburst against the opening of the box when the bond was being arranged, and the scene in the vault to which they had been witnesses.

Wilson, chafing at the position into which he was forced, was further roused when Searle exclaimed suddenly:

"I will ask you if the defendant, on or about the day that these diamonds were stolen, did not approach you for the urgent loan of a considerable sum of money."

Wilson glared and was silent.

"Did he, or did he not?" persisted Searle sharply.

"He did," snapped Wilson.

"How did he want it, cash or checks?"

"He wanted cash, but I do not see, Mr. Searle—" he began.

"Excuse me, Mr. Wilson, but I think you do see," replied Searle. "Did you give it to him?"

"I did," replied Wilson, "and I would have given him more—"

"I ask that a part of this answer be stricken out, your honor, as volunteered by the witness and not in response to the question," demanded Searle brusquely.

"I think we should not let ourselves become too technical," replied the court, with a chiding glance at Searle, for Mr. Wilson was a person of some importance in the community.

Searle, slightly huffed, again addressed the witness.

"Did the defendant tell you what he wanted this large sum of money for?"

"No. Furthermore—" began the witness.

"That will do! That will do!" exclaimed Searle, rising and motioning with his hand as if to stop the witness's mouth. "That is all," he added quickly. "Cross-examine."

Wilson turned expectantly to Hampstead. He was aching to be permitted to say more, to offer testimony that would break the force of that which he had just given. But the minister, comprehending fully the generous desire of his friend, merely looked him in the eye and shook his head; for this was one of the trails that neither he nor anyone else must be permitted to pursue.

Having asked this series of questions of Wilson about the money, apparently as an afterthought—which it was not—Searle recalled Hayes and Wadham and put the same questions to them. Each made the same attempt to qualify and enlarge, but each was carefully held to a statement which pictured John Hampstead making desperate efforts among his friends to raise quickly for an unexplained purpose what must have been a very large sum of money.



"No! No! No!" shrilled the actress. She stretched out her arms to the minister

SEARLE felt this to be the climax of his case. "The People rest," he exclaimed with dramatic suddenness, sitting down and inserting a thumb in his armhole, while, after a defiant glance at the minister, he turned and scanned the spectators outside the rail for signs of approval of the skillful handling of their cause by him, their oath-bound servant.

But the eyes of the spectators were on the defendant, who now stepped to the platform and stood with upraised right hand before the clerk to be sworn. As he composed himself in the witness chair, his manner was cool and even meditative. The central figure in this tense, emotional drama, which had every significance for himself, he seemed scarcely more than aware of his surroundings.

"My name," he began, deliberately, "is John Hampstead. I am thirty-one years old, and a minister of the gospel. I reside in the county of Alameda. I am the person named in this complaint. I was at Miss Dounay's supper party, although I did not stay to supper. I was probably in the exact position described by the maid, for I believe her to be truthful. However, I do not remember the incident beyond the fact that the group gradually withdrew from this room and I remained there in reflective mood for a short interval. I saw Miss Dounay's diamonds last that evening when she excused herself from the company to change her costume. I saw them next the morning after upon the desk in my study."

THE minister paused. The massed audience leaned forward, intent and breathless. Now his real defense was beginning. His manner, balanced and impersonal, was carrying conviction with it. The man was the defendant—the prisoner at the bar—yet he spoke deliberately, as if not himself but the truth were at issue.

"They were brought there," the witness was saying, "by a man who told me that he had stolen them. He appeared to be excited. Indeed, his condition was pitiable. I advised him to return the diamonds immediately to Miss Dounay, confess his crime to her, and throw himself upon her mercy, but there were circumstances which made it impossible for him to act immediately. That is all."

The minister turned from the court, whom he had been addressing, and faced Searle, as if awaiting cross-examination. The audience had listened with painful interest to the minister's story. The manner of it had unquestionably carried conviction, but its very unbolstered simplicity had in it something of the shock which provokes doubt. This effect was heightened by its extreme brevity and a suggestion of reticence in the narrative.

"Have you concluded?" asked the court, reflecting the general surprise.

"I have," replied the minister, with the same quiet voice in which he had given his testimony.

"Begin your cross-examination," instructed Judge Brennan.

"Who is the man who brought these diamonds to you?" asked Searle, hurling the question swiftly.

"I cannot tell you," answered the minister gravely.

"Why can you not tell?" The voice of Searle was harshly insistent. "Don't you know who the man was?"

"I do, most assuredly."

"Why can you not tell it?"

"Because the secret is not mine."

"Not yours?" A sneer appeared on the lips of Searle.

"It came to me by way of the Protestant confessional," explained the minister.

"The Protestant confessional! What do you mean by that?" barked the prosecutor.

"Simply," replied the minister, "that the instinct of confession is very strong in every nature moved to penitence and a hope of reform, so that every minister and priest of whatever faith becomes the repository of a vast number of confessions of fault and failure, some trivial and some grave. I used the term 'Protestant confessional' because the Roman Catholic Church erects the confessional to a place of established and formal importance. In most other communions it is merely incidental to pastoral experience, but none the less it is a factor in all effort at rehabilitation of character."

"And you will not give the name, even to protect yourself?"

"It is not," replied the witness, "a matter in which I feel that I have any choice. The confession was not made to me as an individual, but as a minister of God. I will hold that confidence sacred and inviolate at whatever cost until the Day of Judgment."

Dramatically, though unconsciously, the witness lifted his right hand, as though he renewed an oath to God.

(*Continued on page* 23)

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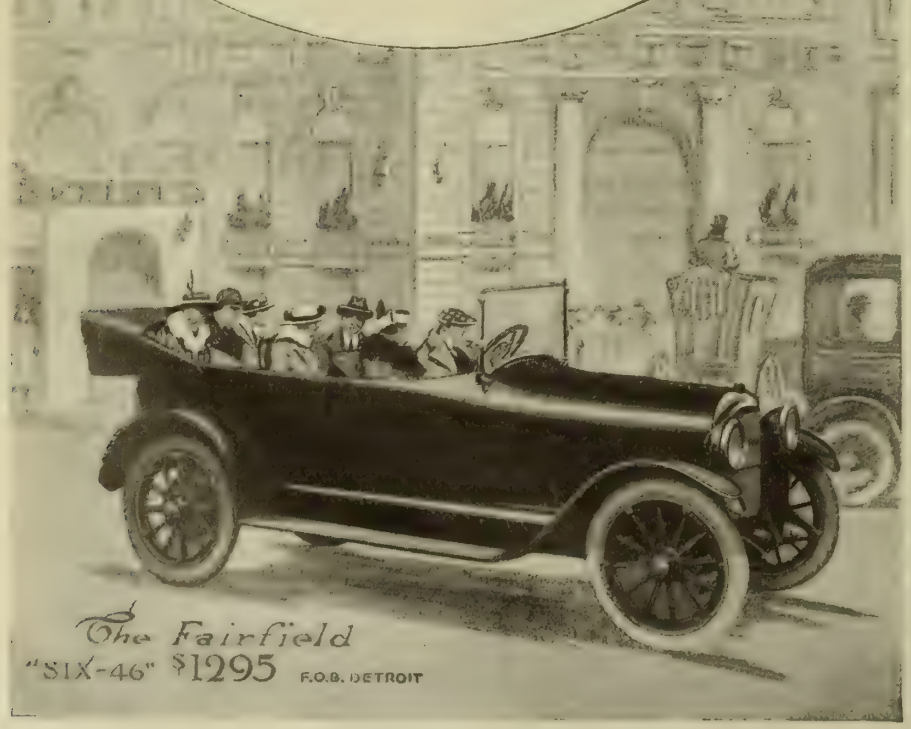
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A Doctor's Point of View

THE COMMON COLD : : BY JOHN B. HUBER, M. D.

PROFESSOR ROSENAU of Harvard declares: "Could the sum total of suffering, inconvenience, sequelæ, and economic loss resulting from common colds be obtained, it would at once promote these infections from the trivial into the rank of the serious diseases." Two of these sequelæ alone, pneumonia, and tuberculosis, account between them for more than half of human mortality, and of all the causes of tuberculosis the most frequent is the common cold, the neglected cold, of which one so carelessly says that "it is nothing but a cold." Among other sequelæ of the common cold (in itself the most frequent of all human ailments) are rheumatism, mastoid abscess, and kidney, heart, and other grave organic diseases. The common cold is more than a congestion, more than a catarrh, more than an inflammation. It is an infection, the specific, essential cause of which is one or another of several germs: the pus germ (staphylococcus or streptococcus), the pneumonia germ (pneumococcus), the rheumatism germ, the influenza bacillus, or a mixture of such germs: a "mixed infection." And what is called the "cold" is in reality the infection which has incubated through the implantation of these germs on the congested, unhealthful, and predisposed mucous membranes of the nose, the tonsils, and the upper air passages.

The nose, mouth, throat, and lung tissue can become congested and inflamed by other than germinal irritants; there may be chemical irritation, as by fumes; or mechanical, as by metal and fiber particles inhaled; or there may be obstructions, as adenoids or enlarged tonsils. A deflected septum in the nose will occasion a catarrh; irritant exudations of gas from the stomach in dyspeptics will produce nose and throat catarrh; while increased acidity of the blood (acidosis) may inflame the mucous membranes. Congestions and catarrhs come about reflexly in people of nervous temperaments and in neurasthenics—those in whom the nervous system is exhausted: such are likely to get catarrh simply from the apprehension of catching cold. But these causes, not being bacterial, not being germinal, do not constitute the infectious and consequently communicable cold. The common cold may, however, be developed from them, as they provide a rich soil for the bacterial weed to thrive in.

Exposure to drafts; to dust, which is generally germ-laden; to high winds, which are generally dust-laden; to sudden changes of temperature, such as obtain in our Northern States in the early and late winter weeks; getting cold and wet feet (by far the worst of all predispositions): these factors depress the vitality and thus make the body a receptive germ host. Arctic explorers rarely come down with colds until they return to civilization, where the germs are, and become cave dwellers like the rest of us.

Stove Evils

COLDS seem, indeed, the exclusive privilege of civilization. Our race, in all likelihood, did not snuffle much until it began to build houses, to heat these houses, and to wear germ-harboring clothes. Then, instead of a wholesome coping with the elements, people crowded into superheated houses, with the windows nailed down, and missed the blessed sunshine, the best of all purifiers, of all disinfectants.

"The stove is a mesmerist that plays no small part in the reduction of human beings to a state of idiocy. The mephitic vapors in the atmosphere of a crowded room contribute in no small degree to bring about a gradual deterioration of intelligences." No, this is not a quotaton from an up-to-date book on hygiene. Balzac wrote it in a novel some seventy years ago. Hibernating in their comfortable though devitalizing houses, people constantly rebreathe their own poisonous and germ-laden exhalations, mingled with those of the family, the visitors, and such animal friends as they cannot bear to expose to the raging elements without. People who would certainly revolt against bathing in polluted water are not at all squeamish about inhaling a polluted atmosphere.

Nor is it "the engine drivers and the firemen who catch cold, but the passengers in the stuffy Pullmans and the reeking coaches."

A poor digestion has much to do with germ-breeding catarrhs. Eating indigestible food (shellfish, Welsh rabbits, and the like), overeating or not eating enough, foster the catarrhal habit, either directly by the eructation of gases, as already pointed out, or by the absorption into the blood of poisonous proteids in unsuitable or undigested food. How often has a too generous meal, washed down by fiery and even more generous potations, been the forerunner of a cold! Many young children are predisposed to cold by too much starches and sweets in their diet. Dr. Harry Campbell found that children of the poor in London become such sufferers not so much because they are starved as because their food is really too rich for them.

Bad teeth and carelessness regarding the toilet of the mouth are large factors in the development of the common cold by reason of the germs.

Prevention Advice

MANY of the germs mentioned as the basis of common cold are found also in the mucous membranes of the upper air passages in health and between attacks; this explains reinfections which occur when predispositions diminish bodily resistance to germinal activity.

Colds are caught from other persons having colds just as diphtheria is contracted from diphtheritic subjects; and common colds are quite as likely to come in epidemics, affecting whole households, schools, factories, communities. From one case alone practically the whole force of an office or a workshop may presently be suffering, even suffering acutely. The worker who reports for work sneezing, sniveling, and with thickness of speech had far better be sent home until he has recovered no matter at what sacrifice. It will be found to pay in the end.

The common cold is most catching in its early manifestations when the germ-laden discharges from the nose and throat are sneezed and coughed and spit out in profusion. Such sufferers should isolate themselves in their homes, should keep by themselves as far as possible, and should go to bed the first three days, or at least while there is fever. The contagiousness and the severity of colds vary greatly in different epidemics, according to the particular germ most in evidence or the nature of the mixed infection when this exists.

The prevention of colds consists in avoiding the infection, and in fortifying oneself against the predisposing factors. In times of epidemic contact with sufferers should be avoided, especially in street cars, offices, and all badly ventilated places: wherever one must risk having one's face coughed or sneezed into. The germ is also transmitted, directly or indirectly, through inappreciation of hygienic and sanitary usage; as by kissing, the common drinking cup, the roller towel, pipes, toys, pencils, fingers, food, and other means of contamination through the fresh secretions. Besides avoiding all these sources of infection, one must not overwork nor lose sleep during epidemics.

As to drafts: The robust need not fear them. The very young, the aged, the coddled, and the weak had best avoid them. Yet the draft does not produce the infectious cold. We speak of "colds," and I have here used the term, because the first symptom of the infection thus named is a chill; but this initial chill characterizes many other infections: pneumonia and the like. The chill is the effect and not the cause of the infection which has for several days before been latent, incubating in the system. Most such chills are accompanied by fever, as the clinical thermometers demonstrate; the suffering is therefore rather from heat than from cold. The "cold" is caught before and not with the appearance of the chill.

Cold baths, by which the skin is helped in its function of throwing off daily its two pounds of bodily waste; exercise, to which the cold air gives zest; sunshine; wholesome food, by which the body is properly nourished —one should accustom oneself to all these. He who does will have his metabolism (his bodily chemistry) stimulated, his blood enriched, not only his voluntary muscles but also his heart musculature strengthened, and will keep his nervous system in healthy, vigorous condition. He (or she) is practically immune to the common cold.

Held to Answer

Continued from page 19

For the first time, too, the utterance of the defendant had betrayed personal feeling, and for a moment there was a sheen upon his features, as of a man who had toiled upward through shadows to where the light from above broke radiantly upon his brow.

"And you take advantage of the fact that such a confession as you allege is privileged under the law and need not be testified to by you?"

"As I said before," reiterated the minister, with a calm dignity that refused to be ruffled by the sneer in the cross-examiner's question, "I do not feel that the secret is mine."

THE impression that at this point the witness was retiring behind intrenchments that were very strong was no more lost upon Searle than upon the spectators, and he immediately attacked from another quarter.

"We are to understand then, doctor, that your guilty demeanor which has been testified to by your friends as well as the officers was entirely because you knew the discovery of the diamonds in your box would lend color to the charge made against you?"

This was another trail that Hampstead must not allow to be pursued.

"You are at liberty to make whatever interpretation of my demeanor you wish, Mr. Searle," he replied tartly.

"Yes, Dr. Hampstead; we are agreed upon that," rejoined the prosecutor dryly, at the same time making a gallery play with his eyes. "You say," Searle continued presently, "it was temporarily impossible for the man who brought these diamonds to you to return them to Miss Dounay. Why did you not return them yourself instead of placing them in your vault to await the convenience of the thief?"

The insulting scorn of the latter part of this question was meant to be diverting to the audience as well as highly disconcerting to the witness, but the minister smothered the sneer by replying sincerely and courteously:

"I felt, Mr. Searle, that my problem was to rebuild in the man a sense of responsibility to a trust and the courage to act upon a moral impulse. Wisely or unwisely, I insisted that the entire procedure of restoration should devolve upon the penitent himself. His first spiritual battle was to nerve himself to face the owner of the diamonds."

"Precisely," observed Mr. Searle smoothly, abandoning the jury rail, against which he had been leaning, to balance himself upon the balls of the feet and rub his palms blandly. "And in the meantime, while this thief was gathering his courage, did your consideration for your friend, Miss Dounay, impel you to notify her that the diamonds were in your custody and would be returned to her very soon?"

"Not alone was I impelled to do that," replied the minister, "but the unfortunate man urged such a step upon me. I declined for the same reason. My entire course of action was dictated by a desire to make this man morally stronger by compelling him to assume and discharge his own responsibilities. I was willing to point out the course; but he must walk the way alone. I will forestall your next question by saying that for the same reason I did not notify the police."

SEARLE was nettled by the easy compactness with which the minister cemented the walls of his defense more closely by each reply to the questions in cross-examination.

"You are aware, Mr. Hampstead," he thundered with a sudden change of tactics, "that the act which you have just set forth, so far from setting up a defense to this charge, proves you guilty under the law as an accessory after the fact."

"I am not aware of it," replied the minister, with distinct emphasis. "My impression was that the law considers not only an act but the intent of the act. The intent of my act was not to conceal a crime but to reconstruct the character of a man."

Searle darted a hasty and apprehensive glance at the massed faces behind the rail. "That is all," he exclaimed dramatically, with a cynical smile and an uptoss of his hands, calculated cleverly to portray his opinion of the utter lack of standing such replies as those of the minister could gain him in a court of justice.

Judge Brennan looked at Hampstead. "Have you anything in rebuttal?" he asked.

"Nothing," replied the minister, arising and stepping down to his chair at the long table, where he remained standing, while the attentive expression of court and spectators indicated appreciation that the climax of the defendant's effort was at hand.

The very bigness of the thing the man was trying to do was in some sense an attest of character, and here and there among the onlookers ran little currents of reviving sympathy for the clergyman, who stood waiting quietly for the moment in which to begin his final effort as an attorney in his own behalf.

Keenly sensitive to the subtlest emotions of the crowd, he understood perfectly well that the effect of his testimony had been at least sufficient to secure a verdict of suspended judgment from the spectators, and he expected far more from the balanced mind of the judge; so that it was with a feeling of renewed confidence, almost an anticipation of triumph, that he prepared to make the final move.

"If the court please," he began dispassionately, as if pleading for a cause that had no more than an abstract meaning for himself, "I desire to move at this time the dismissal of the complaint upon the ground that the evidence is insufficient to warrant the holding of the defendant for trial before the Superior Court."

The minister stopped for breath, and there was another of those strange composite sighs from beyond the rail.

"In support of that motion"—and a note of growing pregnancy appeared in the speaker's tone—"I argue nothing, except to ask this court to accept as true every word of testimony spoken by every witness heard upon the stand this morning."

The court looked puzzled, but the ministerial defendant went on:

"I believe the truth has been spoken by Miss Dounay, by the little French maid, by the officers, and by my own friends. Yet the facts testified to may be true"—the minister's voice rose—"and the inference to which they point be wickedly and damnably false! It is so with this case, for be it noted that I ask your honor to consider also that my testimony is true. It denies no statement; it controverts no fact in the case of the prosecution. On the contrary, it confirms them; but it also explains them." Again the defendant's voice was rising. "It confirms the facts, but it utterly refutes the inference that this defendant at the bar is guilty. Consider the entire fabric of evidence as a seamless garment of truth, and you can dismiss the complaint with an untroubled brow. Reason is satisfied! Justice is done!"

HAMPSTEAD paused, and a shade of apprehension came to his face, for his eye had traveled for a moment to that massed expectancy without the rail.

"The verdict of your honor is to *me*" (Hampstead in his growing earnestness had abandoned the fictional distinction between the pleader and his client) "of more than usual importance, for by it hangs the verdict of the people, whose interest is attested by those packed benches yonder. Without disrespect to your honor, I can say that I care more for their verdict than for that of any twelve men in any jury box or any judge upon any bench. This is a democracy, in which the people are so powerful that I might paraphrase Scripture and say: 'If the people be for us, who can be against us?'

"But under the circumstances the whole people cannot actually judge—they can only be my executioners. They have not heard me speak. They cannot look me in the eye nor observe by my demeanor whether I speak like an honest man or a contemptible fraud. They see me only through a cloud of skillfully engendered suspicion. They hear my voice only faintly amid a clamorous confusion of poisoned tongues. Your honor must see for them and speak for them and judge for them. Your honor's verdict will be their verdict. I tremble for that verdict. I plead for it!

"I ask your honor to take account of



This old 4-story brick surprised them all

IT STANDS at 442 West 42nd Street, New York has been there half a century. Its earnings had declined. Its value had several times been written off. Taxes were going up. The old 4-story brick seemed doomed.

That was the way things stood eight years ago—in the hard times of 1908.

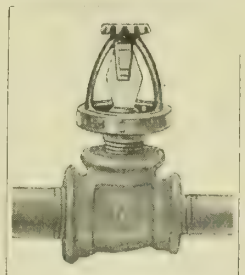
The owner, Mr. Sharlow, had no idea, however, of letting the old 4-story brick go along losing money. He owned fifty feet in the rear, extending through to 41st Street.

He put up a 6-story building on this ground, connecting it with the old 4-story brick, and also put a modern front on the old building.

He leased three of the floors of the new building and two of the old, and all went well until the leases expired two years ago. Then Mr. Sharlow found he was unable to rent the floors he did not occupy himself.

He lost $2,000 in rent that year. His whole investment was at stake. What should he do?

Then it was his insurance agent, J. C. Ammermuller, urged him to install Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers. He predicted that the vacant floors would be rented if tenants were offered the inducement of extremely low insurance rates, which automatic sprinklers entitled them to.



This is the Grinnell sprinkler-head - the efficient, little sentinel that has saved over $400,000,000 of industrial property from fire during the last thirty years.

Mr. Sharlow accordingly began to tell prospective tenants that he would install Grinnell Sprinklers, and save them 90 per cent. of their fire-insurance expense. He was surprised at the quickness with which he rented his empty floors on this promise.

The Grinnell System was duly installed, and Mr. Sharlow got his second surprise when he received from Mr. Ammermuller a rebate of a large part of the insurance which he had paid a few months before.

That rebate amounted to $2,090 for his year's insurance, because his rates had dropped from $2.10 to 18c. per $100 on the building, and from $3.34 to 35c. per $100 on the contents.

This saving was enough to repay the cost of the system in a few years.

SURPRISE NUMBER THREE

It came before the System was put in commission. On Saturday afternoon the pipes were filled with water to test the joints. The roof tank was not even connected up at the time. Somebody smelled smoke coming up from the basement.

The fire was found near the switchboard. There were four fire-buckets near, and they were used. But the blaze was beyond the buckets. Then the Grinnell Sprinklers opened by the heat, with a snap, splurge, and splash.

The fire was out in a few moments.

Mr. Sharlow came and thoughtfully considered what he saw. Directly overhead were open joists. But for the Grinnells the fire would have blazed through that wood and got aloft before the fire department could get there.

And, suddenly, Mr. Sharlow realized that the Grinnell System for the "old 4-story brick" had paid for itself in three different ways:

It had saved his business from demoralization and disruption, thus preventing a loss as great as the entire cost of the Grinnell System.

It had saved him $2,090 a year on his own insurance.

It had secured him two tenants for his empty floors at a profit of $2,000 a year.

There are thousands of buildings like this old 4-story brick scattered all over the country—like it even to the point of holding in their dust-covered walls a business surprise-party.

These old buildings can be made better than fire-proof by the installation of Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers, because contents as well as walls and floors are safeguarded by this equipment.

Grinnell Systems are factory-assembled. That means they can be installed quietly and quickly during occupancy without inconvenience to tenants. The parts that come to your premises are already assembled except for a few last joints and connections.

WITHOUT ANY INVESTMENT WHATEVER

There is no difficulty about having Grinnell Sprinklers put in for nothing. Certain construction companies will pay us cash to install a Grinnell System in your building, carry it until the savings pay for it, and then give you a bill of sale free and clear.

We will gladly give more information on this subject to firms whose policy is to conserve working capital.

The Grinnell is to-day protecting more property than all others put together. It is backed by the only statistical research and testing laboratory in the business.

The Grinnell maintains engineering standards of its own. That is far different from mere compliance with the minimum requirements necessary to get the approval of the Fire Underwriters.

It is better at its price than any other at any price.

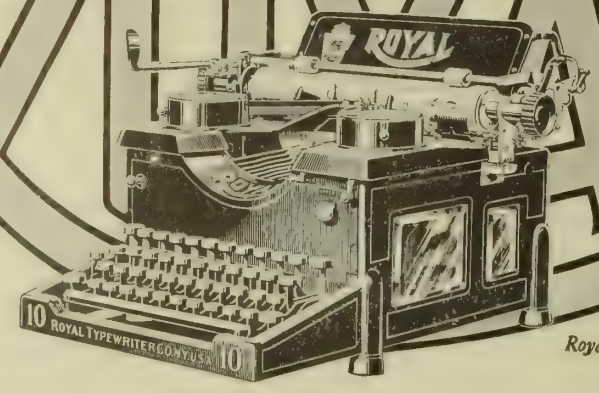
Have you seen the figures on your property? Do you know how soon a Grinnell Sprinkler System will pay for itself?

Don't theorize. Get the figures.

Write for a Grinnell Information Book in order to get in touch with experts who have helped thousands to cut their insurance costs 40 to 90 per cent.

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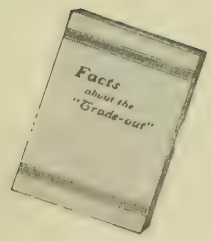
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the difficulty of my position, presuming, as the law instructs the court to presume, that it is the position of an innocent person. Bound by the most inviolable vow which a man can take, I am unable to offer to you a conclusive defense by presenting the man who committed the crime. He may be in this court room now, cowering with a consciousness of his guilt and in awe at beholding its consequences to the one who has helped him. He may be an officer of this court; he might be your honor, sitting upon the bench, which, of course, is unthinkable, yet no more unthinkable to me than that I should be charged with this crime. But though he be here at my very side, I cannot reach out my hand and say: 'That is the man.'

"I will not touch him nor look at him. Unless he speaks—and I confess that there is an outside reason why I should absolutely forbid him to speak—there is no defense that can be offered beyond the simple story I have told you.

"May I not also, without being accused of egotism, remind your honor that, if it is decided that I appear sufficiently guilty to warrant a criminal trial in the Superior Court, my work in this community will be at an end?"

The minister was speaking for the first time with a show of deep feeling, and an indulgent sneer appeared upon the lips of Searle. This was not legitimate argument. Yet a mere preacher might not be supposed to know it, and therefore he, Searle, would magnanimously allow the man to talk himself out if his honor did not stop him.

But the court was also complaisant, and the minister went on with passionate earnestness to plead:

"Regardless of the ultimate verdict of a jury, the stigma of a felony will be upon me for life. From this very court room I shall be taken to your identification bureau. I shall be weighed, stripped, measured, my thumb prints taken, my features photographed like those of any criminal!"

As Hampstead proceeded his speech began to be punctuated with spasmodic breaks, as if the prospective humiliation were one at which his sensitive nature revolted violently.

"And those finger prints," he labored—"those measurements and that photograph—will become a part of the criminal records of the State of California for as long as the paper upon which they are made shall last!"

"*No! No! No!*" shrilled a hysterical voice that burst out suddenly and ended as abruptly as it began.

STRANGELY enough, it was the complaining witness who had cried out. She had risen and stood with hands outstretched protestingly to the minister, while whispering hoarsely: "It cannot be! It cannot be!"

"Madam!" thundered the minister, viewing the woman sternly, his own emotion of self-sympathy disappearing at this unexpected sign of softness in her, while his eyes beamed indignantly, "that is a police regulation which by long custom has come to have all the force of law. If you doubt it, your accomplice there will so inform you!"

Hampstead, as he uttered the last words, shifted his blazing glance to Searle, who, at first disconcerted and endeavoring to pull Miss Dounay back into her seat, rose and turned toward the defendant, his own face aflame and hot words poised upon his tongue.

But Judge Brennan was rapping for silence. "Compose yourself, madam!" he ordered sternly.

But before the minister's accusing glance Miss Dounay was already dropping back into her chair, and, as if in dismay at her outbreak, buried her face in her hands, while Searle, quivering with fury, snarled out:

"I resent, your honor, with all my manhood, the epithet which this defendant has gratuitously and insultingly flung at me."

"Be seated, Mr. Searle," commanded the judge. "Dr. Hampstead's position is very distressing. He will withdraw the objectionable epithet."

"I withdraw it," acknowledged the minister, recovering his poise; yet he said it doggedly and uncompromisingly, qualifying his withdrawal with: "But your honor will take into account that the manner of the representative of the district attorney has been offensive to me, though some of the time veiled by an exaggerated pretense of courtesy. It has seemed to me the manner of an accomplice of the complaining witness, and I withdraw the statement more out of respect to this court than out of consideration for him."

Searle glared, but resumed his seat, giving vent to his temper in a violent jerk of his chair as he dropped into it.

"You may conclude your remarks," observed the court to Hampstead.

"There is nothing to add," replied the minister after a reflective interval, "except to urge again that your honor consider the grave consequences of yielding to a one-sided view of the case. I ask only that truth be honored and justice done!"

With this the defendant sat down.

Miss Dounay appeared to have regained her composure, but, white and still, her glance was now fixed as noticeably upon the face of the defendant as before she had markedly avoided it.

WITH a hitch to his vest and a forward thrust of the chin, Searle rose to attack the plea of the defendant.

"Your honor may well ask with Pilate: 'What is truth?'" he began, the manner of his speech showing that while his self-control was admirable his mood was that vindictive one into which many a prosecutor appears to work himself when arising to assail the cause of a defendant.

"However," he prefaced, "I must first apologize to your honor for the momentary loss of control on the part of the complaining witness. Your honor will realize that her emotions were wantonly and deliberately played upon by the defendant in a skillful endeavor to create sympathy for himself. The fact that he succeeded so readily is an eloquent bit of testimony to the sympathetic nature of this estimable and brilliant woman, to the ease with which her confidence is gained and the painful reluctance with which she performs her duty in this sad case. For, any way we view it, it is a sad case, your honor, and no one regrets more than I the harsh words which must be spoken in the course of my own duty to the people of this county.

"However" (and Searle paused for a moment as if both gathering breath and steeling himself for the vicious assault he proposed to make), "addressing myself to the plea of the defendant for a dismissal of this case, I must say flatly that the motion itself, the argument to support it, and the testimony upon which it is based, constitute the most audacious combination of effrontery and offensive egotism to which a court was ever asked to listen. I congratulate your honor upon the patience and self-control with which you have contained yourself while permitting this defendant to go on from statement to statement involving himself deeper in this dastardly crime with every word.

"If, your honor, in all my days at the bar as a prosecutor, I have ever looked into the face of a guilty man, it is the face of this man—this egotist!—this boastful braggart—" As Searle hurled each epithet he worked his passion higher and shook an offensively impudently accusing finger at the defendant. "This hypocrite—this paddler of the palms of neurasthenic women!—this associate of criminals!—this sheep herd of black sheep, who now sits here with a sneer upon his lips: lips which have just committed the most appalling sacrilege by seeking to cloak the guilt of a dastardly act with the sacred gown of a priest of God!"

As a matter of fact, there was no sneer discernible to anyone else upon the lips of the defendant. At first smiling at the mock fury into which Searle was lashing himself, they had become white and bloodless under the sting of heaped-up insults. This last was more than the man could stand in silence.

"Is my position so defenseless, I ask your honor," Hampstead interrupted, "that I am compelled to endure this?"

THE judge bestowed a chiding glance upon the attorney, but replied to the minister: "A certain liberty is allowed the prosecutor."

"But that liberty should not be a license to defame!" protested the defendant.

"Am I to be permitted to proceed with my argument or not?" bawled Searle in his most bullying manner, while he glared at the audacious minister.

"You may proceed," replied the court, affecting not to notice the disrespect with which he had been addressed.

Searle continued, but lapsing now into an argumentative strain:

"The defendant himself has said that the case against him is without a flaw. He has had the effrontery to urge that your honor accept the testimony against

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him as true testimony. He has only argued that if we are to believe the witnesses for the prosecution, we are also to believe him. I say—I affirm with all the force at my command—that we are not to believe him at all!

"I ask your honor to consider first the motive for his testimony. The man is hopelessly involved. The charge of burglary is a simple one, compared with the broader indictment of moral profligacy which the whole community is at this moment prepared to find against him. Ruin stares him in the face. His pose is shattered. His disguise is penetrated. If he goes from this court room to the identification bureau, of which he has spoken in his mawkish plea for sympathy, as I believe he will go, he goes to be catalogued with criminals, and to be damned forever in the esteem of his neighbors.

"To avert that, would not your honor expect this defendant to be willing to perjure himself without a qualm? Will a man who has lived a lie before a whole community for five years hesitate to add another in an endeavor to avert his impending fate? Will a man who has stolen jewels of his trusted friend hesitate to swear falsely in denial of such an act? Will a man who has worked upon the sympathy of his friends to secure large sums of money for a purpose so doubtful that it is undisclosed—will he hesitate to work upon the sympathies here by words and implications, by innuendoes that are as false to religion as to fact?

"Your honor knows that he would not so hesitate. Your honor knows, through long familiarity with the law of evidence, that the testimony of a defendant in his own behalf, because of his intense interest in the outcome of his case, is always to be weighed with extreme care.

"I believe under such circumstances not only the motives, the springs of action, but the probable mental processes of the witness are to be taken into account. I ask your honor what a defendant involved in the mesh of circumstantial evidence here presented would probably do under these circumstances. Your own judgment answers with mine that he would probably lie, and exactly as this defendant has lied!"

AGAIN Searle turned and shook his long arm with insulting undulations in the direction of the defendant, after which he continued:

"Turning from probabilities to experience, I ask your honor, out of your memory of years of service upon the bench, what does the arrested thief, taken like this one, with the loot in his possession—what does he do? Why, he either confesses his crime or he tells you that he is not the thief, but an innocent third party who unwittingly received the loot from the man of straw whom his imagination and his necessities have created. That latter alternative is the defense of this alleged minister of the gospel! He had not the honesty to confess, but tells instead that same old lie which criminals and felons have been telling in that same witness chair since this court was first established.

"Yet this defendant's story has not even the merit of a pretense to ignorance that the goods he held were stolen goods. He boldly admits that he knew they were stolen; that he was personally acquainted with the owner; that he knew the distress of her mind; knew the police departments of half a dozen cities were searching for the jewels, and that the newspapers were giving the widest publicity to the facts and thus joining in the chase for loot and looter. And yet he calmly permits these diamonds to repose in his vault with never a word or hint to calm the distress of his friend or relieve the peace officers of burdensome labors in which they were engaging and the unnecessary expense which they were thus putting upon the taxpayers who support them!

"Why, your honor, if the witness's own story is true, he has given this court an abundant ground for holding him to answer to the Superior Court, not indeed upon the exact charge named in that complaint, but as an accessory after the fact.

"But it is not true. To use his own phrase, it is wickedly and damnably false—so palpably false that it collapses upon the mere examination of your honor's mind without argument from me. Yet I cannot close without calling attention to the sheer recklessness with which this thief and perjurer has heightened the infamy of his position by an act of brazen sacrilege. He has sought to make plausible his weak, unimaginative lie, that he received thes goods instead of stealing them, by pr tending that he received them in his c pacity as a religious confessor under co ditions that bound him to a silence whic the voice of God alone could break.

"That, in itself, is a claim that shoul bring the blush of shame to the chee and rouse the hot resentment of ever honest minister and of every hone priest, and make them join with th outraged feelings of honest laymen an of citizens generally in demanding tha justice descend upon this man an strike him from the pedestal of sel righteous egotism upon which h stands.

"Turning again for a moment to th question of probabilities, I ask you honor if it is probable, even thinkabl that any minister, standing in the pos tion of regard in which this ministe stood last Sunday morning before th eyes of his people, would deem a cris like this insufficient to unseal his lip and absolve him from any confession vows? His very duty to his God and t his congregation, to the poor dupes o his hypocrisy, to say nothing of his dut to himself, would compel him to g upon the witness stand voluntarily an reveal the name of the alleged thief!

"Such a consideration again force upon any unbiased mind the convictio that this man is not speaking the truth View him as a thief, and you suspec that his story is a lie. Try to vie him as a minister acting honestly an in good faith, and you no longer sus pect, but you clearly and unalterabl know that his story is a lie!"

Searle, now at the height of his self induced passion, as well as at the cl max of his argument, stood bent ove his eyes blazing at the judge, his fac red, his neck swollen, his features work ing in rage, and his voice deepening t a bull-like roar, while with an upper cut gesture of his clenched fist and righ arm he appeared to lift the words t some mighty height and hurl them lik a thunderbolt of doom.

The minister, sitting with ever muscle taut, as he strained under th viciousness of this assault, felt just be fore its climax some insensible caus directing his gaze from the face of hi official accuser to that of his real Neme sis, the actress, and was surprised t see her crouching like a tigress for spring, with eyes fixed upon the prose cutor, and a look of unutterable malic hate, and loathing in their savag beams.

But with this scene thrown for a mo ment on the screen of his mind, th suddenly sobering utterance of Searl indicated that he was concluding hi argument, and the defendant's eyes re turned quickly to the attorney's fac "For these reasons, your honor," th man was saying, "so patent and bris tling from the testimony that I nee not even have spoken of them in orde to bring them to your attention, I as you to find that the offense as charge in the complaint has been committe and that there is sufficient cause to be lieve the defendant guilty thereof, an to order that he be held to answer be fore the honorable the Superior Cour of the County of Alameda and the Stat of California."

SEARLE sat down and wiped his brow confident that he had added greatl to his reputation by a masterly argu ment which had sealed the fate of man against whom, despite the min ister's suspicions, he really had nothin in the world but that instinct for th chase by which, once a strong natur is moved, it may find itself led on to ex cesses that are the extreme of injustice

The clock on the wall was heard tick ing loudly, so complete was the tempo rary silence. The hands on the timepiec pointed to ten minutes to twelve.

The audience moved restlessly, yet si lently, shifting cramped muscles tender ly and rubbing strained eyes, but stil alert for the issue of the scene whic in one hour and fifty minutes had bee played from one climax to another.

"You have the opportunity to reply," said the court, addressing Hampstead

"The spirit and the manner of thi address are its own reply," answere the defendant quickly, believing hope fully that it needed no other.

But the audience, more discerning tha the defendant, issued the last of it long-drawn collective sighs, foreseeing the drama was at its inevitable end. I three short words, spoken with sharp machinelike tones, the verdict of Judg Brennan fell. It was "*Held to Answer!*"

(*To be continued next week*)

Opening Guns

Continued from page 11

The clearing away of all of the harmonics indulged at the Washington meeting of the National Committee, leaving the fight in Minnesota stark and bare between the progressives and the standpatters, has revealed the fact that Mr. Root was undoubtedly the choice of the standpat element for the presidency; therefore his retirement was no light blow. As one of the well-known standpatters who did not wish his name used said:

"If we are to have another fight between the conservatives and the progressives, then let us make it a real fight with a square line-up. Mr. Root is the best representative of the standpat thought. He is a big man and, if the Republican party wants the standpat type of leadership to prevail, then Mr. Root is the best man for the nomination."

Cummins Pleased

CHESTER A. CONDON, a millionaire ironworker and ship owner from Duluth, a former member of the Legislature, who is classed as a conservative Republican, prophesies that Senator Cummins will carry Minnesota. "There are," said he, "more than two progressives to every one standpat Republican in Minnesota. In addition to this, nine out of every ten Republicans want a progressive candidate and a progressive program because they realize that this is the only guaranty of Republican victory. I have recently taken a trip to California, stopping at many places where I have interests. I talked some politics; I saw the political graveyard of 1912 opening up everywhere and every corpse came forth babbling for Root and a standpat program."

Frank R. Day, former secretary to the late Governor Johnson and for six years chairman of the Democratic party in Minnesota, predicts that Senator Cummins will carry the State by 20,000 and that he will secure the delegates from every congressional district except two. "Senator Cummins," said Mr. Day, "will have twenty out of the twenty-four delegates to the National Convention and the other four will be under a blanket instruction to vote for Cummins." Mr. Day is the editor of a Democratic daily newspaper at Fairmont.

There seems no doubt of the fact at the present writing that not only is Senator Cummins holding the Roosevelt strength, but that he has even gained some of the Taft men who believe that the future opportunity for success in Minnesota depends upon the victory of the progressive element which is so largely in numerical ascendancy.

Gunnar B. Björnson, present chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, the confounding arrangement of consonants in whose name ought to be worth at least 25,000 votes in Minnesota, has said:

"Justice Hughes has many friends in Minnesota, and Elihu Root has strong support, but Senator Cummins of Iowa is the probable choice. He is backed by the rank and file of the party."

Another class of men in Minnesota who will assist the Cummins movement belong to the open-minded who have not yet discussed their choice, but who are anxious merely that the convention select the strongest man. They are not necessarily lined up with either the extreme standpatter or the radical progressive. They want the Republican party to win and believe that the Cummins delegates will preserve in the convention a more nearly open-minded attitude than those who are organized behind a standpat leadership. In studying the situation in Minnesota one is thoroughly impressed by the fact that there is a lot of last-ditch sentiment among the old-line conservatives. They are the hard-shells of the Republican party in the Middle West, their relationship to the party is traditional, and they speak of its time-honored appurtenances in language of almost legendary richness.

Then, too, there is closing in about the Cummins candidacy the warm interest of the men who believe that the Middle West should give some demonstration of its power in the National Convention. The disposition of the Minnesota standpatters to line up behind Eastern leadership has strengthened Senator Cummins with the Minnesotan who likes to take his geographical passions to the National Convention.

Already the strength of Cummins in Minnesota is spreading to North Dakota, the next State after Minnesota to hold its presidential primary. The other week the Grand Forks "Daily Herald," conservative Republican paper, in a full column editorial, caused a stir by saying:

"It is foolish to say that in the coming campaign any good Republican can win. If the various elements normally constituting the Republican party can be brought together and marshaled in hearty support of one candidate, the chances for party success will be excellent. If that strength is frittered away and dissipated, party success is out of the question. The reason why some of the men who have been suggested as presidential candidates are not to be considered is not that they are themselves unfit, but that certain conditions of past years have caused them to be regarded with hostility. The 'Herald' is convinced that the one man best fitted to be the standard bearer of the Republican party is Senator A. B. Cummins of Iowa. Senator Cummins is not a new man, nor is he unknown to the American people.

"In many hard-fought campaigns, and especially as governor of his own State, he demonstrated his wisdom, his stability, and his fidelity to the cause of good government. His career since he took his place as a member of the Senate has been a continuation of that which he had followed for years at home. Whenever there has been a question between right and wrong, between real progress and retrogression, it has been known in advance where Senator Cummins would stand. Whether with the majority or the minority, he has stood firmly at all times for progressive, constructive legislation, and for the conduct of the affairs of government for the benefit of all the people, regardless of class, station, or occupation. We believe that the nomination of Mr. Cummins would reunite the Republican party as nothing else can do. Mr. Cummins is a Northwestern man. It would be peculiarly fitting that this State, one of the great group to which his own State belongs, should be among the first to attract the attention of the nation by its official action to the splendid character and political availability of Senator Cummins for president."

When I called upon Senator Cummins to solicit an expression of his views touching present public questions I found him as pleased as Punch over the recent development of the political situation in the Middle West.

During last summer it appeared as though the progressives in the Republican party had lost heart and were inclined to let the standpat managers walk away with the situation without any contest. But there has been such a revival of spirit on the part of the progressives inside the party, encouraged by the attitude of Progressives still lingering with watchful and friendly vigilance just outside, that Senator Cummins, veteran of battles that bring wisdom, is much encouraged. "I am glad," said he, "that the issue is being made by my friends in Minnesota. If I cannot win in Minnesota, I will accept it as rather conclusive evidence that the Republican party does not want for its candidate a man of the type I represent."

Taft Reactionary

IN the rejuvenation of the progressive spirit probably ex-President Taft has had a larger share than he realizes. During the summer he crossed the country and made several implacable speeches in which he declared that the progressive men who wish to travel with the Republican party in the future must lay aside their whims, fads, and pet nostrums. There was in these smug utterances a reminder of other days. One reading them caught again the spirit of that famous Winona speech to the effect that any man who could not accept the Paine-Aldrich Bill as an honest fulfillment of the pledges of the previous Republican platform ought in all honor to leave the party. So while the practical standpat leaders were counseling kind words and a liberal program Mr. Taft was engaged in throwing fat on coals yet hot enough to contain properties of combustion. Now all over the Middle West the sizzling has

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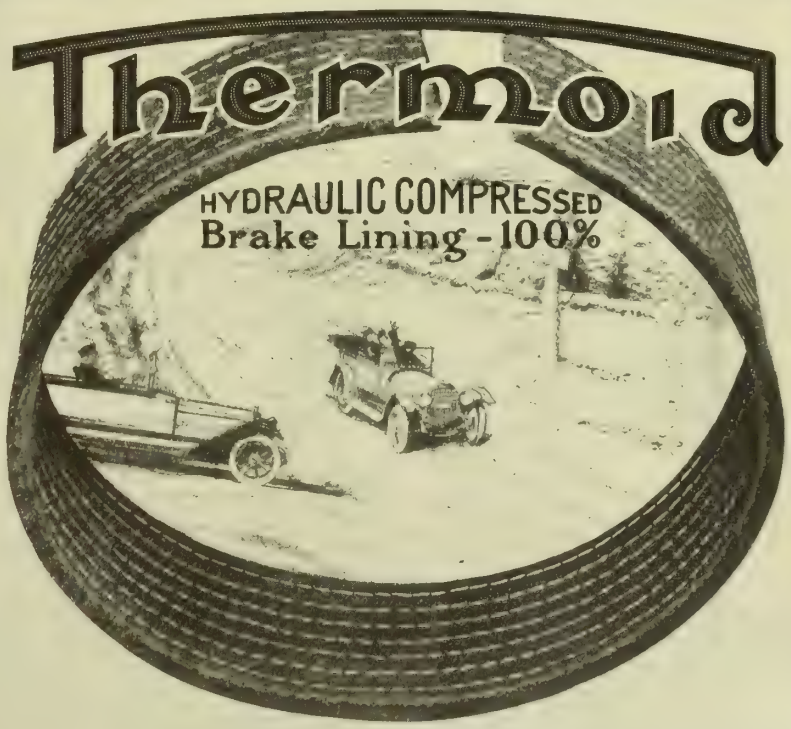
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begun. The Progressives are not talking their "fads, whims, and nostrums"; they are talking the vital language of political practicability: "You can't win without us, and you can't gain our help unless the program satisfies the ideals we have been preaching."

Progressives Foregathering

IT is to be a demonstration both of force and spirit, and standing in the background as potential for stampede as a ghost in a country graveyard are the election tables of 1912, with only the slabs of Vermont and Utah missing from the ghastly ensemble. Significant in the new activities is the drifting together of the progressives who left the party and those who did not. The old bond of sympathy is working. In Colorado Clarence P. Dodge, chairman of the Progressive party, is conferring with the progressive Republicans who elected the present governor of that State. They are talking about a working plan that will unite all the progressive forces behind a strong State ticket. They are impelled by the industrial situation to work together for a better State government. In Oklahoma, where the prophecies of just a few weeks ago showed all the activities to be centering around either Weeks or Fairbanks, the progressives, who carried the State for Roosevelt in 1912, are coming out from their silences in vast numbers. There will not be a standpat victory in Oklahoma. In Kansas the standpat leaders are offering to progressives an even break on the Chicago delegation to avoid a fight, but Kansas is a difficult State to avoid a fight in. In Missouri Liv Morse, ancient manager of standpattism who learned his lessons from the early bird, got into the Weeks band wagon under the impression that it was under full headway. Now he sees the men who carried so many districts of Missouri for Roosevelt in 1912 drifting together again in a communion that makes his seat in the Massachusetts band wagon feel as though it had tacks in it.

The North Dakota primaries are to be held March 21. Up to this time there has been no effort on the part of the standpatters to secure a candidate, and many conservatives are joining the progressives in support of Cummins. The Fargo "Forum," which represents the Progressive party, lined up for Cummins in September, while the Grand Forks "Herald," quoted elsewhere, has always been a conservative Republican paper. There is some talk of La Follette becoming a candidate. If he should do so, he would affect the situation somewhat in North Dakota, though not sufficiently, it is believed, to prevent Mr. Cummins from carrying the State. South Dakota, which holds her primaries April 4, is already organized for Cummins with apparently little doubt of his success. The State is progressive. In Nebraska, which holds her primaries April 18, Mr. Root's name has not been filed. Justice Hughes's name has been withdrawn. Roosevelt's name was filed and also withdrawn. Senator Norris's name has been filed without his consent, but has not been withdrawn. The managers of Mr. Cummins's campaign in Nebraska say that both the conservatives and the progressives are regarding the Cummins cause as an easy candidacy to support and that it looks as though Senator Cummins would carry Nebraska without difficulty in case he carries the two Dakotas and Minnesota.

Moose Defiant

THE sentiment in these primary States seems to be characteristic of the sentiment all through the Middle West. Progressives, near Progressives, and progressive Republicans are getting together with the declared purpose of selecting delegates who will not accept a hard and fast standpat program prescribed by Eastern leadership. They are not oblivious to the kind words of the standpatters nor indifferent to their offering of harmony, but they have concluded that it would be just as well to get some seats in the convention.

Off Duty

Continued from page 13

It is highly probable that Miss Hollister was the only person in all Bermuda who found the afternoon too chilly to remain outdoors. It is equally probable that Seymour was the only one who wouldn't have diagnosed anemia as the basis of her symptoms. To both of them the excuse was ample. She hardly knew what she had alleged, and he hadn't heard it. But, after all, heat and cold are merely comparative terms, and a Hottentot might readily have sided with Miss Hollister, for the thermometer stood at 86 in Fairyland.

WHEN Seymour knew positively that he had fallen in love with Helen Hollister, he told himself that his duty as a gentleman was to fall out again as rapidly as possible. Surely not more than one man in a million would have quailed at the prospect of marrying a girl who was young, attractive, and companionable, and, incidentally, very rich, but Seymour happened to be the man in that particular million. His principles formed a sheer barrier in front of his inclinations; he was convinced that for him to marry great wealth would be no better than piracy; he doggedly believed that a wife ought to live on her husband's income; and he couldn't conceive how happiness might arise from an unequal match. Not for a moment did he grant that her recently expressed ideals were fundamentally correct; he argued that she was probably tired, for the present, of gilded luxury, and relished the thought of simplicity. A fortnight would unquestionably send her back to the greater city in languid ennui. It wouldn't be fair to her, or to himself, to assume that she could endure the sort of existence he craved, or that he could reconcile his principles with the sort of life she was destined to lead. Such marriages are for heiresses and Continental counts, of whom there are as many to the acre as bushels of corn in Arkansas. He had no alternative; he must avoid the Hollisters; as a decent preliminary, he had better let drop the fact that his income was six thousand a year from the railroad, with no subsidy from any other source. To a practical man like Mr. Hollister statistics are always illuminating.

So he let drop the fact; and if he had expected Mr. Hollister to show signs of horror he must have been disappointed; for Helen's father merely raised his eyebrows and said: "Well, that's a mighty big income for a man of your age—practicing law!" Then, more subtly and cleverly, Seymour let it drop to Helen. She said: "Why, honestly? That's a *lot*, isn't it?"

He had resolved to avoid them, and he held firmly to his resolution until the day of his sailing for home; he avoided them as much as common civility would permit. To be sure, he could devise no plausible reason for ceasing to dine at the same table with them; and he couldn't decline more than half of their invitations; but he did the best he could, and even then, when Miss Hollister reproached him for neglecting them, he felt sufficiently guilty to stammer. On the evening before his departure he was tempted to a final interview on one of the beaches with Helen, but wisdom prevailed, and he talked to her on the veranda overlooking Queen Street.

THE last day came; Seymour had already given his orders, arranged minutely for his comfort from the portico of the Hamilton to the portico of his apartment house on Forty-sixth Street. He wrote a little note to Helen, told her that he was sending flowers, and after he had celebrated this valedictory rite he hunted up the Hollisters to say goodby. It took him an hour; he found them in the lobby surrounded by hand baggage. "Hello, young man," said Mr. Hollister cheerfully. "We're going back with you."

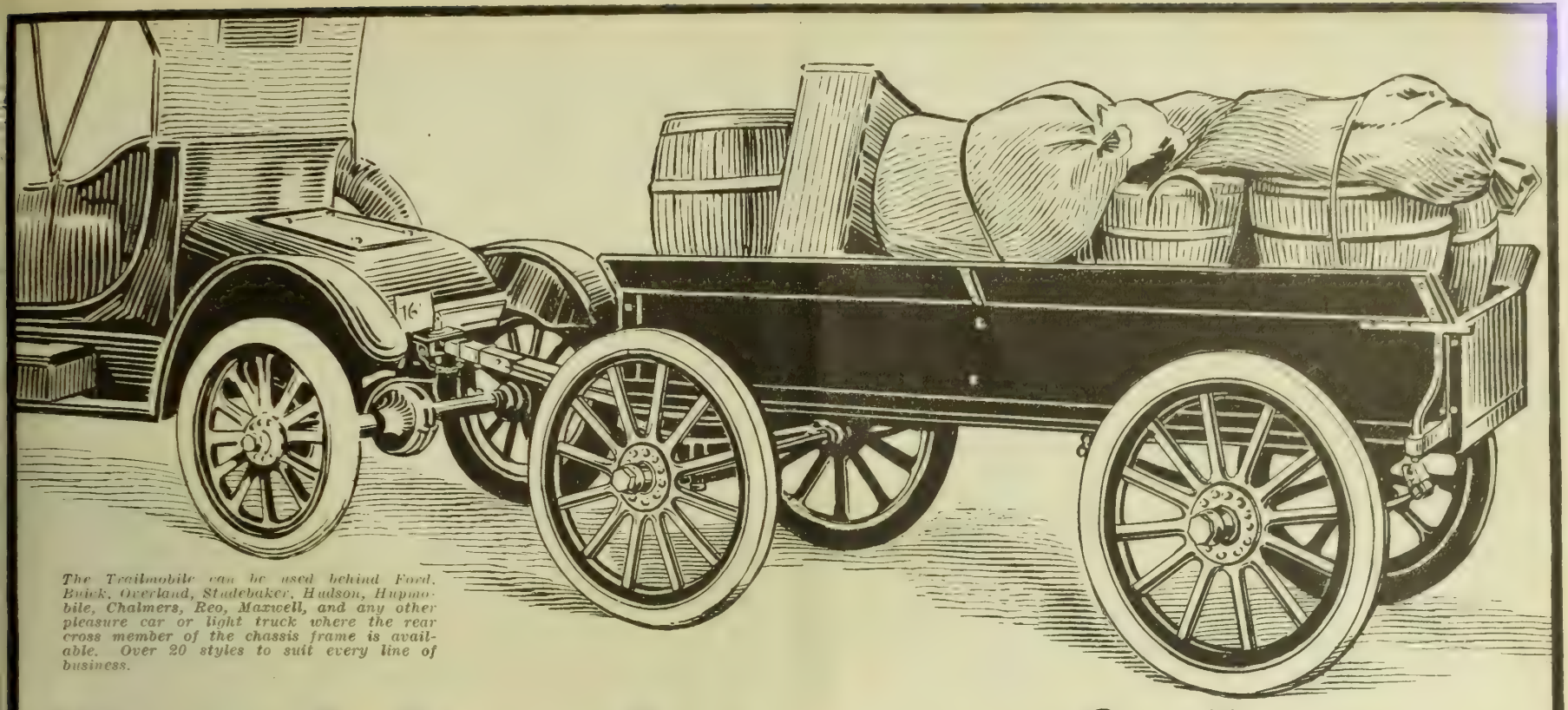
"What! On the *Caribbean?*"

"Made up our minds last night after we left you. Helen's going on another picnic—going west."

"He doesn't look awfully pleased, does he?" said Helen wickedly.

"Pleased! I'm staggered!" He was remembering, with barometric indications of heart failure, that if he followed his customary routine he wouldn't be capable of enjoying her society farther than the outer reefs. The thanksgiving which had welled up within him receded gradually. His nerves, he observed, weren't under the best of control.

He paced the deck with Helen, however, for the length of time it takes



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The Trailmobile is a high speed light commercial vehicle that can be pulled behind any motor car or truck, to which it is attached by a special, quick detachable coupling. It is the Flying Mercury of Commercial Trucks.

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We spent months building and experimenting with vehicles of cheaper construction before the Trailmobile was finally ready for the market, and we know from experience that anything less than Trailmobile materials and Trailmobile construction will not stand up under automobile usage, and may cause serious accident to the user.

What the Trailmobile will do

The Trailmobile will carry 1250 to 1500 pounds (depending on the style of chassis), at speeds of from 10 to 25 miles per hour, without undue strain on the motor car or truck pulling it.

When we were doing our testing, it was purposely done with one car, a stock Ford roadster. Many of these tests were made over the worst roads and hills, at speeds far beyond the guaranteed speeds. Today, after thousands of miles of the roughest usage, this Ford roadster shows no sign of exceptional wear.

Other light cars and trucks behind which the Trailmobile is in use, have been without exception equally successful in hauling "The Motor-less Motor Truck."

The Trailmobile, pulled by a motor car weighing less than 1500 pounds, has carried 1030 pounds up a 13% grade. It has gone from Cincinnati to Indianapolis, a distance of 115 miles, in 6½ hours. It follows the motor car or truck around corners, in and out of traffic, over ruts and bumps, as though it were an integral part of the power plant itself.

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Springs—Front—36 x 2¼ inches, 7 leaves. Rear—52 x 2¼ inches, 11 leaves.

Tires—Firestone—35 x 3 front, 35 x 3½ rear; or pneumatic tire equipment, 34x4½ front, 35x5 rear, plain tread Goodrich, no extra charge.

Steering Gear—Left side. Center control.

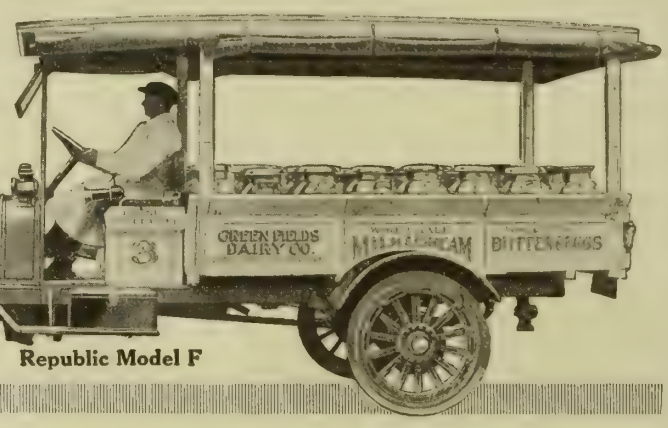
Frame—182 inches long and 4½ inches deep at center. Pressed steel channel section. Distance back of driver, 98 inches.

Wheelbase—124 inches.

Equipment—Oil lamps side and rear, horn, tool kit, tool box, flareboard express body 9 feet by 44 inches.

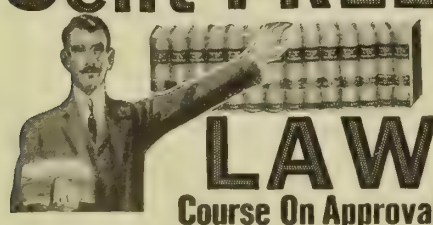
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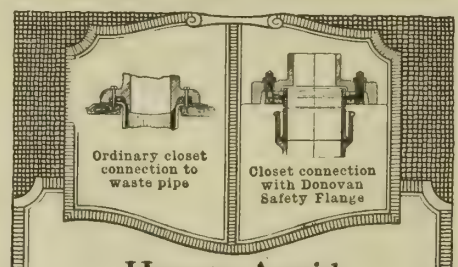
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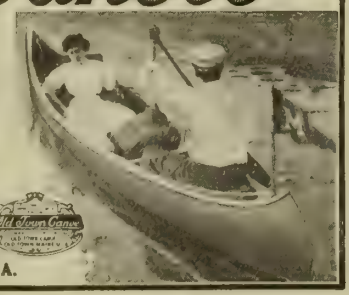
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a careful pilot to negotiate the intricacies of the course to St. George; after that, because he was methodical and modest, he retired to his stateroom. Eventually he slept; he awoke refreshed and active. When he went out to taste the air he found a heavy sea running and not more than a handful of hardy veterans in the chairs to leeward. The Hollisters weren't in sight.

Seymour watched for them until noon; lunched frugally; watched again. At three o'clock he waylaid their room steward; the report was brief and unequivocal. For the remainder of the trip Seymour, hugely pleased with himself, but bitterly resentful toward the Gulf Stream, had his pick of locations. Perhaps, he admitted, this was the best arrangement all around.

The Hollisters didn't appear in the sunlight until the *Caribbean* sighted land; their conversation ran largely to monosyllables, but they were encouraged by the solemn affirmation by the first mate that the trip had been one of the worst on record. Seymour parted with them at the dock and went north in a taxi, and when he reached his rooms—made ready for him according to his written instructions, even to the extent of a fresh blotter on the desk and a new pen in the holder—his first act was to sit down at the open window, close his eyes, and dream of pink-tinted sands and a girl whom he should never trust himself to see again. His New England ancestry, his sense of proportion, forbade it. He loved her, but he loved her too much to ask her to marry him. Besides, she'd probably say no anyway. Then he got the telephone directory and made a memorandum of the Hollisters' number!

It seems inconsistent.

MR. ALLEN SEYMOUR, one of the younger attorneys for the Empire Central Railroad, frowned as he took the card from an office boy.

"He'll have to wait," he began.

"Why, he's a *director*, Mr. Seymour!"

He took a second glance at the card.

"Oh!" he said. "I didn't notice! Let him come right along in!"

He was at the threshold to welcome Mr. Hollister; they appraised each other thoroughly.

"Hello, young man. I liked you better in doeskins!"

"I hardly knew *you*—come in! Sorry I haven't some of Darrell's cigars for you!"

"Haven't time to smoke," said the newest director. "This is business! We took the *Caribbean* in a good deal of a rush, you know—Helen had a chance to run over to Japan with some friends: they left yesterday. Well, I told you I'm no detail man—we forgot a lot of things. Helen just wired me there's something of hers on the *Arcadian*, arriving to-day—parcel post. It occurred to me you might like to take it out to her."

Seymour stiffened in his chair.

"What?"

"To Chicago." Mr. Hollister leaned over and tapped him on the arm. "Look here, boy," he said. "Down in Bermuda I told you there'd be a chance some day—this is it! After I got this wire from Helen, I was talking to the first vice president about you; said you were too good a man to be caged in here; said you had resource and initiative; said I hoped you'd have an opportunity. Rainier grinned; wanted to know how I could prove up. I said I'd bet you could take any old emergency and slam it to second ahead of the runner. Then I had an idea. Listen!" He paused impressively. "The *Arcadian's* due at two-thirty. The party in Chicago leaves Polk Street Station at four to-morrow. You know the trains on your own road, I suppose. Well, Rainier says it's a physical impossibility for you to get that package off the boat and get it to Chicago in time. I bet him five hundred you could do it without help. I bet you can sit right in that chair and *tell* how to do it. What do you think he says? He says that any man who could figure *that* out belongs on the firing line, not in the legal department! *I'd* given it up. I was going to wire Helen it was out of the question. Then I thought of you. Here's the proposition—if you've got the grasp of detail, the sagacity to get that package off the steamer, and get it to the Limited to-morrow afternoon, Rainier'll give you the opening you want. Try it!"

Seymour laughed nervously.

"Of course there's a joke in this—"

"Not much there isn't! It's some dramatic, but it's no joke!"

"But the *Arcadian* may be late, and even if I caught the Coyote this afternoon I'd have only seven minutes leeway in Chicago—"

"That's *your* lookout!"

"And, if I get through—"

"If you get through, Rainier'll know you think too fast and *move* too fast for a railroad lawyer!"

"All right," said Seymour. "I guess I can make it." He turned to his stenographer. "Send for one of the notaries—anybody." He picked up his desk telephone. "Hello! . . . G. P. A., please . . . transportation to Chicago on the Coyote to-day . . . it's for me personally." Then to the stenographer: "Order a taxi for me—a closed car and a fast one." He looked at Mr. Hollister. "You can wire her I'm coming," he said. "I'll be there!" He swung toward the stenographer: "Call the post office and make an appointment for me with the postmaster at half past two sharp."

"If he can't see you?"

"Never mind that. Make the appointment. Tell him who it is. Notary coming?"

"In just a minute."

"Affidavit—George H. Hollister affiant—director of the road, of course—he's the father of Miss Helen Hollister, 600 East Sixty-fourth Street, to whom is consigned a parcel of merchandise from—where from, Mr. Hollister?"

"The hotel."

"Hotel Hamilton, Bermuda, due on the *Arcadian* to-day. Miss Hollister left for Japan yesterday; her father's authorized to receive the parcel. Got her telegram, Mr. Hollister? . . . Thanks. . . . Attach this to the affidavit. Then write a form introduction for me, addressed to the postmaster." He snatched the telephone. "Operator! Ask Mr. Rainier if he can please be in his room in exactly five minutes for a signature—it's Mr. Hollister's business." He ran his hand through his hair. "Now we'll want—oh, certainly! . . . Operator! Call the Bermuda Steamship Company; find when the *Arcadian*'ll dock. Wait a minute. Ask 'em to arrange for a pass for me on official business—I'll have a post office inspector with me. I'll call for it in fifteen minutes." He whirled in his chair to face the notary. "Oh, good!" he said. "Just in time! And when you're through here we'll just run in to Rainier's room so you can witness my introduction!"

MR. HOLLISTER climbed aboard the taxicab just as it was leaping into action. For a score of blocks he sat tense on the edge of the cushion; he was catapulted to the floor at Twenty-third Street. Before he had removed the dents from his hat, Seymour was with him again, bearing credentials from the steamship agents. To the narrow cañons of the lower town they sped, down to the big gray Federal Building, where Seymour dragged his companion from the car and hurried him through the swinging doors. When they hurried out again they had a stubby, diffident man in tow, and the hands of the Trinity clock had allowed the world to drift not more than fifteen minutes nearer eternity. Again the cab rattled over the cobblestones; again Mr. Hollister, bruised and shaken, hung fast to the window ledge and said his prayers.

"A-all I d-do," jarred the stubby man, "is to follow y-you?"

"Right!" said Seymour. "We simply see that the parcel-post bags come first. The chief might have let me open 'em on the dock if I'd had my new suit on!" The inspector glared at him.

They bounced over the tracks of Water Street and slewed to a standstill.

"She's here!" gasped Hollister.

"Of *course* she's here! Sit still—we'll be back!"

THEY rejoined him immediately after a United States mail wagon clattered away along the docks.

"Post office again!" snapped Seymour. "But if you can't show more speed than *that*—"

"For Heaven's sake, man—"

"It's clear sailing now, Mr. Hollister. The parcels have gone—they'll be opened by the time we get there. Did you know he telephoned Rainier? Said it hadn't ever been allowed before. You'll have to sign one of their own blanks, by the way."

"I'm going to—get off: at the post office . . ."

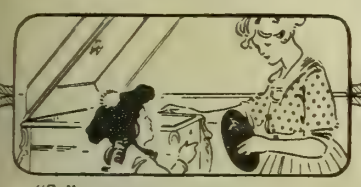
"You'll *have* to get off!" And allowing another quarter of an hour for red tape—oh, I can make it, I guess!"

It lacked a minute and thirty seconds of four o'clock when he brushed through

"Where is the Handy Oil Can?"



"Dolly, where is the 3-in-One Handy Oil Can?"
"Sister Sally was oiling the phonograph, mamma."
"Please get it for me, child."



"Sally, mamma wants the Handy Oil Can."
"Brother Henry took it out to the garage to oil the springs on the car."



"Henry, have you the Handy Oil Can?"
"I had it, but dad borrowed it to oil his gun. He's going on a hunting trip."



"Papa, where is the Handy Oil Can?"
"Hello, Dolly. The oil can? The maid took it. Said she was going to make a dustless duster."



"Mary Ann, mamma wants the Handy Oil Can."
"Sure, Miss Dolly, your uncle George just came in and got it to oil his razor."



"So you've got the Handy Oil Can, uncle. Mamma needs it for her sewing machine."
"Take it, Dolly. I'm through with it. Just wanted a drop for my razor and strop."

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the Terminal ramp; he was the last man to swing aboard the Coyote; but under his arm he carried a bulky package addressed to Miss Hollister, and ere the train had entered the dingy tunnel Seymour's heart had gone on ahead to Chicago.

TOBACCO sustained him through the night, for sleep was impossible. In the morning he thought first of the train schedule; he was sickened with fear until he remembered that he hadn't reset his watch; after that he was moderately patient. At every station he was first on the platform, searching eagerly for a messenger with the telegram he expected; not until they reached Kalamazoo was he rewarded. The dispatch ran:

Meet you incoming Coyote as requested. Your wire read like Diamond Dick, but have followed instructions. Car will be ready. Have permission from police department for speed, and will be accompanied by special officer. All traffic men from station to station warned to permit passage. Limited leaves Track 14, and gateman will let you through. Party in special, last car. Will be hanged how you knew condition of streets, but you apparently did. Have arranged with city for clearance over bridge as you suggest, and road will be open from 3.45 to 3.55. Best I could do. PHILLIPS.

And in Chicago Phillips was waiting for him.

PHILLIPS was a stout young man with glasses; he held the glasses with one hand and Seymour's arm with the other, escorting him at top speed through the shed, down the stairs, and into a huge limousine. Seymour could have hugged him.

"Must have kept you thinking, Jimmy!" he commented as soon as he had caught his breath.

"*Thinking!* We've turned three city departments upside down for you, old top! How do you like the car?"

"Good! I've got eight minutes—ahead of time, weren't we? Who's the *maître d'hôtel* up front?"

"The what? Careful, young fellow—that's a police captain! This is a police patrol—only different. Belongs to the city. Official business, Allen?"

"Very. Can't say a word."

He glanced at his watch; there remained seven minutes.

"Easy—lots of time. Here's the bridge! Ah! Say, how in thunder did *you* know we'd have to detour?"

"Part of my job," said Seymour. "*Now*, hit her up! Why, he's got a gong instead of a siren!"

"He's got both—it's a police car, Allen. Thought of it after I wired you. No need to worry about traffic. Don't mind, do you?"

"No. Don't wait for me at the station, Jim. I'll drop in to-morrow."

"Right."

"It's on your side. Mind holding the door open?"

THE clock in the waiting room showed four minutes of the hour. The gateman thrust his bulk before the man with no ticket and suddenly stepped aside. At the rear end of the Limited was a private car; on the observation platform a group of people looked down at the young man who ran so desperately when there were so many minutes to spare. Seymour, up the forward steps despite the attempt of the Ethiop to halt him, dashed through the corridor. Miss Hollister stood in the main compartment.

"There!" he panted. "I got here, didn't I?"

Speechless, stunned, she gestured toward him.

"It's—it's what you wanted, isn't it—Helen?"

"You *did* bring it, didn't you?"

"Of course."

"You—you *know*, then!"

"Know what?"

"What it is."

He shook his head. "How should I?"

"Open it," she whispered.

He broke the cord, tore off the heavy wrappings. There was a long pasteboard box, protected by corrugated stock; inside a sheaf of withered roses and a card—his own.

"Helen!"

She had drawn back to the wall and she leaned against it, trembling.

"Your note—the one you wrote in Bermuda. It came before I left New York. It said—oh, I *wanted* my flowers! And I cabled to have them sent—"

"Listen, Helen! Have you *got* to go? On this party, I mean. Have you?"



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"Not if—if there's a reason for me to—to stay—"

He seized her arm. "Come, dear! *Hurry!* We can explain—"

"But—my *things*," she said faintly.

THE hand baggage hadn't yet been distributed; in an indiscriminate pile it blocked the passageway. Seymour clutched a kit bag and a suit case; Miss Hollister snatched a useless contrivance of silk and silver; together they ran to the vestibule; he helped her to alight. The darky, gaping, stretched out his hand; Seymour deterred him.

"Leave 'em there! *Now* hurry, dear!"

They were opposite the observation platform. As the Limited set itself in sluggish motion four people rose simultaneously and shrieked in amazement at the girl they were leaving behind them.

"I'm sorry," she called tremulously. "I can't go! I'm *awfully* sorry. I've got to stay, and—and be married!"

"It's my fault!" called Seymour. "Send her trunks back to New York, will you? Send everything! She'll write to-night to explain! Sorry to bust up your party!" The four on the platform stood open-mouthed and choked and struggled for speech; the Limited slipped away into the middle distance.

"There!" said Seymour, waving to a porter. "Now you can go over to the Blackstone, and I'll go to the University Club, and we'll wire your father to come and take us home, and—" The man of eminent detail broke off, glanced sharply at Miss Hollister, and addressed the bewildered darky. "Get us a taxi in a hurry," he said, "and stop at the news stand on the way and get a bottle of lavender salts—and, porter! Get a Blank taxi—they're more comfortable."

All for Russia

Continued from page 9

withered by housewifery and hoeing cabbages, where the fighting was going on.

"Warsaw has fallen," said the soldier.

"I know. I can read," replied Maxim. "If the people would pray more, we would get it back again."

His mother's knotted fingers clung to his sleeve, and her thin, dry lips were shut tight. Vera cried a little and allowed herself the torture of memories of spring days when they had danced together outdoors on the green behind the communal steam bathhouse. So Maxim left his village with his young, strong body and his good, untrained mind and a woolen blouse, a woolen suit, and a pair of greased boots; with him he took all that he had.

The eggshell of his narrow world had burst. In a daze and a dream the dirty old passenger car whisked him through the sleepless night, crowded among other young men whose lips had just begun to show a growth of hair and who chattered ceaselessly about the war and their own villages and new rumors until drowsiness and stupor overcame them.

They were all muzhiks gathered up for the service of the Czar. Maxim stared at their shadowy outlines in the dim light of the one candle at the end of the car, the rays of which were reflected on the gilt of an icon at the other end. But for the most part he pressed the end of his straight nose against the windowpane, watching the showering sparks from the wood-burning locomotive and the villages which flashed by, lying dark against the white film of moonlight on the fields.

The next day was the most noteworthy of all his life, thought Maxim, for the train had taken him to Petrograd, the capital of his country! This was a place of dreams indeed!

Out of the train tumbled all the new recruits, and they were marched down the Nevsky Prospect as far as the Letainy Prospect, grinning at the wonderful life on the great capital thoroughfare, at the unbelievable buildings, monuments, and shops; gayly uniformed coachmen, beautiful ladies, and soldiers in many uniforms; Cossacks in gay cloaks and dashing, prancing horses; officers with tinkling medals and clanking swords; the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan, and gilded domes and spires.

Only once did Maxim, breathless with wonder and fear, laugh. This was when he saw himself and the others turn the street corner into the gloomier avenue. The petty officer in uniform ran forward and turned the leaders as a shepherd turns the course of animals; it was exactly as if the men had been a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle.

They all went past numerous Red Cross signs, denoting hospitals for the wounded from the front, on to the military barracks. And there Maxim was given a uniform, shoes, and belt. They were the best clothes he had ever had; to him they seemed to be a gift from the Czar, a personal gift, and when he had an opportunity to observe himself in a mirror he was filled with vain thoughts which may have been forgiven because, like the millions, Maxim, in his visored cap and his long frieze coat, with his broad shoulders, ample chest, hard, clean cheeks, and well-shaven chin, was a magnificent picture of a soldier. And he, the humble muzhik Maxim, had gazed upon the great red buildings of government around the open space where stands the towering column of Alexander the First and had seen the palace of the Czar and canal boats passing under the Nicolai Bridge when the sunset was reflected on the River Neva!

They taught Maxim to be a soldier. Who were They? They were the Government. They were the man above the man above the man above. They were Authority. That is who They were. Maxim did not understand it very well. He was told that They were the bureaucracy under the Czar.

There were ministers and ranks or grades or *chins*, as they are called, and some were dishonest and some were incompetent, so that, at any rate, it made a very stupid, clumsy machine which did little rather badly and did that little with slowness. But, in any case, there was nothing to be done about it. The peasants were making Russia, and those who were breaking it were much more intelligent than the peasants, and besides They were They, and Maxim was only Maxim.

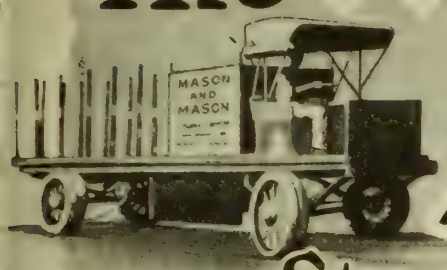
So, under the Ministry of War, there were ranks in the army too, descending to the man who drilled the squad in which Maxim learned to be a soldier and fight with a "3-line" rifle to which a bayonet is fixed permanently. Maxim took the drilling seriously except on rare occasions when he felt a temptation to laugh. On these occasions, when the company to which he belonged and other companies were engaged in marching and practicing the manual of arms in the square before the Cathedral of St. Isaac, where the grim, sullen, and vandalized German Embassy stands stripped of its decorations by a mob, or in Dvortsovy Square, or on the great Field of Mars, upon which the slanting sun sometimes tries to throw the shadows of the cupolas of the Church of the Resurrection, the men cast in the image of God suddenly seemed to be cattle or sheep, herded and driven. And Maxim would laugh to himself at the idea.

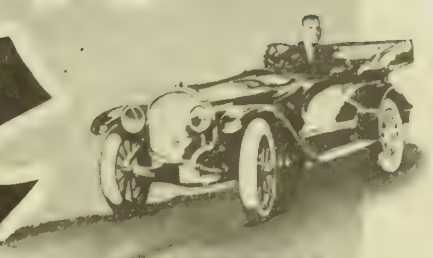
A Fatuous Faith

TO him, a peasant, the new world of Petrograd and eternal drill, drill, drill was a dream world. Everything in it was confusingly wonderful, and nothing in it was real. He never knew there were so many men in the world as he saw being made into soldiers. Companies and regiments which had been in training for weeks and weeks disappeared every few days and new squads appeared. The new squads came in by day, and the old disappeared during the night, marching silently through side streets toward the railroads with their guns and their equipment. Word was passed around that Russia would swamp her enemies by the number and the courage of her men, and confidence was manufactured by a government which had failed to manufacture shrapnel. If Americans and other foreigners could be taken down to the Russian winter front and cajoled into believing that the Russian army was in shape to sweep over into Austria, regaining all her lost territory, it is no wonder that Maxim, with his blind faith in a Russia loving God and the Slav power, believed that he was an infinitesimal unit in the millions who would know great victories.

The swing of the Russian marching step began to rise from his feet to enter his brain. The sound of the band stirred his blood. He saw the Imperial Cossack Guard practicing cavalry charges on the Field of Mars, and he believed that nothing could withstand such sword-drawn onslaughts. Winter had come, and the Summer Garden, with its granite urns and its strange, deserted acres, was covered with the same snow

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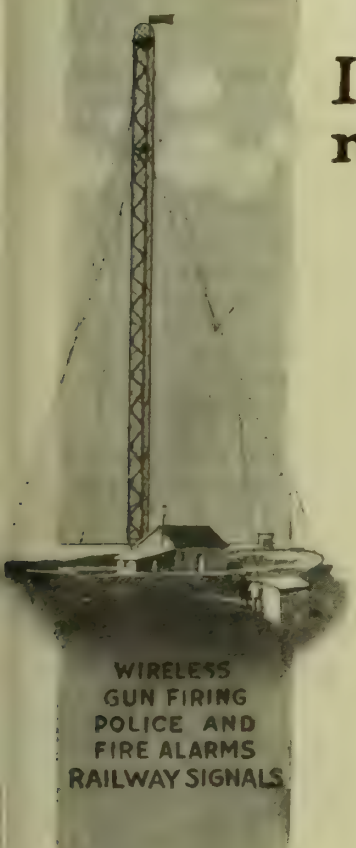
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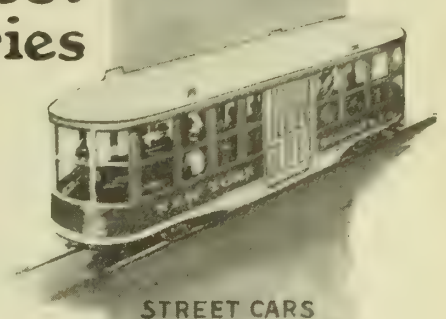
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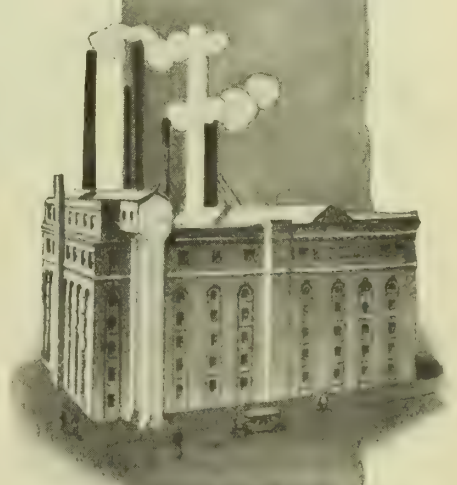
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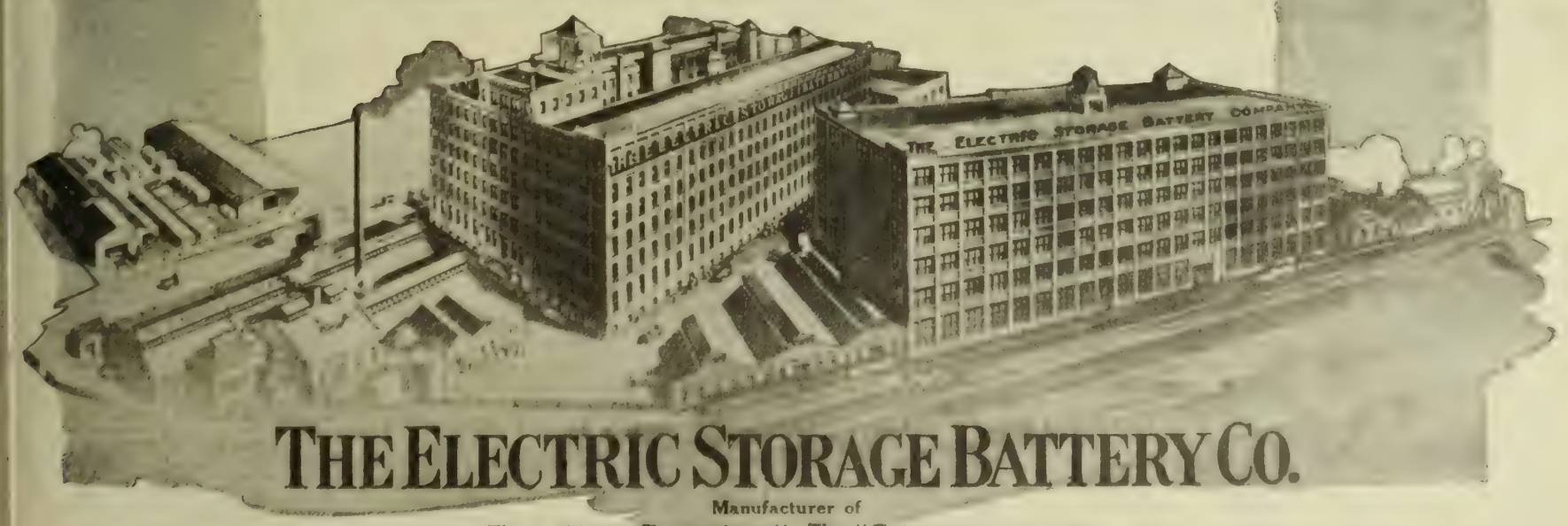
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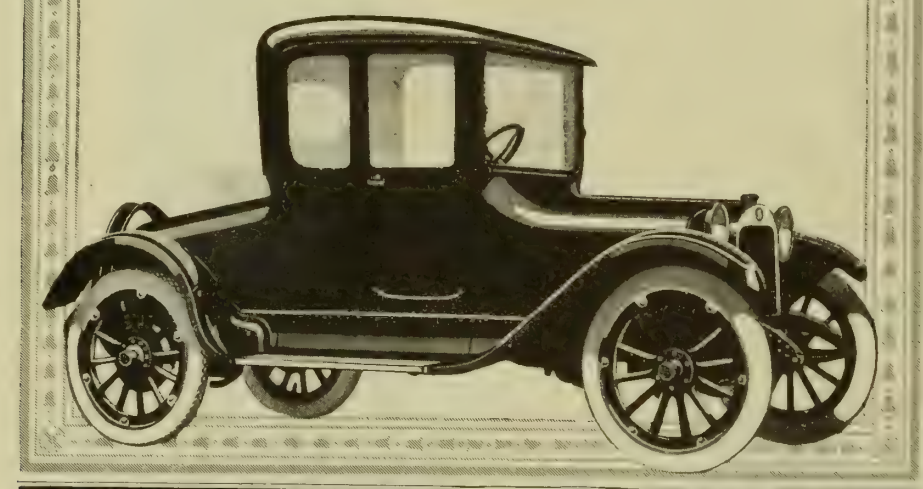
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that creaked beneath his feet; but now drilling, bayonet practice in which lunges were made at bundles of straw, called by some of the soldiers "Kaiser Wilhelms," and singing songs in the barracks were all parts of a new life, a dream life, an intoxicated life, a life of the drunken emotions.

And then, suddenly one night, there were secret orders. The company of peasant soldiers of which Maxim was one were moved hurriedly from their barracks. No one knew why. Maxim, at the station, watched the men being divided into squads and put into box cars. He laughed because in the railroad town near his village he had seen stock animals driven up inclined runways into freight cars in the same way.

He remembered in the night that during the mobilization period of the Russo-Japanese War, he, as a young boy, had seen soldiers in a train of box cars, and in his young way he had realized then that the stalled train, with its drunken soldiers falling out of the doors and lying helpless in the ditches, meant that vodka had rendered helpless soldiers, railroad men, locomotive engineers, and all. He was glad that the Little Father had put an end to this. Now vodka seldom appeared among the soldiers: only when some doctor had sold a pint for many rubles.

In the afternoon the train had reached Mogilev, and somebody told Maxim that Mogilev was the place where the Russian General Staff, the Czar's staff, had its headquarters. The new regiment was to take the place of an older regiment gone to the front.

The Novelties of War

IN Mogilev one could smell war: there was the faint odor of blood and smokeless powder. White-capped nurses of the Red Cross came and went, and doctors and squads of prisoners. A watchman on the high white tower balcony surveyed the picturesque central Russian town and could look down on companies of soldiers who went through narrow streets singing stirring songs on their way to their bath; he could see the Czar's residence surrounded by sentry boxes and the guards, all in white fur, hugging their guns in the cold.

The Czar came and went in secrecy to and from Mogilev and Petrograd, and Maxim never caught a single glance at him, but once he saw General Alexiev, the Chief of Staff, a little bustling man who was such a contrast to the gray-coated officers of the Russian army. A certain kind of intelligence about his new world had come to him. He had been taught to salute all officers, and he had done so in Petrograd until his arm was tired. He knew how to jump out to the edge of a sidewalk, click his heels together, and stand with his right hand trembling with rigidity at his cap. He knew the Russian officer was a good-natured, kindly man, but Maxim was no fool. And if anything about could dispel the atmosphere of the grim business of war, it was the late hour of some of the officers' breakfasts, the sleepy eyes of mid morning, and the way in which there traveled about among the men the reputation of some special officer who furnished a contrast.

"Bayonet All Prisoners!"

FOR instance, there was Kalpaschnikov, commanding the First Siberian. Maxim did not know it, but Kalpaschnikov, who was in the diplomatic service and once was second secretary in the Washington Embassy, left the Foreign Office service to fight. The First Siberian is a regiment which has already enrolled 20,000 men. This means that it has been wiped out nearly five times! Even Maxim could distinguish between officers and officers. He knew that most of them were good fellows, but not quite "on their toes."

And finally, after the days in Mogilev, came the order to go to the fighting front, somewhere in the south. So the regiment of Maxim marched away in the blinding snowstorm of early winter. There was a railroad journey again and a long march with the astrakhan caps pulled down over the ear tips. Everything was awhirl with snow.

"Remember," said the voice of the man who marched next to Maxim. "No German prisoners."

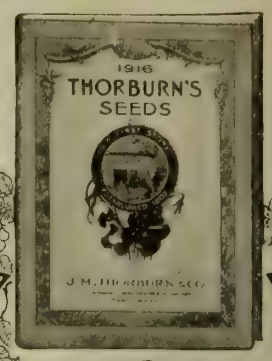
"Such are the orders?"

"Fool!" said the man on the other side. "Fool! There are no orders. It is understood. The Germans are killing all Cossacks. It is understood. No German prisoners."

"You mean—?"

"The bayonet," answered the others

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conclusively. "Certainly, the bayonet. All the army understands."

Maxim did not shudder. He laughed to himself in an ugly fashion.

Later on the two men who had told him not to take any German prisoners were seen by him sharing their rations with the refugees from new villages which had been ordered evacuated and burned by the Russians. Maxim wondered. Several days later, on sentry duty, he saw a child crying by the roadside at dawn and pointing into a ditch. The child's mother was there, and Maxim tried to share his rations with her, but he could not because she was frozen stiff.

It was all a dream.

Maxim knew nothing more of his movements or his purposes than his rifle knew. The two miles of the second line of front he knew. He knew the sound of shells that screamed out of Russian masked batteries over the heads of the first line of Russian trenches. He knew the sound of German shrapnel that sang in the biting air in their approach. He knew the way a projectile turned the brown earth up from under the white blanket and befouled half an acre of the night's snowfall.

He knew no complicated military strategy, but when he had climbed to the crest of the ridge he could see a hollow of swamp between rocky ridges: a wide swamp exposed to the sweep of fire from either side and in which, there being only ice water and ledges, no night trenching could go on.

He did not know that the German artillery was in an exposed position on the opposite ridge across the swamp where the fir trees stood out black against the sky. He did not know that if the Russian field pieces had sufficient ammunition they could pound that German position to pieces.

Russians Kill Russians

THE Russians were drawing up regiment after regiment under cover of night into the first line of trenches. Maxim thought there must be gathered under that cover, and ready to charge across the boggy, half-frozen swamp, all the Russian army! There were endless numbers of men under that cover of the first line of trenches. There were endless numbers of men.

At dawn it began. There are endless numbers of men in Russia; they are spent prodigally.

Orders and officers' commands poured the open advance over the cover of trenches and into the swamp. Far away on the frosty air sounded the rattle of German machine guns. They were mowing down the advance. Maxim could see! He saw the running figures of men change from vertical to horizontal positions. The swamp was becoming a slaughter hole. Maxim cared nothing. Suddenly he felt himself superhuman. He felt himself able to run across the swamp and all alone with a handful of rocks; if need be, charge the ridge beyond. And in this too he represented the real Russian soldier. He clutched his gun. His regiment was drawn up ready. He had no fear. He cared nothing. Nothing was terrible in the sight of lines mowed down. Nothing was terrible in the sound of the roar of artillery or the song of shells or the rat-tat-tat of the "3-liners" or the machine guns on the distant ridge which gave out a noise like that of the stem-winder of a watch. Nothing was terrible but the delay. Maxim was drunk with war.

And at last his regiment poured out into the swamp. From the cover of the trenches and the screen of woods ran the new horde of men. With them ran Maxim—Maxim, the flaxen-haired muzhik, with his straight, powerful body of youth, his alert mind, and his Potentiality. He had forgotten to pray. . . .

He ran on, firing as his regiment advanced across the open. The ice of the swamp was filled with air holes and in places springs kept the mud soft. In one of these Maxim tripped and fell. He scrambled to his feet and ran on, shouting with his fellows the Russian charging yell: "Hoorah, hoorah!"

Maxim did not know that with proper ammunition at hand no such wild charge would have been necessary. He did not know that the proper ammunition was lying in the snow somewhere thirty miles south of Archangel. He did not know that the shells had been dumped in the snow by the order of some railroad official, and that the freight cars which had carried them had been taken back to Archangel and reloaded with the imported goods of a Russian merchant in Petrograd. He did not know



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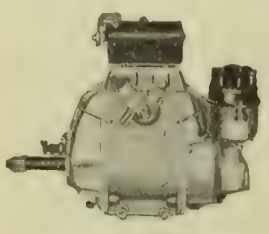
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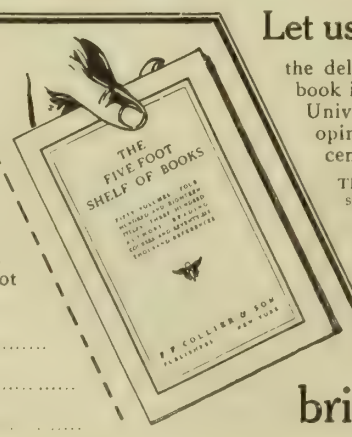
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that the railroad official had received 100 rubles a car for his part in the transaction. He did not know that it was Russians who were killing Russians. He thought the enemy was responsible.

Maxim, however, recognized that slaughter was going on. He thought, as he ran, of his fancy that the men were like sheep or young beeves.

The sweep of some machine gun mowing down men like the sweep of a sickle or a scythe included Maxim.

He went pitching forward with a half-audible grunt. There was not a moment to think of Vera or his mother or the village or even of Russia.

He had given all for Russia.

Truth Blotted Out

SOME days later the English newspapers which came into Petrograd contained a dispatch describing the repulse of a Russian advance. This dispatch the censor blotted out with a sticky black ink, and over the ink he sprinkled sand so that no one curious to know truth could remove the ink without scratching off the printing.

On that same day a raven lit near a thing in the swamp, a thing which looked like a bundle of rags. There were plenty more of such bundles scattered about, as the raven could see. Maxim was not alone. . . .

In death, just as in life, he represented the millions which are Russia.

Death Island

Continued from page 7

engineer in it, with strict injunctions against going ashore, and walk up the beach, along the coral path, through the wood to the clearing at the foot of the hill. On the top of the hill, where it can be seen from the sea, stands a flagstaff with a permanent wooden flag painted yellow. If you disregard that warning, you do so at your peril—always supposing you are not Scott-Braden, the chief medical officer, who can make the sanitary laws of the country, or Rob Cranage, the assistant, who has to obey orders and come out and inspect the leper station when he is told to do so. . . .

Cranage, the coral gravel of the path crackling under his boots, smoked a pipe as he tramped toward the new iron house in the midst of the open clearing. The three native lepers who used to live in the sago-bark humpy were dead this good while, and the humpy had been burned. The pearl sheller—Portuguese, and mostly white—who had got "it" from his Japanese divers had drowned himself a week after they took him over to the island. That was before Marcus Brock. Marcus, therefore, was the only one here; he had the new iron house, and he was in the earliest stages—but still, you never could tell. Tobacco is a disinfectant—more or less. Cranage smoked.

IT was a bother that there were no other cases these six weeks; in consequence, they hadn't been able to give the master of Cocos River a servant, and he was alone, save for the visits of Cranage and Scott-Braden. But, of course, there would be other cases. There always were in the Trafalgars. Some Indian coolie from the plantations, some Chinese storekeeper, or Japanese diver, some white man, perhaps—though there had been very few of these in the history of the islands—would be rounded up and life-sentenced. Then Marcus would have somebody to cook his food for him and bring water from the well; somebody, perhaps, to talk with, play cards with, share his excellent stores and fine library of books with. Money, that could not set him free from Death Island till Death itself opened the gate, had done something to make the imprisonment bearable. So Cranage said to himself as he swung up to the veranda, waving a cheerful hand at the quiet khaki figure sitting on the veranda. One ought to be cheerful with people sent to Death Island.

He stumped up on to the veranda and nodded. "How goes it, Brock?" he said.

Marcus had his bandage off and held out his arm in silence.

"Much the same," said Cranage wisely. "These slow cases—" He looked at the face of the "slow case." The man was terribly wasted in those six weeks. Perhaps it would not be so slow after all. Cranage saw a vision of a girl in thin black, with a crape-trimmed hat—widow's mourning in the tropics—wandering alone about the wonderful

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gardens of Cocos River. He wondered would she be very long alone. He wondered if—

Cranage pulled himself up. One must not be a cad, even in thought.

"House all right?" he asked, as in duty bound.

"You can look," said Marcus. He had one of his big cigars in the corner of his mouth; he spoke half through his teeth, in Marcus's old way. It made the change in his face seem worse.

Cranage paced hurriedly through the two mean rooms, with their incongruously handsome furniture, their easy-chairs, bookcases, bed from Cocos River; through the detached kitchen and bathroom. They were all scrupulously clean. The master of Cocos River was no slacker, even here and now. His few wretched duties did not go undone.

"Anything to ask?" queried the assistant, as he came out again.

"I have everything," said Marcus. Then, looking at the other man with his burnt-out eyes: "How is she?"

"Better than you'd expect," said Cranage easily, sitting down on a stone outside the house. "You know, she took it worse than we cared to let you hear, at first. Very hysterical. Wanted to come out after you. Said something about a custom of the church in the Middle Ages that allowed a wife to join her husband under these circumstances."

"Yes, she wrote about that. Kathy was always very churchy," remarked Brock, taking out his cigar and looking at the end. "Naturally, I told her that in these days—"

"Oh, naturally," agreed Cranage. "Great bore for you having to have your letters sent open and disinfected, but, of course, we never—"

"Of course not," finished Marcus unemotionally. He seemed to want to be left alone.

There was a minute's silence; the coral sea talked softly on the reef. Cranage, determined on cheering up the patient, ransacked his memory for some casual remark, but could find nothing better than:

"Scott-Braden has got another bunch of letters to his name; heard last mail. He's almost too clever to live, seems to me. Working himself to death. Seems sort of racin' to do things and find things out before—"

"Before what?" asked Marcus with some slight curiosity.

"Dunno. Before he dies, I expect."

The crumbling foam on the far-away reef whispered—whispered.

"I've sometimes thought—but you could never ask a fellow like him—if he isn't afraid of eye trouble," went on the young doctor. "I'd lay my life he's afraid of somethin'. Racing. That's what he is. He hardly takes time for meals; doesn't sleep six hours. And that odd way of shutting his eyes is growing on him."

"He'll go game if he has to go—that way, or another," said Marcus. "Others, or himself—Scott-Braden has no pity, even for Scott-Braden."

Another silence.

"Well, I must be going," announced the younger man. "Keep your spirits up, Brock. I dare say you won't be much longer alone out here. Sure to be another sometime or other — perhaps a white—and Lord! when there is you'll be so cheerful and companionable together you'll hardly know yourself. Don't worry too much about Mrs. Brock. She's taking it all right. Sorry, of course, and all that, but—Well, so long. Back as soon as I can; say, in a week."

"Don't inconvenience yourself," said Marcus with a touch of bitterness. Then, to his back, as it went down the walk: "Damned cart horse!"

The sound of the launch—*spat-spat, spat-spat* — grew faint and far-away; died out. Marcus, the husband of pretty Kathy, who "flopped"—Kathy, who was like a strawberry jelly; Kathy, who had married a great estate as well as a man and was "taking it better than you'd think"—Marcus clenched his hands till the nails bit into the palms, and put his head down on the veranda rail. . . .

THE king was dead, or as good as dead, and the queen was quite prepared to live long.

When you are a devoted mother, who has done the best for her daughter by marrying her to the richest man in the islands, and further, by restraining her from the following of absurd and hysterical impulses, you feel, naturally and simply, that you have earned your reward. If the reward takes the pleasant shape of a kind of viceregency—if you find yourself queen in all but name of a splendid property and a magnificent house (disinfected according to the latest laws of medical science, and rearranged after your own directions), you give thanks to an overruling Providence and to ill winds that blow somebody good, let your iron bungalow on the highroad and settle yourself firmly upon the throne of Cocos River. You make your daughter go out, and refuse to let her mope. You are shocked and upset, but nevertheless very firm with her when she develops unheard-of ideas and wants to do things that make your blood run cold to think of. You call in the Anglican clergyman, who talks about submission to the will of Heaven, and the chief medical officer, who says that he would not allow it for an instant. You see, she is clinging to the idea, in a persistent, glutinous way of her own—Kathy always did cling to something or somebody—and you make her go out motoring, go out visiting, go out boating—anything to distract her mind. Kathy never was clever; the Plimsoll mark of her mind stops short at one idea. She gets thin and mopes in spite of all your care. You are disproportionately glad to see her, at last, take up a fad. Kathy wants to drive her own launch on the river. Well, it is a safer freak than driving her own motor on the highroad. You engage an excellent engineer for her, and let her amuse herself with levers and plugs in his stolid company. It does her good, somehow or other; she puts on a little flesh, and the color creeps into her white lips. Running up and down the Cocos River, and sometimes out into the bay a little space, she passes hours that would otherwise be idle—she does not "mope." And you tell the doctor and the clergyman that she is improving. And you order new lace curtains—real lace—up from Sydney for the drawing room, and you get a medical book and study in secret to find out how long "it" usually takes. And you are not at all pleased by what you read. . . .

IT WAS night upon Death Island, a night with little moon. About one o'clock a faint hoarfrost of light began to silver the fronds of the coco palms behind the iron house, and the small, soft breeze that comes with moonrise stirred, ever so lightly, the folds of Marcus's mosquito curtain. The man who had been king of Cocos River and had married Kathy moved slightly in his lonely sleep and sighed. Sometimes he dreamed—dreams vivid, bittersweet, that he dared not remember when he woke. He was not dreaming now. Marcus, like many strong men, slept heavily in the dead hour of the night. Had he been at the mercy of an enemy in those hours, it had gone ill with him. But there was not a native in all the Trafalgars, wild or tame, who would have dared to run the prow of his canoe ashore on the beach of Death Island. Doors and windows of the iron house lay open to the night, and Death himself kept guard.

The night crept on a little. There was more moonlight now; the path outside the house showed white against the tangle of low bush that edged it. Something tinkled faintly among the coral gravel, stopped, waited, tinkled again. The air—or something else—seemed listening. There was no sound but the talking of the moon-white reef, far out at sea, and from Marcus's room the heavy breathing of deep sleep.

Something — or somebody—laughed, very softly in the shadow. There was a rustling and a stir; it might have been the breeze of night among the jasmines at the window. Marcus slept. Later he dreamed.

And in the morning the dream was true.

"Kathy!" he shouted. He sat straight up and stared at her, trembling with dismay and red with delight. "Oh, my girl, what have you done?"

Kathy put both arms round his neck. She laughed shamelessly.

"Not the doctor and all his staff can send me back now," she said.

They argued all the morning, but that was what it came to in the end. . . .

ALL the afternoon they watched anxiously for Scott-Braden. Kathy knew that her elopement was sure to be found out almost at once—where there are natives there are no secrets—and both she and Marcus expected



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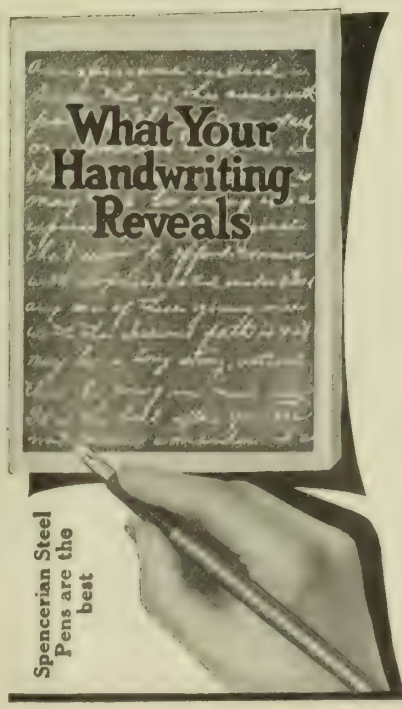
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the chief medical officer to put up a fight. They went down to the jetty and kept a sharp lookout for launches. Marcus's own launch, in which Kathy had crossed alone, lay swinging with the tide close to the piles.

"We might run away," suggested Kathy, with an eye on the beautiful, swift boat. But Marcus was wiser.

"No, girlie," he said, "we've got to face it out. You've done an awful thing, Kathy, but, by God, I can't find time to think of anything except that you're the bravest woman in the world. I wonder, did any woman before ever—"

"Lots, you old silly," said Kathy, adjusting her hair with a competent two fingers and tweaking the lace bow on her dress into shape. "In the Middle Ages there was a regular marriage service for them, where they made the husband a kind of corpse, and threw earth on his head, and made her one too, if she wanted. So then they were both dead together, and everyone approved. Like you and me. Only they don't approve of us."

"Kathy, I wonder to God if you realize—" began Marcus, looking at the small, soft creature in her muslins and laces, and thinking of the death-in-life of Death Island—his prison and hers to the end of time.

Kathy's fingers stopped adjusting her bow. Kathy's face was lifted, and Marcus saw it, grave and clear in the westering sun.

"Did you think I married you for your money?" she asked.

"Why, Kathy?"

"Answer me."

"Well, since you want truth, I knew you were fond of me, but I sometimes wondered if you mightn't have been fond of some other fellow if he'd had Cocos River. You see, they used to talk about Cranage—"

"You wondered," said Kathy with quiet contempt. "Well, you don't wonder now." Marcus could not answer.

FAR away, as they watched, came a black speck on the sea, growing and growing. It was the doctor's launch.

"He can't," said Kathy, clinging tight to her husband. "It would be no use. But—he's cruel, Mark. He'll fight."

"He will," said Marcus. They watched the launch in to the jetty, both braced for a conflict. And out of it stepped—Cranage.

There were expostulations, explanations, arguments, of course. But there was no fight. Cranage was not the chief. He accepted the situation, under protest, and at last turned to another subject. "It's a great responsibility for me," he said querulously, "with Scott-Braden down and everything on my hands. I have—"

"What's the matter with the chief?"

"How can I tell you? He will doctor himself. Shuts himself up in his house and sees no one. You'll have to make out as you can till I come back. It might be some time. Good-by."

"Dr. Cranage!" called Kathy suddenly from the wharf.

"What?"

"Have you looked at Dr. Scott-Braden's eyes lately?"

"No. Why?"

"I—I saw them once, last week, in the mirror, when he thought no one was looking."

"You did, did you? Anything seem wrong with them?"

"Let me come down there," said Kathy. She ran down the steps, put her foot on the gunwale, and whispered one word into Cranage's ear. The young doctor made a sharp exclamation. Kathy, unseen, put her finger on her lip. Then she went up the steps again and joined her husband. The launch coughed, cleared its throat, and went out of the bay—*spat-spat, spat-spat.* . . .

"What dark deeds were you and Cranage planning?" asked Marcus with a touch of masculine patronage. She was such a birdwoman, this little Kathy of his—such a flower woman—to be playing at serious things!

"Oh, nothing," said the girl, bending to pick a spider-lily bloom. "Only something that just hit me as he talked. I never— What do you say to mangrove oysters for dinner? There are some round the point."

IT was more than a week before Cranage came back. The day he arrived Kathy was baking bread. When she heard the launch she cast her dough abruptly upon the kitchen floor and ran out with a face as white as her floury hands. All the week she had kept it to herself, but the suspense was growing unbearable now.

She saw Cranage on the beach holding Marcus by his hands—both hands—and pumping his arms up and down. At that sight she suddenly collapsed and sat herself down among the pink beach convolvuluses, crying as she had not cried since they came and told her Marcus was gone away forever. But this time she cried for joy.

"Oh, doctor, was it—was it?" she screamed.

"Yes!" shouted Cranage, hardly less excited. "Mad as a hatter. Knew it was coming on for years, and kept at his work, and hid it, by George. No one else but Scott-Braden could have. He knew when his brain was clear, anyway at first he did, and some of his work's simply immortal. His eyes—when he shut them it was because he felt their expression was getting beyond his control and looking mad. As for Marcus's case, it's all damned poppycock. He never had it. Scott-Braden was just beginning to break. He was half crazy all his life about finding a cure for leprosy, and if he'd kept his wits he would have, sure as a gun. But he didn't. Marcus's case—why, I always did think it was just like a common Trafalgar Islands sore, scratch of a bit of broken cane or something, but none would believe their eyes were in their heads if Scott-Braden told them they weren't—a man like him!"

"Have you any proof?" It was Kathy asking, cool and judicial as a chief justice.

"Yes, bless you all. I caught Bryan of Townsville—you know, Tropical Medicine Institute—passing through on the boat, and hauled him in. He got the slides; Scott-Braden had put them up as neat as you please, and labeled them leprosy, and the name and date—systematic beggar, always. And they were plain common—"

"I don't understand Greek," objected Kathy to the cloudburst of scientific terminology that followed. "What does it mean?"

"Common scratch, swelled up and inflamed. Not a blessed other thing. Is it near well, Brock?"

"Why, yes; there's hardly anything left," said Marcus. "It puzzled me, but I thought the dashed thing was only lying low to come out somewhere else."

HE seemed to have shed ten years in a moment. His face looked actually fuller, and the eyes had suddenly grown bright. "I suppose," he said, taking command of the situation, as he had done on that awful day at Cocos River, "you'll have to give us the deuce of a disinfecting, since we've been on the island at all. I always do have to teach you your business, Cranage."

"Oh, yes, but there's practically no risk, since you were in a new house and alone," declared Cranage.

"How long will it take?"

"Dare say an hour."

Marcus set his face to the sea, and the thin blue line of land lying beyond.

"Then we'll be in time for dinner—at home," he said.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE MAN WITH THE LANTERN

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON



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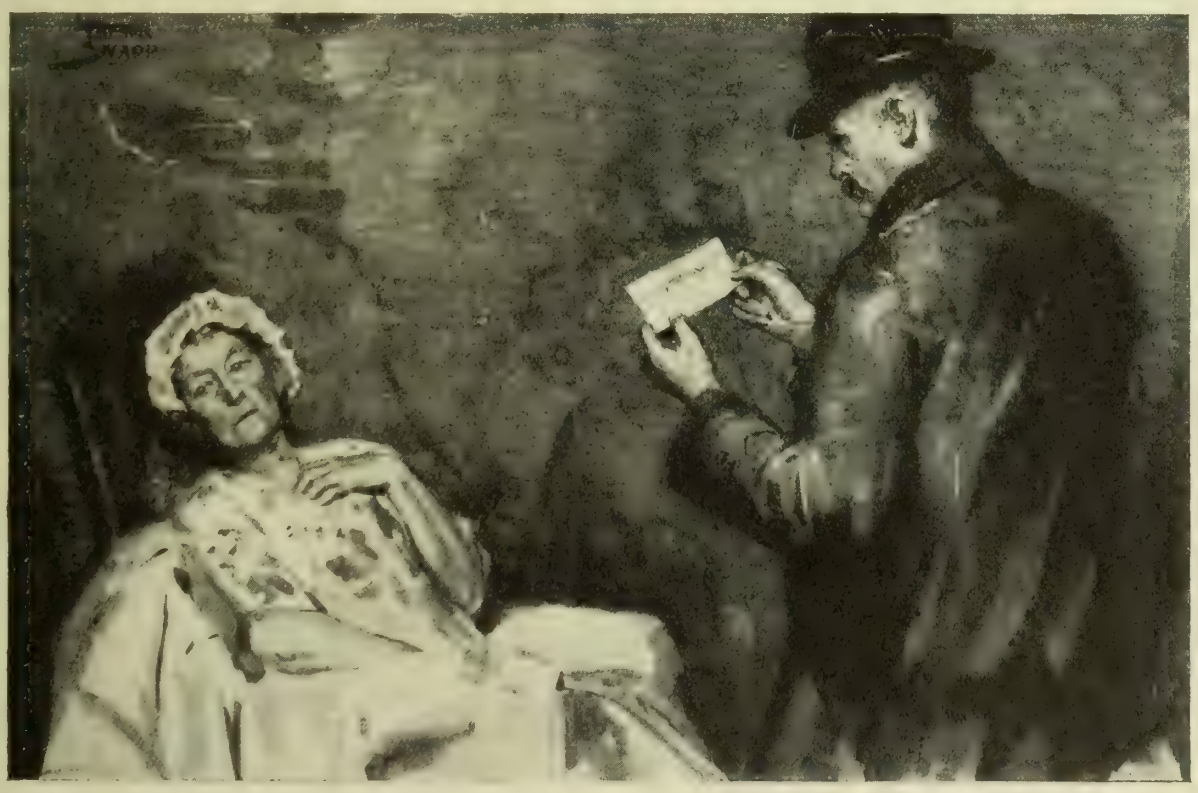
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"In Indiana all things are different."—The Book of Hoosier Wisdom

"WHERE you make your mistake," said Burgess, "is in assuming that unusual experiences come to people who look for them. It's the unexpected that makes life interesting, though of course you've got to be ready when the hour strikes. An honest detective will always admit that luck's a big element in his game, and the crooks themselves are superstitious about it. I'd tell you some stories along that line if you hadn't been so insulting all evening. The trouble with you fellows is that you wouldn't know an adventure if it came up and hit you with a club; what you'd do in such an event would be to telephone for the police and beg the reporters for Heaven's sake to keep your names out of the papers."

They accepted his reproof meekly, for they knew that a great many curious things happened to Burgess, though only his most intimate friends ever heard of them. They had formed the habit—a dozen of them—of dining together at the University Club on the last Saturday night of every month, chiefly to hear his modest recitals of the adventures that were always befalling him. To be sure, they talked politics, discussed books, the state of trade, and gossiped a little about their neighbors; but by general consent Webster G. Burgess, president of the White River National Bank, sat at the head of the table, and there had been few meetings since these dinners were instituted at which he didn't have a good story to tell.

In spite of the fact that he was one of the richest men in the State and had many interests besides the White River National, Burgess managed to have a pretty good time. He had a real feeling for the underdog, as his directorship in the Released Prisoners' Aid Society proved; and if he sometimes used questionable means to circumvent the law in his zealous efforts to befriend criminals who appealed to him for aid, it is to be said for him that his motives were those of a sincere humanitarian who believed that the weak and erring should have a second and even a third chance. One of his best friends was Tom Hill, the Secret Service veteran, who is known and admired wherever the Hoosier language is spoken; and he had several times pitted his wits against Hill's to the detective's discomfiture.



A cold chill crept down his spine as he saw what bank the check was drawn on

"Of course, Web, if we all cultivated the society of crooks as you do, and hid them in our houses when our wives were out of town, and did other things that are just a little shady, we might turn up here once a month with yarns like yours," said Billy Kemp, the steel-castings manufacturer, who was one of the best customers of Burgess's bank.

"And if we traveled round as much as Web," said Ramsay, the surgeon, "instead of sitting on our jobs, we'd be likelier to find the thin ice he's always skating on. The trouble with the rest of us is that we're all so highly respectable that we don't dare expose ourselves to temptation the way Web does."

"For that insult," said Burgess good-naturedly, "I'll fine you a hundred dollars which I'll turn into the Prisoners' Aid Society. Now, you've all got the idea that because Thursday night prayer meeting is still well patronized in Indianapolis and all good women go to market on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, nothing amusing ever happens here except candidates for the vice presidency and little things like that. But you're all wrong, as I've tried to prove to you ever since we began having these little parties. Visitors are always asking why Indiana is a literary center, and the real reason is that the Hoosiers are different and do things differently. We can't brag about it, of course; but when pressed we've got to admit it. Why, my grandfather used to shoot wild turkeys up there where the Art Institute stands, and it takes the breath out of you to think of all the things that have happened here since Henry Ward Beecher was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. Just a block from here is the big flat General Wallace built with money he got out of books he wrote sitting in a rocking chair under a beech tree over at Crawfordsville. We see Riley riding around in his big touring car every day, and the whole American people bought his poems to pay for it! Over here on Pennsylvania Street is the house where good old 'Tark' wrote 'Beaucaire,' 'Penrod,' and 'The Turmoil,' and he's probably at work right now writing other things the folks are waiting for. Dr. Gatling, who invented the machine gun, lived here; Robert Louis Stevenson's wife once lived just around the corner from this club. I tell you the Hoosiers are different, and this town is different from any other town of its size in the world."

"Speaking of wild turkeys," interposed Goring, the engineer, "Hugh Landon still gets meat for his annual possum dinner right off his place out there where you can almost hear the striking of the courthouse clock."

"Let Web alone; he's only rehearsing a speech for the next dinner of the Indiana Society of Chicago," remarked Kemp with a yawn.

Burgess scowled and went on:

"The best fun I've ever had has been right here at home, so Ramsay's dig about my chasing around looking for trouble is all bosh. You might think that just sitting in a bank and saying no to you fellows when you try to borrow more money than you're entitled to is about all there is to the banking business. But even in a bank a lot of strange things happen."

"Yes," laughed Ramsay; "we all remember how you entertained that counterfeiter in the directors' room, and smuggled him out the back way while Cap Hill was waiting to nab him in the lobby. Of course you justified that on the ground that your friend had done all the time he was entitled to, and you were fortifying him with good resolutions about his future conduct as you hustled him off toward Chicago."

"Don't give it away," said Burgess with a grin of satisfaction, "but that fellow has been at work on my farm in Tippecanoe County ever since and living straight. But I will repeat that banking isn't the commonplace business you think it is." He hesitated, and his eyes fell upon a window of the private dining room where they were sitting at ease. He lighted a fresh cigar deliberately, walked round the table, and sat down closer to the window. "Even a bank ledger," Burgess continued, "isn't altogether as commonplace as it sounds. I don't want you to get the idea that I look over all the customers' checks in the hope of getting something on them, but as all our talks here are confidential I'll just mention one account that I'll admit I've been watching lately. It's a case of an elderly woman who came to the bank six months ago and deposited fifty thousand dollars—an unusual amount for a strange woman to have. I didn't see her, but she introduced herself to Cooper, the cashier, and explained herself satisfactorily. She seemed very anxious to get rid of the money, which was in Chicago exchange issued by a New York bank. All this is against the ethics of the business, but I'll tell you who it was. It was Miss Catherine Raymond



"You and I would do our work much easier," said Burgess, "if these confounded amateurs only kept their hands off. They make the business dangerous"

of that Raymond family that used to own a farm near town on the Millersville road. Old Caleb Raymond ran a private bank here away back before the war, weathered the bad times of the seventies, and along about 1890 moved to Connecticut, where he came from originally, carrying a nice wad with him. He had only the one child, who was an old maid when they left here, and she's easily seventy now. Her father died long ago. She told Cooper she was moving back for the sake of old associations. She was born here, in a house on Tennessee Street—now Capitol Avenue—along there where all the automobile shops are. She remarked that she had known my father, which she undoubtedly did, and promised to come in again in a few days. That was six months ago, and she hasn't been back since. I asked some of the old citizens about her, but she hadn't made herself known to any of them, and I made inquiries at the hotel she had given as her address, but she had left a few days after opening her account."

"A very comfortable sort of customer," said Billings, the dry-goods merchant, "providing she hasn't checked out all the money."

"That," said Burgess, "is the queerest thing about it. Her first check came in a week after she opened her account. It was payable to bearer and called for a thousand and some odd dollars and cents. A respectable-looking woman presented it. The signature tallied exactly with the writing on the card the old lady had filled out for our file, and the check was paid, of course. Ten days later the same woman presented another check, this time for a little less than fifteen hundred dollars. The amounts were always in odd sums—to allay suspicion perhaps, if there's really anything wrong about it. The withdrawals continued until now she's drawn out about seven thousand dollars."

"There oughtn't to be anything mysterious about that," remarked Ramsay. "All you'd have to do would be to have one of the clerks step out from behind the counter and follow the woman who brought the check, or you might hold it up and ask her to tell Miss Raymond you wanted to see her. As you don't seem equal to your responsibility in the matter, I'll move over to the bank and do the job for you."

"Thank you, Ramsay. We all know that you're a very clever person, but I've already tried following her. The first time the woman walked straight to a department store, took the elevator to the dressmaking department, and while the clerk who followed her was trying to find some excuse for being there she went down by the stairway. The next time I sent our bank officer in plain clothes. She got on a street car in front of the bank, rode to the station, and bought a ticket for Greenfield. My man followed her all right enough, but, knowing Greenfield was the first stop for that train, he thought he had a snap. All trains stop in the yards, as he should have known, but when he woke up she had slipped from the car and was dodging ahead of a long freight, and when it passed she wasn't in sight. That proved that she knew she was being watched, and I gave orders that she should be held the next time she came, but of course she hasn't been back. Another check came in yesterday, though. It was for only seventeen dollars and had been cashed at a downtown drug store that does business with us. The druggist didn't know anything about it except that a man had offered it in payment of two dollars' worth of stuff. As he recalled having seen the man before and the amount was small, he took a chance on it."

THE dining room was at the rear of the club on the second floor. Burgess's eye had caught the glimmer of a light on a roof two blocks away, and as he talked he was trying to mark the locality. As he turned for another glance, the light vanished.

"We'll forgive your first serious error," said Kemp, stretching himself lazily, "but the second time the woman showed up you should have had a snapshot taken of her. But go on with the rest of it."

"Well, that's about all there is, except that a New York trust company has a man here now trying to find Miss Raymond. I told him what I've told you only this afternoon. It seems that the trust company holds a nice bunch of securities for her account—several hundred thousand dollars' worth of good stuff. The income has been piling up, and they've grown curious as to what's become of her."

"She probably autographed a lot of blank checks on your bank and then went out and got run over by an automobile," suggested Ramsay. "The average daily mortality from motor accidents in this town is scandalously high. Miserly old woman, hiding from her greedy relations and that sort of stuff. Probably buried at the county's expense. But go ahead; I want to know the answer."

They all began chaffing Burgess about the loose management of a bank that paid out checks to bearer on an account carried by a woman who might be dead for all anybody knew. Ramsay complained bitterly of the tameness of the story. Burgess rose and stared indifferently across the dark roofs beyond and then turned round with a bored look on his face.

"Sorry, but I'd nearly forgotten," he said, taking out his watch, "that I'd promised the Manufacturers' Club to look in at their dinner about this time, so I must be running along."

"You had no business to make any such engagement," protested Fanning, the wholesale druggist. "It's against the rules for any member of this table to leave until twelve o'clock."

"And going to a silly dinner where men make speeches who don't know how isn't an excuse," said Williams, the broker.

"And you haven't proved to us yet that interesting things really happen right here at home," said Burke. "If you insist on going to that dinner, you've got to hurry back, and we'll wait here till you come. If something exciting happens at the dinner—if some critical manufacturer throws a bottle at that senator who's going to talk about the Monroe Doctrine—that will make an acceptable story; and if the infuriated diner misses the senator and lands on you, please hurry back so we can watch Ramsay patch you up."

"I've told you a hundred times," said Burgess, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his dinner coat, "that the biggest moose always jumps up just where you're not expecting him, and you can't order an adventure as you do a cocktail or a taxi. But just to contribute to the gayety of nations, I'll undertake to furnish an exception to prove the rule. I promise to be back here in an hour or so with as good a story as I've ever told you—something brand-new that hasn't been in the papers. I give you my word of honor that I don't know what it will be, but if it's no good I'll pay the check for the dinner, though it isn't my turn. While I'm gone you may tear my moral character to pieces as much as you like, or you may dissect all the stories I've ever told here and say they were lies I made up just to make myself look like a hero. I leave you alone with your bad manners; I couldn't do anything meaner!"

"There are eleven of us," said Kemp, "and we'll make it a hundred apiece to your hundred that you don't bring in anything worth while. Is it a trade?"

"Have your checks ready," Burgess returned; "and don't kick when I come back for your money."

"Here's good luck, Web," cried Burke, lifting a highball glass and shaking it so the ice clinked derisively.

"And don't keep us waiting all night," mocked Ramsay. "If you do, we'll appoint somebody else to go out and look for a story."

Burgess left the room with the lazy, indifferent air with which he strolled about his bank after the morning hour of desk work that he particularly hated.

IT was cool for mid-May and a drizzling rain was falling when Burgess reached the street. He debated whether he shouldn't go to the Manufacturers' dinner for an hour and then return to the club, acknowledge that he had been bluffing, and submit to his friends' raillery at his failure. He had told the truth when he said that his adventures were all a matter of chance, and he had left the table with no idea that anything unusual would happen to him. But the light that had attracted his attention from the club window had mildly interested him from the fact that, as near as he could place it, it had flashed from the roof of a row of houses that he had inherited from his father. At times they had been thrown together in twos and used as boarding houses, but they had steadily deteriorated as the value of the land increased. He had just sold them to a company that proposed erecting an apartment house, and Burgess supposed the wreckers had gone to work. It was a reasonable assumption that they might be working at night, but he decided to satisfy himself of the origin of the light before going to the dinner.

He left the club by a side door, and glanced up at the club windows where, he ruefully reflected, his

friends, having turned him out into the wet, were undoubtedly having a good time.

He checked his pace as he reached the houses, which in Civil War times had been the center of the best residential district. He had sold the property for a good price, and he viewed its dingy front with a sense of satisfaction that he had got rid of it.

THE second house from the end of the row seemed to be occupied; the windows of the others were dark and filled with "For Rent" signs. As Burgess passed, the door of the last house in the line closed softly. He continued on to the alley that bisected the block and glanced back. The street was very quiet, and no other pedestrian was in sight. He slowly retraced his steps, and as he again reached the empty house the same slight click of a latch caught his attention. It was not his affair if some one was using the house as a hiding place and waiting for a chance to leave, but his curiosity was aroused, and he ran up the steps and stood for a moment inside the entry. A shade left by the last tenant filled the glass in the upper half of the door. He listened a moment and, hearing nothing but the monotonous beat of the rain, seized the knob and set his weight against the door.

It opened so readily that he pitched forward into the arms of a man who flung him back into the hall. The door closed quickly, and as he thrust out his hands blindly they were caught and held in a tight grip. "So you're at it again, Web!"

Burgess gasped with relief as he recognized the voice of his captor. "So it's you, Hill!"

"Very much so," replied the Secret Service man dryly. "Up to your old tricks, I see."

"Not guilty this time, Tom," Burgess replied.

Hill released his hands and bade him make as little noise as possible.

"These walls are a foot thick," said Burgess; "I used to own the property, and I know."

"Then I've a good notion to tie you up and leave you here all night to play with the rats."

"I shouldn't like that," said Burgess; "and besides I promised some fellows at the club I'd be back pretty soon with a good story."

"That's no excuse for meddling in my business. You thought you'd follow me around and see if something wouldn't happen, did you? Why don't you stay in your club where you belong and invent your stories if you must have 'em?"

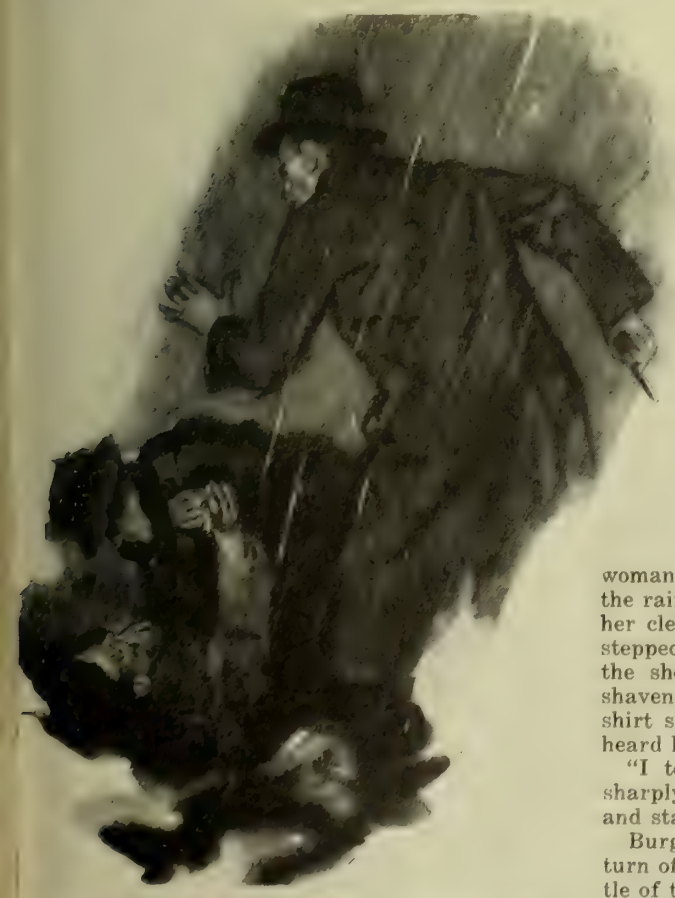
"Not when I see anything so interesting as a lantern making signals on the roof of a house two blocks away!"

Hill sniffed. "You're going to be found dead some day, as I've often warned you, if you don't stop sticking your nose in my business. I've a good notion to call the police and have you run in for trespassing; or I might put you through the mill myself for interfering with a government officer."

"I'm not going to interfere, Tom; that's on the level. Let me in on this, and I'll promise to be good."

"You don't know what the word means! What about the lantern you thought you saw on the roof? You can't see the roofs of these houses from the club windows."

"Don't try to bluff me. Of course I saw it, from the back window on the second floor. You've been camped here watching somebody, and that light was a signal."



Burgess heard a grunt as the two men went down

"You must stop reading detective stories, Web," said Hill. "They're written for boys and not for grown men. There hasn't been any lantern on this roof."

"All right," observed Burgess ironically; "if you didn't see the light, then there wasn't any."

A faint tap at the rear of the house interrupted them.

Hill stole away, but was back in an instant and they resumed their colloquy in the dark hall.

"That's Towne, who's helping me on this job. We're all set to pinch two phony money workers in the next house. When I saw you fooling around outside I thought you might be one of the bunch trying to feel me out. But I guess maybe we can use you if you'll behave yourself."

"All right, Tom. I hadn't been following you, and if you hadn't monkeyed with the door I shouldn't have stopped. If you don't mind my saying it, that was pretty coarse work."

"Cut it out! I saw you pass and knew you'd stop if you thought there was a chance of getting your head cracked. I opened the door the second time just as a teaser."

Burgess accepted this meekly.

"I didn't know crooks took chances on a neighborhood like this."

"There are a good many things you don't know," said Hill.

He seized Burgess by the arm and guided him through the hall to the kitchen where Burgess kicked a piece of abandoned stovepipe with a force that sent it booming and clattering against the wall.

"If you spoil this haul, I'll punch your head," snapped Hill, his grip tightening.

He struck a match so that Towne, his assistant, and Burgess might have a look at each other.

"I'm going to tackle the front door of the next house and Towne will stand by at the rear. I want you to go back to the alley fence and watch the upper windows. Don't make a fuss unless you see something. Here's a gun to play with, but don't do anything foolish." He thrust an automatic into Burgess's hand and hurried away.

Burgess dropped the gun into his overcoat pocket, and Towne led him out the back door, where, after shoving him rather precipitately toward the fence, he disappeared.

The yard that ran behind the houses was undivided, Burgess remembered as he stumbled through the litter and established a beat for himself along the fence and began patrolling it. The rear windows of the house which Hill had designated as the habitation of counterfeiters presented a blank appearance, but he watched them steadily. He did not wholly relish the station Hill had assigned him. Nothing very stirring was likely to happen, he reflected, as Hill usually planned his raids very carefully, and no doubt within a few minutes he would have captured his men and be carting them off to jail. Still, the fact that he had left the club and walked immediately into a counterfeiting raid would be enough of an adventure to win his wager.

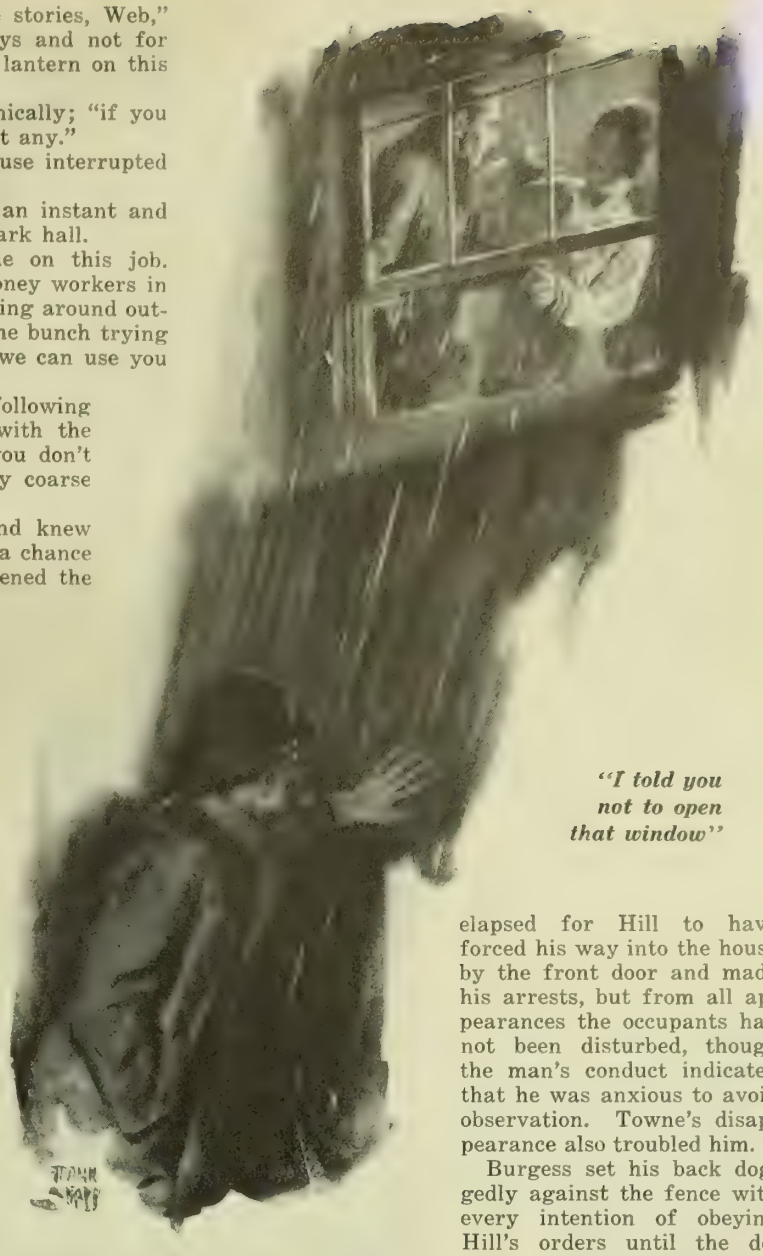
Five minutes passed, then ten and nothing had occurred. The drizzle changed to a steady downpour that seemed to concentrate upon him with particular malevolence. His pumps shipped water and his silk socks clung soggily to his feet. Twenty minutes had passed, he judged, and he went to the rear door to see whether Towne was still on guard. The man had left his post without giving notice of his intentions; and this struck Burgess as rather unfriendly, but remembering Hill's instructions he returned to the fence and resumed his contemplation of the windows.

The shade of one of them was pulled back cautiously, and an instant later a woman opened the window and thrust her hand into the rain. The light of a gas jet on the wall outlined her clearly. She was still peering out when a man stepped into the picture and caught her roughly by the shoulder. He was a big, burly fellow, clean-shaven and with a thick thatch of dark hair, and his shirt sleeves were rolled up to the elbow. Burgess heard his voice raised in abuse.

"I told you not to open that window," he said sharply. "You go back to the front of the house and stay there."

Burgess saw him reach for the gas bracket and turn off the light and a moment later heard the rattle of the sash as he closed the window.

The incident puzzled Burgess. Sufficient time had



"I told you not to open that window"

elapsed for Hill to have forced his way into the house by the front door and made his arrests, but from all appearances the occupants had not been disturbed, though the man's conduct indicated that he was anxious to avoid observation. Towne's disappearance also troubled him.

Burgess set his back doggedly against the fence with every intention of obeying Hill's orders until the detective reappeared. A back yard is a very lonesome place on a rainy night, and he began moving about trying to find a point from which he could see the club, but no perspective offered. The light that filtered in from the arc lamp at the corner made it barely possible to distinguish near-by objects in the yard. The rain was falling through a thin fog that gave an eerie appearance to everything in sight. This interested him for a moment; thieves must of necessity be expert in judging the range and density of light. He must ask some of his friends in the underworld about this. . . .

HE was roused by shots in the street followed by shouts and the quick patter of feet. He ran to the kitchen door, thinking Towne might have returned, but Hill's assistant was nowhere visible. There were no sounds from the house, and he assumed that Hill had met with trouble at the entrance and that the men he was seeking had beaten him down and bolted.

The street was now thoroughly awake. Men were calling excitedly; a police whistle piped shrilly. Burgess was cheered by this manifestation of activity; after all, something might happen. As he curbed an inclination to dash round the house into the street and investigate the cause of the uproar he heard furtive steps in the alley back of him. Then through the mist he saw a man poise for a moment on the top of the fence and drop silently into the yard. A noisy pursuing party charged through the alley. Some one fumbled at the gate and flung it open.

"I tell you he never crossed the street," shouted some one.

"Well, you got one of 'em, anyhow," remarked another of the pursuers.

This philosophic utterance evoked a profane rejoiner from Hill.

"He wouldn't have been fool enough to cross the street; who was it saw him come this way?"

The individual who had seen the fugitive cross the street maintained a discreet silence. Hill snapped out contemptuously at the unknown meddler who had led him on a wrong scent. Then he bawled Burgess's name several times. Crouching behind a barrel in a fence corner, Burgess made no answer. Hill ordered two of his volunteer assistants to search the yard and hurried away. Evidently fearing they might miss something by remaining behind, the searching party lingered a moment and departed hastily round the house toward the street.

Burgess's spirits rose rapidly. Very likely Hill had been using the empty house merely as a point from which to observe the counterfeiters he had traced to the boarding (*Continued on page* 28)

WHEN PEACE COMES

BY FREDERICK PALMER

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

THE orgy cannot go on forever. When it ceases, what then? When all the censorship restrictions are ended; when men in the great civilized and progressive nations of Europe may once more talk and write freely; when soldiers who ground their arms become free agents of opinion once more—what kind of a world shall we be living in? Nowhere will it be quite the same world.

Mothers and fathers who have lost their sons and wives who have lost their husbands do not realize yet the meaning of their loss. The sacrifice is universal. The pain of it is numbed for the time being in the furious engrossing intensity of the struggle which centers every thought upon the trench line where it is waged. The community of suffering and of sacrifice of the present must resolve itself into millions of units when the dead are cold and the loss of husband and of son becomes a fact to live with in peace.

When peace comes, it will come suddenly, out of the blue, I think, as war came. This I find is the common opinion in Europe among those whose opinions are worth while. Once these powerful nations find that the decision is reached; once it is realized on all hands that the hour to cease struggling has arrived, everyone will have an interest in stopping the drain in life and in money immediately. I don't imagine any neutral power playing a part in long negotiations before the public eye. Notes will be exchanged between the belligerents by some intermediary, and one morning we shall hear of an armistice. But not this month, nor the next month—not until next summer, unless the German navy comes out and destroys the British navy and puts a blockade around England. Anyone who thinks that possible is welcome to his optimism. But he had better not place any bets on it.

And a big factor is that German navy in any peace arrangements. If it comes out and is destroyed, Germany has lost one of her most valuable counters in making a bargain. The only chance it had of beating the British was during the first two or three weeks of the war, when it might, by skillful maneuvering or the laying of mines across the path of the British fleet, have succeeded in bringing all its gun power to bear against only one portion of the British fleet at one time.

This chance has passed. If the German fleet comes out now, it must face odds of five to three. While it remains at Kiel, it is still a "fleet in being"—that is, a fast, if inferior, fleet that must be reckoned with. Before they have peace, the British public want that navy destroyed. Its existence seems to them to make anything like a permanent peace impossible and will require the continuance of the competition in naval armaments between the two governments. The rat in the hole must still be watched by the cat, but a dead rat outside its hole leaves the cat to bask in the sun.

I have asked the question: "After the war—what?" of men in all walks of life. I have asked it of financiers and soldiers; Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists; of educators, journalists, and manufacturers. Always I found their minds already puzzling over it. Those in the most responsible positions were least inclined to offer any opinion. They were staring at a curtain which would rise over a new era.

Four or five million vacant places of able-bodied men in the homes of Europe! European society has been purified by the war. The acid has burned away bad tissue, waste, luxury, effeminacy; Europe is down to brawn and brain, as we say.

Women do not stop to consider whether their nails are nicely manicured or not, or men whether their shoes are blacked or not. Hundreds of thousands of women who never before did a stroke of manual labor have learned to nurse and to sew—indeed, they have learned how to work and to work with their hands. How many of us know that the Civil War first introduced woman as clerks in offices and largely as school teachers in our country?

"A woman has taken my place," said a schoolmaster who was a private in the new army.

"A woman is at my desk in our office," said a clerk who was in the same battalion.

Women act as ticket takers at the railway stations in England and as omnibus conductors in Paris. Have they come to stay? English railway officials say they are quite as good as the men, if not better.

When I returned to New York and took my first ride on an elevated train and saw an able-bodied man as a ticket chopper, I thought, "Why, a sixteen-year-old girl could do that." This never occurs to the average New Yorker, but it would in case of war, when we organized a ticket choppers' regiment to defend the Atlantic or the Pacific Coast or the Panama Canal.

I know many English gentlewomen who have sent their gardeners to the front, while they themselves are using the spade and the rake for the first time in their lives. Some of them frankly enjoy it. They say it gives one just as good an appetite as golf. I knew of a woman who dismissed her nurse, as a matter of economy, and looked after her own child. "I never knew how simple a nurse's duties were! It's very easy," she said.

Destructive, wicked, and murderous as this war is, it has been also educational. It has burned lessons into the brain which were unassimilated in peace. It has already resulted in reforms which tens of thousands of writers and settlement workers could never have accomplished. Millions of Europeans have learned at how much less expense one can live if one chooses. The money cost of the struggle, then, is not entirely waste, because it does represent a considerable percentage of economy on the part of everybody.

Take my own experience. I did not realize how limited was my wardrobe until I reached New York, where everybody was spending money. Then I said: "It is time for me to have some more clothes; everybody seems to be buying clothes or something else."

When the men clerks and the ticket collectors come back from the war, will th women want to give up their places Will their employers want them to they are efficient? And if not, wha then? Will the loss of three or fou million men actually curtail the productive powe of Europe?

Is it likely that the increased number of wome employed, and perhaps closer application and bette organization, may make up for their loss?

Europe will be poor. She will have enormou debts to pay. Taxation will fall heaviest on thos who have unearned incomes, everybody agrees. The will have to increase their incomes by labor. Th trade unions of England, which are the closest co porations of workers in th world, may find that they wi have to go back to ten hou a day. Europe will be gla to make luxuries for expo to the United States and fo eign countries and consum fewer luxuries herself. Sh will be in the position of man who has been on a gran spree of extravagance an suddenly wakes up to th necessity of making up for i by application and economy

War cannot change th law of supply and deman Europe will inevitably g out into the markets of th world to meet the deman with cheaper goods becaus she must sell goods in orde to restore the trade ba ances. The men who surviv in Europe will still hav their brains, their skille hands, their power of indus try and organization. Thes are the things that must suc ceed in the world.

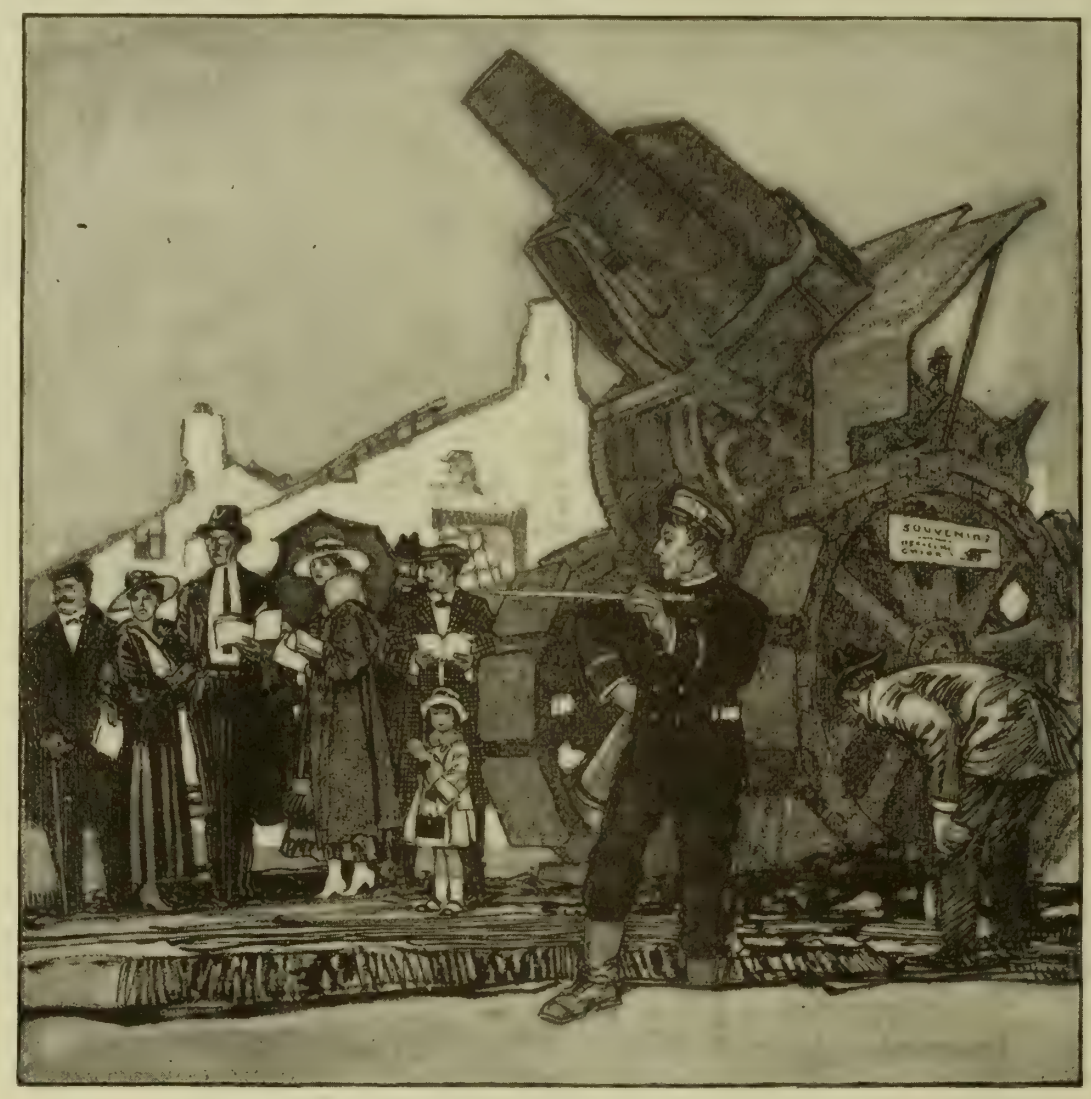
We must expect a hungr and eager Europe, in the re action of peace, turning ever penny she can to accoun She will be building new pas senger steamers to carry th shoals of tourists to see th trenches. She will flood ou markets. Instead of th United States being able t sit back and enjoy the grea start she has made, owing t her security and peace in thi war, she will have to face th sharpest competition she ha ever known. For the ma who is broke will wor harder for a dollar than th man who has ten dollars i the savings bank.

Will Europe be really broke? I have talked with no financier on either sid of the water who really thought that she would. No body is broke so long as he has brains and energy That is why the United States, if you took away al our capital to-morrow and left us only our energy and skill and unequaled adaptability, would not b broke long. We should all work harder, that's all We should cut out the Saturday afternoon holi days, go to the office a little earlier in the morning stay a little later at night, and play less pinochle bridge, and baseball.

For ten years before this war the United States was computed to be losing $350,000,000 a year on trade balance to Europe. We did not give much attention to that on this side, but they did on the other We were paying Europe for practically all our carrying trade and sending immense sums to Americans living there, to tourists, and to the recipients of remittances from immigrants. We have the resources; we have the gold in our mines, and we ought to control the finances of the world, but as a matter of fact we do not. So far as the trade balance is concerned, every dollar a tourist spends in Europe means a bushel of wheat that we have to export.

Again, suppose that the French and the English bondholders to-morrow should put on the American market every American stock and bond they own. Ask any member of the Stock Exchange what he thinks the effect would be! Frenchmen and Englishmen are holding these securities because they are now yielding good incomes; when any individual European, however patriotic he may be, comes to consider his pocket he realizes the uncertainty of European securities.

Every man who has any money in the savings



Hungry Europe will build new passenger steamers to carry shoals of tourists to see the trenches. She will turn every penny she can to account

bank, who owns stocks or bonds, or in any way is drawing interest on his savings, and every man who works for a living, is concerned about the effect of peace on him. Once commerce is resumed among the belligerent nations, will interest rates go up or down? After the war, will you buy, at a price that will make them yield 6 per cent, bonds that are now yielding 5 per cent? Or will they rise until they yield only 3 per cent? What will be the effect of those enormous European loans on private loans which form the oil that greases all business? The man who borrows capital at 5 per cent and is making it earn 8 per cent for him is gaining a profit. If he can get it at 3 per cent, he is earning still more if business is good and he still can make 8 per cent, but less if business is bad and he can make only 4 per cent. Most students of finance whom I have talked with think that interest rates will be low.

Will Europe have a boom after peace? That depends upon the kind of peace. Will our boom wane or wax stronger? If it be a peace which promises to endure for half a century, which means some disarmament and that the European war cloud has been laid, it will be the beginning of a greater era of prosperity for all the nations than they have ever known. If there be a peace with the promise that war may begin again at any minute, there may be fearful depression.

The men in the trenches are going to have something to say about policies. There are from twelve to fifteen millions of them who have seen their comrades killed and who have endured drudgery and risks without parallel. They have time for thinking in the trenches and, make no mistake, they use it. For not only have the armies been the largest ever engaged, but the average soldier has been of far higher intelligence than in any other war. Practically every able-bodied man in an era of popular education has been fighting. He knows that his duty is to go on with the sacrifice till he is killed, his country wins, or the war ceases, on the word of his ruler or for other reasons.

On the day that peace is signed and the censorship ends his thoughts may take form in action. And what is to be the effect of all this trench life? What influence will it have in peace? It has resulted in a singular fellowship. Every class of man has been submitted to the same kind of ordeal. Greed, selfishness, and ambition are submerged in a common cause. Nothing counts but courage and service against the enemy. The bullet and the shell which knew no favorites and the omnipresence of Death have lifted men out of the rut of individualism and set them above the petty individual annoyances and jealousies which influence action when work of community interest is attempted in civil life. They have learned discipline, definiteness, and the value of holding together.

The same is true back in London and Paris. If nations have never before been so murderous in their dealing with one another, it is also true that the people in the nations have never been so kind to one another. Never has class prejudice been so little in evidence in England, with the exception of the universal feeling against the slackers and the trade-unions for not having done their part. After the war the man who has not fought will certainly be marked. Talk with a Tory of the old school, or talk with a Radical of the new in England, and they agree upon the importance of reforms.

Trenches Full of Pacifists

FROM Switzerland to the North Sea there is a band from five to ten miles wide of shell-wrecked villages and towns. They represent so much capital, so much energy expressed in bricks and stones, and must be rebuilt if people again are to live in them.

Yet the proportion of the whole of France which has been destroyed is small. Perhaps it represents less to France than did the San Francisco earthquake and fire to the State of California. This was barely ten years ago, and San Francisco has completely recovered. California is a new, rich country, and France is old. But France is thickly settled and her people very thrifty and industrious.

In Germany the employer must keep his place open for the soldier who is at the front—this is the law; it is not so in France, I believe, and certainly not in England or in our own country. In England, where they have a great volunteer army, as we had in the Civil War, the question is asked if a large proportion of the men will not be spoiled for civil life by soldiering.

Many employers at the beginning of the war thought that. They had South Africa in mind. But no other war is a criterion for this. South Africa comparatively was a sporting proposition. The chance of being killed was about enough to add zest to life for an adventurous spirit, which was the call to war in the old days—when a man wanted to know what it was like to be under fire; when he wanted the thrill and the great experience. It distinguished him among his fellows, as, after all, having been in the Cuban campaign or the Philippines distinguishes a man at home more or less. But there is no individual distinction when everybody has been to war. Consequently there are no heroes in this war, in one sense; only universal heroism.

Where in swashbuckling days the soldier's life consisted of "getting drunk six days a week and charging like the devil on Sunday" this war is conducted in shifts in and out of the trenches. It does not do to get drunk unless you want to be killed. Temperance is the rule. Probably the admirals and captains in Nelson's day who had their port, and the sailors their grog, would be amazed at the admirals and captains and seamen of the British fleet to-day. These admirals and captains may raise their glasses if their guest is aboard, but the guest does the drinking.

The factory hands in England who used to take too many beers at the public houses found after they were in the army a better stimulant in fresh air and exercise. Last winter the British served out to men in the trenches a ration of rum of about two thimblefuls a day, but half the men asked instead for chocolates or sweets, which are fat producing. Anyone who saw the French army in the first two months of the campaign and sees it to-day cannot resist the impression that the men are better physically and that they have gained a certain heroic quality which must have its influence in afterlife. Strangely enough, most of the survivors from the trenches will return home better men for their experience. Their moral standards have been improved. The one thing absent in this war which I have found in other wars was glorification of war as war. The professional soldier's point of view has almost ceased to exist. The soldier who knows war best finds it most ghastly. If you want to find a real peace party, go to the trenches.

This isn't in the slightest way inconsistent with the fact that in the last six months I have never heard a British or French soldier or officer say that he would give up the war without winning. Never have I heard men speak so often of their duty to posterity as in the trenches. Even the old British regulars who fought for the honor of their regiments and took what came their way in death and hardship with their attractive philosophy and fatalism—even they think that their efforts are not alone for England to-day, but for the England of to-morrow. They expect to be killed, (*Continued on page* 33)

CAPTAIN BILL

BY ROY NORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CONVERS WYETH

Captain Bill, who now makes his bow to the readers of Collier's, will appear again in these pages

IT was when Alaska was mostly a white spot on the maps, neglected, unknown, and inhabited by wolves, bears, natives, dogs, and traders, a flea-bitten tribe in winter and a mosquito-ridden one in summer. Fort St. Michaels, so called because there was a worthless old cannon left behind by the Russians, was then but a collection of log huts on a high headland with a scattered Indian village farther along the bend of the bay. Father Barnum then fought for the souls of the natives in that pasture and hobnobbed at intervals with that other equally great and noble missionary, Dr. Prevost. They were men! Billy Blatch doled out tea, tobacco, sugar, matches, red prints and blue denims, and was a bear on the price of furs taken in exchange. And Captain Bill Smith, recruited from the headwaters of the Missouri River, ran the palatial trading steamboat *Louisy Ann*. White men of any sort were rarities. And those that did come were—just sorts. Twice a year the trading schooner came from outside bearing a few letters, an occasional adventurer, and more matches, tea, sugar, tobacco, prints, and pot metal axes. She took away furs. Fortunes in furs! Furs that were to grace My Lady of Fashion in the opera boxes of the world! Furs to keep her warm when she entered her carriage on the Champs Elysées, Bond Street, the Praterstrasse, Under den Linden, and Fifth Avenue! There was neither spring nor fall; nothing save summer, when the lolling days were long and daylight-ridden, and winter, when there was scarcely any day at all and the terrible twins of frost and snow slipped hither and yon intent on murder. To the north there was a thousand miles of waste; to the east a thousand miles of wilderness; to the west untenanted sea and a thousand miles of Siberia; to the south a thousand miles and more of water. So it was a thousand miles from anywhere.

It was a fine country for traders, because the natives were guileless; a fine place for missionaries, because if ever any souls needed saving it was those who adventured into that country, and a fine place for murderers, because there was no law and not the slightest inquisitiveness among those wanderers who dwelt and roved therein. So all were happy in their own ways; the missionaries because they were hopeful, the traders because they could trade, the adventurers because they had a vast unknown field for venture, the murderers because no one asked questions, the natives because they knew no better, the bears because there were dens, and the fleas because there were wolves and dogs. A very lovely country it was. Captain Bill often said so, and, having been graduated from the headwaters of the Missouri, been often in New Orleans, and often in jail, he should know. Captain Bill was not a murderer or a missionary. He said that also, but admitted to having once been a whaler and having carelessly destroyed a few men over the only things he said were worth fighting about, the same being women. He said that from a vast experience he had come to the conclusion that women were angelic devils and that the choice lay between creoles and greasers; also that he never saw his own mother because she inadvertently left him in a garbage can at such an early date that his eyes were not yet open. He believed that he happened in St. Louis, but was not quite certain. It might have been Omaha or Sioux City; he was certain it wasn't in Fargo because there wasn't much of a Fargo then. He hoped it wasn't Council Bluffs because he never liked that town after he grew old enough to become acquainted with its police force. His two pet animosities were police and pikers.

"I'm what you call a whole-hog he-man," he was wont to explain when admonished for moral delinquencies; for of physical delinquencies he had none, being a nice six-foot specimen of the species, apparently skinny, but of unbounded sinews and strength, homely beyond words, with a digestion that could overcome anything from blubber to roasted dog, and a constitution that required no bathing during warm weather, because water was too easy to obtain, and none in winter, because it was too hard to get. Also, in warm mental moods his eyes were a washed-out gray—washed febrile, like indolent seas, and in cold moods they were pale and chill, like ice fields, frozen deep and very inhospitable.

Captain Bill's eyes were his sole attraction. There was fascination in them of that sort which renders one curious. If a somnolent tiger's eyes were ever of that pale gray, it would make the keeper wonder, as he scratched an ear, what color they might be in a night of temper. And in the flaming period of tempest the same keeper would wonder what they might look like when hypnotized by a full belly and lots of clean straw.

"He's a nuisance when drunk and a devil when sober," was Billy Blatch's estimate.

"He's the biggest little man, or the littlest big man, I ever met," declared Dr. Prevost.

"He is a reproach to possibility," characterized Father Barnum.

"He has a woman's heart, the tongue of truth, and the blow of the lightning," asserted the natives. "When he gets angry the river stops running, the trees bend to their knees, and the mountains shake. When he smiles the flowers bloom, fish climb out on the beach to be smoked, the caribou run south to be killed in thousands, the Indian's cache is full, and there are looking-glasses and alarm clocks on the barabara floors. But when he gets drunk the whole world wabbles like his legs!"

SO it can be readily seen in this age of analysis and time when historians write of impossible Malemute dogs endowed with godlike affection, discretion, speech, and wisdom; of "silent, grim" men who talk all the time and grin; of puny, tender, refined gentlemen from Eastern universities who do their hundred miles a day with a ton-weight pack on their backs, and of beautiful Siwash maidens with eyes like a doe and "golden hairs ahangin' down their backs," how difficult is the task to decide exactly what kind of a person Bill, captain of the *Louisy Ann*, really was. Anyhow, he was the real captain of the real trading steamboat *Louisy Ann*, and knew better than to steer the boat when he could hire a Yukon native citizen for a yard of red calico, a pound of "sheep-dip" tobacco, and a small bottle of pain killer to perform that same arduous labor.

At times he had been tempted to resign his lordly position of King of the Yukon River and join that band of nomads that had struggled into the new camp called Circle City, but was deterred therefrom

by the fact that, so far, none of the light-hearted gentlemen of Circle had discovered enough gold to make it worth while; also because, having passed all his life on river packets, it was like leaving home where there were three square meals a day.

ON this blithe day in June, Captain Bill's steamboat was being loaded down until her clumsy stern wheel was biting deeply into the water. Natives were hurrying the stuff aboard to load her still deeper. Everybody was excited, save Captain Bill, who was distressfully drunk and sitting with his back propped up against a hut back of the pelt house and playing "Turkey in the straw" on a jew's-harp, now and then missing a note when his hand failed to connect with the tongue of steel. He was disturbed by long-drawn shouts of "Steamboo-o-oat!" the yowling of many dogs, a ragged salvo of firearms, and a general hubbub. Sober, he would have joined therein; comfortably full, he merely paused with the harp suspended, grinned, said aloud: "Ice's gone out of Unimak Pass and—here sh'is!" and resumed the tuneful lay at the exact place he had left off.

The first boat of the season, from the "outside," the most important event of the season, could not disturb his musical ecstasy. He thought it over sleepily, then quietly curled over on his side, pulled his battered old white hat over his eyes, and went to sleep.

The steam schooner *South Coast* made her way into the harbor as far as she dared, dropped anchor, and St. Michaels hummed. Her skipper landed and, up in the offices of the trading company, retailed the news of the outside world to a breathless, questioning group who had heard nothing whatever for the preceding eight months and wanted to know who was now President. Captain Bill missed it all.

An hour later there was a second period of excitement. The revenue cutter *Bear* had arrived, and two ships in the harbor at one time was an event. Lieutenant Jarvis landed and fraternized. Captain Bill missed that also. In the third hour a clumsy, whipsawed river skiff, with a patched sail made from pieces of denim, old canvas bags, and a towel or two, gained the beach, and there was more excitement when her two passengers brought the announcement that "some of the boys" at Circle had struck good pay dirt during the winter and that they, the voyageurs, were among them and were now "going outside" to spend it. Proudly they exhibited some well-filled "pokes" and passed out several nuggets as souvenirs. Captain Bill, with red eyelids and a foolish grin, arrived in time to hear this news and to shake hands. They invited him to drink.

"Nope! Got enough for this time," he remarked, and Billy Blatch smiled to himself with great satisfaction, glad to know that Captain Bill had come back to a state of competency and would thus remain until his return from up the river, after which, just as sure as the sun shone, Captain Bill would again celebrate. Moreover, the news of the increased find at Circle meant a change in programs, because now it was certain that the *Louisy Ann* must depart with a cargo at once, wheeze and steam as hard as she could be driven straight up the river to Circle, double-back down the river posthaste, and do the trip over again, stopping at riverside trading posts. The possibility of an inrush of many hungry prospectors to Circle City must not be overlooked. Blatch said as much to Captain Bill, punctuating his remarks with a clenched fist banged on the pine countertop at intervals, and a finger shaken under Captain Bill's very prominent and bony nose.

"I've got an extra gang on ever since we heard the news, and out you go! To-night! Not to-morrow! To-night! Want some bromo?"

"Naw! Don't want nothin' but some silence, and not too much of that," acridly remarked Captain Bill as he made his way to a water pail, slowly got his six feet down on hands and knees, and ducked his head therein while the overflowing water swashed overboard and made wet trails and puddles as it sought to escape through the cracks of the slab floor.

HE got up and eyed the pail and grinned as he rubbed his head with a convenient gunny sack.

"Look at that water, Billy," he said. "Take a look at it. It's boilin', by Jiminy, because my top works was so hot!"

"How many times do I have to tell you to take that bucket outside when you perform that acrobatic stunt of yours?" was all the response he got; but, heedless of the trader's remonstrances, he shook himself like a big Newfoundland coming out of the water, said: "Whoopee! Now I'm ready for business again. What was that you said about shovin' the old tub up to Circle?"

Captain Bill, with scarcely a headache, so tough and seasoned was his constitution, was King of the River again.

At eight o'clock that evening, with a few extra Eskimos, a King's Islander or two, a wandering Koyukuk, and a couple of Tananaws pouring a steady stream of firewood into her boilers, the *Louisy Ann* pulled out with Captain Bill at the wheel, standing as steadily as if he had never heard the word intemperance. Blatch and a group stood on the headland by the old cannon and saw the sparks thrown out of her stack like a small trail of comets and shooting stars, and heard the increased slap of her paddle wheel.

"He's sure pumpin' her boilers as full of hot wind as he knows how, Capt'n Bill is, ain't he?" said one of the men from upriver, and the other predicted that he would make a record run if he didn't "blow her to Hades and back!"

BEFORE morning the *Louisy Ann* had crossed the arm of the Bering Sea, surged toward the fresh water in the river mouth that none less expert than Captain Bill could have found, and Tim Sullivan, the engineer, coming out to stare through the morning's dusk, shook his head doubtfully and hurried back to "stand by" for a bell from the texas. Usually she lay to at that hour waiting for high tide to cover the bar that was always a menace and where since then many a steamboat has come to grief.

No bell jangled, and the steamboat still plowed ahead at full speed. The engineer became alarmed. They must be drawing more than four feet of water, and at this hour of the tide there might not be more than three feet over the bar. He jumped to the tin speaking tube, and, distending his cheeks and pursing his lips, sent a blast up it that could be heard above the roar of his boilers.

"Say, Captain Bill, what's wrong?" he bawled into the receiver.

Promptly he heard a stentorian reply:

"Nothin'! Don't bother me! I got orders to shove her for all we're worth. Goin' to do it if we have to jump her over the bar. When I want you to slow down I'll tell you! Who's runnin' this scow—you or me?"

They scraped a little as they crossed, slithered sidewise, heard the hogchains groan, and the *Louisy Ann* did a half turn, a scramble, paused, tried again, drove forward, and cleared. The engineer wiped the sweat from his forehead and cursed his native fireman by way of relief. The tube whistle in the engine room did a shrill whistle and the engineer, still gasping with nervous tension, applied his greasy ear to it. (*Continued on page* 34)



From the stern to the pilot house they danced and struck and howled: the one yelling venomously, the other whooping with gleeful vehemence

BOOZE AND THE RAILROAD

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



THE officials of a certain big American railroad eighteen years ago used to celebrate their executive meetings with wine, cocktails, and highballs. To-day when the new chief wants an all-day conference of his staff they lunch downstairs in the station restaurant, and buttermilk and grape juice are the standard beverages that go with the rather simple midday fare. This same railroad has discontinued the sale of liquor in any form in both its dining cars and its stations.

Fifteen years ago I rode in a train on a hot August afternoon all the way from Columbus to Pittsburgh. In the middle of that drowsy afternoon I chanced to walk from the rear of the train to the front and passed through the dining car. The shades were drawn, and some of the negro waiters were asleep, their heads buried in their arms upon the little tables. And at one of those tables sat the conductor of the train, a brakeman, and a passenger — evidently old acquaintances — drinking a friendly, cooling draft of beer. Yet I do not believe that little scene could or would be repeated to-day on any part of any railroad in this country.

It might still be seen on excursion steamers at various points. Not so very long ago there was a panic on one of the overcrowded steamboats returning to New York from Coney Island and a serious disaster narrowly averted. The next day cool-headed men who had been aboard that boat reported that they had seen members of her crew in uniform drinking at the public bar. I have myself seen the same thing once or twice on other steamboats. Speaking in generalities, one might say that to-day one would find much more drinking of liquor on the water paths of the land than upon its steel highways.

There is one conspicuous exception to this rule—the Hudson River Day Line between New York and Albany. Twenty-five years ago this historic route had but two steamers in service. Each, in accordance with all the steamboat traditions up to that time, maintained a bar. These bars were models, dignified and orderly, yet a source of much anxiety to the owners of the line, a God-fearing family from the upper valley of the Hudson. The family discussed the matter, and on a winter day a quarter of a century ago decided to abolish the sale of liquor of any kind in any way upon its steamers. It has stuck steadfastly to that decision. It has done more. It has launched the great new steamers of its fleet and omitted the traditional bottle of champagne.

Yet in the end the owners of the Hudson River Day Line have found that their ruling against liquor selling has paid them in a practical fashion. The ruling against booze has removed the least desirable class of excursionists and through travelers from their decks. To-day their steamers are known as craft upon which women and children may sail in safety and in absolute freedom from annoyance.

Arizona Leads the Fight

THE sale of liquor to the traveling public in railroad stations has greatly lessened in the past few years. This is true of practically all the roads—on some of them, in fact, it has been entirely stopped. The great national movement, not only toward temperance, but toward actual and entire prohibition, has not been without its effect upon the steel highways of the land. It has come home to them in a variety of ways. It has raised issues that they could not dodge if they would, that some of them would not if they could. The entire question of the carrier and the demijohn is intricate, to say the least. The display of sovereign rights that many of the States have now begun to exercise in regard to the entrance of liquor into them has added complications to the question. For instance, Oregon has said recently that no liquor must pass her borders and into her towns save for sacramental or medicinal purposes. Arizona has gone further, with the stiffest booze law yet on record. She will not make even these exceptions. This aroused the opposition of certain church authorities; the law was, nevertheless, upheld. The statute is inapplicable only when a doctor himself brings in alcohol.

It was suggested last fall when this stiff prohibition measure, then merely a bill, went to the distinguished referendum of the people that flavoring extracts be barred, lemon extract being particularly high in its percentage of alcohol. Cologne spirits are barred—Peruna is not. And there are other "remedies" along the shelves of the drug stores down there in the Southwest that display their percentage of alcohol, not in the modest lettering prescribed by law, but in such bold type that even the most myopic may study the percentages and select the "remedy" which suits him best. North Carolina permits a man to order from outside the State two quarts of whisky and ten gallons of beer a month, while West Virginia requires a traveler crossing her borders to paste a label on his suit case itemizing its contents if they exceed half a gallon of booze. The most impressive prohibition exhibit in that State is the stack of grips and valises in the basement of the Capitol at Charleston: containers suspected and convicted of harboring the forbidden visitor. A cheap and battered suit case in the hands of a traveler coming into West Virginia is under immediate suspicion. And—as Paddy says—the largest bar in Wheeling is outside of it, located directly across the Ohio in the little town of Bridgeport. It is built in the form of a hollow square, and on Saturday nights twenty bartenders are busy within the square, while the street-car line runs extra trips to accommodate the thirsty Wheeling folk.



"A man befuddled by booze can't work for me!"

Each Saturday, in fact, sees a great hegira of West Virginians into damper lands. There is a cross-country steam railroad running up from Fairmont toward Connellsville, Pa. Each Saturday it has to add extra coaches to its afternoon train for the three or four hundred thirsty miners who come trekking up to Point Marion, Pa., thirty-seven miles distant and the first town across Mason and Dixon's line which here divides "wet" from "dry." The chief industry at Point Marion is the supplying of liquor for the arid State of West Virginia. Just at present it is an exceedingly flourishing industry.

Here is another factor in the liquor question so far as the railroad is concerned, and not a pleasant one either. Yet it must take the situation as it finds it. It cannot, even under the excuse of the stringent new laws in the States, move of its own volition to refuse to transport liquor. If it does make such a step, the shippers instantly remind it that it is a common carrier. As such it must not discriminate—not unless its officers want to run the risk of jail sentences. So the carrier—the railroad, the steamboat, or the express company—finds that it is damned if it does and damned if it does not. It must untangle the conflicting State and Federal laws as best it may. That is its own lookout. It may prohibit the sale of liquor upon its property, but must go slow in refusing to transport it. And it cannot always even refuse to sell whisky or wine or beer as freely as the desires or consciences of its own operating officers might dictate.

The Tragedy of a Muddled Engineer

AS to this question of the sale of liquor on railroad trains and in railroad stations, very much more in a moment. Consider now the liquor question of the railroad from its primary standpoint, the standpoint of the employee—the man to whom the safe operation of the trains is intrusted in large or small degree. Remember that there were many times and places twenty years ago, some even ten years ago, when a traveler might find railroad men in uniform and on duty drinking. And the casual traveler did not see the lonely yards of those days—the yards where his personal safety must be most carefully conserved—yards which sometimes have had more whisky bottles than coupling pins strewn along their mazes of tracks.

"It's a hard job this yard work," many and many an apologetic yardmaster would have told you at that time; "hard enough in the pleasant days of summer, plain hell in winter. Ye can't blame the yard bosses if they're a little blind sometimes when they see the byes makin' for Rafferty's or even that Polish jint—the West End Saloon."

There is much force to his argument, apparently. Practically all of the great freight yards of the railroads of America—the busy hubs of that sort of activity which is the most important of their many phases of operation—are situated in desolate barrens outside of the large cities. Not only are there hundreds and even thousands of hard-working railroaders employed in each of these brisk, remote places, but they are invariably the terminals of the freight runs of all the lines, big and little. Engineers, firemen, conductors, and trainmen come piling off the long trains at all hours of the day, and the night as well, tired, hungry, cold. Do you wonder that Mike's place or the West End looks inviting to them?

There are plenty of railroad bosses to-day who call their drinking men on the carpet and say: "A man befuddled by booze can't work for me! A whisky

user or beer user is in no condition either to run a train or have even the smallest part in its conduct."

It is not quite four years ago that a muddled engineer walked into the shadows of a roundhouse at a certain big railroad hub in the East and clumsily boarded his train. He had been drinking. He was not drunk. A drunken man could not have climbed into the locomotive cab in a fashion that would have escaped the attention of a vigilant roundhouse foreman. A drunken engineer could not have signed in for his run and escaped the sharp eyes of the roundhouse clerk. But a man with just enough drinks in him to befuddle his thinking capacity was the most dangerous factor that that railroad could have in its employ that night.

The locomotive into which the engineer climbed that July night was as perfect a piece of mechanism as might well be devised; it had been carefully inspected and made ready for its mighty run, 150 miles up the line. The track over which its path was to rest was the pride of the heads of one of the richest roads in America; it was carefully inspected, every inch of it. And there was not a mile that was not marked by the watchful eye of a gaunt semaphore, turning to green, to yellow, and to red as it flashed its messages of safety and caution and danger on the line just ahead. Yet before that locomotive had gone twenty miles, traveling at a tremendous, thunderous speed, it had crashed into the rear of a stalled passenger train: the night express from the seaboard to the lakes, filled to capacity with excursionists bound to spend a Fourth of July holiday. The locomotive cleft the last car of the stalled train almost as sharply and cleanly as an expert woodsman would strike his sharpened ax through the grain of a log.

Rule G No Longer a Joke

THEY took forty bodies out of the wreckage. When the dawn finally broke through the fog, hanging close to the stilled waters of the river, the railroaders who had come hurrying to the scene by motor car and special train found a Fourth of July job awaiting them such as exceeded all possibilities of imagination. One grizzled old wrecking boss from up the line came to the scene on a hurry call. He took one look at it—a good, long, deliberate look—and then, dazed and reeling, walked on eighteen miles before he recovered his poise and self-control.

That railroad, proud of its safety record, was outraged. It satisfied itself that its engineer had been drinking before he climbed into the cab that morning, and it immediately decided to hold him responsible for the crime—for the killing of forty persons under such circumstances was not less than a crime. To discharge the locomotive driver was not enough. It sought to prosecute him in the courts. The issue became political; powerful factions were aroused; a bitter personal battle was waged, and eventually the engineer was acquitted. But before the smoke had cleared away it had surrounded no less a personage than the governor of one of the greatest States in the Union—in fact, it was one of the prime factors that led to his removal from office under charges a few months later.

Balked in its desire to punish the crime that had been committed, this railroad wisely sought to prevent a recurrence of so dread a thing. It turned toward "Rule G" and began enforcing that regulation as it had never before been enforced. Now, Rule G, as every good railroader already understands, is a clause in the book of operating rules, common to all of the larger railroads, which seeks to treat the entire question of the use of liquor by men in the service. It forbids the railroad employee either to use liquor or frequent the places where liquor is sold. When first written, not so many years ago, it was thought that the railroads would have a hard time enforcing the rule. It was predicted that Rule G would soon become a dead letter. Yet the reverse has already come to pass. The standard book of operating rules has ceased to be known as "Joe Miller's Joke Book" by the railroaders, and Rule G goes.

These things have not been accomplished without much thought, much planning, along well-defined lines. One definite and successful line has been the establishment of clubhouses for the railroaders at the great yards and terminals both in the hearts of the cities and in remote and isolated localities. These clubhouses have all the creature comforts of the saloons, and many more. They have warmth and light and good-fellowship. And, better than any of the Mike Rafferty places, they have well-cooked food, clean and comfortable beds, to say nothing of such details as baths, reading rooms, writing facilities, and the like.

Sometimes these clubs are run directly by the railroad companies themselves; far more often, however, they are in the control of the international organization of the Young Men's Christian Association. That organization has shown a remarkable adaptability in making itself one of the indispensable factors of railroad operation in North America. Without lowering its standards of Christianity for a single instant, it has not been captious or finicky in seeking out the railroader and in catering to him. It recognizes a human love for pipe or cigar, and it installed its billiard tables in the railroad branches while the city institutions were still looking a bit askance at the green-topped tables. It draws the line sharply at playing cards and at liquor. It places the full force of its strength and influence against liquor, and it has been a mighty factor in creating respect for Rule G. You will find these clubhouses up and down the railroads of the land. You will discover them in the form of elaborate houses, such as the splendid new structure just built by the Vanderbilts at the north end of the Grand Central Terminal or the clubhouse given by Mrs. Helen Gould Shepard to the men running in and out of the St. Louis terminal, or you will find them sometimes in the form of abandoned section houses made clean and comfortable, or even in a couple of antiquated coaches run for their last weary mile upon the line and converted into a haven for railroaders who still have many, many weary miles ahead of them. But the typical clubhouse of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. is apt to be a neat two-story structure of wood or brick set in immaculate grounds and within convenient reach of the yardmasters' and trainmasters' offices where the fellows who ride the line are forever signing in and signing off their runs.



The Passing of the Joints

THE clubhouse, as a part of a living organism that itself never sleeps, never closes. No matter what hour of night you go poking up its front steps and through its front door of hospitable width you will find a welcome awaiting you at the desk, catch the aroma of steaming coffee from the spotless lunch room hard by. Engineers, firemen, brakemen, conductors, are forever coming and going. There is quiet banter, whispered gossip of the fellows upon the line, the interchange between rest and another long trick in cab or caboose.

But if you come up the front steps toward that hospitable doorway on a sunny afternoon you will probably find a double row of men upon the porch, a veritable rocking-chair brigade—railroaders, young and old, gazing idly over toward the "main," with its endless rattle and clatter of strings of freight cars, and the near-by sprawling roundhouse, always enveloped in a smoky haze of its own making. There is a smoky haze of its own making upon the porch, but the flavor is different. And the glances of the railroaders turn from the tracks to the end of the porch when the dapper young secretary of the clubhouse changes the records upon the big cabinet phonograph. The Mike Rafferty places never have porches. Perhaps the Mike Raffertys have never been smart enough to think of the value of them.

After a time you will get the young secretary alone over in a quiet corner and ask: "What has become of the joints?"

"There wasn't much use for them after the town went dry last May. There hasn't been much use for them for the past three years. But when this junction went dry—this old-time hell hole in a cornfield immediately northeast of the biggest huckleberry patch in the State—the papers down at the capital sent their smartest young reporters up on the first train. They couldn't believe it was true."

"What did it?"

"I think that we had something to do with it," he says modestly. "The town wasn't our first worry. The railroad men were. We took care of them, and they have taken care of the town."

The young secretary can tell of the three Noble boys—boys no longer, but they came quickly, and they all were on good passenger runs before they had turned forty. They were competent in an engine cab. In a day when there were no maximum speed allowances for every mile of the line, no pesky blocks to hold up a man every now and then, they made their runs and brought their trains in on time. So no questions were asked. They were good engineers even on a road which boasted of the timber of the men in its comfortable cabs. All of them drank. In the days when they came to passenger runs everyone upon the road, every railroader in that corner of the land, drank. He would have been laughed out of his job if he had not.

One of the Nobles is dead. He died in the almshouse of the very county in which the junction stands. Another had a job in the little village over beyond the roundhouse. He shines shoes and acts as porter in the struggling hotel there. And the third —well, let the young secretary tell you of the third:



The new clubhouses have more comforts than saloons: warmth, light, and good-fellowship

"He was getting in the habit of drifting in here half drunk and falling asleep in the lobby or in the writing room. There were others who did the same thing, but this man, because of his prominence on the main line, was my greatest problem. Suddenly I saw the way out. The chairman of the brotherhood local chanced in at the clubhouse, and I got him into a corner and told him about Noble and the bad influence he had upon the other men. I went further. I hinted that I should hate to go to the superintendent and make a complaint about Noble. There had been a time when a chairman might have laughed at such a threat. He would have known that it would have been as much as a superintendent's job was worth on the road even to discharge a man who could pull as many wires as Henry Noble. But times had changed. The chairman was troubled. 'Let me talk it over with him to-morrow,' he told me.

"Five days later Noble came to me and thanked me. 'What for?' I asked him. 'For taking up the matter with the brotherhood instead of with the super. They gave me hallelujah all right. But I'm not fired—there's one of us who is not going to be broken by that d—— Rule G!' And I have reason to believe that Noble ceased drinking at that time. He has never been seen in a saloon or under the influence of liquor since that day."

It is to the eternal credit of the great brotherhoods of the railroads—the labor unions which command the allegiance of engineers, firemen, conductors, and other men in the train service—that they stand loyally by Rule G and its strict enforcement. It is known that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, to take the most conspicuous example, will not defend one of its men, no matter how good the rest of his record may be, who is proved guilty of drunkenness. For that offense he must pay the penalty himself and unaided.

The young secretary could tell you of many such instances if you had but the time to listen to him. He could tell you of one time when in overconfidence he went to the general manager—a good friend whose friendship he had earned—and begged the retention of a man who had fallen afoul of Rule G.

"I don't think that you have any right even to ask me that," was the general manager's reply, and the young secretary had gained a point of wisdom. Yet all these instances the Y. M. C. A. man at that single busy junction can give you from but one chapter of a great book. For there are several hundred such



"Very sorry, m'am; card playing is forbidden"

clubhouses as his across the United States and Canada, and each is a rallying point for the new order in railroading. There has not been sentiment or even religion in the founding of most of them. The railroads upon which they are located are not operated on sentimental or religious principles. But the men who own and operate the railroads are more or less keenly conscious of the human situation on their widespread properties, and that is why they stand for the clubhouse idea of the Y. M. C. A.; that is why they are working toward a consistent—

Rule G and Consistency

CONSISTENT! Right here the active railroader will interrupt and say: "There's the point. Are the roads consistent? How can they drill Rule G into our hearts and minds and keep selling booze in their cars and in their stations?"

There is point in what the railroader says. Every big operating man in the country agrees with him. And a good many of the traffic folk are of the same opinion. It was the traffic vice president of a big road which specializes in commuters who looked uneasily at the barroom that was operated in its largest terminal. It was a widespreading station wherein hurrying folk changed from ferryboat to train and back again. Sometimes they did not hurry. Sometimes they stole thirty seconds at the bar. The white-coated fellows behind it were adept, and they knew the favorite drinks of many of the customers. That was part of their job.

The traffic vice president would have eliminated liquor selling in the terminal. There were reasons—reasons that seemed entirely sound at that time—why it could not be done. But he had the operating heads of the property on his side, and he was able to make a compromise suggestion: "Let's rip out the bar," he suggested. "If we make them have their drinks served at a table, we shall eliminate 50 per cent of the tippling in this terminal. Men won't make an earlier boat, and they won't lose their favorite home-going train."

He carried his point. The bar was torn out, and temperance scored a real point. Only the vice president had erred in his estimate. By his simple device nearly 80 per cent of the drinking had been eliminated. And a few years later the road that owned the station found it possible to discontinue entirely the sale of liquor within its walls.

We have spoken of the drunken man who may come to control a train. He is a more dangerous factor in railroad operation than the drunken man who rides as a passenger, although the latter is obnoxious enough to the patrons of the road. (*Continued on page* 24)

HELD TO ANSWER

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. KING

Chapter Fourteen—Marien Explains

SOMETHING less than one hour after the verdict of Judge Brennan had been pronounced the Rev. John Hampstead emerged from the Identification Bureau at the City Hall and boarded a street car for Encina. Late in the afternoon of this day, which, it will be remembered, was Saturday, the minister had three callers. The first to appear was the Angel of the Chair, hailing the minister with a smile as if, instead of disgrace, he had achieved a triumph.

Hampstead's solemn face lighted with sheer joy at her manner. It was such a relief that she had not come to commiserate him. It irritated him to be pitied. It stung him to be doubted. He only wanted to be believed and to be encouraged by those who did believe him.

And he had need of stoutness, for within a quarter of an hour Elder Burbeck was announced. There was no one to whom the events and disclosures of this terrible week of headlines had been more surprising or more shocking than to the meticulous apostle of the status quo. Upon the elder's metallic cast of mind each revelation impacted with the shattering effect of a solid shot. The school of logic in which he had been trained reasoned coldly by straight lines to rectangular conclusions. There was no place for allowances or adjustments.

So he reasoned now about Hampstead. He felt hot resentment at the disgrace which the disclosures and the flood of scandal brought upon the church.

What made the minister's sin more heinous was that he was evidently harboring some crook—some other man wicked as himself. That man, too, was no doubt a hypocrite, a whited sepulcher, posing before the community as a pillar of virtue. Whoever it was, Burbeck reasoned that it would be an act of righteousness to find and expose that man.

"Of course you'll resign!" announced the elder bluntly once the study door closed behind him.

A look of intense surprise crossed the face of Hampstead. "Resign what?" he asked with raised brows.

"Why, the pulpit of All People's!"

The minister stared in amazement. "No," the young man replied firmly, "I shall not resign."

"Then," declared Burbeck aggressively, "the pulpit of All People's will be declared vacant." The elder's chin was raised, and implacable resolution was photographed upon his features.

Again Hampstead paused and weighed and sounded the really sterling character of this honest old man whose pride was as inflexible and undeviating as the rule of his moral life. He saw him not as a fanatical vengeance, but as a father. He thought of Rollie, of the man's pride in his son, and of what a crushing blow it would be to him to know the plight in which that son really stood. It brought to him the memory of something he had read somewhere: "The more you do for a man the easier it is to love him and to forgive him." His feeling now, as he looked at this stern-faced man, was not one of resentment but of sympathy. He felt very sorry for him and for the position in which he stood.

"Why, Brother Burbeck," he reproached softly, "All People's would not do that. You would not let them do that. When you have stopped to think, you would not let me resign even. If I am convicted by a jury, I should have to resign; but a jury would not convict, I think. Besides, many things can happen before that. My accuser, who knows I am innocent, might relent. It is even more conceivable that a condition might arise under which the thief could speak out, and I should be vindicated.

"To resign now would amount to a confession of guilt. To force me to resign would be an act of treachery. I am assailed because of the whimsical caprice of a half-crazed woman. I am temporarily helpless before that assault because I am faithful to my vows as a minister of All People's, vows which I took kneeling, with your hand upon my head. In spirit I am unscathed. Were I not confident of All People's support, I should be gravely disheartened."

Burbeck answered with still harsher emphasis: "Hampstead, you will be disheartened. All People's will never support you again. I have called a meeting of the official board for to-night. I shall present a resolution declaring the pulpit vacant. If they recommend it, it will be acted upon to-morrow morning by the congregation. If they do not receive it, I shall myself bring it before the congregation to-morrow morning." An expression of pain flitted shadowlike across the features of the minister.

"Not to-morrow," he pleaded, his voice choking strangely; "not to-morrow. I have been counting greatly on to-morrow. It has been a hard week. Man!"—and Hampstead rose from his chair at the same time that his voice was lowered impressively—"man, have you not heart enough to realize what this has been to me? I long passionately for the privilege of standing again in the pulpit of All People's. I want them to see how undaunted in spirit I am. I want them to judge for themselves the mark of conscious innocence upon my face. I want to feel myself once more under the gaze of a thousand pairs of eyes, every one of which I know is friendly. I want the whole of Oakland to know that my church is solidly behind me; that though in a court of justice I am *held to answer*, in the court of the Lord and before the jury of my own church I stand approved, with the very stigma of official shame recognized as a decoration of honor."

HAMPSTEAD had walked around the desk. He lifted his hand in appeal and sought to lay it upon the shoulder of the elder to express the sympathy and the need of sympathy which he felt.

But Burbeck deliberately moved out of reach, replying sternly:

"Hampstead! You do not appear to appreciate your position. You will never again stand in the pulpit of All People's. That is one sacrilege which you have committed for the last time. More than that, I hold it to be my duty to God to wring from your own lips the secret of the man whom you are shielding, and I shall find a way to do it! I—"

But the man's feeling had overmastered his speech. His body shook, his face was purple with the vehemence of anger. He lifted his hand as if to call down an imprecation, but when words still failed

. . .

him he turned abruptly, and made for the outside door. It closed behind him with a bang that left the key rattling in the lock.

This noise and the sound of the elder's clumping heavy feet as they went down the steps prevented the minister from hearing the chugging of a motor car as it was brought to a stop in front.

Hence Hampstead, with no anticipation of another caller, was sitting at his desk reflecting bitterly upon his position, when the inner door was opened and Rose, her face white and strained, appeared and announced curtly: "That woman is here!"

"What woman?" asked Hampstead.

"That—that woman!" replied Rose again.

"Oh," exclaimed her brother, starting up from his reverie. "Oh, very well; show her in."

"You are not going to see her again?" Rose argued.

"I know of no one who should be in greater need of seeing me," John rejoined sadly.

"But alone? Think of the danger!"

"Seeing her alone has done about all the harm it can do," the brother replied with a disconsolate toss of his hands, while the drawn look upon his face became more pronounced. "Show her in!"

Rose departed with a cough eloquent of dissenting judgment. It was the sunset hour, and the room was half in gloom.



"Hampstead, you will be disheartened," warned the elder. "All People's will never support you"

THE actress paused inside the door, standing stiffly. Hampstead sat before his desk, his elbows on the arms of his chair, his hands hanging limp, his shoulders falling forward, his eyes cast down and fixed. The minister turned on the light.

Miss Dounay was clad exactly as she had appeared in court except that she was more heavily veiled so that the light revealed no more of her features than the sparkle of an eye. Hampstead did not rise.

"Well!" he said quietly.

"Yes," she replied in a low, affirmative voice, as if in answer to a question.

They were alone — man and woman — together again and alone.

"Why did you do it?"

Marien lifted her veil. The minister saw that the woman's royal air was gone, that she had suffered. The lips, as red, as alluring as ever, were more pliant; they trembled and formed themselves in tiny, undulating curves which suggested and then reenforced the imploring light of the eyes. Her beauty was more appealing because it was no longer commanding but entreating.

"Why did you do it?" the minister repeated.

"Because I loved you," she answered, smiling rather pitifully.

"Loved!" exclaimed Hampstead, rising from his seat.

"Yes," exclaimed the woman eagerly; "I have always loved you!"

Excitedly, with the air of one whose course was predetermined, the actress plucked off her hat, stabbed the pin into it, tossed it upon the window seat, nervously stripped the gloves from her hands, all the while hurrying on to declare:

"I have loved you from the first moment when you held me in your arms, when I first knew the warmth and vigor of your personality. You roused, kindled—and baffled me. The sensation was delicious, but I resented it. It offended my pride. I had never been overmastered. You overmastered me without knowing it. I hated you for it. You were so—so unsophisticated, so good, so simple, so ready to worship, to admire, to ascribe the beauties of my body to the beauties of my soul. I hated you for that, for my soul was less beautiful than my body, and I knew it. I resisted you and yielded to you; I hated you and loved you; I spurned you and wanted you.

"You were so awkward, so impossible; you had so much of talent and knew so little how to use it. It seemed to me the very mockery of fate that my heart should fasten its affection upon you. I tried to break the spell and could not. I yielded to my heart. I had to love you, to let myself adore you.

"I thought of taking you with me, but the way was too long; yours was more than talent—far more; it was genius, but buried deep and scattered wide. It would have taken a lifetime to chisel it out and assemble it in the perfect whole of successful art. I shrank before the treadmill task. And something else: I was jealous of you. Jealous of the artist you might become. Your genius when it flowered would overtop mine as your character overtops mine. Character is the one color not mixed upon the palette which the artist paints into his picture and thereby makes it great or small as he is great or small."

The speaker paused, as if to mark the effect of her words.

"Go on," urged Hampstead impatiently. "In the name of God, woman, if you have one word of justification to speak, let me hear it!"

"I have it," Miss Dounay rejoined, yet more impetuously, "in that one word which I have already spoken—*love!*" She paused, passed a reminiscent hand across her brow, and again resumed the thread of her story, still speaking rapidly, more emphatically: "Then came the final ecstasy of pain. You loved me. You demanded me. You charged me with loving you. You told me it was like the murder of a beautiful child to kill a love like ours. You argued, persuaded, demanded, compelled—*almost* compelled me!"

The woman's face whitened, her eyes closed, and she reeled dizzily under the spell of a memory that swept her into transports.

"But," replied the minister quietly, "you killed our beautiful child."

"No! No!" she exclaimed, thrusting out her hands to him. "Do not say that! I only exposed it—to the vicissitudes of years, to absence, and to a foul slander which my own lips breathed against myself! But I did not kill it! I did not kill it!"

"At any rate, it is dead," replied the man, his voice as sadly sympathetic as it was coolly decisive.

"But I will make it live again," the woman exclaimed desperately. "I love you, John! Oh, God, how I love you!"

She endeavored to reach his neck with her arms, but the minister stepped back, and she stood wringing them emptily, a look in her eyes as if she implored him to understand.

BUT the minister was unresponsive. "It was a queer way for love to act," he protested, and again with that comprehensive gesture which called accusing notice to the ruin pulled down upon him.

"But will you not understand?" she pleaded. "It was the last desperate resource of love. I could not reach the real you. I tried for weeks. I endured insufferable associations. I assumed distasteful interests—all to put myself in your company, to keep you in mine, to create those proximities, those environments and situations in which love grows naturally. Again and again I thought that love was springing up. But I was disappointed. You did not respond. What I thought at first was response was only sympathy. To you I was no longer a woman. I was a subject in spiritual pathology.

"When I saw this first it irritated and then maddened me. I knew that you were not yourself, that your environment had insulated you, that you were so interested in the part which you were playing, so absorbed by the duty of being a public idol, that you could not be yourself, t man, the flesh, the heart, know you are.

"In desperation I r solved to strip you, to hu you down, to rob you the public regard, of yo church, of everything; t strip you until you we nothing but the man wh once held me in his arm who was, at least for moment, completely unde my spell."

As the woman spoke he voice had risen, and a hal insane enthusiasm wa gleaming in her face, whi her fingers reached res lessly after the ministe who, as unconsciously a she advanced, receded unt he stood cornered again the door.

"Now," she continued i her frenzied exaltation c mood, "it is done! You se how easily it was accom plished. Nothing should b so disillusioning, so reawak ening, to you as to observ how light is your hold upo this community, how selfis and insincere was all thi public adulation. I, a stran ger almost, of whom thes people knew nothing, wa able, with a ridiculousl impossible charge, to brus you from your eminenc like a fly.

"Of what worth has it all been? Of what worth all that you can do for people like these? Your ver church is turning against you. It will cast you out."

A shade had crossed the brow of Hampstead.

"You think that?" he asked defiantly.

"I know it," Marien replied aggressively. "That square-headed old elder came to see me this afternoon. Shaking his hand was like taking hold of a toad. Ugh! He wanted to pry into your past through me, the old reprobate!"

"Hush! I will not hear him defamed. He is an honorable and a well-meaning man against whose character not one word can be breathed."

Marien's eyes flashed. Impatient and regardless of interruption, she continued as though Hampstead had not spoken. "And he, the father of the man you are suffering to shield, is to be the first to take advantage of your misfortune. The old pharisee! I nearly told him who the real thief was."

"Miss Dounay!"

THE minister's exclamation was short and sharp, like a bark of rage. His face was drawn until his mouth was a seam, and his eyes had shrunk to two shafts of light. "Miss Dounay! That is God's secret. If you had spoken, I should have—" He ceased to speak, but held up hands that clenched and unclenched.

The actress was feeling confident now. She had goaded this man to rage. Beyond rage might lie weakness and surrender. She threw back her head and laughed.

"Yes, I will finish it for you. You would have been inclined to strangle me. But I did not tell him. Yet not for your reason, but for mine. So long as you rest under the charge your enemies gnash; your friends turn from you. Instead of being insulated from me by all, you are insulated from all by me. There is no one left but me. I love you. I am beautiful, rich, with the glamour of success upon me. I can override anything, defy anything. I can be yours—altogether yours. You can be mine —altogether mine. You can leave these shallow, ungrateful gossips and scandalmongers to prey upon each other while you and I go away to an Eden of our own."

The actress paused, breathless, to mark effects. The minister's face had resumed its normal benignity of expression. He was gazing at her thoughtfully, contemplatively, once more. Marien took fresh hope, knowing upon second thought now, as she had known all along, that she could not successfully tempt this man by a life of mere luxurious emptiness. Falling into tones of yet more confiding intimacy, she continued:

"Besides, John, I am not jealous of your genius any more. My love has surged even over that. You have still a great dramatic career before you. You shall come into my company. You shall have every opportunity. Within two years you shall be my leading man; within five, costar with me. Think of it! Your heart is still in the actor's art. Acting is religion. After God, the actor is the greatest creator. He alone can simulate life. The stage is the most powerful pulpit. Come. We will write your life's

story into a play. We will play the faith and fortitude which you have shown into the very soul of America, like a bed of moral concrete! Are you not moved at that?"

She paused, standing with head upon one side, and the old, alluring, coaxing glances stealing up from beneath the coquettish droop of her lids.

"No," Hampstead replied seriously. "I am not moved by it at all. Had you made this speech to me five years ago, I should have been in transports. Today the art of living appeals to me beyond the art of acting. I have no doubt I feel as great a zest, as great a creative thrill, in standing true in the position in which you have placed me as you ever can in the most ecstatic raptures of the mimetic art. No, Marien," and his tone was conclusive, "it makes no appeal to me."

THE beautiful creature, perplexity and disappointment mingling on her face, stood for a moment nonplused. The expression of alert and confident resourcefulness had departed. Her intelligence had failed her. Yet once more the old smile mounted bravely.

"But there still remains one thing," she breathed softly, leaning toward him. "That is I. Everything you have got is gone, or going. I have taken it away from you that I might give you instead myself. You had no room for me last week. You have nothing else for your room now. It hurt me to give you pain. I hate Searle. I could have torn his tongue out yesterday. But you will forgive me, John. I did it for love."

Her utterance was indescribably pathetic, indescribably appealing.

"I am not to blame for loving you. You are to blame. No, the God that constituted us is to blame."

Her tone grew lower and lower. The spirit of humbled pride, of chastened submission, of helpless want, entered more and more into the expression of her face, and the timbre of her soft voice, the very outlines of her figure, seemed to melt and quiver with the intensity of yearning.

"It has been hard to humble myself in this way to you," she confessed. "I tried to win you as once I won you, as women like to win their lovers. But I am not quite as other women. I have to have you! My nature is imperious. It will shatter itself or have its will. I shattered your love to gain my ambition's goal. And now I have shattered your career to gain your love again."

Hampstead, though his consideration was growing for the woman, could not resist a shaft of irony.

"That was a sacrifice you took the liberty of making for me," he suggested.

"But, don't you see, it made me possible for you again?" And the actress smiled with that obtuseness which was pitiful because it would not see defeat. She drew close to him now, well within reach of his arm, and stood perfectly still, her hands clasped, her bosom heaving gently: a thing of rounded curves and wistful eyes, the figure of passionate, submissive, appealing love, hoping, desiring, waiting—to be taken. Yet the minister did not take her.

With eyes mournfully searching the depths of the face before her, she began her last appeal.

"And yet, John, there is a sacrifice that I am willing to make that is all my own and none of yours. I will renounce my own ambition, abandon the stage, cancel my engagements, give up that for which I have bartered everything a woman has to give but one thing. I have kept that one thing for you alone. The name of Marien Dounay shall disappear. I will be Alice Higgins again. I will be not an artist but a wife. I will be the associate of your work. You must go from here, of course. I have made your remaining impossible. But we will find some place where men and women need the kind of thing that you can do. It is a great need. There is a sort of glory in your work which I have not been too blind to see. My bridal flowers shall be the weeds of humble service. I will be a sister to the wife who waits upon the canal boat for her drunken husband. I will employ my art to bring cheer into homes of poverty, freshness and brightness to the sick. I will try to be a replica of all that you yourself are. I say I will try!"

SHE had raised her face now and was searching his eyes again. "I will do all of this eagerly, joyously, fanatically, John Hampstead, if it will make it possible for you to love me—as once you loved me," she concluded, with the last words barely audible and sounding more like heart throbs than human speech.

Hampstead, looking level into her face, saw that the woman spoke the truth; that she was absolutely sincere.

She saw that he saw it, and with a gesture of mute appeal threw out her hands to him. But they gathered only air and fell limply to her side.

The minister, although with a world of sympathy expressed in his manner, shook his head sadly. Marien's face grew white, and the red of her lips almost disappeared. A look of blank terror came into her eyes, while one hand, with fingers half closed, stole upward to the blanched cheek and the other was pressed convulsively against her breast.

"I have my answer—John!" she whispered hoarsely after an interval. "I have my answer!"

"Yes, Marien," he replied sorrowfully but decisively, "you have your answer."

Her eyes, always eloquent, and now with a look of terrible hurt in them, suffused quickly, and it seemed that she would burst into tears and fling herself weakly upon the man she loved so hopelessly. Instead, however, only a shiny drop or two coursed down the cheeks which remained as white as marble, and she held herself resolutely aloof, but balancing uncertainly until all at once her rounded figure seemed to wilt, and she would have fallen had not the minister thrown an arm about the tottering form and with gentle brotherliness of manner helped her to a seat in the morris chair.

For a considerable time she sat with her face in her hands, silent, but for an occasional dry, eruptive sob.

Hampstead, standing back with arms folded and one hand making a rest for his chin, looked on helplessly, realizing that for the first time he was studying this complex personality with an approach to real comprehension.

While he gazed, something like purpose appeared to stir again in the disconsolate figure. The dry sobs ceased and the body straightened till the head found its rest upon the back of the chair, but there the woman relaxed again in seeming total exhaustion with eyes closed and lips slightly parted. Hampstead drew a little closer, as if bowing in silent tribute to this rare, determined nature which now obviously fought with its grief as it had fought to gain the object of its attachment—indomitably. He had again the feeling which had come to him before, that she was greater, was worthier, than he.

"How I have made you suffer!" Marien exclaimed abruptly, at the same time opening her eyes.

"Yes," the minister confessed frankly, while the lines of pain seemed to chisel themselves deeper upon his face with the admission, "you have indeed made me suffer."

"Can you ever, ever forgive me?" she asked, lifting her hand appealingly.

It was a small, white hand with slim and tapering fingers. The minister took it in his and found it as before—a soft hand, but chilled.

"Yes," he said gravely and calculatingly; "I do forgive you. The ruin has been almost complete, but I am strong enough to build again!"

"Oh," she exclaimed eagerly, starting up, "do you think you can?"

"Yes," he assured her stoutly; "I know it." He was beginning to feel sorrier for her than for himself. "You, too," he suggested gently, "must begin to build again."

Once more her features whitened and she fell back, pressing her brow with a gesture of pain and bewilderment, a suggestion of one who wakes to find oneself in chaos. It seemed a very long time that she was silent, but with lines of thought upon her brow and the signs of strengthening purpose again appearing about her mouth and chin. When she spoke it was to say with determination:

"Yes, and I too am strong enough to build again. In these silent epochal minutes I have been thinking worlds and worlds of things. I have lost everything—yet everything remains—and more. My art shall be my husband, and I shall be a greater actress than ever. I shall play with a greater power, inspired and informed by the love which I have lost. I was never tender enough before. The critics charged me with harshness; I hated them for it. I could not understand them. Now I know. I could never play more than half a woman's heart. I was too selfish, too proud, too imperious. I regarded love too lightly. That mistake will be impossible now. I know that love is all in all. There is no ecstasy of love's delight of which my imagination cannot conceive; there is no despair which the loss of love may produce that my experience will not have fathomed before this poignant ache in my heart is done."



"You must begin to build again," he said. Marien pressed her brow with a gesture of pain

AT first John recoiled a little at this talk of a utilitarian extraction from her bitter experience and his; yet he reflected that it was like the woman. It was but the outcrop of the dominant passion. Since girlhood she had seen herself solely in terms of relation to her art; therefore this attitude now indicated, not a lack of fineness, but her almost noble capacity for converting everything in supreme abandon to the ultimate object of the artist. Without such capacity for abandon there was, he reflected, no supreme artist, and, he reasoned further, no supreme minister—or man even. To this extent and in this moment Marien's bearing in defeat was a lesson and a spur to him.

"I shall go widowed to my work," she was going on to say, "but it will be a greater work than I could have done before. Then I had an ambition. Now I have a mission! To show women—and men too—the worth and weight and height and depth and paramount value of love."

Hampstead was again deeply impressed with her enormous resiliency of spirit. The woman's heart had been torn to pieces in her breast; yet while each nerve and fiber of it was a pulse of pain she was purposing to bind the thing together and let its every throb be a word of warning to womankind.

"I learned it from you," she explained, almost as if she had read his thoughts. "I understand now the exalted mood in which you spoke a few minutes ago. I am sorry that I have lost you, but I am not sorry that I have hurled you down, since it leaves revealed a nobler figure of a man than I had thought existed."

(*Continued on page 26*)



At Last, Mr. President!

PRESIDENT WILSON has been blamed—and we too have so blamed him—for sometimes seeming to express that kind of idealism which is founded on language rather than on things. All the more reason for applauding, not only his far-flung tour of speeches for national preparedness, but such indications as there unmistakably are of a new and much-needed tendency toward realism in his political teachings. At Des Moines, Mr. WILSON used these words:

> The gentlemen who are out-and-out pacifists are making one fundamental mistake, that is, not a mistake about the sentiments of America, but a mistake about the circumstances of the world. America does not constitute the world. In many of her sentiments and predilections she does not represent or influence the world.

This paragraph in the President's Des Moines speech marks a great advance in common sense and intellectual grasp upon realities over his pronouncement of August 18, 1914, when he said: "The effect of the war upon the United States will depend upon what American citizens say or do." THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, writing half a century ago of the ethic of EPICTETUS, explained that the philosopher classified all things as controllable or uncontrollable by will. "If controllable, we may properly exert toward them our desire or our aversion . . . if uncontrollable, they are nothing to us, and we are merely to acquiesce." According to EPICTETUS, all success comes from obedience to this simple rule; all failure proceeds from putting a false estimate on the phenomena of existence—from trying to control the uncontrollable, or from neglecting what is within our power. We don't know how EPICTETUS stood on national preparedness, and EPICTETUS was a slave anyway; but we know that Colonel HIGGINSON would share our joy that WOODROW WILSON does not stand with the "out-and-out pacifists" who fail to distinguish between the controllable and the uncontrollable, and who do not believe in developing control.

Speaking of Neutrality

AMONG much else, Secretary LANSING'S note on submarine warfare provoked these typical newspaper comments from abroad:

By the "Tägliche Rundschau" of Berlin: "It could just as well have been signed by Sir EDWARD GREY."

By the "Daily Telegraph" of London: "One might think the note had been prepared by Count VON BERNSTORFF."

Taken together, these two knocks are a panegyric—not that the present Secretary of State needs anything of the sort.

The Embargo Fakers

"FACTS Faked While You Wait" would make a good business motto for the German agitators and others who have been fighting Germany's battles on American soil. A typical case is that anecdote of theirs about Germany's friendship for us during the Spanish-American War. The un-Americanized Germans have freely stated in speeches and articles that ANDREW D. WHITE begged the German Government to prevent the sailing of a German ship laden with munitions for Spain's use against us, and that Germany acquiesced. Having got away with this distortion of the facts in the case, the mysterious "Organization of American Women for Strict Neutrality," whose bulky petition for an arms embargo in Germany's interest Senator KENYON presented to the Senate one day last month, ventured to assert in their petition:

> Germany did not permit her citizens to sell arms or munitions of war to Spain during our war with that nation.

Secretary of State LANSING has, however, flatly denied that our Government ever requested Germany not to sell arms to Spain. ANDREW D. WHITE, who was our Ambassador to Germany during the Spanish war period, and felt the full weight of German hostility to the United States, denies the story that has been told about him, satisfactorily explaining the minor incident that the German garblers seized upon in his "Autobiography," and definitely stating:

> During the entire [Spanish] war, vessels freely carried ammunition from German ports *both to Spain and to the United States*, and neither of the belligerents made any remonstrance.

The sale of munitions to the Allies by private individuals and corporations in the United States has for precedent the sales of munitions by Germany to Spain, the United States, the Balkan States, Russia during the Russo-Japanese War, and Great Britain during the Boer War. In the last-named case, both Germany and Austria sold munitions to England, though the Boers were cut off from the munition market even more definitely than the Germans themselves are to-day. But the United States need not depend solely upon precedent in justifying the sale of war supplies by American citizens. The fact that the sympathies of the great mass of the American people go out to the Entente Powers, the fact that the future well-being of the United States depends upon Germany coming out of this war chastened if not chastised: these facts are the honest, the realest, defense of our position—if it needs defense.

Just a Suggestion

BY the way, our country is now hardly so important to the Allies as a munition maker as it was some months ago. England, France—yes, and Canada—are more and more rising to the occasion and reducing the initial advantage Germany had in her enormous war factories. We are rather more important to the Allies on account of our exports of foodstuffs, motor cars, cotton, etc., than on account of our exports of arms and ammunition. How would Senator KENYON and the other Middle-Western embargo howlers like it if an embargo were laid upon our exports of foodstuffs?

Hunch for Editors

A RACY pink 'un, the New York "Evening Telegram," in talking about THOMAS EDISON, asserted that whenever he got any sort of a clue he at once "tried to track it to its liar." The satirist who perpetrated that ought to be promoted from the comp' room and set to revising war dispatches!

To Make Men of Boys

THE Chicago "Tribune," having polled 10,000 of its readers, finds that more than 80 per cent of the parents so questioned are for the introduction of military drill in the public schools. This vote, like the wonderful development of the boy-scout movement, marks with broad emphasis the coming of a new spirit into American life. It means that not only native-born but foreign-born citizens realize the truth of President ELIOT'S saying that if democracy is to endure, it must be as efficient in warfare as monarchy is. It means also that all sense of security from the Old World's rages is lost out of our thinking. We are in the press now—our adolescence and its rosy dreams are over. We must be prepared to defend our ideals or let them go. The danger is that in the development of this new department only halfway and slipshod measures will prevail. If we are to have military training in the schools, let it be thorough.

How Congress Stubs Its Toe

THERE is serious complaint that the Executive is now too strong in our National Government, that too much legislation is written at the White House, that something must be done to restore the proper power of Congress, and so on. Well, let's take a sample view. One day recently the House of Representatives was in committee of the whole to consider Secretary LANE'S bill for leasing coal and oil lands. Representative HARRISON of Mississippi opened fire with a red-hot speech against the export of munitions of war, Mr. SLAYDEN talked about Mexico, Mr. QUEZON and three or four others had some eloquence about Philippine independence, Mr. MAYS of Utah actually talked for fifteen minutes on leasing coal and oil lands, but Mr. HELGESEN debated PEARY'S title to the discovery of the North Pole, and Mr. BENNET informed the House as to New York City's harbor requirements. Thirty-two columns were added to the Congressional Record, and three hours consumed, one-twelfth on the subject! The people of this country don't like bluff, bunk, and scatteration, and Congress can begin to get prestige by tending to business. Yes, the bill was passed, but strictly as Secretary LANE'S bill; Congress did nothing for it but vote.

The Senate Should Pass This Bill

BECAUSE the Keating-Owen Bill (Senate 1083) seems to us a good bill, we hope it will soon be made a law through favorable action on the part of the Senate. This measure is entitled "A Bill to Prevent Interstate Commerce in the Products of Child Labor, and for Other Purposes." The House of Representatives passed it last year by a vote of 233 to 43 and again this year by a vote of 337 to 46. This bill seeks to prohibit interstate commerce in goods in whose production children under fourteen have worked in mills, factories, or workshops; children between fourteen and sixteen have worked more than eight hours, or children between fourteen and sixteen have worked at night in factories, etc. There is need of a Federal law covering these matters inasmuch as nowadays over 27,000 children between ten and fourteen are work-

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ing in factories and the like; over 17,000 children between ten and sixteen are engaged in "the extraction of minerals"—a most dangerous business; over 122,000 children between ten and sixteen work in factories where the law permits as long a day's labor as *eleven hours;* over 29,000 children between ten and sixteen work in factories where the law makes no interference with night work. This Federal child-labor bill is justified on moral and humane grounds, but it is equally reasonable as a business proposition, for there is injustice to business interests as well as to childhood in the present anarchic system of varying State laws, with child labor rigorously limited in Ohio and exploited in West Virginia—so that the Ohio glass manufacturer competes upon unequal terms with his West Virginia rival. Primarily, the Keating-Owen Bill is a step toward giving the future its rights, a measure looking toward reclaiming the child of to-day, the men and women of to-morrow, from the nightmare of an outworn industrial tradition. The bill should be passed.

Pensions in Civil Life

THIS country being first of all a land of opportunity, the American habit has been to change employment and employer from time to time as seemed advantageous. We developed and boomed life insurance of all sorts to make some future provision for these transient workers, but pensions were regarded as a military-political subject, and so neglected by the insurance experts. The growth of large corporations, especially railroads, has, however, created permanent occupations with lifelong employment for certain individuals. It has been felt that employees of long service ought to be taken care of by the company, that it was good business to take care of them—and so railroads and others began to enter the pension field. The idea back of it all is that if the workers are to stand by the company instead of merely fudging through to get their pay, then the company must stand by them. As the public utilities come under regulation, pensions are recognized as a proper element in the inevitable costs which rates must be fixed to cover. The difficulty everywhere is that shortsighted planning may bring the pension scheme on the rocks just as has happened with various fraternal life-insurance schemes. This was illustrated recently by New York City's unhappy experience with pensions for policemen and teachers.

A Church Cares for Its Own

THE problem of caring for those who have given their lives in service is especially acute among our churches. The turning adrift of superannuated clergymen has long been a burning shame to those having the welfare of religion at heart. The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1913 adopted a comprehensive pension scheme based upon three years' broad study of the problem. Two-thirds of the Episcopal dioceses have since accepted the solution thus offered, and now the struggle is for the means necessary to put it into full operation. Not all ministers are interesting young men, and something must be done at once to care for those for whom no provision of this sort has been made. That is part of what the experts mean when they talk about "accrued pension liabilities," and in this case it means $5,000,000. This fund must be raised to make sure that all pensioners of the Protestant Episcopal Church can be looked after as need arises and without recourse to special collections. Five million dollars is a fairly large sum of money even in these days, but it is nothing at all compared to the debt of gratitude for devoted service which the church and the community owe to those for whom it is to be raised. Those in charge of the project have enlisted the aid of some very competent financial people, and it is our opinion that the money will be raised and that the Episcopal pension fund will be an object lesson for the floundering sponsors of various miscalculated benefit schemes. The whole thing is an inspiring example of the intelligence and leadership that can and should be brought to great tasks.

Her Photograph

ONE way to describe people is to tell how they affect other people. BOOTH TARKINGTON turns the trick in one sentence when he says of his "heroine" in "The Turmoil":

> She was a girl who inspired the autobiographical impulse in every man who met her—it needed but the sight of her.

If after that you don't know what sort of girl she was, there's only one answer: you never knew that sort of girl. And at that there are more than one or two of 'em right here in these United States.

Booze Logic and Kansas Facts

OUT in Chico, Cal., JOHN DALY runs what he terms in one of his ads a "model liquor store." In a reflective mood he delivers himself of these observations on mankind:

> I have a strong and growing suspicion, backed up by many years' experience in the liquor business, that the people who use wines and liquors in this or any other community are the healthiest, the most prosperous, the best liked, and the most joyous people of the community.

How lucky that, as he happens to be in the liquor business, he can regard himself as an uplifter and benefactor of mankind. Rather different from the conclusions of W. J. V. DEACON, registrar of the Kansas Vital Statistics Bureau. Mr. DEACON actually thinks alcohol harmful. Listen:

> Kansas is a prohibition State. And in Kansas prohibition really prohibits. I do not mean by this that there is no alcohol consumed in the State, but the absence of the saloon means much to our growing young men, who, in the absence of the barroom, find more healthful pastimes than loafing in an alcohol-laden atmosphere.
>
> Kansas, with a rate of 9.8 in each 1,000 population, has the lowest death rate of any State in the Union, because the people do not drink liquor.

Of course Mr. DEACON is merely a student of statistics, whereas JOHN DALY is a liquor dealer, and *he* says booze makes for health, happiness, and prosperity. Also, he cries to his townsmen: "I have your best interests at heart," and then goes on to advertise "all the well-known brands" of whisky. Registrar DEACON, on the other hand, is not making any money out of it. Which verdict do you indorse?

We Answer a Question

"WHAT is youthfulness and how do some men keep it longer than others?" a friend writes in. Unless we are mistaken, the authentic recipe was lost several centuries ago. All the same, we have our own theory. Youth is the spirit which makes "I wish" and "I will" mean just about the same thing. Old age comes when one grows reconciled to the difference that yawns between these two verbs in the heartless dictionary. Is this good science?

Progress in Machinery

FOURTEEN years ago men thought they knew a good deal about steam and electricity. We were all used to trolley cars and electric lights then, and had accepted them as part of the general equipment of civilization. But the improvers kept busy, and when the electric light company in Cambridge, Mass., changed their powerhouse machinery recently they paid two and one-half times as much for a new outfit which took up less space and gave over ten times as much power. The old machinery was in perfect condition, but the improvers had worn it out. That is what mechanical progress means nowadays, and there is no likelihood that it will ever stop.

George Washington—Farmer

UNTIL he reached manhood, GEORGE WASHINGTON never saw a town of 5,000 inhabitants. Our first President was born on a plantation and was brought up in the country. As farmer, WASHINGTON was the first American to raise mules, cultivated alfalfa as early as 1760, and performed hundreds of experiments. A soil conservationist in the infancy of that movement, WASHINGTON seems to have been the first of America's scientific farmers. His family crest had blazoned upon it "3 cinque foiles"—indicating that the bearer practiced husbandry on his own land; when the greatest of the WASHINGTONS made a book plate of his coat of arms he added to the old design spears of wheat such as he raised at Mount Vernon. "The more I am acquainted with agricultural affairs, the better I am pleased with them," WASHINGTON wrote to ARTHUR YOUNG in 1788. "I can nowhere find so great satisfaction as in those innocent and useful pursuits. In indulging these feelings I am led to reflect how much more delightful to an undebauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth than all the vainglory which can be acquired from ravaging it, by the most uninterrupted career of conquests." (Thus the victor of our war for independence to the British editor of "Annals of Agriculture" and the author of "Travels in Ireland" and "Travels in France.") These and other interesting facts are brought out in PAUL LELAND HAWORTH'S newly published book, "George Washington—Farmer," that presents the life of the nation builder from an angle that has been slighted by some earlier biographers. WASHINGTON'S greatness lies, in part, in the fact that he was a good farmer besides being a good general and a good President. Mr. HAWORTH'S book is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, and it is a good American book.



Some of Yuan Shi-Kai's soldiers holding up civilians in the streets of Shanghai and searching them for fire-arms. American and British residents assisted the native troops in rounding up privately owned guns and pistols



Umegatani, the Japanese wrestler, having his long hair cut by Admiral Uriu of the Mikado's navy



Loyal Chinese soldiers marching to the funeral of Admiral Tseng, who was assassinated by rebels because he sympathized with Yuan's scheme to become emperor

Shaking the Throne That Yuan Shi-Kai Built

THE Chinese army photographs on the upper half of this page help to tell the story of recent attempts to break Yuan Shi-Kai's power and prevent him from mounting the imperial throne that he has erected for himself. The snapshots were taken in Shanghai following two outbreaks instigated by students belonging to the republican element led by Dr. Sun Yat Sen. In the oval Government soldiers are seen marching to the funeral of Admiral Tseng, one of Yuan's political friends, who was assassinated in the streets of Shanghai by two revolutionists. The assassins were tortured and then shot, but their punishment did not put an end to the trouble in Shanghai. On the night of December 6, three weeks later, a small band of rebels captured the cruiser *Chao Ho* in the harbor and shelled two other Chinese warships and the local arsenal. They were caught at daybreak. Since that time Yuan's troops have been keeping close watch upon all persons suspected of revolutionary leanings. Most of the trouble now is in the southern province of Kweichow, which is in full rebellion. Another uprising has been started in eastern Mongolia by enemies of Yuan who have proclaimed the restoration of the Manchu dynasty.

An Admiral Turns Barber to Honor a Wrestler

GOOD wrestlers are the idols of all classes in Japan. They are heroes in the eyes of everybody from the Emperor down to the humblest coolie. Umegatani, the national champion, is deferred to almost as much as if he were a member of the royal family. He is so popular that when, recently, he decided to get rid of his long hair to make wrestling easier, Admiral Uriu of the Imperial navy volunteered to do the shearing. A photograph of the Admiral on the job in Umegatani's house is printed above. Umegatani has wrestled in this country.



A FIREMEN'S POLE-CLIMBING CONTEST in one of the principal streets of Tokyo. All Japanese firemen are good athletes. They regard physical training as the main qualification for their work. But of course there is nothing strange about that. Among the Japanese the desire for greater muscular development is a national passion



Part of a British camel regiment leaving Cairo for the Egyptian front

The British Defenders of Egypt and the Suez Canal

NEXT to a sweeping victory over the Allies in France, the conquest of the Suez Canal region, where these three striking photographs of British fighting men were taken, is Germany's fondest hope. Kaiser Wilhelm and his General Staff are looking forward to a time when their generals can lead a big Turkish army in a drive across the canal and over the lower valley of the Nile, thereby isolating Great Britain from her Far Eastern possessions and robbing her of the rich Egyptian grain and cotton fields. The plan, according to reports coming from the Ottoman-Teuton side, is to build a double-track railroad across the Sinai Desert, overcome the terrors of the sandy wilderness by laying hundreds of miles of water pipe, accumulate stores at convenient places along the route, and then send half a million men against the British. Such an attack is by no means improbable, but just now the Turks and their German leaders seem to have plenty to do in their defensive campaigns against the Russians in the Caucasus and the British in Mesopotamia. Taking Egypt and the Suez Canal from the British would not be as easy as defending the Dardanelles. The Turks would have to beat a strong British army on its own ground, and that probably would be hard to do. They tried it last spring and were given a sound drubbing by the Suez garrison.

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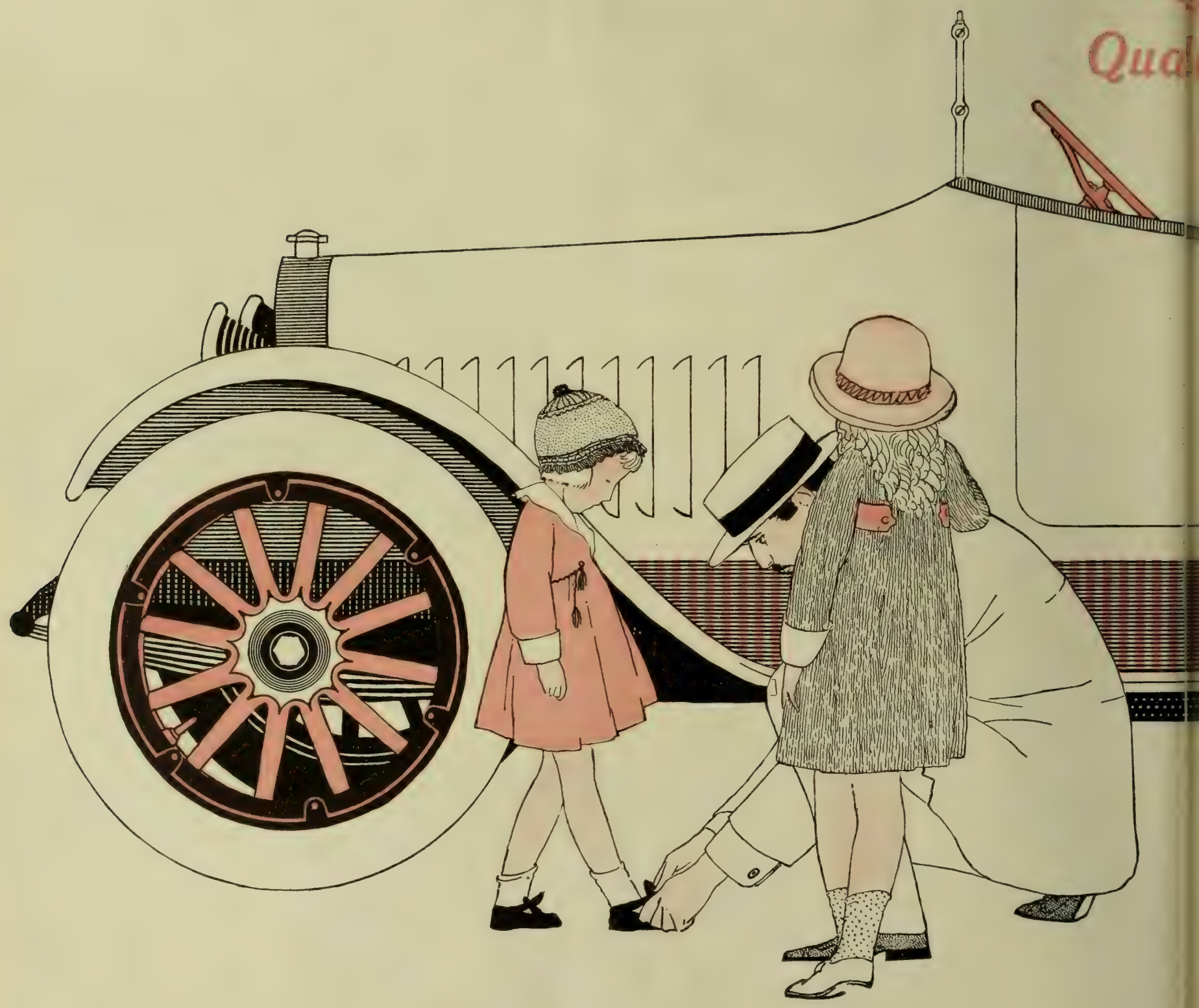


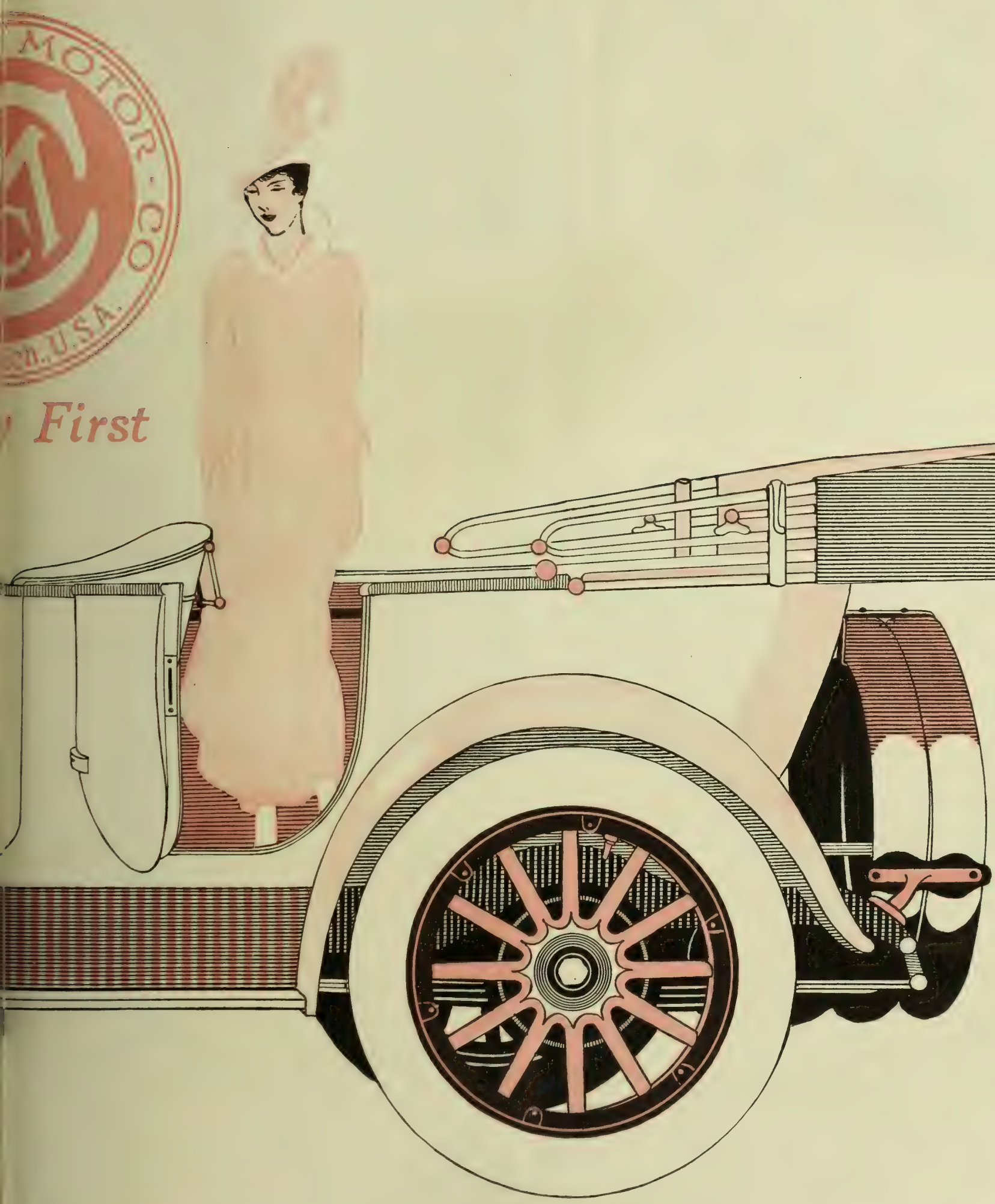
An Arab plowing in the Nile Valley as British soldiers march by



A picturesque British camp in the Egyptian desert, with pyramids in the background and two native officers mounted on beautiful Arabian horses in the foreground

CHALMERS
Qua





THERE ARE MIGHT AND MILEAGE IN THIS 3400 R. P. M. CHALMERS

If the trend of gasoline prices had been down instead of up when Chalmers engineers were designing the new 3400 r. p. m., they might have allowed its original high peak of power to stand.

For they had attained a mountain-peak of might in early road and dynamometer tests of this high-speed engine.

But Mr. Chalmers, knowing that gasoline prices would climb this spring, absolutely refused to O. K. an engine of superfluous power.

For extreme motor-might feeds ravenously on gasoline.

"The surplus power isn't worth the sacrifice of fuel economy," Mr. Chalmers told his engineers. "Keep the horse-power down. Make the car perform. Quicken acceleration. Get long mileage on gas."

That's why this high-speed engine saves 33 per cent in fuel; runs 18 miles to the gallon; produces quick response to the touch of the accelerator button.

Bore, stroke, or engine speed were not changed one iota.

Her engine still recorded 3400 revolutions per minute, better than 56 per second.

Few engines of its size do more than 2200 r. p. m. and none of 224 cubic inches displacement even approximates its horse-power.

This high engine speed means that the crank-shaft is balanced to the weight of a hair, that it revolves with extraordinary velocity, that pistons perform perfectly, that connecting rods are down to the last gram, but strong.

The last throb has been removed from the engine. One ride in the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers will convince you—will make you feel that here's the car you must own.

$1050 Detroit $1475 in Canada

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan



The girls learn cooking as well as history and grammar



The boys earn expenses by growing tomatoes on the school farm

LINCOLN'S BEST MONUMENT

BY RICHARD LLOYD JONES

IN the name of Lincoln there has come to be, under the silent watchfulness of Cumberland Gap, which has witnessed so much of history in the making, a little college whose purpose it is to direct the strong will of the mountaineer out of medieval feudism into modern industrial Americanism, to divert that strong will from wrong work to right work.

Lincoln knew these people. They are the people from whom he came. They are sturdy stock, honest and generous. No poverty can blight their sense of hospitality, but they will permit no encroachment so long as there is a cartridge left.

They live in the land which was forgotten when the course of empire took its westward way. In the deep valleys, protected against the invasion of civilization by the high barrier which shadows their rude homes, these mountaineers have lived, little disturbed by the outer world through the better part of two centuries. Except during the Civil War, the only fire of conflict they have seen has been that which intermittently flashes and fades in feuds among themselves.

When General O. O. Howard was conferring with President Lincoln over a campaign in 1863, the President put his finger on the map where Kentucky, Virginia, and Tennessee join, pointed out the significance of Cumberland Gap, and told the general the people were loyal to the flag and could be trusted. A few months later, when General Howard was moving his soldiers through this region, he found all the President had told him to be true. These simple mountain folk fed his soldiers, clothed them with their homespun, and even took off their shoes in winter to give to those whose footgear had worn out. The grateful general did not forget.

The Gap is the only juncture where the mountain folk of eastern Tennessee, southeastern Kentucky, and southwestern Virginia can meet. Long before Boone's day it was the mountain gate through which passed both the Indian and the buffalo. There in the early days were held the great political barbecues where Calhoun, Clay, and Jackson came that the people from the high hills might see them and hear them expound the aggressive policies of their time.

The Gap was an important strategic point throughout the Civil War.

The war over, this mountain gateway fell back into its old sleep. In 1886, however, a representative of English capital, looking for an opportunity for investment, came through the Gap and found, besides the virgin forests, rich deposits of ore and vast fields of coal. To reach this wealth a railroad came, a mile tunnel was bored under the hummock of the Gap, and at the Tennessee end the tiny town of Cumberland Gap was born.

But the imagination of the promoters of this industrial enterprise ran riot. They built the palatial Four Season Hotel, at a cost of more than half a million dollars, and a sumptuous sanatorium.



The students' homes are often like Lincoln's birthplace

The American disposition to live near main traveled roads was fatal to this magnificent dream. In the last struggle of the enterprise the proprietors found that they were employing upward of seventy-five servants to provide comfort for five guests.

Coincident with the failure of the Four Season came a spell of financial depression and the industrial enterprise that had lured the railroad through the Gap vanished. But the railroad remained.

"The Midland Gibraltar of America"

THE Rev. A. A. Myers, a teacher-preacher from Hillsdale, Mich., then arrived. He attempted to supply the school needs of the community by creating Harrow Academy, so named by Lady Pauncefote, wife of the then British Ambassador. It thrived modestly. Mr. Myers learned that the abandoned sanatorium could be bought. He wrote to the scholarly General O. O. Howard of Vermont, and appealed to him to come to the Gap and help.

General Howard had never forgotten Lincoln's interest in the mountain people, nor his own experience with them, so when the call came he went. To her honor be it recorded, Mrs. Myers pledged the only thousand dollars she possessed for the purchase of the property which was to be the foundation of a modest college of national significance.

With the vision of a patriot General Howard saw the opportunity. "We will raise the money," he declared. "We will call this sanatorium building Grant-Lee Hall. We will choose for our college colors blue and gray, the insignia of a reunited people. We will build something bigger and better than a Harrow School, something that will remind us not of a little thing in England but of a big thing in America. We will build a living memorial to the great President, and it shall be maintained by grateful Americans for the benefit of Americans for the good of America. It shall be known as the Lincoln Memorial University."

So the Lincoln Memorial University was born. There it stands with its group of buildings and its seven hundred students at the "Midland Gibraltar of America," a monument to General Howard, a flower of democracy, a school which is teaching Lincolnlike folk the lessons taught by President Lincoln's life.

On the campus stand six important buildings and a dozen smaller ones. Mr. Carnegie has contributed a library. A commercial school is comfortably housed in a cottage. And 675 acres of blue-grass land constitute the farm which makes it possible for most of the boys to put themselves through school.

There are dormitories, music rooms, dairy, training shops, printing plant, barns, and a big concrete silo.

It costs a boy or a girl about $125 a year to cover all the needed expenses in attending Lincoln Memorial University without self-aid, but there are few students who come with any such endowment. Nearly all of the students must be wholly or chiefly self-supporting. The Lincoln Memorial University seeks to be the helping hand to the mountain youth, the open road to the larger world. It is not seeking scholarships so much as larger opportunities for the students to find self-help. Practically all the buildings on the campus, even the stately new Grant-Lee Hall, have been built by student labor.

The university seeks to make itself enough of an industrial center to give productive labor to students who come there with little or no help, but with sound bodies, the strong will of the mountains, high aspirations, and resolute determination.

"It hurts to turn them away," said the dean, "but we have to. We scheme to our wits' end to find ways to let them in and help them through. It is easier to say 'no' when they apply by letter, but most of them just come. They stream in by train, horseback, many on foot, some with trunks, a few with hand bags, many even hatless."

"I am sorry, my boy," said the dean to an applicant a year ago; "I'd like to take you in, but we just haven't any place to put you."



The boys live at a cost of $125 a year in a home built by their own hands

"I didn't come down here to board," said the tall, slender youth. "I come here to get an education. I can sleep on the floor."

You can't turn that kind of a boy away. He won't be turned away. This boy wasn't. He's waiting on table, working in the laundry, doing anything, everything.

"How do you like it here?" I asked.

"Like it," he repeated with a curious smile. "Why, it's like home."

"What do you want to do?" I asked. "What is your ambition?"

"Why," he said in a confidential tone, "I want to do so much I don't dare tell the people here. They'd think I was foolish. I'm a Southern boy," he said. "I love the South, and I want to be a writer. I want to tell the stories that I know of these people in the mountains. When I'm through here I want to go to Charlottesville because the University of Virginia is an old Southern college. I want to know its history. I want to get the culture that it gives. Then I want to go north to Harvard where they train men to write. I want to climb up the ladder of culture. I don't dare tell 'em here, but that's what I'm going to do."

And if you looked at that boy as he said it you would know he meant what he said.

"What does this school mean to you?" I asked another lad.

"It means the only chance," was his quick reply. "I never would have got to school if it hadn't been for the L. M. U."

"What are you going to do when you finish here?" I asked.

"I reckon I'll teach a couple of years," he said. "That'll give me enough money to start in Harvard. And if I start I'll find some way to go through."

"And what will you want to do when you're through?"

"I don't just know yet, but I think I'll go into journalism."

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Seven years," he promptly replied. "I had only eighteen months of schooling before I came, and I wouldn't have been able to come had they not showed me how I could earn all my clothes and board."

"Have you any help at all?"

"Yes," he replied, "the help the school gave me. I got a scholarship. That's fifty dollars a year. And you bet I'm going to pay every dollar of that back some time, so that some other boy can have the chance I had."

"What's your ambition?" I asked another.

"To go to Massachusetts Tech.," he replied. "Some ambition?" he added with a smile.

"I guess you'll make it."

"I reckon I will," was his reply.

"I hope I'm not lowering my ambitions," said another who had reached his last year. "I always hoped some time to be a professional man." (It is the ambition of most of these mountain boys to be either a lawyer or a preacher.) "And I always reckoned I'd be a lawyer. I don't mean a cheap one; but a good one, a real one. But to be the kind of a lawyer I'd want to be I'd have to put in a lot more time and study somewhere. And I'm getting old; I began late. But I think I'll just be a business man. And the more I learn here the more it seems to me that it's just as good to be a good business man as a good professional man."

The Call of the Gap

A SLIP of a girl, who thought she wanted to be a missionary and go out among the mountain people to spread the gospel, confessed that the longer she stayed and studied and worked (for she, too, was working her way through) the more she seemed to feel she wanted to do something practical.

The call of Lincoln Memorial University is no longer local. It has already gone beyond the boy who walks a hundred miles from North Carolina to ask for work and knowledge. A stenographer in Chicago, learning of the L. M. U., saw in it her chance. Her stenographic talent was as salable to the college as that of the dishwasher, the baker, the laundress, the dairyman, the carpenter, or the boy who can drive a harrow. "Now that you're here, what do you want to do when you go back to the city?" I asked.

"I no longer want to go back to the city," she said. "I want to stay here in the mountains. I want to teach these people to sing."

No purer Americans are to be found anywhere than these Appalachian mountaineers. They are the descendants of the James River settlers who moved back into the mountains.

"These people," said the girl who wanted to teach them to sing, "know little of the songs you and I have learned to sing. 'The Old Oaken Bucket' and 'Love's Old Sweet Song' are not theirs. You will find children up in some of these mountain homes who have never even sung 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee,' though 'My Old Kentucky Home' and 'Old Black Joe' have come in to them through the Gap. The songs they sing are the old English ballads such as 'Barbara Allen' and the 'Swapping Song' that were brought over by the Jamestown settlers, and such inventions of their own as 'Little Mohoee.'"

"Do many students apply to you by letter?" I asked the dean at his office. For answer he pointed to a stack of files.

The first two I lifted from the previous month's collection tell the story of all the rest. Here they are:

DEC. 27, 1915.

DEAR MISS ——: *I will try to write you. I would like to come up there to school. when the spring term begins and if you have work enough for me to work all my way. My parents isent able to pay my way. and I would like to work all of my way. if you have work for me to do let me no at once. and I will come, for I shore would like to be in school.*

Answer soon, from your truley,

—— ——.

DEAR SIR: *I am now taking the greatest intrest in writing you as I wish very much to get started in school there. I havent any education. I am only in the fifth grade and havent went to school any in three years. I am not able to pay my way. I am nineteen years old and can stand any kind of work there is to do. I was raised on the farm and have always had to work for a living. I am writing you as I want to get all the information that I can get and what I want to do is to work and pay all my expenses. I want to come there as soon as I can so I can get ahead with my work. before the winter terms begins I will close*

hoping to hear all news soon excuse bad writing and all mistake as I have had no chance Yours truly —— ——.

Beyond the reach of the locomotive whistle are thousands of boys and girls eager for a chance, sending the word of appeal, looking to the little college at the Gap to throw out the life line to them.

What the people of the mountains need is more railroads and more schools. Two-thirds of the teachers in Claiborne and Campbell Counties in Tennessee, Bell County in Kentucky, and Scott County in Virginia are graduates of this college that in the name of Lincoln has for fifteen years been struggling against adversity, trying with more courage than cash to lift up the plain people of the high hills and all the other willing aspirants it could accommodate.

Already it has reached out to fulfill its promise to itself. Responding to the needs of its nearest large county seat, Knoxville, it has built a well-equipped hospital with sixty-five beds, and established a bacteriological laboratory and a thoroughly efficient, standard training school for nurses with a three years' course. Here the mountain girls get a trade training—a professional training, I ought to say.

The Lincoln Memorial University is a democratic institution. "Howdy, prof.," is the student's salutation to his teacher on the campus, and the teacher accepts and prizes it because he knows that "Howdy, prof.," connotes good will and mountain fellowship.

One of its professors who came to the Gap from Connecticut with an accumulation of university degrees said: "I am here because I don't know of any place in the United States where a boy or a girl can get so much education for a dollar."

Some students under this professor matched their learning in chemistry, acquired with pitiably limited laboratory facilities, with that of some upperclassmen in a State university of recognized standing some several hundred miles away and found that they could write a better examination paper than the students from the well-equipped university. "It's the will in these boys and girls," said the professor, "which makes up for the laboratory limitations."

That's what the Lincoln Memorial University is doing at the Gap. It is directing that powerful mountaineer will which if not rightly used may be



"I'll never let go of Campbell's!"

Of course not. *Campbell's* is an *inside protection.*

Umbrellas and over-shoes are all right, but what you need most of all to fight the elements is the warm-blooded vigorous health which comes from good food and good digestion. And right here is where you want

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

Rich with nourishment and delicious in flavor, this popular Campbell "kind" is the very best sort of a foundation for building up strength and vitality.

We use for this soup selected ox tails of medium size—the best size for making soup. And we prepare them as carefully and daintily as it could be done in your own home kitchen.

The meaty marrow sliced joints are combined with diced carrots and yellow turnips, barley, celery and parsley in a purée made from whole tomatoes, and flavored with a dry Spanish sherry which we import especially for this purpose.

Order a few cans of this wholesome soup from your grocer. Try it for dinner today, and see if it isn't one of the most delightful and satisfying dishes you ever tasted.

Your money back if not satisfied.



21 kinds 10c a can

Campbell's Soups

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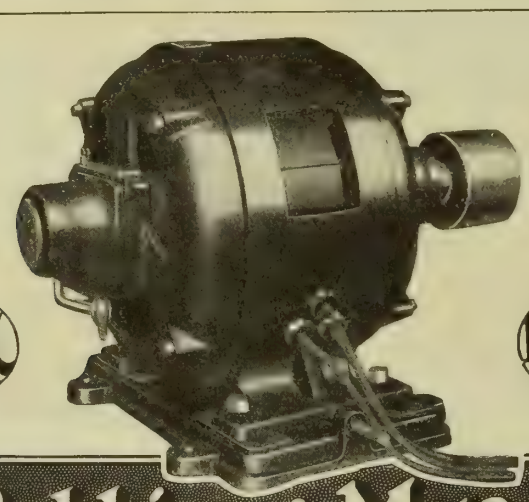
THE hours need never drag for lack of entertainment if you have a Columbia in your home. And the longer you own a Columbia, the more you will enjoy it—the more you will know what it means and what it *can* mean in pleasure.

Joy-filled evenings, the liveliest times, little *impromptu* parties—no end of ways in which the Columbia may be used. There's a Columbia dealer near you who can bring these delights—the delights of commanding "All the Music of All the World"—into your home *to-day*.

New Columbia Records on sale the 20th of every month.

Columbia Graphophone Co., Woolworth Bldg., New York

Columbia Records — Note the Notes



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When experts specify the best in motors they just say "Robbins & Myers."

For this name *means* Motors. It sums up twenty years' leadership in the building of fine motors for all services.

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Whether you have a single lathe or a one-man shop—or a giant factory with batteries of machines—or whether you're a manufacturer of motor-driven devices—Robbins & Myers can supply you the motor or motors for your very purpose. Sizes range from 1-40 to 20 horsepower.

Prominent power users everywhere have adopted Robbins & Myers Motors. Makers of equipment ranging from adding machines to drill presses equip their product with them—they know that the name is a guarantee of quality and service.

Say "Robbins & Myers"

Whenever you buy a motor, say "Robbins & Myers." This name removes all uncertainty—insures satisfaction. Every R & M Motor is covered by a "money-back" guarantee.

If You Are a Dealer

Write for bulletins, prices and discounts. Robbins & Myers Motors are heavily advertised. Inquiries are referred to dealers. Write today.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio

New York Philadelphia, Boston, Rochester, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco

The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors

wrongly used because it *will* be used—the will that lies behind the historic feuds.

The training of these people is more than a local problem; it is a national duty. The nation needs its mountain folk. Our cities are filled with worthy philanthropic societies, maintained by the commendable charity of philanthropic folk. They are operating through trained, highly paid, and highly specialized social workers for the uplift of all sorts and conditions of immigrants, stirring the melting pot in the valiant effort to make Americans.

Here in the neglected Appalachians *is* the American, ready-made. If we may put a little more of our patriotic impulse into these mountain people, we will get big dividends for our investment.

If charity truly begins at home, it were well worth while to let the uplift game begin at the Gap.

Eastern Tennessee has been called the birthplace of soldiers and statesmen. It was originally the home of the Cherokees, the most highly developed aboriginal Americans. The soil and atmosphere of the mountain country breeds bigness, strength, courage, and character. Whether you like the political policies of Andrew Johnson or not, you must admire the story of a man who, unable to read or write at twenty-one, so climbed the ladder of political fortune that he received the chief gift of his country. Andrew Johnson was a Tennesseean and a mountaineer.

Sam Houston, long before he wove his name into the enduring story of Texas, was a governor of Tennessee who came down from the mountains.

Farragut, who brought fame to our navy, came from these mountains barely half a hundred miles from the Gap.

The man who pushed the tunnels under the Hudson River and linked Manhattan Island to the Jersey shore, who to-day is Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, William G. McAdoo, is a mountaineer.

William Campbell was a mountaineer, as was Vance of North Carolina, Claiborne of Tennessee, and Chief Justice Starky of Mississippi, a Whig who because of his sheer ability was elected to his high office by an overwhelmingly Democratic State.

Making Real Americans

CASSIUS M. CLAY, who as United States minister to Russia refused to take off his hat to the Czar unless the Czar took off his hat to him, insisting that the American people were entitled to just as much respect as a European king, was a mountaineer. So were Polk and the fighting Andrew Jackson.

To help more such boys become such men is the labor of this living memorial to Lincoln. Is it not as good to make great Americans out of *Americans* as to attempt to build passable Americans out of the back yards of European provinces?

The American frontier no longer lies in the Far West. Long ago that frontier was pushed into the Pacific Ocean. Vast in natural resources, timber, coal, and mineral, with infinite horticultural and agricultural possibilities, the course of empire is to make its final gain in American territory when it wins the great valleys within the Gap. And there at the threshold of this unknown land stands this budding university. Founded on the highest national ideals, a living memorial to the greatest American, it stands ready to mold the splendid native qualities of its neighbors into that free, enlightened, and productive citizenship for which the builders of this nation fought when they created the American Commonwealth.

Booze and the Railroad

Continued from page 13

The drunken passenger is a genuine problem to the men who run the road. Conductors, Pullman porters, trainmen, all have come to know and to hate him—sometimes to fear him. Consider the case of "General" Henry Forrest, for these past twenty-five years convoyer of one of the buffet smoking cars upon the Congressional Limited, and as gentle and friendly a negro as a white man might ever wish to meet upon his travels. The Pennsylvania Railroad has now discontinued the sale of liquor upon the Congressional as well as its other trains. The day in question was a Sabbath some years ago, and no drinks were on sale all the way from Jersey City down to Washington.

That made no difference to a big, bad man who boarded the Congressional at Jersey City. All the way down to the Delaware proclaimed his thirst—a thirst publicly and ostentatiously assuaged by a private supply. Somewhere south of Broad Street Station the private reservoir ran dry, and the big, bad man made his way to "General" Forrest in the buffet car. Without waste of words—for he proudly announced himself as from a State where niggers were known as "critters"—he made known his wants. And the "general" made known the laws of the Pullman Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the several States through which the Congressional runs.

"I've killed two niggers down in my home town!" said the bully.

The black skin of the porter did not pale; his heart only beat a little faster. But he stuck to his ground.

"Comp'ny's rules is comp'ny's rules," he said stoutly.

The bully did not press the point then. But a few minutes later, when Forrest was in the small kitchenette of the car composing a few sandwiches, he heard a step behind him and, turning, looked into the barrel of a 44-caliber revolver.

"Nigger, give me that whisky, and give it to me damn quick!" came the order.

"Ah decided that jedgment was a leetle bit better than stickin' too tightly to the rules," says the "General" to-day when he tells of the incident. He gave the passenger a whisky bottle and went about his work. The man offered payment for the drink; the porter refused, after which the man, with an oath—his form of a drunken apology—placed a half dollar on the shelf and went to the back of the train.

Such incidents are not uncommon. Sometimes they are genuinely tragic, as the time four or five years ago when a drunken man terrorized the passengers on the Royal Blue Limited and was only captured at the Wilmington station after a tremendous battle in which the local fire department was called upon for assistance, after two lives had been sacrificed, and he himself shot like a mad dog in an alley.

Texas Bans Card Playing

BECAUSE of these incidents a great many States have passed laws against men drinking on the trains except in the dining cars or the buffets. A good many of these States do not make this exception. The Texas statute is particularly stringent. It also prohibits the playing of cards on trains. It was only three years ago that I was traveling from Denison to Dallas when the conductor came in and stopped a game of solitaire with which a middle-aged lady was shortening her journey.

"Very sorry, m'am," said the conductor quietly, "but I'm only doing it in your interest. Last week the constable came aboard at G—— and arrested two drummers who were playing seven-up in the smoker."

"But the news agent just sold me the cards," protested the passenger.

The conductor smiled softly, but he did not change his ruling.

"Very sorry," he repeated, "but you must remember that it is his job to sell his wares, not to interpret the laws."

It is partly because of this increase of State legislation against drinking on railroad cars and partly because the drunken passenger is so much of a nuisance to his fellows that so many of the railroads have entirely abolished the sale of liquor upon their trains. The Pennsylvania, you will recall, is one of these. A while ago it took a further step and said that it was about to abolish liquor selling in its terminals as well as in its dining and buffet cars. It has not yet put this determination into effect, yet it has made large efforts and no small sacrifices to be consistent with Rule G.

For the Pennsylvania finds that it must maintain its own hotel at Altoona, where its shops are located. Its officers are forever going to the town, and they must be comfortably housed and fed. The company's hotel—the historic Logan House adjoining the station—does both. If the Logan House had a bar, it could be operated at a profit. But then the railroad could not



Health and Joy In Childhood

are based largely on the food the children eat.

Generally it's the sturdy boys and girls that take the lead in play as they do later in the sterner affairs of life as men and women.

Chief among food faults which cause many a youngster to lack vim and energy is deficiency of mineral salts in the daily diet.

A growing child needs iron for the blood; calcium for the bones; phosphate of potash for brain, nerves and muscle.

Nearly twenty years ago a food—now famous—was originated to supply these needed elements.

That food is

Grape-Nuts

Made from Nature's food-grains—whole wheat and malted barley—it abounds in the rich nutrition essential to building husky little folks.

Grape-Nuts and cream or good milk is delicious—a daily custom in thousands of homes where health is valued and children are growing into sturdy, successful men and women.

"There's a Reason"

be fair to itself. Its 15,000 employees at Altoona could thrust Rule G in its face. The Pennsylvania prefers to be consistent. So it runs no bar in the Logan House and loses $30,000 a year. Yet it would not permit itself to be called merely idealistic. It is merely following an instinct of good railroading. It is trying to be consistent.

Temperance Not Prohibition

"CONSISTENT?" sniffs the traffic manager of a big railroad when he reads this. "I can say a word for consistency."

Again consistency. And the traffic man may begin to tell you of the experience of his road. Two or three years ago it also ended the sale of liquor in its dining cars. It advertised the fact quite extensively, and a number of folk of strong temperance principles wrote and commended it for the stand it had taken. It received other letters—letters that were anything but commendatory. Some of them were from brewers and distillers who declared that they would never pass again over the offending road. They would all go by the rival system paralleling it.

Yet the handwriting seems to be upon the wall. It seems to be written in a variety of forms, not all of them statutes of our States. The handwriting is a continuation of the message of a decade or more ago which foretold the passing of the whisky flask and the beer can from the caboose and the section house and the elevation of Rule G to something more than a mere phrase in the book of instructions. It is a message that portends the complete passing of the sale of liquor upon dining cars and in railroad stations; that may indeed foreshadow the hour when alcohol shall be tabooed, even for transportation by a common carrier as drugs and lottery slips are forbidden by the interstate laws to-day.

As to whether we shall be better off then, in either a practical or an idealistic way, I do not pretend to say. I do not myself believe in prohibition. But I do believe in temperance. I also honestly believe that a man or a corporation must be consistent. And no railroad company can hope fully to enforce its all-important Rule G without at least making some distinct effort toward ending the sale or use of liquor upon its property. This point is so settled in my own mind that it is no longer open to discussion.

The Happy Farmer

BY HENRY MARION STANLEY

The author of these lines is a boy seventeen years old. He writes: *"I am being dominated by a holy ambition to contribute something to the literature of America."*

THE farmer is a happy man,
His life is free from care;
With naught to make his spirit sad
Or want to make him swear.
All day among the cockleburs
He gayly grubs and hoes,
And money never troubles him
Unless 'tis what he owes.

How sweet at early dawn of day
To rise before the sun
And hustle briskly 'round the barn
Till all the chores are done;
To feed the cows and milk them too
In brightly shining pails
While they tread upon your corns
And thump you with their tails.

How sweet to hie into the fields
From breakfast smoking hot,
And chase a plow all day around
A forty-acre lot.
And when it strikes against a stone,
Drawn by horses stout,
How sweet to have the handles prance 'round
And punch your daylights out.

How sweet to lie at noon in ease
Beneath some spreading tree
And hold a secret session
With an ardent bumblebee.
And when your rheumatism makes
Your legs refuse to go,
How sweet to lie upon your back
And watch your mortgage grow.

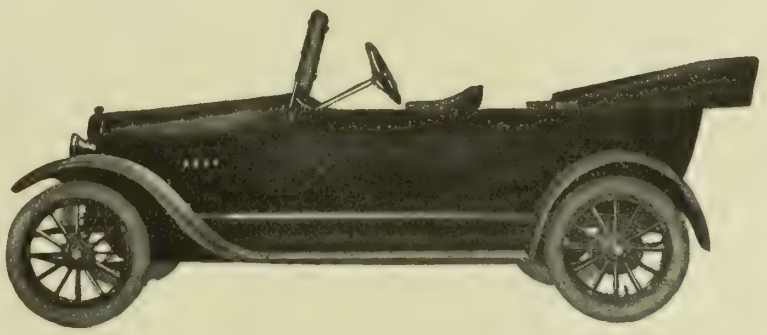
And when the busy cares of day
Have faded with the light,
How sweet to lie in peaceful sleep
Throughout the starry night,
To hear the partner of your cares,
At first faint tinge of dawn,
Shout: "Come, old granger, hump yourself,
The cows are in the corn."

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You Should See This Car—For You Helped to Build It

BRISCOE
Twenty-four

"The latest Briscoe beauty"

$585
f. o. b. factory

Electric Starting and Lighting; full equipment

WE LET the engineers make the Briscoe Twenty-four mechanically perfect—but we let *you* add the conveniences—whatever you felt was necessary to make your enjoyment of the car complete.

So the Briscoe Twenty-four is really "the car the public built"—and the result is mighty complimentary to the public's good taste and good judgment.

You never saw a prettier car than this latest Briscoe beauty, with its Briscoe-line body and special Briscoe luster-tone finish.

The power-plant is another remarkable feature—the motor is the famous 3⅛ x 5⅛ that was so economical and efficient in the $785 Briscoe of 1915. When you consider that the Briscoe Twenty-four weighs less than 1750 pounds ready for the road, you can see what a wonderful reserve of power there is.

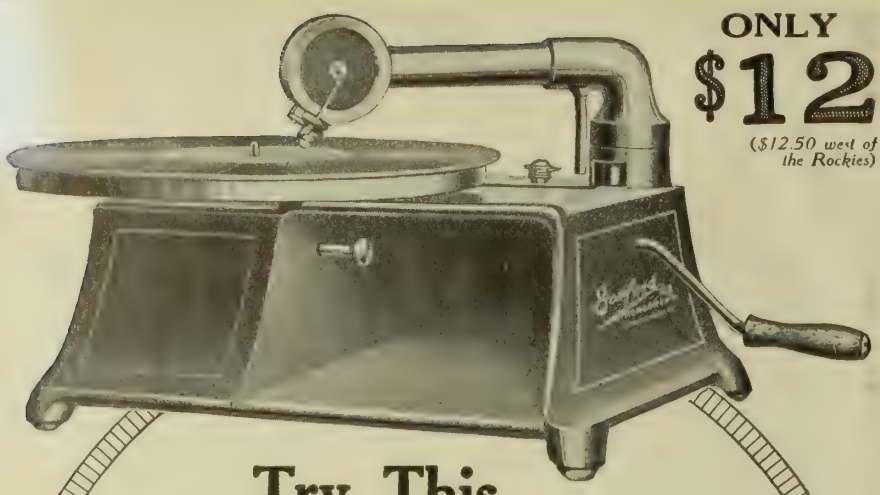
Four full-elliptic springs and a 104-inch wheelbase for comfort. Full equipment, including electric lighting and starting, electric horn, one-man top, demountable rims, and eye-saver windshield—for convenience.

And a wonderfully low price, made possible by a $6,000,000 company with complete plants of its own for the manufacture of every part.

Your copy of *your* catalog is yours for the asking.

Briscoe Motor Company, 111 Wildwood Ave., **Jackson, Mich.**

Dealers: Wire about your territory, and then come to the factory. We have good news for you



ONLY
$12
($12.50 west of the Rockies)

Try This Wonderful Phonograph 10 DAYS FREE!

Mere description of the VANOPHONE cannot do justice to its real value. Words are weak. Tone talks! "Hearing is Believing." That's why we say, "TRY THIS WONDERFUL PHONOGRAPH 10 DAYS FREE." Let PERFORMANCE—not PRICE be your guide in judging the VANOPHONE. We give you the privilege of hearing this remarkable Phonograph—FREE. Mail Coupon below or write today for our SPECIAL TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

The 1916 Model GARFORD VANOPHONE PHONOGRAPH is the latest, most remarkable addition to the Phonograph Family—a perfect instrument reproducing faultlessly the performances of the world's greatest artists, orators, actors, ministers, story tellers, bands and orchestras at the record-smashing low price of $12.00.

It is a marvel of exact tone reproduction. Tremendous demand and enormous factory output make it possible to sell this Musical Masterpiece at the truly remarkable low price of $12.00. Many people who realize the amazing artistic value of the VANOPHONE do not understand how it is possible to produce such a wonderful Phonograph at the price of $12.00.

Garford $12. $12.50 WEST OF THE ROCKIES
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THE VANOPHONE

The VANOPHONE brings right into your home the most famous stars of the stage and musical realms. You can listen to great artists like Paderewski, DePachman, Bonci, Ysaye, Farrar, Caruso, Melba, Gadski, Scotti, Schumann-Heink, Ruffo, Kreisler and Mischa Elman, for the VANOPHONE plays perfectly ANY Victor or Columbia disc record. With this magic entertainer in your home you can at an instant's notice enjoy world-famous bands, choirs and orchestras, notable speeches. recitations and monologues, comic dialogues and "black face" minstrelsy. Anything and everything in the entire range of music and merry making is yours to command, when you possess a VANOPHONE.

The VANOPHONE is an attractive all-metal machine, beautifully enameled in black and gold. Has exclusive brake which automatically starts and stops the machine (a feature not found on some of the very highest priced phonographs). All harsh, rasping effects have been entirely overcome in this latest musical creation. Not one particle of wood or tin in its entire construction—thus it is free from damage from heat, cold, dampness, etc.

TO DEALERS

The enormous popular demand for the $12.00 VANOPHONE, daily increasing everywhere as a result of our nation-wide advertising campaign, makes an exclusive VANOPHONE sale privilege very valuable. Live Dealers recognize this and are filing their applications promptly. If you are in position to handle the VANOPHONE in your trade territory, write at once for our attractive offer to Druggists, Stationers, Hardware Dealers and General Merchants, who are willing to supply the demand we have created. Shipments F. O. B. Elyria, Ohio.

Write or Mail Coupon Today!

We cordially invite you to accept our offer of a free test of the VANOPHONE. Send us your name and address on coupon (carefully placing an "X" in the little square indicating the plan that interests you) and we will give you a free ten days' demonstration of the VANOPHONE that will enable you to judge for yourself the matchless purity, volume and richness of tone, and wonderfully exact reproductive ability of this Phonograph.

The Garford Manufacturing Co., Dept. N, Elyria, Ohio

Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Telephone Equipment in the World

This Free Coupon Brings Our Special Offer

THE GARFORD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. N, Elyria, Ohio

You may have a Free Ten Days Trial on either of the two plans. Mark X in ☐ opposite plan which suits you best. Write name and address on lines below and mail.

☐ Without obligating me to buy, please ship me a VANOPHONE for Ten Days Free Trial.

☐ Enclosed find $12.00 ($12.50 West of the Rockies) for which please send me one VANOPHONE, with privilege of returning same at your expense in ten days if not satisfactory—you to refund my money.

(If you simply wish further particulars and literature regarding the VANOPHONE, then just write your name and address or send postal request.)

Name .....

Address .....

A Doctor's Point of View

PNEUMONIA IS CATCHING : : BY JOHN B. HUBER, M. D.

DOCTORS for generations past "sensed" pneumonia to be an infectious disease because they found that it occurred pretty regularly and spread in certain houses, in soldiers' barracks, in jails, and so on. The infection was easily traced in hospitals and schools; and epidemics of pneumonia were recognized—classed, indeed, under the old term pandemics when the disease was of very general distribution and seemingly to be accounted for only on the presumption of infection.

Only in recent years, however, has the specific germ of pneumonia, or lung fever, been discovered. And the worst cases of pneumonia are likely to be so by reason of mixed infection, other and even more virulent germs being active along with the pneumococcus.

Here, as in all infections, two kinds of causes have to be considered: the presence in the body of the germ peculiar to the infection—its essential, specific cause—and the factors which predispose to disease, which weaken the body and make it congenial soil for the germ to grow and multiply in. Such are fatigue, overwork, injuries, especially to the chest wall, and undue exposure to the elements, especially in windy weather—for then one inhales the germ-laden dust—and in the unsettled months of the year. Cold and wet, especially when the extremities become chilled, predispose by lowering the resistance of the pulmonary tissues. Cold alone will not give pneumonia. Indeed, cold air is one of the most valuable agents in the treatment of pneumonia. But cold will, in a weakened body, devitalize tissues and so make them good soil for the pneumococcus. As noted of colds in last week's issue, cases of pneumonia among polar explorers are rare, but when they return to civilization—where the germs are—they are as likely as anyone to succumb. The reason here must be that the pneumococcus is unknown in the rare, clean arctic and antarctic air. It seems, moreover, that seamen and fisher folk seldom come down with pneumonia; this must be by reason of the purity of the sea air.

Chronic diseases of the heart, kidneys, liver, and stomach predispose to pneumonia, especially in the elderly. In these pneumonia is almost sure to be a "terminal affection," for very often indeed one does not die of the disease from which one has suffered most. And then there are alcoholism (chronic inebriates practically always succumb when taken down with pneumonia) and all sorts of excesses. The most frequent single cause is the neglected cold.

Pneumonia has a death rate sometimes exceeding that of tuberculosis; between them this team make away with more than half of humankind. It is not always easy, in this workaday world, to prevent pneumonia, for to do this means to remove from human experience all those malign agencies we have mentioned and many more that make us vulnerable to germ diseases.

We should proceed against the pneumonia germ pretty much as we do against that of consumption. The spittle of the pneumonia patient should be disinfected. The nurses must keep their mouths and throats very clean by means of dentifrices and mouth washes. They must wash their hands very often—always after their ministrations—and then lave them in disinfecting solutions. And they must not go on duty in a fatigued condition.

The Conquest of Pneumonia

AFTER the patient's recovery or removal his house—his bedroom anyway—should be thoroughly cleansed by means of soap and water and then subjected to the free action of the best disinfectants: that is, nature's—fresh air and sunshine. Fumigation (the generating of gases) is unnecessary. Those who do not have to be with pneumonia patients had best keep away from the sick room.

Visitors should be excluded, and so should animals. Civilized peoples have long been immunized against smallpox; yellow jack has lost its terrors; sensible people now are being made immune to typhoid fever, and is it too much to hope that soon pneumonia may be similarly warded off?

Held to Answer

Continued from page 15

Hampstead shuddered, in part at his own pain, in part at the ease with which she uttered the sentiment, because this woman could really never know how much his fall had cost him.

"Each of us in life, I fear, must be held to answer for his own obtuseness," he suggested.

"But that is not all we are held to answer for," Miss Dounay replied with sudden perception. "We must pay the penalty of the obtuseness of others."

"Ah!" exclaimed the minister quickly. "There you stumbled upon one of the greatest truths in religion: the law of vicarious suffering. We are each compelled, whether we will or not, to suffer for the sins of others. If we, you or I, mere humanity that we are, can so manage such suffering that it becomes a redemptive influence over the life of the one who caused it, we have done in a small and distant way the thing which the Son of Man did so perfectly for all the world."

"I see," she exclaimed eagerly, pressing her hands together in a sort of rapture. "It is that which you have done for me. You have suffered for my sin, and you have so managed the suffering that you have taken away some of my selfishness and sent me out of here, as I said before, not with an ambition, but with a mission."

She had risen, and though her manner was still subdued, it was again the manner of self-possession. She had tasted the bitterest disappointment a woman can know, had plunged to the very depths of despair, and was still under its somber cloud. The fierceness of the conflagration within her had burned out at least a part of that dross of selfishness of which she had spoken. Her vision was clarified.

As the conversation lapsed momentarily, each appeared to find relief in trivial interests. The minister straightened the books in the rack upon his desk, then looked at his watch and noted that it was fifteen minutes to seven, and reflected that seven was his dinner hour.

The actress gave her hair a few touches with her hands and stood adjusting her hat before the mirror above the mantel. But the veil was still raised. Hampstead watched these operations silently, moved by the evidence of change in the woman.

"You have forgiven me," she began again, noticing in the mirror that his eye was upon her, "but I do not forgive myself. My first mission is to repair the damage which I have done to you. I will go immediately to Searle and tell him the truth."

Hampstead's mouth fell open, and a single step carried him halfway across the room. "But you must not tell Searle nor anyone else the truth!" he affirmed vehemently.

It was Marien's turn to be surprised.

"You mean that I am not to undo the wrong that I have done you?" she asked in amazement.

"Not that way," he answered with deliberate shakings of the head.

"You mean that you are to stand under the stigma which now rests upon you?" she insisted with a gleam of the old imperious manner. "Certainly not! I have done wrong enough! It cannot be undone too quickly. I shall tell the truth to Searle. I shall gather the reporters about me and spare myself nothing. I will reveal the whole horrible plot; I will confess that Searle was duped and that you were grossly conspired against by me!"

AGAIN Hampstead, meeting that level glance, knew that the woman spoke in absolute sincerity. She was entirely capable of doing it. Once a course commended itself to her judgment she had already shown that she would spare nothing to follow it.

"But you forget young Burbeck," he exclaimed. "Your exposure would mean his exposure."

"Well?"

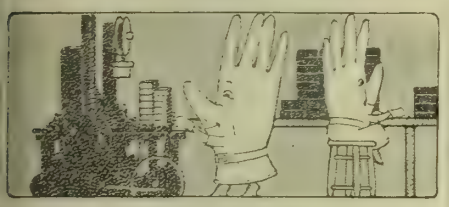
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PEPPERMINT IN RED WRAPPER
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Marien's eyes and tone both expressed her meaning, though she added incisively: "He is no reason why you should linger under this cloud."

HAMPSTEAD gazed at the woman doubtfully, speculating as to what argument would make the strongest appeal to her. "His mother," he began gravely, "is my dearest friend. She is the most saintly woman I've ever known. One year of her life to this community is worth more than a score of years of mine—than all of mine. Let her know in private that her son is the thief and she would grieve to death in a week. Let her know suddenly, with the force of public exposure, and it would kill her instantly, like an electric shock."

But this note proved the wrong one. Marien instantly took higher ground.

"I know that woman," she replied. "I have sensed her spirit. You do her injustice. If she knew the facts she would speak, though it killed her and ruined her son, rather than see you endure for a single day what you are suffering now."

Hampstead knew better than the speaker how true this was.

"But there is another reason, a higher reason," he began slowly with a grave significance that caught Marien's attention instantly—"the soul of Rollo Burbeck!"

The minister had breathed rather than spoken these last words. They had in them a sense of the awe he felt at what hung upon his actions now.

For an instant the keen eyes of the woman searched the depths of Hampstead's own, as if she were making sure that what she heard—and understood with her new and spiritual intuition—was true.

"You mean," she asked, only half credulous, "that you will suffer for his sake as you have suffered for mine until new character begins to grow in him just as a new objective begins to stir in me? You mean that?"

Hampstead nodded. "That is my hope," he said solemnly, his eyelids drooping until they were all but closed, while his lips moved silently as if in prayer.

"Oh!" Marien sighed with a prolonged aspirate note which expressed reverence, awe, and astonishment. "But the charges? They will be pressed. You will be held, convicted, imprisoned!"

"I cannot think it," argued John soberly. "A way will appear to avoid that. Yet we must contemplate the worst. One thing is sure," and his voice appeared to increase in volume without an increase of tone—"one thing is sure: in the position in which you have placed me I must remain until the thing for which I am standing has been accomplished, however long that takes, and if the wrong you have done to me confers any obligation upon you it is to keep your lips sealed till I give you leave to open them."

MISS DOUNAY, more humbled by this steadfast magnanimity of soul which could refuse vindication when it was offered than awed by the sudden force of self-assertion which Hampstead manifested, looked her submission.

"Man!" she exclaimed impulsively, seizing both his hands for an instant. "I revere you. You are not the flesh I thought. You have altered greatly. Yours was not a pose. It is genuine. I am reconciled a little to my loss. You are not mine because I was not worthy to be yours!"

Hampstead made a deprecating, repressive gesture.

"Let me finish," she protested. "I am even less humiliated. The thing required to charm you was a thing I did not possess!"

"Beauty is a great possession," Hampstead smiled. "I have been and am sensible to it. I was sensible to your beauty to the last. The woman I love is beautiful."

"The woman you love!" Marien's whole manner changed. Her face took on the tigerish look. "There is some one else then? At least," she added reproachfully, "you might have spared me this."

"It was necessary," the minister replied quietly, "if we were really to understand each other."

The gravity of the man's tone as well as some subtle recovery within herself checked the tigerish impulse. Swiftly it gave way to pain and humility again.

"You—you are to marry?" she faltered weakly.

"No," he replied with ineffable sadness. "This—" and again that comprehensive gesture which he had used so frequently to indicate the catastrophe

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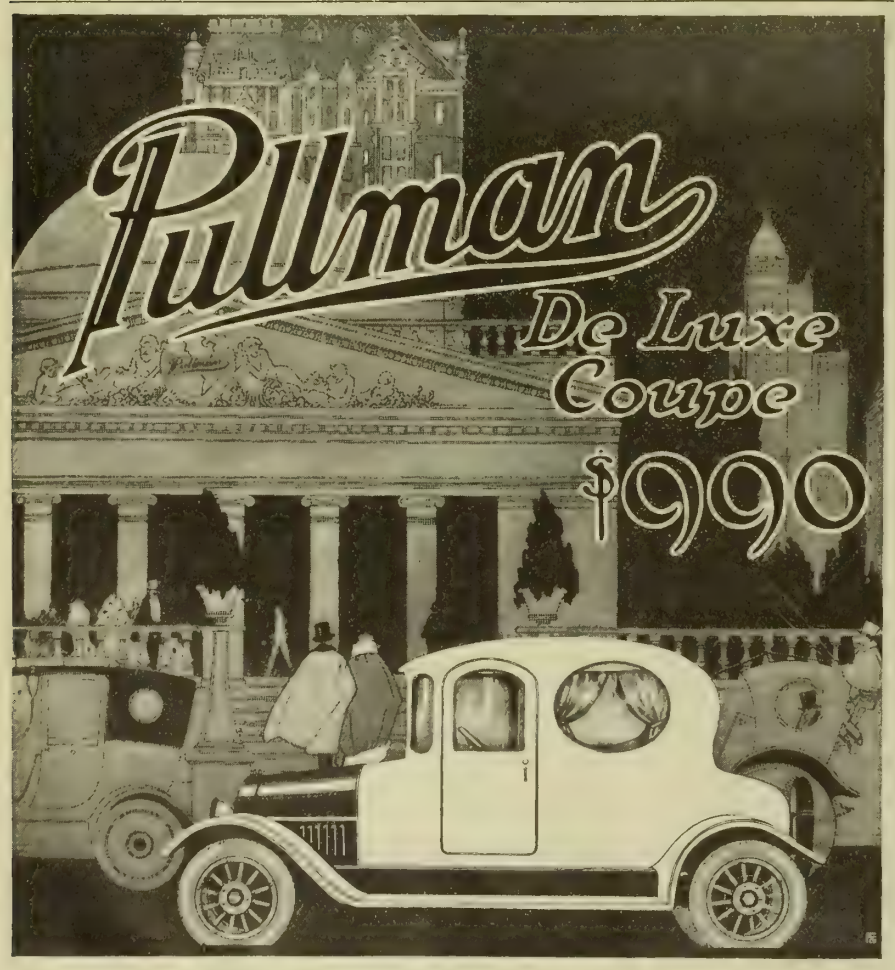
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which had come upon him—"this has dashed that hope entirely!"

The actress stood completely confounded. Within herself she wondered why she did not fly into a jealous passion. Surely she was changing; she felt half bewildered, half distrustful of her own moods in which she had believed so surely before. She was also completely staggered by this crowning revelation of the capacity of the man for sacrifice. Instead of the jealous passion she felt a sisterly kind of sympathy, but it was only after a very considerable interval that Marien trusted herself to ask with trembling voice:

"She is very, very beautiful—this—this woman whom you love?"

The question was put very softly, meditatively almost.

"To me, yes," replied the minister with emphasis. "I think you would say so too."

"You were engaged?"

"Not when I met you first, but there had been a bond of very close sympathy between us. After you were gone I felt that I had never really loved you, and my heart fastened itself on her. I loved her and told her so. But I felt it my duty to tell her the truth about you. Manlike, I thought she would comprehend. Womanlike she comprehended more than I thought. She believed me weak and uncertain. She loved me still, but with a pain of disappointment in her heart. She put my love upon a kind of probation. The probation has lasted five years. It was almost finished. After what the papers have published in the past few days, you can imagine that now all is over."

"But you will write to her? You will see her? You will explain?" Marien questioned in self-forgetful eagerness.

"Explain!" He smiled sadly. "What a futility! What explanation could there be after what I had told her? You know a woman's heart. More firmly than any other mind she would be forced to an implicit belief in what the newspapers have falsely intimated concerning our relations in the past few weeks."

"But I will go to her myself!" Marien exclaimed impetuously. "I will tell her the truth."

"Do you think she would believe you?" he asked frankly. "Could you expect any woman to believe in your sincerity under such circumstances, upon such a mission? You would not be able to believe yourself."

"You are right!" Marien admitted after a moment of thought. "Once away from the restraining influence of your character, my true nature would reveal itself. I should hate her! I do hate her! No, I could not go!"

She rendered this decision against herself through lips that were all but tightly closed.

"And so, you see—" John did not finish the sentence, but had recourse to a helpless smile and a pathetic shrug of the shoulders.

MARIEN lowered her veil. The interview was running on and on. It must come to an end.

"It all becomes uncanny," she exclaimed. "There is too much converging upon your heart. There must come a rift in the clouds. I have submitted to your compelling altruism, but only for the present. If something does not happen soon, I shall positively and dangerously explode!"

John smiled at the vehemence with which she spoke. "But in the meantime silence!" he adjured impressively.

"Yes," she assented reluctantly. "But at the same time I shall not know one gleam of happiness, one moment's freedom from mental anguish, until your vindication is flung widely to the world."

"But in the meantime silence!" reiterated John obstinately.

"And in the meantime," she consented more resignedly, "silence!"

"Good night, Marien," said the minister, putting out his hand.

"Good night, Dr. Hampstead," she replied, seizing that hand impulsively, then flinging it from her again as she turned without another glance to the door, which closed behind her softly and considerately almost, but with that same decisive snap of the lock which had shut her in three-quarters of an hour before.

Hampstead stood a moment in reflection. She had come and she had gone, leaving behind a great sense of relief, of complexities unraveled, of good accomplished, and of further danger averted. Of one thing he felt sure now: he would never go to prison. A way would be found to avoid that. Her vindictive malice had spent itself and been turned to an attempt at cooperation.

But he was still under clouds: one the verdict of Judge Brennan, *Held to Answer;* the other less black but larger and murkier, the cloud of public condemnation; and for the present he must remain under both. Besides which there was his church and Elder Burbeck to consider. And to-morrow was Sunday!

(To be continued next week)

The Man with the Lantern

Continued from page 7

house opposite. He had been peering out through the glass door preparing to make his arrests when Burgess passed, and fearing another exhibition of his friend's playfulness had captured him and hit upon the ruse of stationing him in the dismal back yard merely to get rid of him. As a fitting reward for this duplicity, the raid on the boarding house had failed of its purpose. The rumpus in the street when one of the men bolted had angered the Secret Service man, who prided himself upon executing the law's commissions with as little fuss as possible. Hill was rattled or he wouldn't have followed a crowd of boys on a false trail.

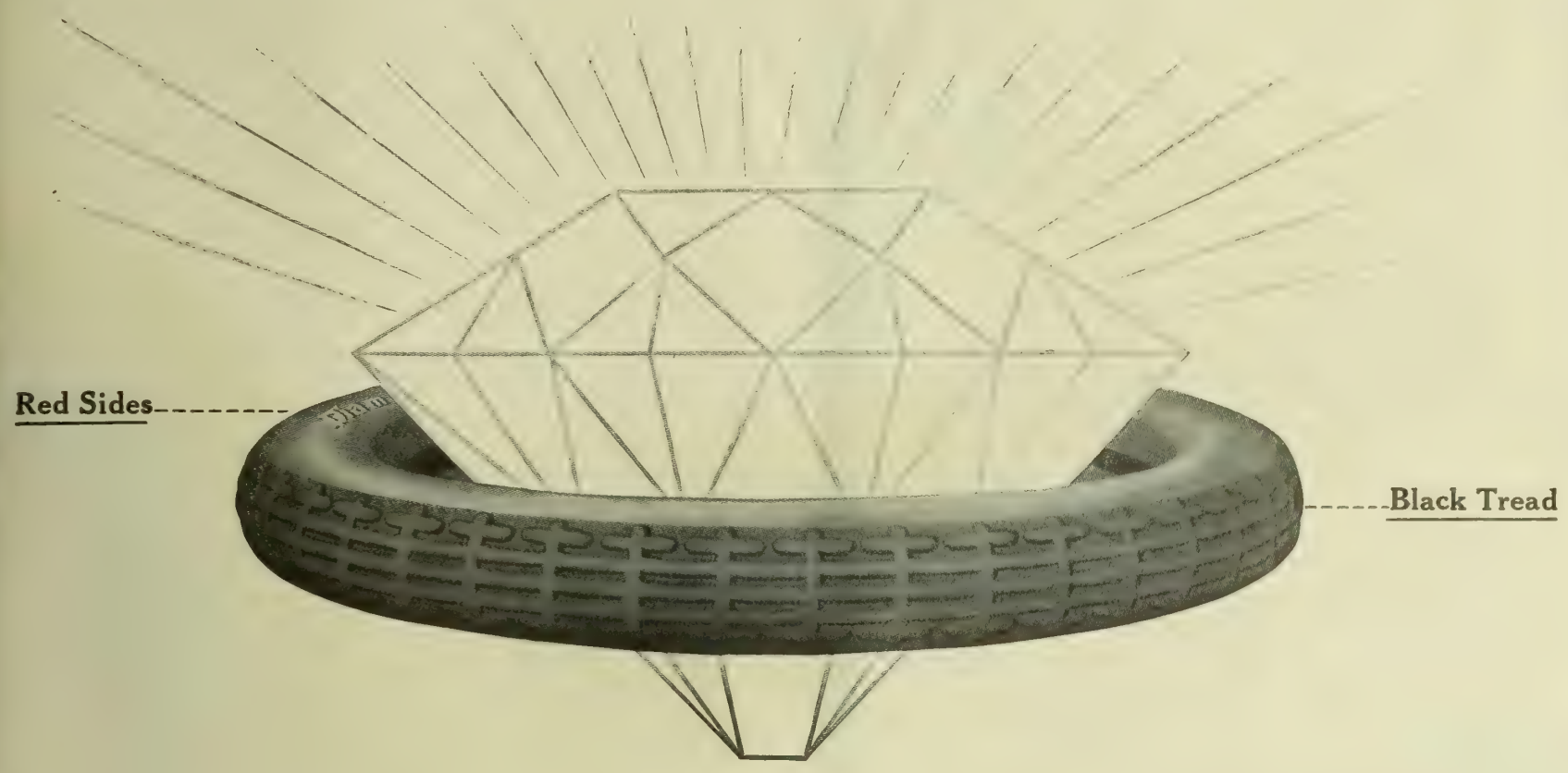
The manner in which Hill had bawled his name added to Burgess's delight in the situation; Hill wanted somebody to vent his rage on, and he, Webster G. Burgess, had no intention of revealing himself to become the target for Hill's wrath.

Several blocks away another cry arose faintly, and Burgess heard the crowd scamper. Peace reigned in the yard. Burgess changed his position noiselessly and breathed freely once more. The water from a broken-down spout sent a stream across the yard, and this was gurgling disagreeably about his feet. The steady rainfall had soaked his overcoat and the drip from his hat brim tickled his nose, but he felt immensely pleased with himself. Of all his jokes on Hill this was the best.

The detective had warned Burgess repeatedly that if he persisted in projecting himself into the affairs of criminals and interposing himself between them and the police he would ultimately get a bullet for his pains. The present occasion offered an excellent opportunity for realizing the detective's expectations. For somewhere, quite near him, lay the counterfeiter—an armed desperado, as evidenced by his exchange of shots with the detective. But Burgess was willing to hazard a good deal for a chance to laugh at Hill; and by capturing the fugitive unassisted he would silence forever his scoffing friends. The counterfeiter was ignorant of his propinquity, and it would not be difficult, he argued, to surprise him and bear him off in triumph to the club. He slipped his hand into his pocket and fondled Hill's automatic confidently while he peered anxiously through the mist.

His eyes swept again the dim outlines of the occupied house and caught a glimmer of light on the roof. It was quite possible that the tenant of the occupied house had been repairing a leak and had returned to his task after observing the disturbance in the street. Burgess continued his watchful waiting and was rewarded a moment later by seeing a dull blur, imaginably the figure of a man creeping stealthily along the roof. The light vanished, and a slight stirring near at hand brought his attention back to the yard.

THE counterfeiter was stealing cautiously toward the house from the rear of the yard. As he passed within a few feet of Burgess's position behind the barrel, his silhouette as it wavered in the gray mist disclosed a tall man with a round hat pulled low on his head. Burgess stood erect, drew out the automatic, and prepared to attack the counterfeiter. He crept after the retreating figure, flourishing the gun to straighten the kinks out of his arm. If it was the fugitive's plan to enter the empty house, Burgess meant to halt him at the kitchen door—he would not risk an attack in the open yard where the man might bolt again and repeat the trick he had played on Hill. The counterfeiter had almost reached the shadow of the house, and Burgess, close behind him, leveled his revolver; but his command to halt was arrested by the sudden opening of the kitchen door and



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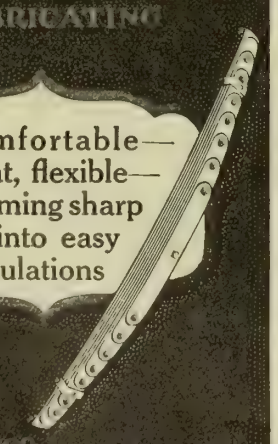
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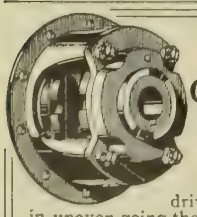


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the appearance of a man with a lantern. This was disturbing, for it was hardly likely that Hill or his man Towne had come back, as the sounds of pursuit were still remotely audible, and the Secret Service men were presumably fully occupied elsewhere. The communicating doors between the houses made it possible to pass from one to the other, Burgess remembered, and he assumed that the man he had seen on the roof was passing out through the empty house.

The counterfeiter had disappeared as the lantern sent a wavering gleam from the half-opened door and was extinguished. The newcomer turned toward the occupied house, moving deliberately. Burgess heard his step, though he was barely distinguishable in the deep shadows. Then another man rose directly in front of him and toppled him over with startling suddenness.

Burgess heard a grunt as the two went down together. Hill's fugitive had evidently been hiding close to the house and, mistaking the man with the lantern for one of his pursuers, had flung himself upon him. The whole incident was like a ghostly pantomime on a darkened stage. Burgess stole nearer to watch the fight, his sporting instincts pleasantly stimulated. The counterfeiter was evidently a desperate crook. His cleverness in dodging Hill and the spirit with which he gave battle to the stranger were emphatic proof of this.

NOW that the first shock of surprise had passed, the man the counterfeiter had attacked seemed to be giving an excellent account of himself. The advantage of weight was in his favor, but his assailant was the more active. They rolled over each other repeatedly and then, finding himself on top, the lighter man made an effort to escape. But his antagonist seemed in no haste to part with him. He caught him by the legs, jerked him to the ground, and after striking him several times on the head dragged him toward the empty house.

The kitchen door flew back with a bang and the two disappeared. Instantly the victor returned, groped for his lantern, and darted back into the house.

Burgess crept to the window eager to witness the outcome. It was plain enough that the man from the occupied house had no intention of summoning the police to take charge of the intruder, and this in itself was an interesting circumstance, indicative of some lawless purpose of his own in which he feared frustration.

Burgess pressed his face to the wet glass; all was quiet within. The big fellow relighted his lantern and passed it along the crumpled figure of the counterfeiter, who lay on his side with his face turned away from the window. A motorist's raincoat covered him to the heels. His captor glanced toward the door, a puzzled look on his face. Then with sudden decision he walked to the corner of the kitchen and raised a door set evenly into the floor. His inspection of the cellar seemed to satisfy him. He set down his lantern under the sink as far from the window as possible and began dragging his prisoner toward the opening. As Burgess heard the creaking of the cellar steps under the weight of the two men a fleeting thought of his friends at the club, waiting for his reappearance and prepared to ridicule him for his failure to return with something to justify his reputation as a dashing and venturesome character, moved him to action. He sprang into the room, gained the cellar door at a bound, and slammed it shut. He sat upon it, seized a padlock that hung open from the hasp, thrust it through the staple, and snapped the lock just as the door heaved violently beneath him. He stepped off to test the security of the lock without his weight. The door rattled, but seemed in no danger of yielding. The cellar windows were barred, he remembered with satisfaction.

He found a cigar in his pocket, lighted it, and looked at his watch. It was half past eleven, and he had been gone from the club just forty-five minutes. The assaults upon the door continued, but less violently now that the first fury of the prisoner had abated.

He stepped into the yard and glanced up at the adjoining house. He heard the thump of weights in the frame as a window was opened and saw the blurred outline of the woman's head.

"Sam!" she called.

"All right," Burgess answered.

This apparently satisfied her, and she hurriedly closed the window. He returned to the kitchen, where the door continued to strain under the pressure from below. Leaving the lantern b hind and closing the door, he beg feeling his way through the hall. Wh he reached the front door he turn back the shade and peered throu the grimy glass into the street. T neighborhood had regained its usu tranquillity, and the boarding hou where Hill had sought the counte feiters presented a virtuous front to t world. The noise in the cellar w scarcely audible, and he began craw ing upstairs, pausing after each di maying creak of the planks to wait f any signs from above that his a proach was attracting attention.

The sound of voices heard qui plainly through the door connectin the front rooms of the two houses once corrected his impression that t woman was alone. A thin penciling light defined the upper edge of th sagged door, and through the ol fashioned lock he saw that the key wa turned on the inside. With his ea pressed against the crack, he was abl in a moment to differentiate two voice

"Hurry, now, dearie, and sign ju once more. We're going away just a soon as Sam comes back. It'll be nice in the country, and you'll feel a lot bet ter there."

"How many of these have I signed Mary?" This in a weak, querulou voice at once intensified Burgess's cur osity. "I've lost all track of them; m money must be all gone by this time.

"Oh, you've got lots of money left Sam and I are spending all you give u to make you happy and comfortable.

"Well, that's all I can do now. M hand shakes so I can hardly write. I must be that medicine. I sleep so muc I lose all track of time."

"Don't trouble, dearie; the sleep' good for you. And we're going to quiet place where you'll soon be wel again. I've got to finish packing now We're going for a nice automobile rid just as soon as Sam comes. Go to slee now; that's a dear. I'll unlock the door Maybe Sam will come this way. Don' be afraid, dearie."

The perspiration was trickling dow Burgess's face. He held his breath a the woman crossed the room and turne back the key. Apparently she had take pains to guard against Sam's sudde appearance, but having now complete her business wished to leave the wa clear for his return.

Burgess followed her steps as sh went downstairs. It was possible tha the assaults on the cellar door woul attract the woman's attention if sh went into her own kitchen, but even i she learned of her companion's pligh it would be some time before she coul free the prisoners.

A FAINT moan inside the door arouse him to the importance of actin quickly. He made sure the automati was in easy reach and turned the knob The room into which he stepped wa dimly lighted by a gas bracket set be tween two windows. A strapped trunk and a dismembered iron bed with its parts tied with cord lay on the bare floor. A frail old woman seated in a rocking chair by the table under the light turned slowly and regarded him with a dull stare. She wore a long lilac wrapper. One arm rested on the table, and her fingers played restlessly with a small ink bottle. Her fine dark eyes continued to rest upon Burgess vacantly as he crossed the room, and a look of bewilderment slowly crept into them as he stood beside her.

"I thought it was Sam," she said faintly, and her lips twitched into a plaintive smile; "but I see now it's the doctor. I don't like your medicine, doctor; it makes me sleep too much. Sometimes I'm afraid I'll never really wake up. But" (a crafty look came into her eyes) "I know more than they think I do."

She slowly raised her arms, unfastened a button of her wrapper, and drew out a slip of paper. After a glance at the door she caught Burgess by the sleeve. "You may as well have this," she whispered. "Sam and Mary have got too much already. This is quite confidential, you understand."

He swung round to the light and unfolded the paper. A cold chill crept down his spine as he saw that she had given him a check on his own bank for $1,110.22, payable to bearer and signed by Catherine Raymond. He thrust it into his pocket and looked at the woman again. The smile had gone from her face; one small, emaciated hand played restlessly with a quaint brooch that held her collar together; her eyes stared at him unseeingly.

"You are Miss Raymond?" he whispered close to her ear.

She fixed her eyes upon him drowsily. "Yes," she murmured.

"Who is Sam?" he asked.

"Sam? Why you know Sam, doctor; he's Mary's husband. They're old family servants; you know that, of course. When I sold the place at Litchfield and came back here, I didn't want to leave them. I have been ill; very ill."

Her head drooped, then she roused herself and looked at him fixedly. Her brows knit and her eyes opened and closed several times with the effort of memory. Her hand plucked at his sleeve. "You are not the doctor—I see I was mistaken. I really don't know you, do I—" she ended with a pitiful, despairing sigh.

"I'm a friend come to help you," he whispered, clasping her hand reassuringly. "Stay quietly here till I come back. Don't tell Mary I've been here—you understand?"

Comprehension flashed in the dull eyes for an instant and she nodded.

He retraced his steps to the lower hall of the empty house and let himself out by the front door. When he reached the corner drug store he ran into a police sergeant who called him by name.

"Been with Cap Hill to-night?" asked the officer, grinning as he surveyed Burgess's muddy trousers and dented derby with a professional eye.

"Off and on, Martin—mostly off."

He was blowing from his run and his bedraggled appearance justified the careful scrutiny the sergeant was giving him. "Cap's been looking for you," remarked the sergeant.

"I should think he would be," Burgess replied.

"He's afraid you got in bad somewhere," said Martin.

"Oh, nothing like that!"

"Well, he's sent out an alarm and the whole force is looking for you. I'll just call up headquarters and tell 'em you're all right."

"Hill should worry," returned Burgess easily. "No doubt they've been telephoning my house and scaring my wife to death. But, Martin—"

He dropped his bantering air and told the sergeant all he thought necessary of the finding of Catherine Raymond.

"The Raymond woman we've been tipped off to look for!" gasped Martin.

"Yes; but we can't stand here talking about it. They've got her doped and are all set to haul her off somewhere. I'll call my wife and tell her to get ready to take care of Miss Raymond for the night. My car's waiting for me at the club, and I'll send for it to come here and pick me up. Go to the house—the second one from the west end of the row—and take good care of the old lady till I get there—in about five minutes. The woman in charge is all ready to bolt, but for God's sake don't let her get away."

He went into the drug store and called the club first and gave the order for his car to be sent, and was still perspiring in the booth trying to satisfy Mrs. Burgess that he was not insane when the machine drew up at the curb. As an afterthought he called the club again and gave the clerk orders to seek Hill by telephone at a list of places he suggested and ask the Secret Service man to go to the club immediately.

When he returned to the house Martin had, he found, obeyed his instructions strictly. The woman had resisted his advance into the house with much sound and fury, and the officer had been obliged to muzzle and handcuff her before getting upstairs.

"The old lady is all right," he explained. "She was asleep when I left her a minute ago."

MRS. BURGESS had made a room ready, and the family doctor was on the spot when Burgess and the chauffeur carried the freed prisoner into the house. A trained nurse had been summoned and was on the way. Burgess felt that his presence at home was not required after Miss Raymond had been placed in the guest room and the physician had taken charge of her. Mrs. Burgess did not share this feeling. Still, it was better to have a strange woman brought to the house at midnight than to be called from bed to receive the body of a dead husband, and this she had frequently remarked to her adventurous spouse was exactly what would happen one of these days.

Burgess hastily divested himself of his wet clothing, and, rehabilitating himself in full evening togs, turned over in his mind the most effective manner of relating his adventures to the men who were waiting for him at the club. . . .

Jeers greeted him as he appeared at the dining-room door. He thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and regarded them good-naturedly.

"He's been home and dolled himself all up," taunted Fanning, noting his change of raiment.

Burgess waved a hovering Jap from the room and selected a cigar with deliberate care while they continued their derisive comments on his reappearance.

"Since I left here one hour and fifteen minutes ago," he began slowly, "several little things have happened, and if you fellows will promise not to blab I'll tell you the story."

SOMETHING in his manner caused them to sit erect and give attention. He began with his meeting with Hill and of the detective's ruse to get rid of him by setting him to watch the windows of the empty house, and of the rapid succession of incidents that led to his discovery of Miss Raymond. They crowded closer about the table as the narrative developed, told in the clean-cut sentences Burgess used when he addressed a directors' meeting. He was half an hour bringing his story down to the transfer of Miss Raymond to his own house. As he paused a waiter knocked and handed him a card.

"Tell Captain Hill to come up," he said.

They welcomed Hill joyously and made room for him at the end of the table.

"Well, Web, you look pretty fresh for this hour of the night," said Hill, accepting a cigar.

"Considering that you planted me in a nasty back yard to watch a house you weren't at all interested in, and that I spoiled a suit of clothes doing it, just to accommodate you, I feel pretty good," said Burgess.

"You always try to be helpful," said the detective tolerantly, "and I like to use you when I can."

"You understand, Tom, that ordinarily I wouldn't do anything to injure your reputation; you know that. But I was just a little bit sore over the trick you played on me, and it's in my low nature to get even when I can."

"That's all right, Web," the detective assented cheerfully.

"Oh, thunder, Web, go back to the beginning and tell the whole story over again," said Fanning; "and put in more details. We want Hill to check you up."

Burgess thereupon repeated his story, amplifying some parts of it, and dwelling now more particularly upon the capture of the counterfeiter by the man from the empty house and his own part in clapping the cellar door shut upon both men.

They exclaimed in surprise and doubt at these additions, and turned from him to Hill, who sat smoking.

"Where's Ramsay?" Burgess asked, for the first time noting the surgeon's absence. "It was that expensive carver of human flesh who was so keen about sending me out into the wet to get myself into a scrape so he could kid me about it."

"Ramsay went out right after you did and said he'd be back later," some one explained. "He must have gone home."

Hill regarded the lighted end of his cigar with fixed attention and bade Burgess go on.

"Well, here's the key to the padlock and here's your gun," Burgess resumed patronizingly. "Your counterfeiter—the one who got away from you—is locked up in the cellar of that house, and as the kidnaper who shares his dungeon may murder him I advise you to call in a few policemen and go down and fish them out. It would be decent of you to buy me a cheap cigar sometime to pay me for my trouble in nailing your man for you; and I hope you will pardon the suggestion that you might have better success in your life work if you didn't make so much noise. That street scene you staged over there was enough to wake all the crooks in town."

Hill examined the key critically and pushed it back across the table.

"Thanks, Web, but I'm afraid this won't do me any good. And this gun isn't loaded; I shook the cartridges out while I was talking to you in the hall." He paused and glanced about the table significantly. "I didn't want to take a chance of Web's killing somebody, but if I had his luck I wouldn't do anything but play the races. I'm getting a little old, Web, and they may be calling me down to Washington any day to hand in my papers; but I'm not quite the dead one you think I am. I got both



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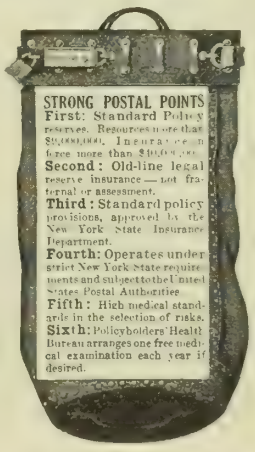
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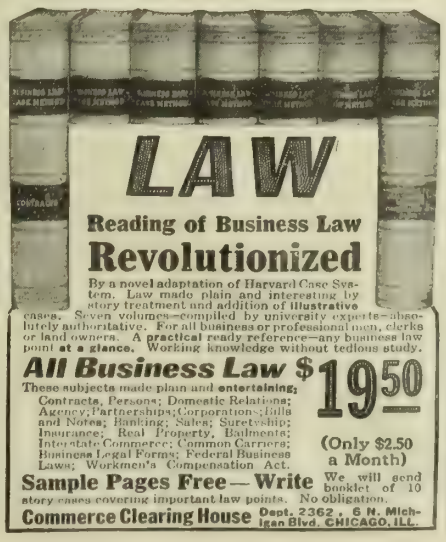
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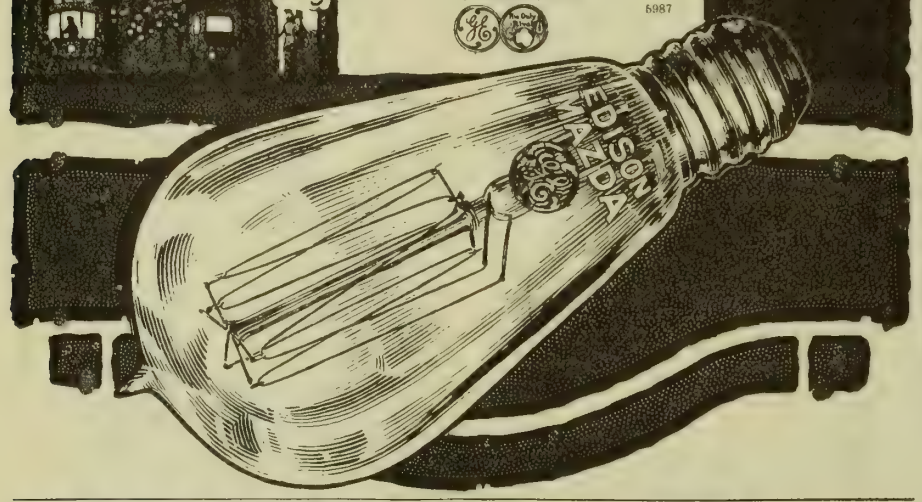
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counterfeiters, and they're now in jail. The one who bolted I nabbed five minutes after I yelled for you in that yard. I admit I was worried when you didn't show up after the fireworks, and I was misled by some of the fools who always turn up when there's anything doing, but it didn't last long. The counterfeiter was never in that yard. He skipped across Meridian Street and hid in the Blind Asylum grounds where I picked him out of a lilac bush." This was greeted with loud laughter. Burgess affected an ease he did not feel.

"You make mistakes, Web," continued the detective, "in not finishing up your jobs as you go along. That's the first law of this business. Old Martin isn't altogether a fool. You didn't tell him about the two fellows in the cellar; you were saving that for me, but after you took the woman away he sent a flock of bicycle men humping to the house to look it over and take charge of things, and of course they found the men in the cellar. I was at the police station when they arrived. Incidentally they picked up a machine in the alley that was waiting to cart the old lady away. That was what the big chap was signaling for with his lantern when you saw it from these windows, but the rumpus we made getting our men scared the auto away till the lantern showed up again on the roof. No doubt one of the gents you locked in the cellar is the pal of the woman who had been keeping the old lady in pickle, just as you say; but the other is no counterfeiter—not by a long shot!"

HILL was having his innings, and he deliberated to prolong Burgess's agony. The room was very quiet as they all waited for the detective to conclude.

"I'm always sorry, Web, to spoil a good story, but these are the facts. You thought you had a big joke on me and you wanted to spring it before these friends of yours; and that's all right. But it seems that another gentleman who had been eating and drinking too much club food thought he'd be smart, too, and go out and have some storybook adventures. He struck the street down there just as the row started when I tackled the boarding house. He'd heard you talk so much about having fun with me that he thought he'd see if he couldn't do something in the same line. The crowd mistook him for the man I was chasing and he hid in the yard where I left you and mixed up with that big kidnaper, thinking he was the man I'd lost. The kidnaper didn't take any chances, but chucked him in the cellar. Then you jumped in and locked up both of 'em."

"Ramsay!" they chorused.

"Ramsay, or what's left of him," replied Hill. "He's pounded up some and his clothes are spoiled. You see when the kidnaping party couldn't get out he amused himself by trying to kill Ramsay. Oh, don't have fits! I identified Ramsay when they brought him into headquarters in a patrol wagon and explained things as I imagined they had happened, and did my best to satisfy the newspaper boys. It would be nice, though, if some of you'd call up the papers and tell 'em Ramsay wasn't beaten up in a drunken scrap somewhere. That's what he looked like."

BURGESS rose and gave a tug to his waistcoat. "I'm sorry about Ramsay," he said contritely; "I'll have to square it with him some way. But it's all your fault, Hill. If you'd played square with me, Ramsay wouldn't have got his head smashed."

"Don't beef!" admonished the detective. "I'll admit that you've done a pretty job to-night, considering your general weak-mindedness."

"I believe it's the sentiment of the meeting that you've made good for once," said Kemp consolingly; "and, unless there's objection" (he glanced about the room), "we'll pay the bet. A month from to-night I'll give the dinner, and we'll have Ramsay here, if he's out of the hospital, and you, too, Hill, if you'll honor us, and I'll see to it that Ramsay doesn't shoot Web in the meantime."

Burgess went to the telephone and satisfied himself by a coversation with the police surgeon that Ramsay was not seriously injured. He was feeling better when he returned to the table and made a neat pile of their checks.

"There's just one thing about it, Tom," he remarked to Hill; "you and I would do our work much easier if these confounded amateurs only kept their hands off. They make the business dangerous."



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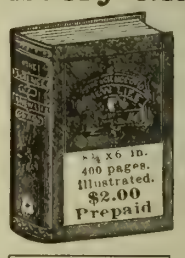
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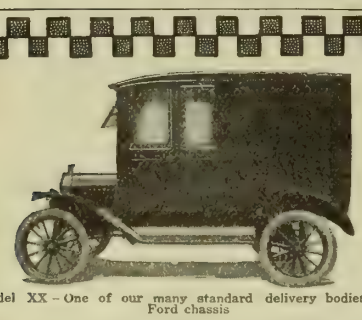
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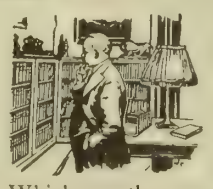
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When Peace Comes

Continued from page 9

and the very expectation has produced in their minds something akin to the illusion of the Japanese soldier who thinks that if he dies in battle his spirit will return to hover over his native village, where he will hear his mother and father speak in pride and the villagers congratulate them because their son had fallen for his country. But with the French and the British the thought is a little finer because less mystic. What they say is: "We don't want the next generation to have this job to do over again; we must finish it ourselves."

It indicates a consciousness of the community interest and an objective nobility of mind which must have their influence after the war.

For the very reason that there has never been a war like this before, we cannot fathom what its results will be in peace. But most of the soldiers I have talked with, when they speak of peace, visualize it simply as home and family and daily work. They appreciate the value of peace as no one else can. Occasionally you hear a man say that he is going to emigrate to America, where there will be no war, but very rarely among the English and never among the French. For a Frenchman is always a Frenchman, and France is always France to him. These men have fought so hard for England and for France that their tendency will be to remain in the lands for which they have risked their lives, if they can find work there. If big immigration comes, it will more likely come from Germany.

The New Germany

THE German soldier, who has been a conscript, who has known what it was to be beaten by his officers for little breaches of discipline, is most likely to try to seek escape from a social order which has treated him harshly. Not in England but in Germany shall we see the great Social Revolution. Englishmen are very fond of talking about a revolution in England after the war. Whatever that revolution is, however, it will be in the hands of the men who are in the trenches, and I think it will come about peacefully because England, as well as France and the United States, possesses the vehicle which easily transfers public opinion into reforms. The English press has had more freedom in this war than that of any other country.

I asked one great English editor who has not hesitated to criticize the Government what would happen to him if he were in Germany. He said: "I should be in jail or shot, but I am not in Germany—I am not a German; I am an Englishman." He also said: "We are going to have big reforms after this war; a new and better England."

Not even war has been able to suppress individualism of thought in England. The English have maintained this right more than any other, while the French, in their remarkable democracy, have, of all peoples, come nearest to universal submission of their own free will to the commands of their leaders.

But the Germans have taken their inspiration from the top. Never did I see a group of German prisoners without feeling the admiration for their bravery which any man must feel, but at the same time marking their contrast to groups of French and English soldiers. They did not seem individuals, but so many square pegs each fitting in a square hole. Taken one by one, you realized that they lacked something the Frenchmen and Englishmen had. Were a command given, they instantly and instinctively became so many members of a machine. There was not any individual German; there were simply Germans.

Will they remain the same after the war—every German still a square peg in a square hole that has been cut for him? What will happen in Germany if she loses is the biggest of all the mysteries which puzzle the prophets. If she loses! For every German has for forty years been bred to the idea of victory.

There can be no revolution in France, for France had her revolution over a hundred years ago, with successive revolutionary tremors that were bound to follow the great quake. There will be none in England except by the ballot. There may be none in Germany by the ballot or in other ways. Germany quite frankly believes she has a system of civilization which is so fine that it

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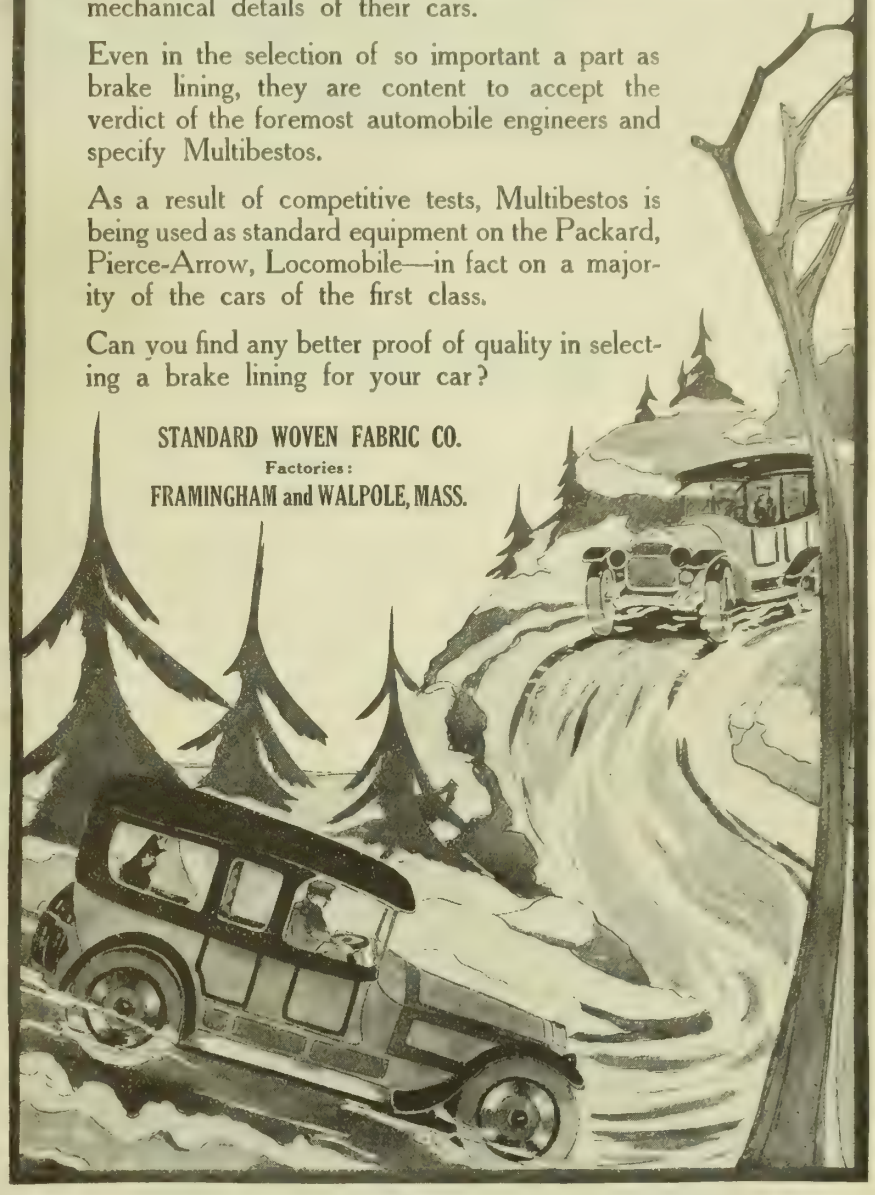
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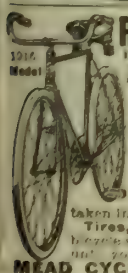
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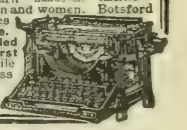
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Captain Bill

Continued from page 10

"Yah! Did it! Give her all she'll stand!" was all he heard, and turned away to express volubly his opinion of Captain Bill, the steamboat, the Yukon River, and life in general. And then, remembering other escapades of Captain Bill's when they steamboated together on the Illinois River, he shook his head and grinned, for deep in his affections was this same reckless Bill.

They tied up at nights only when necessary to blow out the boilers of the creaking, overstrained *Louisy Ann* and to take on wood. They drove her ceaselessly. Once, above the ramparts, whose restricted torrents they had bucked after tying down the safety valve and gathering steam until the chocks beneath the boilers trembled and vibrated like crawling, living things trying to escape disaster that seemed imminent, Tim got a bell to slow down, the first on that memorable trip. He flipped his throttle back along the slide, heard it click, glanced at the steam gauge, and thanked Heaven that they were through the swift water of that precipice-sided race, and hastened to the big open side door, where he looked out, wondering what could have occasioned the pause in those days of crowding. He heard Captain Bill's voice from the pilot house and saw that two men in a skiff had signaled the steamboat.

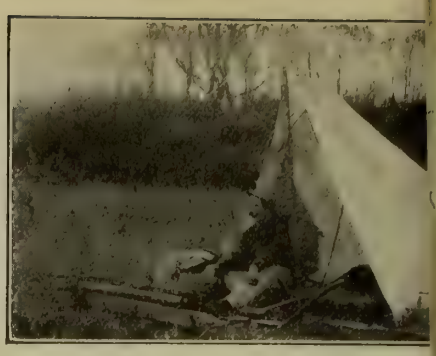
"Well, what d'yuh want?"

"Heard the news? Good strike up at Circle. Jack and Dan've got three-dollar dirt, and—"

"Heard that a month ago! Got no time to tell you what you'll learn down at St. Mikes."

And then the bell jangled for full speed again, and Tim caught a flash of the astonished faces of the men in the skiff, who never before had received such curt treatment from Captain Bill—usually glad to loiter and talk for at least an hour.

CAPTAIN BILL was out for a record and was making it. Up in the pilot house he waved his hand at native villagers whose dogs barked on the beach and who were vastly chagrined and amazed because he didn't stop. Sometimes he bawled the comforting assurance to traders, his powerful voice sounding above the tired sough-sough of his escape pipes, that he would be back later, and always he shaved thin edges seeking still water. His native pilots decided he was insane, but dared not protest. The voyage was within eighteen hours of its end before they sighted another white man, and this one was alone and did not seem



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sorry that they pushed past him at a wide distance without stopping to exchange yarns. Captain Bill, harsh, driving, energetic, intent on making speed and constantly upbound, stopped his pacing of the hurricane deck long enough to light a cigarette and wonder at that.

"Looks like Three-Fingered Drake!" he said to himself. "Wonder what's eatin' him? 'Pears like he didn't want to talk to us. Humph!"

And then he rang the engine room to ask Sullivan politely if he had gone to sleep or if any of the native stokers had been lost overboard.

Tim thanked Heaven that by the following evening they would tie up at Circle City, but gleefully checked up the time and knew that the *Louisy Ann* had done the trip just three days quicker than it had ever been done before by anything afloat.

"A few more like that," he said to his only white stoker, "and I'd be buyin' a cemetery lot in the bottom of the river. Records are all right—for the feller that don't have to make 'em!"

They heard the sound of the dogs, the native yells, the white miners' fusillade before the log cabins, saloons, and trading post of Circle City were in sight, and slowly made their way into dead water while the white mate poised himself at the bow with his heaving line. The whole population—white men, bucks, squaws, dirty children, and dogs—were there to greet them. Captain Bill, at the wheel to make his landing, noted that there was a totally different air from any that he had ever before seen in that straggling camp on the river's rim: something of elation and excitement such as comes only when a camp has "struck it good" and is hopeful. Also it was made evident that his cargo was welcomed as much as the mail bag that was the first thing thrown off. Bettles, the trader, was there in person to open conversation before the boat's bow had nosed the mud. He was aboard almost before the lines had been seized by natives and rushed across to the nearest trees to warp the *Louisy Ann* to her mooring. He puffed up the steps to the pilot house and shook hands with Captain Bill.

"Hear you've got it," Bill said sententiously.

"Yes, some of it," said Bettles, wasting no more speech than was necessary, this being a rule that held all the Yukon in its spell. "Jack and Dan hit it up pretty strong. Kentucky Smith got good ground and—say, did you pass Three-Fingered Drake comin' up?"

His face had suddenly become perplexed and frowning. Captain Bill, lazily watching him, observed the change.

"By Jiminy! I think we did," he said. "Why? What's he wanted for? What's he done this time? Never did have much use for him."

BETTLES stopped to spit over the rail to stare at the natives who with vast pretense of effort were dragging the landing stage to land, and then faced the captain.

"I ain't sure that he's done anythin'," he said slowly, "but it looks mighty suspicious—since you passed him. Where was he?"

"Down below the flats. In a skiff. Didn't seem anxious for us to recognize him. That's why I noticed it. Was goin' down the river—out in the swift water, as if—as if he was in a sort of a hurry to get somewhere."

"That settles it! He was!" said Bettles savagely. "Goin' somewhere? He's goin' outside with about thirty thousand dollars' worth of dust, and he's left that squaw of his, Tananaw Lou, and his two kids, with nothin'. It's a cussed shame that a man with a white skin can be such a dirty dog!"

Captain Bill rolled a cigarette with the deftness of long training and lifted his lazy gray eyes upward to Bettles's troubled face as he wet the paper with his tongue. "Give Lou the rinky-dink, eh? Tied a can on his own tail so he could beat it fast and get away from her! Good squaw, Lou is. Plumb square. I've known her for goin' on seven years. Recollect how she looked when Father Barnum took her down to Holy Cross and taught her to stop cultivatin' her nose in polite sassiety. That was after her paw and maw had smallpox and kicked their candles out. She was sure some squaw. Most as good as white women and a whole lot better'n them I've known."

Bettles was staring over the river as if fascinated by the braiding of its currents that tried forever to tangle themselves to patterns but never succeeded. He spoke his own memories.

"Yes, I remember her too. She is good, all right! When I was up on Tramway Bar, on the Koyukuk, he brought her there. They didn't have any kids then. When their dogs died she helped Three-Finger pull the sled. When he fell down a prospect hole and got his dirty hide burned she dragged him sixty miles on a sled to get help. She windlassed for him, above ground in the cold—cold, Jeehosaphat!—when it was so cold the mercury froze in December and didn't thaw out till May; while he took the warm end of the job down the shaft. She did all that, Lou did, and that ain't all! She stood for him here in Circle when Three-Finger, takin' out good dirt, gave Montana Nell a log chain of nuggets and built her a cabin, while Lou was in big luck to get an old squirrel parka for herself and a second-hand drill parka to make suits of clothes for their kids. Also he took to bustin' Lou's face occasionally, just for the fun of it. And now he's sold out to Pat Conolly and gone—gone down the river to get outside with all that he's made, while she can scratch herself and fish for grub for herself and the kids!"

AGAIN he spat disgustedly, while Captain Bill puffed and waved his hand in salutation to some one who had shouted to him from the river bank.

"He'll get outside all right if he gets a move on him," he drawled thoughtfully. "The *South Coast* was down there when I left. Umm-mh! Why didn't you put the kibosh on him—stop him when you seen he was plannin' to shake her and leave her flat busted?"

"Stop him?" growled Bettles. "We couldn't. They're married, you know. Father Barnum made him play fair that way after a mighty big effort. Besides, she was so faithful that she believed him when he told her he was goin' up the river to look for some likely saw logs and that she wasn't to tell anybody. I only heard that he'd sold out by accident when Pat leaked. That made me suspicious. I sent for her and found out she didn't know it, and also that he hadn't left any money floatin' about. That in itself was funny. I've got a big safe, and I keep most all the boys' take-in when it's as much as a few thousand dollars in dust. He never brought it to me. I asked her how much grub he left. She's got half a sack of flour, two AXC hams, and about a couple of pounds of oatmeal. Then I sent for Nell, and she sniffed her nose and said he was a piker; said all she'd gotten out of him wouldn't burn if it was melted and poured with a funnel into her ear; said she'd chucked him, but she knew he thought of goin' outside because he told her he was, and that if she'd come along he'd open up Seattle and make Frisco look like a busted red balloon. He told her he had thirty thousand, and she said that wasn't enough to open up Podunk, let alone a real live town. Said her idea of openin' up things wasn't exactly to make it beers on the water front, but to pull corks that popped!"

He stopped and then added a few uncomplimentary comments concerning Three-Fingered Drake's person, his characteristics, and traced him back to two generations of ancestors, while Captain Bill bent over, leaned his elbows on the dingy breast board of the pilot house, and seemed oblivious to those old-timers who hailed him from the bank. He suddenly straightened up, and the trader saw that his eyes were lighted with the mocking, mischievous fires that were well known to those who enjoyed his friendship. "Got any torches or flares?" he asked irrelevantly.

"Got a few lanterns up at the post, and we could build fires on the bank," Bettles answered, wondering what this portended.

"Got any natives loafin' around?"

"Sure! Always got 'em."

Captain Bill suddenly became energetic. He put his hand on Bettles's shoulder and in a friendly way propelled him toward the texas stairs.

"Get 'em, then! Get all of 'em you can! Get 'em quick. Sid, me and you's got to get this tub unloaded as quick as the Lord'll let us. I want to back out into the stream before mornin'. I'm goin' to catch Mister Shy-Fingered Drake and have a few moments' converse with him. Savvy?"

For an instant Bettles paused to gather his full meaning, and then grinned widely and sobered.

"Bill," he said, "it's up to you. I've got nothin' to do with it outside of gettin' this steamboat unloaded, and—plenty of wood aboard her, I take it?"



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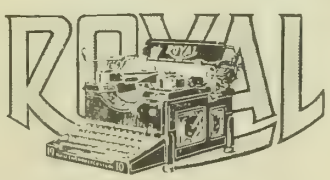
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"Just that!" replied Captain Bill, smoothing the stubble on his red chin with the palm of his red hand and then tugging at his straggling red mustache that drooped down from the corners of his upper lip like the unkempt whiskers of a disconsolate tiger cat.

"Nothin' unlawful, Bill, I hope?" queried the trader slyly.

"Sure not! You know I'm peaceful as a pet seal. Nothin' worse than mayhem, arson, murder! All you know is that I'm in an all-fired hurry to get back downstream."

"Then here goes!"

HE dived down the steps, leaped to the bank, and began driving the natives, all the white men he could conscript and an occasional squaw, to the work. A solid file, pack-laden, jostled and crowded down the landing stage, while an empty-handed one swarmed like soldier ants up a gangplank that Captain Bill caused to be thrown ashore. The mate stormed and swore. The natives chatted and yelped. The dogs on the bank barked with excitement. The checkers lost count and were told by Bettles to do the best they could and let it go at that. And Tim Sullivan, who had washed up and changed his grease-stained jumper for shore-going garb, listened to what his old friend, Captain Bill, had to impart in the confidential quarter of the captain's cabin, then went below, donned the greasy jumpers again, and did his share by swearing at the natives who were bringing the cordwood aboard and piling it up in the bow, along the main-deck alley, and blocking up the boiler room. The unloading of the *Louisy Ann* on that date constitutes another Yukon record that still stands after nearly twenty years of gold-laden history.

At four o'clock in the morning, when the lazy haze had given way to the early sunlight and the still, wooded banks of the river looked like the back drop of a theatre curtain depicting primeval peace, Captain Bill crawled from the bunk where he had caught a few hours' sleep, saw that the lines were being cast off, that a part of Circle City was still asleep, that the dogs were not yapping from the banks, yawned, and called down the tube to see if Tim Sullivan or his understudy was in charge. It was Tim's voice that answered, and his speech was drowned by the muffled roar of the safety valve.

"I've figured it out, Tim," bawled Captain Bill. "He'll be about sixty hours ahead of us, because he's not losin' much time. So we'll turn her loose and drive her for all she can stand to catch him before he hits the lower river, where we might miss him. Let her go!"

By force of habit he jangled the bells and swung the blunt, shallow nose of the *Louisy Ann* out until his keen eye caught the main current, and then he grinned back at the camp in a confident way and said to it: "Circle, I've been to you oncet without settin' my No. 11 on your shores. But, by the Lord Almighty, when I come back I'll git off because I'll have somethin' to tell some of you, or know the reason whyas and whereis!"

Through the Yukon Flats, where the sand banks and channels were treacherous, he took the wheel himself to make certain of speed, although his native pilots were the best on the river; but after that he indulged in a long sleep. For fifty straight running hours he drove the *Louisy Ann* before making inquiry, and then called the natives of a scattered, poverty-ridden village to the bank with his whistle, stopped the wheel, and drew close. He was fluent in the native tongue and asked information. "Has any white man passed down lately—white man in a skiff?"

A native who had been to Circle City as a fireman and was proud of it promptly answered. "Yes, the white miner you call Three-Finger Sharley. Four hours," he ticked off on his fingers to make certain. "No stop here."

CAPTAIN BILL heaved a twist of the terrible "sheep dip" ashore, jangled the bells for speed, and the steamboat resumed her journey, while he paced thoughtfully backward and forward on the texas and thought of the different cut-offs that a skiff might take. There could be but one or two sloughs, and he concluded that they would save so little that probably the fugitive would prefer to keep the main stream and swift water. Farther down toward the mouth, seeking a man in a skiff with a river steamboat would be like trying to pick a needle from a haymow with a pair of boxing gloves, and for reasons of his own he very much desired to overhaul Three-Fingered Charley before that slippery gentleman reached St. Michaels. He dared not run after dusk now, lest his prey be encamped for the night. Moreover, he dared not run at full speed because the river had widened until in places its distant shores were nothing more than hazy, billowy lines of solid green, making a boat inshore almost invisible. Captain Bill passed the time lolling about by the corners of the pilot house and scanning the river with an antiquated, battered brass spyglass that, having been won at cribbage from a whaling skipper, was his proudest possession.

It was almost noon, and the little waves of the river were throwing millions of tiny, evanescent spears of light upward, when, lazily leaning against the pilot house, he gave a grunt, straightened up, looked alert, and grinned broadly as he lowered his glass, collapsed it with a snap, and rang for half speed.

"Tim," he called down the tube, "we're overhaulin' him on the port side. Turn the sewin' machine over to Hank, and just be leanin' out of the port door kind of careless like, so's you can hear what's said. It might be handy for me to have all the white men witnesses I can get."

Then he leaned out of the pilot-house window, bawled for the mate and sent him to the bow on a fictitious mission, and told the native pilot to come slowly alongside the skiff that could be seen ahead. He went down the steps and loitered on the hurricane deck.

Three-Fingered Charley eyed the steamboat apprehensively, but saw nothing to indicate trouble. Apparently she was just dawdling her way down the stream, in no particular haste, with Captain Bill's lank form and broad shoulders lolled over a brace and surrounded by a haze of cigarette smoke. The captain waved his hand and yelled: "Hello! That you, Charley? You're sure some wanderin'."

THE boat gave no sign of stopping and slowly churned past, as if intent on going its lazy way. The fugitive gave a deep breath of relief and then cupped his hands and bawled back: "What's your rush, Bill? Wait a minute!"

Captain Bill shouted to the pilot to ring the engines down, and when the skiff came abreast said: "Well, what do you want? Anything I e'n do for you?"

"How about givin' me a lift down?"

"Down? How far you goin'?" Bill asked indifferently.

"St. Mikes."

"Lord Almighty, Charley. You ain't goin' outside, are you? You don't mean to say you've hit it rich? If that's so, I'll have to trim you for a good fare."

The answer was just what the astute Captain Bill had hoped it might be, knowing that Three-Fingered Charley was never known to part with money if such an unpleasant parting could be avoided. He even expected the whine that followed.

"Hit nothin'! I'm plum disgusted and most busted. Got to go outside to raise some dough by sellin' a claim or two if I can. Got just about enough to pay a steerage out to Seattle. Had to leave all I had with the old woman and the kids up in Circle."

He was now hanging to the strake and drifting slowly with the steamboat, and was so close that Captain Bill could observe the play of his features. He saw that Three-Fingered Charley suddenly appeared to remember something and looked a trifle apprehensive.

"You ain't been as far as Circle, have you, Bill?" he asked with a fine pretense of carelessness. Evidently he was making a calculation on how long it had been since he had seen the steamboat pass him upward bound, and was puzzled by her unexpectedly quick return. For an instant he had Captain Bill in a corner, but the latter cheerfully arose to the occasion.

"Nope. Didn't get that far this trip. Just left a bunch of stuff along the line and for a new post up beyond the Flats. Goin' back to Circle direct, though, soon's I can get down to Michaels and load up."

Three-Fingered Charley appeared relieved and reassured. "Well, ain't you goin' to gimme a lift, Bill?"

"Reckon I'll have to if you ain't got no money to pay your fare, and you say you ain't got none," Captain Bill growled.

"You're right about that, pardner. If I had any money you could be dead sure I'd pay all right, all right; because I'm in a hurry. Don't want to miss the boat outside."

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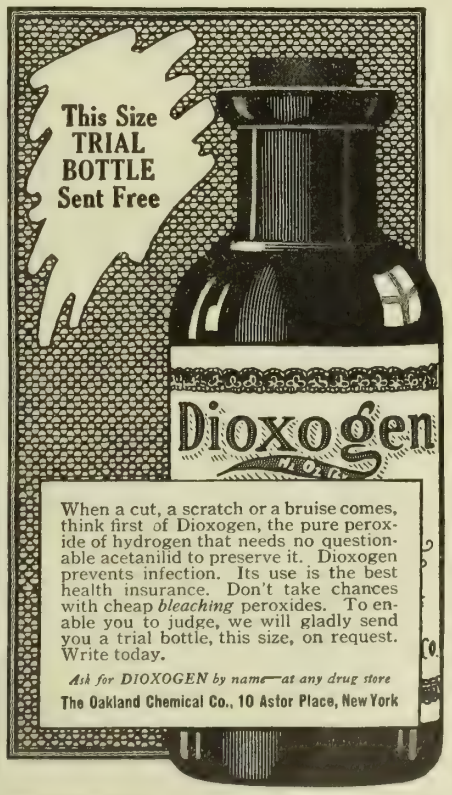
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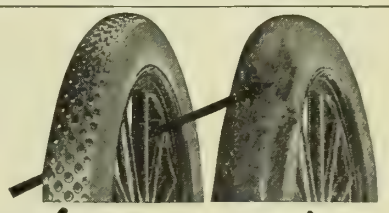
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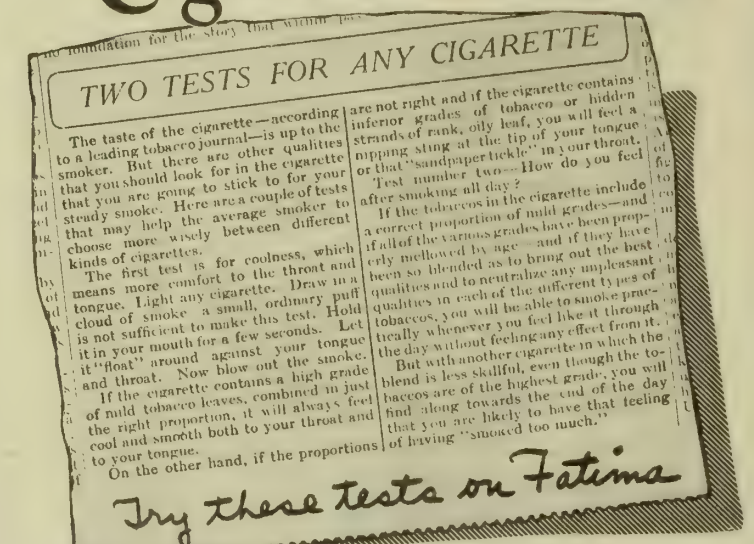
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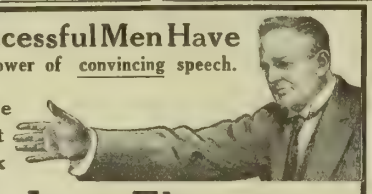
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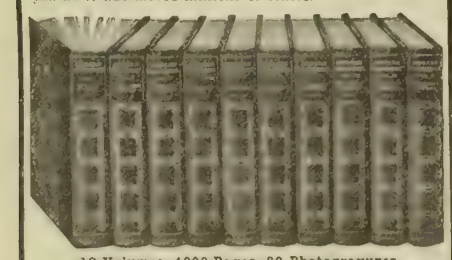


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"That would be a shame! Reckon I'll have to take you on. Chuck your stuff aboard and—say—better just cast the skiff off. I ain't got time to waste either lashin' it or gettin' it aboard. Get a hustle on you!"

He saw with satisfaction that, although Three-Fingered Charley tried to toss his dunnage lightly to the deck, some of it was very heavy. He grinned and went below. Tim winked at him as he came past the boilers, and Bill whispered: "Put 'em all wise that I'll skin and eat the first one that lets him know we've been to Circle."

"I get you," was the mumbled response.

"We ain't got no passengers, Charley, and you might as well take one of the staterooms on the boiler deck above," Captain Bill said to his guest. "Tote your stuff up and chuck it in No. 2."

He saw the skiff cast off with a kick, climbed back to the pilot house and rang for power, and then cautioned his native pilots that under no circumstances must they admit they had been to Circle City. Early that evening he jammed the nose of the *Louisy Ann* into the mud below a woodpile, saw to the loading and measuring, saw to it that she was well moored, and announced that she would lie to that night to give Tim a chance to blow out his boilers. After that he devoted himself to his guest—devoted himself assiduously; so hospitably, in fact, that he brought to view a bottle of whisky that was about 100 per cent pure alcohol coupled up with red-hot fire.

Three-Fingered Charley would have been astounded had he been better acquainted with Captain Bill, who, with an evil shore reputation and a sober water one, never drank aboard. And then, breaking all discipline, Tim was invited to join this sociable party in the dining room and to assist in the festivities. The tin cuspidors were filled that night with whisky that Captain Bill and Tim Sullivan didn't drink; but there was not a drop there of all that deluge that was lavishly forced upon Three-Fingered Charley, the man who was getting a free ride. His—to his progressive loquacity, stupidity, and maudlinism, ending by his falling under the table—went inside his capacious throat.

It was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon of the following day when Captain Bill, contentedly leaning in a chair tilted back abaft the pilot house, listening to the rhythmic beat of the stern wheel smashing the water at full speed and watching the banks slide past, heard hasty steps coming up to the texas and lazily looked up at a wild-eyed, frowsy-headed man who was airily dressed in a red flannel undersuit and palpably excited.

"Good Lord, Charles!" drawled the captain. "You ain't got the jimjams from them few drinks you took last night, have yuh?"

"I've been robbed! Somebody's swiped sixteen hundred ounces of dust off'n me! Last night when I was asleep!" The passenger bawled so loudly and in such an agonized voice that the banks of trees on the near-by shore took up the echo and whirled it back in jumbled yelps.

CAPTAIN BILL stared at him with his indolent gray eyes, then put his hands behind his head, yawned widely, and shook his head sadly.

"Charles," he said, "that's impossible! You've sure been drinkin' too much. You told us yourself when you come aboard that you didn't have nothin' on you—couldn't even pay your fare down this mighty Yukon ditch. My boy, the evils of intemprunce'll get you yet if you don't cut out this fiery devil that you puts in your mouth to steal away your brains. Go back, Charles. Go back to bed and sleep it off."

Three-Fingered Charley stood aghast for a moment, then made a mad lunge for Captain Bill's throat, but the latter saw it coming and was prepared. From the hogchains that vibrated on their side stanchions aft until they almost fell overboard, and from the ster forward to the back of the pilot hous they danced and whirled and struck an howled—Three-Fingered Charley yellin venomously, Captain Bill whooping wit gleeful vehemence—and then came to final stop because Charley was no longe in a position to continue, having bee knocked flat on the deck and with Cap tain Bill cheerfully seated on his ches and pinioning him helplessly.

"Psho! Ain't that too bad now Who'd think a few drinks would give feller fishhooks in his noodle like that? plaintively remarked Captain Bill.

HE wagged his red-thatched hea with its disordered hair, and hi pale eyes danced beneath their bushy sandy eyebrows. Then he raised hi voice like the long-drawn, melancho howl of a timber wolf crying for suc cor, and shouted to the pilot: "Get Tim Get the mate! Get a lot of folks to com up here and help me! This cross be tween a harpoon and a whale has go me scared plumb stiff. It's help I want Quick. He's got the d. t.'s and is atry in' to murder me. Call 'em quick. W gotter lock him in the storeroom."

There were fervid shouts, the scuf fling of many feet, the roaring oath of the unmapped Alaska, and Three Fingered Charley, still clad lightly i red, not supplied with either weapon for fight or matches with which to bur the *Louisy Ann* to the lapping water' edge, bruised, pummeled, and conquere lay on his back in a secure room an stared around at the empty walls. Th door opened once and his clothing wa chucked in. It opened at interval thereafter to supply him with a roll o blankets, food, and water. It opene last of all when Captain Bill and Tim solicitously dragged him out, and he dis covered that there was a sea swell light ly cradling the *Louisy Ann*. He wa lowered into a rowboat, looked around and saw that they were out in th Bering Sea, well past the three-mil limit, and that the black steam schoone *South Coast* was hove to within con venient reach. He surmised from th remarks passed between Captain Bil and the skipper of the schooner tha some conversation had been exchange between those two worthies before thi moment.

"Better lock him up, Capt'n Diggs," cautioned Captain Bill as they hoiste Three-Fingered Charley aboard th schooner. "He ain't so wild and woolly as he was, but you cain't tell abou these lobs when they gets the jimjams I sort of expect he'll be all right an quietlike before you get into Seattle If he is, you c'n give him that packag I handed you a while ago. If he ain't keep it and send him to the bughouse So long! Good voyage to yuh!"

Three-Fingered Charley was muc subdued when he was landed in Seattle and retired behind a pile of freight t see what his "package" contained.

There was a fairly heavy bag of dus and a letter, which he took time to read punctuating it with outspoken oaths:

You didnt have nothin when you com aboard the Louisy Ann and so youre a heap better off than when you com aboard because me and Tims makin you a present of about four or five thousan dollars worth of dust and when we go t Circle me and Tims goin to give a hol lot moren this to Lou and the kids you dirty mangy worthless skunk. mebbe shell get as much as twentyfive thou sandworth of dust and she or nobody else aint goin to ever see you up here no more because you aint comin back you hog. Me and Tims goin to tell everybody in Alaska about you sos if you do come back youll have about as much chance as a three legged ant try in to run away from a herd of wood peckers or a Siwash rakin out a boiler fire with a tallow candle. Yourn very respectfuly, William Smith.

And Captain Bill's prognostication was proved, for Three-Fingered Charley never did come back.

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OUT OF A DARKENED LONDON

BY VICTOR MURDOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY ALDEN PEIRSON

Mr. Murdock, who is now in Europe, will contribute a series of articles noting the influences of the war on the belligerent peoples

TO my mind there is nothing wrought by the wrench of the world war more momentous than the doom in England of much dry-rot. There is also nothing quite so strikingly illustrative of the astounding violation of ancient habit and venerable usage which is sounding that doom as London at night. At this season London has a scant nine hours of daylight out of every twenty-four. The remaining fifteen are dark; not fringed with twilight, but stark Stygian. That is, while the daylight isn't much in the way of daylight, the nights are as black as winter, the fog, and, most important of all, Scotland Yard can make them.

Back of this pall, seasonal, climatic, and magisterial, in which seven-odd million Londoners grope, is the story of England's attitude in the war and the economic, social, and political evolution which is bubbling and boiling up out of that attitude, and—if one may be optimistic enough to be a bit dogmatic—the earnest of a new Old England after the war is over.

For back of the story of a darkened London lie a score of mighty problems in process of solution, temporary or permanent solution as England wills: labor and its collective aspirations, drink and its degradation, poverty and its ugly relation to crime—all at present in flux under the white heat of the war passion of a nation which, however cold it may have grown in a protracted period of peace, is now fused by the fires of patriotism.

One can approach the whole subject of this epochal change in the nation by making an abrupt entry at one of its many angles. In darkened London crime has decreased. So have casualties. When I heard this first I was inclined to classify it as a bit of patriotic, albeit pardonable, fancy. I asked to be shown. With a fairly developed statistical scent, I went to headquarters. Scotland Yard said it was true, and put before me the figures which prove it.

Drinking has diminished. So has burglary. So has larceny. And, most curiously, so has night casualty. There was nothing fanciful in the facts or their several causes which Sir Edward Henry, Commissioner of Police for the Metropolitan District, recited. His presentation was as substantial and as free from fancy as any one of the men under his command: the upstanding, dignified servitor of the law—the London police constable.

I said to the chief of the London police constables: "Of all war conditions which have come under my observation, the most remarkable is the exceptional maintenance of order in darkened London, in regard to traffic particularly. Is it true, as I have been told, that crime has also decreased?"

Sir Edward said: "It is true. Our records show that crime has decreased. The jurisdiction of this office covers 700 square miles. We have 22,000 regular police constables, outside the special constables—citizens who during these times serve by assistance. A large number of our men were reservists, and when the war came we lost these and were under the necessity of replacing them with others less experienced. For these citizens employed in traffic a similar condition arose. Many of the more experienced drivers of public vehicles went to the war, and their places were taken by men less accustomed to the difficult London traffic. Naturally the perils of night traffic were increased by the order darkening the district. Yet the records show that, while the total number of accidents has increased during the war period, the proportional number of casualties after dark has diminished. That is to say, the proportion of accidents after dark to those in the daytime was 41 per cent. Since the war conditions have obtained this has dropped to 35 per cent."



Back of this pall in which seven million Londoners grope is occurring an evolution which will produce a new Old England

I asked Sir Edward what in his opinion was the reason for this.

"All concerned are exercising a greater degree of caution in the first place," he replied. "A diminution in speed in traffic also contributes to the result. The traditional respect in which the men of the department are held by the people—their popularity and obedience to their orders—is a great factor, of course."

"And the decrease in crime?"

"The records show a decrease," Sir Edward replied. "Among other causes, there is less unemployment."

"I have heard," I said, "that many men who are known to Scotland Yard, because of convictions, have gone to war."

"Yes," said Sir Edward. "Many have. There is a certain physical courage in some of the men who break the law. The housebreaker is likely to have courage. War has its lure for him. We have a list of men who have been convicted who have lost their lives in the conflict."

"And the matter of drinking—is it diminishing?"

"Yes, there is a decrease in drinking. Under our regulations a person may be taken up as drunk and incapable, or as drunk and disorderly. Our records show a decrease there."

"The department does not seem to have the trouble in connection with the enforcement of liquor restrictions through petty evasions in liquor regulation which are so common in America. Why?"

"No. The department does not have that trouble. The public houses follow not only orders but our requests. For instance, we asked the public houses in certain areas to refuse liquor to women until eleven o'clock in the morning. This was not by warrant of law. It was a request. It was immediately and completely observed."

Temperance Scores

THE full significance of the commissioner's words finds emphasis in a survey of both the traffic and the drink situation, for they are coordinate.

The crowds have not been baffled by the dark. Down the great thoroughfares in Westminster busses, cabs, and autocars push through the gloom in endless procession, while on the sidewalks the black tide of humanity seethes in mingled currents with a facility that makes light seem a luxury. Soldiers in khaki, in beribboned bonnets, and bare knees, the Australians in cowboy hats, hospital convalescents in long coats, and citizens in everything from straw hats

to silk tops, make up the multitude which moves with a silence that seems part of the darkness. Such lights as there are show as mere spangles in the night. The street lamps, run at low voltage and under opaque shades; the red lanterns which the constables wear upon their chests to protect them from the traffic, tiny glows above the placards by which the newsboys advertise the latest editions; these and the dimmed headlights of the vehicles are all that is left of illumination. The whitewashed curbs, plain enough by day, are mostly obscure at night. Window shades are down at sunset, and the great clock dials unillumined. When at twilight the long shafts from the searchlights, under test, snap out, the darkness of the town is that of the prairie and the sea.

But in this novel and disadvantageous situation there is perfect order, the order that is basic in the English race, heightened and rarefied now by a universal subservience to the demands of national necessity. So it is with the matter of drink. For one of the factors which has made for the remarkable order in night traffic and its comparative freedom from casualties has been the decrease in drinking. The restrictive order by which this decrease has been achieved has had a profound effect at the same time on the Englishman's sense of obligation to society. It has taught him anew self-denial and sacrifice. It has brought home to him vividly the national necessities. It has spirited away his imagination from a rather fanatical jealousy of his sacred civil rights.

The Englishman is strong for those rights. He has an ancient and abiding grudge against sumptuary enactments. An Englishman's habit, like Douglas's hand, is his own. In normal times a drastic curb upon his potatory practices would have turned him apoplectic with resentment. But these liquor restrictions have stolen up under the ancient citadel of his prerogatives and laid its defenses low without much protest from him. I have studied with great interest the strategic maneuvers by which this most jealous of individualists, John Bull, has been made captive to the socialized state. The sale of liquor has not been curtailed by legislative process. It has been accomplished by executive edict.

Liquor Trust Fights

THE original proposal of a prohibitive enactment as sweeping as the vodka order in Russia was not pressed. Liquor restriction enactments in Parliament did not materialize. But under cover of the Defense of the Realm Act, an exceedingly broad enactment born of war necessities, plenary powers were lodged in the administrative arm of government, and by this authority "the Board of Control (Liquor)" was created. This board began, subtly enough, a campaign of restriction. It inhibited treating. It slashed off two hours and a half from the period public houses kept open: the two hours and a half from ten o'clock at night to the half hour past midnight. Public and publican offered little protest. The reason given for the order was altogether satisfying. Admittedly drink was affecting the efficiency of munition workers. But when, in November last, the Board of Control signified its intention to reduce the public drinking hours in a day to five and a half and to fix arbitrarily the permissive periods, the liquor interests turned with a snarl. They didn't like this, and they let it be known. Their power is not to be sneered at. The liquor trust in Great Britain, as in America, reaches down from big distiller and brewer to little saloon keeper. The public house which is under the control of the trust is tied. Ireland is the seat of the liquor power. None of the liquor restrictions apply to Ireland, and there is reason to believe that if an attempt were made to extend them to Ireland there would be a parliamentary crisis. So when the five-and-a-half-hour order was chronicled, the liquor power turned, full of resentment and full of fight. It had as its chief ally the trade-unions, representing 600,000 citizens, and as a direct following the hotels and the public houses.

Two days before the new order went into effect the various belligerent elements held a meeting. They declaimed with much passion; they asserted their constitutional rights. They demanded that the question be left to legislative enactment by Parliament, where the voter could be heard. They appointed a delegation and dispatched it as an emissary to the Board of Control. The board listened to the delegation, and, denying the petition, continued on its way with exasperating calm. The hotels cut away from the main movement and sought a modification for themselves. It was refused. The workingmen petitioned and secured the concession of a morning open period for dockers in certain areas. But the main order stood as drafted. Intoxicating drink may be obtained from noon to 2.30 p. m. and from 6.30 p. m. to 9.30 p. m. on week days, and from 1 p. m. to 3 p. m. and from 6 p. m. to 9 p. m. on Sundays. No intoxicating drinks may be sold during the morning hours. There are various other regulations which relate to package sales. The quart bottle is the maximum which a purchaser may carry away.

"Dress Carefully for the Zeppelins!"

ON the day of the inauguration of the order I traversed London from east to west to note its effect on public houses. In the open hours there was plainly a rush of business out of the ordinary, but at the sound of the clock on the forbidden minute sales stopped. There was indignation on the part of the publicans, of course, but there was obedience, complete and unquestioning. I noted, with curiosity, the absence, in such complaints as I heard, of the familiar attacks on the clergy and the so-called "cranks." Apparently the clergy in England had nothing to do with this action. It was not the result of preachment or propaganda. It was not a "reform," but an order. It was strikingly evident that that order had public sentiment behind it. No community with alcoholic refreshment as an established part of its daily regimen ever takes kindly in normal times to a restriction in the supply of intoxicants. On several occasions I witnessed the bacchanalian excesses which preceded and celebrated the application of a closing law in American towns. There was nothing even slightly similar in London on November 29, 1915. From the reeking holes in the East Side to the crystal-palace hostelries on the West the event passed soberly. For, however zealously the publican fed the fires of his indignation and reddened at the thought of his violated constitutional rights, his patrons stood for the order. The next morning's papers carried proof of its efficacy. At Old Street Court—where an average of twenty cases of drunkenness, largely female, had been dealt with every Tuesday morning time out of mind—on Tuesday morning, November 30, three blear-eyed men shuffled forward as the only offenders. Whatever the attitude of the citizen of London may be after the war is over one dare not predict, but now, in these abnormal times, he is for the order. This includes all classes. Milord who orders his highball in his club out of hours does not get it; the convivial soul in the ranks who after half past nine pounds the bar for his nightcap goes to bed thirsty. There is no wink to the waiter; there are no side-door exceptions. The Englishman has acquiesced. It is part of the business of national order, and there is no room for nonsense of any kind. Theoretically he is as keen about his constitutional rights as he ever was. Theoretically he holds fast to his pristine individualism, keeps a wakeful eye upon his sacred privileges. But practically he subordinates himself to order and the nation's necessities. If these demand a change in habit, mental or physical or both, he will change his habit.

So works social evolution in England to-day—at bottom a socialization of the state. The high degree of individualism which has characterized the British citizen in the tight little isle is wearing away before the new viewpoint which war has thrust upon him. It would be a daring thought to voice that any considerable part of the new estate will remain with him when the abnormal time has passed. But it is part and parcel of him now. That it has quickened him out of his handicapping phlegm without impairing his splendid reserve there can be no doubt. I know there are many people in the United States who believe that the English masses are not awake to the seriousness of the war. The English masses are thoroughly aroused. I know there are many Americans who believe that London has been terrorized by the Zeppelin raids. There is an exuberant fancy in Berlin that the population of London tumbles nightly into bed for a racking period of wide-eyed fear. London does nothing of the sort. She meets the Zeppelin raid with neither bravado nor rage. The attitude is rather that of a bantering indifference which shows here and there a glint of real humor.

Some one has resurrected for the occasion a venerable story which I have heard six or eight times as "perfectly true." On the occasion of the first raid a London householder, whose family tumbled out in great excitement and in deshabille to see the mid-air spectacle, was moved to address them at some length. He said: "There is no occasion for getting all wrought up over this matter. We should keep our heads. When a Zeppelin appears, let us arise calmly, dress carefully, and watch the sight in composure. I am sure we will all feel better for such orderly procedure." The members of the family all took this lesson to heart, and when the next Zeppelin arrived they arose and, with the father's injunctions in mind, dressed carefully and joined him at the window, where he was viewing with great interest the pyrotechnical war in the heavens. When the Zeppelin had passed and the sky was again dark, the father turned and said: "I think you will all agree that it was a much better sight when we approached it calmly and with composure." "We all agree," responded his wife. "But I think you ought to go and put on your trousers."



Within a darkened London lie mighty problems now in flux under the white heat of the war passion

Labor Reforms Socialistic

THERE is an impression in America that English labor is malcontent. Close view of the situation dissipates that idea. Three major changes in the labor field have produced a new attitude in labor, it is true, but it is not an attitude of protest.

The first of these changes is the effect of the rise in wages consequent on the increased demand for labor and the diminished supply: there is less poverty in England to-day than there has been in the memory of the present generation. The state, under pinch of military exigency, is a demon for work.

The second change is due to the excess-profits law, a piece of state socialism which, as medicine, has been slyly slipped into England's cup of tea. The income tax, which is heavy, is a familiar enemy of the vested interests and subject to open and violent assault. The excess-profits law is a strange sapper and miner that is secretly working loose more foundation stones in the structure of English political economy than anything else has done in centuries. Under the provisions of this act the owner of a business must divide half and half with his government all profits in excess of his earnings for the year previous to the war. This law has quickened the workingman and has tended to tear away the trade-union restrictive device of dead lines on production, for the workingman is willing to work for a profit for his state when he would not be willing to work for a profit for his master.

The third change is a psychological twist in the mind of the English workingman in respect to military service. Although modified conscription has come, yet England by patriotic appeal raised a tremendous army without it. And the English workingman, whether at the front or in the munitions factory, feels himself possessed of the privileges of a patriot and is writing down society as his debtor in the ledgers of his imagination. Here, then, is a new urge, added to those of more work and better wages, which is one of the greatest (*Continued on page* 37)

THE CHALLENGE



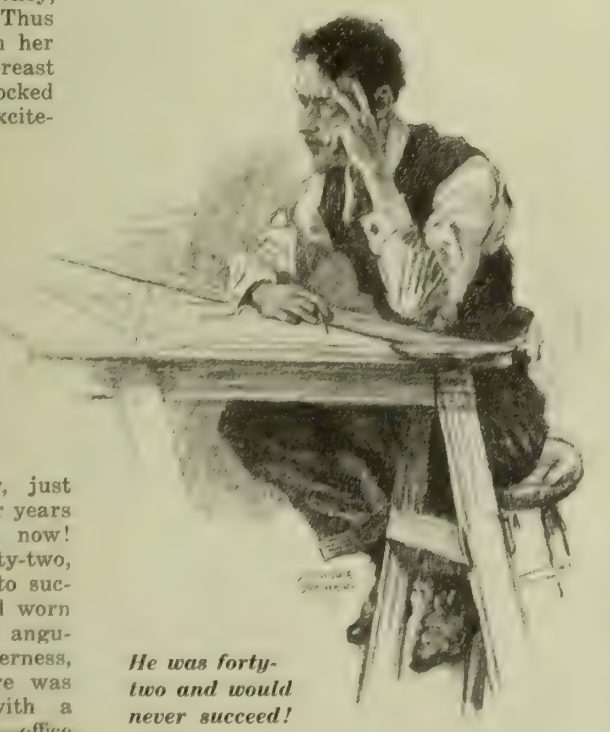
BY VIRGINIA TRACY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

ANNIE BAIRD came in upon her husband as he sat industriously scribbling and closed the door behind her.

It was that hour between his getting home from office and the achievement of dinner when she always tried to keep the children quiet; for, overworked as she was, she prided herself on indulging him in his writing. He wrote little articles for technical magazines which paid from ten to twenty-five dollars when they paid at all; it was rather upon certain political and reform essays, occasionally appearing in highly cultivated but lean-pursed periodicals, that his wife contrived to plume herself. Though she had long since ceased to feel any interest in impersonal issues, it seemed suitable to her that her husband, in the idle and distinguished way of males, should specialize in them. It made her feel that they had never sunk altogether to the level of their life.

Thus, driven though she was by her great and critical news, she might have hesitated to take him in this preoccupied moment but for the prick of lesser things—that a week from to-morrow, for instance, would be Children's Day, the great annual festival of the town's public schools, and Elsie must have a new dress or be put to open shame. She did not see how Elsie was to have this dress if Billy went to camp; and if Elsie fidgeted about it all during dinner she might goad her father into a bad temper. Then Annie did not know when Fred might spring upon him his determination to leave high school for a three-dollar-a-week job. She held in her hand various missives from people who wanted their money, and she didn't see— Thus the old mill ground in her head. But in her breast panted a hope that rocked her with its fierce excitement. The bend of Baird's figure showed distinct against the window, and there was something indefinitely listless, weary, and resigned in his whole attitude. A sudden tenderness welled in her as she looked at him. He had been so ambitious, so promising! She remembered him when he was young, just past twenty—only four years older than Fred was now! And now he was forty-two, and was never going to succeed! Housework had worn something spare and angular into Annie's slenderness, but Will's light figure was becoming overlaid with a soft, slack layer of fat—office fat, it might be called—and his shoulders drooped. The persistently boyish charm of his good looks had not gone; but—infinitely more pathetic and peremptory to his wife—it was going. The passion with which she had once loved him tightened her throat: some resurgence of blithe arrogance in her emotion for that gallant boy. Was his speed only broken, perhaps, under too heavy a handicap?



He was forty-two and would never succeed!

"Will," she said, "Flo Berger was here to-day."

He did not seem to find that overwhelmingly exciting. It was not the first time that he had miscalculated the forces of life.

"You were too late to see her. I kept her here as long as I could—"

She was so long silent that he looked up at her. And then he laid down his pen.

"She came to tell me that she's been speaking to her husband and he's got it all settled." Another pause. "He's going to appoint you Building Inspector of the Central District."

He was so surprised that it was neither joy nor reluctance which kept him dumb. Simply he was too amazed even to think.

"He's going to let you know officially the beginning of next week. But it's perfectly certain. You've really got it."

"But why? Why?" cried Baird, waking. "Why me? What does he want to give it to me for?"

"Flo's been wanting to do something for us ever since she came here. As she says, what's the use of having married the commissioner if you can't do something for your old school friends? She's been telling Mr. Berger about you—your being an architect and all that—"

He gave a short, sharp laugh that steeled her heart against him. "I'm not an architect," he said. "I work out calculations for men who call themselves architects!" His troubled eyes seemed to be studying the carpet.

There was not a particle of tenderness left within her avid gaze. She had known from the very first that, somehow or other, he would make difficulties! She even remembered, impatiently, unrecognizingly, out of a past overgrown with worry and effaced with work—washed out, as one might say, with dishwater—why he would make them.

"Of course you know very well, Will, that I don't mean you'd be under any obligation to him. He's got to appoint somebody! And I guess he knows he can be glad enough to get anyone like you: he couldn't begin to find another man so exactly suited to the position—certainly nobody in that crew of his! Flo says he wants his friends around him, before those civil-service appointments begin, you know, and push a lot of strangers on his hands. He doesn't want any friction in his office; he's seen what friction can come to, the perfectly scandalous way things are going on between the mayor and the district attorney! He was put in by the mayor, you know, so that they expect to pull together, and he wants to be perfectly sure that his men will pull with him the same way. Oh, Will, this is the biggest inspectorship of the whole lot! The Central District, where all the most important—"

"Yes, but what does he know about me?"

"Why, Flo's told him you're a university man."

Baird, still staring at the carpet, gave another of his short laughs. "Yes, that must have appealed to him!"

"Flo could tell him what splendid things you were beginning to do when you stopped studying architecture to take that course in civil engineering, just because you were so interested. Why, if you hadn't married when you were twenty-four, without quite finishing that, and had to take the first thing that came along ever since—"

"Yes, well, we'll pass all that! I mean—what does he know about me personally?"

"About you personally? Why—"

HER mind was a blank. She couldn't very well say that she herself had almost forgotten what he was like personally. Except for such a rare occasional moment as had melted her just now, he remained only the head, the provider, and ultimate disposer of *the family*—who came home, indeed, at a certain time, and was loved by all, "of course." As to this appointment, which had come into existence to allow him to provide for his family, what had he personally to do with it?

"I mean, what does he know about me which makes him so sure that we should pull together? You see, you can't answer. Well, Annie, I can. He knows that I'm a middle-aged man on a small salary, with no hope of advancement, and that I've three children to support. He knows that you and they—and I, too—expect something different from life than anything that I can get us. He must know that I'm desperate, that I'm broken and beaten, and easy as an old glove to any man's hand. Architecture—knowledge of construction—a nice young man who went to college—you don't seriously suppose he knows or cares about anything of the sort! What he counts on to make me pull with him, what he does know and value, Annie, are the necessities of my children."

"*Well*," she asked him, "*isn't that enough?*" The words came from her mouth like knives. "Other men support their families!" She leaned forward

reasonably and put a hand on his knee. "I know Mr. Berger's a common, practical sort of man, but he's the kind of man that gets ahead. It isn't as if it would do any good to refuse things. They'd be done anyhow by somebody else—"

The only thing he had on his side was something which, in his habitual undermining self-contempt, he would have laughed at the folly of his mentioning. He could not meet her eyes. There was a long pause. Suddenly she asked him: "Have they taken those three articles you sent to 'Progress'?"

He shook his head.

"Then we can't send Billy to camp this summer, that's all. They've raised it twenty-five dollars; and Dr. Arkell's bill for your eyes is thirty—I didn't expect he'd send it so soon; it's knocked out all my calculations. Those plumbers haven't sent theirs yet, but they haven't taken a cent off that ridiculous gas bill I asked you to see about, and I did think we'd paid the last for the coal, but it came in again this morning. I don't know where we're going to get an extra dollar! But it frightens me about Billy! It seems as if he never would get strong, and when I think of keeping him here in the hot weather—And now if Elsie can't go to Children's Day—"

HE stirred sharply. "Not go to Children's Day! Why not?"

"She can't go without a new dress, and it can't be just any kind of a dress either. With all I've got to do, I'd have to get Mrs. White in to help me. Even the Cooks have managed a really lovely organdie for Graycie with a new sash! You know this is to be the last Children's Day in Central Music Hall. Next year, when they've got the new opera house, with that roof garden, it's to be held there. Elsie isn't a baby any more; she's fourteen, and she feels these things."

They were both playing for time; fending off the greater with the smaller issue. Neither of them needed to be told the sacredness of Children's Day. To lack a presentation at court can hardly be so serious a thing as to miss one's chance to shine on Children's Day!

The great commonplace river of her affection, which the ship of their life scarcely noticed, yet upheld that ship upon its breast. A fond, wifely anger mutely challenged him to amount to something before it was quite too late. Her eyes said, with distinct and ingenuous pathos: "God knows, I'd *like* to be proud of you!" And his own eyes fell, seeking the hand on his knee with its stretched joints and blunted nails. Whatever office work may do to a man, at least it doesn't keep his finger nails broken! "Poor old girl!" he said, with a little, tender, hesitating touch, "it's been toughest on you, sure enough!"

An extraordinary flush, a little shy, a little strange, ran through her at his touch. And again that emotion, almost like the emotion of lovers, which had seized her when she entered the room, stirred quickeningly under the calloused surface of hurry and routine. His words loosened the gates of self-pity and so dissolved the whole fabric of her hardihood that she could have drooped helplessly against him, weeping. Oh, did he suppose she didn't wish that it could be with them as it used to be—that they could be really themselves to each other again, and just for each other, once in a while? And with leisure might not that come to be?

But then she caught his gaze on her hand and she withdrew it quickly. The flush turned into a scorch of shame, as if his were a prying pity that was sensing her tired muscles, her swollen feet. He had let life make her a stranger in its gracious places, make her feel uncouth and embarrassed before love! But was her daughter to grow up to a life of broken finger nails? She took hold of him again.

"It isn't for me, Will! I've got past wanting things. I'm too tired most of the time to remember what that's like. Will, it isn't as if I'd ever complained before! Have I? Have any of us? You've always done the best you could; you've been good, dear. But—we've been good, too. We've always known it wasn't your fault, that you couldn't help it. But now you can help it. You've got your chance! It's the only chance you'll ever have, the very last. You know that. Can you think of any other way? Oh, Will, it's for the children."

He rose and, moving to the window, leaned there with his back to her. That he could torture her so slowly was terribly unjust, but the lifting wings of hope beat wildly in her breast.

"It's their whole, whole future! Why, you're their *father!* Don't you feel they've got a *right* to expect—*something?*"

"We know, of course," he said, "what we're talking about. How much is the salary?"

"The salary?" She told him, eating him with her eyes.

He repeated it slowly, and turned round. "But I'm making almost that now?"

"Oh, well! Of course—" Yes, he had put his hand on the raw spot! He had insisted upon uncovering it, just as she had known he would! Well, then, let him have it! "Of course, it isn't the salary—"

At the motion of a muscle near his lips she could have struck him.

"I suppose it's something like honorable and dishonorable you're going to refuse it for! Well, I can't pretend to understand about that! I haven't got such enlightened and superior views as you have and I don't get time to read as many books as you do! But, anyhow, I'm afraid my family would matter more to me, once in a while, than whether I was behaving so much more honorably than anybody else! I've got my honor, too, if it comes to that! And my honor's to have my children healthy and educated and—equipped! To turn them out into life ready for it, and with a good start, a good chance! That's my idea of being an honorable mother, and it's just as important as any honor of yours. It's more important than anything. Oh!" she burst out, "how dare you suppose I shouldn't hate it? But if only it were me, I should just like to see what I could hate so much I couldn't do it for them!"

Then in her wisdom, for the three days until the offer of the appointment came, she left him entirely to himself. She let every moment of their lives speak for her, but it was without further argument that he came to her and told her that he had accepted.



"Oh, Annie, you don't know! You weren't inside. Thank God, you didn't see!" he groaned

ELSIE went to Children's Day in a dress of such perfection that she was brought home by the sixteen-year-old son of Millionaire Paulding; Fred was sent to the Tech.; Billy went to camp and, returning brown of skin and clear of eye, joined the new "Gym."

The Bairds had a servant now, besides the old Irishwoman who had always come in to do the washing. In another year, as soon as they should move they would have two. Annie was already somewhat stiff-jointedly bringing herself into conjunction with white gloves, Marcel waves, and silk stockings. The neighborhood opened its eyes. Building appointments came and went without causing even a ripple on the life of Sycamore Street, and Baird's had not been known for weeks after it had been made. But as his change of income became apparent he ceased to be condescendingly counted out. Its results transformed and legitimatized everything about him, even his breeding, even his messing round with books. Thus, in every way but one, money did all that was expected of it in the Baird household. Its one failure was its failure to renew a proud and happy intimacy between Will and Annie Baird.

That potential sweetness died in the sharp struggle of its birth and was succeeded by a real estrangement. There had crept between them a certain alien indifference which was not indifference, which, on her side, was becoming an actual disrelish for his personality. In the old days of scramble and rush there had been plenty of warm living, shared anxieties, mutual need and mutual service. They had, at least, quarreled! The easing oil of money which had changed all that proved a surprisingly chill fluid exhaling a cold vapor. Beyond this vapor he had retreated; colloquially, he didn't seem to take any interest in anything.

IN the beginning occasional excesses of affection alarmed her, no doubt, filled as they were with something at once dumb and hysterical; something which seemed to cling to her like a lost child and to demand of her a love answering some despair which she could not even fathom. Already in the children's pleasure she had forgotten that, "of course, it wasn't the salary." These spasmodic changes of his passed away and the disaffected detachment alone remained. True, he dressed better and became fussy about his food. These were his only signs of success.

She had fitted up the little old sewing room for his study and she expected him, now that he had time, to pour forth continuous twin streams of epoch-making articles—one on architecture, one on public morals. But he did not write. Had any act of hers needed justification, his rise as a celebrated essayist would have justified it. But he did not rise. Now to Annie, as to most nonprofessionals, "writing" consisted of sitting down at a desk and turning on the faucet. That a certain state of mind is necessary to the process never crossed her thoughts. If the faucet didn't work, it was because he refused to put a hand to it. He preferred to be a martyr. He had turned his back on all his old interests merely to rob her of her signal triumph. Out of a sulky littleness of spirit which made her ashamed of him, he was determined to punish her by denying her the one thing she wanted most for him! He had shut her out of his life. Very well! She had a full life of her own, where now she had no need, and scarcely thought, of him. If she was no longer a wife, she was the more a mother. She had her triumph just the same; now that Children's Day was coming round again there was no trouble about a new dress!

But if the slight cold which Elsie had taken should grow bad enough to keep her from attendance, that would make even as brave a spirit as Annie's blench! The girl's disappointment would have the extra edge that this year the great day was to be held in the new opera house, and Paulding's son had not rested until he had clawed out of his mother a seat for Elsie in her box. This was a little out of the ruling, for the relatives of the graduating class were supposed to occupy the boxes and Elsie belonged on the

orchestra floor with the high-school pupils. But Paulding was one of the stockholders in the theatre and got it cheap for the schools, and Mrs. Paulding was providing the refreshments and most of the beautiful decorations for the roof, where the luncheon was to be served. So here, as elsewhere, regulations bent.

But the cold did grow worse. Colds, unlike regulations, are no respecters of persons, and even the daughter of the Building Inspector of the Central District, slave as she may have made the son of a millionaire, may not g a i n s a y them. While the intrepid Elsie was still struggling with hers, Billy caught it. In Billy it became immediately influenza, and he had to be put to bed at once. Elsie remained heroically upon her feet until, on the eve of Children's Day, the mirror's reflection of her swollen features and inflamed little nose did more than the doctor's orders to quash her heart's desire. The Baird household was given to understand that for its sole daughter life then held no further possibilities of joy, and Elsie resigned herself to bed, commenting consolingly to Billy that *he* couldn't have seen anything anyhow.

This was in reference to the fact that Billy, as a common herder with the seventh grade, would have had to go in the balcony. With the usual intelligence of committees, the lower grades—as the least important!—were assigned to the higher tiers, until the first six were lodged in the gallery.



"We know, of course," he said, "what we're talking about. How much is the salary?"

THE great day dawned brilliantly, and the continuous, triumphing stream of starched and curled little girls, soaped and white-collared little boys, issued so pouringly from that simple neighborhood as to add to Elsie's fever. The sounds of happy progress could not be kept from her ears. Mothers called parting admonitions; elder sisters shrilly commanded; little brothers rudely skipped, whistled, and hooted; and occasionally the motors of the affluent whirled by, laden with jubilant children.

But the time had to come when the last loiterer was sped. It seemed as if there were not a child in the world. And to this quiet first Billy and then his sister yielded. The one and then the other, they fell asleep.

Annie sat at an open window upstairs, refashioning an outgrown dress of Elsie's for Graycie Cook. She did so like little folks to have things! She had really suffered with her own children's disappointment for to-day. How she sympathized even with Mrs. Cook's foolish attempt a while ago to secure Graycie's good time! For quite a time now, off and on, the whole neighborhood had been shaken by heartrending reports that the exercises might have to be held in Central Music Hall, or in one of the two old theatres which had no roof garden; the talk went that the Opera House might not be ready. There was something in the papers about the fuss the Building Department was making over a permit to open; and Mrs. Cook had actually come to Annie and asked her if she couldn't get round Mr. Baird so he wouldn't stop the children's pleasure. Just for a lot of red tape—it did seem so unnecessary! When she did ask Will about it he had made, as usual, some evasive, abstracted answer. Then it presently appeared that the Building Department was satisfied to the last jot and tittle.

But Annie still thought of the incident with a sour gratification. Whether he admitted it or not, she had made him of importance in men's minds! The voluble gratitude of their washerwoman at his having got her grandson a place as usher in the Opera House returned and stirred the bitter brewing of her heart. Then there touched her pulse the cold finger which she had learned to summon for pressing off the thought of him; his pettiness swam in a black blot in which he vanished. She was once more serene in the June noontide, with the soft, smooth ripples of prosperity creaming cool about her feet.

SHE did not know how long she had been sitting there when it seemed to her as if there were some change in the bright quiet. There was no cloud, no stir of air, no restless vibration of a distant sound; and yet she had a sense of all these things. Perhaps because it had grown so still that you could faintly hear the trolleys passing in the next street: and then began to wait for something, as though to hear the next one. The calm wasn't really broken. But it seemed to have changed. A motor whirled through the street like mad and disappeared. The new maid was standing at the fence gossiping with Mrs. Cook. And now it seemed to Annie that they were not merely gossiping; they were talking eagerly, with short, quick breaks and glances. They looked up and down the street. The maid opened the gate and went out into the middle of the road, shielding her eyes with her hand and looking south. Mrs. Cook was running heavily into her house. Annie rose to her feet; there was an extraordinary trouble in the air; there was an extraordinary chill, a senseless, formless, sick excitement round her heart. She put her head out of the window, but she could see nothing new in the fair, smiling day. The shapeless threat was in the air she breathed. Did she imagine it, or were only the southbound cars running now?

Gus Hinkle, who had come home on an errand, bolted out of the house and round the corner. He had gone to get some kind of news, and Annie leaned out so as to call to him as he came back. Yet she did not want to know—she was, somehow, afraid to know. Along came the delivery wagon of a downtown department store; it stopped at Mrs. Frisbee's, and Mrs. Frisbee shouted as she opened the door some question which Annie could not make out, which was now only a part of the general disturbance and suspense and scattering scurry of the street. Why, it sounded as if Mrs. Frisbee screamed! Gus Hinkle came running back with a blotched, bulging face; as he ran he pointed and waved his arms. And as he turned into his own gate he cried to his father on the steps: "It's the Opera House! It's on fire! The Opera House is on fire! It's all burning up!"

SHE was still telling herself that she wasn't going anywhere near it when the automobile which carried her turned a corner, and she saw in the sky a sort of bank. This bank wavered, glowed to thick reddish yellow, loomed, sank to gray and greasy black. Against it leaped a thin, reddish light. The man who drove the automobile was saying: "It's all greatly exaggerated!"

He was the brother-in-law of the district attorney, whose wife's car he drove. She had known Annie at the dancing class; seeing her running and stumbling along toward the fire, she had taken her up. She supposed Annie's children were at the theatre; then she said her own little girl was at home too. At the last moment the child had had nosebleed from excitement and had been forced to lie down. She had tried to telephone this to her husband, but he had run from his office to the fire. All the time that she was talking she and Annie looked straight ahead, and spoke and heard like machinery, with no sense of what was being said. All the time, too, the brother-in-law was repeating angrily, as if he were blaming them for something: "It's all greatly exaggerated! When we get there we'll find it's greatly exaggerated! The thing can't burn—simply can't. It's a modern fireproof building—steel frame, iron, marble, granite, nothing else. It's fireproof. It was copied after one of the new elevator-and-roof theatres in New York. All those elevators would clear the place out in five minutes. But upstairs they've nobody with them but those y o u n g teachers, those little young girls. It can't burn. It's fireproof. You'll find it's greatly exaggerated."

They turned into City Hall Square. It was something to pass the corner. However dreadful, now at least you w o u l d *know!* Now! But—why— Great Heaven, what was the matter with the f a m i l i a r square? Where was the other side of it? Where was the theatre? A n n i e said: "Where's the Opera House?" There was nothing there but an unreal and yet solid mass of vapor—of blackish-gray smoke—a still, quiet-looking, huge, thick, soft thing; hopeless to peer into, hopeless to struggle with; a nightmare of indistinctness hiding everything. Inside this the t h e a t r e burned.

About half the square was roped off. Their car was among early comers and the police knew it for the district attorney's. It worked close up to the fire lines. The crowd packed in close around it. Everywhere, almost up to the outer veilings of the smoke, the windows and roofs were crowded with people. When there was a sound from inside the smoke the crowd groaned. When a sulky surge of flame tore the mist, seeming to lick it up, and then sank back again, the crowd gasped. The straining of all those nerves, the pounding of all those hearts, was like one common sickness in which they all shuddered with a single, helpless breath. Nothing was told them. No voice spoke from that gray mountain. Those silent, volcanic flashes lighted nothing. But they knew. They had no hope. They knew that the supreme tragedy had occurred—that it had occurred in the very beginning, when passers-by were scarcely conscious of alarm; when there drifted in the air, from walls still intact, only wreaths and shreds of smoke. It had come instantly, in one blow, and they were now only the mourners at a consummated sacrifice.

Afterward they learned the facts. Defective insulation behind one of the boxes, an explosion of gases, a back draft that slew in a breath, so that the eighth grade was found still in its seats; then the rush for the fire escapes—the unfinished fire escapes, whose cuttings yawned for ladders; the rush for the stairs, the iron and marble stairs, that had given way at the first terrible onslaught! Part of the balcony had gone too. The graduating classes on the stage, the people in the lower boxes, those near the stage, at the back of the house and round the lower exits: these had escaped. But the center of the orchestra floor had been decimated, and of the seventh and eighth grades—Billy's grade, the grade in which had been Mamie Hinkle and little Graycie Cook—not one remained alive.

Already it had begun to leak out which classes had been lost. Already the air rang with screams of grief, with cries of joy; the tide of the crowd was already filled with little whirlpools of delirious mothers and fathers trying to join their children in that smoking tomb, of mothers and fathers wild with relief, folding sons and daughters in their arms. The tide had become a tossing sea filled with horrible writhing eddies, sounding with insensate hysteria and with prayers that were terrible as curses. And through all this one question penetrated, persisted, dominated. "But where are the *little* kids? The first, fourth, fifth grades? Where are the children in the balcony?" And the new shock, the new hope and terror, and the faces of these children, these littlest ones of all, swam before Annie in a kind of mist, through which she saw them streaming along as she had seen them

(*Continued on page* 38)

KING'S BLOOD

BY VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER



This slim thing with the sunburnt hair and crooning voice was his deity

IF spring and summer on the Willasanna Range had been a time of glory, autumn was its blazing climax. Blue Indian-summer haze hung like a thousand-mile-long veil beneath a lazy sun, and silence intensified the far, thin sounds that occasionally recurred—the distant lowing of a cow grazing in the knee-high grass of some dip, the shrill cry of a cicada hidden in the browning verdure.

To the east the arrested waves of the great Continental Range stood like fortified ramparts, while to the north and west the majestic circle of the Willasanna hills swept out and down.

In the huge cup thus formed lay the Willasanna Range, a promised land, a cowman's paradise. It carries the eye south into infinitude and a million cattle might have grazed thereon. The skirts of its guarding hills were sweet with springs which sent their living waters down across its breast in several tiny streams and it had never been known to fail in forage.

The only blot upon its great expanse was the small square of cultivated land that lay snug up against the western lift like a bright medallion in an inimitable tapestry.

The "Nestor" had worked like a lunatic in the few years he had been in the country, but he had not done well. His ancient implements were inadequate and his only help in the field was the tall slip of a girl, Nance, who made up in indomitable spirit what she lacked in man strength.

But this year Nance had shirked and she carried a heavy conscience.

When she helped gather the corn she thought sickly that the yield might have been heavier if she had been riding the wobbly cultivator throughout those golden days of spring, instead of hanging infatuated on the shining shoulder of Black Thunder in their distant cup of the hills.

But at every thought of the great black stallion her heart leaped into her throat with suffocating joy and she felt stubbornly justified.

Suppose she had never ridden the old nag north that lonesome day in the early part of the year and had never seen Black Thunder leading his band to graze on the low bunch grass!

She turned faint at the bare picture of the days empty of the wonderful love that was between her and the wild horse.

But still her conscience ached and she glanced often and covertly at the thin, eager face of her father, the dauntless dreamer of a man who should have succeeded and yet who seemed to miss success always by the merest fraction.

She thought of the awful day not so many weeks back when she had stood in the sod-house door and seen the boys of the Bar Q Ranch driving south in a half moon with Black Thunder sailing ahead of them like a bird. She thought of her own anguished ride, trailing them south, of the night she spent within sound of Black Thunder's unceasing screams where he raged round the stockade in which he had been trapped for the first time in his eventful life.

SHE thought of the morning, the gathering of every cowboy on the ranch, of the excitement with which they went at the breaking of the most famous horse that ever trod the Willasanna plains, and she thought of the face of Sydney von Cleaver, the millionaire owner of the Bar Q, globe trotter, citizen of the world, and gentleman at large. And then she thought with throbbing pride of her own entrance to that stockade under the staring eyes of the crowd, of her voice and her hand quieting Black Thunder's rage, of the leap to his naked back, of the open gate—of their flight through it and out to the open plains.

That had been the highest moment of the girl's life and she had reason to be proud of it, for by it she won forever all right to the king of the Willasannas and the greatest meed of admiration a girl can have, since every cowboy on the Bar Q sent his heart right out after the spectacular two.

And always, slowly, reluctantly, her mind came to the thing that caused her to look at her father with a heavy conscience—for after that marvelous exhibition Sydney von Cleaver had ridden the twenty miles to the lonesome farm up on the hills' skirts and offered Nance the five hundred dollars which he had promised to that one who should ride Black Thunder.

And Nance, with blazing eyes, had struck down his outstretched hand and Sydney von Cleaver had blushed like a girl.

Many a time in the windy fall nights she had stirred on her pillow and shut out the sight of the gold with a hand across her eyes when her restless brain would picture the things it might have bought, the lift toward success it would have given her dear "dad," for Nance loved the thin man very greatly.

But every fiber in her had revolted, and still revolted, at thought of its acceptance. She did not know why this was so, only that it was.

And she thought of Black Thunder running in the hills, free as the wind, yet bound by a tie so strong that it kept him in the country. Lately he had even taken to coming down within sight of the farm.

Many a time in the early mornings she would see him far out on the brown floor of the plains circling and skimming in wonderful arcs of speed, and nothing she was doing could hold her then. She would drop any work and start running out across the open world toward him, whistling her shrill, carrying call.

And Black Thunder, watching with his eagle eyes, would fling up his magnificent head, whinnying his answer, and come to meet her like a bolt.

To the anxious mother in the sod-house door it always seemed that a collision between them was inevitable; that the unspeakable, wild creature must trample the slim girl to rags. But the father, straightening his tired back from work, always watched the sight with something of Nance's own fire in his eyes. And it was worth watching, for in the last hundred yards the girl's arms would open wide, as if involuntarily, and Black Thunder would begin to check his headlong flight so that when they met it was with the smooth contact of flowing waters, and the two would fairly fall together in an access of love.

They would handle each other from top to toe, Nance's hands fluttering from the pointed ears in their tossing cloud of long foretop to the lashy fringe of fetlock, while the stallion nibbled and nosed and nudged her none too gently, squealing his joy, stamping, tossing his glorious head, showing by every art in his power that this was his deity, this slim thing with the sunburnt hair and the crooning voice, whose arms about his big neck spelled love and whose brown hands were never empty of gifts—a bit of salt or sugar or even a crust of bread.

And then would come the mounting and the certain fling out across the unbounded land, a sight for men and gods, these two, both wild as the world about, both free, both fearless and carrying within them that divine spark of the oversoul which makes kings and queens for this little earth.

They ran and rode like the natural things they were, unsaddled, unbridled, Nance astride, her old skirts flying and her young limbs swinging gracefully in their patched stockings, while her lithe body gave and took the motion of the horse beneath like an Indian's, loosely, easily, sure of itself, so sure that she swayed and swung in playful arcs that would have arrested a beholder's heart with horror.

In full flight she would swing around, one knee holding her weight like a hook, and with an arm over the outstretched neck play with the shining cheek and the velvet nose with the other hand.

SHE was forever intoxicated with the rush of the cool fall wind, with the soft sunlight and the limitless spaces. And forever dancing before her as she swept and circled was the handsome, sweet-natured face of Sydney von Cleaver, the man who limped a little because he had once attempted to take Black Thunder from his kingdom.

She was always seeing the tender lips, the gentle humorous eyes—and often she saw with dawning distress the painful blush on his face when she had so savagely struck the money from his hand.

He had never come to the sod house since and she rode always to the north. But many a time she checked Black Thunder and sat looking with wistful eyes into the distance where she knew the Bar Q lay. Something had called to her in the tones of this man's gentle voice and from the depths of her heart she answered—and knew she answered.

But Sydney von Cleaver was unconscious that he had called. Many a time before his soft brown eyes and tender manner had called to a woman's heart without his own volition, and if he had married them all he would have been a Turk.

He was delightfully busy at the Bar Q.

The round-up had taken place—he had thoroughly enjoyed that—and a great herd of fine beef cattle had been driven to a shipping point far down across the prairie, making more dollars for his overflowing pockets. He limped about the big ranch, hobnobbed with his "boys," carried the little new Conchita on his shoulder, and played with the old collie dog.

"Hilton," he told his foreman, "I don't believe I'll go back East this winter. I think I'd kind of like to see the snow come down on the Willasanna Range—see it pile up at the windows and hear the wind howl across the open."

"It should be a heavy winter," answered Hilton gravely; "it's been such a corkin' year all round. Th' grass's thick as dog's hair yet, after all the grazin' that's been done on it."

He waved an arm at the illimitable land, brown and beautiful with its tawny carpet. "I think I'll have the boys begin plowin' for a fire brake."

At the sod house against the hills poverty brooded like a ghost. It stared at the woman from the leanly stocked "cave" where they stored the winter's provisions, brought with infinite labor of the ancient team from the distant point; shrieked from the faded, patched and overpatched garments of the family.

The mother's heart ached with a deadly pain when she looked at Nance's slim loveliness blooming from its rags like a lily from the mire, at the thin man's inadequate protection against the coming bitter winds.

Out of the woman the downhill grind was taking the hope and the courage.

But the man—for him there was always a rainbow behind the hill, would always be a rainbow until his eager eyes closed for the last time, after the splendid fashion of those few souls touched with the divine finger of optimism.

And Nance was a mixture of both. She saw the pathos of the futile effort to wrest a living from the land without equipment, yet she looked up and out with hope. And she was happy.

She would have been happy so long as Black Thunder came out of the bare brown spaces at her call, though actual hunger gnawed at her vitals.

She could not bear the dismal interior of the sod house when the free winds swept down from the Willasanna hills and the sun shone through a faint blue haze. She ran out on the brown floor day after day, met Black Thunder, and swept away into a world of drunken joy, her sunburnt hair beating on her shoulders, her gray eyes bright as gems, her rags aflutter at her knees. And watching this a thought crept into the mother's desperate heart, a traitor thought that beat and beat for recognition, was cast aside and returned persistently, brought by sight of her man's lean chest under the threadbare coat, the sound of the cough that bothered him of nights.

NIGHT after night she wept on her pillow and wrung her hands, fearing the raging winter and what it might bring to the poor trio in the sod house. When she could bear it no longer she steeled her heart and caught Nance by the hand and looked into her sweet eyes—sweet, steady, loving eyes they were, loyal and true.

This was on a day when the whole wild fall seemed concentrated into its gold-blue hours, a wine, an elixir. The girl had hurried through her work, washed the few dishes with a splash and a flourish, dashed the ancient stub of a broom over the rough floor, and was pinning up her braids to go running out to her wide domain.

At the mother's touch she turned startled eyes upon her, sensing the nearness of tragedy.

The woman wet her lips, which quivered.

"Nance, girl," she said, "do you love your daddy?"

"Love him?" cried Nance. "Love him!"

She looked out the window to where he hurried with eager steps about the harnessing of the team preparatory to hauling wood from the scant scrub in some pocket of the hills, and the mother was answered. "You see that old coat? It's thin, isn't it—terribly thin?" Swift tears sprang into the gray eyes.

"Lord!" she said. "Don't, mother—don't! Don't!"

"And his shoes. Oh, Nance, his shoes!"

The girl clenched the hands hanging beside her.

"You want to kill me?" she asked, choking, her face working.

"No," said the mother, "but I want to hurt you, Nance—to hurt you so you can't sleep of nights, so your heart will run to water when you look at him, so you'd do anything on earth to help him. I would," she finished savagely.

"So would—" said Nance, and thought of Sydney von Cleaver's outstretched hand, rich with yellow gold. She put shaking fingers to her shamed eyes and stood in silence.

But the woman caught her up.

"You would? Honest, Nance? Then you can! Oh, my God, you can! You can!"

"How?" cried the girl.

"*Sell your horse!*"

Nance dropped her hand and stared at her mother.

For a moment the stupendous horror of the words robbed them of meaning. Then the blood drained slowly from her golden cheeks, leaving them fair ivory, her lips opened helplessly. Slowly the world began to go round, a vast purple twilight settled and she slid limply down along the wall. The woman, sobbing miserably, tried to lift her, but she waved her away. The threatened darkness did not quite settle. She fought for her faculties through the twilight and presently she straightened up, like the small, brave blade of grass that has been crushed.

She opened the door and staggered out. There, far out on the mottled tapestry of the amphitheatre, Black Thunder wheeled and swept, his great tail flowing like a banner, his sable body coaxing his love by every graceful curvet it possessed.

Blindly the girl went down across the brown plowed fields. She stumbled and dragged the limbs that were wont to be so fleet. The breath was tight in her throat and her young face was drawn like the face of death.

She knew, had known with the first conscious grasp of her mother's words, that they were vital, final, prophetic—that they were the bells of doom.

Black Thunder, watching her with his eagle's eyes, lifted his great head, stopped in his tracks, and drew his whole magnificent form up to its full height, the snorting breath arrested in his nostrils.

What was this alien creature crawling across the field? His love came like the swift wind, a light thing, a sweet thing, a thing to be desired and adored, to be met with speed and flowing joy that sang in him like hill waters.

Long he stood at challenge while Nance crept down the field and out on the soft brown floor. And then he saw the familiar shine of the tawny hair, sniffed the scent of her, which perhaps caught his attention more than anything else, and he came forward mincingly, uncertain, snorting.

And then, with a great sob breaking in her throat, the girl flung up her head like one drowning, opened her arms and ran to him—ran as she had never run in joy, as if she must reach him or die.

She flung herself upon him, clung to his high neck, kissed his velvet cheek in a frenzy, and wept as one weeps for the dead—hardly, bitterly, aloud and uncaring. And Black Thunder, sensing her anguish, whinnied and nudged her with his soft nose, leaned his great shoulder against her, pawed at the earth with the shining hoofs that could have beaten her to rags, and begged of her the old accustomed happiness with his beautiful eyes. And presently Nance mounted, though her limbs trembled and would hardly take her up, and Black Thunder swept out and away, as if he would shake this strangeness out of his deity, and the sun shone again for him.

IT was late that night when Nance came back to the sod house. The sharp darkness, asparkle with a thousand stars, had come upon the land and the mother's face was white with fear. She drew a great sigh at sound of the slow step at the door and set her supper, kept hot in the oven, in silence.

The next day Nance was up at dawn. She had aged overnight. The poppy beauty of her face had drained away like sunlit waters, leaving flatness and dead things exposed. Indeed, a deal of her heart seemed dead.

The father looked into her eyes and put a trembling hand beneath her ivory chin. "Dollin'," he said, using a pet name, "what is it?"

"Nothing that you can help, daddy," she answered, scorning the vapid denial that does not deceive.

The mother, scanning that tragic young face, held hard to her firmness (*Continued on page* 25)



"Glory!" he cried, his arms around the girl. "If we win, we win like warriors! If we die, we die on the crest of life's wave!"

FRANKLIN K. LANE

THE STORY OF A PRESIDENTIAL IMPOSSIBILITY

BY WILL IRWIN

NOW and then a cub correspondent for a Democratic newspaper in the South or West appears in Washington, wild to read new meanings into an old Government. After he has got his bearings he begins to pick presidential possibilities. Looking over the field, his attention is certain, sooner or later, to light on Franklin K. Lane, at present Secretary of the Interior. Here is a Democrat of the traditional "unblemished record." Here is a politician who has really done things and without making mistakes. Here is a public official who has always seemed a little bigger than his job, however big that job might be. Here is a personality, friendly without effusion, frank without indiscretion, charming without affectation—the ideal man, in short, for a presidential candidate.

Usually a friend longer in the service at Washington gets hold of the cub in time, shows him "Who's Who in America," and explains his error. Sometimes, however, no one warns him, and his newspaper prints a column over his proud signature setting forth that Franklin K. Lane is, if anything happens to Wilson, the logical Democratic candidate for president. When that copy of the newspaper gets back to Washington his associates gather round him and greet him with ribald mirth. This has come to be the accepted method of initiating a cub reporter in Washington.

For Lane might be anything in this land except president or vice president or, just at this crisis, secretary of state. He had, you see, the misfortune or the fortune to be born an alien. He was somewhat less than five years old when his father, a native of Canada and a British subject, brought him to California. Those five years made all the difference.

The Constitution provides that the president must be a natural-born citizen or a citizen of the United States when the Constitution was adopted.

The tardiness of the elder Lane in emigrating perhaps lost his son the highest honors, but it perhaps also gained for the American people a singularly disinterested servant. Nothing can so tie the hands of a high public official in our Government as a presidential ambition. Once he fixes his eye on that goal he tends to see nothing else. From that time forth the man with the presidential obsession is afraid to lash out for fear of offending capital, labor, the German vote, the Irish vote, the Prohibitionists or the saloon element, the reformers, or the machine. I remember the case of a certain governor who was a daring but useful reformer until they mentioned him for the presidency. Six months later he was going down to speak in a city of his State which was trying to oust an extremely corrupt machine of the opposition party. Before he started the dean of the State House reporters talked to him. "Great occasion to denounce that machine, isn't it, governor?" remarked the reporter, who was by way of being an ardent reformer. "Yes indeed; must be denounced!" replied the governor; but he said it so insincerely that the reporter laid plans accordingly. The governor made his speech, and this is about what he said: "I feel called upon to congratulate the citizens of your community on your recent activity in curbing a dangerous element led by a man of low repute," etc. Not a name, date, place, or fact! The dean of the reporters gave the wink to his fellows, and in their reports they unanimously replaced "dangerous element" by "the Smith machine" and "a man of low repute" by "John J. Smith." That was the only time the governor ever got recorded on the machine issue. The presidential obsession had simply hypnotized him into quietude about everything.

It does not always work that way; the light shining from the White House windows did not blind Governor Roosevelt of New York, for example, nor Governor Wilson of New Jersey. Probably it would have made no difference with Lane, but you never can tell. And his immunity from the presidential fever has been of use to him in another way. Since 1905, when Roosevelt made him Interstate Commerce Commissioner, until this day, when he holds one of the most difficult Cabinet positions, he has enjoyed, because of this very immunity, a singular independence. As Interstate Commerce Commissioner he could decide against a railroad without raising the suspicion that he was playing for votes, and similarly he could decide for the railroad and no one could say that he was building fences. And now I, who have known him for nearly twenty years, who am on house terms with his family and ear-pulling terms with his bulldog, can write of Lane as I see him, untroubled by the charge that I am starting a Lane boom.

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Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, at his desk in Washington. Because he was born in Canada he can never be President. The tardiness of his father in emigrating perhaps cost him this honor

My first sight of Lane lingers as a picture in memory. I was a cub reporter in San Francisco, just out of college, slowly adjusting myself to the strange world outside of the cloister and very hazy as to Who was Who in San Francisco. The occasion was some sort of picnic in one of our old-time pleasure parks. Across the family groups around the picnic baskets, the merry-go-rounds, the youths disporting themselves in yachting caps, the girls flourishing beribboned canes, came the sound of applause. A group stood about an express wagon, from the tail of which a man was speaking. "Who's that?" I asked the experienced reporter for the "Examiner." "That," he said with a touch of pity for my ignorance, "is Franklin K. Lane, city and county attorney, and say, *kid*, he's a great campaigner!"

Early Doomed to Fame

I HAD seen a few minor politicians in that rather corrupt period of San Francisco politics, and I thought of them scornfully: they all showed in their faces, I thought, an atmosphere of moral dirt. But this man looked clean, inside and out. He was short, thickset, well-knit, and even then, in his thirties, a little portly. He had a rounded domed forehead which his early baldness became; the line of his hair ran straight over the head from ear to ear. He had a comely, pointed nose, a fine yet aggressive chin, a firm mouth, a pair of shrewd but open gray-blue eyes. There was in his rather deep voice a quality of cordial sincerity which matched his countenance. What he was saying was all Greek to me, but I liked the way he said it. I doubt not that I should have remembered this picture even had not better acquaintance reenforced my impression of the man.

Then I came to know Who was Who in City Hall, and to appreciate what a real public servant we had in Lane. As we reporters gossiped about the lobby of the central police station at night we used to say that here was a politician who might get anywhere. One enthusiast who is now out in the German trenches reporting the war maintained, I remember, that Lane was California's presidential possibility. He did not know the awful secret of Lane's birth. It was the first I had heard of this ghostly Lane boom.

He was then on an upgrade of a career which has had singular ups and downs, which has run into blind corners, and which has seemed at times to be followed by a genius of ill luck. A summary of that career may be worth while.

Began as Printer's Devil

THE Lane family is only three or four generations from Scotland and North Ireland. Lane is half Scotch, three-eighths North Irish, which comes to the same thing, and one-eighth French. That dash of French blood into the Celtic occurs often in the ancestries of able people. I cite at random Sir John French, S. S. McClure, and James Hopper.

The family had settled in Prince Edward Island; and finally, as aforesaid, the elder Lane brought his young family to California—at first Napa and then Oakland. There was an antique Scotch atmosphere about the Lane family, as old friends remember them. The Bible was the foundation of that home, and learning was its light. Following the Scotch custom, the Lanes wanted to dedicate one son to the ministry. Frank was selected. He inclined that way himself for a time, but at sixteen, when he had finished high school, he gave it over and went to work for the Oakland "Times," a suburban newspaper. There he served as printer's devil; learned to set type, and between times hunted for items. He hunted so well that he became a full-fledged reporter. Berkeley, seat of the University of California, lies adjacent to Oakland, which put the idea of a college education into his head. He took the full course at the university, supporting himself by writing for the "Times" and the San Francisco newspapers. Then he decided on law as a career. Across the bay in San Francisco is the Hastings Law School. Lane found a job at reporting in odd times for the old defunct "Alta California" and another at writing hack editorials for a syndicate. The law course at Hastings is three years. Earning his own living, Lane got his degree in a year and a half, so proving that scholarship goes sometimes with practical ability.

He is a Westerner all through, and he could not be such without trying several careers. Now, having prepared himself for law, he shifted definitely to journalism. A year later he was New York correspondent for the San Francisco "Chronicle" and keeping bachelor hall with Arthur McEwan, that brilliant star of American journalism whose cynicism alone kept him from the stars. I can hardly imagine two characters so dissimilar in habits and mental processes as Lane and McEwan: Lane, the canny Celt; McEwan, the blazing Celt. The bond was ability, I suppose, but at any rate these two understood each other and were friends to the end of the chapter.

Lane's Western restlessness came over him again; we, who were nurtured in the old atmosphere, cannot resist in our youth the lure of new horizons. This time it was a newspaper in Tacoma, then on the top of a great boom. Lane became half owner of the paper. Within a year or so he was enjoying the unheard-of income of $10,000 a year and could afford to marry. Hardly was this accomplished when the boom in Tacoma collapsed utterly, in a manner not yet forgotten throughout the Northwest. He sold out his interest in the newspaper for enough to carry the family to San Francisco, where he shifted again back to law. What slender income the new-made Lane family lived on during his struggle of the next three or four years it is not fair to say.

Now, he had mixed a little with reform politics during his college days. California of that period was corporation-ridden and boss-ridden. We used to say that every brick and stone in the new City Hall of San Francisco represented a dollar of graft. Over everything ruled the Southern Pacific machine.

the big tent which covered all the performers of special privilege. It was in general a Republican machine, though it was capable, at a pinch, of nominating candidates on both sides. While Lane was still a student he had become secretary of a young men's league which had an ambition to reform the Democratic party. Among the other members was James D. Phelan, the new senator from California.

Lane Beats the Bosses

BY the time Lane had established himself in San Francisco the movement was growing: the first real effort of California to wriggle out. The reform element was trying to get a new city charter in place of that jumble of Anglo-Saxon and Spanish laws which a long line of bosses—Rainey, Kelley, Bulkeley—had juggled to their own advantage. A Committee of Ninety was appointed to draft this charter, and Lane, partly because he had been a journalist as well as a lawyer, was chosen on this body. It was not long before the brains in this young man became apparent to the Ninety. Much of the charter, a mighty radical code for that period, was due to Lane. The Ninety fought it through to acceptance. Then came the question of interpretation, important with all new codes of laws. The Ninety needed, in the office of city and county attorney, a man who understood the charter, and who would get it honestly interpreted. Gavin McNab, destined himself to become a benevolent boss in San Francisco, sat in that convention. He is a shrewd person, McNab, and a master judge of men. He and his associates made a singular choice. They passed over the known and lit upon the unknown—Lane. He has always said that this was one of the surprises of his life and one of the perplexities—for he had no money. When the convention ratified McNab's choice the candidates resolved to contribute $250 apiece to the campaign fund. "You can't make a turnip bleed," said Lane. A day or so later he found the lack of money a handicap in another way. The political customs of San Francisco had still, in the nineties, a touch of old mining-camp traditions. The candidate was supposed to "blow himself." He went from bar to bar, buying drinks and letting the crowd get acquainted with his charming personality. Lane had not the price of two consecutive rounds of drinks. Yet he was pitted against a former attorney general of the State with a following, with machine backing, and with funds.

Then a friend who inhabited the water front suggested an idea. The men of the Union Iron Works always ate their luncheon outside of the plant. There was an audience ready-made. Lane proceeded at noon of the next day to the Union Iron Works, mounted a cart, and addressed the crowd. It had never been done before, although it has since become a local custom, and it took. Moreover, Lane proved a splendid campaigner. Men liked him and had confidence in him. He talked straight common sense, with just a dash of that oratorical flourish which the West loves. You cannot persuade the West that a man is an orator at all unless he drops in a purple cloud or a pink sunset here and there. Lane followed up the lead which he had found. Every noon he was at some factory gate or other, explaining the charter and why he wanted to represent it and to down the bosses. His opponent put on more steam; this minor fight began to attract attention. Lane, in spite of machines and money, won by 800 votes. "And how I needed that first month's salary!" he said to me afterward.

Before he had been in office a year the assaults on the charter arrived as expected. Lane's interpretations, however, proved the soundness of that code and also of his own legal knowledge. They stood the test of the higher courts. When the next election came he was renominated and won by 10,000 votes. On still another renomination it was 12,000.

At about this time there was a false dawn of reform in California, harbinger of the real dawn some five years ago. The reform faction got control of the Democratic party. This time the contest was not between two candidates both chosen by the Southern Pacific machine; it was a square fight against that machine. Lane had shown in the three elections for city attorney that he was the best campaigner in northern Califorina. They nominated Lane for governor. Resisting certain temptations to compromises which might have insured his election, he swung into the fight. He improved his old method; he made a trip through the State by rail, by buckboard, by saddle, by stage, by legs, getting at the remote districts as well as the cities. Had the automobile arrived, he might have been irresistible; but a horse is a slow carrier, and he could not cover the whole State. When the returns came in he was running at first neck-and-neck with the Republican, and then a little ahead. But returns from a group of southern counties were one day, two days, three days late. And those counties had been "organized" by Bulkeley, the blind boss, who, rendered harmless in San Francisco, had turned his attention elsewhere. The Democrats saw the signs in the heavens; no one was surprised when at last those counties reported unprecedented Republican majorities—just enough to squeeze Lane out by 3,000 votes. Candidates defeated by a close majority usually believe that they are "counted out." In this case I think it really happened.



Secretary Lane leaving the White House after a conference with the President, who leans upon him in all matters of national conservation

Lane went back to law—"trying to see if I could get a little money together," he said. Then came a dilemma and what looked like his final dismissal from elective politics. Strange things had been happening in San Francisco. Abe Ruef, the new boss, taking advantage of a series of strikes, had split the Republican party, had slipped in a union-labor ticket with Schmitz as mayor, and had begun his famous "carnival of corruption." Now, after two years of fence building, of solidifying his machine, Ruef nominated Schmitz for reelection. The older parties had failed to fuse against him; both were going to run tickets. Because most of the union-labor voters had been drawn from the Democrats, the Democratic cause was simply hopeless. They wanted, nevertheless, to hold the party together for a real fight some time in the future; and to that end they needed a strong candidate for mayor. This ungrateful job they offered to Franklin K. Lane. During this crisis I was with him on a fishing trip in the Sierra, and every day some Democrat from the city came into camp with his pleadings. It was a nasty personal quandary. He had been defeated once; he was certain, if he accepted, to be defeated again, and badly. A candidate who loses twice in rapid succession is due for a long rest from politics. On the other hand, there was the question of loyalty to the only party in California which had shown true reform spirit. "Well, let the tail go with the hide," said Lane poetically. He made his campaign with all his old force and ability. A trick of Ruef's fooled him toward the last, so that he really thought he had a chance. In the final week the Lane meetings were unprecedented in San Francisco for attendance and enthusiasm. "Is it possible?" Lane kept asking. It was not. Ruef, fearing the Republicans somewhat but the Democrats not at all, had packed those meetings in order to split effective opposition.

This was in 1903. Lane, beaten as badly as he had expected in the beginning, went back to the practice of law. In 1903 he also received the party vote in the California Legislature for United States Senator. Two years later Roosevelt managed to make the Interstate Commerce Commission really effective. He wanted a good, clean representative from the Pacific Coast. He knew Lane and liked him mightily. Roosevelt had a way of following his likings wherever they led. So it happened that, though Lane was a Democrat, Roosevelt made him Interstate Commerce Commissioner. He was in Mexico on a legal matter when news of the appointment arrived. He returned to San Francisco—and to the adventure of his life.

Lane has said since that, although he was brought up in the old West, his was a city life after all. He had never tested himself against primitive physical force, tried himself out in emergency, and he had always longed for such a test before he died. When the test came it was a supreme one: the San Francisco disaster. I must remain loyal to California and call it a fire.

On the last day but one of this visitation the fire, smoldering slowly in the redwood houses, had taken virtually all the district east of Van Ness Avenue, a broad street which bisects the residence quarter. It was, in fact, within a block of Van Ness Avenue. By this time the authorities had given up dynamiting. Chief Sullivan, the one man among them who understood the use of explosives in fire fighting, was dead. The work had been done by soldiers from the Presidio, who blew up buildings too close to the flames and so only scattered them. Lane stood on the slope of Russian Hill, watching the fire approach Van Ness Avenue, when a contractor named Anderson came along. "That fire always catches at the eaves, not the foundations," said Lane. "It could be stopped right here if some one would dynamite all the block beyond Van Ness Avenue. It could never jump across a strip so broad." "But they've forbidden any more dynamiting," said Anderson. "Never mind; I'd take the chance myself if we could get any explosive," replied Lane. "Well, there's a launch full of dynamite from Contra Costa County lying right now at Meigs's Wharf," said Anderson. Just then Mr. and Mrs. Tom Magee arrived, driving an automobile on the wheel rims. Lane dispatched them to Meigs's Wharf for the dynamite. He and Anderson found an electric battery, and cut some dangling wires from a telephone pole. By this time the Magees were back, the machine loaded with dynamite; Mrs. Magee carrying a box of detonators on her lap. Lane, Anderson, and a corps of volunteers laid the battery and strung the wires. "How do you want this house to fall?" asked Anderson, who understands explosives. "Send her straight up," replied Lane.

"And I've never forgotten the picture which followed," Lane has told me since. "Anderson disappeared inside, came out, and said: 'All ready.' I joined the two ends of wire which I held in my hands. The house rose twenty feet in the air—intact, mind you! It looked like a scene in a fairy book. At that point I rolled over on my back, and when I got up the house was nothing but dust and splinters."



Lane at New York University, where he received an honorary degree. As a student in California he earned his own living

Saved by Lane's Hunch

THEY went down the line, blowing up houses, schools, churches. Then came bad news. To the south sparks were catching on the eaves of the houses. Down there was a little water in cisterns. Volunteers under Lane's direction made the householders stretch wet blankets over the roofs and eaves. Then again bad news from the north. There the fire had really crossed the avenue. It threatened the Western Addition, the best residence district. The cause seemed lost. Lane ran up and looked over the situation. Only a few houses were afire, and the slow-burning redwood was smoldering but feebly. "Just a little water would stop this!" he thought. The whole water system of San Francisco was gone, or supposedly so, through the breaking of the mains. "But I had a hunch, just a hunch," says Lane, "that there was water somewhere in the pipes." He had learned that a fire company which had given up the fight was asleep on a haystack somewhere in the Western Addition. He went out and found them. They had been working for thirty-six hours; they lay like dead men. Lane kicked the soles of the nearest fireman. He returned only a grunt. The next fireman,

(Continued on page 30)



Men Who Change

IN all the discussion about Mr. BRANDEIS'S appointment the one objection which has seemed to us to deserve serious consideration is the fact that he has been identified in a strongly partisan way with some of the important litigation recently appearing or now pending before the Supreme Court. The litigation in question, it should be added, does not consist of private lawsuits, but of certain public questions like the Minimum Wage Law. This objection is not so weighty as it might at first seem. It is doubtful if any man could be found for the place who has not, either as a judge or as a lawyer, expressed himself strongly upon one side or the other of many of the large issues which come before the Supreme Court. The allegation that Mr. BRANDEIS at one time, as director and counsel of the United Shoe Machinery Company, or some of its subsidiary companies, framed and upheld some aspects of that company's business which later he attacked as against public policy weighs little with us. There are very few of us who haven't changed our points of view about many important matters during the past fifteen years. And those who haven't changed do not command our respect quite so much as those who have. It has been a period of constantly and swiftly changing standards of public ethics and private morals. Most of the newspaper editors who criticize Mr. BRANDEIS were carrying railroad passes, fifteen years ago, under circumstances such that if they carried them to-day they would be subject to prosecution under the criminal law. The whole social fabric has been touched by similar changes. We are for the man who has changed rather than for the ones who have stood still. President WILSON himself has been on both sides of some conspicuously important questions in the very recent past. As a matter of fact, Mr. BRANDEIS has been a leader in these changes—not a follower. It is our belief, indeed, that a very short statute of limitations should run in these matters—that a man who sincerely accepts a higher standard to-day ought to be free from the carping of narrow souls about any different standards he may have accepted, or even practiced, a short time before. As for most of the other objections raised against Mr. BRANDEIS, they are one variety or another of those distorted or regretted episodes which will be dug up out of the past of anyone by the ugly-minded persons who like to do that sort of thing.

One Man's Power

MR. BRANDEIS'S appointment is really more momentous than it seems. The appointment of a man like that to the Supreme Court of the United States is as fundamental a change as was created by some of the historical decisions like the Dred Scott decision. The difference in this case, of course, is that Mr. BRANDEIS'S influence will be gradual, not spectacular. But the adjustment of the law, which is fixed and rigid, to human society, which is living and changing, brought about by Mr. BRANDEIS'S presence in the Supreme Court, will have a momentous and historical significance. Indeed, one can imagine a future historian of the experiment in democracy, now proceeding on this continent, putting his finger on the Brandeis appointment as a landmark, the beginning of an appreciable tangent in the upward curve. On one point we hope that Mr. BRANDEIS will carry to the Supreme Court a judicial rather than a fixed mind. His public record in the past justifies the assumption that he is a believer in the disruption of big-business units, in enforced competition through smaller units—that he is opposed to the doctrine, somewhat loosely embodied in the Progressive party's platform, of permitting the organization of business into large units under strict Government supervision. The difference of opinion on this point between two schools of economists in this country is very acute. We are bound to say that recent events throughout the world tend to give strength to those who are opposed to Mr. BRANDEIS. Mr. GEORGE PERKINS has recently pointed out that business in Germany is now mobilized for war, and that this mobilization is likely to continue after the war, carrying with it into peace an efficiency which, in competition with other countries, will have enormous superiority. For example, it is understood that the German Government, for the purpose of buying potatoes for the nation, acts as a single purchaser, thus eliminating competitive bids within her own borders. What this sort of commercial mobilization means as against the business of a nation which is not organized to act cooperatively must appeal to any man with the slightest familiarity with business.

Another Man Who Changed

CRITICISM of President WILSON strikes many different notes. The only thing all agree about is in criticizing him for something. In itself, perhaps, that is a criticism of the quality of Mr. WILSON'S leadership. If that leadership were more certain, if his statesmanship contained less of shifting opportunism and more prevision and provision, we believe he would have succeeded more nearly, not merely in his negotiations with Germany, but in his crystallization of American opinion. During the early days of the war, and, indeed, up to the recent past, President WILSON was rather intolerant about those of us who were crying for preparedness. "The country has been misinformed. . . . We have not been negligent of national defense," he said in his annual message of December, 1914. And now he is, so far as his public speeches indicate, more strongly for preparedness than anybody. "The American navy . . . ought, in my judgment, to be incomparably the greatest navy in the world," he said in his recent St. Louis speech. And somehow he has the air of being just as arrogant in his new attitude as he was in the old. He has a manner of speaking which implies that those who differ with him are somehow quite undesirable. His own change of heart might well have been accompanied by a certain amount of confession, and certainly ought to make him more tolerant of those who criticize him. However, this is a minor point. The main question is whether President WILSON'S deeds will fulfill his recent words. He must not resent it if his political opponents show quite plainly that they are going to watch to see whether his performances match up to his promises. The most aggressive of his journalistic critics, the New York "Tribune," says: "If Mr. WILSON sincerely believes in national defense now, if he is moved by deep conviction, only captious critics will bother about his past." Time will tell.

Of Course, We're Not Suspicious

WHAT we can't fully understand—though doubtless BERNSTORFF and his American press agents could explain it to us—is why so many pro-Germans object to the plans of the American Legion, the American Defense Society, etc. These persons protest against our "Germanizing" America by enlarging our navy and bringing the army up to something near the peace strength of Switzerland or Turkey. The same people who roll their eyes heavenward when it is suggested that America maintain an army of 200,000 men, and deplore the mere suggestion as rank militarism, explain passionately that it is the army that has made Germany the modern Eden, that the German army is a democratic influence, that Germany is the one country in the world with a well-developed social spirit (thanks to the army), and a lot of other points that are extremely interesting. Therefore it puzzles us, this pronounced opposition of German apologists to the suggestion that we, too, try to develop Teuton virtues.

A Hint for Tories

IT has been said before by men of brains, but W. J. BROWN has the truth on page 13 of his book, "The Prevention and Control of Monopolies," in the statement that "the social unrest of our times arises not so much from *hunger* as from *thinking*." We commend it to those who will gather this winter at fathead conferences to plan how privilege may be schemed to yield profit.

The Inchworm Gets Farther

SOME business men in the city are like the elevators they ride in, traveling from the depths to some height which they call Success, only to plunge down again, and up again, and down again, and so on. No matter where they are, they can never stay long. Always in motion, they never get anywhere.

Portrait of a Young Man

BEHOLD our hero lying stretched out on the soft upholstery of a couch at his club. No attitude of more complete relaxation could be found; if there were one, he would find it. On a table at his side stands his whisky and soda, and at just the right distance to give the most grateful warmth crackles a wood fire. Outside, the keen air has the frosty tang of midwinter, and the north wind sweeps along, cleansing heaven and earth. Inside the clubhouse the air is warm and heavy with tobacco. Our hero yawns and moves one silken ankle the fraction of an inch. He lights

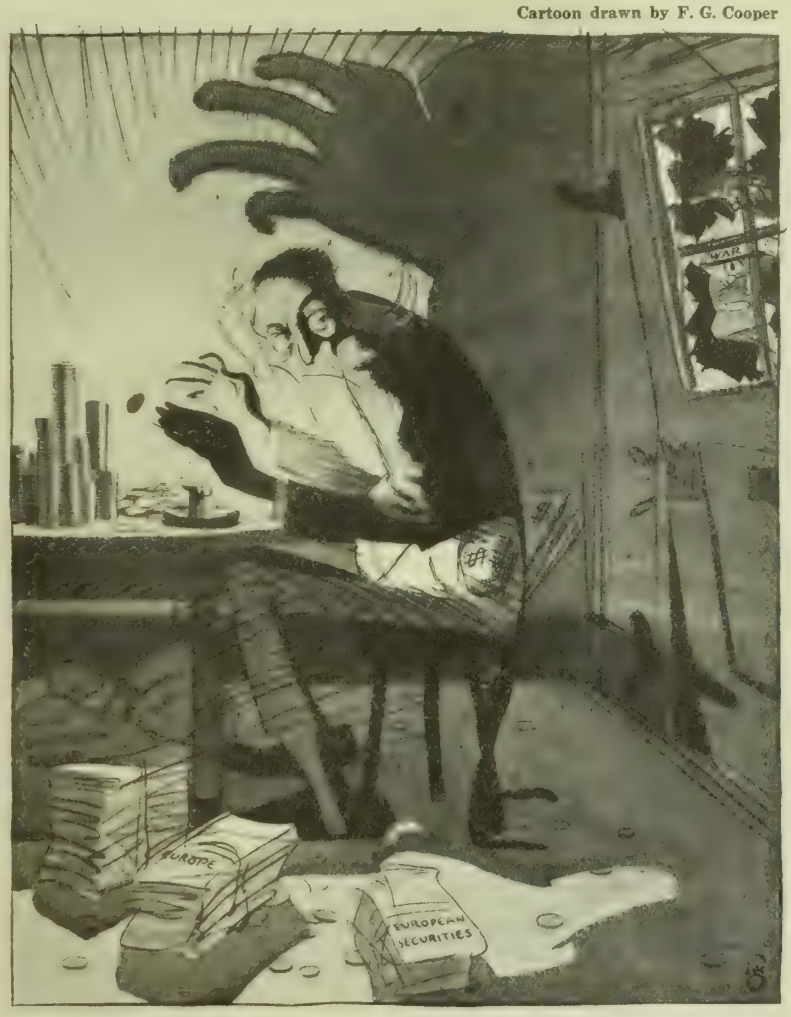
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a cigarette and drops the glowing match on the carpet because it is too much work to reach over to the ash tray. Still he does reach almost as far to pick up his whisky and soda. He turns a page of the book he is reading. It is entitled "The Art of Skating."

How You Can Remember Lafayette

THE American Ambulance Hospital is building in France a monument of our gratitude and friendship to the land of BEAUMARCHAIS and LAFAYETTE. The little that we can do they are doing skillfully and nobly. It is a singularly American sort of organization compounded on the spot of business men, college undergraduates, famous surgeons, society ex-idlers, and trained hospital workers—but it gets the results. Some nineteen of its volunteer motor drivers have been decorated with the French "cross of war" for getting wounded men out under heavy shell fire. They stood up to their work for five straight days and nights in the hell around Ypres. The surgeons in charge have taken the very worst of the injured and have saved over 95 per cent of their patients. A specialty has been made of cases suffering from inhuman facial injuries. It is only on the stage that soldiers are decently shot through the arm or leg. In modern trench fighting some of the survivors are found with their jaws torn off or the nose and most of the face shot away. The American Ambulance surgeons have been very daring and successful in patching up these frightful wrecks so that they can go back to their families and friends and take up their daily work again. These miracles are being carefully photographed, X-rayed, measured, and completely recorded—the first time that such detailed surgical histories have been kept at a military hospital in time of war. The benefit to medical science will be enormous. Nearly all this devoted service is being given without pay, so that the average cost per patient is less than in our own hospitals. J. P. Morgan & Co., 23 Wall Street, New York, are the treasurers for this practical labor of loyalty. Anything you can give will mean less suffering and more life—for France.

Cartoon drawn by F. G. Cooper



Better spend some of it on the locks and bolts, Uncle Sam!

The Middle Age

THERE comes a clear day when one realizes that clothes are to keep the weather off you, that food is to give you health, that home is shelter and inspiration; that, aside from being clean and inoffensive, one's personal appearance does not signify very much; that the main thing in life is to be going along toward the goal of your ideals. That isn't getting old, it's getting sense. From then on Time is not master, but friend.

An Unregenerate Moment

WE know perfectly well that the heirs of all the ages go to college to come into their inheritance; that plain living, high thinking, and upward striving are of the essence of the matter. Our convictions have been so printed quite a number of times. Therefore, when a paper called "Froth," published at Pennsylvania State College, where hundreds of ambitious young men have struggled into learning, puts out the following lines:

Tobacco is a dirty weed,
I like it;
It satisfies no normal need,
I like it;
It makes you thin, it makes you lean,
It takes the hair right off your bean;
It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen,
I like it

—we ought to be shocked and horrified. We ought to rebuke the spirit of frivolity which can jest even in the dour shadow of Pittsburgh's Calvinistic stogies. Yes, we ought to!

Good News from the Frats

A GOODLY number of friends have written us letters about an editorial printed in one of our recent issues. This particular editorial congratulated the Zeta Psi Fraternity upon prohibiting the use of intoxicating liquors in any of the fraternity chapter houses. "Locally," we wrote, "liquors have been taboo in fraternity houses at various colleges, but now a national organization has declared itself, and undoubtedly other fraternities will follow suit." Some of them seem to have followed suit in advance—if we may risk a bull. That, at least, is the purport of the letters that we have received from the States of Michigan, California, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Georgia, Texas, Maryland, Illinois, and New York. "A great many of the fraternities have gone even further than the Zeta Psi, and have prohibited the use of intoxicating beverages at national or sectional banquets," writes Mr. CRAIG HAMILTON RICHEY of Detroit, Mich. "The Phi Delta Theta Fraternity, in national convention at Pittsburgh in November, 1908, adopted a resolution prohibiting the use of alcoholic liquor in any form in chapter houses," adds JOHN B. REYNOLDS of the Law School Class of 1918, Columbia University. Other letters come to us from members of the Delta Upsilon, Lambda Chi Alpha, Alpha Tau Omega, Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Nu, Phi Gamma Delta, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, and Beta Theta Pi fraternities—we hope we haven't overlooked any of 'em! Oh, yes; CHARLES G. DAVIS, who is in the cotton business at Texarkana, writes in to note that south of the Mason and Dixon line "there exists a fraternity known as Kappa Alpha . . . organized during the time of ROBERT E. LEE at the Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., and at the time of its organization a law was in the ritual of the fraternity absolutely prohibiting intoxicating liquors from being brought into the chapter houses of the organization. This law is still in effect." We believe that we were perfectly safe in saying some weeks ago that drinking customs at American colleges have been changing for the better during some years, and that "the tradition that a collegian must, to be a 'good fellow,' drink deep and often is as obsolete as any other medievalism." College fraternities are lined or lining up on the right side of one of the most vital of social problems.

Recipe for Not Being a Bore

IF you want to be a "good mixer," as it's called, the best way is to note your line of least resistance in conversation, and then—not follow it. In other words, if you're fond of doing most of the talking, put on the soft pedal mercilessly; if you find it difficult to open your mouth, make yourself talk. That is the first rule. The second: Learn to be a good listener.

Dust

IT is what you try to throw in your fellow men's eyes while they try to toss it into yours. It is what we all spring from and that to which we return, thus vouchsafing to some solemn divine the opportunity to complete the quotation of "Ashes to ashes—" It is the substance that impairs the breathing apparatus of many millions and deals out a pack of diseases—of every degree of importance, from the ace to the twospot—at any blowy corner or in any unswept tenement. A devil to the housewife, it is a benign god to the maker of brooms and vacuum cleaners. "Dust—the most pernicious substance in the world!" cries the intolerant reformer. Patience, patience, good friend! Were it not for the dust mote, how could we ever perceive the beam of sunshine slanting through the shadowy room? Besides, there is star dust.

Busy Days in the Wheat Pit

IN the snapshot next below traders in the Chicago wheat pit are seen checking up deals at the close of a big day's business. Three of the men are using the sign language of the pit. Two fingers mean one-fourth of a cent, and four fingers half a cent. The excitement in grain trading in the last nine months has never been surpassed in the history of the Chicago Exchange. Stimulated by the war, the price of wheat rose to $1.50 a bushel, and is expected to continue high as long as the European conflict lasts. Fear of a considerable interruption of the flow of grain to Europe by German commerce raiders recently caused a slump of ten cents, but the drop was not a permanent one. The poor quality of winter wheat, due to a wet harvest, is causing a big demand for spring wheat, and corn and oats also are running high. In the speculation the bulls, led by James A. Patten, are the chief winners. Only a few of the farmers who raised last year's crop were much benefited by the rise. The poorer ones had to sell their wheat as soon as it was threshed and take what the big dealers were willing to pay.



Brokers winding up a big day's business in the Chicago wheat pit



Getting Married in a Chilly Atmosphere

FRANK PIERCE and Miss Blanche Pechette of Wapinitia, Ore., wanted a mor thrilling wedding than could be had under ordinary circumstances, so they hi upon the idea of having the ceremony performed on the summit of Mount Hood Accompanied by a party of friends, including the Rev. George Wood, also o Wapinitia, the couple climbed to the top of the mountain, and what happened whe they arrived there is seen in the photograph in the oval. The faces of som of the men and women are greased to protect the skin from frostbite. At times th temperature at the top of Mount Hood, which is 11,225 feet high, is almost unbearable

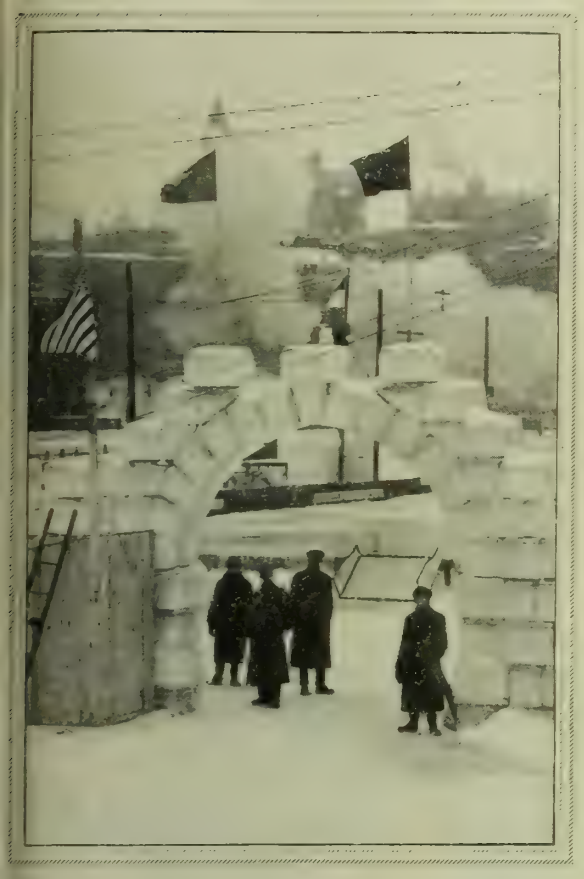
The Burning of Canada's Parliament House

IN the photograph below are the smoking ruins of the magnificent Canadian Par liament Building, which was burned on the night of February 3. Besides damag ing the building to the extent of $3,000,000, the fire took the lives of seven persons including B. B. Law, a member of Parliament. A dozen or more were hurt in th rush to escape. The building was completed in 1865, at a cost of $5,000,000. I probably could not be duplicated now for less than $8,000,000. The fire, starte while an evening session of Parliament was being held, is believed by Canadians t have been of German incendiary origin. Several suspects have been arrested



What was left of the beautiful capitol at Ottawa after the fire. It contained so much woodwork that the fire department was unable to save any part of the interior

St. Paul's Great Winter Sports Carnival



The gateway to a large ice-walled skating rink used during the winter sports show. The entire wall was built of ice blocks the size of those used in the arch



Tossing a pretty girl in a bouncing blanket for the amusement of a street crowd at the St. Paul sports carnival

THE photographs on this page are glimpses of the St. Paul Outdoor Sports Carnival, the biggest festival of its kind ever held in the United States. The program, given during the week ending February 5, included skating, skiing, tobogganing, sleighing, and all other winter sports familiar to Americans, as well as automobile parades and numerous social gatherings. Men, women, and children of all classes took part in the games, and the daily crowds attending the contests varied from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand. Louis W. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, is the head of the St. Paul Carnival Association, to which fact hangs an interesting story told about the railroad magnate's father, James J. Hill. The elder Hill, railway genius and chief developer of the great region known as the Northwestern Empire, was called upon several years ago to give $10,000 for a sports show similar to this one. "I might give you $50,000 to spend for a greenhouse in which to grow bananas," said he, "but not one cent for an affair that would advertise our winter weather. Your show would make outsiders believe that Minnesota is as cold as Alaska." But times have changed, whether James J. Hill has or not. The carnival organization of which his son is president made a success of this winter's festival, and is planning to give one twice as large next season.



A snorting monster which was at large in St. Paul during the big winter festival



Eighteen pretty St. Paul girls who participated in the carnival program. These and about one hundred others of equal beauty competed for honors in the many outdoor games

THE LITTLE BRONZE SHOES

BY WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY HAL J. MOWAT

THE doors open outward in Quebec. That is, they do within the city walls, where the nineteenth century and this much of the twentieth have passed without disturbance. The inner door turns back into the hallway, but the outer door swings across the narrow sidewalk, and it is always to be hoped that there will be no passer-by at the moment of going forth.

It is thus for the whole length of the Rue St. Stanislas, which is two blocks long and runs from a blank wall to Morin College. It was thus at the pension of Mme. Hortense Lesgard. And it was because of this door, sometimes bumping the noses of the unwary, that Angèle Lesgard came to look into the eyes of M'sieu Bill Robinson, of les Etats-Unis.

The first snowstorm of the winter, which is supposed to come on Ste. Catherine's Day but does not always live up to its reputation, had covered the Upper and Lower Cities with soft whiteness when Mme. Lesgard remembered that the butcher of a feeble mind had not brought her roast for dinner. Clearly, then, it was the duty of Angèle to go and get it; although madame regretted that she herself could not go and speak exactly her thoughts as to the intelligence of the butcher.

"And this afternoon," she added, looking critically at her daughter's feet, "you will go with me to buy some stout shoes. I have seen a pair in the Rue St. Jean. They have flat heels and rubber bottoms, and they are lined inside with wool. Not beautiful, perhaps, but very stout."

All the joy of a walk through the sweet winter air died in the heart of Angèle as she heard herself doomed to another pair of stout shoes. In winter her shoes must be stout because of the cold, and in spring and fall they must be stout because of the wet. What, then, could one do in summer save to wear out the stout shoes left over from the other three seasons? So it was, also, with clothes; for Mme. Lesgard believed only in the useful. Angèle had never known the caress of silk, the joys of lingerie. She was eighteen years old.

Angèle put on her stout coat and her woolen cap. She opened the inner door, and laid her hand upon the knob of the outer one. Perhaps it was some reflex of suppressed rebellion that made her swing the door back with such force. Certainly it struck something very solid and brought out of the storm half a dozen English words which she knew it would be wicked to translate.

An instant later Angèle found herself looking up into the face of a tall young man. She saw his eyes change from terrifying gray disks with mere pin points of black in the center to pleasant and—was it possible?—admiring apology. She noted the foolish, thin overcoat of marvelous grace, and the inadequate hat upon his head. All this in a flash.

"Pardon, m'sieu!"

Actually he blushed! He held back the door and let loose a stream of confused English so rapidly that she caught no more than a word here and there. Angèle looked down, as was becoming, and went on. But she could not keep her head from turning, at a safe distance. She saw the tall young man reading her mother's sign, which said: *Chambres à Louer. Avec ou Sans Pension.* Of course there was the English translation, as is always wise in the Upper City: Rooms to Let. With or Without Board.

BUT no! It could not be that the tall American—the children of Quebec learn to know an American before their paternoster—had looked at her with admiration. She knew that her skin was white and rose and that her eyes, like dark amber, held a thousand lights: nevertheless it was not within reason that this stranger, whose clothes had been molded by the angels, should think again of one who wore a coat thick to shapelessness and a little blue woolen cap.

For the moment we can put out of mind those things which we will; sending them to plan mischief in the subconscious. That was what Angèle did with M. l'Américain. She tripped along the Rue St. Jean and thought of shoes. She saw a window full of them, and stopped. There, it must be, were the very shoes of which madame, her mother, had spoken. They were of an ugliness unbelievable; stubby in the toes and overbig because of that thick and warm lining. The falling snowflakes blurred before the eyes of Angèle. It did not seem that she could endure another pair of stout and useful shoes.

The mist cleared. Angèle found herself looking at a second pair of shoes, in the same window, as different as the rainbow is to the black storm. These other shoes were of a dark bronze; thin-soled, very high, and with a myriad of bronze buttons. They were dainty, smart, delicately shaped, small, beautifully thin and soft-looking. With cashmere stockings and a pair of high overshoes they would be warm enough in any weather. No feet could be so traitorous as to become cold in those shoes. Angèle choked down a sob of hopelessness and hurried to the butcher's.



For the first time within the memory of Angele her mother lacked for words

When she reached home she found the very air tingling with the indignation of Mme. Lesgard. First, she, Angèle, had taken much time for her errand. Second, the fire did not burn well. And third, the cake had fallen in the oven and it would be necessary to make another, that afternoon, for dinner.

"So you will go alone for your shoes," said madame, "although I dread to think what would happen if I had not chosen exactly the shoes which you will buy. You will draw the money from the bank, get them, and come back at once; for there are many things to do."

Angèle heard this with indifference. So long as those detestable shoes must eventually be laced upon her feet, it mattered little whether she went alone to that fate.

"But one good thing has happened to-day," continued Mme. Lesgard more cheerfully. "Le bon Dieu has sent us a crazy American who pays what is asked without argument. He has the best room, and if he stays all winter we shall be rich."

"An American?" Angèle caught her breath. "An American?".

"Yes!" Madame paused in the delicate task of seasoning the ragout for luncheon. "Is it, then, that an American is a hippopotamus, or a spy of the Boches? Why do you stare?"

"Oh, for no reason!" She shrugged. "But Americans do not come often to Quebec in the winter."

"Ah, well! This one is here, Dieu merci! And it would be a good thing if you were to take many clean towels to his room, and fill the water pitcher, and put extra blankets on the bed. They want everything, and quickly, these Americans!"

The heart of Angèle thumped wildly, despite her scoldings to it. It might well be that this was the tall young man who had blushed so delightfully after the door had bumped him. She took time to put a fresh ribbon at the neck of her dress and to fasten it with the miniature of her great-grandfather, the marquis. In some miraculous way, perhaps, the American would learn that her forbears had worn swords under the Old Régime. Then she stifled this hope. He had the air of the well-born and to him she would be only the daughter of the pension keeper—no more than a piece of furniture. And what did it matter anyhow? She cared nothing for this stranger!

With an armful of blankets and towels she knocked timidly on the door of the best room. After a moment of silence a voice boomed out, in English: "Come in!"

SHE pushed the door open just as a pair of broad shoulders straightened up from the unpacking of a bag. It was he. Only now he wore neither coat nor collar, his sleeves were rolled back, and his hair stood up in a dozen different ways. Nevertheless he was a beautiful young man. Angèle paused. She could see in his face, which told his thoughts to all the world, that he was asking himself whether she were the servant or the daughter. Quickly he made up his mind that she was Mlle. Lesgard, and with that decision he grew embarrassed.

He opened his mouth, but words did not come forth, and Angèle guessed that he was struggling to find some French. Now she was quite at her ease. Indeed, she had learned to speak straightforward English in the convent, but it was not her intention to help him out. Moreover, she wanted to hear whether he would assassinate the French tongue as charmingly as did most Americans.

"Ce matin — pardonnez-moi —" He stopped hopelessly, laughed, and went on in rapid English. "No use! I can't speak French—and I suppose you don't understand my language!"

"Monsieur has good pronunciation," she replied in English, "but he needs to learn more words."

"Oh!" He repeated that blush of the first meeting. "I hope you'll pardon my temper when I bumped my nose this morning. Just now I took it for granted that you wouldn't know English. I got lost in the Lower City to-day and wandered around an hour looking for somebody who could answer a question!"

"But in the Upper City, for the most part, they speak both French and Anglais," she said.

"And I want to learn French!" He was in earnest, even eager. "If you—"

"Then monsieur should buy a dictionnaire and a livre de conversation!" She dropped her blankets on the bed and flipped the towels over their rack. "It is not hard."

"But I ought to have a teacher."

"Then a course at the Université Laval!"

This she suggested from the doorway, laughing, and then was gone. What children, these Americans! It was as though he had asked her to teach him. In spirit she floated, buoyantly. The stairs were clouds beneath her feet as she returned to the kitchen.

"It takes a long time to leave towels and blankets in a room," announced Mme. Lesgard with sarcasm. "These rich Americans make love to all the world, including the daughters of the keepers of pensions."

The spirits of Angèle became leaden. Of course. What a fool she was to think twice about this

stranger! Listlessly she began carrying warm plates into the dining room. Stout shoes, gray eyes, with cashmere stockings and high overshoes—

"And does he have board also?" The question was out before she realized what she was saying.

"He? Who?" Mme. Lesgard turned a red face from the now incomparable ragout. "Is the girl gone mad?"

Angèle felt herself looking guilty.

"I was thinking. I—"

"Of the American, William Robinson!" Mme. Lesgard pronounced his name so that it bore no resemblance to itself. "Then you would better think of something else! He does not board here, and I begin to believe it is the kindness of Heaven! Here, get your bank book at once! Go to La Caisse d'Economie, and then come back with your nice, stout shoes. And perhaps your mother will have a little morsel of bagatelle for her good girl!"

Now, bagatelle is an extreme deliciousness made of whipped cream and jelly and cake and preserves. Cream is expensive in Quebec, as is everything else since the great war began. So from these facts and the words of Mme. Lesgard it will be seen that she was troubled for the heart of her little chicken. Angèle had been a good daughter all her life; and as to her soul it need only be said that she prayed three times a day, at the ringing of the Angelus.

But bagatelle had ceased to be important in the life of Angèle. She did as her mother had commanded because her mother had commanded, and not with any joy in the promised reward. So, although the storm had ended and the air was a true wine of life, the footsteps of Angèle dragged along the Rue St. Stanislas; and her head was bent so that the little curls at the back of her neck seemed like ebony carvings against the white of her skin. She heard nothing until a voice came from behind.



Her heart thumping wildly, Angèle fastened a fresh ribbon about her neck

"Mademoiselle Lesgard!"

"M'sieu Robinson!" She started, and dropped her bank book. Certainly their hands met, but he was wearing gloves that seemed to have grown upon his fingers and she mittens that had aroused the admiration of her mother.

"I'm Bill Robinson to my friends!" he said. "Bill Robinson of the United States, Mexico, and points south!"

He seemed to think this was amusing, and so she smiled back at him. His eyes were very gray, with kindly wrinkles around them, and his face was clean like a new-swept room. Assuredly her mother must be wrong about M'sieu Bill Robinson—as foolish as she herself in thinking that he looked at her with more than friendliness.

"You have more than one country?" It was all she could think of.

"Half a dozen!" He laughed. "And I never saw a señorita under the Southern Cross." Abruptly he checked himself and his face became grave. "I don't mean to speak lightly. I wish I'd learned French instead of a lot of good-for-nothing languages!"

"Yes; it is needed in Quebec." Not quite following him, she fell back on safe but uninteresting personalities. "If one has business here it must be learned."

But he refused to talk impersonalities. It seemed that he wanted to talk about her and her mother and the Lesgard fortunes and family. What would have been impolite from one of her own blood from him seemed without fault because it was so plain that he meant no discourtesy. She realized that he struggled to use English without subtleties. And when, now and again, he plunged recklessly into French, what an amusing mess he made of it! Angèle found herself possessed of a wit she had never known before. The sun came out. She felt that it was no more than doing its duty, for such a good and beautiful world ought to be smiled upon. (*Continued on page* 29)

HELD TO ANSWER

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. KING

Chapter Fifteen—Bessie Takes a Hand

ELDER BURBECK did not make good his threat. John Hampstead stood again in the pulpit of All People's on Sunday, as his heart had so passionately desired. But the reality disappointed. The church was packed, but not to worship. The people had come to be witnesses to a spectacle—curious and wooden-hearted—to see a man go through the business of a rôle which his character no longer fitted him to enact.

The service and the sermon were one long agony. John spoke upon the duty of being true, but his words came back upon him like an echo.

And, just before the close of the service, Elder Burbeck, standing up in his pew, made the following announcement: "There will be a business meeting of the church on Monday night to consider matters of grave import to the congregation. Every member is urged to be present."

There was grave doubt if the elder had a right of himself to call a meeting of the church. Yet the only man with force enough to voice that doubt was the minister. He did not voice it. Instead he stood quietly until the elder concluded and then invoked the benediction of God upon all the service, which, of course, included the announcement.

After this benediction Dr. Hampstead made an effort to mingle with his people according to custom, but was still more broken in spirit by what he saw and sensed. His people, it seemed, had rather dismissed the question of the legal charge against him, but instead they found him guilty of folly—a folly with a woman. Whether it were merely a folly and not a sin, it appeared, was not to greatly alter penalties.

Yet justice must be done these people. They felt sorry for their minister, and showed it. They still acknowledged their debts of personal gratitude, but now they experienced a feeling of superiority to him. Their weaknesses had overtaken them in private; his had caught up with him under the spotlight's glare. They looked upon him with commiseration, pityingly, but from a lofty height. Besides which they accused him of an overt offense. He had brought shame on All People's. For that he was to be *held to answer*.

THE evening service only confirmed the observations of the morning, and the pastor of All People's went home feeling that he knew perfectly well what the meeting of Monday night would do.

Foreseeing that he was thus definitely and immediately to be made into a martyr, the preacher in the man began to be concerned with the moral effect of this spectacle upon the community at large. These speculations took on presently the hue of fanatic ardor, and their result, after two laborious hours with the pen, was offered by telephone to the morning papers. The offer brought reporters scurrying, and next morning the city editions of all the dailies about the bay carried upon their front page this peculiar document, which, in view of the circumstances, was deemed either important enough or interesting enough to be printed in full. It contained some rather extravagant expressions, was couched throughout in an exalted strain, and ran as follows:

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE

They tell me that I have stood for the last time in the pulpit of All People's; that on Monday night I shall be unfrocked by the hands that ordained me: for my ministerial standing was created by this church which now proposes to take it away. This act, more than a court conviction, will seem my ruin. I write to say I cannot call that ruin to which a man goes willingly.

It is not my soul that hangs in the balance, but another's. While this man struggles, I declare again that I will not break in upon him. I can reach out and touch him, but I will not. He will read this. I say to him: "Brother, wait! Do not hurry. I can hold your load a while until you get the mastery of your spirit."

But for saying this I am cast out.

Men observe to me: "What a pity!" I say to you: "No pity at all!"

Is a minister who would not thus suffer worthy to be a minister? The conception can be broadened. Is any man? Is an editor worthy to be an editor, a merchant, a teacher, a lawyer, a doctor, standing as each must at some time where the issue is sharply drawn between loyalty and disloyalty to truth or trust—is any of them truly worthy or truly true who would not willingly suffer all that is demanded of me?

It does not require a great man to be true to the clasp of his hand, nor a minister. I know policemen and motormen who are that. To be that, upon the human side, has been almost the sum of my religious practice—not my profession, but my *practice*. By that habit I have gained what I have gained—*and lost what I have lost*. Humbled to the dust, I dare yet to make one boast: I have not failed in these small human loyalties, except as my capacities have failed.

This last act of mine, which will be regarded as the consummation of failure, is the greatest opportunity to be true that I have ever had.

To go forth on foot before this community, held to answer for my conviction, fills me with a sense of abandon to immolation upon high altars that is almost intoxicating.

I can almost wish it might never be known whether I spoke the truth or not about the Dounay diamonds; that in my death, unvindicated, I might lie yonder on the hills of Piedmont; that on a simple slab just large enough to bear it might be written no name but only this:

"*He believed something hard enough to live for it.*"

I wish even that you might crucify me, take me out on Broadway here, and nail me to a pole. But you will not do this. I am not so worthy. You are not so brave. Those men had the courage of their convictions who nailed up the Galilean and hurled down with stones the first martyr. You have not. Courage to-day survives, but it is reserved for ignoble struggles. Men are more ready to die for their appetites than to live for their convictions. Men fear to be uncomfortable, to be sneered at, to be branded as failures.

But is failure so terrible? Socrates with his cup was a failure. Jesus was a failure. Defeat is not a thing to fear. To be untrue is the blackest terror!

To become involved for the sake of one's convictions should not be regarded as calamity. Yet it is—in these soft days. Time was when this country was not slack to involve itself in calamity for sacred causes. To-day we cringe before the duty of common helpfulness. The blood of Abel cries out from the ground, and we murmur: "What is he to me? He went beyond the river. He ventured on the sea." We even thank God for leadership that



moors a nation in the stagnant pools of coward peace. The hope that the fall, even of one so humble and unimportant as I, may be some slight protest against this spirit of weakness takes out the sting and fills me with a delirious kind of joy.

Rereading at this midnight hour what I have written, I perceive that it sounds slightly frenzied. But my soul just now is slightly frenzied. If I wrote calmly, unegotistically, it would be a lie. What is written is what I feel.

Here and there some will approve this document. More will sneer at it. But it is mine. It is I. I sign it. It is my last will and testament in this community where once—daring to boast again—I have been a power.

Friends—and enemies alike!—this final word:

I have not grasped much, but this: To be true.

Be true, lad, to the impetuous girl who has trusted you with more than she should have trusted you. Be true, women, to your lovers and your husbands; men to your wives, your partners, your patrons, your fellow men; to your talents, your opportunities, your country, your age, your world! Be true to God! If you have no God, be true to your highest conception of what God ought to be.

It is a principle. You can multiply it indefinitely. It runs like a scarlet thread through religion, and it will go all round the borders of life.

"*Eternal Loyalty is the Price of true Success.*"

To this conviction I subscribe my name, myself, and everything that still remains to me.

JOHN HAMPSTEAD,
Pastor of All People's Church.

WHILE the Monday morning papers played up the "Address to the People," in the evening John noticed that his name had slipped off the front page. This was at once a relief and a bitterness. It told him that he was done for; that, as a matter of news, he was only a corpse waiting for the funeral pyre.

But in the midst of these creepings a significant thing happened. The Rev. William Dudley Rohan, pastor of the largest, the richest, and by material standards the most influential Protestant congregation in the city, came in person to call on Hampstead, to shake him by the hand and say: "Your address had an apostolic ring to it. I believe in you sincerely."

In John's mail that afternoon there came from Father Ansley, an influential priest of the Roman Catholic communion, a letter to similar effect.

Moreover, as the activity of Elder Burbeck developed, John began to hear more and more from members of his own congregation who either refused to believe the charges against him or, if not so ready to acquit, none the less refused to desert him now.

All of these things seemed definitely to testify that a wave of reaction was upon its way. They almost gave the man hope. Yet by the end of an hour of calculation John saw that after all it was a small wave. All People's Church had more than eleven hundred members. He had not heard from one-fifth of them. Those who had communicated or come to press his hand were very frequently the weak, obscure, and least influential. They were the "riffraff," as Burbeck would have called them, of the congregation.

At the same time his friends urged him to organize against the assaults of Elder Burbeck; to send out bell-ringing committees upon his own account. Yet he would not do this. He would not make himself an issue. But the minister's negatives were not so stout as they had been. It was one thing to write in a frenzy at midnight how bravely he would endure his fate. It was another to wait the creeping hours in passive fortitude until the blow should fall.

By noon he confessed to himself that he was feeling rather broken. For a week he had eaten little, and that little nervously, absently, and without enjoyment. His sleep had been restless and unrefreshing. Strong, vigorous as he was, reckless as were the drafts that could be made upon his work-hardened constitution, a fear that it would fail him now began to agitate the man.

He was almost mad with thinking on his course, with trying to reason out some Northwest Passage for his conscience. Every eventuality had been considered, every resulting good or injury taken into account. When he did sleep, dreams had come to him—horrible, portending dreams that lingered into wakefulness and filled the hours with vague, tissue-weakening dread. He knew the meaning of this. His brain was so wearied with thinking at the perplexities which bristled round him that the very processes of thought had begun to operate less surely. Conclusions that should have stood out sharp and clear became blurred.

He longed for counsel—to talk intimately with some one—but was afraid, afraid he might get the wrong advice and follow it. The loyalty of Rose, the judgment of the Angel of the Chair, he trusted, but himself he began to mistrust. Mistrusting himself, he dared not talk at all, either lest he exhibit signs of weakness that would frighten Rose or lest, in that weakness, he should confess too much to Mrs. Burbeck.

One fear like this and one alarm acted to produce another until something like a panic got up in his soul. A small onyx clock was on the mantel. The hands pointed to one—and then to two—and to three. At eight he must go to the church and see himself accused by those whom he loved and for whom he had labored.



"Oh John, how brave, how strong, how right you are!" exclaimed Bessie in adoration, as she held him off and studied him

But at half past three he saw clearly that his intended course was wrong, that he should defend himself and speak the truth, that his silence was working greater ill than good.

The clock tinkled four with this decision still clear in his mind. But the tinkling sound appeared to ring another bell deep inside him—a bell that boomed from far, far away and made him think of some one's definition of religion as "a power within us not ourselves that makes for godliness." That power had spoken out. It revived the decision of half past three. His former course was right. He must not swerve. With a gesture of pain and terror, he flung up his hands to his brow. The calamity had fallen. His mind was passing under a fog. Defiantly he tried autosuggestion to school his will against a possible reversal in the hour of trial, saying to himself over and over again: "I will stand! I will stand! I will stand!" He quoted frequently the words of Paul: "And having done all, to stand!"

AT length he fell back limply in his chair. A vast irksomeness had taken possession of him. He was tired—tired of this; tired of thinking of It; tired of waiting for It to come. Why didn't the clock hurry? Only four-thirty now, and he was tired—tired of living, tired of telephone calls, tired of people, tired even of Rose and Dick. The coming of Tayna to the study alone brought a welcome to his eye. Tayna!—so full of buoyant, blooming youth; so quickly moved to tears of sympathy; so lightly kindled to smiling, happy laughter! Tayna, her melting eyes, her red cheeks, her one intermittent dimple, who flung her long arms about her uncle and held him close and silently as if he had been a lover!

But it was only a moment until Tayna too irked the tortured man. The touch of her cheek upon his cheek and the aggressive mingling of her thick braids with his own disheveled locks—once brushed so neat and high; now so apt to loop disconsolate upon his temples—reminded him of something quite unbearable, but quite unbanishable—a vision, and a vision which must be entertained alone.

"Stay here and keep shop," her uncle said, with sudden brusqueness, forcing her down into his own chair at the desk. "I can see no one; talk to no one; hear from no one. I am going upstairs!"

"Upstairs" meant the long half-attic room in which Hampstead slept. It ran the length of the cottage. There were windows in the gables, and dormers were chopped in upon the side toward the bay. At one end, pushed back toward the eaves, was a bed, fenced from the eye by a folding screen. Far at the other end was a table, a student lamp, and a few books. Between lay a long, rug-strewn space which Hampstead called his "tramping ground."

Here, when he wished to retire most completely from the public reach, he made his lair. Upon that rug-strewn space he had tramped out many of the problems of his ministry. In the past months he had walked a thousand miles between the one gable window and the other, and stopped as many times to gaze out through the dormer windows over the crested tops of palms to the dancing waters of the bay.

BUT now he had retreated there, not to be alone, but because he felt a sudden longing for companionship, and for a certain and particular companionship. That touch of the soft cheek of Tayna upon his own had brought with stinging poignancy the recollection of what the presence of Bessie would be now—Bessie as she once had been, dear, loyal, sympathetic, wise; as she had begun to be again before that last trip east; as she would have been when she returned and found him still strong and faithful.

Yet now she would never come. She was in Chicago today—no, upon the Atlantic. Last week was her final week. She had been getting her degree there while his unfrocking was beginning here. She was attaining her high hope as he was losing his. He meant to telegraph her his congratulations. He had forgotten it. That was just as well now. All this hissing of the poisoned tongues must have poured into her ears. The old doubts would be revived. She would feel herself shamed, humiliated, all but compromised by these disclosures, and she would never see—never communicate with him again. No letter had come in that last week, no telegram from the ship's side. That proved it clearly. She was lost to him.

Yet now his church, his liberty, his reputation—nothing else that he had lost or might lose seemed worth while. He wanted only her, cared only about her. His duty had melted into a mist. He could not see its outlines. But there was a face in the mist—her face; and a form—her form. And he would never see her in any other way but this way—a vision to haunt and mock and torture him.

That was the final mockery of his fate. At the time when he loved her most, when he needed her most, when, before God, he deserved her most, she was lost to him, most irretrievably lost. The pang of this, the awful inevitableness of it, broke him like a reed. From time to time he had sighed heavily, but now a dry sob that was like the eruptive rumbling of a volcano shivered in his broad breast. His shoulders shook and then his legs crumbled under him; he was on his knees and sinking lower and lower, like a man beaten down blow upon blow until at length he lies prostrate before his foes.

"Not that, oh God," he sobbed; "not that! I cannot—I cannot lose her. Leave me, oh leave me this

one thing! I ask nothing more—nothing more!"

There was silence for an interval, and then the pleadings began more earnestly, more piteously: "Oh God, give me her! Give me love! Give me completeness! Give me that without which no man is strong—the undoubting love of an unwavering woman! Give me that, and I can face anything—endure anything!"

For a moment his hands, virile and outstretched, grasped convulsively the far edges of the Indian rug on which he had fallen. Scalding tears began to flow.

"It is too much! It is too much!" he moaned. "Oh, God," he groaned, "you have left me; you have left me alone and far. I have stood, but I am tottering." He dropped into a sort of vernacular in his blind pleadings. "I can go, I can go the route, but I cannot go it alone. Give her to me, oh God, give her to me!"

His voice, half-delirious, died out in a final withering sob, as if the last atom of his strength had gone with this passionate, hoarse, uttermost plea of his soul. His great fingers, stretching out again to the limit of his arm, knotted and unknotted themselves and then grew still. The shoulders, too, were motionless. The face was turned on one side, the profile of the ridged forehead and the thrust of nose and chin so strongly carved appeared against the grotesque pattern of the rug as features delicately chiseled. The eyes were open, tearless now and staring. They had expression, but it was the expression of the beaten man.

Surely the man knew nothing himself except that he fell asleep and dreamed, this time not horribly but felicitously, a dream of Bessie—that she was coming to him; that she was there. It was such a beautiful dream. It took all the strain out of the muscles of his face. It tickled the relaxed mouth into smiles of happiness. It triumphed over everything else. It made every experience through which he had gone seem a high and beautiful experience because it brought him Bessie.

A knock at the door awoke him. It was such a cruel awakening: Bessie was not there. His cheeks were hard and stiff where tears had dried upon them. His shoulders and neck ached from the position in which he had slept. The rug was torn and rumpled. The room was bleak and desolate. The breeze was chill and gloomy. The situation in which he stood came to him again with appealing acuteness and stung his memory like scourging whips. He rose with pain in his mind, pain in his heart, pain in every tissue of his body. But there are worse things than pain. John was appalled to realize that he had risen a quaking coward.

The knock had sounded again. It was a soft knock, but it echoed loud, like the crack of doom. It stood for the outside world; it stood for the accusing finger; it stood for the felon's brand; it stood for the great monster, Ruin, which threatened him, which terrorized him, which he had faced courageously, but which at last had overawed him. Before this monster he now shrank, cowering as only six days before he had seen Rollo Burbeck cower. He said to himself that he, John Hampstead, was the greater coward. Rollie had faltered in the face of his crime. He, the priest of God, was faltering in the face of his duty. He retreated from his own presence aghast at the thought. He looked about him wildly.

Again the knock sounded. It stood for the inevitable. His fate was pressing on. It could not be avoided.

Not because he had grown brave again, but because he had grown too weak to resist even a knock upon a door, he gave the rug a kick that half straightened it, and in the tone of one who, despairing help, bids his torturers advance, he said: "Come in."

But, instead of waiting to see who entered, he turned his back and walked off down the room with slow, disconsolate stride, head hanging, shoulders drooping, knees trembling.

IT was the silence of the one who entered that made him turn, slowly, staring, his form lifting itself to its full height and a hand rising to sweep the hanging hair from his eyes as he gazed for a moment in unbelieving bewilderment. "Bessie! Bessie! Is it you?" he gasped.

Before the broken, paralyzed man could leap to meet her, the girl flung herself into his arms, crying: "John! Oh, John!"

He clasped her hysterically, half laughing and half sobbing: "Thank God! Thank God!" and then babbling with a mingling of unction in his hysteria: "It is the answer of the Father! It is the answer of the Father!"

Bessie, the first surge of her emotions over, stood looking up into the great storm-stressed face with glistening, happy eyes.

HER radiant beauty, the soft, trusting blue of her eyes, the wonderful witchery of smiling lips and dimpling cheeks, the proud, happy, worshipful look upon her face, all proclaimed the bounding joy with which she hurled herself again into his life.

John perceived this great truth in ecstasy. Bessie was not lost to him but won to him by what had happened. The mere perception threw him into a frenzy of joy, and yet it was a reversal of probabilities so sudden and so overwhelming that he dared not accept it unattested.

"But, Bessie," he protested. "But, Bessie?"

"But nothing!" she answered stoutly, flinging her arms once more about his neck and drawing his lips down to hers while she passionately stamped them again and again with the seal of her love and faith.

With the submission of a child, and under the stimulus of such convincing, such deliciously thrilling demonstration as this, the strong-weak man surrendered unconditionally to an acceptance of facts at once so undeniable and so excitingly happy.

But the articles of surrender could not be signed in words. He drew her close to him and held her there long and silently, feeling his heart beat violently against her own and at the same time his tissues filling with new and glowing strength. A sigh from Bessie, softly audible and blissfully long-drawn, broke the silence and the pose.

John held her at arm's-length, his eyes adance with the emotional riot of an experience so foreign to the ascetic life which his character had forced upon him that he felt the wish for anchorage at which to moor himself and his joys like some precious cargo of inestimable value. Such a mooring was offered by the long, wide window seat before the dormer which looked over palms and acacias to the bay.

Taking Bessie by the hand, he led her to this tiny haven.

"Oh, John," she murmured with a flutter in her voice and a sudden gust of happy tears as her head toppled over upon his shoulder, "it has been such a long, cruel wait, hasn't it? Such a hilly, roundabout way that we have traveled to know and get to each other at last!"

"But now it's over," he breathed contentedly.

As if a tide had taken them, they drifted out upon the sea of love with the window seat for a bark, and soon were cruising far out of sight of land. There was little talk. Words were unnecessary. To feel the presence of each other was quite enough. For the time being degrees and careers and private cars, courts and newspapers, actresses and diamonds, elders and church trials, were sunk entirely below the horizon.

Bessie was the first to come back from this nebulous state of bliss to the more tangible realities of the situation. With her lover so close and so secure, she experienced a stirring of possessive instincts accompanied by an impulse to caretaking. John was hers now and he required attention. With a soft hand she smoothed the yellow locks backward from his brow. With pliant fingers she sought to iron out the lines of care from his face, and with lingering, affectionate lips to kiss the tear stiffness from his eyelids.

DUSK was falling. John arose, lighted a pendent bulb in the center of the long attic, and sat down again, taking Bessie's hand in his while he told her the story of the diamonds as he had told it in court—told her so much and no more; then stopped. The cessation was abrupt, decisive, but also interrogatory. John could not tell Bessie more than he could tell anyone else and be true to his vow. Would she appreciate this and acquiesce? Or would she resent it?

Bessie understood the question in the silence. Her answer was to snuggle closer and, after allowing time for this action to interpret itself, to say:

"That must be the bravest, hardest thing you have done, John dear; to stop there when telling me."

"It was," he answered softly.

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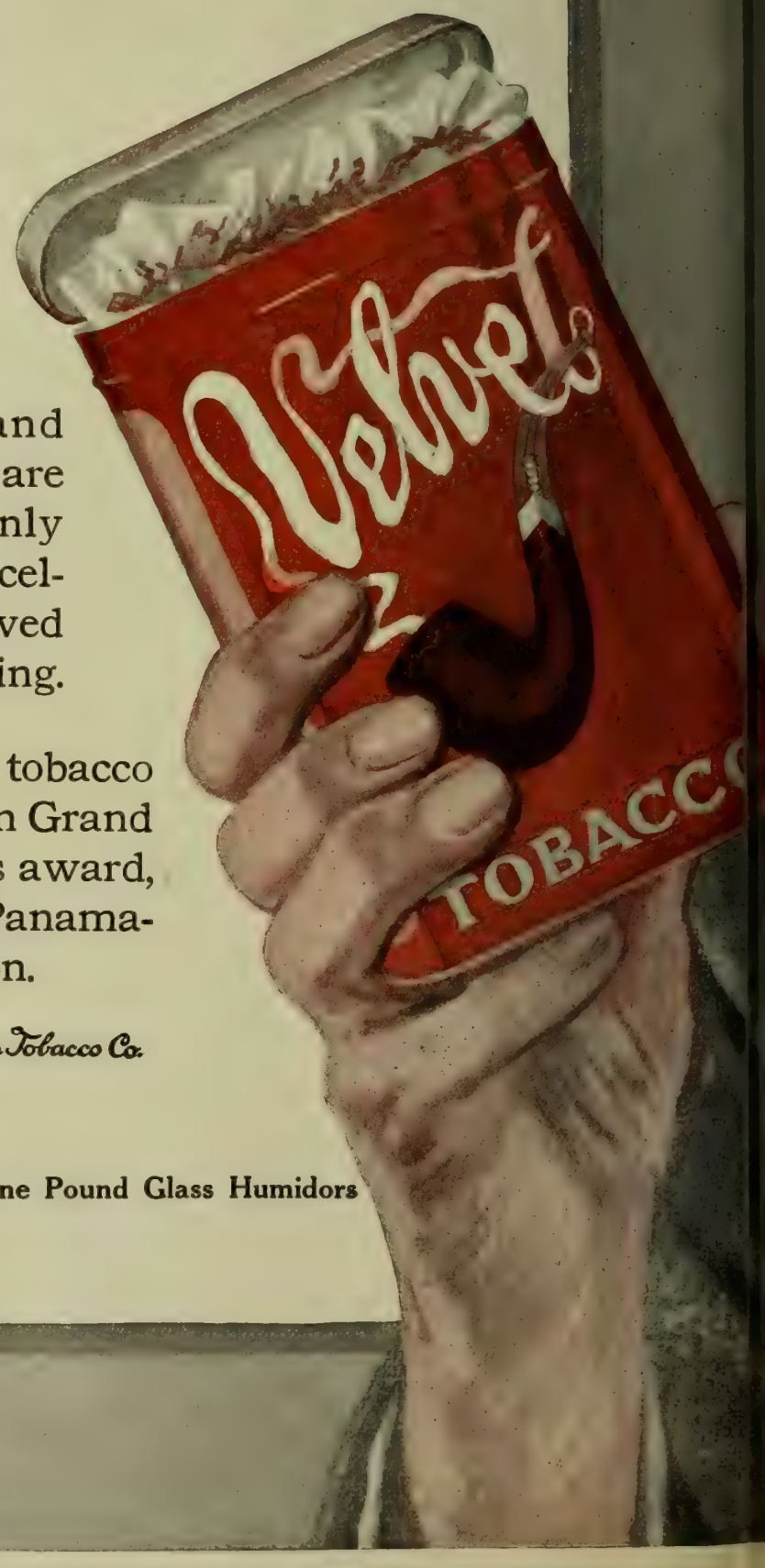
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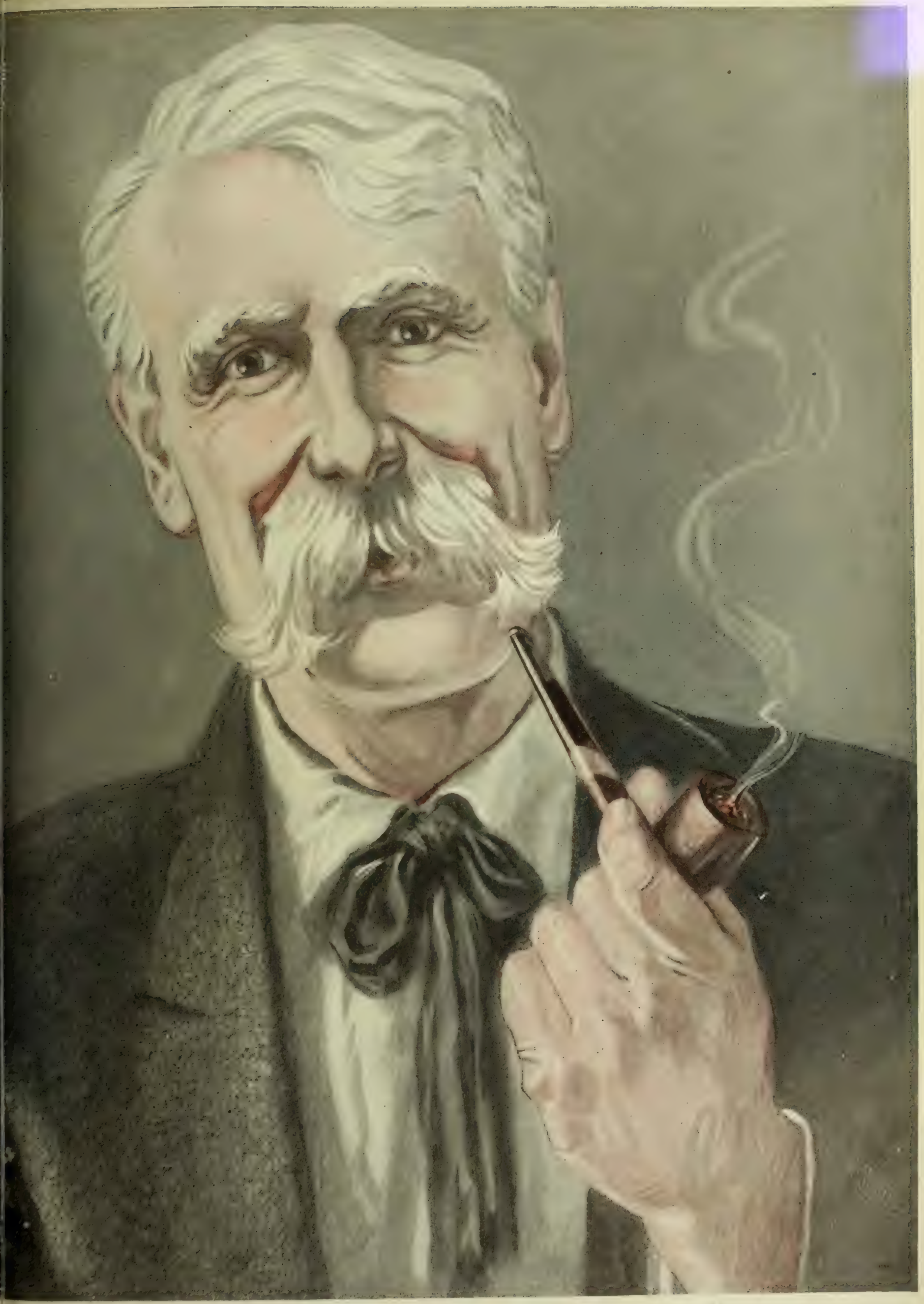
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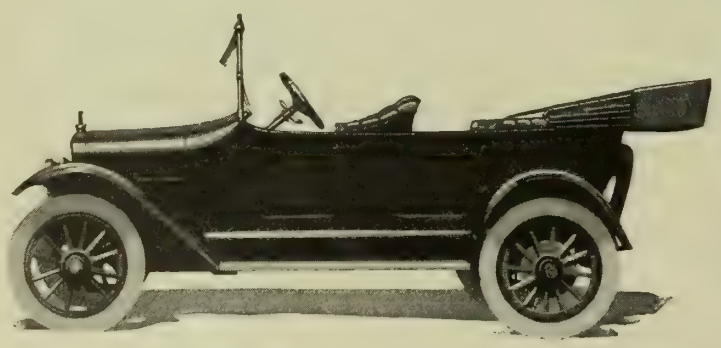
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"It makes me trust you further than ever," she assured him, passing her hand under his chin and pulling his cheek to hers, again with that instinct of possession. "You must not be less true but more because of me," she breathed softly.

"But there is one thing I can tell you," he continued, "which no one else knows nor can know now."

And then he told her of Marien's visit. The girl listened at first with cheeks flaming hot and her blue eyes fixed and sternly hard. Yet as the narrative proceeded she grew thoughtful and then considerate, breaking in finally with: "But she did it so wantonly, so irresponsibly. What reparation does she propose?"

"To make immediately a public confession that her charge against me was utterly false," replied John, strangely moved to speak defensively for Marien.

"She will do that?" exclaimed Bessie, her face alive with excitement and intense relief.

"She would have done it," answered John, "but I forbade her."

"Forbade her? Oh, John!" The soft eyes looked amazement and reproach.

"Yes," acknowledged John in a steady voice. "You see her word would become instantly worthless. To be believed her confession would have to be supported by the naming of the real thief."

"And is the saving of a thief worth more to you than your church, your good name, your—your everything?" Bessie exclaimed, springing up.

"In my conception, yes," John answered seriously. "That is what I have a church, a name, everything, for—to use it all in saving people, or in helping them, if the other is too strong a word."

AS her lover spoke in this lofty, detached, meditative tone, Bessie held him off and studied him. This was the new John Hampstead speaking, the man she did not know, the man who, up to the hour when cruel scandal smirched it, had stirred this community with the example of his life. Before this new man she felt her soul bowing. She had loved the old John. She adored the new.

"Oh, John, how brave, how strong, how *right* you are!" she exclaimed with a note of adoration in her voice.

A pang of self-reproach shot through the big man.

"Not so brave, not so strong as I must—as I ought to be," he hastened to explain. "In fact, I have been doubting even if I were right after all."

He bared his soul to her, telling of the wavering of his spirit, but her square little chin with its softly rounded corners was firmly set.

"Your decision," she affirmed stoutly, "was the right decision. Your course has been the right course. You must not waver now. I command—I compel you to go straight forward. And I will stand with you—go out with you. From this moment on your duty is my duty; your lot shall be my lot."

A smile of heavenly happiness broke like a sunset on the face of Hampstead.

"Thank God!" he murmured reverently; "thank God!"

And then, as a surging Niagara of new strength rushed over him, he sprang up and clasped her tightly, exclaiming enthusiastically: "I feel strong enough now, strong enough for everything!"

And so, smiling blissfully into each other's faces, the lovers went off for a moment and became again the two argonauts upon a shoreless, timeless sea. As they came back, Bessie, a look half-mischievous and half-bashful upon her face, pleaded softly:

"John! Ask me something, please?"

"Ask you something?" her lover murmured, with a look of dutiful affection. "Why, there is nothing more that I can ask," he sighed contentedly.

"But put it into words. Something to which I can answer 'Yes,'" she said, a happy blush stealing across her cheeks.

The big man gazed at her with a puzzled expression.

"So—so that our engagement can be announced in the papers to-morrow morning."

John asked her, grimacing delight in his sudden comprehension, and took her answer in a kiss. But immediately after he became serious.

"To-morrow morning?" he queried apprehensively; and then answered the interrogation himself. "No—not to-morrow, Bessie. Not soon. Later, when the issues are decided; when we know the worst that is to fall. Not now. You must protect yourself as well as your father and your mother from such notoriety."

But Bessie's own uncompromising spirit flashed.

"No!" she exclaimed with a stamp of her foot that was characteristic. "Now! This is when you need me! Now you are my affianced husband; I want the world to know that he is not as friendless as he seems; that we who know him best believe him most. Do you know, big man, that my parents canceled their European trip and with me have been rushing across the continent in a special train faster than anybody ever crossed before just to come and stand by you? Mother had a headache and is resting at the St. Albans, but father and I—why, father is downstairs in the study waiting. He must have been there hours and hours."

BESSIE rushed across the room and flung open the door leading downward. "Father," she cried. "Father! We are coming."

"What's the hurry?" boomed back a big, ironic voice that proceeded from the round moon of an amiable face which appeared in the open door of the study near the foot of the stairs. "I bought a thousand freight cars the other day in less time than it has taken you people to come to terms."

Nevertheless Mitchell greeted his former employee with cordial and sincere affection, while Bessie, radiantly happy but a little confused, asked:

"What must have you been thinking all this time?"

"Mostly I was thinking what a superfluous person a father comes to be all at once," laughed Mr. Mitchell. "Isn't there anything I can do at all?" he asked with mock seriousness.

"Yes," rejoined Bessie in the same spirit. "Telephone the papers to announce the engagement of your daughter to the Rev. John Hampstead, pastor of All People's Church."

"Oh, I did that after the first hour and a half," exclaimed the railroad man, laughing heartily.

But the situation was too grave, the feelings of all were too tense, to sustain this spirit of badinage for long. Bessie and Tayna fell upon each other with instant liking. Even Dick and Rose seemed able to forget the crisis which overhung them in the sudden advent of this beautiful young woman who had come into their ken again so suddenly and so mysteriously and seemed to represent in herself and her father such a sudden and vast access of prestige and power to the cause of the brother and uncle.

John and his old employer sat down in the study for a quiet talk in which he related what he had told Bessie, of the circumstances in which he stood, and finally and especially of his new compunction and of Bessie's firm decision.

"She was right!" The heavy jaws of Mitchell snapped decisively. "The whole thing is a community brain storm. It will pass."

"The criminal charge—" began John, feeling relieved and yet looking serious.

"Nothing to that at all," answered the practical Mitchell with quick decision. "Ridiculous! You're morbid from brooding over all this. From the minute this woman comes to you with her admission, you must have just ordinary horse sense enough to see that between us all we can find a way to stop that prosecution without making it necessary to expose anybody at all."

MITCHELL, observing Hampstead closely, saw that he was rather careless of this; that in fact he only thought of it when he thought of Bessie; that the one thing gnawing into him now was the action of the church. That was something outside of Mitchell's experience. Whether a church more or less unfrocked his future son-in-law was small concern. He was a man who thought in thousands of miles and millions of people. "Come, Bessie," he called; "we must be getting back to the hotel."

"You will stay for dinner, Mr. Mitchell?" suggested John.

"No, I'll be getting back to ma. I just came to tell you that I am with you. My attorneys will be your attorneys. My friends and my influence will be your influence. Some of these newspapers may bark out of the other corner of their mouths after they've heard from me. Come on, Bessie!"

"But," demurred Bessie, "I'm not coming. I am going to the church to-night to sit beside John."

(To be concluded next week)

King's Blood

Continued from page 11

to keep from begging back her words of yesterday.

"But she is young," she told herself piteously; "she'll have other joys—and he— Oh, he is getting old in poverty and failure!"

So Nance put on the best of her poor clothes and, refusing food that would have choked her, went out into the sunlight.

As she rounded the corner of the sod house a familiar sound reached her, the shrill, wild call of a horse, and there, nearer to the fields than he had ever come before, Black Thunder stood on a slight rise, waiting.

THE wind of dawn was behind him, and it spread his long tail forward about his legs like a fan, sent his great mane flowing wildly up about his high-flung head.

It brought back to Nance that first splendid day in the distant cup when she had found him guarding his mares. The mares had long since partially abandoned him.

She put her hand to her throat and pulled her collar loose, as if she stifled.

"The great king!" she said piteously, unconsciously quoting Sydney von Cleaver at Black Thunder's capture. "It is king's blood that holds him here in the dull fall—the blood that loves and is faithful. And I—I— Oh, God! I am the traitor who betrays the sovereign!"

For the first time Nance turned Black Thunder toward the south.

It was a marvelous day. The sun was soft and seductive, like a voluptuous woman, the winds were sweet as wine, the haze was bluer than its wont.

What it meant, that day and that stretch of twenty miles to the Bar Q Ranch, none but Nance would ever know.

She drew it out to the last slow hour. She flung her body on Black Thunder's neck and wept her heart out. She kissed the thick mane, flowing like a hill stream, she talked to him in a breaking voice. She begged him to forgive her if the years brought pain, to remember her always and to know that she loved him—loved him—loved him!

She was brave—yes, she was very brave, or she would not have ridden south—and she was sweet and wholesome, but she abandoned herself that autumn twilight to regret and remorse and grief unspeakable.

And Black Thunder, secure in his faith and his idolatry, bore her, unflinching, to the very gates of the stockade that had seen his travail, into the very citadel of his ancient enemies.

Sydney von Cleaver, sitting in the ranch-house door with the little Conchita on his knee, saw them coming far out on the vast plain, and he rose and set the baby down, while the blood began to race in his veins.

He knew them. Who that had seen that inimitable pair would not know them? His gentle eyes began to shine as they swept in toward him, for Nance, her heart breaking and her face white through tears, straightened her slim shoulders and lifted Black Thunder into his flying run with a touch of her knees that they might go to their end like the thoroughbreds they were, their heads up and their banners flowing.

At the very edge of the yard they stopped so shortly that Black Thunder's sliding hoofs cut long furrows in the beaten sod.

More than anything in Sydney von Cleaver's knowledge of this remarkable pair that steady progress into the abode of man spoke for Black Thunder's love and his confidence.

"Bravo!" he said softly, and limped across to meet them.

THE man looked up and the girl looked down, and the heart of each leaned suddenly toward the other, for Nance saw his speaking eyes with the swift sympathy in them; he saw tragedy on her every feature.

"What is it?" asked this beloved citizen of the world as simply as he would have dried a baby's tears.

"Surrender," said Nance as simply.

She swallowed once and wound desperate fingers in Black Thunder's mane, summoning her courage for the final plunge.

"I've come—" she said. "I've come—"

"Yes?" said Von Cleaver gently, as he had said once before in her extremity.

"I've come to—to sell Black Thunder to you. It's a king's blood I offer you—faithfulness and love—love—such —love—"

Her voice broke, but she controlled it.

"Such love as I solemnly believe does not exist in another horse on earth."

"I know," said Von Cleaver.

"And speed," said Nance, as if she repeated a lesson, "and beauty. Oh, look at him!"

Now Sydney von Cleaver was clever with the unmatched cleverness of a tender, love-tuned heart, and he knew in this first moment that this girl was laying herself on the altar of sacrifice. He knew also that she was no ordinary woman, but a creature beloved of the gods and proud as Lucifer. Therefore he put a mounting eagerness into his low voice.

"No need to look at him," he said. "Haven't I known him for years? Didn't I try to get him six weeks ago? He's the greatest horse in the world and I'll give you gold for him—now, before you change your mind."

And as if he feared she would he hurried into the ranch house and returned with a yellow leather bag.

Nance slid, trembling, to the earth, and while she leaned against Black Thunder's shining side Sydney von Cleaver counted out twenty-five golden double eagles. "There," he said, "it is a fair price for a horse, but a bagatelle for a monarch."

The girl, her knees shaking at sight of so much money, took it over in the leather bag. With great bravery she led Black Thunder by one wisp of mane higher than her head to the staring stockade. Since she went in he entered willingly. When she came out Sydney von Cleaver put a tender hand on her shoulder.

"Why did you do it?" he asked.

"Because my father has no winter clothes," said Nance flatly, and the man's heart ached with understanding.

The Bar Q sent her home next day in state, enthroned on its best buckboard with its crack team and its crack driver, but Nance was conscious only of the heavy yellow bag upon her knees.

"Blood money!" she kept saying dully to herself. "Traitors have betrayed all things for this—love and women and kings."

But that night she poured it into her father's hands, palsied at its weight, and laughed like a lunatic.

"Now, daddy!" she cried hysterically. "Now maybe we won't stir up this old farm next year! Just maybe!"

The thin man looked at her and shook his head.

"You are a great woman, Nance," he said softly. "They make soldiers and statesmen and heroes out of such men —but such women sell their very hearts for love and duty."

THE days dragged by. The blue haze settled heavily all over the Willasanna country.

"There's fire somewhere," said the woman standing in the sod-house door. "I wish your daddy had plowed a break around that stack of hay beyond the field before he went to town."

Nance, going dully about some indoor task, did not reply.

She could not bear the sight of the wide brown plains, empty as death. She had not stirred out of doors for a week save when necessity demanded that she feed the crow-bait stock.

That week had been to her what the slow weeks after death are to those who have loved and lost.

The lightness had gone from her step, the joy from her face. The coming winter appalled her. She could not sleep at night for the picture of Black Thunder waiting, waiting in captivity, which constantly came before her. The world was a blank place, full of cold and bitter winds. She wished she were dead as she dragged about her drawn-out work.

"Nance," said the woman suddenly, "come here."

Her voice held a quality that arrested Nance's hands, checked her step. She went slowly to the door.

"Look!" said the woman, pointing.

Far off to the south something was coming swiftly along the vast brown floor, something small and beautiful and black that shot north like a bolt of speed, something that ran as if it went to its heart's desire.

For one spellbound moment the girl looked with dilated eyes.

"Lord!" she whispered.



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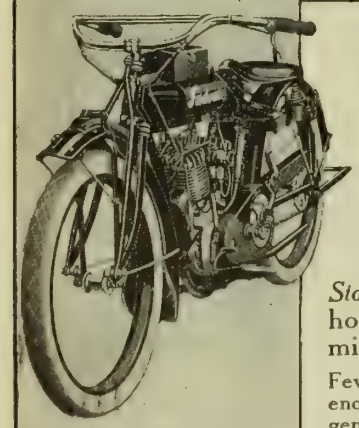
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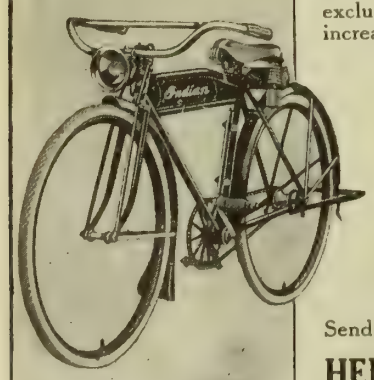
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Then, crouching for a spring, she went out of the sod house like a wind.

With long, flying leaps she went down across the fields. Her arms were spread wide.

Far off Black Thunder saw her and redoubled his effort. He screamed a ringing call that was full of savage joy.

They met with such an impact that Nance fell flat and the great horse all but trampled her. Instead he gathered his deft feet and leaped across her, to whimper and nudge her and rub his mighty neck upon her where she clung to his forelegs in an abandon of rapture.

If Sydney von Cleaver could have witnessed that meeting, it would have been worth another bag of gold to him, who measured this world's wealth in the well-being of his fellows.

He had pictured it when he turned Black Thunder loose and watched him shoot away.

MAGICALLY the world was peopled again. The blue haze was the veil of romance. The brown plains were teeming places.

Nance whistled and sang and tore about the work of the farm.

Trouble bit at her conscience, but she shut her ears upon it.

She knew who should take Black Thunder back to the Bar Q, but she could not. She had not the courage, the moral strength.

She would wait. Let Sydney von Cleaver come after his own.

Every day gained was a day of bliss.

She was out from dawn to dark, almost, flying into the illimitable distances on Black Thunder's back.

She felt like a thief, a degenerate, a renegade.

But she was reckless, spending her gold prodigally because it was fairy gold and would not last—not longer than the Bar Q boys would let it. And then one day she came face to face with Von Cleaver. He had ridden north in the hope of meeting her.

Nance's cheeks flamed scarlet and she hung her head.

"You think I'm a thief!" she cried, holding out an impetuous hand to help her words. Von Cleaver took the hand and held it.

"I think you're a lover," he said, smiling, "and lovers have laws of their own."

"I'm a coward," said Nance, "I knew I should take him back but I could not—not though my daddy is spending your money in the town right now for shoes and flour and all the things that mean success next year—tools and implements!"

"I don't want him back," said the man. "I turned him loose. I want him to be out on the plains. And I am going to send you up four loads of corn to feed him through the winter—if you will do it. In return for that you shall ride him every day—the more the better. With another season's handling Black Thunder will be a gentleman instead of a king." So it was that Nance whirled into the late fall in a whirlwind of happiness. Often she felt that handclasp thrilling in her fingers, was conscious of the smile in Von Cleaver's eyes. . . .

The thin man was full of hope. He hurried and bustled about the place, clad bravely in thick woolens. New implements waited under the sheds for the spring work, the old team fattened on abundant food.

The mother's face had lost its bitterness. And once and again Sydney von Cleaver rode toward the north.

Three times he met Nance and Black Thunder, for they came southward now, and they had taken on one of those days a long, enchanted ride together.

Something in this wild girl's slim beauty was stirring him more profoundly than he had ever expected to be stirred again in this life.

The light in her gray eyes portended depths and reaches of her nature that he longed to explore; the sweetness of her lips was a new snare to him.

"They are alike," he mused, "the vital horse and the vital girl. They are both touched with the divine fire of loyalty and courage. That accounts for the passionate love between them that has tamed Black Thunder. I should like to see them under fire, to witness their proving."

And it was written that he should do so before the first snow came.

The year had been powder dry. There had been no rain since August. The grass was thick and heavy—great grass, it had been, that fattened the cattle early. The far-scattered ranches had wide fire breaks plowed around their stacks and buildings. Somewhere there were prairie fires, as the blue haze showed.

On a soft blue day Von Cleaver sat on his horse at the field's edge and talked to Nance, who was plowing with one of the old nags and a light plow, turning shallow furrows about a goodly stack of wild hay.

"I'm riding into the hills' skirts today," he said, "to satisfy myself about a yearling that we left at the round-up with a sprained leg. It's on my conscience."

"You're like a woman," said Nance, smiling at him shyly with a pretty crinkling of her eyes; "you're too good to be true."

The man laughed delightedly and leaning over touched her sunburnt hair with caressing fingers.

Quick as a flash the girl caught his wrist and held it for a moment. Then she dropped her impetuous hands, blushing.

Long Von Cleaver sat looking down at her and no other living woman had ever seen the expression that came to his gentle eyes. A dead woman had seen it years before.

When he rode away he turned once and glanced back at her, a slim straight creature, walking in the fresh-turned earth, handling the lines and the plow handles as deftly as other women handled the keys of a piano.

He went out across the amphitheatre toward the north and east, and Nance watched him between her lashes.

ALL day his image stayed with her. All day she felt the soft weight of his hand on her hair. Her heart was warm and aflush with something she had never felt before, something that made her humble and quiet, that lifted her eyes timorously to the great skies bending above.

She helped her mother with the midday meal and discussed seriously with her daddy the advisability of breaking more land. She sang and whistled as she deftly patched a broken bridle of the ancient harness.

Off to the north, Black Thunder had been contentedly grazing all the morning, but she had held herself to the day's work this time.

It was three of the clock when she came out of the shed and stopped appalled. "Glory be!" she cried in consternation.

The whole dome of the heavens toward the northeast was black as night. "Storm coming!" her mother cried from the sod-house door.

"Fire!" said Nance, "where's daddy?"

"He's down at the stacks behind the spur."

Swiftly the girl took in the holding, the broken fields, the distance of the stacks and sheds from the dry plains, for she saw at once that this was no common little fire but a mighty rolling sea of destruction that would come sweeping down along the land like the end of the world.

She went a little pale beneath her tan and running out across a field whistled her call to Black Thunder.

The stallion raised his head, answered, and dropping his loins in his familiar leap, came sailing to her. For the first time she stood and called him and he came—came, hesitating and snorting at the feel of alien turf under his feet, but he came for the first time into the safe shelter of the cultivated land.

At that moment Nance thought of Von Cleaver—Von Cleaver who had ridden to the north and east!

Once again the world went round with horror. She looked at the vast black curtain billowing up toward the zenith with its golden fringe of flame that seemed to hang and sweep along the hills, and all her heart flowed out of her. She swept a hand across her eyes, bewildered.

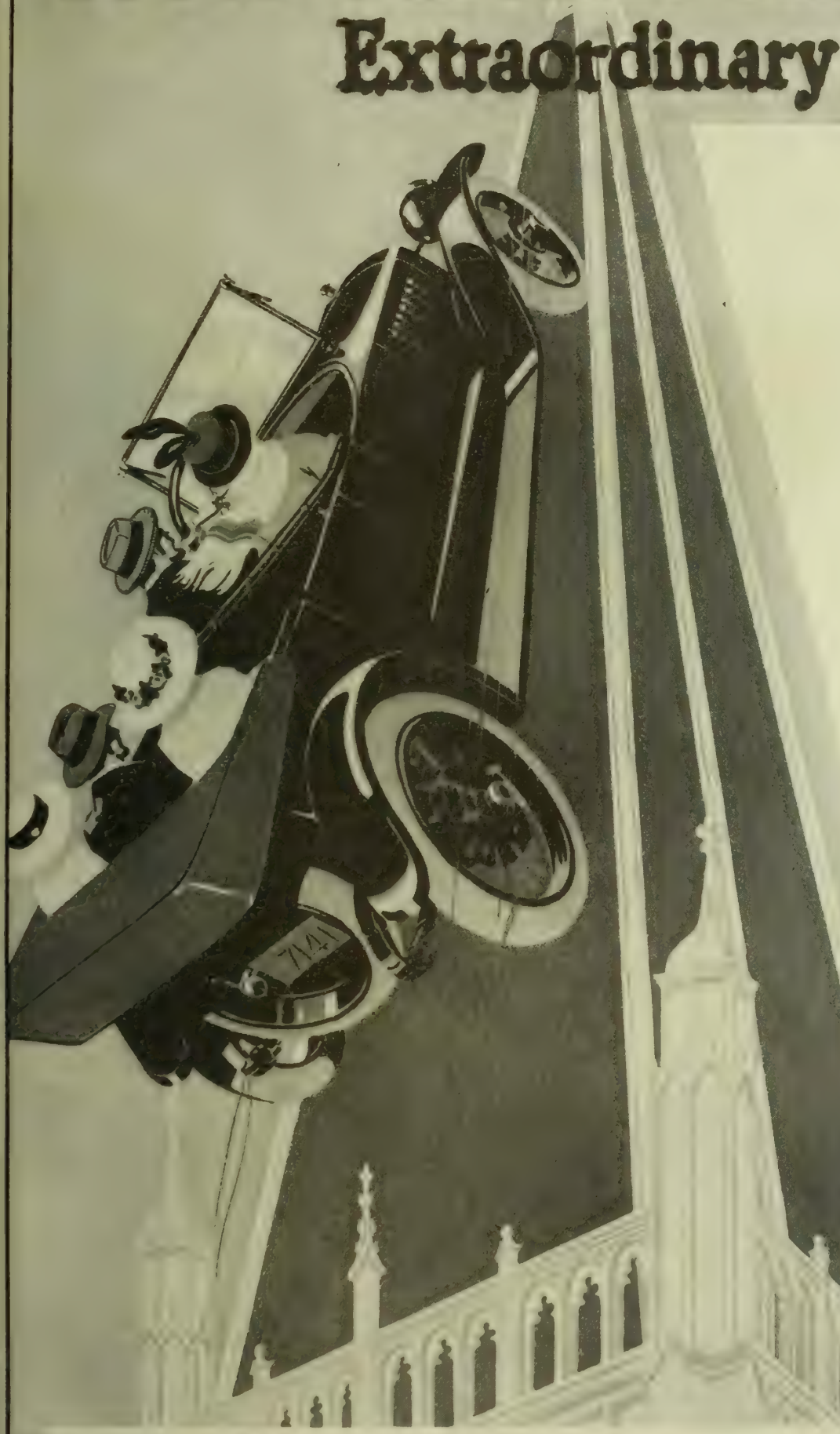
Somewhere in that dark world was the man with the tender lips and the soft, dark eyes. It seemed as if she must lose her sight and her power to move. "Lord! Lord!" she prayed. "Not that! Not that!"

Black Thunder at her elbow nudged her softly. As if he spoke from his own strong heart to hers that touch went through her, straightening her out, setting her to action.

WITHOUT a word to the woman watching the awful pageant of smoke, she swung herself to his shining back, flung out a hand in challenge and they swept out from the sheltering fields.

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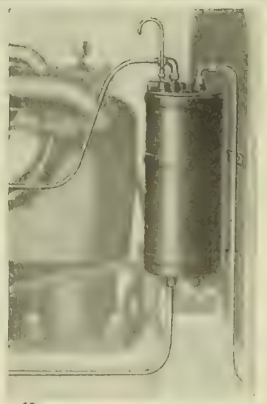
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Oats Differ Like Apples

Some Are Luscious—Some Not

That's a point to remember.

Not all the orchard's apples were like those in your fruit dish.

Not all oats are like Quaker Oats.

Some oats are richly-flavored. They are full-grown, ripened, plump. They crush into large, delicious flakes.

Some are puny, starved grains.

Mix them, and the flavor is diluted. The lusciousness is lost.

That's why, for Quaker Oats, we pick out the queen grains. And those only. A bushel of the choicest oats yield but ten pounds of Quaker.

Quaker Oats

The Exquisite Vim-Food

That flavor is essential in an oat food. Without that, young folks will neglect it.

It is flavor that wins folks to oats. It is flavor that keeps them oat lovers.

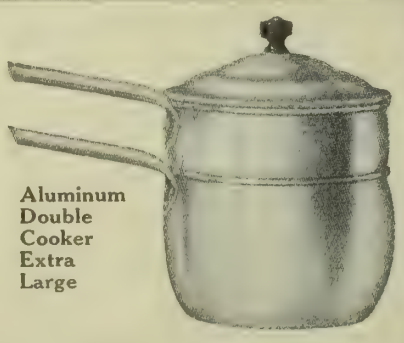
All the benefits of oats—all their spirit-giving powers—depend on making the oat dish delightful.

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10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South

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Aluminum Double Cooker Extra Large

We Supply It

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It is made to cook Quaker Oats perfectly, without any loss of flavor. For that reason, we have supplied the Quaker Cooker to 700,000 homes. It will help you make this dish delightful.

Send us our trademark the picture of the Quaker—cut from the front of five Quaker Oats packages. Send one dollar with the trademarks and this ideal cooker will be sent by parcel post.

The Quaker Oats Company
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(1192)

lay between the farm on the western hills' skirts and that dusked region to the northeast, but they fled out and down along the basin as if the miles were naught.

They were nothing to Black Thunder—Black Thunder the King.

His swift feet spurned the earth; the winds, already warm with the coming cataclysm of fire, purred about him.

And he went straight as a bolt toward death and destruction because his deity leaned along his neck and pointed with a tragic hand that way.

All his great life he had joyed in the speed that lived in his powerful limbs. It was his one splendid possession, the thing that gave him his supremacy. It had always responded to his need or his desire. And it had never reached its limit. Never had Black Thunder run so fast that he could not have run a little faster. Now he lay down to earth and ran in joy because his deity called and he had speed to give.

WITH eyes dilated and searching the mighty rolling fringes of the curtain Nance leaned on his mane, and all Black Thunder's marvelous running seemed slow to her. Somewhere in that awful, mysterious country at the hills' feet Sydney von Cleaver must be.

The wind was light but it came down from the Willasannas, fanning the fire that roared along their edges.

It was a strange fire that had come running up along the parent ridge far away to the east and circled the outflung Willasannas that it might sweep south in unobstructed freedom. Nance shuddered as she thought of that. As she neared the roaring curtain she saw still far to the east a bay horse go shooting out of the smoke to tear away southward. It bore a saddle, for the stirrups flew high with its frenzied leaps, but it was riderless.

The girl closed her open lips, shut her hands tight in Black Thunder's mane and leaned along his outstretched neck. "Run, run, run!" she whispered in his laid-back ear. "Run, run!"

Run?

The Willasanna Range had never, never seen such running. The great king ran as only a great king could.

His body lay out in a level line—nose, neck, shoulder, back, and tail that clung in a thread with the pressure of the wind flowing off his hips.

His fleet limbs were but a blur beneath him.

The thunder of his going rang above the roar of the burning grass.

They ran to the east, parallel with the waving sheet of flame that stabbed the dun-black canopy.

Nearer and nearer came the fire's hot breath. Hope and chance seemed trembling to their fall as the great thing began to spread majestically out upon the plains.

Nance's face was white as milk in the ebon spray of Black Thunder's mane.

Where was the man who had ridden the big bay horse—the man with the gentle eyes who limped a little? It seemed to her as if there was nothing in all the vast, good world to compare with him, neither herself nor her beloved daddy, nor Black Thunder the King.

She looked back once and her heart grew a bit smaller within her.

The running circle of fire and smoke was heading far out toward that tiny brown patch of safety so far to the west now.

But she would not turn back. She could not.

And then Black Thunder leaped high under her in his headlong flight and a small dark blur went by beneath.

They were far beyond before Nance could stop the bolt of speed that the stallion seemed, and when she came back Sydney von Cleaver looked up at her with a wonderful smile.

"Why did you come?" he cried above the voice of the fire.

"Because I must," said Nance.

SHE was down beside him with the breathless words, her arms about his body, her blown hair sweeping his face. She did not ask if he was hurt. She wasted neither time nor breath. She drew Black Thunder near with a hand on his muzzle.

"Can you come up?" she asked.

Von Cleaver shook his head.

"Horses and the Willasanna plains," he said whimsically, "have done for me. Another broken leg."

So Nance shut her teeth and tried to lift him bodily.

"Stop!" commanded the man. "Get on that horse and go back! Go! There is yet time for one. He could never make it with two if I could mount.

"But remember," he flung a passionate arm about her, "remember that I have seen my heart's desire—a woman with the heart of a god! I'd give"—he pressed his transfigured face hard against her shoulder—"I'd give all the gold of this world for you, Nance—just to live and love you!"

"Hush!" cried Nance, and for the first time there was a quiver in her voice. "Hush—or I'll strike you! Help me—Lord God!—now give me your hands and every ounce of your strength! Come!"

She was on Black Thunder's back as she spoke and she reached down for the man's hands.

But he laid himself down upon the plain. "I will not," he said.

Nance raised her face and looked helplessly around at the awesome world of flame. "Then," she said distinctly, "I'll stay with you."

There was an odd note of finality in her words and Von Cleaver knew that as surely as she had tamed Black Thunder so surely would she keep them.

He struggled up on his knee and held up his hands without a word.

With a heave and a strain he went up behind her—for the second time in his life he topped the grandest horse he had ever known.

A thrill went through him from crown to toe.

"Glory!" he cried with his arms around the girl, "if we win, we win like warriors! If we die, we die on the crest of life's top wave! Let's go!"

And Black Thunder, carrying a double burden, facing such odds that it seemed he could not win, dropped his weighted loins and shot forward.

Long and low and level he laid him down to the earth and began to run. As he had come in he was doing his best. Now as he went out he began to call on a little better than his best.

He felt the unwonted weight, but it held him steadier. He was conscious of an alien presence, but his deity still lay along his neck.

The sky was black above. The earth was alight beneath.

Far out ahead the enemy circled as if to cut him off from that brown spot of safety. Another horse than Black Thunder would have recognized the odds.

He did not.

His great heart beat like an anvil in its strength. The breath flared in his splendid lungs. His eyes were shining jewels in the twilight of his face.

FASTER, faster, faster he went. Up, up, up came his speed. He spurned the brown carpet under him. His great, muscled legs were pistons that shot him forward unfalteringly.

He was running faster than he had ever run before. He was calling up his reserves. Up, up, up went that marvelous flight. The wind whistled sharp as a wire.

"God!" cried Von Cleaver, unable to bear the strain.

But Nance, her eyes matching Black Thunder's for glory, fluttered an adoring hand upon his satin neck and said not a word.

The plain flew by. Nearer came the brown fields, picked out minutely in the oncoming light. At their edge the woman knelt with her work—hardened hands clasped, swaying in awful prayer. The thin man, his hand on her shoulder, stood erect as a lance, watching that wondrous race and his eager eyes were deep with the fire that flared in that matchless pair, the girl and the horse.

They were gaining. The great flood of flame roared and circled south. The wind had risen and was whooping it on.

Nearer came Black Thunder. They could hear the long roll of his drumming feet.

He looked like a lance, a bolt, a meteor.

A half mile—a quarter—a rod!

With the roar of wind in cañons he shot in across the line and went far afield, slowing.

When the man and woman reached them, Sydney von Cleaver lay among the sods laughing and there were tears on his white cheeks.

Black Thunder stood heaving with his great head lifted.

Against his shoulder Nance stood weeping. Her arms were about his neck and she was crying over and over again, like a child in grief: "The king! The king! The great king! Oh, Black Thunder—Black Thunder the King!"

Ever Watch a Super-Smoker Prepare to Smoke His Pipe?

Coming back from a vacation in the Thousand Islands we were sitting in the smoking-room of our car, when a couple of men came in and took pipes out of their pockets. "Watch those fellows now," whispered my friend.

Well, they first saw to it that the bowls of their pipes were clean and clear. Then they laid their pipes aside and took out their tobacco pouches. From these pouches they took oblong slices of tobacco, laid these slices in their hands and began to rub them up into small bits.

They sat there and talked to each other and rubbed and pinched and massaged that tobacco, making it ready for the pipe. They squeezed it with thumb and forefinger, they held it in the palm of the left hand and punished it with the heel of the right. They rolled it into a little ball and then pulled the ball apart with their fingers and commenced all over again.

After they had reduced the tobacco to small bits, they shaped it deftly, with a rolling motion of their palms, into little conical plugs and slipped them into the bowls of their pipes.



Even the manner of lighting the pipes received special attention. They passed the flame of the match back and forth over the tobacco, lighting it evenly; spreading the fire over every part of the tobacco surface.

And then they leaned back, and with the air of men who had completed a task with honor, they proceeded to give themselves over to the pleasure and solace of their pipes.

The flavor of a pipe tobacco comes from what is known as its "order." Tobacco in a plug form keeps its order better than any other kind. It retains its own moisture, and does not alternately dry out and moisten up, as atmospheric conditions change.

If you have never smoked a sliced plug tobacco—as thousands of pipe-smokers never have—a trial of it might shed a great light on the reason why in New England and Maritime Canada, where pipe-smoking is probably more popular than anywhere else in the world, sliced plug tobaccos have their greatest favor.

The original Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco was a Plug Slice, and to this day there is no tobacco put up in any great degree similar to it. The tobacco is pressed into a compact square plug and then sliced into regular oblong slices by keen, thin blades. Although it separates readily, to all appearances it much resembles a solid cake.

More recently Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed has been offered smokers. It is the same as Edgeworth Plug Slice but is already rubbed-up for the pipe by special machines which the manufacturers control.

A free sample of Edgeworth tobacco in both forms will be mailed you on request. Just write your name and the name of your tobacco dealer on a postcard, mail it to Larus & Bro. Co. and they will postpay a generous supply by return mail.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c for pocket-size tin, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

If you will accept the proffer of the free sample, write to Larus & Brother Co., 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

Meant for Fun

WHAT KIND OF A CAR WAS IT?

DURING automobile show week in New York we emerged one afternoon from a large hotel. The hotel was crowded and there was a little crowd outside upon the sidewalk, eager to get into the taxicabs which kept driving up in swift succession at the call of the hotel footman. The first taxi in the line when our turn came was a small limousine of a celebrated inexpensive make. The chauffeur of this vehicle seemed to have some trouble in starting it instantly when the footman signaled him to drive up to the door. There was a wait of perhaps thirty seconds. The footman was impatient. He looked irritably at the chauffeur, beckoned imperiously and called in a contemptuous tone: "Come on with that peace ship!"—J. S.

OPEN FOR OFFERS

Aged Three has a sister aged eight weeks, and is rather proud of her. A neighbor jokingly offered him a hen and half a dozen beautiful, big, white eggs for the baby.

He said: "No."

"Suppose I give you the hen and the eggs and my dear little cat, that never scratches or spits."

Aged Three contemplated his boots a moment. "Well," he said presently, looking the trader in the eye; "lemme see your little cat."—W. H.

A TRUE PROGRESSIVE

Bill Saunders was the livest wire in town and also, to change the metaphor, a diamond in the rough.

When one of his townsmen took him to New York on an important business trip and dined with him in a fashionable restaurant Bill's unconventional use of his knife attracted rather too much attention.

"I say, Bill," drawled his host as the situation became embarrassing, "I notice that the folks down here are eating with forks."

Bill made an exhaustive survey of the brilliant dining room.

"So they are!" he ejaculated. "By the great horn spoon, Jim, we'll take that back to S——!" —A. L.

Bronze Shoes

Continued from page 19

When they had gone a block beyond La Caisse d'Economie she remembered and stopped. Stout shoes! Certainly she did not want him to see her feet in the impending square-toed ugliness, and, moreover, she knew that it would be immodest to go shopping with any man save one's relative or husband. She turned back.

"I must leave you, m'sieu. There is an errand to be done for—for my mother."

He seemed to protest, looked hastily at his watch, and thought better of it. But it really appeared that he did not want to leave her.

"May I see you to-night?"

"In the salon, if madame, my mother, permits," she answered. And then an incomprehensible thing happened, for she added, without conscious volition: "I shall return along the Rue St. Jean about four o'clock."

SHE hurried away with burning cheeks. What had made her say that? It would take no more than half an hour to buy the shoes, and there would be work to keep her indoors for the remainder of the day. And such boldness! She felt scorched by her shame.

Then she was at the bank, passing in her book to monsieur the clerk, who knew her well.

"Bon jour, Mam'selle Lesgard!" he bowed. "You wish to take out some money?"

"All of it, if you please, m'sieu," she answered.

There was a ringing in her ears. All of the $57.84 that was in her savings account! The same fiend that had prompted her to make that shameless appointment with M'sieu Bill Robinson had put this demand into her mouth. For a moment she was sure she had intended to ask only for $4 with which to buy those shoes. But as a little pile of bank notes, with silver and coppers on top, was pushed under the wicket she realized that ever since the moment when her eyes drank in the beauties of the little bronze shoes she



How Dad Broke Up the Corner Gang

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In homes that have the "Baby Grand," the parents write us it's **solved** the boy problem.

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As Spring approaches it is pleasant to remember that the side panels of the Closed Car can quickly be removed.

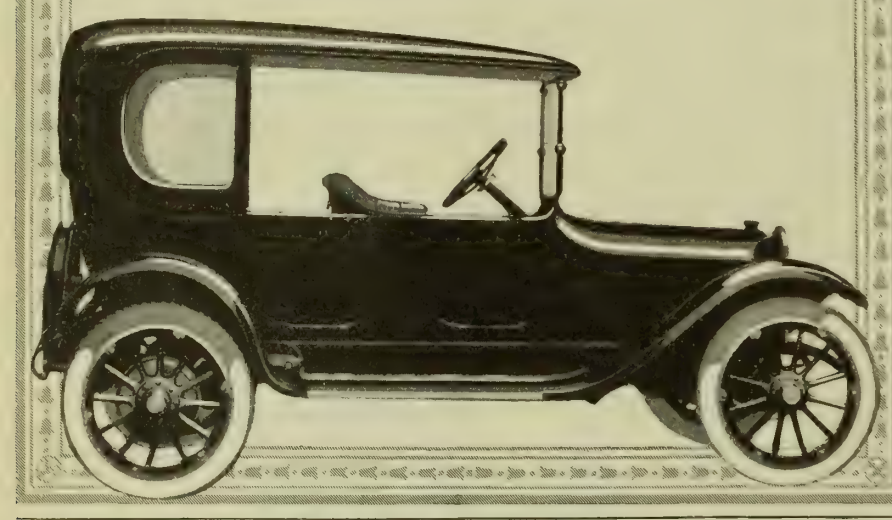
It is not necessary to take down the Closed Car top during the uncertain Spring months. If a warm spell comes suddenly, free passage for fresh air is furnished by removing the panels.

The tire mileage is unusually high

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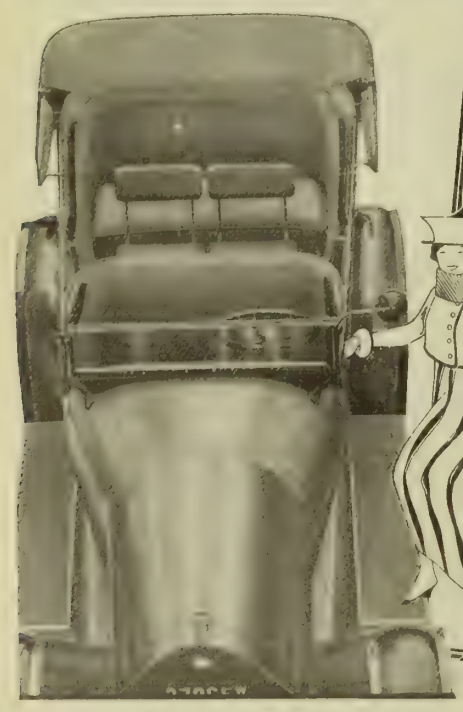
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World's Largest Exclusive Seat Cover Mfgrs.

had determined to possess them. But why the whole great sum of her savings?

As Angèle stepped out into the sparkling world of snow and sunlight she knew, hopelessly, joyously, fearfully, that from the moment of the bronze shoes she had been building up, in the back of her mind, a whole costume from them. There was a brown velvet suit trimmed with fur in the window of a shop on the Rue de la Fabrique. And she knew exactly the brown hat to match it. Gloves. Even a brown leather purse, although empty. She would be like the ladies who went in and out of the great Château Frontenac. And M'sieu Robinson—

It was not in vain that there was mixed in the veins of Angèle Lesgard the blood of those who made bons mots on the scaffold, under the Terror. Having decided that her world of obedient goodness had crashed to bits, she determined to make thorough her iniquity. She would accomplish it to the uttermost, even to the villainy of the leather purse. She knew now why she had said she would return along the Rue St. Jean at four o'clock. It would take until then to array herself.

So it was done. At a quarter to four Angèle looked into a long mirror, in the shop of her last purchase. She was no longer Angèle Lesgard, daughter of Mme. Hortense Lesgard, who kept a pension in the Rue St. Stanislas. She was a person of much consequence, as was evidenced by the bending nearly double of the clerk who opened the door that she might pass out. She saw, without looking—as women do—that the heads of men turned to gaze at her. Never had they looked twice at the thick woolen coat and cap that she had ordered sent home.

M'SIEU ROBINSON was standing at the corner of the Rue St. Jean and the Rue St. Stanislas, now wrapped in a sensible greatcoat. It was just beginning to grow dusk, but she could read all the thoughts that chased themselves across his face. At first he noted merely that a beautiful new dress and hat, animated by a girl, were before him. Then he saw that the girl was Angèle Lesgard. And then he was filled with a great astonishment, just as she had hoped, that this Angèle Lesgard could be so beautiful after having been so ugly. At least that was what she thought he thought.

"You are the most beautiful girl I ever saw."

The heart of Angèle leaped and leaped again. They said these Americans were, like the English, cold-blooded. No Frenchman would have dared so much so soon. She tried to look displeased.

"Monsieur amuses himself by joking with me!"

"I never was more in earnest in my life!" He looked it, as she peered up into his face. His steps dragged along the Rue St. Stanislas. "I wish I dared. You don't know anything about me. If—"

Why did he stop? Angèle feared to look at her own thoughts. She was poised on the crest of the last wave of her terrible rebellion. A few yards more and this wonderful moment would end. The dragon, her mother, awaited within. Lightnings of wrath would flash, and the foundation stones of the pension Lesgard would tremble.

In silence they reached the house. M'sieu Bill Robinson opened the outer and the inner doors, and they stood in the tiny reception hall, as yet unlighted. There was a sob struggling in the throat of Angèle. What a fool she was! How right her mother had been about Americans and stout clothes! The end of the world was at hand.

"Angèle, I love you! I had to tell you now, or perhaps never! I want you for my wife!"

Suddenly the big hands of the American were upon her shoulders, crushing them delightfully. He was waiting for her to answer. She was stunned; and yet she liked this avalanche of wooing. It must be that he meant it, for God could not be so unkind as to have it otherwise. "Je vous aime!" she murmured, and he understood.

There was a second, or a year, when she was held up clear of the floor in mighty arms. All doubts and misgivings went out of her mind.

THIS heaven dissolved in a flood of light. Mme. Hortense Lesgard stood with her fingers still upon the electric switch. "Mon Dieu Seigneur!" she cried. "Quelle catastrophe!"

For the first time within the memory of Angèle her mother lacked for words. So it was William Robinson who spoke first, holding tightly to a little brown glove and mightily endeavoring to make his plea well and simply.

"Mrs. Lesgard, I love Angèle! I want to marry her! I guess I'm what they call a soldier of fortune in the States, but I'll promise to settle down just as quick as possible. I've got a ranch in the Argentine and a concession in Guatemala; so you and Angèle won't have to worry whatever happens!"

Angèle knew that her mother caught the plain meaning of his words. But to the girl, with her better knowledge of English, there was portent of evil in them. Suddenly she saw that he wore a flat cap, of a dull, light brown; and that his greatcoat was the belted gray-black of a uniform.

"Scélérat d'Américain!" Madame Lesgard was saying. "Never should I have let you come into this house!"

With an inarticulate cry Angèle pointed at the clothes of William Robinson. His face grew grave: her mother paused in the framing of another sentence. He flung off his coat and stood revealed in the khaki and shining leather puttees of an officer in the Canadian army.

"I'm going to fight for France," he announced slowly. Like all Americans, he made difficulty in saying the things that he felt deeply. "I held back from the beginning of the war, but I couldn't do it any longer. But after the war I will come back for Angèle. I had to speak to her to-night, for I'd just got into a regiment that sails to-morrow."

The face of Mme. Hortense Lesgard was swept by a new emotion. She swallowed the words that had been ready for utterance. Her features softened until the lines of care and worry were dimmed. Her keen eyes probed into those of M'sieu Bill Robinson and seemed satisfied with what they saw.

"France!" The word was a caress. "Monsieur, pardon an old woman who loves her little foolish daughter! A man who goes to fight for the country of my people is no longer a stranger!"

Pride and fear and joy lessened somewhat for Angèle the miracle of her mother's change. Already she was praying in her heart that the trenches would give back this man. Unconsciously she gripped his hand in both of hers. He read her thoughts.

"I will come back!" he whispered, and somehow his belief reassured her.

Mme. Lesgard opened the door into the dining room. "There is a morsel of bagatelle waiting for my little one," she said. "But first take off those utterly imbecile brown shoes. They are wet through and of no stoutness whatever!"

Franklin K. Lane

Continued from page 13

however, woke up; Lane managed to get him enthusiastic. He found a wrench, and together he and Lane went from hydrant to hydrant, turning on the cocks. The first five or six gave only a faint spurt and ceased to flow. Then, and just when the fireman was getting ready to go on strike, they turned a cock no more promising than the others, and out spurted a full head of water. No one knows to this day where that water came from, but it was there! They shut off the stream. "It will take three engines to pump it to that blaze," said the fireman. He, Lane, and Anderson scattered in opposite directions looking for engines. When, twenty minutes later, Lane returned with an engine and company two others had already arrived. But they had not yet coupled the hose up. The companies were quarreling as to which, under the rules of the department, should have the position of honor close to the hydrant! Lane settled that question of etiquette with speed and force. They got a stream on the incipient fire, and the water held out. The other side of Van Ness Avenue gradually burned out and settled down into red coals. The Western Addition was saved, and the San Francisco disaster was over.

Nobody's "Man"

WITH this dramatic climax Lane ended one period of his life. It was Washington now. I will not go so far as to hold him responsible for all that the revived Interstate Commerce Com-





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As to durability: They are made from the same standard waterproofing and fire-proofing materials that have earned fame for our Paroid Roofing. Hundreds of *single-layer* Paroid roofs laid 18 years ago (when it was introduced) are still in perfect condition. *Several layers* of these same materials are what you get in a Neponset Twin Shingle roof. They are thoroughly saturated with asphalt everlasting, and the best waterproofing known to man.

Perhaps you will be most interested in *what they won't do*. They won't curl, split, chip, dry-out, rot, swell nor shrink. Their soft gray, red and green are adorning houses all over the land, and where one Neponset roof appears others soon follow, because they are so attractive.

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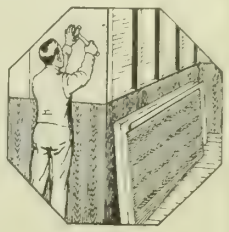
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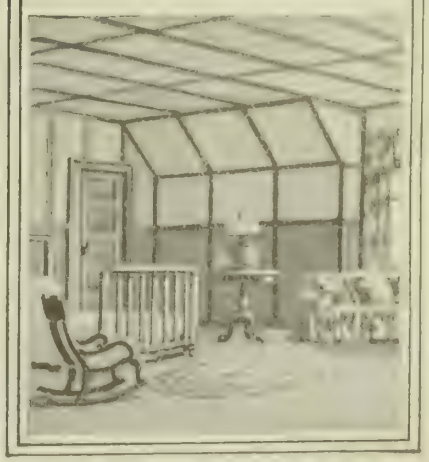
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S. B. Cough Drops are far better than medicine—take one o' bedtime to loosen the phlegm.

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ONE NICKEL

mission accomplished. There were other able men on that board. But he did discover to the Government an unlimited capacity for work and for mastery and digestion of detail. I cite only one thing: the freight schedule of the commission. Lane drew up that schedule. Before his time it had been considered a thing almost impossible. Had a Government statistician done it, he might have let his reputation and his career rest on that one performance. This, too, was noted: Lane's decisions usually held. They stood the test of the higher courts. He came to Washington preceded by a double set of rumors. Some one had spread the report among muckrakers and reformers that he had made his peace with the Southern Pacific and had got his appointment by railroad influence. On the other hand, the railroads were sure that he was an "anarchist." Railroad influence among our elected representatives nearly robbed him of the appointment. Washington understood before long that he was nobody's man; just one who did his job justly and mighty well. As always, he grew popular. He likes the society of his kind; with his trick of conversation, his genuine friendliness, and his quiet Scotch wit, he is your ideal dinner guest. Then, too, there is Mrs. Lane, another story and one equally pleasant in the telling. Here and there, as time went on, a Lane presidential boom boomed for a day and died out in laughter when the awful secret of his birth stood revealed.

Then his own party came into power. A month before Wilson's inauguration a Washington correspondent met him on Sixteenth Street and stopped to talk politics. "Wilson appears to be a fine fellow," said Lane; "I hope I get a chance to meet him and to know him." The chance came, speedily and unexpectedly. Four days before the inauguration President Wilson invited him to become Secretary of the Interior.

Lane's Monument

So far as anyone could then perceive, this was the most important practical department in the new government; for no one dreamed that the year 1914 was to see the world transformed. The Interior Department, which is a catch-all for land administration, conservation, Indian affairs, patents, pensions, mines, Alaska, and what not, comes closest of all Federal departments to the people. Moreover, the somewhat dramatic events of the Taft Administration had given it a new importance. Our natural resources, we had found, were getting out of our hands. That socialization of resources which is fast coming in Europe must come in the United States also if we are to hold the pace. And the disposal of our resources lay mostly in the power of this department. Yet when Wilson, rather unexpectedly, gave the portfolio to Lane, the wiseacres of Washington said: "Well, *that's* going to be well taken care of; we shan't have to worry about the Interior Department."

If it had not been for the war—a stock phrase nowadays—I suppose that we, the public, should have heard a great deal more about Lane and his job. That is another curiosity of his luck. And, indeed, the war has been a practical handicap to him and to his department. When he took up the work the first battle was nearly won: our remaining natural resources were largely withdrawn into Government control. Lane's task was more one of development; of getting them properly used. Much of this work must be done through Congress. The war arrived toward the end of the session, and Congress, busy with the tangled problems of neutrality, had little time to spare.

There was, for example, the matter of water-power sites. Previous administrations had got most of the unoccupied sites withdrawn, which was important. Water power means perpetual electric power. Coal must give out some day. Then, unless invention finds meanwhile another means of utilizing the good old sun, we shall be down to water. The sites are withdrawn to the end that no monopolist, two generations from now, may own the heart of our industry. The next step is to get them used. This cannot be done extensively, as things stand, because capital requires security. The Administration bill authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to lease these sites for fifty-year terms, under guarantees which will retain the final ownership for the people, had to take its chances with the press-

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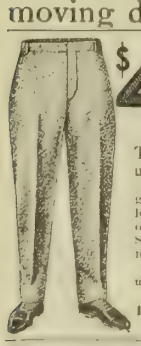
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ing measures of a war session. It had, too, opposition from those who gave an antique interpretation to State rights and those whose personal interests ran contrary to the measure. It passed the House, but it stuck in the Senate. It will come up again, and this time it must fight its way through the busiest session of Congress we shall have known since the Civil War. The same will happen with certain bills regarding Alaska, which is just now very much the province of this department. Previous administrations stopped the loot of Alaska. It is for Lane to develop Alaska. He is building in the Territory the first government-owned railroad in our history; that experiment will be studied narrowly in the day when the Republic considers taking over all our common carriers. The Alaskan Railroad may be Lane's monument.

A Fine, Large Job

IN an institution like the Interior Department, which has many branches and embraces many diverse activities, the administrative head has two courses open. He may leave it all to the heads of his departments, making only an occasional decision, or he may buckle down to learn and supervise details. The latter is the harder course; inevitably it was the one Lane chose. The problem of his family and his secretaries is not to keep him at work, but to keep him from work. He tends to push the engine too hard. He has gone into details with every bureau of the department. Ask him about Indians, conservation, Alaska, mines, pensions, patents, and he returns you the accurate and comprehensible answers as though he had been all his life an expert on Indians, conservation, and all the rest. "When any news comes up in the Interior Department," said a Washington correspondent, "I see the Secretary if I can. He seems always to know as much about the question as the subordinate in charge, and he has the art of telling about it. There's Alaska, for example. I suppose he understands Alaskan affairs more thoroughly and comprehensively than three-quarters of the officials who have been on the ground for years."

The wiseacres of Washington guessed right. The Interior Department has been going ahead, doing one of the biggest jobs in its history, and in this time of stress and distress, of new national problems forced on us from the outside, the President and Congress need waste no time with its troubles. They are too well handled. There sits Lane, ineligible for higher honors—even in this crisis for promotion to Secretary of State—and quietly performs a fine, large job. It is a pity that I cannot boom Lane for the presidency; he would make such a candidate. It occurred to me years ago that this was the answer to his character: he is what the insincere politician pretends or aspires to be. The insincere politician, to begin with, assumes that he sweats merely for service; that he is only looking to do a job for the people. Now this, I think, is really true of Lane. In all his wind-blown career he has been passing by chances to make money and to gain honors because his absorbing interest is government along the lines of his belief. Every time he has been offered a position he has had to face the question: "How can I manage to live on that salary?" He says that he would like to have money; but I have never heard him so scornful as when he mentions those who make money, or "what money will buy" the end and aim of their careers.

Orator, Poet, Moralist

AGAIN, the politician assumes at least to be the friend of the people, to love all mankind. Hence the "Well, well, my boy!" and the clinging handshake, so fatuous when badly done, so convincing when the insincere politician has histrionic powers. Now Lane really does love this, his world. He has a genuine, friendly interest in every life which creeps and crawls on the planet, from that of his brindle bulldog to that of his exalted chief. The sympathetic heart is the mother of tact; because he has that kind of heart his tact is genuine, not forced. Finally, the average politician is impressed with the fact that he can do the job—any job in the gift of the people. Now, what with his big understanding, his trick of controlling men, his talent for mastering details and running the thread of understanding through the tangled web, Lane seems big enough for any position

57

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have that rich, nutty flavor found only in genuine oven-baked beans, while selected pork and delicious tomato sauce give them the real home-baked quality.



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Gherkins and mixed pickles preserved in Heinz fine old malt vinegar with granulated sugar and spices—the perfection of pickle zest and flavor.



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Real cream, fresh, sweet and pure, gives quality to Heinz Cream Soups. Every taste reveals the quality. No meat stock is used. The finest spices grown add flavor. But the real secret of their good taste is the Heinz method of preparation.

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A rich puree of fresh, ripe tomatoes produces Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup.

CREAM OF PEA SOUP

From fresh green peas, selected and picked over, comes Heinz Cream of Pea Soup.

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Crisp, white, full-flavored celery is the basis of Heinz Cream of Celery Soup.



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Made from fresh tomatoes ripened on the vines, and filled hot from kettles directly into the bottles. Its flavor is simply perfect.



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Thoroughly permeated with the appetizing Dill flower taste and agreeably spiced and seasoned.

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A Heinz Tomato Farm

THE FRANKLIN CAR

Simplicity and Results versus *an Eyefull of Motor Mechanism*

JOHN TIMBS, the historian of American invention, says that the history of every mechanical development has been from crude directness at the start to extreme and burdensome complexity—then to a *finished simplicity* that makes the complex stage seem absurd.

* * *

Fulton's Steamboat had a single cast-iron cylinder and one piston.

Marine driving power was at the stage of enormous quadruple expansion engines when Parsons invented the Steam Turbine in 1884.

In Belfast, Ireland, in 1897, was invented a new type of *turbine fan for moving air.*

This application of the *turbine principle to the rotary fan*, moving vastly larger bodies of air than was ever before possible, has in less than a generation set many lines of invention forward fifty years and has all but *revolutionized* certain well-known industries.

It is this principle that is behind the *Franklin System of Direct-Air-Cooling —the biggest step ever taken in the simplification of the Motor Car.*

* * *

Think of it! Here is an engine with *no water* to carry, none of the annoyances that go with water—freed of the 177 parts of the complicated water-cooling system.

If you want a clear idea of just what it means to get rid of these 177 water-cooling parts, step into a repair shop. Look at the honey-comb radiator, with its 5000 cells, its pipes, pump, connections—a complex system of small-bore water passages, inviting trouble from leaks, from mud and sediment, from freezing and boiling.

* * *

Look at the Franklin Engine! The *only moving part* in the Direct-Air-Cooling System is the air-suction fan, and *that fan is itself part of the fly wheel.*

Nothing to get loose, nothing to break down, nothing to oil, nothing to adjust, nothing to replace.

Franklin Direct-Air-Cooling Gets Rid of these 177 Water-Cooling Parts

1 Radiator.
2 Steel washers for fan bearing.
2 Felt washers for fan bearing.
1 Retainer for felt washer for fan bearing
1 Adjusting nut for fan bearing.
1 Check nut for fan bearing adjusting nut.
1 Lock washer for fan bearing adjusting nut.
1 Bracket for fan on engine frame.
1 Nut for fan shaft.
1 Washer for fan shaft.
1 Lock nut for fan shaft.
2 Nuts to attach fan bracket to engine frame.
2 Lock washers for fan bracket nuts.
1 Fan driving sheave and starting ratchet, lower.
1 Fan belt.
1 Grease cup for fan.
2 Bearings, complete, for fan shaft, (each end).
1 Filler cap for radiator.
1 Gasket for radiator filler cap.
1 Strainer for radiator filler.
1 Drain cock, complete, for radiator outlet.
1 Body for radiator outlet drain cock.
1 Sleeve for radiator outlet drain cock.
1 Gasket for radiator outlet drain cock.
1 Strainer for radiator outlet drain cock.
1 Spring washer for radiator outlet drain cock
1 Nut for radiator outlet drain cock.
1 Cotter pin for radiator outlet drain cock.
1 Bracket to attach radiator.
1 Stud plate for bottom of radiator.
1 Stud for radiator bottom plate.
4 Shims for radiator attaching studs.
4 Nuts for radiator attaching studs.
4 Washers for radiator attaching studs.
4 Washers, notched, for radiator attaching studs.
4 Lock washers for radiator attaching studs.
1 Lace for radiator.
1 Hose connection from radiator to motor.
2 Hose clamps.
1 Tie rod between radiator and dash.
2 Cap screws for tie rod on radiator.
2 Lock washers for tie rod cap screw.
1 Shield for under radiator.
1 Fan assembled complete.
1 Fan spider with blades and pulley.
4 Blades for fan spider.
1 Fan shaft.
1 Cone for fan bearing.
2 Ball races for fan bearing.
2 Ball retainers for fan bearing.
16 Steel Balls for fan bearing.
1 Pump.
4 Cap screws to attach pump to engine.
4 Lock washers for pump attaching screws.
1 Pump body, with bushing.
2 Dowels for pump body.
1 Bushing for pump body.
1 Gland nut for pump body bushing.
1 Packing for pump.
2 Pump covers, with bushing.
1 Gasket for pump.
8 Screws for pump cover.
1 Bushing for pump cover.
1 Pump impeller.
1 Pin for pump impeller.
1 Cross for pump driving shaft.
1 Pump shaft, short, for impeller.
1 Pump shaft, long, for outside driving gear.
1 Outside driving gear for pump.
1 Bushing, long, for pump shaft.
1 Bushing, short, for pump shaft.
1 Key for pump shaft.
1 Drain pipe for pump.
1 Cap for pump drain pipe.
1 Grease cup for pump.
1 Brass pipe on top of cylinders, for water circulation.
1 Brass pipe on side of cylinders, for water circulation.
6 Studs for water circulation pipes.
6 Lock washers for water circulation pipe studs.
6 Nuts for water circulation pipe studs.
3 Gaskets for water circulation pipes.
1 Hose connection from radiator to motor.
2 Clamps for rubber hose connection from radiator to motor.
1 Hose connection from pump to motor.
1 Hose connection, radiator to pump.
4 Clamps for rubber hose.
6 Studs to attach water circulation pipes.
6 Nuts for water circulation pipe studs.

With this complicated, trouble-inviting water-cooling system, compare the simplicity of *Franklin Direct-Air-Cooling—its only moving part a powerful turbine fan, which is itself part of the fly wheel.* No water to carry—no leaks, no freezing, no boiling. The Franklin is the only car that can run 100 miles on low gear, regardless of locality, weather or road conditions, and it holds the world's record for oil economy—1046 miles on a gallon of oil.

Touring Car $1950, F.O.B. Syracuse, N.Y.
Actual Scale Weight, 2680 Pounds.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

THE FRANKLIN CAR

The Most Advanced Type of Motor Construction in the Automobile World

Inspect the Franklin chassis! Notice the freedom from all torque rods and reach rods. Notice the one-piece fastening of the full-elliptic springs—eliminating the usual links, pins and other forgings.

No superfluous parts to driving system. The single-unit direct-connected starter does away with the gears on the fly wheel and the attendant shifting mechanism.

The transmission foot-brake does away with fifty per cent. of the usual rods, rod ends and pins.

* * *

Consider for a moment what such simplicity means in the life of the car, in the ease of control, the saving of time, trouble and upkeep expense.

It is the *mechanical complexity* of the average car that drives its *upkeep cost so unreasonably high.*

Nobody knows this fact better than the Used Car Dealer, who is confronted every day with the problem of selling cars with too much machinery.

The motorist who takes *efficiency* as his measure of value, rather than quantity of mechanism, should know the *Franklin Car*—the most *advanced type of motor construction* in the automobile world.

* * *

The fundamental design of the Franklin is so far in advance that the earliest Franklin Cars produced are doing good service today.

The Franklin was the *first four-cylinder car* built in America—and a six-cylinder car when cars in general were still in the four-cylinder stage.

The *Franklin cylinders had valves-in-head thirteen years* before automobile designers in general took them up.

The Franklin was the *first car with the throttle control*—first with the *single intake trunk*—the first to establish *automatic lubrication*—the first to use *full-elliptic springs without reaches*—the first *light-weight* car, and the only *flexibly constructed car today.*

It is the policy of the Franklin Company to build a car that will perform a *service* for the *man who owns it* and for the *dealer who sells it.*

* * *

The Franklin is the only car that has averaged *32.8 and 32.1 miles to the gallon of gasoline in two National Tests.* It is the only six-cylinder car that ever went 55 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

It is the car that is absolutely *free from tire troubles*, and delivers its owners an *average of 9630 miles* to the set of tires.

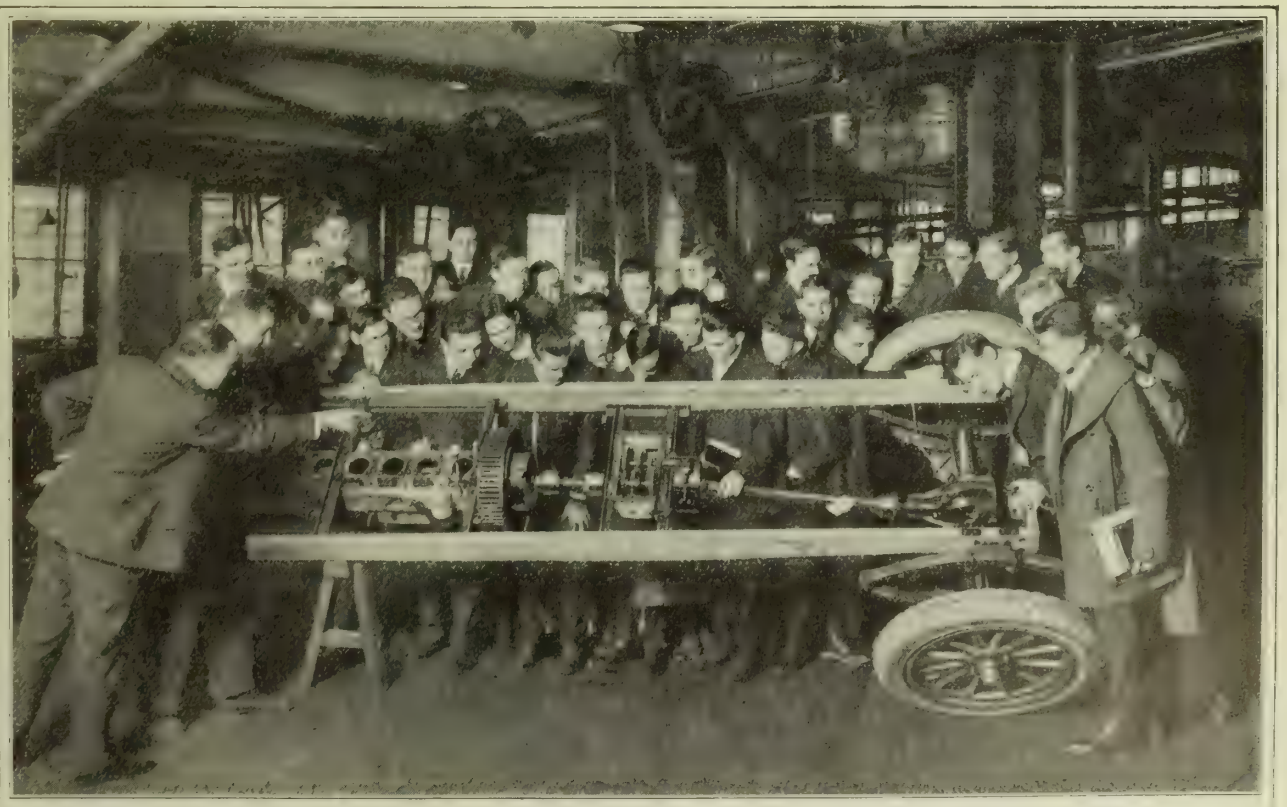
It is the only car that can run *100 miles on low gear*, anywhere, any time.

It is the car that holds the *world's record for oil economy*—1046 miles on a gallon of oil.

It is the *only car* men and women, old and young, can *ride in all day without fatigue.*

It costs less to run than the cheapest car made.

Performance, service, not "features"—this is the principle of the Franklin Car.



The Franklin Chassis exhibited to the Engineering Class at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute as a demonstration of *finished simplicity in motor car design.* Notice the freedom from all torque rods and reach rods. Notice the one-piece fastening of the full-elliptic springs—eliminating the usual links, pins and other forgings. Consider what such simplicity means in the life of the car, in the ease of control, the saving of time, trouble and upkeep expense.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

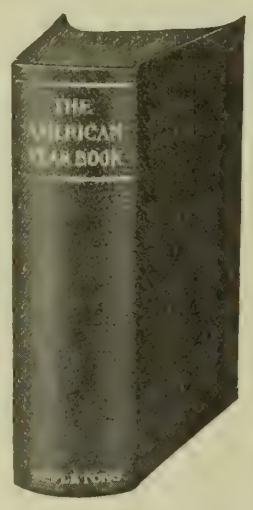


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—even that of the American presidency, unique in this world, I suppose, for scope and strain.

Another thing occurs to me as I pull together my recollections of Lane; this citizen of alien birth is to me a pattern of the old-fashioned American who flourished in the ante bellum days, when we were all pretty much of one type, and not, as now, of many types. Even his early environment fits the picture; that house founded on the Bible, wherefrom the able boy was picked for the ministry—it was our American home in 1840, say. His oratory has the touch of periodical rhetoric which marked the oratory that our fathers spouted on Commencement Day, and which the West still loves. Mind you, I speak not in scorn concerning that school of expression. A hundred years from now it may rank as high in critical esteem as the restrained realism now in fashion. But take his oration on the opening of the San Francisco Exposition or his brochure "The Flag Maker," match them with any old collection of American oratory, and they fit the picture and fit it well. His reports, on the other hand, are masterful pieces of straight modern writing. He could be a phrase maker if he tried. He summed up the American Indian for all time when he called him in his report for 1914 "this soldier-sportsman." His last report calls the period following the Civil War "the era of splendid giving." He it was who called the American pioneer a "mystic materialist."

He has a secret, guilty intellectual passion which I should hesitate to reveal were I booming him for the presidency. He loves poetry; since he is of Scotch blood, he loves literature of all kinds, but poetry especiallv. He even likes to read it aloud, giving it expression with that fine resonant voice of his. Now, to my mind, tainted, I suppose, by the study of European models, his taste is too much for the sentimental and the prettified. He has no patience with anything that reveals the unpleasant. Zola is to him an offense. We can argue this subject by the hour; and while my oversoul is saying "mush!" I have no doubt that his is saying "offal!" But such was the taste of our fathers in the time when there was a real American type.

Lane for President? Oh, no!

LIBERAL though he is, he resembles the older type of liberal. Democracy is to his mind opportunity. He believes in nothing which unnecessarily hampers the able individual in fighting or taming the forces of this world. "The practical common factor in religion," he said once, "is the desire of progress in good things. Those fellows who built the West and did it honestly, their work was a kind of religion." That is his quarrel with Socialism or Collectivism or whatever you wish to call a modern movement toward taking competition out of industrial affairs. But, like all the more intelligent and advanced in his school of thought, he sees that we cannot go on justly without a deal of cooperation in method and a deal of protection against the unfair activity of able individuals. For this reason he is a conservationist, and was one long before conservation became his job.

One who tries to find a metaphor for progress lights most often, I think, on the figure of a battle. First comes the picket line; then the advanced battalions. Almost invariably the pickets are a set of glorified "damned fools." There was John Brown, trying to start a revolution with a handful of fanatics; there was Robert Emmet, attacking the might of the British Empire with scythes and shotguns; there was Garibaldi, sailing to take Sicily with a thousand condemned army muskets. They are the picket line—fools, only God's fools. But behind Brown came Lincoln; behind Emmet, Parnell, and behind Garibaldi, Cavour. These are the commanders of the heavy battalions that follow over the ground and make the fight which the pickets have stirred up. Now, as always, there are pickets skirmishing in advance could we but perceive them. They move among us as cranks, as all kinds of basely adjectived fools, and we know not that they are glorified. It is another generation that will know. Now, Lane is not a picket. He is a good, fighting commander in the advanced heavy battalions. Of course it is a battalion commander, not a picket, whom we want for president. Wherefore, when again we meet to nominate a man who shall lead our people in the paths of progress, I suggest the name of—oh, but I clean forgot!



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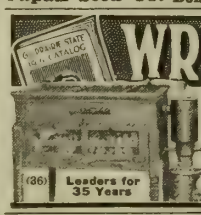
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Darkened London

Continued from page 6

economic forces the war has set in motion. It makes for contented labor and for an aspiration which no future social adjustment can lightly throw off or ignore.

In the labor world itself there is besides a vast internal upheaval. By hundreds of thousands, women have moved into the places vacated by men who have enlisted. The English manservant is no more, and he who thinks that he will after the war easily trade uniform for livery has little knowledge of human nature. Thousands of women are working in the munitions factories. They do not lack efficiency. They will not be dislodged lightly. Thousands are similarly employed on mechanisms so automatic that physical strength is a negligible element. Thousands in skirts and blouses are running elevators. The man typist, too, will find, when the battle flags are furled, a competent successor in his sister at the keyboard.

J. Bull Still Loves a Lord

IN law, in labor, in social custom and political thinking, in circles high and sections low—here are the vast processes of epochal change.

A strange road has flashed suddenly before the face of a society that had followed the deep and comfortable ruts of wont for centuries. In the moment of novelty the miracle is that that society proceeds in security under the rule of order and necessity. If some of the old habits survive, they serve only to emphasize the vital change. Faith in the inviolability of English soil from foreign foe is as stanch in the Englishman as it ever was. In that calm faith he lives, as he has for centuries. Invasion is out of the question. The Russian may fall back, Serbia evaporate, Constantinople thunder under the tramp of German legions, and the deadlock in northern France persist. All this and more may happen; the Englishman will regularly visit the serene sanctuary in the back of his consciousness where the British navy is enshrined, and, as it were, burn there the incense of insular security.

But caste is not dead. The Englishman still dearly loves a lord. The upper classes paid the initial heavy toll of war. They were the first to go, the first to meet the impact of the ferocious German attack. Doubtless in that hour there were those in England, still subject to the political preachments of a long period of peace, who felt that war was the particular business of the chief beneficiaries of government. But whatever of that sentiment existed passed. For, as the war has lengthened and strengthened, the citizen without title or estate has stirred to the inspiration of his nationality. England is the capital of his empire. The Canadian, the Australian, the South African, by their presence, set the old imperial concept aglow. The Englishman enlisted because England's war was the empire's war and the empire's war was his own. But the Englishman holds to his class. There is a soldierly brotherhood between the English citizen and his lord, both now in khaki, both mutually thrilling in the camaraderie of peril, where the least and the most that a man can give is life, and it has welded them together on the anvil of war. But the line of the lord persists in the mass. The line of the tradesman and the line of the workingman are there ineradicably.

England's Safety Valve

AND the old English habit of debate has survived, with its jealous vigilance over free speech. The London papers sharply criticize, when so disposed, the conduct of the war. And as ever in similar situations, the men who constitute the Government counter with the charge that the newspapers are aiding the enemy. Thereupon everybody eagerly takes sides with great violence. An entire day's session of Parliament is given over to a speech by Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, directed at the head of Lord Northcliffe of the "Times," and the nation enjoys a diversion that cannot help lightening the dread business in hand.

These are the mighty changes and the survivals which one traces against the background of a darkened London, the throbbing heart of an ancient and powerful empire facing the greatest challenge in its long and eventful history, stimulated, renewed, and restored by the energizing potencies of war.



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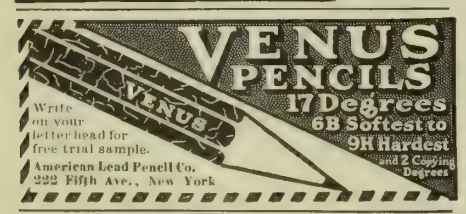


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The Challenge

Continued from page 9

that morning—their long curls and short, stiffly starched skirts, their new caps and broad collars and little black boots.

The district attorney was standing beside his car. Passionately in earnest, he was very still. He looked at Annie in a different way from that in which he looked at the others, with such a stern, sad kindness! And yet all the time he was talking low to his wife. Annie heard him say: "It's not much more than fifteen minutes since it started." And he kept pointing to some particular place in the building, which was beginning to be much more plainly seen. There was a light wind now moving the smoke; moreover, the fire was greatly gaining and spreading brightness like a bonfire—she supposed it was that he was pointing out. "The shafts caught at once. They weren't fireproofed." He dropped this over his shoulder to his wife while all the time he was looking at Annie; and now he leaned over and took both her hands. "Mrs. Baird," he said. She had never felt anything so firm as his hold was; she had never heard anything so kind as his voice. But his kindness terrified her namelessly. He said again: "Mrs. Baird, I—I must—"

THEN his voice was drowned in a great cry from the crowd. Everything was swept away in that cry, everything individual; all gone into the universal human call. "There they are! Look, look, look, there they are! Look on the roof! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! They're *there!*"

The smoke drifted before the wind. "The doors were open for the air! Those little girl teachers of theirs must have marched them up that one flight." As the screen passed they could be seen: a light mass, featureless, indistinguishable, almost motionless; half lost again behind the smoke; fantastically visible in sudden, ensanguined glares; huddled round those muslined and beribboned girls of twenty; a long way back on the roof, unable to see the raging volcano upon which they stood, not aware that the threatening of the "steel" frame could already be seen through vistas of infernal light; but unmistakably there—alive—waiting—Good God, what was that? A sound, faint, lost, and heard again, rhythmic! Merciful Heaven, were they—singing?

The words were indistinguishable, but they were inseparable, then and always, from the tune—the tune of opening school exercises, of Friday morning music hours; the hymn of innumerable drills and exercises:

"Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Near-er to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That rais-eth me—"

The little girl teachers were keeping their hold to the last.

THERE was a pandemonium of cries. Annie's voice was lost; one of a hundred shrieking the same words, equally helpless, equally foolish, beating the air in agony and desperation. "Save them! Oh! Oh, save them!"

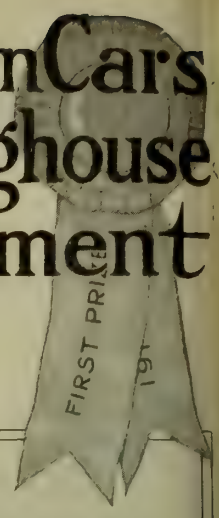
She was on her feet again, wild like all the women; in the mood to leap forward, to die without knowing it; to do anything, anything, except to see, for another moment, that huddled, waiting flock, that cloud of curled, uncovered heads! She was struggling with the district attorney; he pushed her back into her seat. What was it he kept saying to her? "Mrs. Baird, some one is trying to save them." Some one! What did he mean by saying "some one" in that voice?

"Try to think who was familiar with the plans of the building? Who would remember the northeast elevator shaft? There—at the side—toward the rear—" She heard him brokenly through the roaring of that tempest which lapped them. With her eyes on the roof she tried to listen. "The firemen are working from the rear, you know, from the alley behind the theatre—on the roof, too. They're doing everything. If only the east wall doesn't go! That's what they're looking after, to keep it up till the elevator's got them all out. If he's all right, he's brought down whole carfuls of children by this time. Mrs. Baird, don't you know?"

YES, now she knew. "Is he dead?" she asked harshly. She was strung taut with excitement, with reality so fierce that it was unreality.

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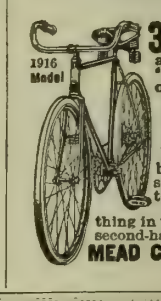
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"No, no, no! Don't you understand? He's running the car! He's bringing them all down! God help him! Give him time, he'll save every one of them!"

He'll save them! She looked back to the burning building. He was in there! He was in *there!* Working, struggling, fighting there! Perhaps caught there! And something swelled in her, something immense, vague, poignant: terror, passion, bitterness, a tragic sweetness, pride that lifted her in a wave of speechless wonder. And over everything, deep in everything, an enormous sense of fate. *He* would save them? "God help him—give him time—" He wouldn't have time! She could read it everywhere, in everything; in the cries about her, in the face of the district attorney, in the growing outbreaks and upheavals of pure flame, in the news that the east wall was beginning to bulge. Death was all he would have time for—this was what they had been working toward all these months.

Another moment and firemen appeared on the roof. They had perhaps been there for some time, working at the back, past the smoke. The megaphone instantly growled out at them. But one could hear nothing. And yet the news had somehow got about: The elevator was running—Baird was running the elevator! No, the steel ropes had given way like everything else. It was stuck in the shaft! The children were jumping down the shaft! Baird was dead. No, but he had given up. Some of the children were safe. The firemen had brought down some! Which—which—which children? Whose children? Oh, for God's sake!

No one was sure of anything. Rumors beat together in the air. The roof became one muffled glow.

Why didn't they use the nets? The nets!—that was the last hope! They couldn't use the nets to that side on account of the east wall—the east wall was going—see it bulge! Look, look! God, the smoke! You couldn't see anything! What were the police doing now?

THEY were clearing a lane with the ambulances! They were riding people down with their automobiles! Yes, all their automobile wagons were making a lane through the crowd into the next street! They wanted to bring something out—to get something away! Oh, what was it? What was it? Some one said an elevator had fallen—an overcrowded elevator! "Oh, tell us! Tell us what it is!" The megaphone was bawling something: "Parents of children below the seventh grade—" What? What? "Moving into West Street—" The rest was lost—drowned in their own cries. "The smoke's lifting again—"

What was that moving stream, that procession, guarded, ordered, disciplined, pouring regularly, rhythmically, into the square, entering the lane formed by the automobiles?

Whence came that singing so close at hand that now she heard the very words—so close, so near, in high, prim, and yet self-satisfied little voices:

"Still all my song shall be,
Near-er, my God, to Thee;
Near-er, my God—"

It was a boy on a lamppost who gave the first shout: "It's the kids! There they are. It's the kids; the kids!"

Annie was alone in the automobile. She felt none of the impulse which had carried her friends with the rush for West Street. When, after the roof was bare, Will was not to be seen with the last company of children and the district attorney said he would go look for Baird, she had not offered to go with him. With the sight of the marching children she had ceased to think that Will would die. He had entirely upset all her calculations!

She sat there quite alone; loosened from her moorings in life, beaten out with emotion, dazzled with some strange intoxication, ineffably shy of him now, but all her being gathering in one enormous sob of happy pride. Out of this tremulous, new ether there appeared before her a single distorted face.

THERE was nothing human left in this face except its grief. It was all swollen and discolored; madness, hate, and drink and rage had ravaged it at their will; the veins and muscles stood out, hideously swollen, and the bloodshot eyes rolled with a lust of pain and swam in the glitter of tears as in infernal, liquid fires. At last Annie recognized this poor maniacal mask. It belonged to the kind old Irishwoman who came in to do their washing.



King Sennacherib

OF ASSYRIA, 2,600 years ago, inscribed, on sun-baked bricks, his own story of his great siege of Jerusalem, mentioned in the Bible. This curious and ancient record tells also how Sennacherib "made Nineveh splendid," how he constructed irrigation systems and city water-works. But Sennacherib is only one of the thousands of world leaders, thinkers, inventors and discoverers who tell *in their own words* of their marvelous achievements and experiences in the great work—

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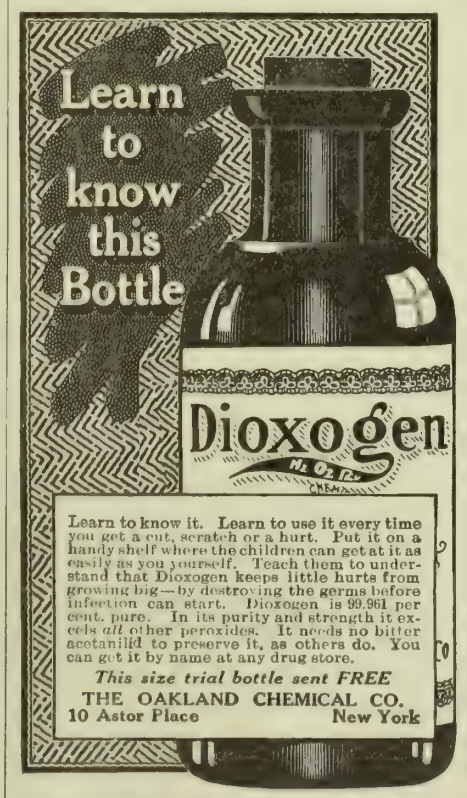
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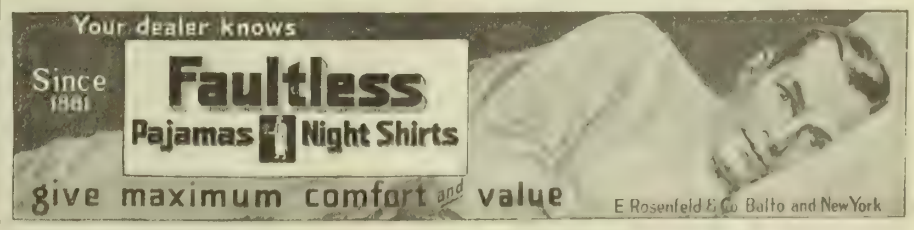


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Spring Gardening Guide

In this number the entire subject of vegetable and flower gardening and planting the grounds is covered from A to Z. It tells what to plant in various locations and what to plant for special effects. How to make a velvety lawn, what hardy flowers you can grow, what to plant in the shady places, what fertilizers to use—the Spring Gardening Guide tells you all this—and more. It contains planting tables of vegetable and flower seeds, showing when to plant, how deep, how far apart, time of blooming and ripening—all so explicit as to make your garden an assured success.

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Col. 2-26

Ruth Barclay's Dream

RUTH Barclay had a vision. It came to her one winter day as she peered out through the latticed windows of the new Barclay cottage and studied the bleak landscape surrounding it.

Soon it would be springtime.

There would be pleasantly arranged grounds—with velvety lawns, close-cropped hedges, and straight-edged walks. Not least in her dream would be the gardens.

There would be one for flowers—and another for vegetables.

Near the wall, at the front, there would be tall stately hollyhocks. Then would come a hedge of cornflowers. And below a neat white border-bed of sweet alyssum. The great central plot would be for cannas and salvia, edged about with huge purple asters and yellow chrysanthemums. There would be compact beds of pinks and petunias, hardy larkspur, phlox, verbenas and marigolds. Towards the south would stretch glowing sunflowers with morning-glories clambering up their stalks. Beyond would lie the vegetable garden a place for matter-of-fact things. There would be a strawberry patch, and one for asparagus. Crisp lettuce would come in the first few weeks, and slim, tender radishes. Early June peas, pepper plants, tomato vines and bushes of summer squash, conventional rows of cabbage, cauliflower and Brussels sprouts would all have their places. At the far corner nodding corn-tassels—Golden Bantam and Country Gentleman, perhaps—would wave in the breeze.

So much for Ruth Barclay's dream.

It was to be *her* garden, where she could spend happy summer hours. The work would be easy. Just plant the things, water them occasionally when they came up, perhaps pull out a few weeds. It would be a long season of pure, sunshiny joy.

And it would have been, indeed, had it not been for the fact that Ruth Barclay merely dreamed and lacked the practical knowledge to make her dream come true.

It takes wisdom and planning to make the country house and garden a success. You cannot "just plant" things—nor can you always leave them to somebody else. For if you do, you lose half the pleasure.

Before you plant, you must begin to study. You ought to know something about soils, about fertilizers. There is the fascination of knowing just when to plant things, and the knack of keeping away destroying insects and wicked weeds when you see them crowding out your cherished plants.

These things Ruth Barclay did not know. Thus, she missed the real pleasure of garden planning. And her garden, sad to say, turned out a hodge-podge.

The lawns were bare in spots, the hedges died back, the sweet peas failed to come up—and the poor little cucumber vines became food for ravenous cut-worms.

All of which might have been avoided if Ruth Barclay had known what she knows now.

Your garden can only be a success if you know beforehand what to do and how to do it.

You must buy seeds and plants from reliable houses. You must get expert advice. You must study and plan just as you would if you were to take a long journey and wanted to make it pleasant and avoid waste in time and expense. Garden planning in advance will save you time. It will save you money. And, it will save you disappointments—like Ruth Barclay's.

Suppose you could invite competent landscape gardeners, vegetable growers, florists and a host of other expert craftsmen who make home planning their business to spend some of their winter evenings in conference with you.

Suppose you could induce them to give you, leisurely, but authoritatively, out of their store of knowledge, the best ideas they have gained through long experience in beautifying the finest as well as the most modest of homes!

A few such visits would be invaluable to you.

Then your ideal garden would be very much easier and nearer to you. You could actually see it grow and at the same time know that you are saving yourself long hours of experimenting, which would mean not that you save only worry and care, but a needless outlay of hundreds, possibly thousands of dollars.

Such advice and counsel is easily within your reach. You can learn from experts what it has taken them years of patient study to find out. Look for it now in these coming months before it is too late.

There is a moral to this tale—perhaps it is on this very page.

Mr. Condé Nast

is the publisher of Vogue and Vanity Fair. He has recently purchased House & Garden, and more recently American Home & Gardens, incorporating them into this new magazine.

House & Garden will occupy the same leadership in its field as Vogue and Vanity Fair hold in their respective fields.

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March	Spring Gardening Guide
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How to plant vegetables to get the right successions? What flowers bloom the first year—and which are perennials?

Practical information in answer to the above questions will save you costly mistakes.

Before the first robin flaunts his red breast upon your lawn, you should know when and where to buy your seed, garden implements, fertilizer and every similar item for Spring planting.

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We have found a way to answer all your questions without obligating you—a way that will satisfactorily give you the information you desire. Without expense you can secure information on any of the subjects indicated or others that you may select—all from reliable sources.

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Col. 2-26

"An' where is he?" said the old woman. "Ye—ye, what've ye done wid yer murdherer?"

At the words, somewhere in Annie's heart, a bell rang. Some little drugged nerve that had not yet given one sign leaped and then sank horribly, responding instantly and with complete understanding to what the woman meant. "Of course, it isn't the salary—" Incredibly, she had never understood it like this till now! She could not utter one sound.

THE old woman's two grandsons—one of whom Will had made an usher—had been lost with the falling balcony. "Fireproof, was it? A grand marble staircase, so it was! How much did he ask fur the young things? Answer me that! How much did he git fur killin' 'um?"

Yes, thought Annie, now scarcely hearing. Yes, it was true. Will had killed them. He had signed the permit for the building, knowing it unsafe; he had sent them there under the safeguard of his pledge. And he had done this for money. Well, it wasn't only with money that the account was closed. It was truly the young dead who had sealed it with everything they had: the dead and the kinsfolk of the dead in that town of mourning homes! Theirs was the toll that was taken by the missing ladders, by the unfireproofed shafts; for the adulteration of the steel frame, the wooden pillars finished like iron, the wooden staircase with its marble surface—they were the price that was paid. Will had killed them; he had killed them, everyone.

Slowly waking, Annie looked stupidly at that poor, distracted mouth, twitching with frenzy and raving out its curse. She looked at it with envy. Her own heart opened and shut, sharply squeezing on her life; her breath cut her; the pain of it was making her faint. Gradually she became aware of the scowls which surrounded her and the looks that were like blows. The old woman felt their anger on her lips.

"Ye hear me, you!" she cried to Annie. "You that are sthandin' up to run! Run to 'um, run to 'um! An' tell 'um this: Tell 'um if he's out o' the fire now, he'll be in it foriver, here an' hereafther! Tell 'um the auld grandmother, that's sthandin' by her grave, sees it an' calls it on 'um! Puts the black dhoom uv an angry God on 'um—the God o' the childrhen an' o' the mothers o' childrhen! May the tears o' thim an' the prayers o' thim follow 'um ahl the days uv his life, an' kape shlape from his eyes an' forgittin' from his heart! May the bitterness o' thim be in the food he ates an' the salt o' thim in the wather that he dhrinks, so that he'll niver be fed by his mate, nor the mad thirst uv 'um iver be comforted! Shmoke let 'um shmell ahl his days an' see the flame before his eyes! May his blood burhn in his veins, an' whin he turhns to you for lovin', may he see his gallows in yer eyes!"

ANNIE was fumbling at the door of her house, trying to open it. The servant was off somewhere; the children met her in the upper hall, clamoring for explanations. She took them cravingly in her arms—they who might so easily have been— But then she put them away from her with a steady hand. They were no longer the center of her thoughts.

She said to them: "Go back to your beds. Stay in your rooms until I call you. Your father will want quiet when he comes in." She went into the room that had been Will's and hers, and saw his things about her and all the evidences of their old, lost life of innocence. "What've ye done wid yer murdherer?" She had not told his children that that was what their father was. But henceforth he must be held like that by everyone. And by his inmost self, from which he never could escape. It was then her face lighted with a great blaze of love.

A storm of protective sympathy held her breath. She was bound with a passion of tenderness, of ineffable pain and understanding for him with whom she was wholly one. "Your father will want quiet." What a ring of pomp, what a thrill of defiance and regard, almost of bragging, in those words, "your father." He was wholly lost, and he had become the one important person in the world.

Oh, yes, he had been absent from her heart a while, in those smooth, cool waters of prosperity, but he was as much a part of herself as her hand was or her breath. A long coat of his, laid



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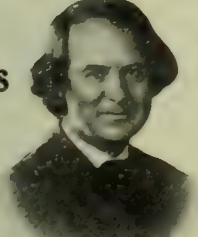


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across a chair for mending, loosed in her the ease of tears; she threw herself down, weeping, and gathered it to her.

BUT there was no time for this sort of thing. She must think what they could do. In her heart, swelling as it was with love, she could not find one word of comfort for him. Comfort he could never have. The bitterness in the food he should eat and the salt in the water he should drink—sleep from his eyes and forgetting from his heart! Oh, but there must be something she could do to keep him from going crazy. She seemed to collapse in upon herself, with a horrible, sinking nausea. Oh, those waves of realization! How well she knew now what livid anguish had led him into that elevator! Maybe it would be easier— But no, he couldn't escape them by going crazy! Only death—Ah, death, how easy, how cooling, how empty! So deliciously black and deep a pool! But they had to live—they and their children! They couldn't live here! Even their children would be torn to pieces here! She remembered something else that the old woman had said: "May his own flish an' blood grow up in shame to curhse his name—" Perhaps if they were quick, to-night, and got far enough away, the children needn't know—

Poverty! The thought of it came to her like water in the desert. It even cleansed and healed her a little; in that sandstorm where she ran with him it was like the shadow of a great rock. Why didn't he come? Already the late sun had set. She shrank back from the window. In the next house the weeping and moaning of Mrs. Cook had paused; but only because she, too, had come to her bedroom window: her eyes and Annie's met. What could Will be doing? Could—could he have encountered some group of those wild beasts? No, oh, never! Not in the city streets, near the police— The police!

She remembered one threat at the last—not so great a threat as most, but yet the nearest and solidest of all. Annie had not known that she even heard the words, and yet now they were clear and sharp before her. "It's the law he'll have to answer! His dhirty dollars can't buy 'um off now!" Would they do *that* to him? Yes, of course. Was that why he didn't come? Was he—arrested?

Of course, she would cry out all the truth—to them and to him—but would it do any good? That he did it for her—for her and the children. Could not any man say the same? He had gambled with lives against luck; but he hadn't realized it any more than anyone else. Why, his own children: hadn't he meant them to be there—he who had never in his life hurt anything or anybody! Wasn't that one of the things that people had called weak?—that he wouldn't see a child punished nor an animal hurt! Oh, couldn't they see that it was absurd to try him for—was it murder?—that *he wasn't that kind of a man?* God, that theatre! Again her body collapsed upon itself. If it was like this for her, what must it be for him! Could he bear to live? Could she, if she loved him, wish him to endure?

IT was already dusk. The servant came back and Annie sent her away for the evening. She herself went into the kitchen to get the children's supper. She would keep something hot and make Will eat it when he came in. The old, familiar occupation clutched at her with poignant fingers. Here everything—and nothing—was the same. Oh, to go back one little year! Just to get back the weariness that could rest, the peace of that old drudgery, of their harmless, friendly, kind, and honorable life! Further back still she remembered kitchen evenings when the children were little and he used to wipe the dishes for her.

She put on the kettle and ran upstairs to finish with a valise. Then, in the recovered silence, she first began to fear. Had the district attorney been wrong? Hadn't he left the theatre at all?

She caught back her cry. Ah, was it she who had thought so quietly of death? But not like that! Not without her, either! And not at all—for she must have him once more in her arms. Just then she heard his key in the lock.

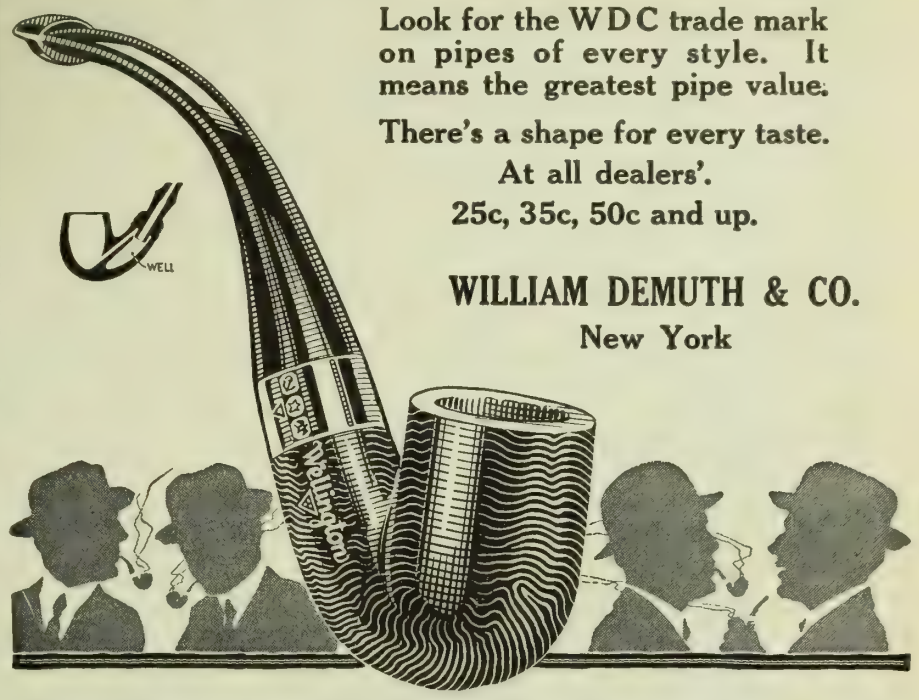
His step came slowly up the dark stairs. Her breast lifted with a great flood of welcome; and then she was stricken cold. It was indeed she who had made him do it! What would he have to say to her now? She could not move. He opened the door and

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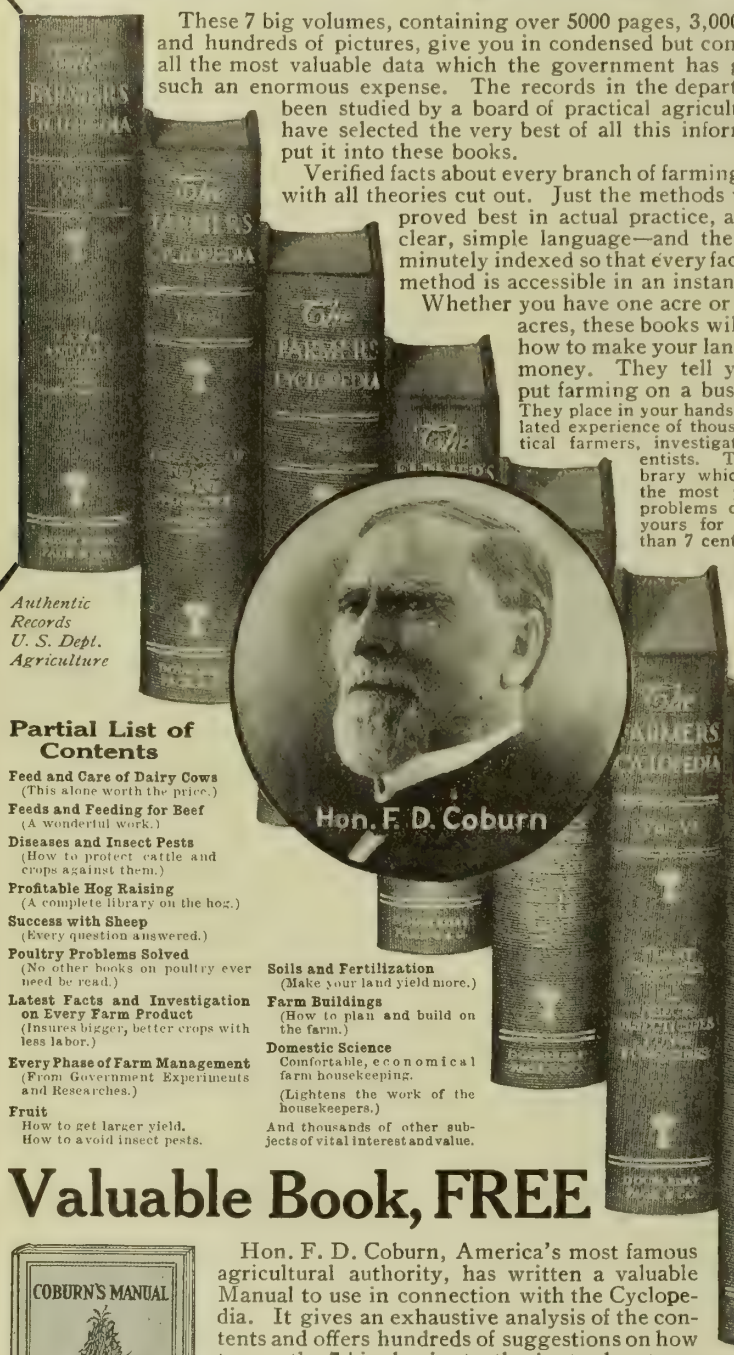
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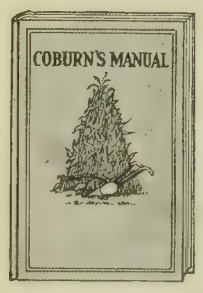
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came in. "You went there—" he said. She nodded.

There still hung round him a smell of smoke; an odor at once wet and singed clung in his clothes. He was hatless, and, pale as he was, she could see, even through the dusk, the grime on his skin and the streaked look of his forehead; one of his hands had a handkerchief bungled round it. Suddenly, with a kind of groan, he seemed to push something from before him. And, dropping into a chair, he covered his face with his hands.

She sprang forward; she had him in her arms now, and, kneeling, she drew his head down on her breast and seemed to hide him there. Oh, how she ached to hide him from himself!

She felt his acceptance of her love; his fingers folded round her wrist. "Oh, Annie, you don't know! You weren't inside. Thank God, you didn't see! I've been wandering round ever since—till I met Hammond—you know, the district attorney—and he's had me going all over it—all over it and over it! Explaining to him why—" He shook with a horrible, long sob.

"Oh, my love, my dear, don't, don't!" What could she say to him but that? "Oh, my boy, my poor boy! Try, try, try not to think of it that way! You didn't mean—you couldn't, couldn't know—" Was there, after all, some help in kisses? He was too absorbed to return them, but she felt his arm go round her shoulders. "Will, my darling, dear, dear Will, think how you would have died to save them! You did risk dying! Think of all you did save—you and nobody else! All the most helpless, littlest ones—"

"Oh—that! But, thank Heaven, I had done what I could from the beginning! Everything! I didn't, of course, dream how bad things were— Berger kept me off after the first! But I suspected. I gave it to the papers. The 'Star's' inspection committee fooled me. I suppose Berger fooled them too! All that any man could do—"

HER infinite tolerance forgave him still. That he should shuffle and palliate—well, his weakness she had never denied! She had shelter for him even from her own eyes. Wasn't there fire on his heart? And should she scruple at its assuagement?

"But the damned thing's too big for me," he said. "I ought to have known from the start— Well, I did know! But I tried! Annie, try to believe I tried! Listen, dear. You've got to know. I couldn't bear—I hadn't the heart, the grit, to tell you— You were so happy! But—I've given it up. We're down and out again. We're living on our savings. I can't get my old job back till next month. Well, I'm doing some dandy writing, but, of course—I couldn't stand it, Annie! I couldn't do it! I couldn't give a permit for that Falmouth Building! When it came to that or leave—"

"Will!" she cried. "Will, the Falmouth Building—that was—April—Will, then the permit for the theatre—you didn't—"

"The theatre? Good God, no! What had I to do with its permit? I resigned six weeks ago."

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The National Weekly

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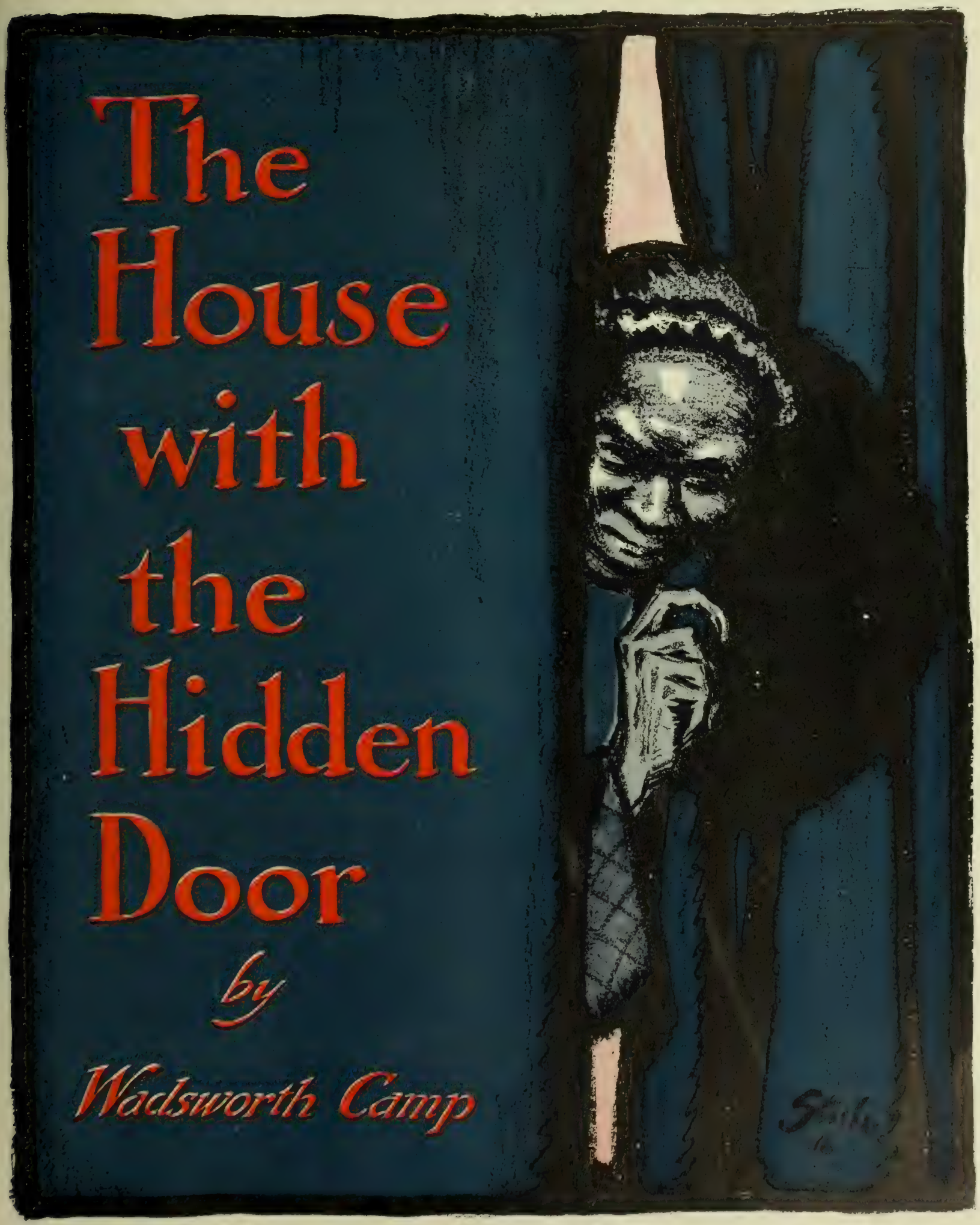
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THE HOUSE WITH THE HIDDEN DOOR

BY WADSWORTH CAMP

AUTHOR OF "THE GRAY MASK," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," AND "THROUGH THE DARK." ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

FROM time to time a light snow fell, and always there was a vaporous quality about the cold night air which added to the strangeness of Garth's unexpected experience. He had spent an hour or so on an unimpressive case, and it was nearly midnight when he turned south from the frontiers of Harlem. He walked for a long time, scarcely aware of the landmarks of the neighborhood, reviewing thoughts which in the last two weeks had grown familiar and unpalatable. Now, as always, they failed to guide him to any explanation of Nora's abrupt abandonment of her routine. His recent visits at the flat had thrown him into the hospitable hands of the inspector, who, however, had maintained an incomprehensible silence as to his daughter's whereabouts. Garth could read in this attitude no antagonism toward his own ambitions. He was confident that the result of his siege of Nora's heart, begun long ago, depended wholly on the girl herself.

He realized it was growing late. Absent-mindedly he turned into a side street, intending to reach Third Avenue and climb the steps of the nearest elevated station.

It was the murmuring of a motor that finally roused him. A limousine of an expensive type had halted close to the curb at the end of the block. It pointed a contrast which stirred the detective's curiosity. The street, he noticed now, was, in common with many so far uptown, inadequately lighted, but in spite of this and the veil placed by the snow and the haze over the few gas lamps, a glance informed him that fashion had not disturbed its drab air of age. He could not think what such an automobile did here unless, perhaps, the driver himself had some errand. But he saw that, while the chauffeur retained his seat, the door was opened from the inside, and a tall man, in a high hat and a fur coat which did not quite conceal his evening dress, stepped with nervous haste to the sidewalk.

Garth slackened his pace. He kept to the shadows near the house line. He watched with increasing interest while the man crossed the pavement, and, instead of climbing the steps, stooped to place an object on the ground. He saw him rise then and take something from his pocket which he tossed in the air. He was not surprised when the man failed to catch it. He heard it, whatever it was, strike the sidewalk with a metallic click.

The man dropped to his knees, groping over the flagging and the gutter. After a moment the chauffeur exclaimed angrily, Garth fancied, then descended from his seat and joined the hunt.

Garth, speculating on this unconventional performance, stepped casually into an areaway, as though it were his destination. From this shelter he observed the outcome.

The chauffeur picked up something which he thrust into the other's hand. After glancing quickly around, he sprang to his seat, while the man in evening dress straightened, returned to the limousine, and closed the door. The car rolled almost silently up the street.

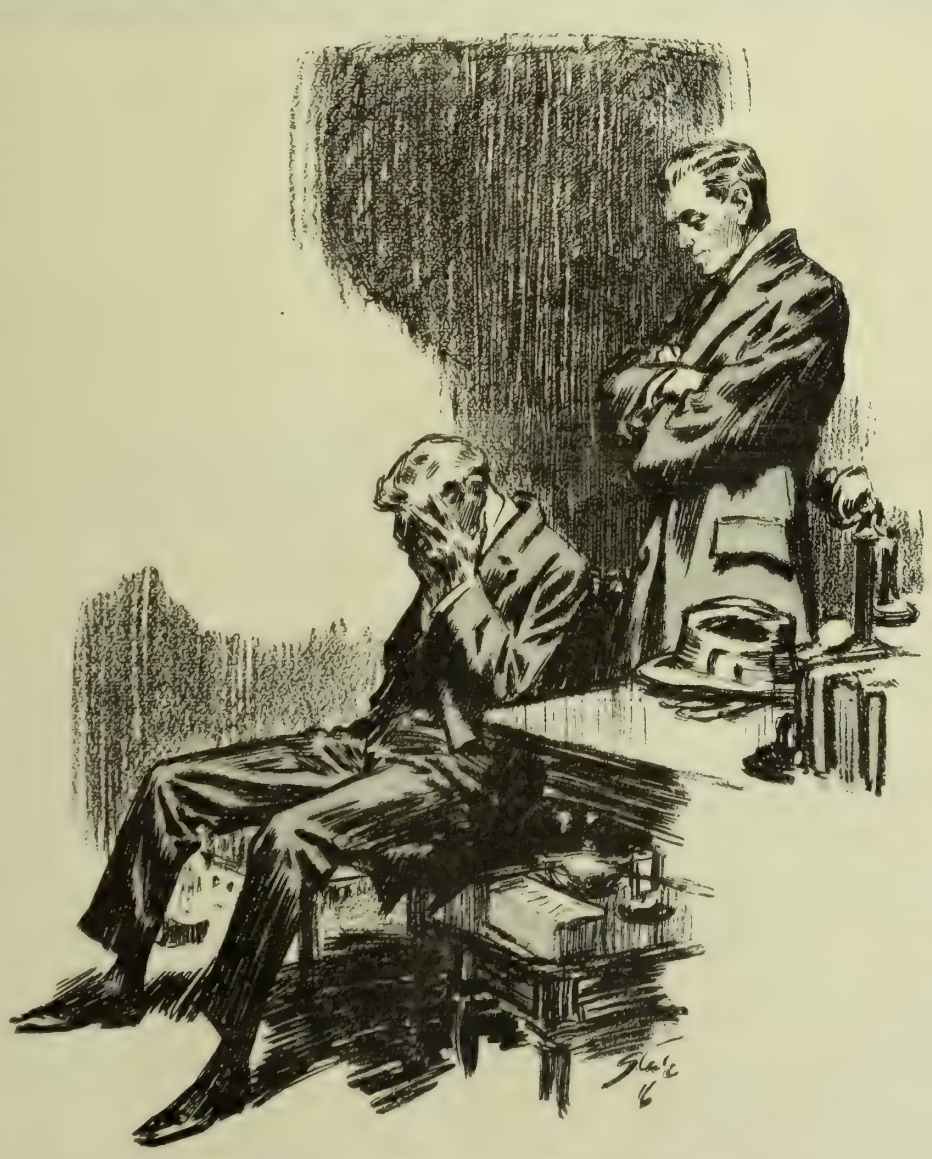
When it was nearly opposite Garth the man inside tapped on the pane. On a subdued note the chauffeur again uttered an exclamation, then pulled the car to the curb and stopped it.

Once more the well-dressed man left the limousine and crossed the sidewalk. For a second time he bent and placed something carefully on the ground. It lay within Garth's reach, but just outside his line of vision. In fact, Garth could have grasped the other, so close was he, and he could see, in spite of the dim light, that the man was young and probably good-looking. His inspection, however, was limited, for the other arose, breathing harshly, as if he were laboring under an unfamiliar excitement, and returned to the car.

As the driver set his gears and let the clutch in Garth reached through the areaway railing and fumbled about the sidewalk for the object. His fingers found it—round, flat, hard—not at all puzzling in itself, yet completely unintelligible as a clue to the young man's motive in placing it there. It was a piece of money.

Garth slipped from the areaway. He held his find up to the nearest lamp. The piece of money was a five-dollar gold piece. He glanced along the street. The automobile had just swung out of sight. He started quickly after it, because it had occurred to him that if such a performance were repeated in Park Avenue his curiosity would make him stop the machine, would suggest a number of questions to the young man in the fur coat, would prompt him to seek an explanation of the chauffeur's impatience.

When he turned the corner he was not surprised to find the limousine halted again, to see the young man returning from a third excursion to the house line where, doubtless, he had furtively placed another piece of money.



Black sank into a chair groaning: "I can't do it, I can't do it!"

GARTH broke into a run. The chauffeur glanced over his shoulder and muttered quickly to the man, who sprang in. As soon as the door was closed the car started with a speed almost affirmative of flight.

Garth held up his hand with the gold piece and shouted. The car went faster. He hastened to read the license number on its rear. As he wrote it in his pocketbook he watched the red of the tail light diminish and disappear.

He walked over and picked up a quarter. Why had the young man left a gold piece around the corner? He stared at the two coins, his bewilderment growing. What could be the explanation of this trail of money left with scrupulous care on New York pavements? Of what abnormal activity could such an eccentricity be an echo? What was its significance?

Almost certainly another coin lay close to Lexington Avenue where the car had first stopped. It was not probable that a third exhibit would reflect any light on the affair; still, he wanted to learn the denomination of that coin, and evidently it would be the goal of his curiosity for the night.

As soon as he turned the corner he saw that he would be too late. The discovery heightened his interest. Breathlessly he slipped into an areaway and watched.

A singularly small figure of a man shuffled across Lexington Avenue and, as if with assured purpose, made for the corner stoop. The arc light down there,

while it emphasized few details, sharpened Garth's wonder at the size and shape of the newcomer. He was inclined to explain him as a small boy masquerading in mature clothing. Yet there was about the shoulders a thickness which did not belong to youth. The face was concealed by the turned-up collar of a diminutive overcoat and by a felt hat drawn low over the eyes. Even at a distance the figure projected an air of the lawless and the sinister.

The man bent and picked up the coin. Afterward he continued toward Garth, not, however, in a straight line. He shuffled stealthily, his feet scarcely leaving the ground, in a series of zigzags across the sidewalk. And always his shoulders remained bowed, his eyes lowered, as if he examined anxiously every inch of his path.

It was obvious to Garth that there was some connection between the young man in the limousine and this stunted, clandestine figure that followed his trail with such anxious vigilance. Therefore he felt justified in setting a small trap. If its issue involved him in a mistake, a laugh would extricate him. But he foresaw no mistake. The deformed thing approaching was not to be explained as a peaceful, if tipsy, citizen bound for home. So he placed the five-dollar gold piece just outside the railing. He removed his gloves. He took his pocket lamp from his coat and held it ready. If the other saw the money and tried to pick it up, he would be at Garth's mercy.

That would happen, for the man had evidently caught the pallid gleam of the gold. Without increasing his pace he shuffled across and stooped, confidently stretching out his hand. Garth reached through the railing, and, as the hand was about to close over the money, grasped it with all his strength.

HE had been prepared for fright, for a struggle, but scarcely for the shrill animal cry that greeted his surprise, nor for the violent and unnatural strength that quivered through the little body as it tried to break away.

And at first Garth combated a quick impulse to let go. The quality of the bare hand in his own revolted him. The fingers were long, slender, and hard. The skin was dry. It gave him an impression that there was no flesh between it and the bones it covered.

"Steady, my friend," he muttered. "That's my money in your claw. Let's have a look at you."

The other's squirming increased. The scream was not repeated. Only a difficult, sobbing sound came recurrently from the man's throat.

At last Garth managed to twist the small wrist so that practically he controlled the fellow's movements. Then he pressed the button of his lamp. The light shone mercilessly upon an abhorrent face. The skin was yellow and tight, like parchment, across the high cheek bones. The tiny eyes lay far back in rounded sockets. In the lamplight they were deceptively reminiscent of the eyes of a cat. But it was on the head, from which the hat had fallen, that Garth's glance lingered with the most distaste. A queue was curled about it. The coil of hair gleamed like a serpent carefully poised and awaiting the most favorable moment for its stroke. As the yellow head moved spasmodically the coil appeared to writhe. It provoked Garth's imagination, symbolizing a sickly conservatism, suggesting secret and unconquerable customs.

Garth shuddered. He found it more difficult than before to cling to that bony hand. He arose, snapped off the light, and grasped the Oriental by the shoulder.

"How did you know you'd find this money on the sidewalk?" he asked.

The other shivered, as if for the first time the cold had reached him.

"Talk up," Garth ordered. "Who's the fashion plate that left it?"

The Chinaman made a last effort to escape. Garth subdued him.

"No talk-ee, eh? All right, little one. Then you'll have a nice free ride downtown—just as a suspicious character."

For a possibility had occurred to Garth from which he shrank. Still, since it existed, it dictated a clear enough duty. He stepped from the areaway.

"Hustle along, sonny."

The other exploded into a torrent of Chinese. Garth understood not a word, yet the shrill voice, rising and falling, cried to him a fear and a despair that were tragic.

He was relieved to turn his man over at headquarters. He saw him placed in an empty detention cell.

"Sleep tight," he called as the key turned. "Maybe you'll learn English by morning."

His own sleep was untroubled save by his persistent uneasiness about Nora.

As soon as he was up the next morning he telephoned the Bureau of Licenses and apparently ran his one clue into a dead wall. The limousine, he found, belonged to Thomas Black, a young man of more than ordinary wealth and position. Garth flushed uncomfortably. He began to suspect that he had been guilty of an indiscretion, for Black, some years ago, had married the sister of Rufus Manford, whose recent selection as head of the Society for Social Justice had set in motion a cumbersome amount of self-satisfied and usually ill-directed activity against crime. Still, Garth knew that Manford was working with the inspector now on some urgent cases about which little was said at headquarters. It was possible, then, that the trail of coins had been arranged by Manford in the society's office for a purpose which his interference might have destroyed.

The growing day diminished the importance of the whole adventure until the telephone summoned him as he was about to leave his rooms.

"Hello!" he called.

The voice that answered was gruff, disapproving; almost reproachful, he would have said.

"It's Ed, at headquarters. Say, you've got me in bad. Hustle on down. Inspector's on his ear and wants you."

"What's up, Ed?"

"That pigtail of yours. Can't make out the chief. Might be a member of his own family."

"What are you driving at, Ed? What's the matter with the pigtail?"

"Dead, that's all."

"Dead!" Garth echoed.

"Yup. Must have done it right after you left. Choked himself to heaven with his bloomin' queue. Now, if he'd had it cut off proper—"

FOR the first time Garth entered the inspector's office with the discomfort of a culprit. Yet he could not accuse himself justly of blundering. Nevertheless, the brief telephone conversation with the doorman had informed him that the inspector attached uncommon importance to the chance capture of the Chinaman, therefore he would place the blame for the suicide where it fell most conveniently.

When he opened the door he appreciated that there was more than that out of the way at headquarters this morning. A woman, bent, ancient, poor, sat in a chair to the right of the inspector's desk. He could hazard no more concerning her because of an intricately patterned shawl which was draped over her head and nearly covered her face. Her presence was less astonishing than her bearing in this room; terrible alike to wrongdoers and to reluctant witnesses of crime. Her attitude, indeed, was expectant. Her confidence impressed him as aggressive.

"Shut the door," the inspector grumbled.

Garth obeyed.

"Here's a pretty mess! Why did you bring him in at all?"

"The Chink?" Garth asked mildly.

"No!" the inspector roared. "Queen Liliuokalani! Who do you suppose I mean? How many mugs have you brought in since I saw you last? Maybe you thought the big Chinese population was unhealthy."

"I never dreamed he'd do that," Garth excused himself.

"Why didn't you warn the boys to keep an eye on him?" the inspector demanded.

Garth threw up his hands.

"How could I tell? I only brought him in on a chance. I knew you were after the funny medicine crowd. He was up to some queer business last night, and I thought he looked the type."

"Yes," the inspector agreed dryly; "he certainly looked the type, so much so that I'd gamble that wizened brain of his held all I wanted to know."

He seized a paper weight and commenced to toss it ponderously from fist to fist.

"That's what you've let get away from you. Maybe you'll be accommodating enough to tell me how you happened to pick him up."

Garth glanced questioningly at the woman.

"Don't fret," the inspector said scornfully. "She won't give you away even if you have made an ass of yourself."

Garth reddened. Impulsively he turned on his heel. Later he would be ashamed, since he understood the inspector thoroughly. But for the moment he surrendered himself to pride. The sound of the chair shoved back by the inspector was not unexpected nor did he fail to catch the note of apology, the appeal for terms in the gruff voice:

"Come back here. Where are you going?"

But it was another voice that swung him sharply: "Jim! Don't lose your temper."

The inspector's fist scattered the papers on his desk top: "Who's running this office?"

GARTH scarcely heard. He strode to the woman. He snatched the intricately patterned shawl from her head. The face beneath was old, stained, and wrinkled, but there was no disguising the dark young eyes that smiled up at him.

"So that's why?" he gasped. "You've done it well, Nora. Now, maybe I can know something about it."

She laughed. "Not if you resign. So much dignity!"

He laughed back. "Nor if I'm fired."

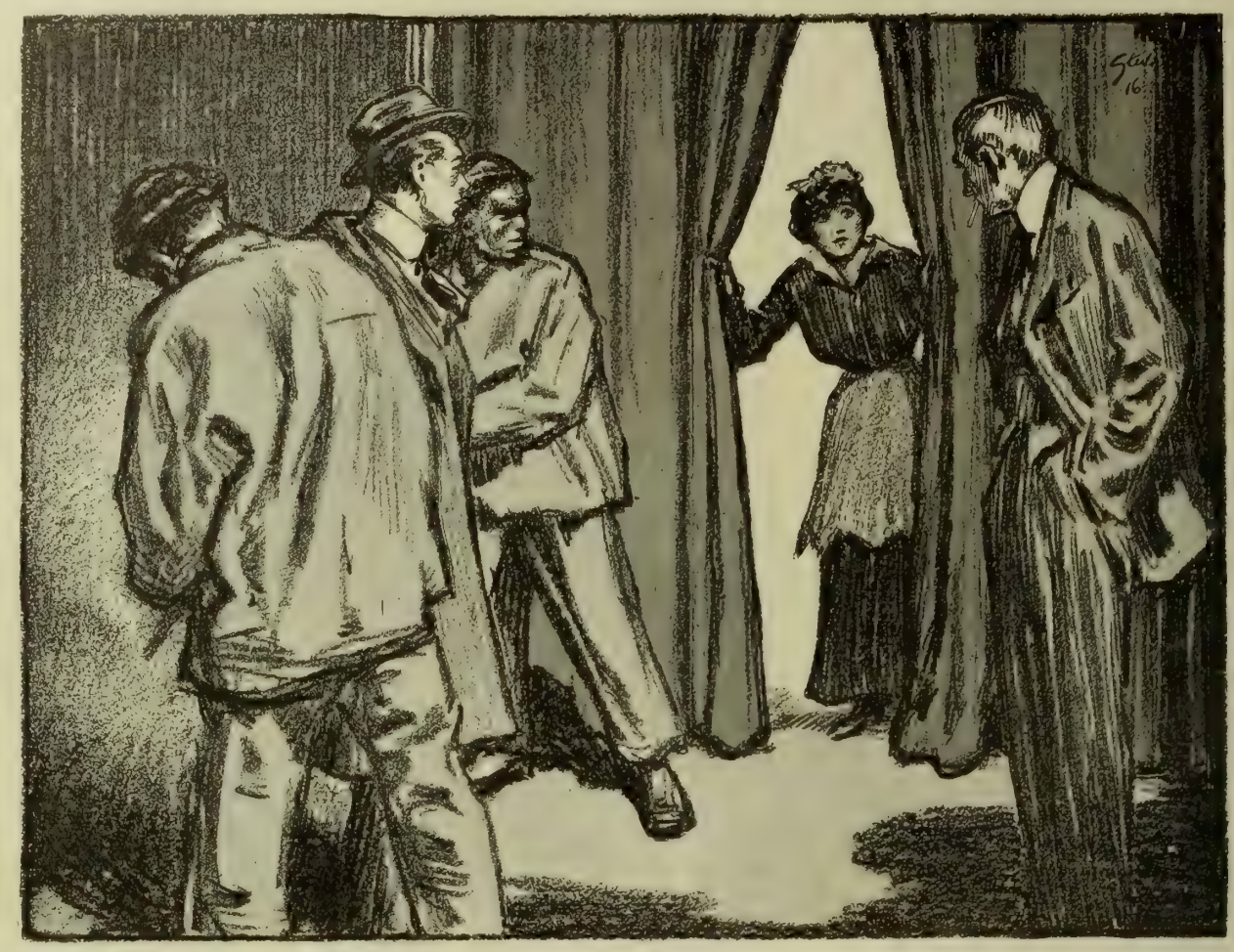
The inspector grinned. "I'm glad you let me in this on some basis."

The disclosure of the girl's identity had scattered Garth's revolt, and her eyes, now that they were no longer concealed, seemed to have rebuked the inspector to a milder humor.

"Understand," he said, "Nora doesn't tell me any too much how she's working, and she's been at this off and on for a long time. It's only the last two weeks that it's gotten serious. She had to see me to-day. That's why I'm on my ear about the Chinaman. He might have saved her a good deal. You see, she's working on that case."

Garth's heart sank. "Dope!" he cried. "It isn't safe. I tell you she's fighting desperate people, inspector. Look at that Chinaman. Whether he was mixed up with the traffic or not, if a brute like him suspected her—!"

The inspector returned to his chair. He waved his hands helplessly.



She appeared at the man's elbow, her face seemingly contorted with terror. "Men in the yard!" she gasped

"Talk to Nora. I've told her all that. Once or twice I've wanted her to use her brain in cases where there wasn't any risk. Nothing doing. When this rotten business came up she would go into it on her own hook. I guess that's because she knows Manford and his high-brow, meddling society have got the district attorney behind them, and they've put it up to me hard."

Nora shook her head, smiling a trifle wistfully.

"No, father, I did it to save souls and bodies. You see, Jim, they can handle the little fellows under the new laws, but everybody knows there's this one place uptown, marvelously hidden and guarded—a distributing center, the heart of the whole surviving drug traffic. When I found out from father that everybody else had failed, I just had to try. My conscience kept at me. Success would turn so much misery into happiness, so much sickness into health, so much crime into usefulness. And to-night, I believe, if we're lucky, Jim— I want you to be there."

"She thinks she's spotted the house," the inspector said softly. "That's what she had to see me about. She wants a raid arranged for to-night."

Garth's voice was anxious. "How are you working, Nora? I don't like it. I wish you were out of it."

But Nora would tell him nothing, and he realized instinctively that in her crusade she had taken desperate chances and would face more, probably the worst, to-night.

"You must tell us," she said, "how you found the Chinaman. I've no doubt he was one of them. In itself his death was a confession—a pitifully silent one."

Garth told his story of the man in the limousine, of the trailing Oriental, of what he had learned at the Bureau of Licenses. Nora offered no interpretation, but she smiled sympathetically at the inspector's rage. He saw in the affair more than Garth. To him it meant an underhanded attempt on the part of the society to trap a material witness.

"They put it up to me," he grumbled; "then they want to put it over me. Manford gets a line of his own and keeps it to himself. Out for a little glory and advertising! What happens every time I work with these silk-stockinged, fur-coated societies that think they know more about vice than the police! And to think, Garth, you snatched him away from them, then let him croak!"

Nora arose. "No use crying over spilt milk, father."

She prepared to leave. Garth followed her to the hallway. He urged her to let him share her plans, to give him a more pronounced part in the risks. She shook her head.

"It's best to let me work this alone until the last minute, Jim."

His one grain of comfort was her insistence that he should be in the van of the raiding party. So he watched her leave, her grace and beauty transformed into the bent lines and haggard aspect of a crone.

THE day dragged interminably. Whatever Nora had told her father he guarded with unqualified stubbornness. Aside from the fact that he was to join the inspector in an uptown precinct house at ten o'clock, Garth walked into the affair wholly ignorant of plans or probabilities.

When finally the hour struck and he kept the appointment, he found Manford, in evening clothes, leaning against the desk, while he tested the inspector's temper with a smiling face and an insinuating conversation.

Garth had never before seen this amateur in social justice. His first glance furnished him a share in the inspector's resentment, for clearly Manford's illusions as to his importance were limitless. His mustache, arranged with studied precision; his ruddy complexion; his glance, noticeably sarcastic, testified to measureless pride in a success which, Garth knew, had grown principally from his inheritance. It was not to be doubted that his selection as its head had given the society, in his eyes, an imposing and peculiar value.

The fact that the inspector failed to counter impressed Garth. Probably it would be a sufficient revenge for him to accomplish the raid and smash the gang with Manford as a witness, yet without his active assistance.

A number of detectives and some men in uniform were grouped about the two. The inspector's commands were brief and delivered with an excited anticipation which he could not conceal. At last he announced the number of the house. It was in the center of the block east of that in which Garth had captured the Chinaman. Some of the men were to reach the back yard. Others were to guard the roof. The remainder would form the attacking party at the front.

"When these people find they can't get through," the inspector warned, "it's a good bet they'll show fight. So look out for yourselves, and impress on them that your guns aren't watch charms."

Garth, Manford, and the inspector led the way. Garth's misgivings were far more profound than if the chief risk had been his own. Where was Nora now? What would such men do to her if they found at the last moment she was responsible for their hopeless predicament?

They walked slowly to give the others time to reach their posts. At last the inspector glanced at his watch, snapped it shut, and quickened his pace.

"Come on, boys," he muttered. "The season's open."

The house presented an uncommunicative front. They climbed the steps. No lights showed in the hall. The windows appeared to be shuttered. The inspector pulled the old-fashioned bell handle. After an undisturbed wait he tried again.

"Guess we haven't got the combination, chief," Garth whispered.

"No time for experiments," the inspector said. He put his shoulder to the door. "Give a hand here, boys. Bring that ax."

The lock snapped under their assault. They stumbled through into the (*Continued on page* 36)

COMPULSORY THRIFT IN ENGLAND

BY VICTOR MURDOCK

CAN an English-speaking nation enforce individual frugality by law as an aid to war? Great Britain is on the point of attempting it, and present-day London presents a most interesting view of the nation's economic problem in two phases. The first shows in a strong popular emphasis upon the need of private economy and a large incapacity to practice it; the second phase reveals the nation's growing vision of the necessities of Great Britain's industrial future and the determination to meet them.

Both these phases have to do with the matter of the empire's wealth. One phase, the propaganda of private thrift, would strengthen the country's financial situation by compelling the individual to save his money. The other, the doctrine of increased production, would strengthen it by having the individual make more money. The first phase gives little or no promise of effectiveness. The second is big with future commercial possibilities for Great Britain and with portent to her trade rivals.

For the second phase undoubtedly has vitality. Lord Northcliffe of the "Times" said to me: "The war is industrially regenerating Great Britain. It will leave the nation quickened, strengthened, broadened, and renewed in capacity. When the war ceases the world will find us possessed of all our old commercial prowess. The young men who have gone to war, the workers who serve at home, are being hardened by a discipline and inspirited by an urge which is showing now in increased production and will show more when there is peace again. We shall take good care to guard ourselves against foreign commercial invasion. The day of a deluge of wares marked 'Made in Germany' is gone forever, and we will not suffer it to return. This is the day of change and of resulting broadening view. We have left the old and beaten tracks. We are entering a new era of heightened production and of invigorated commercial ambition."



Historic Covent Garden Market, London, showing traffic under war-time conditions. The war is quickening Great Britain and restoring her old commercial prowess

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the author, now engaged on a history of the war, said to me: "There has come a new energy to the nation, warming and waking the old virility which was always there. We have not lacked fire in the military view. The nation's response to the call to arms followed the nation's traditions. Sometimes it is forgotten that we had a splendid national reserve; that since the war began the men who are past military age have held themselves organized and in readiness should their country call for them. When peace comes there will be readjustment industrially and new life. I fancy the young men now in khaki and now out of the old ways will travel by thousands to the inviting colonies."

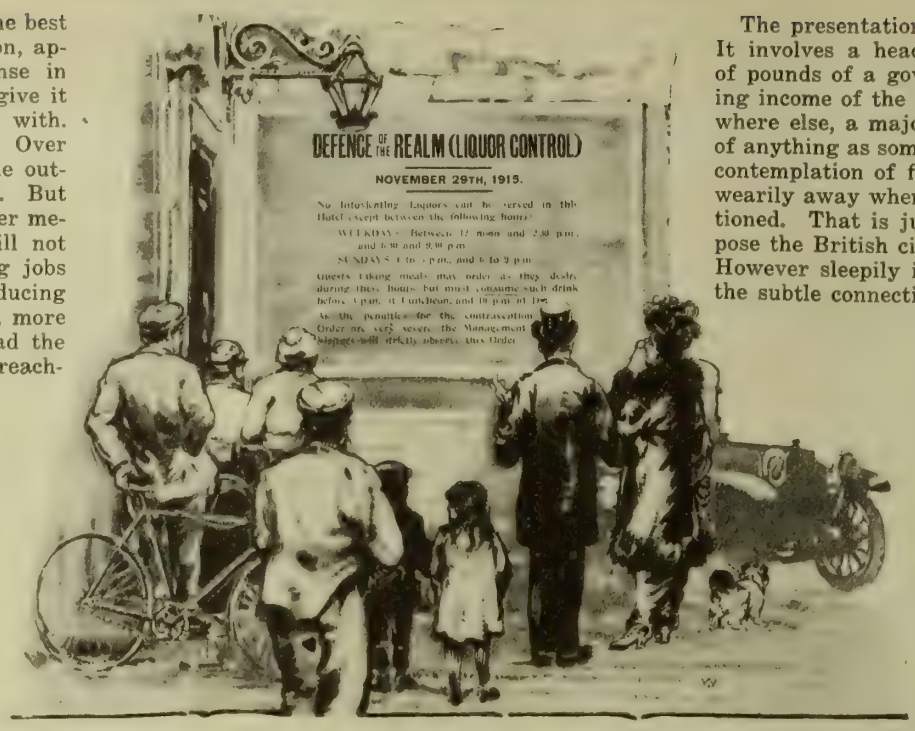
Labor Honored

H. GORDON SELFRIDGE, the merchant (born, by the way, at Ripon, Wis.), said to me:

"We, in England, must scrap old machinery, old notions, and old ideas. We must learn to say: 'Yes, it can be done,' and buckle down to business; learn not to say: 'No, it cannot be done,' and to sit under a tree in Kent and let business take care of itself. Else England will kiss good-by to first place in the world. The Englishman, when the war is over, must set his teeth with determination. He must cease to make his goal a competence: he must learn to joy in the production of wealth. Wealth is the product of labor of head and hand. Labor is not to be avoided. It is not to be pitied. It should be courted and exalted. If a man has gained a competence and stops there, he has merely taken care of himself; if, after gaining a competence, he goes on with all his might to make more, he is producing wealth for his nation. English labor is capable of maximum service. I have

4,000 employees in this store. They give me the best that is in them. Appreciation, kindly direction, approval of service, all bring a ready response in endeavor. So England must meet labor and give it appreciation and modern equipment to work with. England will absorb the army after the war. Over 500 men have left this establishment since the outbreak. We will take them back after the war. But many of the young men, once engaged in lighter mechanical tasks now performed by women, will not want such places back. They will be seeking jobs that will call on their energies: wealth-producing jobs. As for the present campaign for thrift, more could be expected from it if the campaign had the help of signal example in public officials. Preachment of thrift to the working classes might be more effectual if the public officials led by surrendering a moiety of their pay. Thrift will not come through frugality. It must come through increased production. England must see to that. She must put away the old years of excess dignity, of stiff formality, of red tape, of 'what was good enough for my grandfather is good enough for me,' and to cease once and for all to look upon work—work of the head or hand, wealth-producing work—as drudgery."

Here are the expressions of three leading men in Great Britain, all free from the timidities of the practical politicians, all sounding the identical note: the national need of producing wealth by labor.



Liquor restriction has been one successful measure of compulsory thrift

Their view finds corroboration when the matter is approached from another direction, that offered by the prevalent popular propaganda of thrift. This propaganda rages throughout the length and breadth of the land. Its original exciting cause was in the war prices of foodstuffs. Sooner or later all social converse turns into this channel. I have seen a colonel, fresh from the mud and misery of the trenches, kept to his narrative of surpassing interest with difficulty because he wanted to participate in a discussion raging across the table over the price of mutton. I have heard two men in a club lounge go at it hammer and tongs over the proposition that the foxes, which it costs $2,500,000 a year to keep up, should be wiped out because they prey upon the chickens and help put up the price of eggs. Although I was born and reared in a section which specializes in foodstuffs, I have heard in London in ten days more about provender of various kinds and the prices thereof than I heard ordinarily in a year at home.

But while there is constant and excited discussion of prices and the need of frugality in London, to say that there is any general deprivation of creature comforts, such as is commonly associated with the pinch of war, would be to offer a fantastic fancy without the least warrant in fact.

The course of life, in daylight London, presents the normal spectacle of a modern city, with its shops crowded, its thoroughfares roaring with traffic, its banks bustling with business. The flavor of war, raging a few miles away across the Channel, must depend upon the presence of the soldiers, the newspapers, and the placards. Publicly and outwardly it is found in nothing else.

Beefsteak and the War Debt

I HAVE visited the great markets of the city and found them as usual. I have stood in the historic precincts of old Covent Garden, a stubborn survival in the business center of the great town, and watched through the early morning mists its multiple activities in basketed fruits, boxed flowers, and bagged vegetables, without detecting any sign of abatement in the energies of its tangled trade. What was true here was true also of the other great vending places. There is no scarcity of articles in London, staple or otherwise. And luxuries survive flagrantly. The jeweler's windows still glitter. The milliner's show case flowers and flames as of old. The little restaurants steam and the great ones glow with light and life and throb with music as they always did. The theatres still flaunt their favorites on the outer walls, and the great stores continue to parade their wares behind blocks of plate glass before the eyes of covetous crowds dressed to the latest minute of the vogue, and showing neither in hat, dress, nor shoes any signs of drawing on last year's leavings.

If there is thrift, it is a secret thing without outward manifestation. As a subject of conversation it easily holds first place, and if it had not gained that position in popular interest the action of high Government officials would have lifted it there. For into the midst of popular discussion over the need of frugality these same high Government officials threw the idea of "compulsory thrift." This was fuel to the flames.

Compulsory thrift embodies a proposal to keep back 50 per cent of the workingman's excess earnings. To understand what excess earnings are and how withholding any part of them can be supposed to encourage thrift it is necessary to approach the subject with a knowledge of certain novel wage conditions in Great Britain. Since the war began one-third of the workingmen of England have obtained an increase in the rate of wages averaging about 86 cents a week. This is the average for 4,500,000 laborers. Of course the average varies in individuals. Many who received $7.20 a week now receive as much as $14.40 or more. Now quite generally these 4,500,000 workers have been "luxuriating" in their increases: that is, they have been spending the additional amount received. In the meantime about 3,000,000 men have been withdrawn from industry and agriculture for army service, and this fact, coupled, it is claimed, with the increased expenditure by the 4,500,000, has had a part in shooting the prices of commodities skyward. The price of food has risen 40 per cent, rent 2 per cent, fuel and light 25 per cent, clothing 30 per cent, and other miscellaneous items 15 per cent. That is, the whole cost of living has risen 30 per cent. It can be seen readily that this situation works an immediate hardship upon 9,000,000 workers, the two-thirds whose wages have not increased. This is the first and direct result of the wage upheaval. The fortunate section of society with increased means is charged with forcing prices up by its increased expenditure on that section of society which finds its stipend growing tragically weaker in purchasing power.

But, grave as this situation would seem to be, there is another and an indirect result of this wage disturbance which, in the view of the advocates of compulsory thrift, is of vastly greater importance. They claim that individual extravagance sucks away the nation's financial power by impairing its borrowing ability. Mr. Asquith, the Premier, and Mr. McKenna, Chancellor of the Exchequer, have pressed this view upon the workingmen.

The presentation of the proposition is interestin It involves a head-on collision between the billio of pounds of a governmental budget and the 4-shil ing income of the individual. In England, as ever where else, a majority of people look upon a billio of anything as something intended exclusively for th contemplation of financiers and statesmen, and tur wearily away whenever a billion of anything is me tioned. That is just what the English officials pr pose the British citizen shall not be permitted to d However sleepily in the past he may have regarde the subtle connection between his purchase of a si loin steak and the national ir debtedness, the Government no proposes to bring him up an compel him to face the fact tha his 25-cent purchase is directl and intimately related to th billions of the nation's last fo eign loan. And the Governmer expects to make the citizen fe that the relation is poignantl personal by reaching out it hand when he is about to bu an extra thick steak with hi own money and stopping him.

The wealth of England i figured around $80,000,000,00 the national income in the neigh borhood of $10,000,000,000. Th cost of the war is now said to b running to $25,000,000 a day o $9,125,000,000 a year. On December 1 last the Brit ish Government had borrowed, on account of th war, $8,310,000,000.

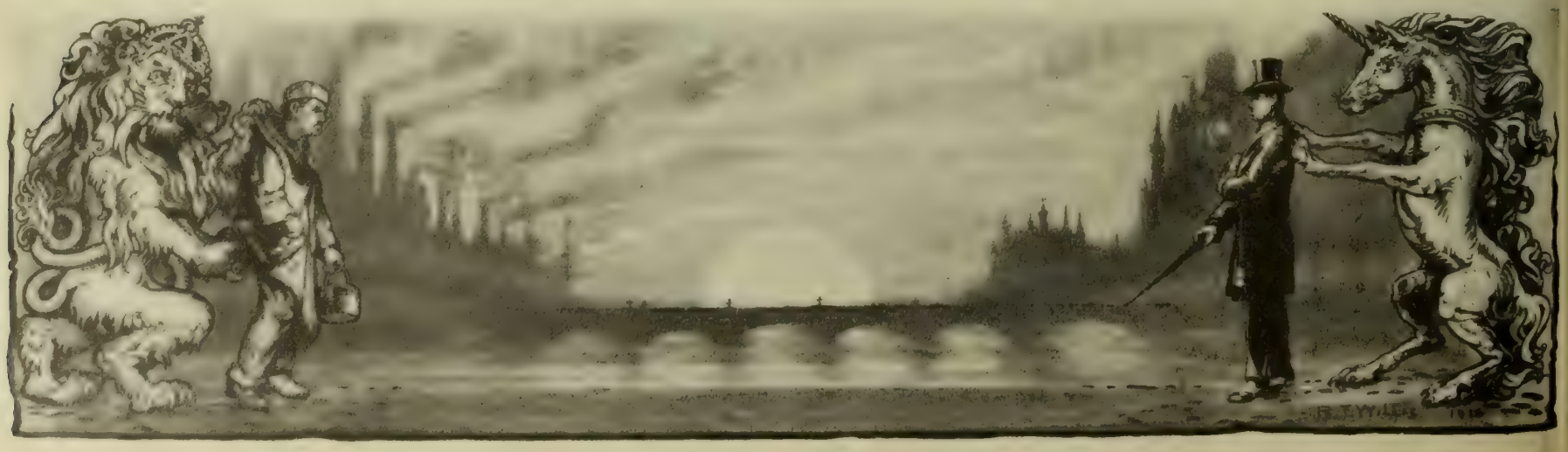
It is the contention of the Government that th expenditure for the extra thick steak is evil becaus it increases the national item of imports and reduce the Government's capital by that much. The pur chaser sends money out of the country which is ver much needed at home. Of course, if the Britis butcher bought of the British baker and the candle stick maker of both, there would be an end of it and the Government would not enter into the argu ment. But as both British butcher and baker bu some of their stock abroad and pay money for it t foreigners, just so much money is traveling awa from home which may not be coaxed back withou the offer of a premium in the form of interest. Thi is elementary, but to a man who is about to reduc it to terms of beefsteak intended for his own con sumption it is difficult, and undoubtedly Mr. Asquit shot over a number of heads when he declared las month that England was buying goods from abroad in excess of the country's exports, at the rate o $150,000,000 a month as against an average of $55, 000,000 a month before the war. And it is equall certain that he did not reach the entire understand ing of the ultimate consumer when he declared tha the Government had made also within the year ad vances to its allies of $2,115,000,000.

But, however obscure the relation of his beef steak and the nation's treasury may be to the citizen the British Government's case is briefly this, state progressively: increased expenditures, increase prices, increased imports, increased loans, increase interest, increased taxes, and decreased wealth to tax

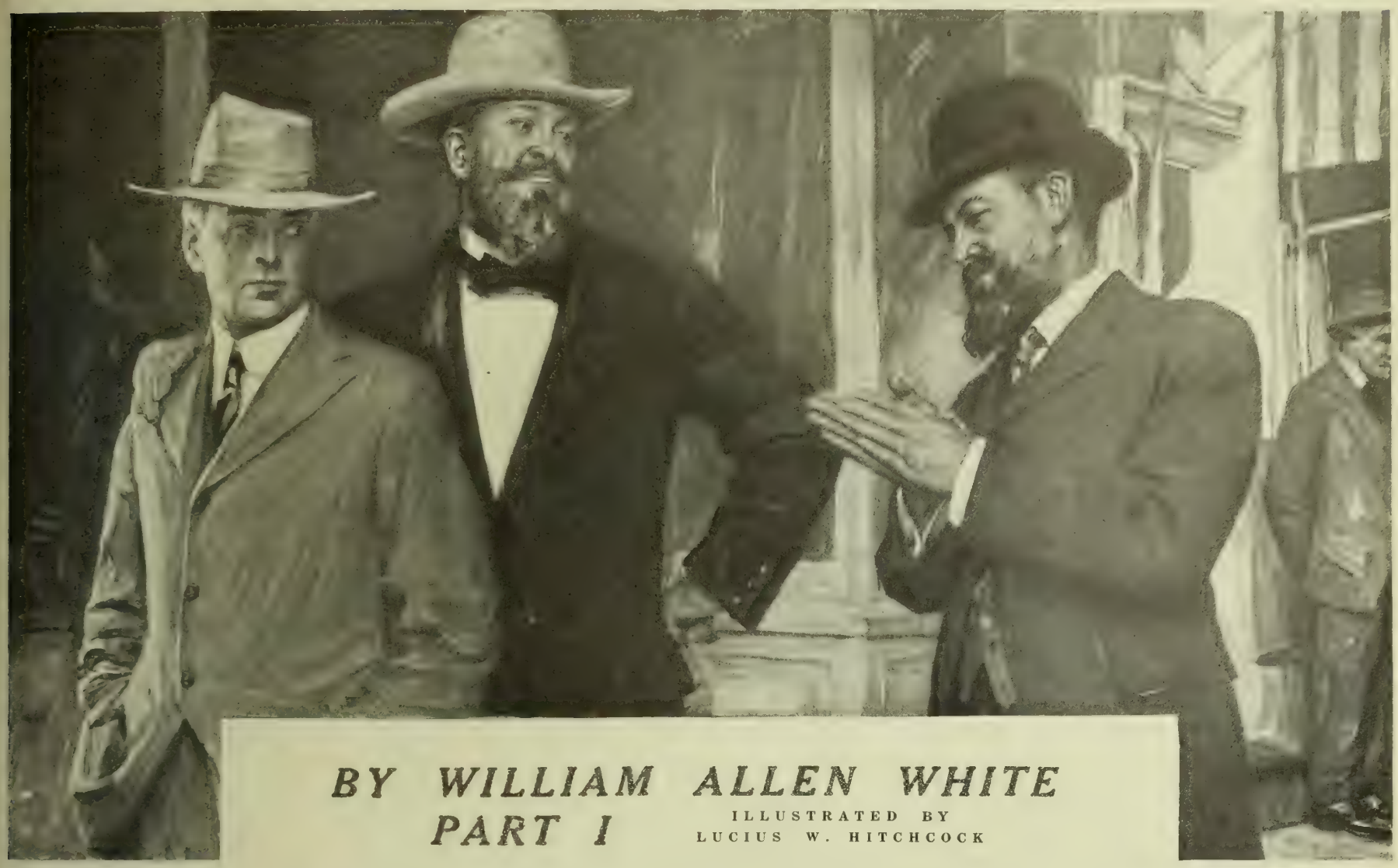
The Terrors of Enforced Thrift

THE obvious direct method of attack for the Gov ernment in this situation would be to limit in creased prices by a legal fixation of maximum prices But that doesn't seem to work. It didn't work during the French Reign of Terror under Robespierre. It has not worked at the present time in Germany. That failing, there is only one other direct method, and that is compulsory thrift. Great Britain is to attempt that. It may work or it may not. There is every indication that it will not.

In any event, whether it works or not, compulsory thrift is unpalatable. In the first place, the English workingman who has received an increase since the outbreak of war, while moderately gratified, is not wildly enthusiastic about it. His wages before the war were not high, and (*Continued on page* 26)



"THE ONE A PHARISEE"



BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

PART I

ILLUSTRATED BY
LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK

BOYCE KILWORTH was a kind of congenital Prominent Citizen. His mother it was—and that the year before Boyce came into the world—who rose in Pleasant Ridge Colony before the Civil War and stamped out the Fourierism that Enoch Thacher and the Williams College group were fostering. The whole notion of communism upset Mrs. Kilworth's gorge. "Not that I object to their free lovin'," she was wont to say, "for they only talk about that, and ain't got quite the courage for it; but what I do oppose, and shall ever pray against, is this givin' up of the work of our hands to a lot of lazy louts that want to sit around in them phalanxes and talk about what their predilections of labor is, without strikin' a lick of work. I've got the Bible for my property, and I'm goin' to keep it." And she did. When baby Boyce was born, Mrs. Kilworth's property consisted of one town lot segregated from the communal holdings, one rangy roan cow of long-horned ancestry, and one brown mound in the new, bleak, treeless graveyard on the gravel hill above the town, wherein rested the body of the large, placid, amiable person who had agreed with everyone and who was Boyce Kilworth's father. With the cow and certain pigs that lived on the skimmed milk and the slops of her kitchen she founded her fortune. With the cow's increase and the pig's progeny she established a boarding house of great respectability, and when little Boyce was almost through the common schools Mrs. Kilworth, being of an acquisitive nature, married her star boarder, the Rev. Winthrop Hale, a town father. He was one of the Williams College group, who, when the town company's property was divided, had accepted as his allotment twenty acres of raw prairie half a mile from the town pump, all nicely divided into town lots, the concrete representation of all the fine dreams and high hopes of an impetuous youth. With the town lots and her star boarder, Mrs. Kilworth also acquired one stepson, Caleb, aged five, whom she took up as her cross. But if Caleb was her cross, little Boyce, ten years older, was his mother's crown. And after Winthrop Hale had wandered off, rather inadvertently and entirely intestate, to his supernal reward, Boyce Kilworth's mother died triumphant in the blessed knowledge that her son, just turning twenty, would have a little property in his own right, and was almost ready to run for a county office of honor and profit.

Two fundamental principles she had dinned into him until they were part of his nature: First, you must be respectable; second, you must get on in the world ("on," being translated, meant property—your own property). When as a youth in his teens he had prepared the clerk's roll with bogus names and had been an accessory before the fact of the ballot-box stuffing that brought Pleasant Ridge the county seat, sympathy for him as an exemplary son of an exemplary mother kept the rival town from pushing the case against him. A few years later when it was found that, as county treasurer, he was lending the county's money and appropriating the interest to himself, the fact that the loans he made were good loans, all to respectable people, and all paid in full, gave Judge Ladgett of the district bench an excuse for quashing the indictment against Boyce Kilworth. And not one session did he miss as superintendent of his Sunday school while the action was pending against him. Always he was respectable; always he got on. He went from the county treasurer's office into a bank that he owned within three years after he helped to start it, and from the first day of his ownership until the day he died he was Eminently Respectable.

Which was more than ever could be said of his stepbrother, Caleb Hale. The Winthrops and the Hales took the orphaned Caleb back to New England, sent him through Phillips Exeter Academy, schooled him at Harvard, and then, having visions of the wealth that Winthrop Hale had left in the town lots in the growing village of Pleasant Ridge, shipped young Hale west, with his Harvard degree and a ticket to the scene of his father's glory. The pious letters of his stepbrother had built Caleb's hopes high. But when he sought to realize on his hopes he found that a perfectly balanced statement of the assets and liabilities, income and expenditures, gains and losses, was all that Boyce Kilworth had to show for their joint patrimony. And the impetuous, unparliamentary language of youth, rashly cast at his stepbrother, was all the satisfaction Caleb Hale had in return for his loss—that and a rather frigid esteem for all Sunday-school superintendents.

But Boyce Kilworth made a point—an exclamation point, as it were—of publicly forgiving Caleb for his sneers and slurs, and went on suffering in silence and selling the Winthrop Hale lots in secret in Joel Ladgett's name, thus showing to a sinful world how the righteous prosper. Young Charley Herrington at one time had more money than Boyce Kilworth, but never was so Eminently Respectable. Colonel Longford made fun of Boyce Kilworth's celluloid collars, his ready-made ties, his clothes five years behind the mode, his occasional lapses into have-sawisms of speech and manners; but with all Colonel Longford's learning, with all his ease and grace of bearing—he did serve toddy to his guests, he did let his past due paper accumulate in the banks, occasionally was sued, and always was suspected of bearing something more than a widower's gallantry in his attentions to the sex. So the colonel was not Eminently Respectable. And as for Boyce's stepbrother, Caleb Hale, for all his New England lineage, for all his exact sartorial regularity, for all his Harvard degree, he gambled—gambled at cards while the whole town was debauching itself gambling in real estate—and that was the end of him. But Boyce Kilworth got on with Eminent Respectability.

Naturally, when Boyce Kilworth married he married property. "He worships it," laughed Caleb Hale, comfortably drunk for the wedding; "so why not marry it? And if he gets a pretty girl in the bargain—well and good." She was a pretty girl, was Matilda Venable, and it was she who gave him his first taste for omnipotence. He picked out all the furniture for their home—the kitchen furniture, the table linen, the bedding, the carpet for the front room—and bought her kitchen apron along with the outfit.

After that he bought her dresses, bought her underwear, and when the babies began to come he sent home the muslin and linen from which she made the little things after patterns Boyce selected. And, being a banker—the only banker in the town without a past—and having developed a talent as a Providence for his family, the town came under his sphere of influence and he became the Providence of Pleasant Ridge; this before he was thirty-five.

BOYCE KILWORTH was the Commercial Club; gradually he assumed the functions of his party conventions in the town and county and congressional district; he built the Methodist Church, bought the organ—paying his share of the bills, naturally, but not much more—was chairman of the Public Library Committee, president of the Humane Society, chief stockholder by virtue of his promoting ability of the Brick and Tile Company, the Canning Company, the Fair Association, and even the Gun Club. And Boyce Kilworth made all these things go. He was tireless, and as he grew into his late thirties he became effective. In other towns there was a general complaint that the Commercial Club did nothing. In other towns men were forever buying stock in enterprises that were supposed to help the town, and the enterprises failed. In other towns near Pleasant Ridge the Committee on Industries got nothing more important than a coffin factory or a planing mill or a buggy and carriage works—miserable little two or three men affairs that always had to be stimulated by assessments of the stockholders, and then finally

moved away. But the things that Boyce Kilworth brought to Pleasant Ridge thrived and stayed. And incidentally it was found that Boyce owned either a majority of the stock or a controlling minority, and reaped his reward in substantial things. He horned young Charley Herrington so completely out of the local financial situation that Herrington took his talents to other fields and only used the Herrington bank as a financial coaling station. So the two financiers hated each other with a low, steady voltage, lied casually about each other, and sneered at each other in private, letting it go at these amiable amenities.

Three little Kilworth girls in very stiff pigtails and very stiff petticoats and very high noses rode with their fond parents to Sunday school every Sunday morning in a family surrey of great price. A tall, pompous, heavy-jowled bearded man was Boyce Kilworth in his thirties; black as to whiskers, and ponderous; black as to hair and eyes, deep-voiced, slow-spoken, and sententious. "Yell at Brother Boyce," jibed Caleb Hale, "and if he forgets himself he'll say 'I seen.' So he takes it slow."

Profoundly impressed with the conventions was Boyce Kilworth; vastly, elaborately, and creakingly polite was he to "the ladies," and all women were "ladies" with him. He gave the impression of a knight in a full stock of armor, shelf goods, and general hardware when a woman hove in sight, and with the stiffness of his bowing and scraping one felt that his armor was new and needed oil. At home Mrs. Kilworth lived in an attitude of devotion, with hands clasped on her bosom, when Boyce was about. In the bank, when they heard his keys jingling in the back door at seven-thirty every morning, the bank began to turn on its stools and chairs, and ledger leaves began to rustle audibly, and in town no one cared to tempt Providence by a jibe—no one but Caleb Hale.

In the midst of the shabbily pretentious lobby of the Astor House was a double-faced writing desk; and, dividing the faces of the desk, rose a gaudy glass screen. In the screen were various advertisements of Pleasant Ridge business houses—most of the advertisements sadly out of date, and none of the advertisements so sadly out of date as the one announcing "Caleb Hale, Stockman—Dealer in Cattle, Sheep, and Hogs," giving the number of his "office" in the Herrington block. For it was known of all the town that the "cattle" (and he did deal in cattle), the "sheep" (and many a poor sheep followed blindly its leader to Caleb's shears), and finally the "hogs" (many greedy swine looking for something for nothing), were of the two-legged kind. But before Caleb Hale recognized the irony of his sign he had traveled a long and devious way into the far country.

AT first as a youth fresh from Harvard, with a seven-devil lust for betting on things, taking gay chances on anything from an election to a funeral procession, Caleb Hale did busy himself as a speculator in live stock. But it was the speculation, not the live stock, that interested him; he bought cattle in such large quantities that for a few brief years he was known as "Trainload Hale." The big winnings and the big losses built up a passion in him for gambling, and he kept at first only a poker table with its equipment for his friends among the stockmen. His office was a loafing place for cattle growers from a dozen counties, and when the market game grew dull and dreary Caleb added roulette for the diversion of his friends. Gradually he found that poker offered more excitement than stock buying, so he let business slump. In the beginning he excused himself because the market was hysterical and unprofitable. At first he had a pretense that he allowed none but stock buyers in his room—and of course a few particular friends. But year after year, as the mania held him tighter and tighter, his "particular friends" increased, and the time came when the right kind of a knock would admit a "particular friend." And only the stockman's wide white hat, the stockman's flannel shirt, and the stockman's gray tweed clothes of the period gave Caleb Hale an excuse for keeping up his pretense that he was a stockman. But even then he kept the daily telegraphic report of the stock market posted above his faro table. Dapper, smooth-shaven, flaxen-haired; of mobile features, and with a quick, sensitive blue eye; a good boxer, a welterweight athlete; fond of books and Colonel Longford; fond of horses and Charley Herrington; fond of women and constrained to "neither east nor west nor border nor breed nor birth" in his choice; fond of a flute on a summer's twilight, and patron royal of those bands of strolling Italians, with harp and violin and cello, that once infested western America; quick-tempered; soft-spoken and merciless in a game—such was Caleb Hale at thirty—the Caleb Hale who wooed Vashti Sellers, compositor in the "Globe-Times" office.

Wooing was no novelty for Vashti, whose love affairs the office counted as the sands of the sea. But this particular courtship had the gorgeous distinction of being the scandal of the "Globe" office. The other girl printers with fathers and mothers to warn them were inclined to draw their skirts about them a little. The foreman's wife—only a year from the composing room herself—tried to talk to Vashti about Caleb, to tell her of half a dozen other girls who had flown into the light of his countenance like moths. But Vashti would shake her head and smile sometimes, and shake her head and cry at other times, but always would shake her head. And just when the rattle of his red-wheeled cart near where Vashti lived was waking the neighbors far after midnight, just when her proofs by day were so full of errors that it took more time to correct than to set the type, just as the stories of her relations with Caleb Hale had become so common that she found herself walking alone on the streets, just as the spring rush of work was making it almost impossible to discharge her on any but an obvious pretext—Caleb Hale married her. And he married her largely because she was a challenge. He took the bet that her red lips, her pink cheeks, her gorgeous figure, her bright, animal eyes, in fact, the whole physical lure of her, made with his common sense that he would be miserable with her when he got her. And because he had made the bet with his eyes open, because he knew the value of the stake, he held it a point of honor never to welsh on that bet and never to whine about it. Their baby was born for their Christmas present, and that bound the bargain with Caleb Hale. Their life together was long, stormy, often tempestuous, but Caleb Hale's soul never listed to port and he never sheathed a sail. If the gaudy plumage she affected, the rampant colors that she loved, the pretensions of the clothes she piled on, ever sickened him, no one—not even Colonel Longford in the most intimate moments of their boon companionship—ever had a hint of his sickness or the remote basis for a guess that he was disgusted. It may be said in passing, however, that the colonel, in his hours of ease at the "Globe" office, used to indicate that he was living in lively anticipation of the sad day when Caleb would have to go out and kill some man as a slight return for Vashti's foolishness.

At first they lived in one of the sharp-gabled, bow-windowed, turreted, wooden houses in a row far out among the saplings where Caleb could have a garden, which was his heart's desire. As they paid their rent a year in advance, and made their own repairs, and as Caleb was planting a maze of shrubs and hardy annuals about the place, improving it greatly, the complaint about the invasion of the neighborhood by an undesirable family achieved no result with the agent of the Boyce Investment Company at the Traders' National Bank. Caleb Hale, moving among men as a gay young blade with a past that projected itself well into the future, had felt little of society's disapproval. He knew that the neighbors had complained when he moved among them with his bride, but it amused him, and Vashti was too busy with her grand furniture and her baby clothes to care much what the neighbors thought. But by the time the baby was two years old Caleb Hale began to feel the prick of the neighborhood's disapproval. Vashti complained that when she was wheeling the little one along the sidewalk mothers called in their children; that when she took little Dick out for a walk, and he toddled into a neighbor's yard or ran away up the steps of a neighboring house, doors were barred against him; no kindly hand led him back to her. He was put off the porch and started home, and left to his own devices. A day came when Vashti told Caleb that a child in the block had referred to the little fellow as "the gambler's boy." So twice in a year Caleb left a garden and moved his household goods, but each neighborhood was like the others, and as the child grew older the father began to fear that the little fellow would feel his isolation. Caleb cluttered the child about with a wilderness of toys—toys that other children's parents could not afford. But little Dick often would lay them down to run vainly after the other children, or, playing with the toys, would look up to see a group of children looking at him in envy, but askance. And Vashti grew petulant—and probably mean. So they wrangled—man and wife—and the little fellow's heart was hurt.

CALEB, bound to his Puritan training, felt the moral responsibility of parenthood upon him, and began teaching little Dick the rudiments of a code. But he had to gulp his own shortcomings that rose within him, and his Yankee self-respect was wounded. The low esteem in which he held his stepbrother had been a cherished jewel in his moral crown until he saw the little pig-tailed Kilworth girls going by to Sunday school. In spite of all his carping he did want little Dick to go to Sunday school—but the realization that in Sunday school the child might be wounded by a slight or a taunt cut Caleb Hale deeply. And little Dick's inequality beside the Kilworth girls galled Caleb Hale. After a session with little Dick, answering the child's questions, and knowing that a day would come when the growing child would be ashamed to ask the questions that went to the quick in the father's heart, it took three man's-size drinks at the sideboard in his "office" to restore Caleb Hale's equanimity. So he tried to pickle a certain area of his self-respect in liquor, and the pickling roiled the soul of Vashti, who had no idea of letting liquor get the better of her husband, and as she was a strong woman beneath her vain surface, Caleb Hale's way lay among thorns. Men on Constitution Street said: "Cale is drinking too much." This hurt his standing among men more than his profession hurt it.

IT was a bright May morning, and late enough for Colonel Longford, who was of a sedentary habit, to be down on Constitution Street shedding the light of his fine Irish countenance on the town, when Caleb Hale came hurrying along. Always he walked as if he were going to some particular place on an appointment a few minutes overdue, but the colonel knew better, and stretched out the hook of a great arm and dragged the little man into a group.

"Shake hands with Brother Boyce here, Cale," roared the colonel. "Another girl; four now—four queens: a pretty good hand to fill to, eh, Cale?"

Kilworth reached down a cold hand, and the gambler shook it with all the fervor of a man weighing a pound of snakes. The banker looked knowingly at the colonel, and began: "Colonel—can't we get him to quit—to get into some other calling?"

Hale flushed angrily, and the colonel put out a quieting hand: "Steady, Caleb—steady, my boy," and being encouraged, Kilworth's soft, ingratiating voice sawed its way into the gambler's heart:

"Colonel, here we have a smart man—a very smart man, colonel—who is wasting his time and talents—and worse, colonel—and worse. Why, let me tell you, colonel—"

Caleb tried to wriggle out of the colonel's grasp, but the older man held him, while the banker went on: "He's moved three times since he was married—and why? It's his peculiar business, colonel—and the neighbors. That's why. And moving costs money. I tell you it cuts down his profits—such as they are!"

The colonel looked a question, and Caleb, white with wrath, stood trying to pierce the bland, dead-black eyes of Kilworth, with the steel-blue eyes that had shot terror into many another soul. "Colonel," asked Kilworth unctuously, "can't we get him into something more regular?"

Hale stuck out his lean jaw and sneered: "The difference between us, Brother Boyce, being, of course, that I give them a chance, and you rob them without it. I gamble, run a straight game, take my percentage, win or lose, and you charge 2 per cent a month to the poor, 7 per cent a year when you can, and 6 per cent to the rich! I guess it's about an even break."

Kilworth turned away, calling back: "Talk to him, colonel—you understand poor Caleb even better than I."

Looking at the portly figure disappearing in the bank door, Caleb Hale sneered: "The psalm-singing, canting hypocrite!" But the colonel said: "I'm sorry, Cale, that it happened," as he pressed the quivering arm he held kindly. "And now, Cale, tell me—what about that moving?"

"It's the boy, colonel, and the long-nosed shepelicans; they're jealous of all his toys," returned Hale bitterly. "They won't let their children play with him."

THE two men walked down the street, and the colonel said artlessly: "Pretty fine boy that—your little Dick." The father smiled acquiescence. "Good blood in him! Good New England blood, Cale," the colonel persisted. Then he added: "He ought to have his chance—the best chance in the world, Cale."

The colonel's words touched to the quick the gambler's heart. He turned to the older man and burst forth: "He'll be four years old next Christmas, colonel. Not a day has passed in those years that I haven't had that on me—all the time!"

They walked in silence for a minute; then the colonel screwed up his courage to say softly: "Cale—Cale, my boy, they're not jealous of the boy's toys, those mothers; we both know better than that."

They had come to the stairway leading to Hale's gambling room. The colonel shook his head and stood hesitating at the foot of the stairs; when he looked up he found the keen, blue eyes of Hale looking into the bearded old face.

"They're not caring about his toys, Cale," the colonel spoke gently, and then said: "It's because he's the gambler's son."

Their eyes met for a moment, and the colonel touched the gambler's arm fondly, and his voice had in it the affection one shows only to the well-beloved as he added:

"Well, think it over, Cale, anyway."

The younger face reddened, and the hard, mean voice of Caleb Hale cut back miserably: "So it's you, too—you, too!" and he ran quickly up the stairs.

But all day and all night the words "the gambler's son" burned into him. And the deeply affectionate, uplifted face of the colonel stared at Caleb from the cards. About midnight he noticed that an old man who had been losing more or less steadily—an old man of a miner's cast of face—was trying to put up as stakes some kind of a paper. Caleb walked over

to the table, picked up the paper, and looked it over, but the words "The Son of a Gamboleer" jumped out at him from the paper. He held himself from starting visibly; then cried sharply: "What's this?"

"A deed to my mine, in El Paso County, Colorado," replied the man. "Do you want it for—for five hundred?"

Hale smiled and shook his head, then asked: "What's it worth?"

"They offered me eight hundred for it out there last week."

"How much are you to the bad to-night here, grandpa?" queried the gambler, looking at the excited old face and fluttering hands.

"Well, I think—let me see—ninety-seven and a half will cover it."

"Better get up from there," replied Hale. "Come over here. I'll give you a thousand dollars for this. I might as well buy it as anything else. Where'd you get that name?"

"What? 'The Son of a Gamboleer'?"

Caleb nodded.

"Oh, I dunno. That's what the feller who prospected it called it. I traded him two burros and a side of bacon for it last fall, and run in a tunnel myself this winter. It's near some good workings!"

Hale looked at the old man, who seemed fearful lest his customer should slip away from him. The old man persisted: "Have your lawyer look it over. I ain't in no hurry."

"Oh, the devil—" began Hale. "You look honester than any lawyer. I just got this hunch, and I'm going to risk it."

The man rose.

"Now sail out of here, and come up in the morning and we'll make out the papers."

BUT Hale woke in the morning with rage in his heart — rage and a strange feeling of unrest and reproach against the world. The prattle of the youngster irritated the father, and he shuddered away from the child guiltily. The ancient college song with the refrain: "I'm a son-of-a-son-of-a-son-of-a-son-of-a-son-of-a-gamboleer" stuck in the man's head and became fixed. Every succession of sounds fell into the rhythm that called up that tune, and it poured gall into his heart. As he shaved he broke into the song, hating himself for his weakness, and little Dick, sitting in his nightie watching his father as a lower creature adoring one of the high gods at sacred rites, asked:

"Daddy, what is a gamboleer?"

When the child insisted on an answer the father put him off, and the mother from the bedroom cried tauntingly:

"Why don't you tell the child, Cale? I'd tell him if I was you."

And the devil stalked forth in that house, and the husband went out after breakfast, slamming the door behind him as a parting shot.



He cried softly: "Vashti, come here!" and in an instant she stood above him

But Boyce Kilworth, being of the elect and anointed, had no such tempestuous moments as these in his life. He had, of course, an occasional perplexity over the prosperity of the sinful, but the banker brushed the cobwebs of his perplexity aside as he entered his holy temple every morning and sat down to his desk. He got out his interest book—a well-thumbed Bible it was—and began to estimate how much he should put on time deposit to be compounded annually for his newest little daughter's dower, to make hers exactly equal to the sums the other girls had. When Esther came she had a hundred, and at compound interest two years and three months and fourteen days later it had earned $13.47 The enlarged sum he placed to Ruth's account the day she was born, and later a similar amount to Mary's. And now, eighteen months later, he must start little Deborah equal with the others, and it gave him a thrill of pleasure to dream how much it would be when she was twenty-one—how much each of the girls would have! So he sent in the deposit slip, made out a bank book for little Deborah, and turned to the business of the hour. It was the new tin mill—a kind of a woodshed industry. Two men and a boy were running the plant, and they owed the bank $4,540 for their machinery, and were getting in deeper every month. Still the book profits were there and money was comfortably loose, so he decided to risk another month's losses, for the gain, if profits should accrue, would be large, and if it failed he could, of course, unload it upon the bank. After he had gone over the month's business with the owner of the machinery—or the man who thought he would be owner—Kilworth stalked forth to pervade Constitution Street, walking with a wide, swinging movement from his hips. He met Colonel Longford just turning into the stairway where the sign "Caleb Hale, Stockman—Dealer in Cattle, Sheep, and Hogs"—was creaking in the afternoon breeze. As Kilworth's eyes glanced from the sign they met Colonel Longford's and Kilworth began:

"Ah, colonel—just what I've been thinking about—our recent talk with Caleb. The poor fellow is throwing away his opportunities. He's not developing the right faculties. He's not acquisitive." The banker put a patronizing arm on the colonel's shoulder. "Colonel, it's a gift—the acquisitive faculty. I turn over a park to the city that cost me three thousand and make five right back on abutting town lots. Caleb is wasting his time; he should learn to accumulate, and his peculiar business doesn't teach acquisitiveness. I thank God He has given me this acquisitive faculty and that I am not like other men who—"

"Well, Boyce," laughed the colonel in his deep Irish basso, "ye've distinguished Bible precedent for that hosanna—I dunno!"

"Yes, colonel, the man with ten talents had a gift—a divine gift," replied Kilworth, rubbing his hands.

"So he had, Boyce; so he had, but I wasn't thinking of that Bible character when I spoke," answered Colonel Longford.

"The Bible is full of men of affairs, isn't it?" insisted Kilworth, and, seeing Longford's foot on the stairs, the banker went on: "That's good. Go up and work with him. There were ninety and nine, you know, colonel!"

A hard glare in the colonel's eyes prodded Kilworth uneasily, and he asked: "That was what you were going up for, I presume?"

"Well, you presume again, Boyce Kilworth," grunted the colonel. "What I was going up for, if you must know, was to get the enlargement of your phylacteries out of my eyes and the scent of your anise and cumin out of my whiskers with a round or two of poker and a big snort of whisky."

In the room when the colonel opened the door he observed that business had scarcely begun for the day. A three-handed game of poker was progressing at a corner table; the man at the faro table was toying with the accouterment, and half a dozen idlers were lounging about the place shuffling cards, clicking chips, or drinking. Perched on a lookout box above the tables sat Caleb Hale with his hat pulled over his eyes. He was whittling on his finger nails with a pearl-handled penknife and glooming perceptibly. His eyes turned toward the colonel—the hulking, shaggy, leonine old figure with rollicking blue eyes dancing in the merry old countenance—and Hale's glance dropped again to his fingers. He did not speak. The colonel started for the long sideboard, where the porter in a white apron was presiding, but the old feet seemed to turn abruptly, and the colonel found himself before the lookout stand holding up a hand to Hale, and heard himself saying, almost as a third person: "Come out of your cave, Cale. I'm no Pharisee. I don't care how you make your money, just so you don't hoard it and let it mildew the heart out of you. Let's have a drink!"

"Let's don't!" replied Caleb, not raising his eyes from his hands.

Colonel Longford looked up keenly, but could not meet the gambler's downcast eyes. "Why? What's eating on you, Cale?" asked the colonel.

"What's it to you?" snarled Hale. The colonel put out his hand, touched the younger man's knee gently, looked a moment up into the distraught face in silence, and turned away, saying softly: "I'm sorry, Cale—only don't think I'm a Pharisee," and walked to the sideboard.

As he was reaching for a decanter a hand gripped his arm, and Hale whirled the old man about and walked him across the hall.

"Come into my room a minute," said Caleb, and the two entered a dark little cubbyhole, half bedroom and half office. Hale raised a window shade and locked the door. Then he stood staring for a few seconds at the colonel in woe and despair before he threw up his hands and cried: "God—God! Oh, damnation on my soul! Look at me—a cheating, thieving, tin-horn gambler! Me, who had a mind once!"

The colonel started to put a soothing arm about the lithe little figure, but Hale shuddered away.

"Here in the husks—here among swine! Here lower even than Boyce Kilworth; a sneak, a bloodsucker. Oh, God—God! Maybe there is no God to damn my soul—that's the worst of it all! Maybe there is no God!"

He fell across the bed in a tremble, but did not sob. The colonel bent gently over the man, found a chair, and took Caleb's hand. The thin, white, wiry fingers lay for a moment in the big, burly hand of the elder man, then another big hand closed over the small hand, and the colonel began patting and stroking it gently, saying no word. A deep tremor shook Caleb Hale, and then he wept and wept and wept.

Finally the colonel was startled by the muffled voice of his friend stammering: "Could you—do you suppose—did you ever— Oh, colonel—colonel! For God's sake pray—pray for me!"

THE elder man's face turned blank. Quickly his mind snapped back to the battle field of Shiloh and the dusk where he stood beside a long black trench in the morass. Even the chaplain had gone down that day. The colonel reached for his hat there in the dirty, sour-smelling room, and lifted up his face and whispered as his memory prompted through the years: "Oh, Lord, for this our fallen comrade we pray Thy mercy and grace. Amen!" And a tear-stained, wrenched old countenance dropped on his chest as the colonel sat down.

"D—— it all, Cale," he whimpered; "I've got no right to pray for you or anyone! But—" Here he punctuated his words with a sob. "Boy—boy—boy—" he cried shrilly; "I'm right here to knock daylight out of the first man who tries to preach to you or lead you astray."

The younger man nodded. He was afraid to try his voice. Finally he rose and sat mutely on the side of the bed, looking at the ground in a kind of meditative trance, very still, while his life stretched ahead of him in prophetic

(Continued on page 30)

THE RED GERANIUM

A TALE OF THE TOWN

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DEREMEAUX



THERE comes a time, if you are young, ambitious, and sensitive, when New York does more than get on your nerves—it seems a positively cruel and wicked and imprisoning thing from which you must fly or perish. After that, if you are successful, you probably get your second wind, like a runner in a distance race, and finish through.

Roy Magoun had been in New York four years. He was now twenty-seven years old, and he felt like the waitress in the Connecticut hotel who said she'd been there for eleven years and could just about stand it till next Wednesday. Roy was going through perhaps the most trying period in a newspaper man's life. The first glamour of reporting had worn away—the joy of rushing importantly about among affairs and being a part of them, the cub's excitement of curiosity—and he had begun to wake up to the deeper significances of the news. In short, he had begun to form opinions and desired to express them, which is fatal to the average reporter's happiness, because he isn't hired to express opinions anyway, and besides the average reporter's opinions usually run counter to those of the managing editor or the business office. Roy's did. He had been suddenly put that winter into the dramatic critic's position and told to go ahead his own way—which he quite well understood meant he was to write amusing stuff that wouldn't cause the Silvermans or the Cohens or the other props of Thalia and Melpomene to withdraw their advertising. This was intolerable to him. Previously he had felt no burning desire to pitch into the Cohens and the Silvermans, because he went only to their good plays. But now that he had to survey the whole shabby output, the blood of his fighting Abolitionist maternal grandfather surged within him. He didn't feel like a joker, but a Crusader.

Besides, he could get no outdoor exercise in New York in the winter, and his beloved skis, warping with the steam heat, stared at him reproachfully from his closet.

To cap the climax, his roommate had just got married and moved into a real house out in New Jersey. The lucky dog! He was several years older than Roy, and had been made managing editor of a popular magazine. His wife had red geraniums in the windows, such as Roy's mother used to have back in the quiet Massachusetts town that he came from. Roy lived on alone in the apartment—a sitting room overlooking Washington Square and a bedroom behind, with a window looking out on a court inclosed on three sides by the old bachelor apartment house and on the fourth side by the wall of a loft building dedicated to the manufacture of underwear. Roy was unspeakably lonely. He hated the chains that bound his pen; he hated the dirty, noisy town; he hated the Silvermans and the Cohens whom he conceived as laying foul hands on the muses of the drama. Above all, he hated Sundays in winter, when there wasn't even work to do.

One cold, clear Saturday morning he bought a pair of skates and with a pocketful of chops to cook over a fire, took a train up into the Jersey hills. He had a delightfully lonely and miserable time on the deserted borders of Greenwood Lake, and got home late, sleepy, and tired. When he awoke the next morning to a dull realization that it was Sunday, he lay in bed for a while and let his memory recall how on Sabbath mornings in his childhood he would lie like this, with the sun streaming in the window, and hear far-off the mellow church bells, and under the floor the subdued buzz and rattle of domestic sounds in the dining room below. He thought, too, of his mother's red geraniums in the sitting-room windows, and, shutting his eyes, he scented again their pungent smell. Nothing, perhaps, is so subduing as the memory of a perfume. He stretched his stiff legs in the bed and pretended that he was a boy again—pretended that he was about to rise and go downstairs into a real dining room, amid the home faces.

WHEN Roy did get up and go to the window to close it he was astonished by seeing across the air court, in the window of the back apartment facing his on the same floor, two red geraniums in a box on the inner ledge. As he was still gazing on this phenomenon—the room had been vacant all the winter—a girl came to the window with a pitcher in her hand. She looked out, as one naturally does on going to a window, and of course she saw Roy standing gaping in his pajamas. They both jumped back into cover.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he exclaimed, grabbing his screen and unfolding it angrily across his window.

He dressed quickly, and stopped at the office downstairs to probe the mystery. "James," said he to the faithful warder of the apartment, who had been there before the oldest tenant, "is this a bachelor apartment, or isn't it?"

"I'm afraid it isn't," said James sadly. "You see, so many people are moving uptown now, we've had rooms vacant all the fall—never happened before. So finally they told me to rent 'em to anybody I could. A lady moved into No. 61, on your floor, yesterday. She's very nice; she—"

"My God, James! The plumbing in this old shack is bad enough—but women—!"

And Roy fled abruptly in search of breakfast. He was very angry at the feminine invasion. Of course he couldn't move; he was too comfortable where he was, he liked his view of Washington Square, and above all he liked the peace of that section of town after the hectic glitter of Broadway. He came home from the theatre as to another world, another order of life. That was how he maintained his sanity, he told himself. But a woman across the air space gazing into one's bedroom windows! It was intolerable.

When Roy returned after his late breakfast, and had read and reread the morning paper, it occurred to him that if the female could look into his apartment he could look into hers. Curiosity overcame him, and he went into his bedroom, sneaked up guiltily behind the screen, and peeped between two panels. He could not even see her red geraniums. The entire lower pane of the window was covered with white squares of cloth. After a second it came to him that they were handkerchiefs, spread on the pane to dry and get ironed at the same time. He went back to his study.

"Women are economical creatures," he muttered.

HE read a play that had just been printed, and then restlessly got up again and peeped through his screen. The handkerchiefs had been removed, and the red geraniums were once more visible. The window was up, and the girl, with a shoe in her hand, was endeavoring to drive a tack into the frame on the outer side with the heel of the shoe for a hammer. She hit her finger, emitted a muttered exclamation, and sucked the injured member. But she hung on to the tack. Finally she got it driven, and one on the other side, strung a piece of twine across, and hung three pairs of gloves out to dry! Then she closed the window, and moved back into the dim interior of her room. But Roy had obtained a good look at her, and he wasn't so cross as he had been. At least, if one must live with one's bedroom window opening on a view of a woman's window, it was some consolation to have the woman young and not unattractive.



Roy went back into his study again, and decided to go for a walk. It was getting on into the afternoon now. As he was waiting for the elevator, he heard a door open down the corridor, and the girl came out. They stood waiting together, after each had glanced once in the other's face and looked away. He held the door open for her at the main entrance below, and she thanked him. Then she started off briskly across the square. Roy watched her go. She was moderately tall and not immoderately thin, and she walked well, with the spring of youth and health. He had liked her voice when she said "Thank you." He thought about her as he strode northward. He stayed at his club for dinner, rather bored by the table talk, which was about the market, concerning which he knew nothing and cared less. Then he walked back home and went directly into his bedroom.

THE gloves were taken in from her clothesline, but she hadn't pulled down her shade. As his bedroom was dark he was safe from detection, and he stared brazenly into her room, which was brightly lighted. There seemed to be little furniture. Two or three pictures were on the wall—he could not make out their subjects. The girl herself was seated at a small wall desk writing. She kept steadily at it, and he could see that the sheets were of large size. It wasn't a letter.

"Lord! She's literary!" he thought.

Once she crumpled up a sheet and threw it from her angrily, and Roy chuckled.

Then he suddenly felt ashamed, and went hastily back to his front room, and began to work. But all the evening he had a vague and not unpleasant consciousness of the girl working hardly fifty feet away across the air court. Once when he went into his bathroom for a drink he saw her light was still on, though she had dropped her shade. Later her room was dark.

The ensuing week he met her several times in the elevator in the late afternoons. In the morning she was always gone before he got up. Her name was Rutledge—Susan Rutledge; Roy peeked in her letter box in the front hall to find that out. He also discovered a long, bulky envelope from a magazine in the box.

"Yes: literary—and rejected," he thought.

When they met they looked at each other as people do who are not acquainted and who yet have some bond between them, if only the bond of living in the same block. The third time Roy could not refrain from a little smile, and thereupon neither could she, though she blushed and turned away. The fourth time—it was Saturday, a cold, snowy day—the faithful James himself was running the elevator.

"I tell Miss Rutledge she's a bachelor now," he chuckled to Roy as the ancient elevator creaked slowly upward. James had a way of assuming that any two people who lived in his building must be friends. After all, it was one of his charms.

The girl laughed. "I tell James he was a horrid person not to tell me I was coming to a bachelor apartment," she said. "I—I—feel embarrassed."

"Oh, there are lots more ladies here now," said James. "Two came yesterday, to the third floor."

"No place is secure from the feminine invasion nowadays," said Roy.

"Do you feel so badly about it?" She just lifted her lashes and shot a glance at him which made him sorry the elevator was bumping to the top.

He didn't reply for a second, as they stepped out, and the smiling face of James was lost to view below the floor.

"I like geraniums," he answered. "They make me think of my mother."

"Have *you* none in your front windows? They'd get such glorious sun."

He shook his head. "Sun won't do it. It needs a woman to tend 'em," said he.

The girl laughed, a pretty, mellow laugh, and moved away down the corridor.

ALL the next day—the long, tiresome Sunday—it snowed, making dirty slush in the streets. Roy went to the closet and patted his skis. He even brought them out, fastened the harness, and tried to spring into the Telemark stemming position; but he knocked over a chair and strained his hip. Two or three times he took a look across the air well. The handkerchiefs were again on the pane to dry in the morning. It got dark very early, and the girl lighted the gas. He saw her at her desk working. The day seemed interminable. He was trying to do an article himself, for his former roommate's magazine, but it wouldn't come right. It was too dreary out of doors to walk, even to go up to the club. The Avenue busses were stalled anyhow. He made up his mind to a lonely dinner in his apartment, horrible as were the dinners they sent up from downstairs. It was a dismal prospect. He got up and took another look across the air well. She had stopped writing. She was at the window, with her nose in the geraniums. She looked wistful, Roy thought. She was probably homesick. On a sudden impulse, born of his own loneliness, Roy marched down the hall and knocked on her door. Her face expressed her surprise when she saw who stood without, and she looked at him in blank questioning.

Roy stammered. "I—I—you'll think this funny of me," he said. "But I've ordered dinner from downstairs—it's too sloppy to go out—and I wonder if you'll come in and help me eat it. It'll probably be a punk dinner, but I've got an open fire."

"Well—well—" she stammered in her turn. "I—I hardly know what to say, Mr. Magoun. It—it's rather strange—"

"Say yes, then; that's always easiest," he cut in. "And it's really not strange at all. I'm too confoundedly lonesome for words to-night. The town is on my nerves, and all day I've been conscious of you across the air well, all alone too. That's honest. I just finally decided I'd feel a whole lot better if we two combined forces against—against things. Won't you come?"

They heard a door opening down the corridor somewhere, and the girl beckoned him in and shut her door behind him. Her color was high. "You're lonely, and the town is on your nerves?" she asked.

"Horribly," he nodded.

"But you know it wouldn't be proper for me to come?"

"Not in plays and Concord, Mass., perhaps," he smiled. "But in our bachelor existence amid these five million people who don't give a hurrah what we do, it's proper or improper just as we make it. You know that."

"Yes," she admitted, "I know that." She looked him steadily in the face for a second, and they seemed to become better friends in the silence. "I'll come!" she finally added.

Roy went back to his room, ordered dinner for two, lit his wood fire, and cleared a table. When the trays had come and the maids had departed, he signaled across from his bedroom window. The girl came quickly down the corridor and slipped into the room. Her face was glowing. "I feel deliciously wicked," she laughed.

"Please don't," said Roy. "Please feel deliciously friendly."

They made a merry meal while the wind whipped sleet against the windowpanes and the little wood fire crackled. He led the girl on to tell him about herself. She had come to New York, as so many girls come nowadays, adventuring like their brothers. Writing was to be her profession.

"And I'm a clerk in the Board of Foreign Missions," she added sadly. "One has to live."

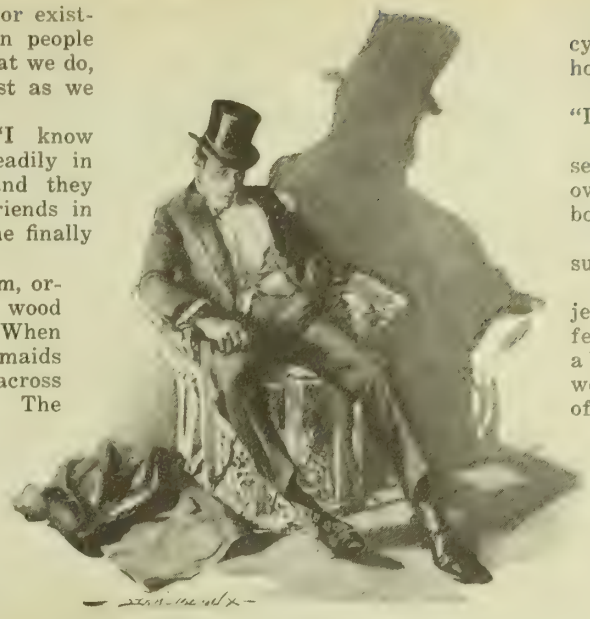
"Charles Lamb worked in the India House, and Austin Dobson in the Post Office, or something," Roy cheered her. "And think what I am—a dramatic critic who can't even criticize! There's nothing lower."

He set the dinner trays out by the elevator, so the maids would not come back into the room to disturb them, and they sat before the fire and talked of their ambitions. Not since his roommate deserted him had Roy talked so freely, and the girl, he was aware, had felt the loneliness of the city far more than he; for, after all, if he desired it, he always had the companionship of the newspaper office and of his college club. It was nobody's fault but his own, perhaps, if they didn't satisfy him. But this girl, by day a clerk in a foreign missions house, a complete stranger in the vast city, brimming with ambitions which were constantly thwarted, living alone, and hanging her wash on the windowpane, had a right to be lonely! He encouraged her to talk about her work. Finally he coaxed her to the point of going back to her room and bringing her latest story, of which she had great hopes, and reading it to him.

IT was the work of a young woman not yet quite free from undergraduate technical immaturity, though Roy hesitated to tell her that. Still more, it was the work of one striving for realism as a conscious literary form—and the American reading public is incorrigibly romantic. He could tell her that. He could tell her, too, that she must inject more "love interest."

"But that is just what I don't want in this story!" she cried. "Mustn't one write as one sees things?"

"Surely," said he. "By all means. But one must learn to see things the other fellow's way."



He sat down, breathless, and stared long at his desk. Yes, he really loved her!

"That is a frightfully cynical remark," she replied hotly.

"Yes," he acknowledged. "I know it."

"Well, *I'm* not going to see things any way but my own!" she declared. "Nobody can and be an artist."

"We are talking of being successful," said Roy.

They thrashed the subject pro and con, and then fell into talk once more about themselves. They were in the thrilling process of getting acquainted—a man and a girl, isolated in the desert of five million persons called the city.

The last log in the fireplace fell apart presently, and as Roy poked together the two embers the girl suddenly cried: "What time is it?"

He looked at his watch. "It's only just midnight," he grinned.

"Good Lord!" She gathered her manuscripts together and sprang up. "What—what would they say at the Missions House if they knew!"

"They'd probably send a missionary down here. Don't tell 'em. Oh, Miss Rutledge, you've been the missionary this evening! I think I might have committed suicide, or even gone to a Sunday night vaudeville 'sacred concert,' if you hadn't come!"

"I—I owe you some thanks too," she said soberly and simply. "Good night."

She put out her hand, and Roy shook it. Then he peeped into the hall. "The coast is clear," he whispered.

She slipped out, with a backward smile into his face, and ran softly down the corridor.

As he pulled down his own shade he saw her shadow vaguely on hers, and the sight warmed him.

The next Sunday they went for a walk in the park, dined at an uptown restaurant, and walked home through the deserted cañon of Fifth Avenue between Twenty-third and Fourteenth Streets, and then through the domestic quiet of the lower end into the Square. The remains of a recent snowfall lay in dirty heaps here and there, and the pavement was sloppy.

"I used to be a famous ski performer once, a thousand years ago," sighed Roy.

"I used to make beautiful snow statues," she answered, "in a big front yard with elm trees."

In the upper corridor they parted with a handshake—a lingering handshake on his part—and over her geraniums she waved him good night as she pulled down her shade.

The next evening he took her to a "first night," for she said she didn't mind going home alone from the Astor Place subway station while he continued on the train to his office. She had such a good time sitting beside him down in the orchestra and seeing all the little celebrities who strut in the Broadway alley that he had an unusually good time himself, and found the next morning that he had praised a poor play. Nevertheless he insisted that she go with him the next night. But when it came to the third night she shook her head.

"I mustn't," she said. "I've got to work at my story—I'm on a new one now. Maclarens have had the other ten days now. Oh, do you suppose—!"

"If they don't, somebody will," he answered bravely, and went to the theatre alone, and missed her presence in the chair beside him. The play was a poor, vulgar thing, and he said so—and the next day the Silvermans had a talk with his business office, and presently his managing editor had a talk with him. Roy kept his temper. What was the use? What difference did it make anyhow whether you lied about so trivial a thing as the New York stage? he thought. It was like everything else in the city—run to make money. It wasn't worth fighting about. He wearily promised to "reform" and went home. On his way west from the car, through Fourth Street, he ran into the stream of sweatshop workers flowing homeward toward the East Side after the day's work. There was an endless black river of them, and he had to shoulder his way against the current. The men were unshaven and undersized. The girls were undersized also: little things not up to his armpit. There was not one of them, man or woman, of his own Anglo-Saxon-Celtic race. Many were gibbering in strange tongues. Those who spoke English spoke in the awful accents of the New York streets. For one block, two blocks, three blocks, he fought the current of alien pygmies, his depression growing, his loathing of this thing New York increasing in volume.

At the door of their apartment building he ran into the girl! She was tall, (*Continued on page* 28)



They leaned together and kissed each other gravely, sweetly



Mr. Garrison's Resignation

THE resignation of LINDLEY M. GARRISON as Secretary of War was a good illustration of the Democratic party's quality as an agent for conducting our National Government. Current newspaper comment during the weeks since the resignation does not seem to indicate that this point has been grasped. There has been a clever and somewhat successful effort to put Secretary GARRISON wholly in the wrong and President WILSON wholly in the right. The President's ability and subtlety as a letter writer and controversialist have served him well, but the facts remain. Back in December President WILSON adopted the Garrison plan for army reorganization and sent it to Congress in his annual message. The Administration had had something over a year to ponder the matter and this was the result, this was their solution and their party had a majority in Congress with which to pass the necessary measures. But in six weeks the whole thing crumbled. It began to appear that the Executive was not sure of Congressional support and that Congress had no great confidence in the plans announced by the Executive. The President was face to face with a condition of disorganization within his party. And so, by January 17, he had developed a willingness "to discuss alternative proposals." Secretary GARRISON, apparently relying on the indorsement given in the annual message to Congress, continued to press his plans. By February 10 that indorsement was sufficiently in the background, so that President WILSON could give his Secretary this most remarkable warning:

> I trust that you will feel no hesitation about expressing your personal views on both these subjects on the two occasions to which you refer, but I hope that you will be kind enough to draw very carefully the distinction between your own individual views and the views of the Administration.

The plain meaning of this sentence is: your scheme is not ours; get out. Mr. GARRISON saw the point and resigned. What else could he do? His final letter summed up the whole situation in one bitter phrase: "The impropriety of my longer remaining your seeming representative with respect to these matters." Note that word *"seeming."*

Where Does the United States Come In?

THE basic trouble was and is that LINDLEY M. GARRISON is a nationalist; he wants the United States guarded as a whole. Our militia system has held over from the days when there was no steam and no electricity, when practically every one of the thirteen States could be attacked separately and would have to defend itself very largely with its own forces. The arrangement was obsolete a hundred years ago and did not succeed even against the Indians, but it appeals to the kindly muddle-headed localism of such typical Democrats as W. J. BRYAN and CLAUDE KITCHIN. Perhaps the recent Secretary of War was too abrupt in proposing to root out the militia all at once, but that was a matter for discussion and possible modification *before* the Administration declared its policy. As between the fundamental merits of national forces on the one hand and State forces on the other there can be no hesitation whatever. The most obvious lessons of the present war will convince anyone who cares about facts. The struggle for a system of national defense for this country has not been lost: it has only just begun. But it is a pity that at the very outset the Democratic leaders have shown themselves lacking in any comprehension of the problem. It is a greater pity that President WILSON, after once indorsing his matured plans, should throw over so able and vigorous a Secretary of War as LINDLEY M. GARRISON, and should do this in preference to supplying the force and leadership necessary to get something done. The need of our country remains the same. The present Administration has failed to meet it.

France's Unpreparedness — and Ours

IN discussing this matter of preparedness it is time to set at rest a legend which says of France that she was unprepared and which calls the Battle of the Marne a miracle. The French themselves are responsible in some degree for this fallacy. The French say of this war quite candidly: "We were not ready." But when they say "we were not ready" they do not mean at all that they were living, August 1, 1914, in that state of beatific innocence which is the present condition of the United States. What the French mean is: "Compared to Germany, we were not ready." As a matter of fact, France entered the present war with an immense and splendid army, well trained, well equipped, and commanded by generals who all of their lives had worked enormously to prepare themselves for the present ordeal. This army was inferior to the invading force in certain respects. It was inferior in numbers because the population of France is only about four-sevenths that of Germany. It was inferior also in certain mechanical factors and in mobilizing speed—for France is a democratic country, and her Government has been run by politicians, not by military men; and because the railroads of France have been built for commercial purposes, while those of Germany have always been planned with an eye to military serviceability. The result was that at the first great clash the French were able to oppose only 1,500,000 men to 2,500,000 invaders. But by the time the French took their position for the Battle of the Marne the numerical balance had been almost restored. France was, too, correcting the balance in the matter of munition supplies; her workshops as well as her manhood were mobilizing. So that the victory of the Marne was not a miracle. The farthest one can go in giving it a spiritual merit is to call it a moral victory. The Battle of the Marne was won by an enormous army, exceedingly well trained, exceedingly well equipped, and brilliantly commanded by officers who had given all of their thoughts, all of their lives, to preparation for this very event. The inferiority of the French preparation to the German lay simply in the fact that France's preparation was for war in general—for a war which it was hoped would never come; while Germany's had become a preparation for a definite and special offense, and, during the year preceding August, 1914, for a definite special offense to take place on a definite day. The situation might be pictured thus: Two men live side by side. Each man has a gun and knows how to use it. Man number one decides to jump the fence at a certain minute of a certain day and to cut down the geraniums in number two's garden. Of course he succeeds in jumping the fence and in cutting down a certain number of geraniums before man number two stops him. But the comparison still is between two men, each of whom has a gun. *It is not between a man with a gun and one who has no gun and who is determined never to have one.*

Armies and the War Spirit

THE French did not desire this war. The facts that they had an efficient army, and that since 1871 they had required two years' military service of their young men (lately, *three* years), had not made the French war crazy or undemocratic. On the contrary, they were the people most notable throughout the world for triumphs in the arts, in letters, in thought, in thrift. France was the best type of democracy in all the world, *and had become so under a regimen of universal military service.* There is some talk in America nowadays of the need of devising some system of general military training. That is one reason for our noticing what France does and says. A very great historian, a man devoted to the cause of truth (which is international), is ERNEST LAVISSE of the Academy. M. LAVISSE, lecturing at Saint-Cyr in 1898, used this language which we are about to quote. We believe it is a message to the America of 1916:

> When a society, losing interest in the army, disdains the military profession as gross, and trusts its defense to mercenaries and foreigners, its punishment may come soon or late, but it comes surely. In the cities and castles of Gaul, in the fifth century, lived men of culture and distinction, lovers of the arts and of letters. They tasted the delights of the *pax romanica*—the "peace of Rome," Then the barbarians came: and some thousands of men were enough to occupy Gaul—for the soldiers of Clovis were far from numerous. These barbarians and their kings seemed coarse and clumsy folk to the Gallo-Romans, who made fun of their great height, their speech, their raucous songs, and their breath that stank of garlic. ***But the Gallo-Roman Senators became subjects and courtiers of the Frankish, Burgundian, and Visigothic kings, and saluted them as "Excellency" and "Majesty."***

Them Exquisite Vowel Harmonies

IT is hard to tell whether to laugh or spit when a critic runs off the track and goes bumping along over the ties. Here is a case where SHAKESPEARE is the goat. His critic writes of "Lyric Diction," rapturously rubbers the line:

> When to the sessions of sweet silent thought

and blurbs as follows:

> Note how vividly the swift bustle of *surd* sibilants suggests the rush of wingéd memories settling in the poet's heart, and how, by the subtle art of contrast, of which he was past master, it emphasizes the serene *adagio* of the exquisite vowel harmonies that follow—the prolonged thrill of the double *e* in "sweet," the hush of the long *i* in "silent," and the brooding *ou* in "thought."

We yield to no one in our admiration and awe of SHAKESPEARE, and have always felt that besides being a great poet he was also a man. Somehow we can't escape the notion that if he could read that "analysis" he would burst into a roar of whole-souled

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laughter. This is certainly an instance of how not to read poetry. It is also a splendid example of how not to write criticism—a higher art than keeping tab on the "brooding *ou.*"

Plain Justice

FOR civilians killed or hurt in its service the United States is one of the worst employers in the world. Some thirty-three of our States have passed laws to compensate those injured in industrial accidents, but the Federal Government has not yet been shamed into justice in these matters. Recently an explosion occurred in a submarine, *E-2,* undergoing repairs at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Three civilians were killed and six injured, and it is a dire misfortune to the dependents of these men that they were not working for a private employer. The Kern-McGillicuddy Bill (H. R. 476), which provides fair and decent treatment for such cases, has been before Congress for over two years, and this killing ought to make plain the need of its immediate enactment. The bill is now in the hands of the House Judiciary Committee, EDWIN Y. WEBB, chairman, and any pressure on this committee to report it out will be a public service. If our National Government is to be an increasingly large employer of civilians in all lines, it must be a fair employer. At present it is not.

Of Coal and Poetry

THIS is the season when we know and feel what coal does. Prosperity is speeding up our factories, farmers are driving into town for a few extra bushels of the black diamonds, flat dwellers are living close to their steam pipes, and it is all one's life is worth to open an office window. We read in shivers that the coal miners are about to present certain demands for a general readjustment of wages to be effective during the next few years. It takes one's thoughts back to the hard-featured kingdom of coal and iron, dust by day and flame by night, where huge breakers sprawl down the hillsides and mile-square culm heaps shoulder up against the sky. And then a newspaper poet, under the pen name of "K," comes along and in three short verses shows us more than one can see in six hours on a limited train. The title was "Scranton," and this is what he said:

> I am the Giver, O all ye that sing
> Of Athens violet-crowned beside the sea,
> And Florence laughing in the face of Spring,
> And Rome, and Carcassonne, remember me.
>
> I have foregone my beauty for your sake,
> And I go shod with soot and crowned with smoke,
> That I may fill the hands outstretched to take
> The gifts I carry 'neath my hodden cloak.
>
> Through me in fairy chariots you ride,
> I give you talismans against the storm;
> Through me your caravels scorn wind and tide,
> And all your little folk lie snug and warm.

Perhaps this is hardly a valid argument for higher wages in the coal fields—but the men who do this service must have justice.

Penalized Short-Cuts

MAKING up your mind about people—whether you will like them or not—the first instant you meet them, is like reading the end of a book first. You may (though you frequently don't) secure a fairly accurate impression, but all the thrill of suspense, the gradual unfolding of surmise into certainty, is lost forever.

Cartoon drawn by E. W. Kemble



DEATH: "Let's call it off, old man; you're overmatched and I'm overworked"

The Truth About Booze

A NEW ORLEANS physician sends us a clipping from the "Situations Wanted" column of the "States," a newspaper published in his town:

> SOBER, reliable and honest bartender needs work badly; can open oysters, make sandwiches, etc., clean worker; don't drink; good references; small saloon preferred. K 832, States.

> BY a married man, 32 years of age, as bartender; can run oyster counter, or work in any part of saloon; employed at present, but wants to change to a place where honesty and good work will be recognized; strictly sober; good references. K 831, States.

This is what we call a poor card for the booze business. Also it reminds the New Orleans doctor of that joke about the two darkies. One sat down at a restaurant table and, looking up, recognized the waiter as an old friend. "Huh!" he said, "I sees you is wuking here." "Yes," said the waiter, noting the sarcasm, "I'se *wuking* here, but, thank de LAWD, I ain't *eatin'* here!"

Jog-Trotting

IF you can rig yourself up in a special protective costume, climb into a big racing car, and shoot this car round a specially constructed track before the eyes of thousands—if you do this, and do it at about two miles a minute, you are on the way to be famous. But is it really so much of an achievement as THOMAS DONOVAN'S? He's seventy-one now, and for the last fifty-one years he has been holding the reins on a horse car in New York City, where they still have them. Old TOM switched off to run a trolley car for a while, but he began on a horse car the year the Civil War ended, and he was still on one when he retired some weeks since. There's a career of service for you! He deserves the rest-of-his-life pension he is going to get. Said TOM regretfully when it came time for him to quit: "I don't know what I'll be doin' when I leave them hosses. Them hosses is feelin' pretty bad about me havin' t' leave 'em." These two remarks indicate one way in which TOM'S life has been richer than if he had been working with gasoline or electricity.

Music in the Home

SO much is done for the children nowadays. So many different sorts of knowledge are crammed into them at school. They devote themselves to so many things unconnected either with childhood or home life. Meanwhile one opportunity—rich in possibilities for happiness—is too often neglected. Mr. JOSEF STRANSKY, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, gives wise counsel in this matter:

> The way to love music, to increase its production, is to know it when you are young—young individually and young as a nation. It is much more difficult to prepare people to enjoy music after they are grown up and their minds have become crowded with various interests in life. The American nation should not let its youth slip by without filling the souls of the children with music. . . .
>
> As yet the young people here do not have their minds directed definitely enough in musical channels. I do not see groups of children standing about a piano in the twilight and singing to a mother's accompaniment. I do not see the boys of a neighborhood forming a small orchestra and playing really fine music as they do in France and Germany.

Mr. STRANSKY overstates his case somewhat. We know of a New England farmer's family of six children, each playing a different instrument, who, with father and mother, make a real little orchestra. And there are a good many such groups of the sort Mr. STRANSKY says he has not seen—youngsters about their mother at the piano. But there should be still more—many more. There cannot be too many. For, as the wise conductor says, music is something more than mere entertainment. It is "a serious and permanent joy in life . . . to keep the emotions stirred, the imagination young."

Edison Photos Copyright by Janet M. Cumming



This collection of portraits decorates one of the walls of the Edison living room. The great inventor can sit at his work table and see himself at sixteen different ages



At this desk, in his favorite corner, Edison works at night

Edison in His Work Corner at Home

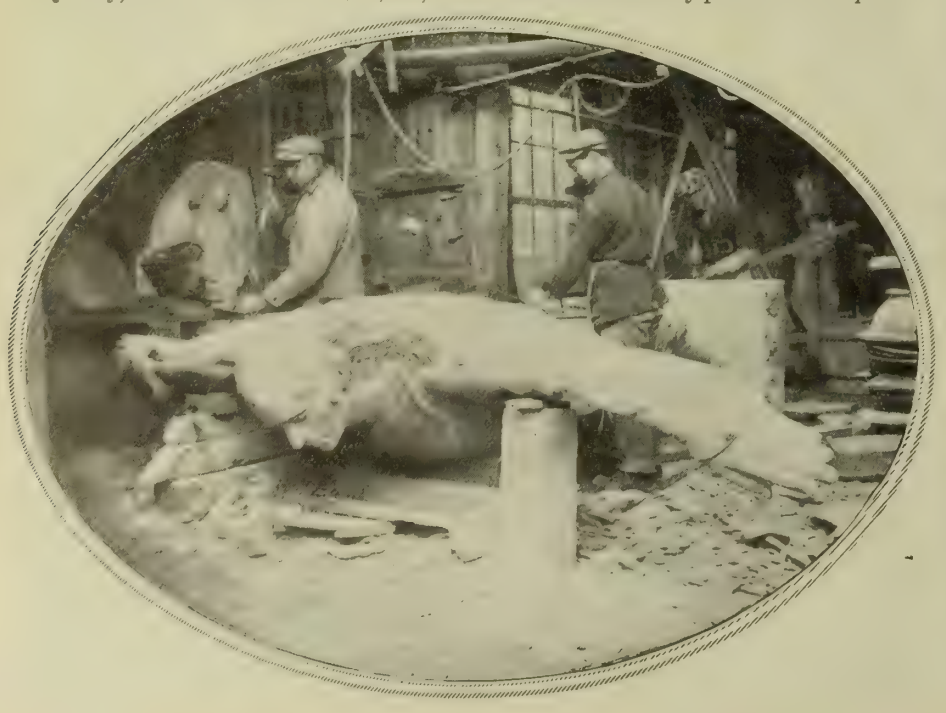
THE three photographs on the upper half of this page tell a new pictorial story of Thomas A. Edison's home life. In the circle the famous inventor is seen in his favorite corner of the living room of his house in Orange, N. J. It is at this desk that he spends most of his evenings, giving the final touches to unfinished work brought home from his laboratories. In the upper left-hand corner you see Mr. Edison's living-room collection of portraits of himself. The large photograph in the center of the group has an interesting history. It was hanging in the main office when the Edison laboratories were burned last year, and was about the only thing in the building that escaped unscorched. On the margin at the left of the portrait Mr. Edison wrote: "Never touched me." Next below is a glimpse of his music room. The motion-picture projector at the left is used by Mr. Edison to inspect new films, and the musical instruments are played to aid him in testing phonograph records. He tests every original talking-machine record before copies of it are molded and sent out for the market. He hires a boy to do nothing but operate phonographs for him. At the age of sixty-nine Mr. Edison is as busy as he was at forty-five or fifty. About a year ago he assumed personal management of all his enterprises.



A corner of Mr. Edison's music room, containing a motion-picture projector and musical instruments which are played for comparison with new phonograph records

A Memorial to the *Titanic's* Dead

IN the photograph below marble cutters are seen working on a new statue that is to be erected in Potomac Park, Washington, D. C., as a national memorial to those who went down with the transatlantic liner *Titanic* in 1912. It was designed by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, and is intended to represent the last inspiration of a departing soul. The figure is neither male nor female, but represents both. It is ten feet tall and will be placed on a pedestal eighteen feet square and ten feet high. The granite came from a quarry at Westerly, R. I., and is being chiseled into shape under the direction of John Horr'gan, a sculptor, of Quincy, Mass. It will cost $40,000, which sum was raised by public subscription.



Mary Harris—Village Blacksmith

MRS. MARY HARRIS, seen in the photograph below, enjoys the rare feminine distinction of being a full-fledged blacksmith. She works with her husband, John Harris, in the village of Grant, Mich., and is not ashamed of her trade. "I'd rather shoe a horse or set a wagon tire," she told the photographer, "than mend a garment or do an ironing." She picked up her first lessons in blacksmithing while puttering in the shop to keep her husband company, and now she can handle a hammer and tongs as cleverly as the male half of the partnership. She is particularly skillful at welding. And in addition to being a good mechanic, Mrs. Harris finds time to be a first-rate housekeeper.



Mrs. Harris hammering a horseshoe to make it fit. She nails shoes on gentle horses brought to the shop, and her husband handles the troublesome ones

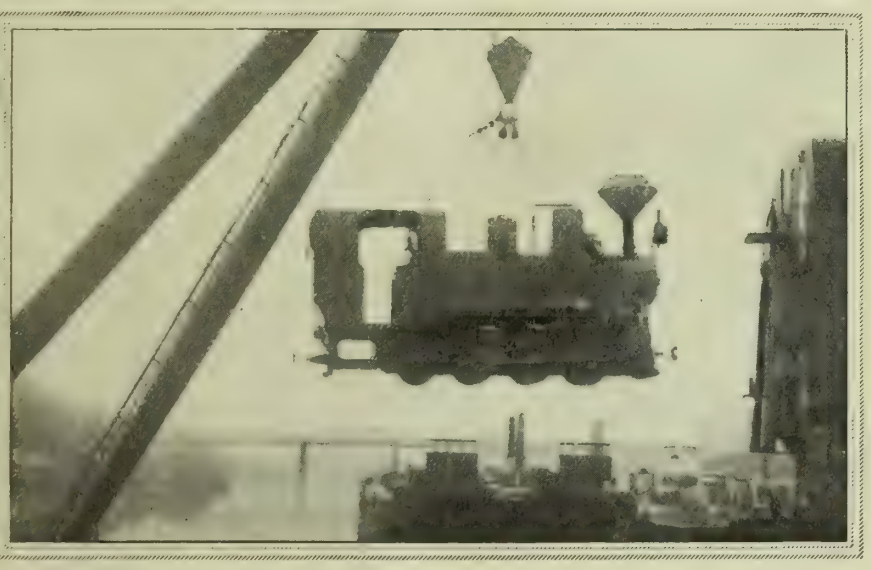
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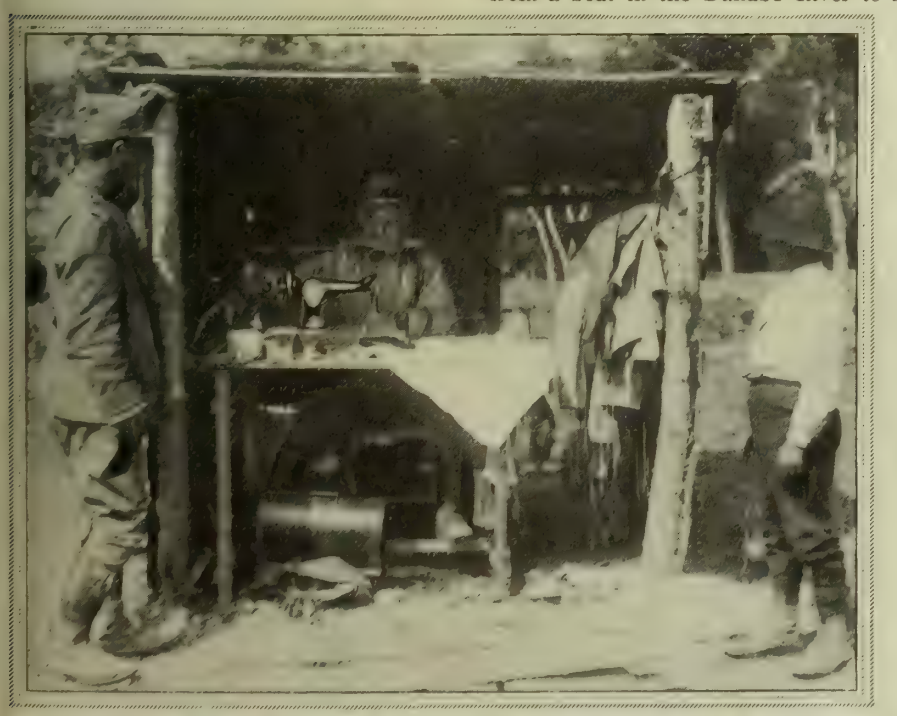
THE KITCHEN OF AN AMBULANCE TRAIN running between the French front and Paris. The new ambulance trains are a long way ahead of the rail hospital service early in the war. In the first few months tens of thousands of wounded men were hauled in unsanitary freight cars, like so many crossties or bales of hay

The Rôle of Science in Europe's War

SCIENCE in the war on land, illustrated on its brighter side by the photographs on this page, is a story of extremes. The methods of fighting, of caring for the wounded, and of providing comforts for the able-bodied vary from the newest and best to the most primitive ever used. In the more advanced localities the injured are removed from the slaughter fields to hospitals in modern sanitary ambulance trains, such as the one seen in part in the photograph above, while in the back-country sections of the Russian and Balkan zones the wounded consider themselves lucky if they are hauled from the front in crowded ox carts. As a rule the troops on both sides are well fed and clothed. The Serbians are the only notable exception. They have been almost destitute of both food and raiment ever since January, 1915. From that time until their crushing defeat a few weeks ago the Serbian troops endured severe privations, while the civilian population was being ravaged by famine and fever. About all that was scientific behind the Serbian lines was some of the weapons, and the marksmanship. It is in weapons that you find the most striking contrast. Among the new devices for killing men are poison gas, high-explosive grenades, machine guns that shoot 400 times a minute, and cannon that hurl shells more than twenty miles. On the other hand, we find soldiers reverting to the crudest of all implements of slaughter. News dispatches say that some of the Austro-Germans in the Balkans have been fighting with ordinary wooden clubs, and in the same region British and French troops are provided with bludgeons covered with spikes. Sometimes in hand-to-hand encounters clubs can be used to better advantage than bayonets.



AN AUSTRIAN LOCOMOTIVE for military use in the Balkans being lifted from a boat in the Danube River to a railroad track on the Bulgarian shore



AN ITALIAN ARMY TAILOR in a shack near the firing line mending the uniforms of fellow soldiers. He is using an American sewing machine which he carries from place to place in the little case on the ground at his feet

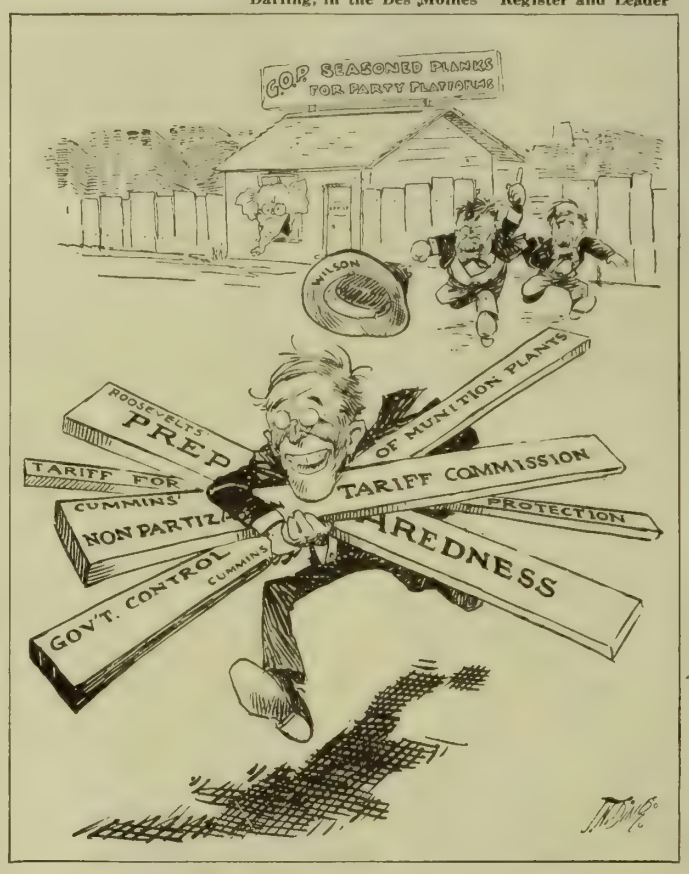


A NEW TRICK IN "BOMBING." Austrian soldiers with rifles converted into grenade throwers. The bombs, which are thrown at a steep angle, are touched off by concussion when they strike the ground in the enemy's trenches

COMMENT ON POLITICS

IN a group of Congressmen discussing the coming presidential campaign this question was asked: "If you had to write the Republican platform tonight, what would you put in it?" The question was meant to make concrete and vivid the change which has been effected by President Wilson's recent change of front in two important particulars — his adoption of a radical preparedness position, and his announced intention of passing a tariff commission bill at the present session of Congress. Both these issues were available for the opposition six months ago; four months from now, when the platforms are being written, neither will be the property of the opposition. The same idea is frequently expressed in the statement that the campaign next summer is going to be one of men, not issues. With policies upon which the country is substantially agreed, the question will be which of two men (or three, if the Progressives nominate separately) can best be depended upon to carry out these policies. With the contest stated thus, it is clear that Wilson will suffer the disadvantage of a man already in office: he will be judged by what he has done or failed to do; his opponent can ask to be judged by what he says he would have done, or what he promises to do. That Mr. Wilson's handicap will be severe must be conceded. He now says, and will be saying during the campaign, that he is for preparedness. His opponent will be able to say that the President has seen two years pass since the beginning of the war without having added a single man to the army or navy. Undoubtedly, also, the opposition will charge that the President is not sincere in his advocacy of preparedness. Finally, they will point out that even if Wilson is for preparedness, his party is not. Probably the Republican platform will follow in a general way the powerful indictment of the Wilson Administration contained in ex-Senator Root's recent speech. The fact remains, however, that the contest will probably be fought more on men than on measures. A business man might phrase it thus: Looking ahead four years, and considering the problems that are sure to be ours, who would be the best man we can hire as general manager of the United States?

Darling, in the Des Moines "Register and Leader"



Getting Away with a Few Planks

What Will Hughes Do?

PERSONS whose political recollections go back a generation recall that on an occasion when General Sherman (or was it his brother John?) was being mentioned for the presidency, he effectually put a stop to it with a form of words which ran like this: "If nominated I will not accept; and if elected I will not serve." Some time between now and June, Justice Hughes will have to utter the equivalent of these words—or else be bound by his failure to do so. Justice Hughes cannot ignore the fact that his name is constantly mentioned, that delegates to the Republican National Convention are being chosen upon their assertion that they will vote for Hughes. This constant use of his name is a fact of which Justice Hughes must be assumed to have judicial notice; and having this notice, his failure to speak (speak, that is, in a form of words which will really preclude his nomination) has the effect of affirmative assent. The letter which he wrote repudiating the alleged activity of Mr. Frank Hitchcock in his behalf was far from being enough. Indeed, the practical effect of it was to encourage Republicans in the belief that it is safe to go on. This letter of Justice Hughes's said merely that he had not authorized the use of his name, that he was "out of politics." "Out of politics" is one of the recognized euphemisms of receptivity. A good many men who are "out of politics" have been nominated for office and have accepted the nominations without any marked signs of surprise or displeasure.

The Republican Nomination

IT is now generally recognized that most of the presidential booms which a few months ago seemed so important have ceased to be so. Nevertheless the mere fact of the existence of these booms is going to be a determining factor. They are going to cause the next Republican National Convention to be an old-fashioned one—in spite of all the presidential primaries. Six or seven aspirants are going to turn up, each with a following of delegates numbering from fifty to a hundred. After the first few ballots the bulk of these delegates will be released, and the convention will then be an old-fashioned one, dominated largely by the leaders. (This statement needs to be qualified by the fact that even uninstructed delegates are not, nowadays, as subservient to leaders as they used to be.) In the minds of the leaders, it will probably simmer down to a choice between Hughes, Roosevelt, and a dark horse. The question of Roosevelt's nomination stands about exactly where it did four years ago. At that time there was a powerful swing toward Roosevelt for the nomination, which grew and was powerful enough to succeed but for the opposition of a little group of men who were intrenched in the Republican National Committee, in a position strategically strong enough to enable them to deny Roosevelt the nomination. The same thing can happen this year. The organization of the Republican National Committee has not changed; its personnel has changed but slightly, and its spirit has changed not at all. It is, by the nature of its organization, a sort of semisecret society with a more or less self-perpetuating membership. Dominant in it are five or six men—roughly, the same five or six who prevented the nomination of Roosevelt four years ago—and they can prevent it this year. Probably they will approach this convention in a different spirit. For one thing they will not want to repeat the split of four years ago. For another, they are, with all the faults which the public quite reasonably attributes to them, men of strong patriotism as regards America's position in the world. To them the Democratic Administration's course in international affairs must be a subject for the deepest disapprobation. Probably, rather than continue it, they would swallow whatever pride it is necessary for them to swallow in permitting the nomination of Roosevelt. The difference between this year and 1912 is that the advocates of Roosevelt are not making a fight in the primaries. For the reason that no aggressive primary fight is on, Roosevelt's popularity this year may seem less. As a matter of fact, more people are ready to vote for him this year than in 1912. He is the logical opponent of the Wilson Administration on the issues before the country. If he is not nominated, it will be because half a dozen of the Republican national leaders think they can win without him, or for other reasons determine to put expediency before logic.

HELD TO ANSWER

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM B. KING

Chapter Sixteen—The Elder in the Chair

THE auditorium of All People's was cunningly contrived to bring a very large number of people close to one another and to the minister.

Hampstead entered the church at precisely eight o'clock. The auditorium was filled with the buzz of many voices, but as the pastor of All People's advanced down the aisle this hum momentarily ceased. Every eye was turned upon the man, tall and grave, with features slightly wasted, yet wearing a look surprisingly serene.

There were glances also for the faithful Rose, pale and worn, but bearing herself with true Hampstead dignity, and for aggressive, wizened Dick as well as for Tayna, emotional and ready as usual for tears or laughter.

But there were more glances for a lady who walked proudly at the pastor's side, as if she owned him and was glad to own him; whose head was a little tilted back, and whose blue eyes were a little aglint with defiance, as if to say: "Hurt him at your peril. Take him from me if you can!"

Who was she? Everybody asked, everybody replied, but no one answered.

After standing in the aisle beside his family pew, while Rose, Dick, Tayna, and Bessie filed in before him, the minister stood for a moment surveying the scene. A glance showed him that the gallery was packed, but on the main floor an empty space stared at him from the central tier of pews. Half of All People's members must have remained away. Of those present the number gathered in the tiers behind his own pew was less by half than that massed upon the other side behind the Burbeck leadership. Noting this and what it signified, the minister sat down and reached out a lover's hand to Bessie.

But if the entry of the pastor and the woman of mystery by his side was sensation number one, in this evening of sensations, the entry of the Angel of the Chair was sensation number two. Just as the minister took his seat, Mrs. Burbeck appeared at the side door, propelled as usual by Mori, the Oriental. But this time there was no trundling to the center between two factions. Instead, with Japanese intentness of purpose, and as if he had his instructions beforehand, Mori drove the chair straight across the neutral ground to the end of the Hampstead pew.

The church, seeing this act, grasped instantly its solemn meaning. The house of Burbeck was divided against itself. Mrs. Burbeck had often disapproved of her husband's course in church leadership. She had never taken sides against him. To-night she did so. The issue was too great, too fundamental to do otherwise. That it hurt painfully was evident. Her face had lost its smile. The pallor of her cheeks was more waxlike than ever, and there was a droop in the corners of her mouth that no physical suffering had effected. But the lips were tightly compressed, and the valiant spirit of the woman looked resolutely out of her eyes.

Yet with a sigh at the burdens his faithfulness to the Lord so often compelled him to bear, Elder Burbeck set his spirit resolutely upon its task.

But from the moment that this glance had passed between the husband and the wife it appeared that a gloom of tragedy settled upon the gathering.

THE polity of All People's was ultracongregational. The proceedings had the form of order, but were primitive and practical; yet every step, voice, motion, detail, gathered an exaggerated sense of gravity, as if a man's body were on trial instead of merely his soul.

Elder Burbeck's eye wandered into the gallery. On the other side from him, just where the horseshoe curve began to draw in toward the choir loft, sat his son, Rollie.

"Rollie should not be up there," the elder said, turning to an usher. "Tell him to come down."

"He says he is with a lady who is not a member," reported the usher on returning.

"Huh!" ejaculated Burbeck, turning a scrutinizing gaze upon the figure of a woman heavily veiled who sat beside his son.

That woman! What sacrilege had impelled his son to bring her here? Had she not wrought ruin enough already? Must she gloat over the shame she had brought upon this congregation and upon the church of the living God? And must his son be the means of her coming? What was that boy thinking of anyway?



"That man is innocent!" he exclaimed, with one hand stretched appealingly toward the elder

And yet since Rollie had grown into so fine a figure of a man, his father had come to regard his conduct with an indulgence he granted to no one else. He wished the boy would come to church more; he wished he would give more attention to those things to which his father had devoted his life; and yet he could make allowance for him. The young man's environment, his social gifts, his business prospects, all inclined him to another set of associations. Besides, the boy's own character was so fine and strong, the sentiments of his heart so truly noble, that the father's heart softened even in the matter of an indiscretion so flagrant as this. He reflected that for business reasons it was doubtless just as well if Rollie were brought into no prominence in this unpleasant affair. His vote would not be needed anyway. In fact, Elder Burbeck would have been as well satisfied if his son had stayed away altogether.

"It is time to call the meeting to order," suggested Elder Brooks, a pale, nervous man whose eyes were continually consulting a typewritten sheet which he held in his hand.

"Yes," agreed Elder Burbeck, advancing to the table below and in front of the pulpit. On this table were carved the words: "In Memoriam." Elder Burbeck stood upon the right side of the table. His left hand rested upon the table itself, the fingers rather stiffly extended and supporting something of the weight of his body. He was almost directly in front of where Dr. Hampstead sat in his pew. John's mind, whimsically noting details, congruous and otherwise, observed that these big, stiff fingers of the elder were just above the capital M in Memoriam.

John noticed, too, that the elder looked worried and overanxious. He did not appear so strong as usual. His pouchy cheeks sagged; there were huge wattles of red skin beneath his chin, and his whole countenance had a more than usually apoplectic look.

"Brother Anderson will lead in prayer," announced the elder in unctuous tones. "Let us stand, please!"

The congregation stood. But Brother Anderson's leadership in prayer could not be deemed very successful. He led as if he himself were lost. His prayer appeared to partake of the nature of an apology to God for what the petitioner hoped was about to be done.

DURING the length of these whining orisons the congregation grew impatient. The gallery in spots sat down. Elder Burbeck himself grew restless and took his fingers from over the M in Memoriam.

The effect of the prayer was in total no more than a dismal thickening of the gloom of tragedy that hung lower and lower over the meeting. Yet, once the prayer was ended, Elder Burbeck baldly declared the object of the meeting.

His manner was strained, his voice was harsh and halting, but he began stubbornly and plodded forward doggedly, gradually working himself into the hectic fervor of his assumed position as the instrument of God to purge All People's of its pastor.

Yet it was in keeping with the tenseness of the situation that, as the emotions of the fervid apostle of justice reached their height, his words became rather less florid and he concluded in sentences of exaggerated calm and tones of solicitous consideration for the feelings of the piece of riffraff that he was about to brush aside.

"There is before us," he assured his audience finally, "no question of the pastor's guilt or innocence of the charges made. The question is one of expediency; as to what it is best to do for the good name and the future usefulness of All People's Church. The Board of Elders, after serious and prayerful consideration" (Brother Burbeck's voice whined a little as he said this), "has felt that it was best for the pastor and best for the interest of the church to ask him to resign quietly and immediately. That request has been emphatically declined. It has become our duty, painful as it is" (the elder sighed and twitched his red neck regretfully in his white collar) "to present to the congregation a resolution covering the situation. That resolution the clerk of the church will now read."

The elder gave the clerk the resolution recommending that the pastoral relation between All People's and John Hampstead be dissolved.

The reading was concluded in deathly silence.

"This, brethren," announced Elder Burbeck, with an air of pain that was no doubt real, and a fresh summoning of divine resolution to his aid, "is the recommendation of your official board. What is your pleasure concerning it?"

"I move its adoption," quavered Elder Brooks.

"I second the motion," Brother Anderson said faintly.

"Are you ready for the question?" hinted the ruling elder.

But a man stood up somewhere over behind Hampstead. "I should like to ask, Brother Burbeck," he

proposed, "if that was the unanimous resolution of the board."

"It was not unanimous," replied the elder, slightly nettled: "as you know, Brother Hinton. It is a majority resolution. The question is now upon its adoption." And Elder Burbeck swept a suggestive eye over his carefully organized majority. The hint was taken. Calls of "Question" arose.

But Hinton remained uncompromisingly upon his feet. He was a tall man and pale, with a high, bone-like brow, a long, spiked chin and a gray mustache that drooped placidly over a balanced mouth.

"I understand that the chair will not attempt to railroad this resolution," he remarked significantly.

Elder Burbeck's habitual flush heightened as, after a premonitory rumble in his throat and an enormous effort at self-control, he said: "Brother Hinton, the resolution will not be railroaded"; and then added admonishingly: "Let us try to avoid giving each other offense. To avoid stirring up strife, I hope, however, we may vote with as little discussion as possible."

"Yes," admitted Brother Hinton dryly, but still standing his ground. "I think it is perfectly understood that discussion can do no good, and that in your very great zeal, Elder Burbeck, you have already carried the discussion of this case to the point where it is settled. Yet, without having consulted the pastor of this church as to my course, I voice the sentiment of many around me in urging him to stand up here, as he has a right to do, and as the congregation has a right to ask him to do, and tell us what he thinks should be our course in the premises."

BROTHER HINTON'S was a well-balanced mind, and it seemed for a moment that his own manner might inject some coolness into the situation. Indeed, the good Elder Burbeck trembled lest it might. The fires of purification being up, he wished them to burn undampened. Besides, for John Hampstead to stand up there and tell that congregation what to do was the last thing the elder wanted. Moreover, he resented some of Brother Hinton's imputations as disagreeable, and answered almost harshly: "If the pastor did not respect the eldership sufficiently to advise it, I think it can hardly be expected of him to advise the congregation, or that the congregation would take his advice if he gave it. The pastor is not at issue. It is the good name of All People's which is at issue."

"But," persisted Brother Hinton, "let our pastor make his answer to the charges that we may determine for ourselves what is the issue."

"I cannot speak to charges, Brother Hinton," replied the minister, rising and turning in the aisle at the end of his pew until he faced the audience; "because none are presented against me. It was for this reason that I refused to appear before the eldership. This resolution is not a charge. It is an assault. There is no proposal on the part of this board to find out if I am guilty of anything. They propose a course which assumes my guilt to be of no importance. To this church I believe it is all important. It seems to me that this issue has been framed cunningly. Since no charges have been presented against me, I cannot defend myself, and I will not defend myself. It is urged that I am not on trial; therefore as a popular tribunal you cannot go into the details and ascertain the truth for yourselves. A hasty decision is demanded; therefore there is no time for the situation to clear and for calm counsel to prevail. Bear in mind, too, that you are called upon to take action quickly, not for my sake as a minister, not for your sake as individuals, but because the good name of this church is alleged to be suffering. In reality it is because the vanity of some of the members of this church is suffering.

"The point of view of the authors of this resolution seems to be that I have been the servant of this congregation; that I may be hired or discharged; that I am yours; that I have been working for you. That was a mistake. It is a mistake. I know you have paid me a salary, but I have never felt that it conferred upon me any obligation to you. I thought you gave the money to God and that He gave it to me, and that with it I was to serve Him and not you. That service has been rendered in all good conscience to this hour. Are you now presuming to oust me because I can no longer serve God? Or because you are unwilling for me longer to serve you?

"Your board has asked me to resign. To resign would be a confession of guilt. I do not feel guilty. I am not guilty.

"The resolution to which I am entitled from this congregation is a resolution of absolute confidence. That is the answer which I ask you to make for me to this unjust, this unchristian assault upon your pastor in the moment when, tried as he has never been tried before, he needs your loyalty and confidence more than he can ever need it again."

Hampstead sat down. He had spoken with far more feeling than he had intended, but had exhibited much less than he experienced. Yet the total effect of his words was less happy than his friends or himself had hoped. Instead of appealing to his auditors, he appeared to arraign them. Elder Burbeck was greatly relieved. He saw that this arraignment had antagonized and solidified his own cohorts. But the tall man with the lofty brow was on his feet again.

"I wish to move," said Brother Hinton, a "resolution such as has been suggested by our pastor; a resolution of sympathy and absolute confidence, and I now do move that this church put itself upon record as sympathizing fully with our pastor in his unpleasant position and assuring him of our confidence in the unswerving integrity of his character and of our prayers that he may be true to his duty as he sees it. I offer that as a substitute for the resolution before the house."



"To-night one ministry has ended," said John; "to-morrow another will begin"

The resolution was seconded. There was an interval of silence, a feeling that the crucial moment had been reached. Question was called. The substitute was put.

"All in favor of this resolution which you have heard made and the formal reading of which we will dispense with, please stand," proclaimed Elder Burbeck.

THERE was an uncertain movement. By ones and twos and then in groups the persons sitting on the Hampstead side of the church rose to their feet until with few exceptions all were standing.

"The clerk will count."

There was an awkward silence.

"One hundred and sixty-three," the colorless man announced presently.

"All opposed, same sign." Burbeck's adherents arose *en masse* at the motion of the elder's arm, which was as involuntary as it was injudicial.

The clerk did not count. It was unnecessary. "The motion is lost," he said to the presiding officer.

"The resolution is lost," announced Elder Burbeck loudly, in tones that quickened with eagerness. "The question now recurs upon the original resolution."

Erect, poised, feeling a sense of elation that he was now to let loose the wrath of God upon a recreant shepherd of the flock, the elder stood for a moment with his eyes sweeping over the whole congregation, and taking in every detail of the picture; the disheartened, defeated group behind Hampstead; the flushed, determined face of the minister; the defiant blaze in the eyes of the rosy-faced young person by his side (who was this strange woman anyway?), and then his own well-marshaled, loyal forces, who to-night played the part of the avenging hosts of Jehovah!

Up even into the gallery the elder's eyes wandered with satisfaction. These galleries should see that All People's would not suffer itself to be put to shame before the world. Something centered his eye for a moment upon Rollie. He saw his son start forward, gazing intently, a hand reached out until it rested on the gallery rail. Then the elder's eye returned to the lower floor and to the mission now about to be accomplished.

"Are you ready for the question?" he inquired with forced deliberation, enjoying the suspense before its inevitable outcome of satisfied justice.

"Question! Question!" came the insistent calls.

There was something like a movement in the gallery. The old elder's eye, noting everything, noted that; looking up, he saw that Rollie's seat was empty; higher up the gallery aisle the young man was visible making his way quickly toward the stairs.

"All in favor of the resolution severing the pastoral relation between All People's Church and John Hampstead will signify by standing."

The elder rolled the words out sonorously. In his mind they stood for the thunder of divine judgment!

The solid phalanxes upon his left arose as one man and stood for a moment while their impressive numbers were this time carefully counted by the clerk. The count took some time.

"Opposed, the same sign!" Again the straggling group behind Hampstead arose. Hampstead himself stood up. As a member of the congregation he had a right to vote and he would protest to the last this injustice to him, this slander of All People's upon itself.

Mrs. Burbeck could not stand, but raised her hand, so thin and shell-like that it trembled while she held the white palm up to view.

ELDER BURBECK saw this and noted with a slight additional sense of shock that Rollie was now beside his mother and standing also to be counted with the Hampstead adherents.

"The resolution is carried," said the clerk to the elder.

"The resolution—" echoed Burbeck, his voice beginning to gather enormous volume. But when he had got this far his utterance was arrested by the sudden action of his son, who remained standing in the aisle with one hand grasping his mother's and the other outstretched in some sort of appeal to him.

"Father," the boy whispered hoarsely; "don't announce that vote! Don't announce it!"

This startling interruption appeared to freeze the whole scene fast. The throaty, excited tones of the young man floated to the far corners of the auditorium and again the sense of something terrible impending forced itself deeper into the crowd-consciousness.

"Don't announce it? What do you mean?" ejaculated the father in an irritated and widely audible whisper.

The suddenness of the interruption and the astounding fact that it should come from his own son had thrown the elder completely off his stride.

"Because," the young man faltered, his face white, his eyes wild and staring—"because it's wrong!"

The huge, dominating figure of a man stood for a moment nonplused, wondering what hysteria could have overtaken his son; but annoyance and stubborn determination to proceed quickly manifested themselves upon his face.

"Don't, father!" pleaded the young man, advancing down the aisle. "Don't! I've got something to say!"

By this time Hampstead had stepped out from his pew, his face suddenly white and alarmed; had passed around Mrs. Burbeck's chair, and was seeking to get his hand on Rollie's shoulder; but the excited young man avoided him, and, standing with one hand still appealing toward his father and with the other pointing backward toward the minister, announced with a sudden access of vocal force: "That man is innocent."

The words had a triumphant ring in them that echoed through the auditorium.

"Innocent?"

The tone of the senior Burbeck was scornful in the extreme. Increasing anger at being thus interrupted, especially by his own son, had turned the elder's face almost to purple. "Young man," he commanded sternly, "you stand aside and let this church declare its will."

"I will not stand aside," protested the son. "I will not let you, my father, do this great wrong. He forbade me to speak; but I will speak. Yes, even though it kill my mother, I will speak."

The young man turned a glance upon the woman in the chair. She was gazing intently at her son, a look of shock giving way to one of comprehension

and a pitiful half smile of encouragement, and it seemed as if she nodded to him to go on.

"Brother Hampstead," Rollie began afresh, his neck thrusting itself forward desperately, while he pointed to the minister, who had stepped back once more as though he felt the processes of God operating and dared not interfere; "Brother Hampstead is innocent! I am the thief. I stole the diamonds. I did it to get the money to cover defalcation at the bank. Appalled by my own act, I turned to him in my distress. He got the money to restore what I had stolen. I put the diamonds in his box for an hour, and by a mistake he went off with the key. That explains all. When I returned from the cruise on the bay and learned what had happened, I was paralyzed with fear. At first I did not even have the manhood to go and tell him how the diamonds got into his vault. When I did, he made me keep silence for fear the blow would kill my mother. It seemed to me that this was not a sufficient reason. But I was weak; I was a coward. Yet the spectacle of seeing this man stand here day after day while his reputation was torn to pieces, unwavering and unyielding for the sake of my mother, and for the sake of such a worthless wretch as I am, made me stronger and stronger. Yet I was not strong enough to speak. Not until to-night. Not until I saw my mother's hand tremble when she held it up to vote for him. I only came down here to stand beside her. But one touch of her hand compelled me to speak. I am prepared to assume my guilt before this church and before the world. I was a defaulter, and John Hampstead made good my shortage. I was a thief, and he saved me. I was a coward, and he made me brave enough at least for this. I tell you the man is innocent, absolutely innocent. He is so good that you should fall down and worship him."

Rollie's confession in detail was addressed to the congregation as a whole, and he finished with his arms extended and chest thrown forward like a man who had bared his soul.

For a moment the pose was held, then his eyes turned to his mother, and with a low cry he dashed to where Hampstead was bending over her. She lay chalk-white and motionless, one hand in her lap, the other swinging pendent, the hand that had just been raised to vote. The eyes were closed; the lips half parted; the expression of her face, if expression it might be termed, one of utter exhaustion of vital forces.

The young man stood transfixed by the spectacle of what he had done. How shadow-thin she looked! It was not the figure of a woman, but some exquisite pattern of the spiritual draped limply in this chair.

And yet, as if under his appealing gaze, the features moved; some of the looseness departed from the corners of the mouth; the eyelashes stirred, and a delicate tint showed upon the cheek, disappeared, came again and went away again; but with each appearance lingered longer. The lips moved too as if a breath might be passing through them. Yes—slightly, almost indistinguishably and yet surely the bosom of her dress stirred, collapsed, and stirred again. The young man had rather unconsciously seized both wilted hands, forcing the minister somewhat away in order to do so. It was his mother. He had struck her defenseless head this blow. Unmindful of the sudden awe of silence about him—followed by murmurings, ejaculations, and then a universal stir of feet; the blank looks, the questionings, the staring wonder with which neighbor looked to neighbor—the young man stood and watched that stirring of the mother breast until it became regular and rhythmical.

THE lips were moving now again, but this time as if in the formation of words. The son bent low, until his ear was close.

"Let me think, let me think," the lips murmured wearily. "My son . . . was a defaulter and a thief . . . John Hampstead knew. John Hampstead showed him the better way." She turned her head weakly, and eased her body in the chair as if to make even the slight effort at conversation easier; and then the lips began to form words once more:

"But he was not strong enough to walk the better way. John Hampstead took the burden upon his own shoulders until my boy was strong enough to bear it for himself."

Sufficient strength had returned for one of the two hands to exert a pressure on the hand that held it.

"Yes, mother," Rollie breathed fervently into her ear.

"But now" (and the voice got more volume)—"but now he is strong enough. He has done a brave and noble thing at last. I forget my shame in pride and gratitude to God for my son that was lost and is alive again—forevermore."

The last tone flowed out upon the current of a long, wavering sigh which seemed to take the final breath from her.

"Yes, mother!" the young man urged anxiously, putting an instinctive pulling pressure upon the hands he held as if to call the spirit back into her again. There was an instant in which he felt that it was gone. She had left him. But the next instant he felt it coming back again like a tide, and stronger, much stronger, so that there was real color in her cheeks, and then the eyes opened and looked at him with a clear and steady light, with the glow of love and admiration in them.

"Thank God!" murmured the voice of Hampstead hoarsely. "She is back. She will stay."

"Yes," answered the Angel of the Chair, turning her eyes from the face of her son to the face of her minister with a look of gratitude and devotion through which her soul spoke out. "Yes, I am back," and she smiled sweetly; "and to stay. I never had so much reason—so much to live for as now."

The enactment of this scene at the chair, so intense and so significant, could have consumed no more than two minutes of time. The congregation, keenly alive to the effect the disclosure must have upon the life of the mother, was in a state to witness with the most perfect understanding every detail in the pantomime. While the issue was in doubt the audience remained transfixed, breathless, in a very agony of suspense and apprehension.

With the sudden look of relief upon the face of the minister, followed presently by a luminous smile of pure joy while his shoulders straightened to indicate the rolling off of the burden of his fears, the suspense for the congregation was completely ended. Reaction began immediately to occur.

FAR up in the gallery a woman laughed, an excited, hysterical, brainless laugh, and every eye darted upon her in reproach. Then down in front, somewhere near the first line of the Burbeck adherents, a man began to sob, hoarsely, wailingly, as if in utter despair. Again every eye swept from the woman who had laughed to the man who was sobbing. As they looked, he stood up. It was Elder Brooks, the man who had written the resolution declaring the pastoral relation severed. With streaming eyes he was hurrying toward Hampstead. But now other women were laughing hysterically, other men were sobbing, and in many pews people were crying softly. Everywhere there was exclamation, movement, and then a sudden impulse toward the minister. The people in the gallery came down, crowding dangerously, to the rail. On the main floor little rivulets of excited human beings trickled out from the pews and streamed down the aisles. The first to reach Hampstead was a woman. She caught his hand and kissed it. Elder Brooks came next. He flung an arm about the minister's neck, but instead of looking at him or addressing him covered his face in shame.

But it was no longer possible to describe what any one individual was doing. The entire audience had become a sea which at first rolled toward Hampstead and then swirled and tossed and laughed and cheered and applauded. With mutual congratulation men shook each other's hands, and some appeared to shake their own hands. Women kissed each other, and cried upon each other's neck. Two-thirds of the main floor was devoid of people. The other third was a struggling eddy in which the tall form of the ex-pastor—for they had just voted him out of the pulpit—stood receiving everyone who reached him with a sad kind of graciousness.

Songs broke out. For a time the people in the gallery were singing "Blest be the tie that binds." Those below sobbed through "My faith looks up to Thee," and presently all were singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee." This continued until the gathering seemed to sing itself somewhat out of its hysteria; when, weaving to and fro, the tide began to ebb backward up the aisles again and into the seats.

At first the people thought they had done this of their own accord, but later it appeared that it was Hampstead who

(*Continued on page 24*)



The Sign of the Nurse Points out the SAN-TOX Druggists

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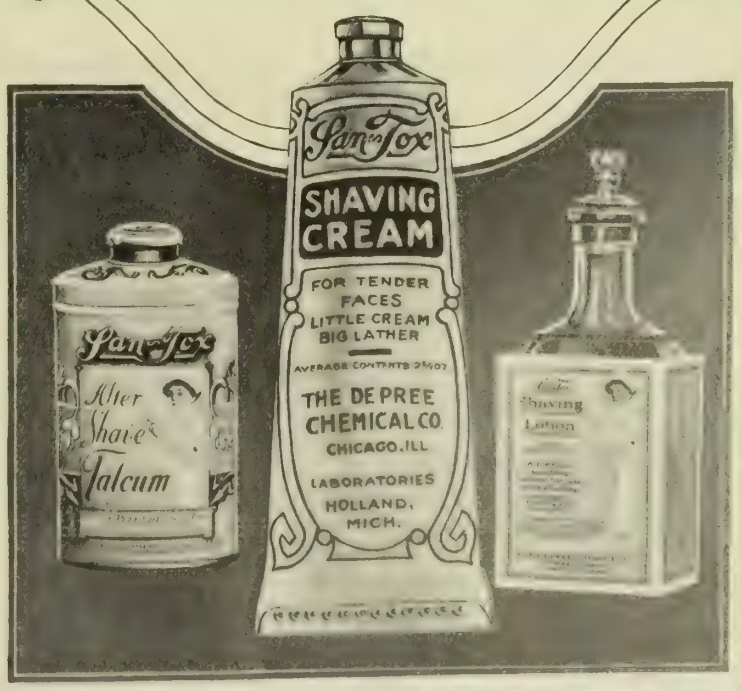
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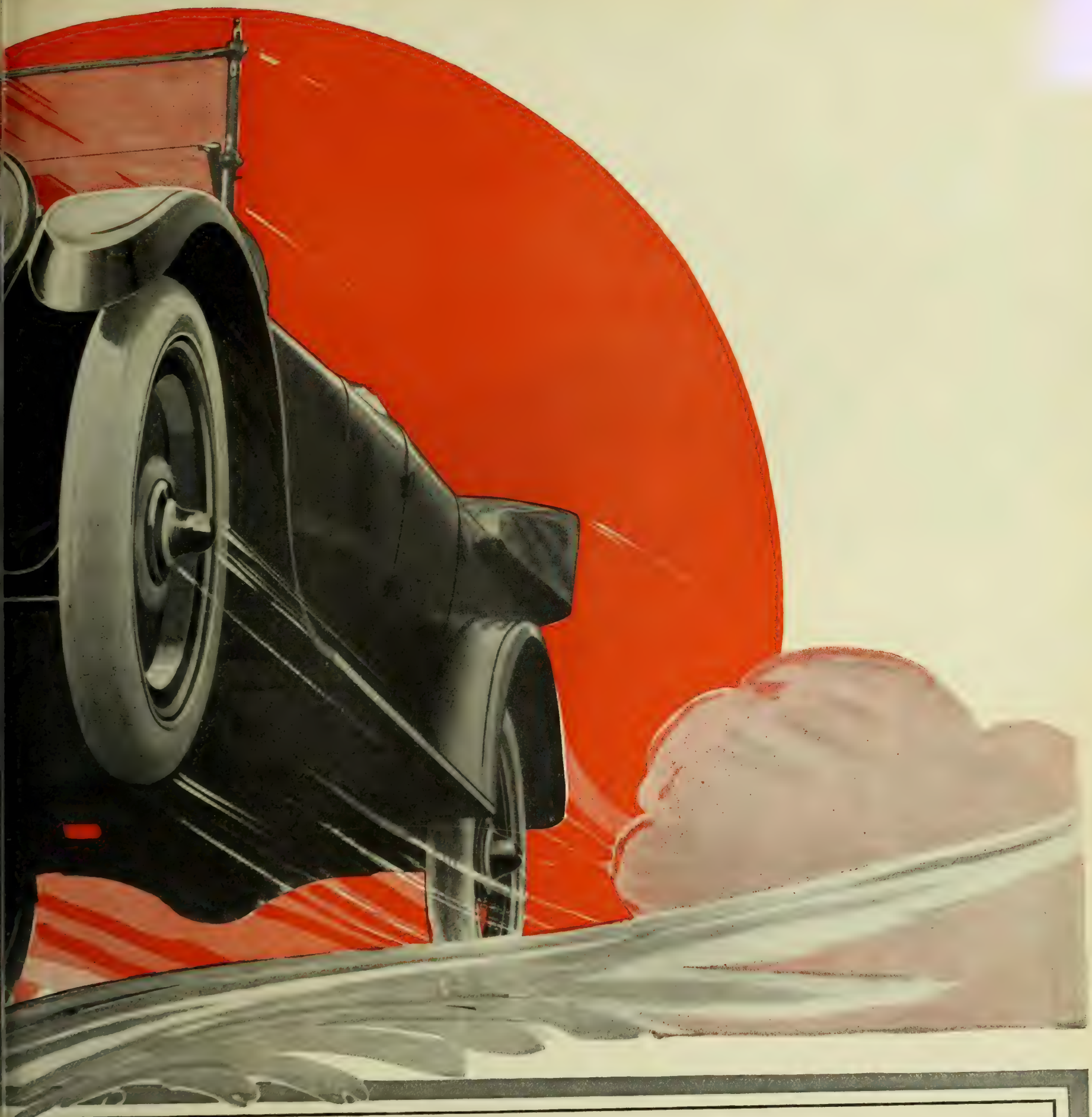
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Y, LANSING, MICHIGAN



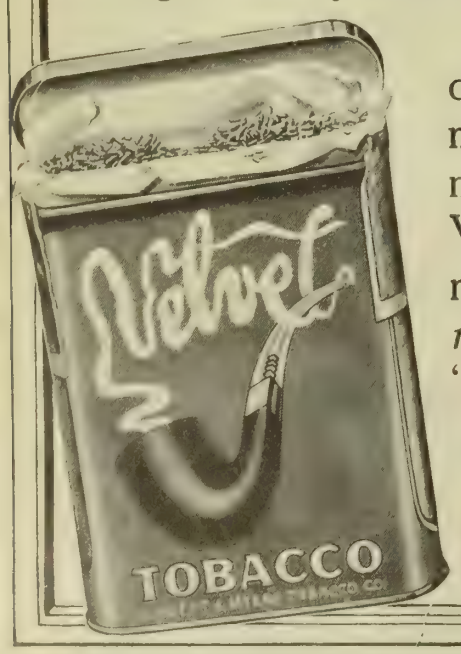
When the long day's work is over
Comes the pipe I like the best,
Sayin': "Peace to restless spirits,
Time has come to take yo' rest."
All the daytime hustle-bustle—
Dim an' distant-like it seems
When yo' good-night pipe of VELVET
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was making them do it. He was a leader. In the temporary chaos his will alone remained firm, and it was the suggestion in the glance of his eye and finally in the gestures of his hands that sent them back to their seats.

When the singing stopped and the audience sat in breathless expectancy, the minister was the master of the situation. He towered like some last figure of a man, sun-crowned amid encircling clouds that of themselves lifted until the light broke in a prismatic halo round his head.

John, to protect himself somewhat from the surging waves of humanity, had stepped upon the platform. He stood now with hand resting easily upon the back of the chair beside the communion table. The chair was not empty, for it contained the huge collapsed bulk of a man, the upper half of whose body had sunk sidewise upon the end of the communion table. His huge red face had been fenced off from view by one arm, as if to shroud the shame of his features. Now he lay perfectly still. The fragile human orchid in the chair had not been more motionless than he. The tip of an ear, one bald knob of his head, were all that showed to those in front; and the other arm was extended across the table, the fingers overhanging the edge of it and by an odd coincidence once more just above the M in Memoriam.

The spectacle of the man crushed and broken upon the very table from which so often he had administered the elements of the broken body of their mutual Lord cast a deepening spell of awe over all.

"Our very first emotion," the minister began, "must be one of sympathy for this well-meaning brother of ours who has been the unfortunate victim of a series of mistakes in which his has been by no means the greatest. Our brother who sits before us overcome with humiliation and remorse will pardon me if I speak for a moment as if he were not here. I hasten to say that no one, least of all myself, should reproach him for the thing which he has done. I have never doubted that he was acting in all good conscience. The march of events, once begun, has been so remarkable that now, looking back, we must each and all of us feel how puny are men and women to resist the winds of circumstance which blow upon them.

"To me, granting the beginning of this strange series of events for which I am at least in part to blame, it seems now that all the rest has been inevitable. I think we should reproach no one. Certainly I shall not. Instead, I am thinking that it is a time for great rejoicing. That mother who has so many times shown us the better way has shown it to-night. Looking up to her son, whose act of moral courage, witnessing to the new character that he has been building, has made possible the happy climax of this tragic hour—looking up to him she has said: 'I am very happy. I never had so much to live for as now.' That should be the feeling of each one of us.

"The events of to-night must have been graven deeply into all our hearts. None of us can ever be quite the same. Each must start afresh, with life enriched by the lesson and by the experiences of this hour.

"It has brought to me the keenest suffering, the bitterest disappointment, that I have ever known. But it has brought to me a deepening faith in the marvelous power of God to overrule the most untoward incidents to His glory. It has brought to me also the greatest gift that any man can have upon the side of his earthly relations—a joy so supreme, so ineffable, that I cannot speak further than to say to you that it is mine to-night; and that you look into my eyes at the happiest moment I have ever known."

THERE was a movement in the gallery. A tall woman, heavily veiled, with an air of distinction about her, arose and walked along the rail, turned and mounted the aisle step by step to the stairway leading downward.

Desiring with all the violent impetuosity of her nature to break out with the truth that would vindicate the man she loved so hopelessly and had involved so terribly, Marien had nevertheless been true to her vow of silence. But she had brought Rollo Burbeck to this meeting, and she had kept him there. At the critical moment she had sent him down to stand beside the frail woman in the chair, until, in that proximity of mother, minister, and father, the base ore of the young man's nature had at last been fluxed and fused into the molding of a man. Having seen the mischief she had wrought undone, so far as anything done ever is undone, she was retiring now, when the minister began to speak of what she could not bear to hear.

Hampstead's gaze and his speech, arrested by the movement, watched the receding figure, and a poignant regret for her smote in upon him in the midst of all his joy.

Desperately, with that enormous resolution of which she was capable, Marien Dounay was stepping undemonstratively out of his life. But as she went he knew that the verdict pronounced upon him by the court was one now pronounced upon her. All through life she would be held to answer for the love child she had slain for the sake of her ambition.

OF all who followed the eye of the minister as it marked the departure of the woman from the gallery, most, of course, recognized her, and for a moment they may have been puzzled over the mystery of the part she had played in that moving drama, the last act of which was now drawing to its end before them, but the minister was beginning now to speak again:

"It seems to me best for us all," he was saying, "to disperse quietly, to go each to his or her own home, to our own families, into the deeper recesses of our own hearts, to think of that through which we have passed, and plan for each the future duty.

"Upon one point I am inclined to break into homily. The great lesson which I have learned can be best expressed in the verdict of the court at my preliminary hearing: 'Held to answer.' It seems to me there is a great philosophy of life in that. In the crowding events of the week past I have been *held to answer* for many mistakes of mine. Some of you must find yourselves held to answer now for the manner in which you have borne yourselves. Our young brother, Rollo Burbeck, for whom we feel so deeply and whose courage to-night we have so greatly admired, will be held to answer before his associates and the world for his past mistakes and for his proposals for the future. It is the same with me. A great joy has come to me. The woman I have loved devotedly, but perhaps undeservingly, for years, has come thundering halfway across the continent to stand beside me here to-night. She brings me great happiness, an increasing opportunity to live and to do good. For that also I shall be held to answer. For it must be clear that we are each of us held to answer for our opportunities, for our joys and our blessings, as for our mistakes. Joys are not given to us for selfish use, but that we may enlarge and give them back again.

"And now, though I am no longer your pastor, you will permit me, I am sure, to lift my hand above you for this last time and invoke the benediction of God, which is eternal, upon the life of every man and woman here to-night."

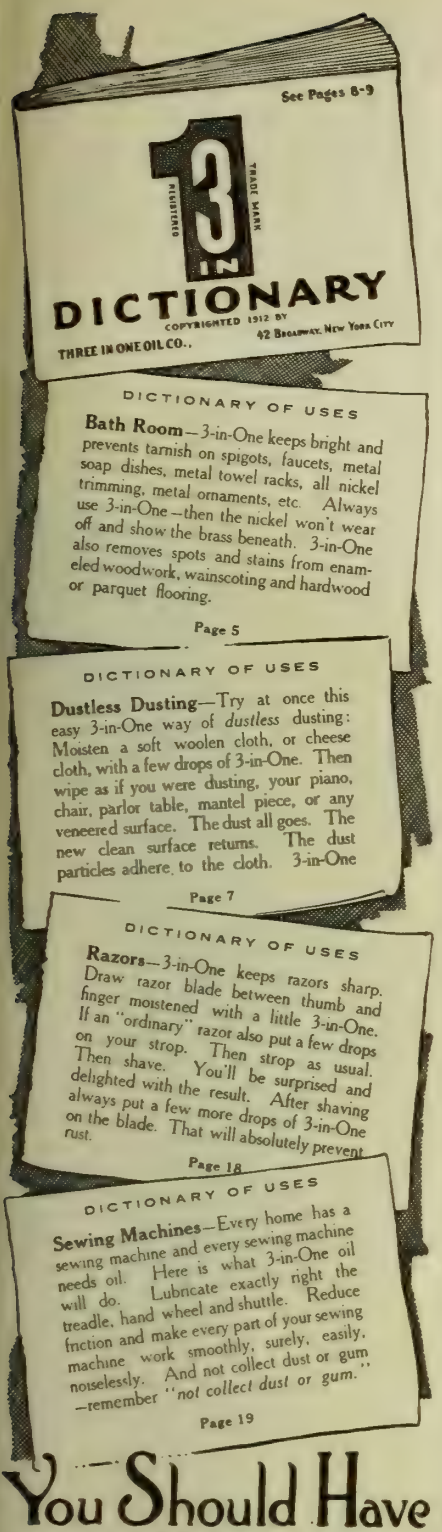
"But," faltered Elder Brooks, starting up, his voice trembling, his eyes starting tears again, "that was our great mistake, our great sin. You are to be our pastor again!"

John shook his head slowly and decisively. The elder stared in dumb, helpless amazement, while a murmur of dissent rose from the congregation, but quieted before the upraised hand of the minister.

"It seems to me," said John, speaking in tones of deep conviction and yet with humility, "that God has declared the pulpit of All People's vacant; that both you and I are to be held to answer for our mutual failure by a stern decree of separation. For there is another lesson which has been graven deeply in my life. It is this: No man can go back. No life ever flows upstream. The tomb of yesterday is sealed. The decision of this congregation is irrevocable. Less than a quarter of an hour has passed, but you are not the same and I am not the same."

In the minister's solemn utterance the message of the inevitable consequence of what had happened was carried into every consciousness. There was no longer any protest. The congregation bowed, mutely submissive, while John Hampstead pronounced the benediction of St. Jude:

Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his



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glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. AMEN.

The meeting was over. But the audience sat awe-stricken in the pews, with expectant glances at Elder Burbeck. It seemed as if he should rouse and say something. John, in recognition of the naturalness of this impulse, turned and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the man. "My brother," he began, and applied a gentle pressure. But something in the unyielding bulk of the man made him stop with a puzzled look, after which he turned and glanced toward Mrs. Burbeck. Already Rollie was pushing her chair forward, her face expressing both anxiety and love. She had been eager to go to her husband before, but consideration for his own pride, which would resent a demonstration, had withheld her. She touched first the outstretched drooping finger pointing to the M in Memoriam.

"Hiram!" she cooed softly, coaxingly. "Hiram!"

When the big man did not answer, the devoted woman drew the red, obscuring hand gently from before the face. Her own features were a study. It was curious of Hiram to act this way. He was a man of stern purposes. Having been overwhelmingly shamed by his error, it would have been like him to stand bravely and confess his wrong. But his parted lips had no purpose in their form at all. The redness of his skin had changed to a purple. She laid her fingers on his cheek and held them there curiously for a moment. Then a startled expression crossed her features and a little exclamation broke from her lips. Instead of leaning forward, she drew back and lifted her eyes helplessly to the minister.

Hampstead met her questioning, pitiful glance with a sad shake of the head and affirmation in his own tear-filling eyes. He had sensed the solemn truth since that first touch upon the huge, unresponsive shoulder.

For a moment the face of the woman was white and set and unbelieving, and then she folded her hands and bowed her head in mute acknowledgment of the widowhood which had come upon her.

WITH the audience aghast and motionless in sympathetic understanding, Hampstead looked down upon the silent figures where they posed like a sculptured group, the upper bulk of the man unmoving upon the table, the woman unmoving in the chair, and behind the chair, the son, also bowed and motionless.

Hiram Burbeck was dead. He, too, had been held to answer—but before the highest court—for his harsh legalism, for his unsympathetic heart, for his blind leadership of the blind.

Again there was the sound of sobbing in the church, but the intimates of Mrs. Burbeck quickly gathered round and screened the group of mourners from the eyes of the people who, their senses filled almost to bursting, filed quietly out of the church. For a time the steady tramp of feet upon the gallery stairs, with the snort and cough of motor cars outside, resounded harshly, and then the church was emptied. Rollie had taken his mother away. Rose, Dick, and Tayna were gone. The huge chair by the end of the communion table was emptied of its burden. That, too, was gone. All the wreckage, all the past, was gone.

The old sexton stood sadly by the vestibule door, his hand upon the light switch, waiting the pleasure of his pastor for the last time.

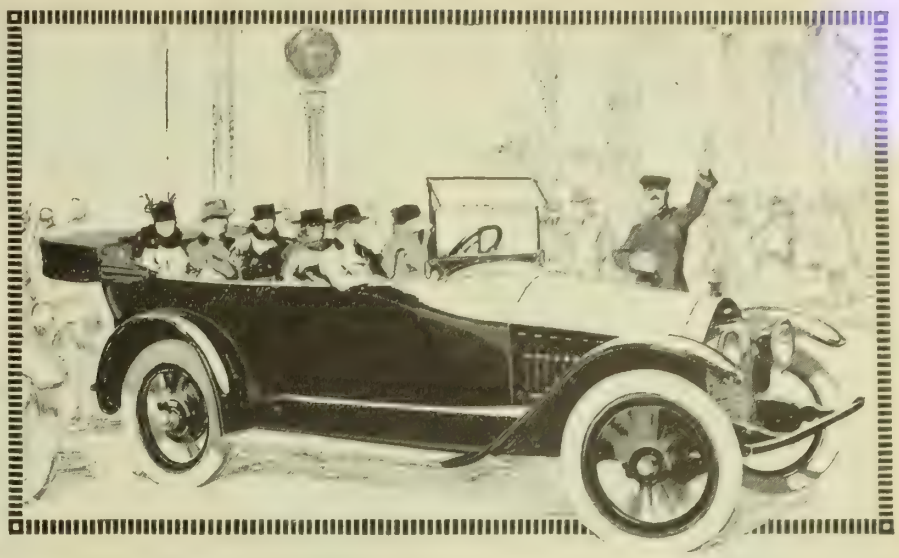
Absently John Hampstead climbed the pulpit stairs, and stood leaning on the pulpit itself, surveying in farewell the empty pews and the empty, groined arches. They had stood for something that he had tried to do and failed, but he would try again more humbly, more in the fear of God, more in the spirit of one who had turned failure into victory.

Standing thus, looking thus, reflecting thus, John heard a soft step upon the pulpit stair. It was Bessie, who had lingered in appreciative silence, the faithful, indulgent companion of her lover's mood. As she approached, the rapt man swung out his arm to enfold her and they stood together, both leaning upon the pulpit. "To-night one ministry has ended," John said presently; "to-morrow another will begin."

"And it will be a better ministry," breathed Bessie softly, "because there are two of us."

"And they twain shall be one flesh."

THE END



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Brakes Four on rear wheels. Powerful and positive. A "Safety First" necessity.

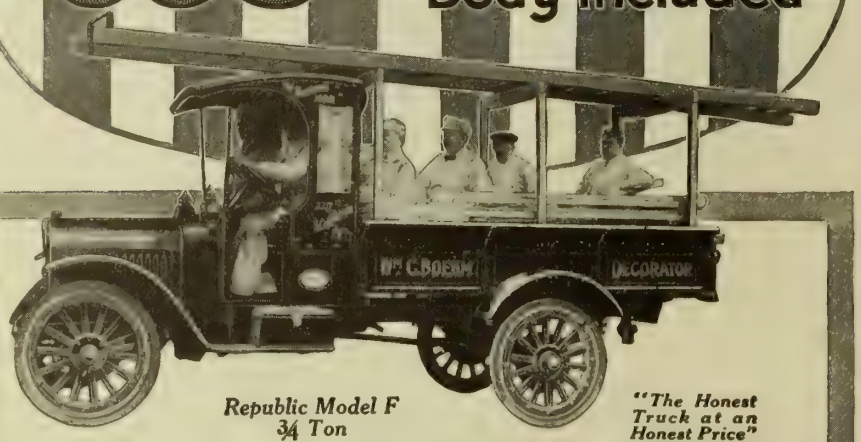
Tires Large, Anti-Skid Rear.

Body Long, clean, ultra streamline, all hinges concealed. Biz—roomy. Luxuriously upholstered in genuine leather. Body conforming cushions. Parlor car comfort and freedom from that "I wish I could get out and stretch" feeling even on long trips.

Finish Black running gear. Dark French-blue body. Red wheels.

Equipment Electric-lighting and "cold weather" starting system. Dimming headlights. One-man top. Jiffy side curtains. Built-in rain vision, ventilating windshield. Engine-driven tire pump. Electric horn. Motometer. Gasoline gauge. Dash rest. Robe rail. Extra demountable rim in rear. Extra demountable [illegible]. License plate brackets. Complete set of tools. Jacks, etc.

$995 Open Express Body Included



Republic Model F 3/4 Ton

"The Honest Truck at an Honest Price"

Figure Your Haulage on the Republic's Low Cost

WHATEVER your line you can figure a big saving in your haulage costs—using the Republic low costs as your basis of comparison. Low Republic prices and low Republic maintenance costs solve the problem.

There is a Republic for every purpose—F—¾ ton, $995; E—1-ton, $1275; A—2-ton, $1575, and T—3-ton $2350, all equipped with Republic

Internal Gear Drive

Which insures maximum power and tire and fuel economy. Read the specifications. Better construction cannot be put into trucks at any price.

Republics are built in the largest factory in the world devoted to motor trucks. Write for illustrated folder on model you are interested in.

Dealers and Service Stations in Over 300 Principal Cities

Read These Specifications

Motor—Continental—long stroke—3½x5. Bosch high-tension magneto. Stromberg carburetor.

Clutch and Transmission—Ten-face dry disk. Selective sliding gears—3 forward and one reverse. Heat-treated nickel-alloy steel gears.

Axles—Front—dropped-forged I-beam. Rear—Torbensen internal gear. Nickel-steel gears. Entire load carried on I-beam. Power transmitted through live shafts and internal gears bolted on road wheels.

Springs—Front—38x2¼ inches, 7 leaves. Rear—52x2¼ inches, 11 leaves.

Tires—Firestone—35x3 front, 35x3½ rear; or pneumatic tire equipment, 34x4½ front, 35x5 rear, plain tread Goodrich, no extra charge.

Steering Gear—Left side. Center control.

Frame—182 inches long and 4½ inches deep at center. Pressed steel channel section. Distance back of driver, 98 inches.

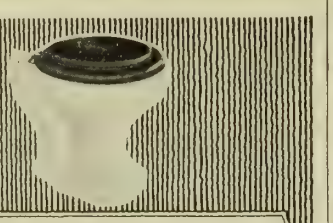
Wheelbase—124 inches.

Equipment—Oil lamps side and rear, horn, tool kit, tool box, flare-board express body 9 feet by 44 inches.

Electrical Equipment—Westinghouse igniting, starting, lighting, generating, $125 extra.

Republic Motor Truck Co.
Dept. B, Alma, Mich.

Republic Motor Trucks
Internal Gear Drive



Is Sewer Gas Leaking Into Your Bathroom? You Don't Know

Sewer gas, for all its potential danger, is odorless.

The connection of the average closet is sealed with putty. In time putty dries out, shrinks and crumbles and the joint is not tight. In most homes this means a sewer gas leak direct from the sewer main. To avoid this, see that the closet you buy is equipped with the Donovan Safety Flange. Your plumber knows this flange and will explain it.

It's a tell-tale device that exposes a leak instantly.

A quarter turn or a half turn given to a conveniently located screw, tightens the joint and stops every possibility of a leak of sewer gas.



Write for a free, informing booklet, "The Dangers of Sewer Gas and How to Avoid Them."

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The Trenton Potteries Company
Trenton, N. J.



"New-Skin"

—to prevent infection

New-Skin is an antiseptic liquid for cuts, scrapes, and little hurts. When it dries, it forms a waterproof "film" that protects the cut and allows it to heal.

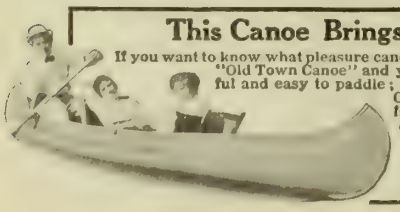
Carry it with you always. Keep a bottle in the house.

Genuine New-Skin ➤



Always in glass bottles; red and gold paper cartons.

See directions and circular. Many uses. Prices (in U. S.): 10c., 25c. At druggists. Or send us 25c. in stamps for the larger size by Parcel Post. Address Newskin Company, New York, (Dept. J.)



This Canoe Brings a Summer Full of Fun

If you want to know what pleasure canoeing is—get an "Old Town." $30 up will buy an "Old Town Canoe" and you can't beat it at any price. It's safe, graceful and easy to paddle; won't leak or absorb water. 4000 "Old Town Canoes" ready. Easy to buy from dealer or factory. *Send for Catalog of canoe views and facts.*

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 543 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U.S.A.

"Old Town Canoe"

Compulsory Thrift in England

Continued from page 8

any increase in them opens a vista before him in which he sees many denied necessities at last available to him. At least he does that which is equivalent—he moves handily the line which bounds his necessities a little farther into the territory of luxury and then turns aggressively to defend his conquest by a denial that he has invaded the realms of luxury.

Therefore, when the English officials proposed to the workingman the withholding of half of his excess earnings—that a moiety of his increased wages should be turned by law into Government scrip, bearing interest and payable to him, principal and interest, after the war—the English workingman, in comfortable possession of his new territory and seeing desirable domain beyond, sprung the obvious rejoinder: "Start with the upper classes." He had in mind the private automobiles, the refulgent restaurants, and other kindred evidences of undeniable luxury which easily challenge the envy of the man who isn't enjoying them.

The reply of the high officials to the workingman's rejoinder pointed out that the upper classes had been taken in hand: an import tax had been laid against automobiles; the income tax had been increased from a rate of 28 cents on every $5 in 1913-14 to 84 cents on every $5 income in 1916-17, and 50 per cent of excess profits of manufacturers—that is, profits above the ante bellum normal—were to be appropriated by the state.

Of course, in the nature of things, the reply did not satisfy the workingman. He is thinking of a deprivation in the rich comparable with his own. That there is a measure of curtailment in luxuries among the upper classes is true. That it has worked any degree of hardship is not demonstrable. For instance, during the seven months of peace in Great Britain in 1914 the value of imported ornamental feathers reached $5,215,630. In the corresponding months of 1915 the value of importations of the same articles was $2,-260,410. In gloves the imports for the seven months in 1914 were $4,614,160; in the seven months of 1915, $2,170,970.

While these instances, taken in connection with falling exports, of course, show a reduction in the use of these and similar items of indisputable extravagance, they are far from evidencing a very spirited campaign of self-denial by the rich and well to do. They certainly fail to appeal to the imagination of the workingman, who is supposed to grow patriotically tender to an appeal for self-sacrifice.

Again there is as yet in the Government little disposition to abolish unnecessary offices. As an example of this it is pointed out that a perfectly useless judicial place, carrying $20,000 a year, has just been filled over a quite general public protest. While salaries and fees of the ministry are to be cut heavily, about the only capacity for economy which Parliament itself has shown in its own particular affairs, so far as public imagination is concerned, is in the abolition of the supply of goose quills, the survival of an ancient method of writing quite as important in its way as the retention of the snuffboxes in the United States Senate. Although there is a hue and cry that members of the House of Commons should refuse the $2,000 a year now paid them for a service which for centuries was given gratuitously, only a few have done so.

This is all noted and expressed by the workingman, who is restive under the threat of enforced thrift. And, having vented his feelings in regard to the officials and the upper classes, he submits a very substantial argument for his side. This contention is that the indulgence in increased expenditure by those receiving higher wages has not increased prices, but that the prices went up first and necessitated the expenditure. That is to say, the men who received higher pay have only remained above "the comfort line." One hears much of this comfort line in England. It is more or less an arbitrary affair. One man would draw it to include plenty of beer and regular attendance at the movies, including a gramophone. Another, with an inclination to sweets, would move it forward to take in a better quality of pudding. The comfort line is as indefinite, then, as taste in individuals. To that extent the contention seems specious. But the argument that causes other than increased wages and increased expenditures are behind the increase of prices is based upon most substantial grounds. The profound disturbance to markets by the war, the interruption of normal trade relations, the removal of millions from the workshop, and the ability of trade to anticipate conditions and adjust quotations quickly to them, have made for higher prices quite independently of extra demand. There is nothing patriotically philanthropic in well-organized trade combinations anywhere, in war or in peace. There has been no serious departure from this rule in England, so far as consumable commodities are concerned.

The Government has not yet applied the law of compulsory thrift. But there is every reason to believe that it will. When it does, the proof that increased expenditure by the workingman is a major factor in increasing prices will not be forthcoming. Prices will not go off. And compulsory thrift will prove almost as lame and impotent as fixation of maximum prices.

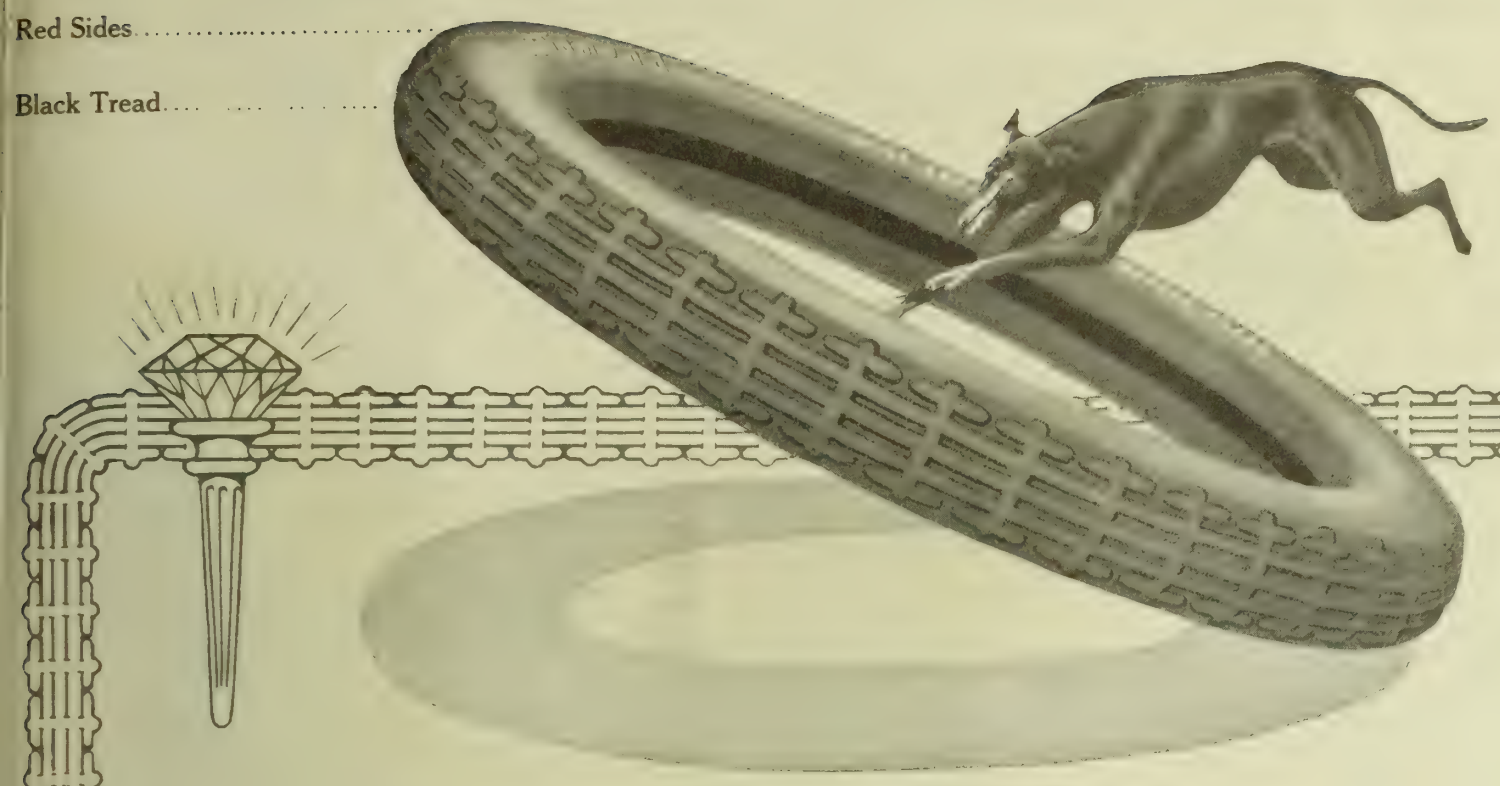
Now, while an improvised life line in the form of enforced frugality will not reach, another instrumentality will accomplish the same thing and much more besides. That is compulsory production, compelled not by law but by conditions. This is the economic deduction to be drawn from the interviews of the eminent journalist, the author, and the merchant. What is happening in Great Britain is this: under the pressure of higher prices in the goods he consumes and of higher taxes, under the impetus of higher wages caused by a depleted supply of labor, and under the whole access of national energy caused by the upheaval of war, the English workingman is taking up the slack in industry. He is signing a new lease on productive life. That he has in the past shown atrophy in productive powers no one has the hardihood to deny. These may be included in the list of prominent causes: class condescension to the estate of labor; lack of energetic organization and skillful management by listless and water-logged joint stock companies; antiquated equipment, resistance to mechanical innovation, and use of inadequate horsepower in driving machinery; curtailment of production and restriction upon apprenticeship by trade-unions.

New Law Doomed

WHATEVER the causes, the English workingman for years has not been holding up in the scale of production. A glance at almost any one of the industries is sufficient proof of that. Take the textile industry in which Great Britain long enjoyed preeminence. The yearly value of production before the war of every American employed reached $2,580; the value produced by every Briton was only $855. That is, the American workingman produced, in value, over three times as much as the Englishman.

There is no denial, then, that there is room for an increase of production in the workingman of England. There is no doubt he is now calling on his reserve energies. That he will call more heavily upon them as the war continues no one in England questions. That the end of the war will find him armed for new commercial conquest for his nation is not the view of the journalist, the author, and the merchant quoted alone but of many others with equal advantages for economic observation. The workingman must have the full cooperation of capital in the adoption of modern equipment and in other things. He must have readjustments in tariff and other laws to uphold him in his new endeavor. These once secured, Great Britain's widespread possessions and Great Britain's preeminence in merchant marine will lift the English workingman to a new estate in the world for all men to see and all competing nations to reckon with. The road to this achievement follows the finger posts lettered: Increased Production.

Meanwhile compulsory thrift, as a major war auxiliary in a nation basically democratic, whether advanced as a theory or enacted into law, is not likely to succeed. If it is applied in England, it will pinch the individuals whose earnings are withheld; it can hardly affect the financial situation except in a minor way. In view of the modern inability to draw, individually, a line between luxury and necessity, and from every other indication in England, frugality by law is as much lost to the English-speaking world as bond service or imprisonment for debt.



This Lively, Sure-footed, Squegee-tread of 1916 black "VELVET" Rubber!

PLENTY of ACTION in the new black "VELVET" Rubber *tread* of the 1916 Diamond Tire.

'Stretchy as a pure rubber band,—so it will *yield* to sharp obstacles on the road without puncturing.

'Springy as a Baseball which rebounds from the Bat,—so it will instantaneously *take up* the millions of minor vibrations that are beyond the capacity of steel springs to absorb.

'Clingy as the muscle-padded foot of the Greyhound,—so as to give its maximum Traction with a *minimum* of Friction.

That's the new black "VELVET" Rubber tread in 1916 Diamond Tires.

Cut a sliver off it, and you'll uncover a surface so *close-grained* and shiny that it looks like a facet of Flint.

Stretch it thousands of times,—to twice or thrice its length,—but you cannot tear its fibres, or kill its capacity for *immediate* recoil.

BLACK-TREADS, with Red-sides—so shall you *know* the new "VELVET" Rubber Diamond Tires of 1916.

Priced so reasonably (notwithstanding the rise in the Rubber Market) that you will marvel at the delivery of so MUCH Mileage,—so MUCH Liveliness,—such WONDERFUL Response-to-Power,—*without* a premium price being charged for all these premium advantages.

"Velvet" Rubber is now used in (1916) *Diamond* Auto Tires,—*Diamond* Inner Tubes,—and *Diamond* Bicycle Tires.

You'll find that its use multiplies the *Service* they render, without increasing their price to you.

Test out the new "VELVET" Diamond Tires, and see!

DIAMOND SQUEGEE (Non-Skid) Tires

Power Means Success, Health and Pleasure

CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION develops sustaining will power, courage power, concentrating power, thinking power, confidence power, dominant power, reasoning power, driving power, health power and personal power. It increases the digestive power, brain power, heart power, lung power, the powers of living, functioning, being and success.



Pupils are men and women, ranging in age from 14 to 92.

The Swoboda System makes human beings more alive, more efficient and more capable of responding successfully to their needs and desires. It contains the secret of success, energy and health.

Swoboda

Become master of your mind, nervous system, brain and digestive system.

Conscious Evolution makes men and women master of themselves and others. It can help you to succeed, as it has surely helped others.

Self-Evolution eradicates poverty and disease; makes the weak stronger; the sick well and the strong stronger; the keen keener and the successful more successful.

Have you ever stopped to realize that hard work is relative? What is hard work for one is play for another. Energy makes hard work easy. Conscious Evolution creates energy. Fatigue is proof that you need energy. Conscious Evolution reduces the frictions, troubles and burdens of life to a minimum, and increases the pleasures and successes to the maximum.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results: have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts to both body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"I note from your System a marked strengthening of my will power and concentration. I feel the interest of life much more keenly."

"The cigarette habit has been completely mastered. Your System has removed the craving entirely."

"Conscious Evolution did more for me than all of the tobacco cures in the country."



MY NEW COPYRIGHTED BOOK IS FREE. It explains the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and the human body as it has never been explained before. It will startle, educate, and enlighten you.

My book explains my new theory of the mind and body. It tells, in a highly interesting and simple manner, just what, no doubt, you, as an intelligent being, have always wanted to know about yourself.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws to your own advantage.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It also explains the dangers and after-effects of exercise and of excessively deep breathing.

Write today for my FREE BOOK and full particulars before it slips your mind.

You owe it to yourself at least to learn the full facts concerning the Swoboda System of conscious evolution for men and women.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1919 Aeolian Building, New York City, N. Y.

Anyone pretending to be my representative is a fraud. Beware of impostors.

The Red Geranium

Continued from page 13

she was Anglo-Saxon, she spoke his speech, she smiled into his eyes, and as he walked beside her to the elevator he could with difficulty keep from seizing her hand.

THEY both stopped at the mail rack, and the girl took out from her box a long envelope. "It's—it's from Maclaren's," she said with a bitter laugh. "Rejected, of course!"

"Never mind; send it somewhere else," he comforted her in the upper hall, but he saw coming to her eyes the tears which she turned away to hide.

"Listen!" he cried. "I've had my troubles, too, to-day. Let's go on a spree to-night, you and I. Let's tell the whole pack of 'em to go to thunder, and just get out together and see what it is the folks who have a good time here make out of this town. You know a lot of 'em *do*."

She faced him again. "I'll do it," she said. "I'll be dressed in twenty minutes. What's more, I insist on contributing my share of the cost. I can't afford to—that's why. I get no spring clothes till I sell a story!"

She signaled across when she was ready, beckoning to him to come, and Roy went down the hall to get her, tapping on her door. She called "Come in," and he found her dressed in her best, with a low-cut gown. "Three years old," she said with a shrug. "I made it over myself since Monday to wear to some opening with you if you ever invited me again. But I—I can't hook it!"

Roy's fingers trembled as he fastened the bodice behind. Her hair curled deliciously on the nape of her neck, and there was a subtle fragrance from her that affected him strangely. When she turned to thank him, her color high, their eyes met. Then she laughed and lifted her cloak for him to hold.

They dined where the music crashed and the Broadway crowd passed in and out, where dishes rattled, the women's shoulders gleamed, and noise and blatant expensiveness blurred the senses. They went then to a noted entertainment where a misty sea of faces gaped with a certain comic unity of expression at the parade of half-nude show girls on the stage or the runway, and the music kept up a din of nerve-irritating syncopation.

WHEN they went out his companion was silent. "It—it is fascinatingly unpleasant," she presently said.

"It is a great New York institution," he answered. "If you tell the truth about it, you get into trouble with the business office! We must go now to a nice, wicked place for supper. Do you know one?"

"Don't you?" she laughed.

"I usually eat at Childs's after I've done my review of the show," he answered.

They chose, finally, a café of reputed gayety, ate some bad, expensive food, and drank a bottle of good, expensive wine, while the cabaret raged and the haughty "show girls" and "broilers" of the choruses drifted in with their passé escorts, and out on the dancing floor between the tables couples danced. It was like a hazy dream of silk-clad ankles, of white shirt fronts, and ever the crash of dishes, of a crowd talking like a vast buzz, of the nerve-irritating beat of ragtime. At the table next to them a man leaned across and took a girl's hand in his. On the other side a girl took a cigarette from her lips while her companion kissed her. Roy's companion watched it all with dilating eyes. "So this is called the gay life!" she exclaimed when they finally went out into the cold night air.

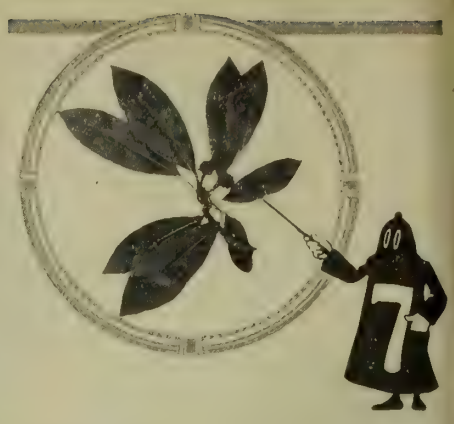
"Yes, and they keep it up, night after night," said he. "They are the real supermen—and women!"

He hailed a cab.

"Can you afford it? My funds are gone," she said.

"No. Get in," he replied.

The cab crossed to the Avenue and sped south. It was long after one o'clock. The girl sank wearily back into the cushion with a sigh. Roy put out his hand and took hers. She did not withdraw it, but looked up at him, and he saw her face as they flashed under an arc lamp. It was passionately wistful. "We—we've had quite a spree!" she said. "I nearly forgot my poor little story."



It's the clean, sweet sap of the Sapota Tree

In tropical regions grows the Sapota Tree. Botanists call it the "*Achras Sapota.*" Its buds turn into delicious fruit. It yields a creamy sap for Sterling Gum.

In the late Fall of the year, the rainy season comes. The sap rises. The trunk of the tree is tapped. The milky sap flows out, rich, pure and clean.

Then they boil it into buff-colored cakes. The cakes are wrapped and sent to the Sterling Kitchens.

As you enjoy your Sterling Gum, remember the clean, sweet sap of the Sapota Tree. Remember the gloved hands that guide its making into Sterling Gum.

The 7 points of Sterling excellence are:

Point 1—Crowded with flavor
Point 2—Velvety body—No GRIT
Point 3—Crumble-proof
Point 4—Sterling Purity
Point 5—From a daylight factory
Point 6—Untouched by hands
Point (7) What?







PEPPERMINT IN RED WRAPPER
CINNAMON IN BLUE WRAPPER

The Sterling Gum Co., Inc., New York
The Sterling Gum Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

"And I, that I've promised to kick my conscience in the face!"

"Those people back there—they—they just follow their instincts, don't they? Do you suppose any of them had to forget?"

"Perhaps they are wise," said Roy, "to follow their instincts—who knows?" His fingers tightened on hers, and he drew a little closer. His instinct was to put his arm about her. He suddenly wanted to crush her to him. And he knew that she knew it. But something held him. They rode on in tingling silence.

THE night-elevator man left them in the dimly lighted corridor, and Roy walked down with her to her door. She took her key from her purse and opened it. Then she took off her glove and put out her hand. It was almost dark at this end of the corridor. Roy held her hand, which was warm in his, and drew her toward him, but she quickly cautioned with a "No!" as she looked furtively into the corridor and drew him inside the tiny vestibule to her room instead, closing the door behind her. Then suddenly she was in his arms, and their lips met.

Slowly his arm tightened about her; he led her into the room. The gas was turned very low. He took the scarf tenderly from her head and the cloak from her shoulders. He tossed his own coat and hat on a chair, and then they were again in each other's arms.

She escaped from him presently and ran toward her window to pull down the shade. "The man in the room below might see," she said, "or your own other self from your bedroom."

When she came back to him she was trembling. So was he. They took each other's hands.

"I—I want to see your loveliness better," he whispered. "May I turn up the gas?"

"No—no—not that," she whispered, her head drooping, her whole body sinking toward him.

At that instant his nose caught an odor, and he dropped her hands. It was the geraniums! She looked at him quickly, surprised. He was silent a moment. Then he said slowly: "Susan, dear—it is thrilling to say those words! —I—I—I smell your red geraniums, just as I used to smell them in mother's south window. I—I—I'm going now!"

He seized his hat and coat, made one hesitating step to hold her in his arms again, checked himself, and almost ran from the room.

In his own apartment he sat down breathless and stared long at his desk. So this was New York again, he told himself, that had driven them to this brink! And he really loved her—yes, he knew now that he loved her. He pulled paper toward him and wrote a note, tore it up, wrote another, tore that, and finally ended simply with this:

DEAREST: *I needn't tell you that I love you. I must have loved you from the first. Will you marry me, and we will fight the Town together? It was love last night, our love for each other, dearest, always believe that! I am going away to-morrow till Monday. Have your answer for me when I return.*

He sealed this letter and crept into the bedroom. There was no light on her curtain. He stared long at the blank window. He had asked her to marry him! And six hours before nothing had been farther from his thoughts than marriage. He felt his whole life shaken. Then he rang up the night man and had the letter put in her box below

The next day he went away, that she might not have to meet him for a day or two, and spent a restless Sunday tramping the frozen fields of Connecticut. On Monday morning he hastened back and almost ran through the door and up to his letter box. There was no note there from her! He went to his room, and the first thing that met his eye was her box of geraniums in his window! He ran to them, and in among the leaves was a note. He tore it open and read:

No, you dear, kind boy, I can't marry you. After I'm gone, and you think it over, you will see why. But I'm leaving you the red geraniums. Please remember me as the girl who grew them, the kind your mother had. You mustn't try to see me, truly you mustn't. But if the geraniums should wither, if a man can't grow them—no, not even then! Good-by. SUSAN.

. . .

He read this twice, and then ran down the hall. The door to her room stood open—it was vacant! He went back to his own apartment and sat down blankly in a chair. What a mess they had made of things! Of course she didn't want to see him again. She probably felt that he could not look on her with the same eyes as before. She probably thought she had lost something precious in his esteem. No doubt she had lost something precious in her own esteem. That thought hurt him sorely. Oh, it wasn't true! She had lost nothing. Rather it had all been the revelation to him of the deep instincts by which man lives—or perishes. How could he tell her this? What should he do? He *must* tell her, and yet he must for a time respect her desire for privacy. He once more wrote a note to her business address.

DEAREST [he began]—*I shall call you dearest because you will always be that to me now—you shouldn't have gone away. We shall both be lonelier than ever now, for we shall neither of us forget. I am not going to come to you—not yet. I am going to let you find out that you love me as I love you. Then I'll come for you. But it will be hard not to see you across the air well, to miss your dear shadow on the screen, your handkerchiefs on the pane of a Sunday! You think, perhaps, it was just loneliness, the influence of a mood, the pressure of the Town—but you are wrong. We are not like that, you and I. It was love, dearest, love!*

Then he watered her geraniums.

She made no answer to this note, and his days were a fever of disappointment. But he stuck to his resolution, though he grew more restless for her all the time, and went through his tasks mechanically. March passed, the dirty snow was gone; spring had suddenly warmed the air; the grass was greening in the park. And in his window the last bloom had withered on the red geraniums, and the plants, for all his care, looked more sickly day by day. It was their condition which decided him. Though he laughed at himself for the thought, he could not get away from the feeling that as they withered she was growing unhappy, or even sick. Finally he could stand it no longer. He called her up.

"Is it really you!" he said when he heard her voice. "How are you?"

"I am well," he heard her answer. "And you?"

"Never mind me. The geraniums were dying. I was afraid. I couldn't stand it any longer."

She said something which sounded like "Silly," but he hastened on:

"I can't talk on the phone. To-morrow's Sunday. Meet me at the South Ferry ticket window at two, can you?"

"I—I don't know."

"All right, I'll be there. Two o'clock Oh, good-by, dear! I can't say another word now!"

He hung up the receiver abruptly. There was a lump in his throat. He sat down, amazed at his own emotion, and, with the trivial irrelevancy of thought at such moments, he reflected how inadequate the drama is to represent such subtleties of feeling.

He was at the ferry house long before the appointed hour, watching the stairs of the L. Almost on the stroke of two she appeared. Roy noted with a pang of sympathy that her suit was a last year's model. "She hasn't sold a story yet!" he thought. Then he ran toward her, and their eyes and hands met. "Oh, I'm glad you came!" he cried.

"So am I," she answered quietly, and lifted her face with a little smile to his.

THEY watched the harbor almost in silence as the boat went down the bay. Both of them were curiously shy of speech. It seemed as if they were bound for some spot where at last they would be alone and the gates of communication opened. At Staten Island, Roy tenderly helped her aboard a car, and presently they got out at the old church in Richmond, walked through the churchyard, which is so strangely otherworldly in the hurly-burly of New York, and then walked down a country lane for perhaps half a mile. The lane ended on a wooded knoll, and they sat down on last year's dead grass and leaves. Behind them was an abandoned cellar hole and two or three neglected, forgotten gravestones. At the foot of

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SUITS WHEN OTHERS DISAPPOINT

the slope, across a brook, they could see a freshly plowed field beyond a tangled stone wall, and the end of a farm outbuilding. Off beyond this field were the misty spaces of a great salt marsh. They might have been two hundred miles from Manhattan instead of within the city limits. A song sparrow was singing in a near-by thicket. Far out on the marshes they heard the bark of a gun. The air was still and sweet. And suddenly they looked again in each other's faces, and Roy put out his hand, taking hers and lifting it reverently to his lips. She just touched his hair with her other hand, stroking it gently.

"You do love me?" he whispered.

"Yes," she answered quietly. "I cannot help it. I told myself over and over that I shouldn't. It was loneliness that drew us together. It was loneliness that made you—shall I say pity me? We—we—we were pragmatists, and we should have parted again and forgotten. But I couldn't forget. And when I heard your voice yesterday I almost choked with happiness because I knew you couldn't forget either. Something told me that."

"Strange," said he. "*I* was almost choking too. Oh, Susan, we *do* love each other so!"

THEY leaned together and kissed each other gravely, sweetly, and then they sat in perfect silence, their hands clasped, and when they looked again in each other's eyes they were both near to tears, and the girl did suddenly weep, and buried her face on his shoulder. It was that supreme moment of love when its happiness seems almost too sweet to bear.

But Roy was a man, and presently he desired to speak of their love, to go over the curious paths they had traveled. "That night—" he began.

But she laid her lips on his and shook her head. "No, darling," she whispered. "Not even you must talk of that. It—it isn't that I ever want to forget it, dear—but—but— Hold my hand now as if I were your sister."

It was a long while later that they rose to go, wandering back up the lane to the old church, with faces that would have betrayed their secret had their fingers not been linked when they turned a corner and met a party of men and women out for a stroll. The strangers smiled at Susan's blushes.

They rode back to New York on the bow of the ferryboat, the mortared Andes of the lower town growing more and more distinct out of the April haze as they drew near, with the low afternoon sun making a flame of the western windows of those Babylonic towers which rear up story upon story into the air, too huge for mortal hands to have built, the fantastic upheavals of a Cyclop's dream.

"How beautiful the great town is!" Roy exclaimed. "Look at those cañon slits of black shadow, those dazzling towers, those whipping flags, and over there to the east the exquisite leap of the Brooklyn Bridge! Who would think that anything so magnificent could be so spiritually mean?"

Susan was leaning against his arm. "I think, dear," she said, "that we have personified the Town too much, something the way the Germans do their nation. Those great skyscrapers look like a mountain range, and after all they are but another phenomenon of nature. Man is a part of nature, they used to teach us in college, though I never knew then quite what they meant. The city can no more make us heroes or cowards, good or bad, happy or unhappy, than can the desert or the forest, or the little home town. Such things are in our own souls. I've been thinking a lot about it lately. What the city can do, it seems to me, is to make us forget the neighborly equation, not so much because everybody here is out for himself, either, as because one doesn't have neighbors in New York."

"Perhaps," Roy answered. "But I can't get over a feeling that something about the Town, its hurry and scramble and selfishness, reacts on the souls of the millions who dwell in it. It's a place of big buildings and petty plays, of aspiring towers and groveling ideals. But what do I care for the Beast now! I have you! Go on, Beast, do your worst! You can't touch us now—together we are too much for you!"

And only half in jest he shook his fist at lower Manhattan.

Susan laughed softly. "I wanted you to say that," she said. "Life will be quite different—at least for me. Now I can put that love interest into my stories!"

"And I," said Roy, "can look out on the Town through the leaves of a red geranium."

"The kind mother used to grow?" she whispered.

He squeezed her fingers tenderly as they rose to follow the crowd across the gangplank.

WHEN they reached Battery Park, they saw that the sunset was red over the Jersey docks, and through the western cross streets the light streamed into the deep rift of Broadway, filling it with a translucent haze of amethyst.

"The One a Pharisee"

Continued from page 11

review. He started to speak once, but did not. The colonel's eyes were closed, and his molten heart was cooling. Hale walked to the window and looked into the dirty alley, then came back, touched the square old shoulder lightly, and said: "Well, colonel, it's done—the great transaction's done." He smiled down into the big, troubled face and went on: "I'm going to quit!"

The colonel's face glowed in a warm smile, and Hale cried quickly: "Will you forget this, colonel? Please forget it!"

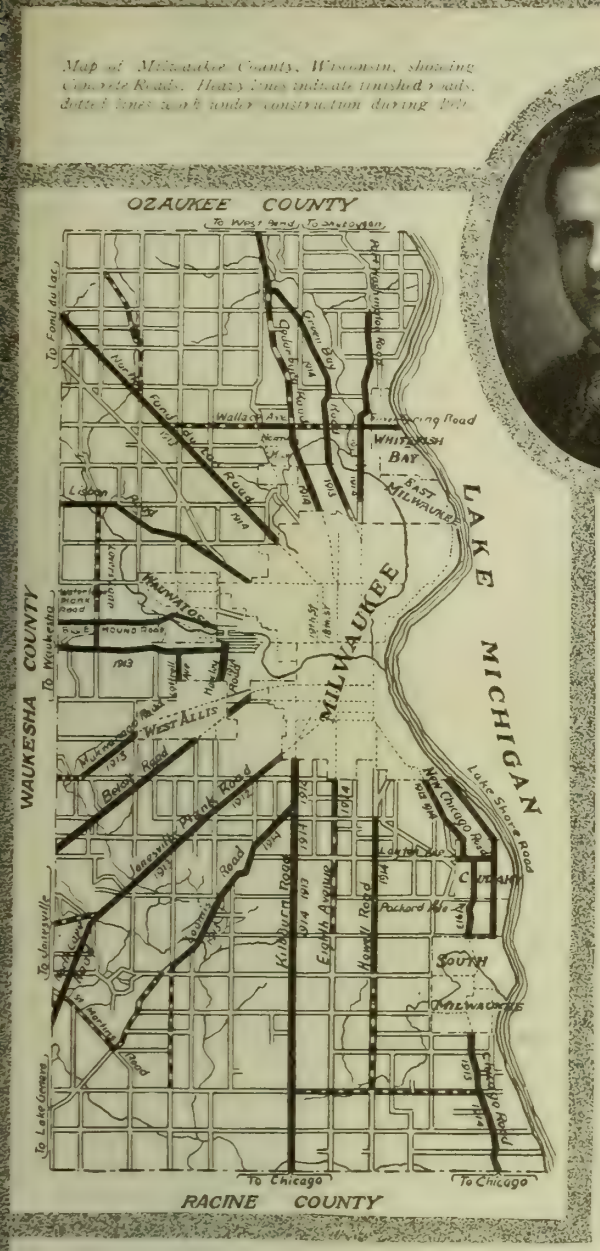
Suddenly the old form rose, the old arms went out, and the great hands clasped the small white hands at the younger man's side, and the bull voice of the colonel roared:

"No, no, no! By the Eternal, I'll not forget it—not till the Lord swaps my memory for the peace that passeth understanding."

Thus with clasped hands the two men stood by the window looking into the alley, and from the filth below rose a pathway to the stars for both their eyes.

THE next day, when the story of the closing of Caleb Hale's gambling room was in many mouths, Caleb Hale shook the dust of the town from his feet. Every association of Pleasant Ridge sickened him. He hungered for a new environment, and partly following the gambler's superstition that luck lay in the mine, and partly because the mine was the only thing on earth he could call his own with even tolerable honesty, he turned blindly to Cripple Creek. Now, Cripple Creek a generation ago was the capital of the wildest mining district in the world. From all over the earth men were hurrying there with golden dreams—dreams of cheating Providence by obtaining through sheer luck that empty mastery over men and events and destiny that money seems to bestow. So Cripple Creek, where ten thousand men were assembling with no thought but each for himself, was as near the depths of the lowest hell as a place often gets in this world. Into this maelstrom of ravenous selfishness—cruel as war and merciless as avarice—came Caleb Hale, with a deed to a prospect hole that punctured a slice of a golden mountain. And no Childe Roland to a darker tower ever came. At first the very grossness of the gambling protected Hale. He knew it was gambling. Every transaction of the day about him he knew was a bet, and he avoided it. By way of penance he took two men out on to his mountain, tried building a cabin where they might work with him, and thought in some vague, impractical way that he would be a pick-and-shovel miner. But he found that he was not bred for the job, and while his cabin was slowly going up, the thousands of gopher holes pocking the mountainsides were coming closer and closer to him, and the proved area of paying ore was edging week by week nearer to Hale's claim. One day a great seam of gold, almost lewd in its richness, was uncovered directly across the gulch from Hale's cabin. That night the whole district got blind drunk—some with whisky, some with gold, and some with the heat of the game—and they offered Hale fifty thousand dollars for his claim. But the lithe, steely-eyed little man in gray tweed, with his white hat shading a hard face, wrinkling even in its thirties, shook his head, trudged over to his cabin, and went to bed.

"It was not," he wrote to the colonel that night by his kerosene lamp, "because I think I can get more—I know it's not worth that—but I know Caleb



Map of Milwaukee County, Wisconsin, showing Concrete Roads. Heavy lines indicate finished roads. Dotted lines work under construction during 1915.



H. J. Kuelling, County Highway Commissioner of Milwaukee County, Wis.



A Stretch of the Blue Mound Concrete Road, Milwaukee County, Wisconsin

86 Miles of Concrete Roads

in Milwaukee County, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

HERE are a few facts about the concrete roads of Milwaukee County, Wisconsin, that are of national interest. Read them carefully and remember them the next time roads are discussed in your community. Better yet, tear out this page; it's worth keeping.

Concrete roads are hard, permanent roads constructed of sand and hard crushed stone or pebbles cemented permanently together with Portland cement into an even, solid wear-proof surface. Unlike other "improved" roads in which the broken stone is merely pressed together, the concrete road hardens with age into a monolithic mass which is unaffected by the summer heat or the spring flood and resists the wear of traffic. Cement-bound roads will not "run" in hot weather, automobiles will not lick up and remove the binder. Cement is a permanent binder and is an integral part of the road.

In four years there have been built in Milwaukee County over 86 miles of concrete roads. These roads have been built after the most exhaustive investigation, and in preference to any other type of road. In 1915, out of approximately 42 miles of new roads over 39 miles were built of concrete.

Milwaukee County has much in common with every community—its roads extend from the city far out into the country, they receive every kind of traffic, wagons, automobiles, motorcycles, carriages, and heavy city trucks. The concrete roads of Milwaukee County have increased property values, reduced hauling costs, and reduced road taxes for repairs and maintenance. They give satisfactory service every season of the year, in every kind of weather. They are unaffected by the hardest travel, free from holes and ruts, dustless in Summer, dry and mudless in the Spring, open all Winter. Why not build of concrete in your County?

In New York State, the cost of the 16-foot concrete roads, based on 200 miles laid under all conditions in 1914 and 1915, averaged $9,500.00 per mile for all concrete work and surfacing. Including drainage, grading, etc., the total cost varies from $12,000.00 to $15,000.00 per mile. Ordinary macadam roads cost about $9,000.00 per mile; but macadam is not a permanent road. It will soon rut and wear, the binder will wash out, or be sucked out by passing vehicles, running the maintenance cost into large figures.

The concrete road is inexpensive to maintain. The figures from the 1915 report of the County Highway Commissioner of Milwaukee County show an average repair and maintenance cost of but $58.00 per mile per year. Out of this small sum approximately $23.00 per mile has been expended for the maintenance of road shoulders, etc., ***leaving the actual road maintenance cost but $35.00 per mile.***

When concrete roads are properly laid this low maintenance cost is not unusual but customary. The combined maintenance and repair costs on improved roads, other than concrete, of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey and New York for eight years averaged $608.00 per mile.

When roads are built in your community build of concrete and you will have roads that are permanent, satisfactory, inexpensive to maintain; roads that will increase values, reduce the cost of hauling and serve you every day in the year.

Read what H. J. Kuelling, County Highway Commissioner, of Milwaukee County, Wisconsin, said:

"Our idea of concrete roads, generally, for country road construction, is shown by the fact that out of approximately forty-two miles of road to be built in 1915, we will build about thirty-nine miles of concrete. As shown by our report, the increase in traffic is very marked, and without a doubt there is also a very marked increase in property values and general prosperity along the roads."

If there is anything you want to know about the cost and maintenance, haulage statistics, repairs, etc., of the Milwaukee County Concrete Roads, write to Mr. Kuelling personally at his office in the Pereles Building, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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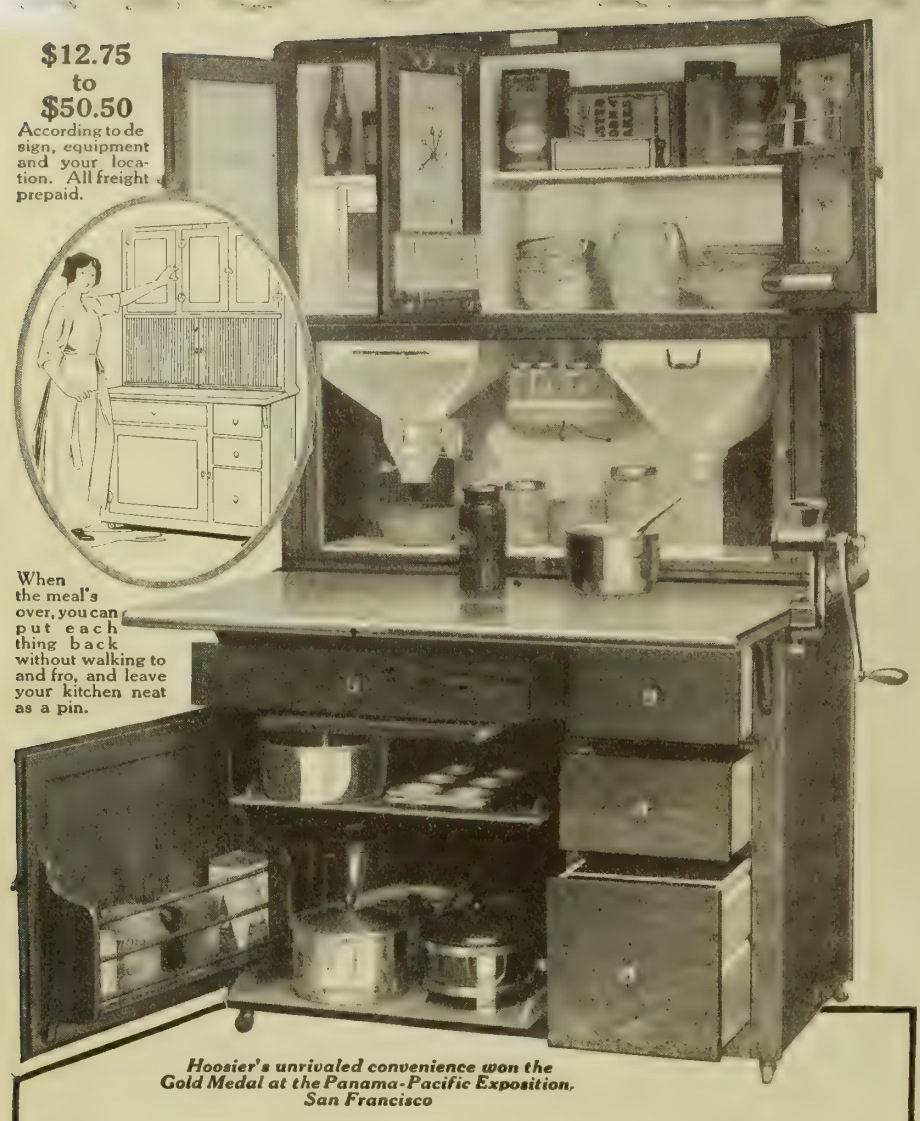
Our well illustrated and informative booklet "Portland Cement Concrete Highways" will be sent free of charge on request, and we invite correspondence relative to concrete road construction and maintenance

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Hale. If he had that much money in cash all the devils from the pit would be pulling him into this fiendish game. I invested some money here six months ago in a few little houses in the residence part of town—in what seemed to be a legitimate investment—and now they have doubled and trebled in value, and, as rents have mounted, I am having other little houses crowded into the vacant spaces between the first houses. I've got to a point now where I can walk through the Board of Trade and the poker rooms without having to grab my pockets and run. But that's because my stake is small; I know my size—fifty thousand would get me."

THREE months later, when the great shaft house had risen across the gulch and the Golden Circle was shipping ore, men knew that the flint-visaged little man whom Cripple Creek tradition had marked as the gambler of Pleasant Ridge had refused in the calm course of things first one hundred thousand and then one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his claim.

And Pleasant Ridge knew it too. Charley Herrington had come out to Cripple Creek in his private car expressly to advise Caleb to sell the claim—and lend Herrington the money. Boyce Kilworth had written Hale a long, friendly, congratulatory letter, suggesting that he was now on the road to success, and filing many a wise saw that grated on Caleb's mental ears. But Caleb Hale collected his rents and sent home an allowance to Vashti, his wife, and to little Dick. For a long line of New England Hales told him that Cripple Creek was no place for a mother and child. Shafts went down, shaft houses rose, great dumps were spewed out on the hill near him. On his side of the gulch long wagon trains of ore filed across his claim, and still he lived in his cabin, looked after his little property, and rather enjoyed being regarded as a madman in the bedlam about him. Special writers, "doing Cripple Creek" for the Eastern press, wrote pieces about Caleb Hale—"The madman of Gold Gulch," one writer called him—and Vashti brought these papers containing the articles about Caleb to the "Globe" office. The articles were reprinted, and Pleasant Ridge, hearing that Caleb Hale had refused two hundred thousand in cash for his claim, gasped and began to consider the propriety of calling on Mrs. Hale. Mrs. Kilworth, divinely sent of Boyce, did call on her stepsister-in-law, and certain other angels of social mercy, also providentially sent from the Kilworth bank, darkened the doorway of the Hale home, and Mrs. Hale, dressed like Constitution Street during a fair, called at the "Globe" office to get these visits into the society columns.

And then one fair day in spring came a telegram from Denver to the "Globe" announcing that Caleb Hale, known as the madman of Gold Gulch, had at last sold his famous claim, "The Son of a Gamboleer," to the Stratton interests for a quarter of a million dollars. The telegram made a tremendous sensation in Pleasant Ridge, and the Hale myth, gilded by time and diamond-crusted with Hale virtues, was revived in the town.

IN the meantime Boyce Kilworth had plodded into his late forties thinking, aspiring, living in terms of money. And because he had squeezed all the nobility of life into a minute 7 per cent schedule he had gradually become used—calloused maybe—to a habit of clipping off any annoying moralities that stuck out and spoiled the symmetry of his little edifice. So in secret his scissors were busy—busier than even he realized. He kept a double ledger account with God, entering nothing but cash on either side. There were times when Kilworth could not help feeling that his account was in the red; that he must pay more money to God in the way of church donations, public benevolences, and other cash items. But God had not seemed to require interest on the overdraft, and often Kilworth, at the end of a year, had balanced the books by visioning under it "to net loss" and at the foot of the debit column "to net profit," and let it go at that. He had grown into a portly, sleek-jowled man, with a face entirely unwrinkled except by fat; a man of eminent respectability. Gray hair covered his large head, and he had reduced his graying beard to a mustache which still retained its black. He was amiable to the point of geniality, and his stock of jokes was so well known in the bank



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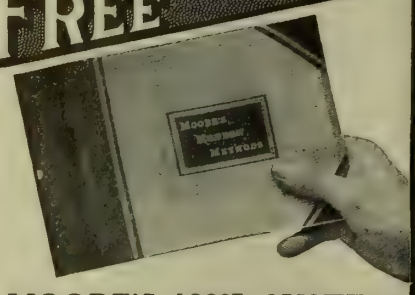
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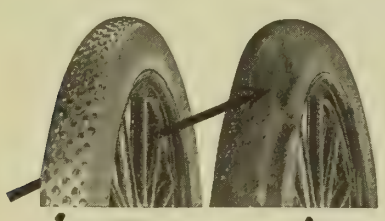
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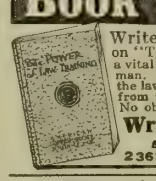
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nd at the sheet-metal mill—the mill hat had grown from shed to shed until t had become almost a "plant"—and t the church board meetings, and also the Associated Charities Board, the ommercial Club, and the county cen-al committee of his party, that his ssociates could list the whole jokelogue rom memory. They were mostly money tories about the blundering Irishman nd the sharp Jew, and these stories vere highly proper, if not very funny. But they were standard stock, and veryone knew when and how to laugh t them. He built up in his heart an mage of himself as a burden bearer, nd liked to condone with himself about he crushing weight of other people's urdens that bent his shoulders. Occa-ionally his self-pity found its way into is talks, short, noncommittal, reticent tterances—dull and colorless, that ould hardly be called conversations; ut burden-bearing was one of his fa-orite themes in these laconic utter-nces. He bore Congressman Ladgett's urdens, and that worthy soul never ad to decide how to cast a vote. Boyce Kilworth, consulting with an ffice in New York on lower Broad-way, always told Ladgett how to vote. The banker bore Tony Delaney's bur-dens, so that in a convention Tony never had to worry about what issues he should support nor what candidates he should favor; he got these things on a slip of paper from the back room of the bank just before the convention assembled, and all he had to do was to round up the delegations and carry out the program. At the sheet-metal mill it was the same; Boyce Kilworth knew the market. He sold the output, paid the pay roll, bore the burden, and took the profits. And all his burden-bearing in one way or another seemed to bring him back about 7 per cent. "The chief," ventured Tony Delaney one day in an outburst of confidence to Colonel Longford, "has things coming his way pretty fast these days. Do you know," and here the Irishman low-ered his voice and looked about him for eavesdroppers, "he showed me his little brown book yesterday, and he's got a cool hundred thousand dollars tucked away for each of his girls—their hope box, he calls it!"

"And what else?" asked the colonel.

"Mother of Moses, man—isn't that enough?" returned Delaney.

"I suppose so," repeated the colonel meditatively, and added: "What with Boyce's low morals and their mother's kind of brains, God would just about be showin' His contempt for them by givin' them all that money! Poor gels—poor, poor gels!" he sighed, and changed the subject.

That same night the colonel tilted a chair on the sidewalk to the brick wall of the "Globe" office for a session with Archimedes, whose hands in the cool of the June evening were resting from the lever that moves the world. The crass reliance of Boyce Kilworth upon money to make happiness was big in the old man's mind, and he opened the session by blurting out: "Tyin' fightin' cats' tails over the clothesline, makin' a fellow live with the hussy he's been philanderin' with, and givin' a man all the money he's sold his soul to the devil for—how the blessed Lord does get even with them who try to fool Him!" At the astonished look of the editor the colonel explained: "'Tis a Chinese proverb from the Talmud or the Koran, I misremember which; but it's the milk of the word, son!"

A MONTH had passed since the sensation of Caleb Hale's good fortune had stirred the town, and naturally the talk of the colonel and the editor turned to the prospective return of Hale. At the end of an hour the colonel was nodding a troubled head and saying: "So he takes her out buggy riding on the dark nights, eh? And sends her theatre passes and slips around to see her of an evening?" The editor indicated his assent. "And he's too good a foreman to fire?" The old man paused and looked at the rising moon and sighed as he went on: "Well, I don't know. I've a letter from Caleb saying he would be here soon, but that may mean a day or a week or a month. But when he does come he may do you the kindness of solving your problem by killing your foreman by way of poetic justice. He's a man of nice tastes—is Caleb."

The colonel sat for a time drumming on the chair between his bony legs while he considered many things, and then sighed a dreary sigh and spoke: "Poor—poor Vashti. I've known the philanderin' lot of Sellerses for three

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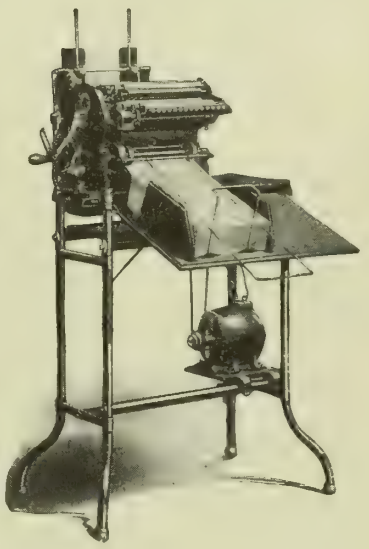
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generations back—a loose pack the whole kit and bilin'. Poor Vashti—vain as a weathercock, common as kraut, and weak as dishwater by the blood that is in her; addle-pated and noisy as a load of coal goin' down a chute! It will take more than all Cale's money to make folks out of her." He mellowed and smiled in a pause, then took up his monologue: "Ye can read her and all the likes of her as an open book. She's the kind that believes all she needs to move in high society is to know how to make a boiled salad dressing and veal loaf. Poor, poor Vashti! But," he aroused himself and said, "this won't do. We must take this up in the lodge. How old will Vashti be by now, Archimedes? Only twenty-eight or so. Man," cried the old colonel earnestly, "man, if I was the Providence Boyce Kilworth is, which Heaven forbid, I'd make a general order in heaven for the angels never to set down anything against anyone under thirty." After pondering a moment over his hypothetical ukase he amended it: "And over fifty; we have only twenty responsible years—and I'm not quite sure of them!"

It was late when the colonel ambled into the street and started homeward. He deliberately missed the first street car that passed him, and when the east-bound train was whistling in the yards he strolled aimlessly down to the station, two blocks out of his way, to stretch his legs and to see what he might see. And there, dropping off the rear Pullman before the porter had put down his box, was Caleb Hale, natty, dapper, but as worn and lined as a man of forty dare be. When the two men had found a carriage, and the colonel had made the driver turn the top down so that they could enjoy the moonlight and the colonel could show Hale how the town had grown, they got in and for the fourth time the old man exclaimed: "Well, well, well—and it's you!" Then he turned to Hale and quizzed: "And why did you come home? Does the family know you're coming to-night—on this train?"

"No," answered Hale, "this train is a surprise; she knows I'm coming to-day or to-morrow. And, colonel," Hale went on, putting a hand on the elder man's bony knee, "I'm coming home because the game has got too strong. It passed my limit. Oh, I've been fighting, colonel—fighting for all these long months—watching the price of that mine rise and rise; and every time the price jumped I caught myself wanting to take the price—and sit in the game. But"—he laughed self-deprecatingly—"I said: 'Steady, boy, you've beaten it this far, stay with it,' and I did. Finally I felt strong enough to sell. So I sold, and it was too much for me—this last month since the sale—and I had to come!"

"Had to come!" echoed the colonel. "Why, Cale, you don't mean—"

Then Hale broke out: "I tell you, colonel, a place where money—raw, stinking, wet, green, uncured money—is God comes nearer to hell than any other place on this planet."

"Women, Caleb?" asked the old man softly.

Caleb Hale smiled a curious, reflective smile and shook his head. "No, colonel, the woman proposition doesn't get me now. I've played that hand out! Seven or eight years ago the women might have got me—along with the rest." He stopped and lifted his face to the colonel and said gently: "But there's my Dick, my little boy— Nope, colonel, it wasn't the woman proposition." He broke out suddenly: "It was the money; the devil, my own personal devil, the old one, that came up holding out the old lure to bet, to speculate, to play the big mining game. And he sugar-coated it, slimed it all over with respectability: tempted me to be big-rich—to be somebody. And I actually got to thinking how fine it would be to come home with more money than Boyce—to be more respectable than Boyce—and then I came to myself, and ran—ran like Joseph from Mrs. Potiphar—and here I am!"

"But your money, Cale?" inquired the colonel cautiously. "What are you going to do with—"

"I've already done with it," cut in Hale. And to the elder man's blank look Hale replied: "I've put it where it will do the most good!"

The colonel nodded unsatisfied, and Hale repeated, stubbornly, as one who had decided upon a formula: "I tell you I've done with it. I've put it where it will do the most good."

The colonel saw that Hale had closed the door into that inquiry, and the two rode in an embarrassed silence for a moment, then Hale went on: "You tell Brother Boyce—what I've told yo and get it to Charley Herrington they've both wired me and written me—and I'm on to both of 'em. I put that money where it will do th most good, and I'm going to rent a li tle piece of a store and open a cig stand, and buy a place and have garden."

"But, Cale," remonstrated the a tounded colonel, "the town's prepar to make a millionaire out of you. Y can't do any such thing as tha Why—"

"Nevertheless, colonel—that's m game."

"Why, Cale, the town will laug you'd be a byword and a joke for—"

"Well, let 'em laugh, and be damne to 'em. It's my business how I mak my living—if it's honest!"

AS they rode past the gorgeou peaked and towered mansion of th Kilworths, Caleb Hale asked: "How Brother Boyce coming on?"

"Just now," answered the colone "your distinguished stepbrother is mak ing a mint of money out of his new ti mill, and putting it right back in im provements and additions. But it's gold mine.

"Boyce has the golden touch," th colonel continued. "He has the lepros of easy success! The real scrap heap o life, Cale, is made up of those fragil souls whom the Lord throws out be cause they will not stand the thunder ing blows of fate that are needed t make a real soul!"

"So that's your theory of life?" aske Hale. "Thundering blows?"

And the colonel looked at the warped wrinkled face beside him, all eager an cheerful in the moonlight, and though of what a blow might be hanging ove the younger head. But the elder ma smiled and said: "This is no time fo 'your philosophy, Horatio.'" Hal leaned forward to catch the first glimps of his home. Lights in the upper par of the house relieved the tension of th colonel's nerves and he bade Hale fare well and good luck and went sailing down the street under the moon, with his arms stretched out on both sides o the deep upholstered carriage seat, an with his feet serenely on the cushions before him, while he bellowed an ancient love song—like an old dog to the old moon—as he rolled down the street.

The commotion at the curb, the colonel's roaring farewell, and the driver's word to the horses shot it suddenly into the wife's consciousness that her husband had returned. At the front door he found her waiting for him. He stepped toward her eagerly, but she stood trembling and shuddering in the doorway. Then she spoke as one in fear: "Caleb—don't—don't come in—don't come until I've told you!"

"Why, Vashti—mamma—" he cried, and looked keenly in her pale, twitching face under the hall gas. "What—what," and with a shrill, hard cry of understanding he almost screamed: "*What!*"

"Not until I've told you something, Cale: then maybe you'll not want—" She spoke slowly as one reciting a speech learned by rote.

They gazed into each other's eyes unsteadily for a moment, then the woman groaned and slumped and turned away in shame. She did not go up the stairs before her, but turned into a darkened front room, and the man, staring at the vacant door a minute, turned to the steps behind him and crumpled down.

CALEB HALE sat looking blankly at the walk before him, as a man swaying under a burden. From time to time as the hours passed he shifted his position, rising to a chair beside him, leaning against the porch post, sensible of the perfume of the flowers near his face; pacing the short porch floor, again sitting on the top step above the walk, always with bowed head, save when once or twice he lifted his face in agony to the stars.

The night was wan and old, and the sparrows in the eaves were beginning to stir, when Caleb, sitting on the steps with his head buried in his hands, cried softly: "Vashti, come here!" He heard her rise in the dark room behind him, and in an instant she stood above him. He did not speak, but slowly put up a hand, which she took; he rose and faced her as he kissed the hand that held his and whispered: "Mamma—mamma—mamma—will you forgive me—too?"

(To be continued next week)

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The Hidden Door

Continued from page 7

vestibule. Garth choked. He was aware of fine particles of dust in his nose and his throat. The inspector had been similarly affected.

"Filthy lot!" he sneered. "One more door."

They attacked the inner door. They burst through into a black hallway. The dust rose in clouds. The inspector snapped his flash light and fell back with an exclamation, disappointed and surprised.

The light shone on bare floors and walls. Its power was radically diminished by the long accumulated dust their entrance had disturbed. As far as the first floor was concerned, they stood in an empty house.

Manford sneered. "A fine plant of yours, inspector!"

THE inspector glared his dislike. "I'm beginning to think you were jealous a minute ago, young man."

"Then you've quite disarmed my unworthy emotion," Manford laughed.

Garth had read more than dislike in the inspector's manner. It had veiled, he was sure, a positive, an increasing fear; and the scorn of his voice had not thoroughly cloaked its uncertainty.

"Get upstairs," he snarled to his men. "Scour every inch of this place."

He turned back to Manford. "I'll swear they were here this afternoon. This house was used as a dive no later than this afternoon."

Manford chuckled, indicating the dust which still whirled in the rays of the flash light.

The plain-clothes men returned almost at once. There was not a person in the house—not a piece of furniture. The grime on the walls, the thick dust, testified to its long disuse.

Manford's superior wisdom appeared justified. The intolerance of a position and a success, both inherited, shone in his eyes, expressed itself in his voice. He drew his coat closer about him. He touched his hat. It assumed a jauntier air.

"Good night, inspector," he drawled. "I cut the opera to take in this example of police efficiency. I hope my society, on its own initiative, will be able to make more progress with the case. Maybe I'll find some amusement chatting with the lieutenant at the station house. At least I can learn from the police what sins to omit."

THE inspector, strangely, did not answer. Manford lighted a cigarette, grinning, and strolled down the steps.

Garth marveled at the inspector's lack of belligerency. He looked at him more closely. The big man's jaw had fallen. He stared without purpose at the blank walls. The picture made Garth afraid. He grasped the inspector's arm. He drew him to one side. "How were you so sure?" he asked under his breath. "Because Nora gave you this number?"

The inspector shook his head. His great shoulders trembled.

"No. She had no number to give me. But this afternoon I saw her enter this house. I watched the door close behind her, and, Garth, she has never come out!"

Garth with frantic haste explored the place himself from roof to cellar. There was no doubt. It had remained uninhabited for many months, perhaps years. Yet Nora had told her father that, while its location had been kept from her, she had arranged a certain entry to the evil house that afternoon. If Nora had been directed to this deserted building and admitted, it was clear that her connection with the police had been discovered. It was logically certain that she had walked into an elaborately plotted ambush.

He hurried to the sidewalk, where he found the inspector braced heavily against the rail. "What can I do, Garth?" the big man asked hoarsely.

What to do, indeed! Garth thrust his hands in his pockets. He stared helplessly up the street. His glance rested on the corner house of the next block where last night the man in the fur coat had left the first coin. Suddenly his breath sharpened. His mind, planning blindly, paused, drew back, dared again to face the single chance that had risen from the shadows of the corner house.

He wet his lips. He touched the inspector's shoulder. He understood that on a bare possibility he would place his



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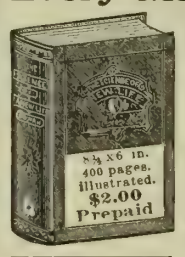
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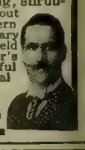
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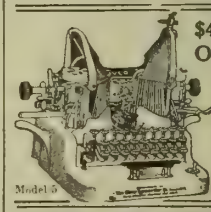


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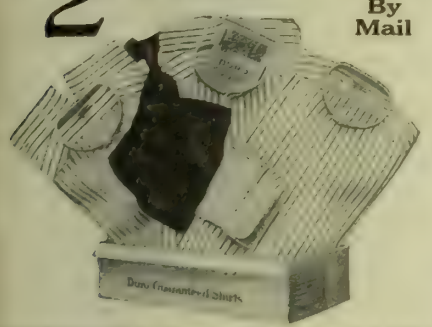
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entire career in the scales. Since, however, it balanced Nora's rescue from such unspeakable hands, he did not hesitate. "Chief," he whispered, "take your men back to the station house and keep them ready. I'll telephone you there in a few minutes, fifteen or twenty at the outside."

"What are you going to do, Garth?"

"Take one chance to get Nora back," he answered quickly; "probably say good-by to New York. It was something I thought of last night. It seemed common sense to forget it this morning. Now I'm going to make sure. No time to talk."

HE ran swiftly west, past the house on the corner, past the areaways where he had secreted himself the previous night, into Park Avenue, always on the course taken by the limousine. And when he came to Black's number he saw the limousine drawn up, waiting. In the upper story of the small but expensively appointed house lights burned. He pressed the electric button, sighing his relief. He was grimly determined to see the thing through. His resolution was stimulated by his memory of the queue, coiled like a serpent with fangs bearing the poison of degradation and death. Nora stood within reach of that, perhaps was already its victim. So when the door was opened by a sleek serving man he did not hesitate.

"I must see Mr. Black."

The servant displayed a mild astonishment at his tone. "I'm sorry, sir. Mr. Black is not at home."

The lights he had noticed upstairs and the limousine gave Garth confidence. "Mr. Black," he said, "is the brother-in-law of the president of the Society for Social Justice."

The servant nodded.

"Then he will see me."

The other was shocked. "Really, sir—"

Garth gave him a glimpse of his badge, pushed past, and entered the reception hall. The servant turned, staring at him with insolent eyes.

"You'll have to get out of here. Mr. Black has no official connection with the society. What do you mean by forcing—"

Garth called: "Mr. Black! Mr. Black!"

The servant tried to catch his arm. "This is outrageous."

"Mr. Black!" Garth called again.

And the response he had prayed for, the response he had made up his mind to force at all hazards, came quavering from the upper floor.

"Who is that? What's all this row, Arnold?"

Garth sprang up the stairs, eager and relieved at the quality of the voice. The young man of the limousine stood at the head, bending anxiously over.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Black," Garth said. "I have to speak to you about something too important for delay."

He paused, embarrassed, reluctant to go on, for in the brightly lighted doorway of the living room a woman had appeared, small, with an extraordinary grace of figure, and a face which, in a trivial, light-hearted way, impressed him as rarely beautiful. She wore evening dress. A wrap was draped across her arm. Her resemblance to Manford established her identity beyond debate. She glanced at Garth with an amused curiosity quite at variance with her husband's emotion. She smiled tolerantly. "Quite like a bearer of evil tidings in a play, but even they don't come upstairs unannounced."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Black," Garth said apologetically. "Your man drew the long bow. I couldn't be put off."

BUT the smiling, graceful figure was a defense almost incontestable. Nothing short of Nora's danger could have armed him to overcome it. He would, however, spare Black's wife as far as possible.

"I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Black, privately."

He turned back to the woman.

"You see I come from your brother, the head of the Society for Social Justice."

"What can he want at this time of night?" she said.

She advanced to the head of the staircase. "It makes no difference, John. You weren't coming anyway. I'll tell Aunt Sarah why—business!"

She laughed lightly and passed on down the stairs.

Garth breathed more freely. He

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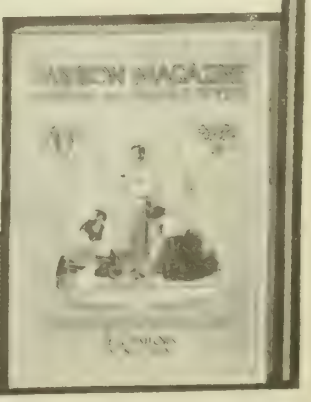
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waited until the front door had slammed, until he had heard the motor whir, until he was sure she had started for her reception or dance, unsuspecting the desolation he had brought into her home. Then he swung on Black.

"Come in here."

He indicated the living room. Black followed with uncertain steps. The light shone on his sallow face, out of which heavy eyes looked distrustfully.

"What do you want?" he asked. "What does Manford want?"

"Don't trouble to sit down, Mr. Black," Garth directed. "I've little time—just enough to tell you that I'm on to you."

Black, with an odd, halting motion, reached the center table. His fingers shaking, he lifted a cigarette from a silver box and essayed to strike a match. The wood splintered. He fumbled aimlessly about the table. He took the unlighted cigarette from his mouth. He stammered.

"Wh—what the devil do you mean?"

"No use bluffing," Garth said. "You give yourself away. But don't get too scared. I'm the only one who knows."

The other's voice was scarcely audible. "Who are you?"

GARTH threw back his coat lapel, displaying momentarily his badge.

Black's voice rose on a shrill note: "It's a lie! It's a lie!"

Garth shook his head. "I watched you last night," he said, "planting money here and there—a pretty, generous fancy, just to give people the joy of finding it. Men don't do such things in their right senses. I've heard of it, but the fact that you were the brother-in-law of the head of an organization that was after these cases offered a more likely explanation. Put me off the track. Thought you were working for him. Now that I've had a good look at you, there's no question."

Black made a last pitiful effort: "This is blackmail."

"I have my price," Garth admitted.

Black sat on the table edge. "I'll put them on to you downtown—through Manford."

Garth laughed outright. "You! You'd never have the nerve. Give a police surgeon one good look at you!"

Black fumbled in one of the drawers. He lifted out a check book.

"How much?" he asked with dry lips.

"Not money," Garth said.

He felt every nerve in his body tighten. "When I saw you making a fool of yourself last night," he went on, "you had come straight from a house you are going to get me in to-night."

The check book fluttered to the floor.

"Wh-what for?"

"To save a woman," Garth answered. "It's enough for you to know that they've trapped her there, and that she means too much to me—"

Black turned on him with a snarl.

"You mean you love her. Then maybe you can understand. What about my wife?"

"Black," Garth said quietly, "you stand a better chance of sparing your wife if you meet my price. I promise to do all I can to keep you out of the scandal. I'll get you away clean if it can be done. All I ask is that for your wife's sake you'll try to be a man. But now you listen. By gad, if you refuse to do this thing, I'll raise a scandal that will finish you once for all. I'll shout the thing from the housetops. I'll take you to a cell within the next ten minutes. What about your wife then? Look at me. I'm not bluffing. I hate it, but I've no choice. It's life and death to me and, since it's all I've got, I'm going to use your reputation to make it life."

Black sank into a chair, covering his face. "You do mean it. I can't do it. I tell you I can't do it."

GARTH stood over the man. As he fought, there came back to him, with a pleading not to be denied, the memory of Nora's altered face, out of which, however, her eyes, unalterable, had glanced at him with a definite appeal.

"Yes, you can," he said savagely. "They'll let you vouch for a—friend. And if you don't, you'll give the game away to a jury and a crowded courtroom."

Black's hands dropped. He stared straight ahead. He did not answer.

Garth reached out and grasped the telephone. Black stumbled to his feet and tore at Garth's arm.

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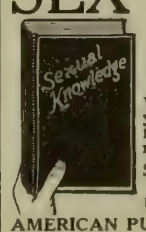
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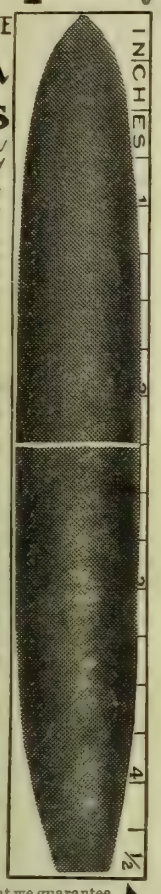
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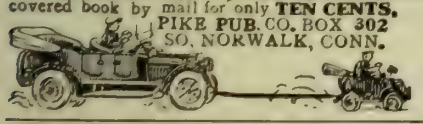
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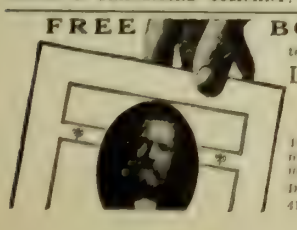
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"Then you agree?"

"You'll come with me alone?"

"Yes."

"Then I agree."

The gleam in Black's eye was revealing. It lessened Garth's sense of relief. It warned him that, entering the place alone, he could be handled as perhaps Nora had been handled.

HE took the receiver from the telephone and got the inspector at the station house. While Black protested, he instructed the inspector to have a man follow Black and himself, and, no matter what house they entered, to have that entire block surrounded and a watch kept on every house front. If he could communicate in no other way, Garth promised to fire his revolver twice, if possible, from a front window.

Black shrank back. "But you said—alone."

"Alone," Garth answered, "but that's what's going to happen once I'm in. I'm not throwing my life away. Are you ready, or do you prefer the cell and your picture in the morning papers?"

Black with uncertain steps led the way down the staircase.

Garth drew him to the sidewalk.

"If you waste time steering me wrong," he said, "I'm through. And don't forget I have a gun. Try to throw me down once we're in and I'll use it."

Black made an effort to square his shoulders. He crossed the avenue with a lurching gait. Garth glanced back. A dark figure skulked after them. So that was all right. The inspector would know their destination immediately.

"One thing," Garth asked. "How did you have the nerve to drive your limousine to the place last night?"

"I didn't," Black answered. "I picked it up in Third Avenue."

He did not speak again, and Garth no longer urged him. He walked straight for the block in which he had been at his folly last night. But he did not pause there. He continued across Lexington Avenue and made confidently for the deserted, dust-filled house which just now had mocked the police. Garth, amazed, followed him to the basement door.

Black took a key from his pocket, and with the ease of long habit inserted it in the lock. The door opened, and Garth walked into the blackness with a quickening suspense. His apprehension was for Nora rather than himself. What had happened to her when she had stepped into the dusty hall?

THE darkness was so complete that he had to keep his fingers on the other's arm to avoid stumbling against the wall. Yet his guide went with a quick assurance to the rear door which he opened with another key. They stepped beneath a rough shelter of corrugated iron such as is hastily thrown up in summer for the protection of washboards or in winter for the storing of wood. Black proceeded beneath this shelter along the fence to the corner. Garth noticed a large accumulation of rubbish in the yard; souvenirs, doubtless, of indolent and utilitarian neighbors.

Black stooped. Evidently he had given a signal which Garth had not seen or heard, for straightway he arose and leaned against the fence, waiting.

"What now?" Garth asked.

Black raised his finger to his lips.

Garth looked down at a rustling among the rubbish. A thin piece of flagging had opened at his feet as if hinged like a trapdoor, leaving visible the top of a flight of rough wooden steps.

Black stepped down and Garth followed. The steps led diagonally under the angle of the fence. Others rose into the corner of the adjacent yard. If this was their destination, it was neither to one side nor directly behind the empty house used as an entrance. Garth marveled at the simplicity of the contrivance. Two men in half a day could have accomplished the entire excavation and arranged the steps. Moreover, without a definite clue the police would never suspect such an entrance.

While Black carefully lowered the flag on the other side Garth glanced around. They stood in the kitchen shed of a house which, of course, faced the next street. Garth had no doubt that the front was masked with a physician's office, or perhaps an appeal

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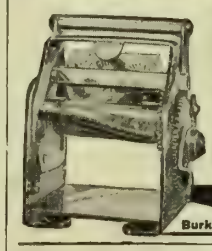
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for boarders, who, nevertheless, would always fail to find rooms available at the hour of their application. He saw nothing of the man who had admitted them by raising the flag. He was more disturbed than before, since he could picture the inspector's bewilderment on learning that he had entered the house which had been so recently raided and searched.

He saw Black press an electric button. Faintly he heard the response from a muffled bell—two rings short and one long. Almost at once the door opened on a crack, but no gleam of light came through. Black muttered something unintelligible to Garth, and led him into a darkness as complete as that which had oppressed him in the empty house. Yet in spite of it he was sure it was a woman who had admitted them.

"This way," Black said.

Garth followed, scarcely breathing. Where would he find Nora? How would he find her? A door opened ahead, and at last there was light—a subdued, amber-colored light, unhealthy, suggestive of a melancholy repose. Black went first, then Garth, into an inner hallway.

Garth turned sharply to inspect the woman who had followed them in. He drew back. He controlled his gasp of relief and thankfulness, for it was Nora herself who had opened the door for them and who stood now on the threshold of the hall. Yet he saw that his presence, instead of bringing to them a grateful welcome, had drawn into her eyes a fear which quickly approached despair.

She wore the apron and the cap of a housemaid—transparent hints as to how she had found an entrance and remained here unmolested. Her features, in addition, were subtly changed, so that one less acquainted than Garth might have passed her unrecognizing.

HIS astonishment had held him longer than was discreet. He turned at a sound to find his conductor gone. He knew what that portended. He cursed his carelessness.

Nora took his arm. "What are you doing here?" she whispered tensely. "Go before it's too late. I knew they suspected trouble to-night, but I never dreamed of your getting in here alone. Go the way you came."

"To be caught in the yard?" he scoffed. "That fellow's given me away by this time. They'll watch that exit first."

He ran along the hallway. The strange amber light appeared to have thickened the air. He breathed it with distaste. It choked him. At the foot of the stairs Nora caught his arm again.

"Where are you going?" she demanded.

"Up there," he answered. "I haven't the ghost of a show in this suffocating basement. They'll look for me here first."

He climbed the stairs. She followed him. "Jim," she breathed, "it's hopeless. They'll never let you out."

He turned at the head of the stairs. The same unnatural light and the same heavy air were here. A repellent odor not to be classified crept into his nostrils; made him want to cough. Heavy purple hangings were draped across two doorways. "Tell me the layout," he whispered. "Quick! The yard isn't the only getaway?"

"Except the roof and the front," she whispered back, "and they're locked. The leader keeps the keys. For God's sake, Jim, try to get out of this house before it's too late."

He pointed at one of the purple hangings. It was at the end of the hall, but the hall appeared to him too short.

"Is that the front door?"

She shook her head.

"Only leads to the front of the house. That's planted, of course—a boarding house. I tell you that door's locked."

"Then how can I get to a front window?"

"You can't, Jim."

He tried to plan.

"Then how am I—"

A heavy step seemed to set the dense air in lazy motion. It came from a near-by room. It approached.

"Jim! They've got you, and if they see me with you—" She spread her arms. "They know you're a detective. Your only hope is that they shouldn't suspect me. And I can't lose all I've done. Hit me, Jim."

"Nora!"

"Trust me," she begged; "and we've a chance. They mustn't doubt me. Hit me, Jim. Take hold of me. Clap your hand over my mouth. Quick!"

He drew back. He knew she was right, but he couldn't, all at once, bring himself to obey.

"I've my gun," he muttered.

"It's worthless."

The footsteps were nearer. They had persisted with a measured, unhurried purpose. Garth drew his revolver. The curtains waved. Suddenly Nora screamed. She flung herself upon him tigerishly.

"Jim!" she whispered. "Now!"

HE had to force himself to grasp her shoulders, and to bend them back. Her hand rose. Scarcely understanding her intention, he saw her strike herself sharply across the face. An ugly reddish mark survived. There was a suggestion of tears in her voice.

"You coward, Jim!"

The curtains parted further, but always as he forced her back he combated the desire to draw her closer instead; to heal with his lips the wound with which very anxiety marked her.

She cried out again. He glanced at the curtains. He let her go, staring with a sense of loathing at a yellow, wrinkled face which protruded from the purple, disclosing a braid of hair serpentlike and perilous.

The leering face was withdrawn. Garth heard a low whistle, modulated on an unfamiliar minor interval.

"Don't resist them, Jim," Nora whispered. "I'll do what I can."

She turned and ran, screaming, through the curtains. Garth dashed for the hidden door which led to the front of the house. If only he could break through there, reach a window, and signal the inspector! But when he tore the curtains back he faced panels of exceptional stoutness; unquestionably built to deaden sound as well as to form a barrier. He surrendered to the realization that he was caught in the heart of this evil house. He wondered if Nora's strategy retarded his captors.

A stealthy shuffling turned him from the door so that he faced the hall. He had heard that same sound last night when the diminutive Chinaman had approached. Now he saw three of the same mold whose queues appeared to writhe in the dim light and stifling air as they glided along the hall, their talonlike hands outstretched.

He guessed that the picture was intended to terrify, to impress upon him the futility of resistance, yet while he had his revolver the success of such an attack was doubtful.

"Stay where you are," he said, puzzled, trying to understand. "Come any closer and I'll shoot."

The yellow mouths grinned. Then, when it was too late, Garth understood the trick. A rush of colder air on his back informed him that the heavy door was open. He stood between two fires. In fact, before he could turn, his wrists were grasped. Two leering faces were close to his, but as the revolver was wrenched from his hand he pulled the trigger twice. With the great door open those explosions might penetrate beyond the house wall, might carry to the inspector's men on the sidewalk.

They had at least aroused in the dim twilight of the house a restless, incoherent stirring. Voices muttered. Steps pattered here and there. A muffled bell commenced to complain. Through the curtains from the inner room stepped a man—a white man with cruelly intelligent features. Garth realized that he probably faced the head of this organization which for so long had outwitted the police.

Garth laughed with an effort at bravado. "That was a signal," he said. "Block's surrounded. They'll be in here before you can light a joss stick. Call these things off, or you're as good as in the chair."

Upstairs the stirrings increased. Some one shrieked.

Nora appeared at the man's elbow, her face seemingly contorted with terror. "Men in the yard!" she gasped.

Garth guessed that it was a part of her scheme to turn the hunt from him, to give him that one moment he needed. And it worked. He felt his hands released. The Chinamen whining pitifully crouched along the wall, as if trying to conceal themselves.

GARTH jumped through to the front hall. The vestibule door was locked, and the key was missing. There was no time to conquer locks. His opportunity was limited. So he ran into the front room. The window catch baffled him. He didn't dare wait to fumble with it. He raised his fists and sent them crashing through the glass. His hands, scratched and bleeding a little,



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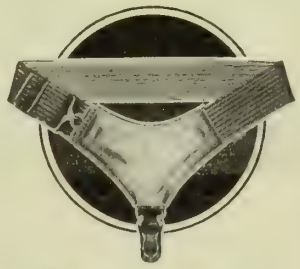
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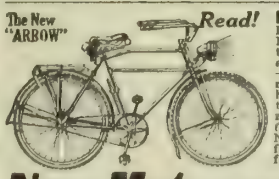
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waved a frantic appeal. He shouted. And he heard answering voices and the pounding of feet. He saw figures glide into view and spring up the steps. The battering of shoulders filled the house with a turmoil that drowned its own increasing agitation.

He went back to the inner hall.

"Nora!" he called.

He pushed through the curtains into a room fantastic with Oriental furnishings. Black, in a panic, had Nora in his grasp. The girl struggled mutely.

"Drop her, Black!"

Black turned.

"That ends our bargain," Garth said harshly.

"She tried to stop me," Black quavered.

"He's the brother-in-law," Garth said scornfully, "of the very man who's been trying in his useless way to smash this gang. What do you think of that?"

Nora came forward. She was shocked, but it was clear she failed to share his scorn. As the front door yielded she put her hand on his arm.

"Have you ever seen his wife, Jim?" she asked simply.

He nodded.

"So have I," she went on. "She's the one I'm thinking of. She's too young, too happy, to have her whole life stained with this thing."

But Garth's anger persisted. Black, however, in response to Nora's nod, slipped behind the window curtains. The inspector, Manford, and a number of detectives rushed in.

"Get your men through the house," Nora advised.

The inspector motioned the men to go. He lumbered over to Nora. He put his arms around her. An excessive gratitude moistened his eyes and thickened his voice as he cried: "Thank the Lord!"

"Thank Jim," she said, "although he risked everything by appearing here."

"If you'd told us more of your plans," Garth said, "we would have worked better together."

"I didn't dare," she answered. "I knew so little myself. So much depended on success."

Manford's fragile fingers pulled at his mustache. The humor in his eyes did not quite veil a real admiration.

"Well!" he said gently. "Let me congratulate you, inspector. The police *have* put something worth while over—through a woman."

GARTH, whose eagerness had carried him closer to the girl, noticed for the first time on her neck a bruise left by Black's fingers. A sudden, unreasoning temper swept him. Impulsively he burst out: "Inspector, one of the beasts you want is behind those curtains."

Nora cried out: "Jim! I asked you. His wife!"

The inspector glanced from one to the other. "What's on your mind, Nora?"

Manford laughed easily. "No sentiment in this game, young woman," Manford sneered. "If we thought of the wives, there'd be few arrests."

With an air of satisfaction, as if the climactic feature of the raid had been reserved for him, he snatched the curtains open. Black cowered in the embrasure of the boarded window, glaring out at his brother-in-law. He moistened his lips.

"Don't let them tell Anna, Billy."

Manford's satisfaction, founded on his fancied superiority, suddenly died out. He became rather pitifully human. His cheeks darkened. His insinuating antagonism to the inspector faded. He would meet any terms to spare his sister, to keep her from entanglement in such a scandal.

"I'm afraid you might think the police didn't do their duty," the inspector said softly. "I just heard your own motto—no sentiment for the wives."

Garth had not shifted his glance from Nora. Her disapproval more and more impressed him, yet, with the bruise still eloquent on her white neck, it was with distaste that he forced himself to bargain: "He's my prisoner, Manford. If the inspector says the word, we'll tamper with the law and get him away and home. There's one condition. He does as I say for the next couple of years—takes any treatment I suggest."

"Don't worry. I'll see to that," Manford said. "It's good of you, Garth."

He turned to his brother-in-law.

"Are you willing, John?"

Black stumbled from the embrasure. He reached out his hands appealingly.

"Yes, yes. I want to—with all my heart."

"Then, inspector—" Manford began.

The inspector winked good-humoredly.

"Since we're all such old friends, I agree. I've never had a comeback yet from reading a little humanity and mercy into the law. You've a good deal to learn about police work, young man. Let's start your education now. We'll see what the boys have bagged."

WHEN the crowded police van had left, Nora, Garth, and the inspector stepped into the crisp night air.

"Garth," the inspector said, "you and Nora ought to have medals or something. That paleface at the head of the gang is Jerry Smith. He must have been sent on from San Francisco. If there's a country-wide syndicate of crime, he's on the board of directors along with your friend Hennion."

"Some day," Garth said, "that syndicate will be tapped properly."

Nora, after her experience in the heavy, repellent atmosphere of the house, was anxious to remain in the air. She proposed that they walk downtown.

Garth, aware of her displeasure, scarcely dared suggest that she satisfy his curiosity, but the inspector, in a happier mood, did not hesitate.

"Maybe, Nora, you'll tell us how you got in that dive as a first-class housemaid."

"There was only one way I could think of," she answered. "The place was bound to make cases for Bellevue, so I went to the head nurse and took her into my confidence. She kept me posted. At every chance I went there and was apparently ill myself of the same dreadful illness as the patient in the next cot. About two weeks ago the head nurse telephoned me a case had come in which looked promising. I've been there since. I'll confess the best I had hoped for was the number of the house, but this girl grew confidential finally. She had actually worked there. When she found she couldn't go back for a long time, and learned that I was about to be discharged as cured, she whispered a telephone number and a name. She said they would want somebody and it was hard to get just the right kind. I called up last night and told them about her and my anxiety for the place. A meeting was arranged with Smith in a café. He wouldn't give me the address, but he agreed to take me this afternoon. You see he wouldn't have let me out again until he was sure of me—no afternoons off there."

"Clever, Nora." the inspector muttered. She shook her head.

"Only choosing the best chance. I knew I couldn't trace them in any obvious fashion. They were too careful. Few customers had the run of the place. The stuff was taken to the rest. The way they had Black followed last night to make sure he left no trace shows how they accounted for everything. He had evidently been seen answering to that generous symptom of his before."

Garth noticed that she did not speak to him directly, but her resentment could not completely veil her relief at his safety, her appreciation of the courage that had urged him to her rescue, her gratitude that his daring had brought about the end she had so ardently desired. He hoped, moreover, that there was, about her quiet manner, something to be traced to that necessary but impulsive moment in the amber radiance of the evil house.

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THE LAST SURVIVOR

BY PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOHN

QUITE the most interesting and picturesque spot on the water front of the old San Francisco was the establishment of Three-Fingered Jack, publican and sailors' boarding-house master. In the interest of sanitation and civic pride it is perhaps just as well that the great conflagration of 1906 removed him and his ramshackle institution, although, as one who knew him well and revered him for certain rough virtues, and who further regarded his place of business as the haunt of maritime romance, tragedy, and adventure, I regret the passing. For Three-Fingered Jack's place was patronized almost exclusively by the men from the dark blue. Seated in the row of armchairs along the walls, or playing cards for the drinks in the stuffy little back room, were always to be found (in the old days) half a dozen sailors of the type that looks with ill-concealed aversion upon steamship men. Here were no north Pacific laborers but the men of the Seven Seas, who cling to life with their hands, and when at length life is abandoned depart in one of two orthodox fashions — suddenly, in their working clothes, over the lee rail in a smother of foam, or slowly, in a nightgown, in some marine hospital.

It was from one of these that I had this tale of the bark *Geneva* — an unbelievable tale, 'tis true, but nevertheless a tale so perfectly coordinated that unbelief gives way to wonder, wonder to doubt, and doubt to— But you shall be your own judge of the story. My task is merely that of a historian.

To the story: It was night in Three-Fingered Jack's. The talk had been of ships that never returned, and the maritime boniface had bethought himself of a ship that returned but minus her crew, having lost it in the south Indian Ocean and apparently for no conceivable reason.

"There's a mystery for you," he declared, "an' a mystery that's never been solved. You've all heard about the bark *Geneva*, haven't you?"

It appearing from the silence that nobody present had heard the tale, Three-Fingered Jack, ever on the alert to stimulate trade, suggested that if somebody would wet the whistles of the company he would relate as much of the yarn as he knew. . . .

"The *Geneva*," began Three-Fingered Jack, "is—for she's runnin' yet—a wooden bark of about eighteen hundred tons register, owned by Baldwin & Cobb of Bath, Me. On the voyage that I'm speakin' of she was commanded by a fine, decent little Bluenose by the name o' Nathan Munson. I knew him well, havin' furnished him with A. B.'s off an' on for years whenever he'd touch in this port. His mate at the time I'm speakin' of was young Ambrose Cobb, son o' the junior partner, for old Cobb was a man that held his own ideas, an' one o' them was that no son o' his should presume to manage a ship's business until he'd come up from before the mast to a master's ticket. I disremember the name o' the second mate, but no matter. He was a Bluenose too, an' a sailor every inch o' him, or he wouldn't have been a mate in a Baldwin & Cobb ship. The crew was Down East men mostly, an' at least half o' them had been in the *Geneva* for several voyages, for she was what you'll seldom find, an' that's a family ship—all hands happy an' satisfied an' with no reason for quittin' the ship when a voyage was finished. Good grub an' decent treatment was never yet wasted on a good sailor, for all the mates an' skippers that'll tell you otherwise, an' if ever there was a ship that a mutiny couldn't have happened on—if ever there was a ship better able to cope with wind an' wave than most, that ship was the *Geneva*.

"She cleared from Surabaya, Java, in June o' 1900, loaded with coffee an' spices for discharge at New York. Like all o' the Baldwin & Cobb ships, she had accommodations for a few passengers, an' in Surabaya she'd picked up one passenger, a German scientist or naturalist or somethin', who'd been out in the wilds o' Borneo an' Sumatra for a couple o' years an' was so wracked up with jungle fever he concluded to go to New York on a sailin' vessel, figurin' the long sea voyage would do him a lot o' good.

"Well, sir, maybe a month later the old gunboat *Comanche*, bound from Batavia for Hampton Roads, via the Cape of Good Hope, found herself down around 49 south—"

"What was the *Comanche* doin' so far south?" one of Jack's auditors demanded pointedly, believing he had caught our host in a nautical error, than which naught is more provocative of scorn in a deep-sea sailor.

"For the benefit o' the savage that interrupted me," continued Three-Fingered Jack, still addressing the company in general, "I'll swing off my course long enough to state that I'm tellin' this story an' that I know what I'm talkin' about, because I saved the clippin's from the Fremantle 'Argus,' an' later I had the story from a deserter that was one o' the bluejackets aboard the *Comanche* when she picked up the *Geneva*. The *Comanche* was down in 49 south latitude because that was the safest place for her at the time. She was one o' them old-time gunboats that was built in the eighties for service on the China coast—bark-rigged, with stuns'l booms, an' a fast, free sailer. When she had wind they'd slip the clutch on the shaft an' let her propeller turn free, an' when she didn't have any wind she could do ten knots under steam. Three days out from Batavia she run into a typhoon an' bucked it with her engines. She was stove up a bit, an' just about the time the storm passed over her she kicked off her wheel. The glass come up an' they had fair weather for two weeks, an' then along comes another typhoon, with the wind from the east'ard an' haulin' to north of east, an' the commander o' the *Comanche* did the sensible thing—he just run south'ard until he cleared it.

"Well, then, the *Comanche* had made all the southing she needed to clear this typhoon, an' when the glass begun to rise she stood away on her course again, an' pretty soon she sights a bark, sail set an' steerin' wild. The *Comanche* hoisted her number by international code, but receivin' no answer she altered her course an' started after the bark, an' when finally she was overhauled 'twas seen she was deserted.

" 'We'll have a look at her,' says the commander of the *Comanche*. The bark was rampin' along at a smart clip, so they had to launch the steam cutter, an' a boarding officer an' a dozen bluejackets went chasin' her. As they come under her stern they saw she was the *Geneva* of Bath, Me., an' that the boat falls from the davits where the dinghy should have been were trailin' in the water.



"Help! It's killing me!" he shrieked. There was a swish of mighty wings and a reptilian odor

The falls from the starboard davits where No. 2 lifeboat had been swung were also danglin', but No. 1, which had been swung clear o' the davits on the port side, was restin' in a cradle on top o' the house.

"'What a prize lot o' maritime hayseeds to take the little dinghy an' leave the lifeboat,' says the boarding officer. 'That's the craziest thing I ever heard of. Stand by, two of you, to grab those boat falls an' shin aboard before she rolls back on us.'

"The cutter shot in under her stern, an' two men jumped an' grabbed the dinghy falls, while the cutter passed around to starboard an' the officer shinned up the lifeboat falls, followed by another bluejacket. One o' them took the helm an' the others backed her yards an' hove her to.

"Well, sir, they say 'twas uncannylike—that fine ship, spick an' span an' not a thing wrong with her—an' not a man Jack aboard. The boarding officer searched high an' low for the *Geneva's* rough log an' couldn't find it, provin' that the skipper an' his officers had deserted the ship an' took it with them. An' there couldn't have been any disease aboard. such as cholera or yellow jack, to scare them off, for if there had been they must have known they couldn't escape it by takin' to the boats. She carried a crew o' twelve foremast hands, which with the cook, the skipper, the two mates, an' the German passenger totaled seventeen men—an' since they had taken the lifeboat an' the dinghy, it stands to reason that the seventeen was alive when they left the ship, otherwise they could all have fitted in one lifeboat! An' there hadn't been any fight, because there wasn't any signs of it. There was a spatter o' blood up near the break o' the fo'castle, but there was also a couple o' live chickens in a coop, an' the head of a chicken lyin' in the port scupper close by, an' the carpenter's broadax, with some blood an' feathers on it, was lyin' on top o' the scuttle butt. All the belayin' pins was in place; likewise the capstan bars; her decks was clear, the braces taut, an' the gear was laid up neatly on the pins. When the well was sounded there was only half an inch o' water in it; the hatches was down tight an' the cargo intact; she had plenty o' water in her tanks an' the scuttle butt was half full. She had plenty o' provisions in the pantry an' storeroom, although it was plain to be seen from the confusion in the storeroom that her boats had been provisioned. Everything was as orderly in the fo'castle as you'll ever find it in a fo'castle, an' there was only one thing here to make a man wonder. While she carried a crew o' twelve A. B.'s, there was only seven canvas sea bags on hand, an' since we know that every deep-water sailor has a sea bag an' that when he takes to the boats in mid-ocean he leaves it behind him, we've got to admit that there was somethin' strange in seven sea bags in that fo'castle instead o' twelve.

"Another thing that looked mighty strange was the fact that the *Geneva* was under all plain sail to the to'gallan's'ls an' had her helm lashed when they found her. Why did they take the trouble to lash the helm when they left her? Why, to keep her rudder from thrashin' around an' bustin' off. Then why didn't they take the canvas off her before they left? If Munson expected she'd drift around an' maybe be salvaged, he wouldn't have left her with all that sail set, knowin' that the first gale she struck would strip every rag off her, or take the sticks out o' her. No, sir. If he'd thought anything about the ship, he'd have hove her to on the starboard tack, under flyin' jib an' upper fore-topsail, or lower fore-topmast stays'l an' close-reefed spanker. *Then* he would have lashed her wheel amidships an' left her safe, makin' about a mile an' hour an' with a fair chance o' bein' picked up an' towed into port. I tell you, gentlemen, I knew Captain Munson, an' he was nobody's fool, afloat or ashore. He knew his business.

"In the skipper's cabin everything was very orderly. Nothin' seemed to have been disturbed. The barometer was missin', likewise the chronometer, but Munson's sextant (it had his name on it) was lyin' on his desk. Of course that seemed to show as plain as the wart on the nose o' the swab that interrupted me a minute ago that Munson was dead before the crew left the *Geneva;* the mate had a sextant o' his own, so he took the barometer an' the chronometer which belonged to the ship an' left the skipper's sextant behind. But the mate's room, like the master's, was undisturbed also! All his Sunday clothes was there, an' his gold watch hangin' on a nail in the wall, an' a loaded revolver under his pillow. There was a picture o' his best girl settin' on his desk, an' double-framed photos of old man Cobb an' Mrs. Cobb, an' inside his desk was the smooth log, written up to a week before an' showin' nothin' excitin' except the mysterious loss o' the helmsman the night before the makin' o' the last entry. It was supposed he'd gone insane an' jumped overboard, as he was a queer, crack-brained man at best, an' was alone on the poop at the time; consequently no other member o' the crew could have hove him overboard, an' there had been no outcry. The man had come aboard very drunk at Surabaya an' for a week he'd had the horrors an' been perfectly useless. Mr. Cobb had feared to send him aloft.

"The second mate's room—come to think of it, his name was Joshua Kent—was all upset. He'd cleaned up pretty well before he left; every little personal thing he had was gone, an' you'll remember this wasn't so in the case o' the first mate, Cobb. So it would sorter look as if young Cobb was as dead as the skipper before the crew deserted the *Geneva,* the second mate, not havin' a sextant o' his own, helpin' himself to the mate's. An' when we recall the fact that there was only seven sea bags in the fo'castle—an' a sailor bein' forced to take to the small boat is never allowed to clutter her up with his belongin's—well, it's goin' to take a smarter man than me to figure it out. If seven men left with the cook an' the second mate an' the passenger, they left seven bags behind. Then what became o' the other five bags an' the other five men? Did the five men die an' did the second mate heave their bags overboard after 'em, or, o' the twelve men that signed for the cruise, was five without sea bags?"

"How about the cook?" one of the audience queried.

"He left a batch o' bread in the galley stove," Three-Fingered Jack replied promptly, "an' took some o' his things—clothes mostly, an' a blanket or two—for his berth off the galley had but one blanket in it."

"How about the passenger?" queried a swarthy, weather-beaten, powerfully built little man at the end of the bar. "What was this German naturalist's name?"

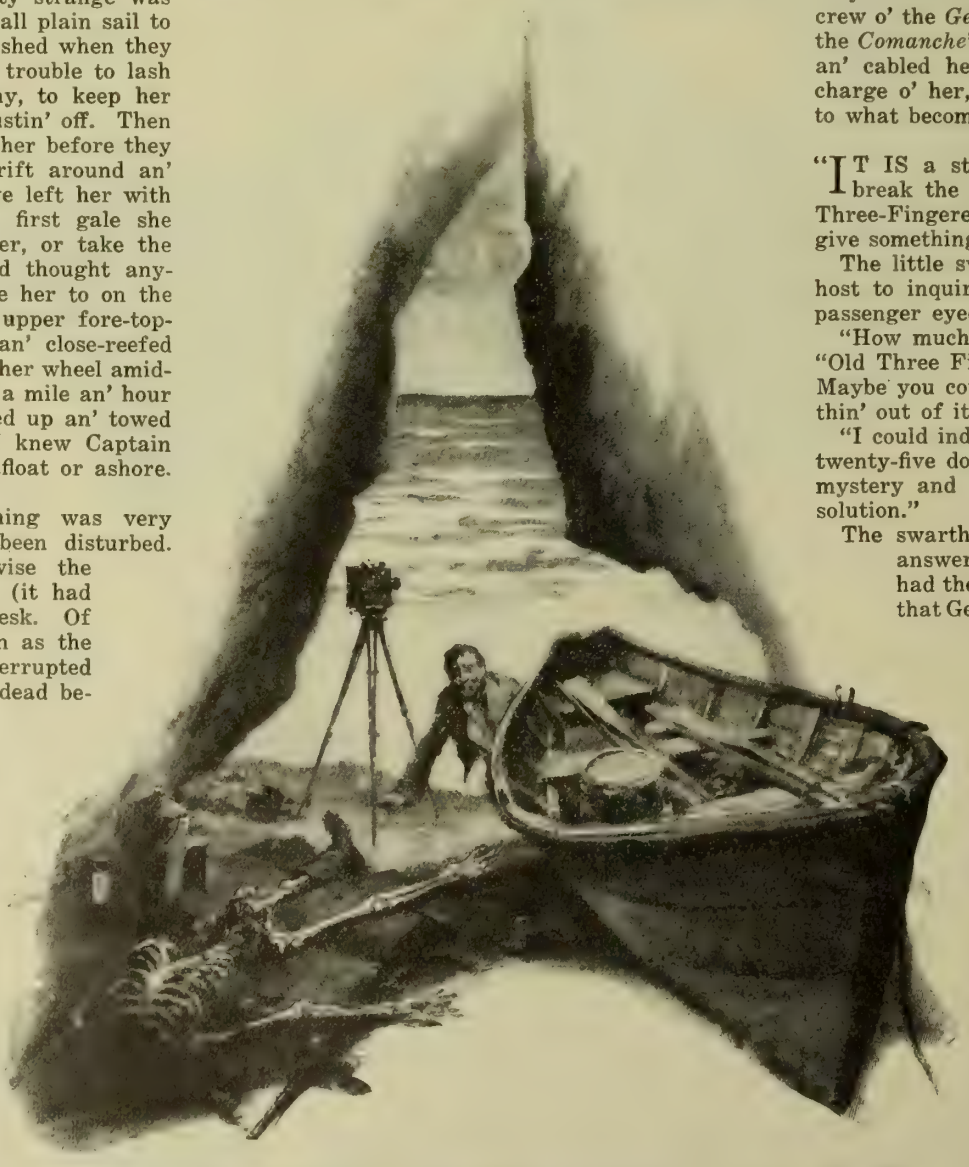
"I disremember, lad. Von Something or other."

"Wasn't it Franz von Weigand—Dr. Franz von—"

"The same," Three-Fingered Jack replied promptly. "You've a better memory for names than I have. He wasn't a regular doctor, as I remember, but a doctor of philosophy or law or science or something, from the University of Leipzig. Well, the doctor got away from the *Geneva* alive, although he didn't expect to live very long after leavin'. His will was found in the ship's safe, along with the ship's papers (again provin' Munson an' Cobb was dead, or they'd never left the ship's papers behind). There wasn't any money in the safe or aboard the ship—naturally, since nobody on board needed any money an' wouldn't have brought Dutch money from Java to New York if they could help it. The Dutchman said in his will that while his health was good compared to what it had been two months before—said he hadn't had any chills or fever since comin' aboard the *Geneva*—an' he was sure he wasn't insane, an' he knew he wasn frightened o' man or devil or threatened by eithe still he thought he'd make his will an' get his affai shipshape for the reason that he realized he stood fat chance o' dyin' in the near future, as he w about to embark upon the strangest adventure th had ever befallen a human bein' since man quit bei a monkey down on all fours an' commenced to star erect on his hind legs. He said he purposely avoide leavin' behind him a yarn he could spin—this f three reasons. In the first place he didn't have tim to write it, an' the record would appear in the ship log anyhow; moreover, his standin' as a scientis precluded his makin' any report on the matter tha might be semiofficial, an' he must make his repor if at all, to the place where he'd got his educatio—the University of Leipzig. He said, too, that h couldn't lay himself open to the charge o' bein' craz by tellin' the story now, because he only knew hal of it, nor o' bein' called a scientific fraud when h was dead an' gone because he'd submitted an incom plete report. He said he had to have photograph to prove his discovery—an' he was goin' after th photographs. He left directions for forwardin' a the specimens—birds, snakes, an' beasts of all sort —that was stored in the ship's hold, to the Universit of Leipzig an' willed his entire estate to Joshu Kent, second mate o' the American bark *Geneva* He referred to Kent as a sailor with the soul of true scientist, a true gentleman, an' a true friend.

Three-Fingered Jack filled the glasses of the com pany; then he leaned his elbows on the bar an scrutinized each man carefully.

"Can you beat that?" he demanded. "Here's thi crazy loon of a Dutchman that spends his life col lectin' monkeys an' other critters, callin' that no good son of a pirate of a second mate a true scien tist, a true gentleman, an' a true friend. An' righ away Kent makes him out a darned poor judge o human nature an' maritime ethics, for, instea o' stickin by the ship an' doing his duty by hi owners, he leaves her—turns her loose in the south Indian Ocean with all plain sail set, to ramp to ruin with a valuable cargo o' coffee an' spices, *an'* th doctor's crates o' specimens in No. 1 hold! Eh What do you think of that? What a sublimated sor of a fool that man Kent must have been. First he hornswoggles that German passenger to make out a will in his favor; then he proves his ingratitude by not carin' a hoot in a holler what becomes of all them animal specimens the Dutchman has been years collectin' in the wilds o' Sumatra an' Borneo an' suchlike places; an' lastly this dog-goned second mate goes overside an' leaves the will behind him in the ship's safe. I'm hopin' he'll show up some time to claim the estate; then, if he ain't crazy altogether, maybe the world will find out what become o' the crew o' the *Geneva,* for it's fifteen years agone since the *Comanche's* prize crew sailed her into Fremantle an' cabled her owners to send a skipper to take charge o' her, an' the world ain't any the wiser as to what become o' them than it was then."



I crawled into the basalt cave and found the skeleton of a man. The rifle containing an empty cartridge shell and the headless bones told a tragic story

"IT IS a strange story, indeed," I remarked, to break the silence that followed the rendition of Three-Fingered Jack's remarkable yarn. "I would give something to learn the finish of it."

The little swarthy man who had interrupted our host to inquire the name of the *Geneva's* ill-fated passenger eyed me with appraising interest.

"How much would you give, matey?" he queried. "Old Three Fingers here says you're a writin' man. Maybe you could write the yarn up an' make somethin' out of it?"

"I could indeed," I answered. "It would be worth twenty-five dollars to the man who could solve that mystery and prove to me that he had the correct solution."

The swarthy little man smiled. "Well, sir," he answered, "I wouldn't undertake to prove I had the correct solution. You must remember that German doctor was afraid to tell half the story for fear of being accused of being a lunatic or a fraud."

"A good many smarter men than you have tried to figure out that mystery, my lad, an' they never got anywhere," Three-Fingered Jack reminded him. "It just ain't figurable; that's all. I explained as much as any man familiar with ships an' the habits o' seafarin' men will ever explain."

The swarthy little man subsided, abashed, stowed away his grog, and presently left the room via the side door leading to the rooming house above. He returned in a few minutes, passed through the barroom, and out into the street, and half an hour later I found him waiting for me at the corner of Stuart and Market Streets. He carried a paper-bound package under his arms.

"See here, sir," he said briskly, "I'm shipping out in the *May Queen*

second mate the day after -morrow, and I want to get y sextant out of hock. I aked it for five dollars the ay before yesterday" (and he eld up a blue pawn ticket rom Bilgewater Billy's three-all safety station at 42 Embar-adero—it was 42 East Street 1 those days). "If you give ie ten dollars now, we'll go ogether to Bilgewater Billy's n' redeem the sextant; then ou keep the sextant until ou've had a chance to look hrough this log book. If ou're satisfied after reading hat you've found out what ecame of the crew of the *Geneva* and why the men left he ship, then leave the other ifteen dollars with Three-Fin-gered Jack for me. On the ther hand, if you think you've een swindled, you can sell my extant for ten dollars and get our money back. It's worth ifteen easily. The truth of he matter is, sir, it used to elong to Ambrose Cobb, first mate of the bark *Geneva*. It's nscribed: 'To Ambrose Cobb, 4th, upon the occasion of the granting of his license as sec-ond mate, Boston, Mass., July 21, 1899. From his father, Ambrose Cobb, 3d.'"



Kent fired. "Good!" I cried, as the monster fell. Our shots failed to kill it

I TOOK the paper-bound package under one arm and the swarthy little man under the other, and together we pro-ceeded to Bilgewater Billy's and rescued the sextant. It was inscribed exactly as he had stated, and the rescue from Bilgewater Billy cost me $5.50. I then gave the swarthy little man $4.50 and asked him if he had any objection to telling me how the sextant had come into his possession.

He laughed. "I didn't steal it," he answered. "I found it going to waste beside a dead man, and because I needed a sextant very badly indeed, sir, I took it. I found it in a cave in the cliff that fronts on Christmas Harbor, on the coast of Ker-guelen Land, or Desolation Island, as some call it, in the south Indian Ocean. I was before the mast in the full-rigged ship *Altaire*, Batavia to Monte-video, and we were caught in a typhoon in the Indian Ocean and dismasted. The old man was bearing away to the south'ard to get out of the dangerous semicircle, just as Munson of the *Geneva* did, but he held on to his canvas too long and the storm caught up with us; then he couldn't get it off, and the sticks went by the board. She was an old wooden vessel and rotten to the core; the seas tore the heart out of her, and we had four men swept overboard in the mess. We had one boat left, and we swung that in the throat halyards and lowered it off the lee quar-ter with two men in it. We got them away from the ship, and they pulled astern and held her head up to the seas, while the men crawled out on the end of the spanker boom and slid down the painter into the boat. When all hands, with the exception of the skipper, the carpenter, and myself, were in the boat (we'd strung oil bags off the *Altaire's* weather bow, so the seas wouldn't break over her and the small boat) I saw we didn't have a chance. The boat didn't have enough freeboard as it was, so I decided to die on the ship. Chips did, too, and the skipper cut the painter and told the first mate to pull away, which he did, and we saw them upset and drowned the minute the boat cleared the oiled area.

"The Skipper, Chips, and myself lashed some spare spars and timber together and made a raft. The *Altaire* was waterlogged and liable to founder any minute, but we worked fast, stepped a mast and a sail from the smashed lifeboat, put water and provisions aboard, and just before the ship settled we floated clear through a rent in her bulwarks. We had a two-gallon demijohn of water, and we smashed that. However, we didn't upset, for a good big raft won't do that unless the passengers stand on it. The typhoon was blowing from the northeast, so we went southwest, and the skipper and Chips died. They ate a lot of bully beef and biscuit before we cracked the demijohn—and bully beef is a bit salty. I knew that, so I didn't eat any, and as I'm a hardy bit of a man I was alive and conscious and holding to the raft a day after the skipper and Chips had let go. Then it rained, and I caught some water in the belly of the sail and filled two bully-beef cans I'd saved. I was adrift four days before I sighted land; then I ran for it and crawled ashore at Christmas Harbor, on Kerguelen Land. I was nearly dead from exposure, but I found some dry driftwood and made a fire, and after I was warm I found drinking water. Kerguelen's uninhabited, sir. Mountains without any timber—it's volcanic, and nothing but the roar of the sea, the barking of the sea lions and the screams of the sea fowl for company.

"Well, sir, I went staggering around, looking for a shelter, for it's cold and raw on Kerguelen, and safe above high-water mark I found a cave in the basalt cliff. It was airy and dry, with clean white sand on the floor, and I crawled in and found a num-ber of things. For instance, there was a fine, sea-worthy dory such as fishermen use on the Grand Banks, but I couldn't tell what ship she had belonged to because she didn't have any name stenciled on her bows. Inside this dory there was a small sandal-wood sea chest, with a key in the lock. I turned the key, and in the chest I found a boxed chronometer, a barometer, Ambrose Cobb's sextant, a lot of charts, a nautical almanac, an epitome, a boat compass, and this log book. Farther back in the cave I came across a contraption that looked like a sea anchor for a small boat, and I guess it was, because I used it as a sea anchor when I left Kerguelen two weeks later, after I'd gotten back my strength. There were two pair of oars, a five-gallon can of kerosene, a small oil stove, five gallons of nut oil, two canvas oil bags with oakum in them, two cases of sea biscuit, her-metically sealed, a case of tomatoes, a case of canned soup, a box of tea, a box of cube sugar, a water breaker, a camera on a tripod, and the skeleton of a man with a rusty rifle of very heavy caliber lying beside the skeleton. There was an empty cartridge shell in the breech of the rifle, and there wasn't enough of the man's skull left to load my pipe. One shoe was off and the other was on, so I concluded he'd pulled the trigger with his big toe."

"Were you able to form an estimate of the length of time the skeleton had lain there?" I queried.

"Well, I landed on Kerguelen in January of 1901, and I judge, from reading that log, that the man died in August of 1900. August 5 is the last entry in the log. And the bones weren't stale—the birds and crabs had been there before me, you see. And the seams in the dory had scarcely commenced to open, for as soon as I hauled her down to the surf—I used the mast for a roller—the seams swelled and she was tight and seaworthy. She was an extra big dory. However, about this body I found in the cave. He had been there first, so I didn't dispossess him, but looked around for another cave and found it; then I rolled up in his blankets and slept and rested, and between times I made tea and soup on the oil stove. When I was ready to leave I loaded all the dunnage in the dory, with the exception of the rifle and the camera and some other things I didn't need and didn't understand, and shoved off. Of course the chronometer was of no use to me because it had run down, but the sextant was, and I had charts. I ran down the latitude to the west coast of Australia and made a land-ing about fifty miles west of Fremantle. I had good weather all the way, sailing on a fair wind. When I needed sleep I threw out the sea anchor and rode bow on to the sea, and if there was much of a sea run-ning I got along without my sleep, and when I couldn't get along any longer I threw out two oil bags and took my chances. I was two weeks making the fifteen-hundred-mile run, and I never shipped water enough to wash myself. Had hot food all the way and arrived in pretty good shape. At landing I abandoned the dory and its contents, with the ex-ception of the barometer, the chronometer, the sextant, the blankets, and enough bully beef and biscuits to last me to Fre-mantle. I sold the barometer and the chronometer there, but didn't say where I'd found them for fear somebody might dispute my right to them."

"But didn't you tell your story to the newspapers in Fremantle?" I demanded.

"To be quite truthful, I didn't, sir. I got drunk on the proceeds of the barometer, purchased a sea bag, a suit of dungarees, two woolen shirts, and a pair of sea boots with the chronometer and shipped out on a barkentine to Durban as soon as I sobered up. I've told about it in the fo'castles of a dozen ships since, but nobody believes the yarns an old sailor spins, sir, and a man forgets half the things that happen to him."

"But you have never showed this log to anybody?"

"Yes, but you'll notice the name of the ship was never written out in the space provided for that pur-pose on the outside of the cover, *and I was never able to find any mention of the name in the body of the log.* So it didn't mean anything to anybody who hadn't heard the story of the *Geneva*. I had never heard it until to-night, but when Three-Fingered Jack mentioned Captain Nathan Munson, Ambrose Cobb, Joshua Kent, Dr. Franz von Weigand, the time, the latitude—why I put two and two together, sir, and there you are. The last part of the log is in a for-eign language, and I've never happened to be ship-mates with anybody who could translate it for me."

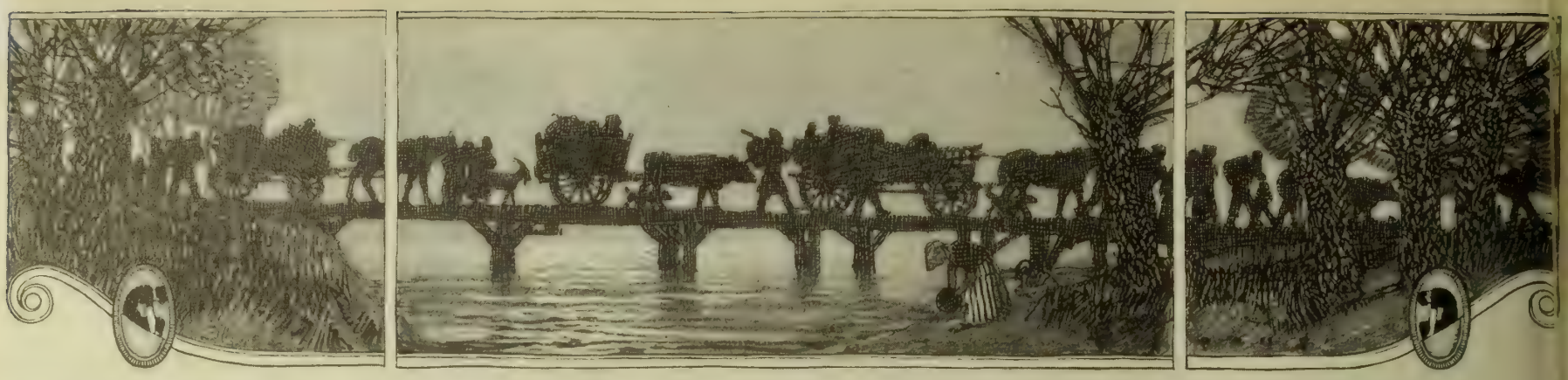
I UNWRAPPED the book. It was a ship's log book, and it reeked of many forecastles. I had not perused it five minutes before I decided it was worth the price, so I gave the swarthy little man $15 and in my excitement parted from him without learn-ing his name. As for my purchase of the log book of the bark *Geneva*, you shall judge whether or not I got value received.

EXCERPT FROM THE ROUGH LOG OF THE BARK GENEVA OF BATH, ME.

ENTRIES SIGNED BY CAPTAIN NATHAN MUNSON AND SECOND OFFICER JOSHUA KENT

NOTE—*It is not probable that the reader would be interested in the log of a vessel enjoying a fair passage; hence those entries that deal with that por-tion of the voyage dating from the departure of the ship from Surabaya until she lost her first man have been omitted. They are merely a bald and un-interesting record of weather observations and work done aboard ship. Suffice it, therefore, that on the eighteenth day from Surabaya, Captain Munson commenced to observe the infallible portents of an approaching typhoon. For three days the barometer had been abnormally high, the sky clear and serene, with bright, dazzling, lurid sunsets. On the third night the moon wore a greasy halo, while a long, low swell from the eastward was quite noticeable. At midnight the barometer suddenly commenced falling, the wind freshened, and gradually hauled to south-east, with occasional puffs from east, indicating that the storm would come from that quarter. Conse-quently Captain Munson, seeing that he was in the dangerous semicircle*

(Continued on page 26)



THE HOMELESS HORDES OF RUSSIA

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

HAVING tossed about, disturbed in sleep by voices which mumbled along under my window, I awoke at last and realized that I was in a little town in the middle of western Russia and that it was gray dawn.

Like the flow of a stream, the voices were going by in the narrow street below, and at first I thought they were the voices of new Russian regiments swinging onward toward the front again with the rhythmic marching swing of the Czar's armies. But it was a stranger and even more tragic procession upon which I fixed my gaze.

During the night snow had fallen upon the streets and upon the two-storied pink, gray, green, and pale-blue plastered shops and houses of the place. With their uncertain, plodding, stumbling feet causing this dry snow to creak beneath, a straggling irregular procession of children, women, and men moved onward in the gray of breaking morning. Some walked straight, bearing parcels and sacks in their hands; others were bent by the burdens of their possessions, or by mere weariness, or as if the eternal cold had broken the spirit. The heads of all, even of the young children, were set doggedly. All talked or shouted or whined, but none save one of all the hundreds turned to look behind, and so it appeared that the mind of each ragged creature was traveling a little faster than the body toward an unknown goal. The one who looked backward was an old man, and because, while he remained within sight, he stopped, turned, stared at the night which was retreating over the western horizon, gazed far away wistfully, and shook his head as if he could not understand, I thought that he was a sadder sight than all the rest and perhaps more to be pitied. He could not forget the years he had lived nor his home. Foolish Russian: all that made life for him had been wiped out, and it was evident that he still hoped that this fact by strange magic would disappear into the haze of dreams!

He and his fellows, plunging onward, half fed, half starved, half clothed, and half frozen, had come, no doubt, from a village near the front which the Russian officers had ordered evacuated and burned for "military necessity." They were refugees.

Ten Million Outcasts

IN Russia, when one speaks of refugees, one does not mean, as one might in other belligerent countries, those who, for safety's sake only, have moved away from danger: one means men or women or children who have fled from the scorch of war as countless animals and insects fly before the approach of fire in grass or timber. In Russia "refugee" usually means one who has had all past association permanently rubbed out as one rubs writing from a blackboard; the Russian refugee usually has lost village, home, animals, personal belongings, and often all friends, relatives, and even sense of the points of the compass. In front of him is the vast Russian plain and the future; behind him is the lost past. Life, constructed year after year; the cup from which he drank, the room in which his grandfather died, and even the view from the back door have been wiped away now. Life is erased. Dazed, frostbitten, sick, footsore, a human being stripped of most of the distinctions which had separated him from his cow or his pig, clinging now to existence as his most precious possession, herding with others, as sheep in a storm, or broken off from the herd as a lame animal falls behind: on and on he goes.

Where? God knows.

I asked a member of one of the war committees in Moscow how many refugees were in Russia. He said: "Fourteen million." A Government official told me: "Probably eleven million."

I said: "I do not believe that we realize this thing in the United States." The Russian artillery officer at Vitebsk to whom I spoke then replied: "Nor do we. But it has been exaggerated. There are not over eight or nine million refugees."

Eight or nine million! His low estimate was more than the total population of Canada!

After a time I asked: "Where do they go?"

He said: "Ah, about such a thing who can tell? There is nothing so sad. I have seen with my own eyes a woman whose journey over the fields and roads had been interrupted by childbirth. She had to stop. They were both frozen."

In Petrograd there are a million new residents, and many of these are refugees who have stood the long journey from Poland or elsewhere on the war front. In Moscow the number is over a million. Thus the population of these two cities alone has been swelled by a number of persons larger than the entire population of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Rhode Island; this is the contribution that war has made to the two cities, and in the main it is a contribution of individuals whose lives have been uprooted, whose pasts are obliterated, and whose futures are as blank as unprinted pages.



"What will be their destiny?" I asked of one of the editors best known in Russia.

He said: "I fear that Destiny has too much just now in her head to make any plans for these migrating millions. The sparrow's fall of the past has assumed great significance as compared to the fate of one of these."

Nowhere could I receive any clear answer to the question of what was to become of all this homeless horde. I went to Vladislas Zukowski, perhaps the most prominent man in the public affairs of the Poland of yesterday, and considered the Polish leader in the Third Duma.

He shook his head. "I can only speak for Poland," he said. "The number of Polish refugees in Russia, as distinguished from the other refugees, probably is nearly a million and a half. The Russian Government contributes five or six millions of rubles every month for their maintenance and about ten millions of rubles have been spent on their clothing. But—" He paused and we both understood that six million rubles a month meant an expenditure of a little over a dollar per refugee.

"In August and September, and even later, no relief action had been organized," he went on. "Thousands upon thousands of children were lost or perished from exposure and exhaustion, all over the fields and roads of western Russia. The land is loaded with unidentified burials. Polish national institutions have centered their efforts of relief to-day in the Congress of Polish Institutions in Moscow. The Russian Government regarded the relief action favorably and granted large credits. Many of ou refugees are secure from starvation.

"It is not only the peasant who has suffered understand that the land owners and professiona classes have also lost everything. No compensatio is in sight. Sometimes the army authorities can ac quickly to protect those who have lost everything b army service, but the civil authorities will have t delay indefinitely relief to ruined land owners an those in the professions. Owing to the uncertaint of what is to become of them, the refugee Poles i Russia, whether peasants or not, are in terrible bit terness. Moral depression is evident. There i nothing to live for.

"Perhaps this depression could be relieved mate rially by sympathy from the western nations. Bu remember that such expressions of sympathy mus not be of the kind to irritate Russian opinion, fo that would be fatal. Remem ber, too, that after the Rus sian army retired from Polan the Polish question was n longer an internal question o the Russian Empire; it is now an international question."

The real truth is that Russia herself cannot conceive the magnitude of the hordes of homeless staggering out of the West, wandering Russian fields and roads, fleeing this way and that without plan or purposes, dazed by war: old men and women and children driven eastward across the great plain as insects scurry out of fields aflame, and in their countless numbers making ridiculous the importance of the human individual.

With refugees, educated and uneducated, Polish and Russian, Jew and Gentile, young and old, directly when I could, through an interpreter when I could not, I talked. The similarity of their stories produced a strange effect. The repetition time after time of a series of events by which war and fate had caught each one by the throat, torn each away from life and left him little but dawn and dusk, pain and chaos and the dull remnants of his sense of self-preservation, produced a feeling that destiny had a like fate in store for us all. It was hard to realize that my people in the United States were busy distinguishing between good cooking and bad, between becoming clothes and those clothes which are unbecoming, between mattresses of felt and those of hair.

Why, here in Russia, seven, eight, ten million people had stumbled forward, all going at life blindly, and some were dropping into roadside ditches morning, noon, and night. Always the story was the same, and so at last there looms up a great picture of the refugee hordes.

War is afar. News comes of battles and the changing fortunes of the conflict on the great Russian front. Day after day troops pour by out of Russia's great reserve of men toward the conflagration of war. And then, little by little, war creeps toward the village or the town. Those who live in the houses stand at their doorways at dusk to see wagons and motor trucks laden with wounded rumble away toward railroads and hospitals set up in the

rear of the army. The fighting front is writhing like a snake, they say. Soldiers limping back from field hospitals tell of the gains or losses and of the terrible spray of metal from concentrated German artillery fire. War is coming toward the village! The people instinctively look toward the west waiting for war to lift its head over the horizon, to come flowing like molten metal through the groves of trees beyond the town.

"There was something childish about that," said a refugee doctor to me. "All our people kept looking and looking."

I thought of the way children stand on a curb listening for the first strains of the band and watching for the first flecks of color of the circus parade. But here in these villages the people, lifting their noses to the faint breeze from the setting sun, could smell war. War was coming. At night, miles away, there were red flushes in the sky!



A Cossack patrol firing a village

It was always the same. People, frightened, began to send their valuables to friends in cities. Rumors poured into the villages. Soldiers, Red Cross nurses, refugees from farther west came hurrying through, bearing endless, conflicting stories from which no conclusion could be reached. War might swallow the town, and it might not.

"Those who flee show their folly," said the keeper of the meat shop.

But the Russian priest in his long, black, threadbare robe shook his head. Some of the landed proprietors had gone; they had money enough to reach the railroad and Kiev; others of them able to go still remained, doubtless because it was incredible that destruction could come and in one swoop wipe out the pictures of a lifetime. The sound of the guns was so far away; rarely were they heard. There were miles and miles between the village and the Unbelievable. And, as for the peasants, the able-bodied men left were not many and women and children could not be expected to rise from the supper table and fly headlong across the stubble fields into the Russian winter. The moment had not come. And so the life of the village went on.

Sufferers Deluge the Cities

IT went on until there came a daybreak which brought the sound of cavalry in the village streets. A dozen Cossacks escorting one of their officers had ridden out of the night, and in front of the telegraph station they sat astride their horses in slouching attitudes suggestive of the lack of sleep. Not long after their arrival an officer of infantry sent four men out with posters to plaster against the walls and posts. The order had come. The village was to be evacuated!

When the chatter over this order was at its height a crackling sound was heard, and anyone who looked up at the mansion of the richest man in all the town could see smoke bellying out of its open doors and flames licking through its roof and igniting the oily tops of evergreens which overspread it. It was the first. In substance the story was always the same. In advance there is destruction, but in no advance is there destruction such as that which goes on in retreat. Therefore the village which might become for the Germans a haven and a resting place in which some vestige of shelter or remnants of food might be found must be turned into a coal-black waste of smoking ruins hissing beneath the fall of the cold rain of early winter.

The time had come for flight. Sometimes the notice was given days beforehand; sometimes there was no notice but that of red-eyed, blue-mouthed soldiers marching in a broken burlesque of the wonderful Russian march rhythm, dragging field pieces through the mud in retreat. And sometimes whole towns must be on the move before nightfall fleeing toward—Nowhere.

In flight there develops the communal spirit. I have seen refugees come out of the fields and off the roadsides west of a Russian railroad town in groups of fives and tens. Though these groups had tramped and ridden from evacuated places far apart, and had never seen each other before, they were all possessed of the one idea of reaching together a main thoroughfare. This idea bound group to group until the station was so crowded with wandering humanity, the floor so covered with the prostrate bodies of old men and children sleeping off their exhaustion, but sticking together as if mere numbers had virtues of salvation, and the general accumulation so great that the railroad was forced to furnish box cars to move the soggy crowd onward again.

For it is the madness of the refugee to seek the railroad. So it is always: the field to the path, the path to the roadway, the roadway to the thoroughfare, the thoroughfare to the railroad, of which there are so few in Russia, and then on to the city, to the center, to the place—any place—where the rest of living beings have crowded together! The railroad and Moscow, Kiev, and Petrograd are like magnets toward which the refugees, like tiny iron filings, are dragged. They feel within them the answer to some irresistible call of gregariousness. And such has been the movement of the homeless millions.

The number of those who have died on the way will never be known. How many unburied corpses are covered by the snow of the great Russian plain cannot be guessed; the thaw of the spring will tell. Their names have gone; they will be forgotten. Thousands will never know whether mothers, fathers, children, brothers, sisters, or wives are dead or merely lost forever.

In Moscow I met a young officer of infantry, an engineer, a graduate of a technical institute in Petrograd. He wanted to talk to me in German, but that is forbidden in Russia, and even English may not be used over the telephone systems of the capitals. Therefore we fell into inadequate French, as we stood together after nightfall before a lighted shopwindow. A young girl in shabby clothing came out of the shadows and talked to the officer in a hoarse whisper, glancing about furtively like a frightened animal ready to flee to any cover. He turned to me. "Refugee," said he laconically but with a note of tenderness in his voice. He gave her a paper ruble and motioned to her to go away. "Refugee. She will never see her family again. There are endless numbers of girls who have nothing to live for. The war drives the herds of mankind into the cities."

He shrugged his shoulders. "It is too cold to stand here longer," he said after a moment.

I remembered his conversation when I saw half a hundred young women just outside the Warsaw station in the empire's capital shivering in their shawls and rags and shoes so worn by endless steps over the frozen ruts of the roads that many pairs were bound together with strings and windings of twisted cloth.

The stream of driven humanity which eddies around the metropolitan railroad terminals, in spite of all efforts of the Government to shut off the unwelcome flood, is made up of great numbers of young women and almost no young men. There are old men, infirm or aged women, and endless children who still laugh, chatter, and fall asleep like young tired kittens or puppies wherever a bit of warmth causes drowsiness, without realization of the calamity behind them and the chaos of life into which they fare forward. But it is the young women who stare ahead so blankly out of their frightened brown and blue eyes. The others, thoughtless, dull with age or ignorant in youth, find the drama of the day in a plate of soup or a scrap of rag to wind about a cold red wrist; it is only the young women who seem to sense the menace of to-morrows.

The cities themselves are dazed by the situation; the accumulations of hordes coming from somewhere and going nowhere is frightful. These people cannot be allowed to die; there would be difficulty in finding means to bury them all! And so the dazed and frightened composite face of the refugee stares into the dazed, frightened face of the city and each challenges the other for an answer.

Efforts Made for Relief

INTO the gullets of the cities pours the flood, and the cities cannot digest and assimilate it. I counted 600 refugees coming in dripping with melting snow through the gate of a soup kitchen in Petrograd; surely not over 100 were capable of any productive labor. It was a crowd of dependents. They were a selected lot because they were the individuals who had reached the end of their pilgrimage by hook or by crook. They had started for Petrograd and, while others had fallen on roadsides or interned themselves in hospitals or wayside relief stations or been considerate enough to die on the mad journey, these had arrived. But even these constituted a mob without a leaven of hope.

"They are mostly agricultural people," said the bureaucrat who deals with the committees of relief. "Children, useless old men, a few women of maturity and young women who cannot read or write. At the best not one in four can be said to be self-supporting, and the 25 per cent who are capable of labor have no education for labor in cities. Nor have the Russian cities any vast labor market to absorb their terrible numbers. Do you know what General —— says? He says it would be a great mercy to set up a guillotine at all the railroad stations; that the guillotine would save so much suffering to the millions of the lost and to Russia."

In a crude way the cities try to keep together the refugee's body and his soul. Great barracks have been built of wood. Warehouses have been opened.

I went to one of these hopeless hotels. There one can see straw laid along the two long walls with a walking space between, and hurrying down this dimly lit pathway, with hundreds of human beings from anywhere stretched out upon the straw, one can find that memories of cattle shows and exhibits of live stock come back to the mind so vividly that it is hard to realize that these odors rise from humanity. That terrible infections have not been sweeping along with these herds of mankind is something to make one gasp; that epidemics may not come down upon the homeless hordes is the subject for a thoughtful Russian prayer.

No one knows how the hundreds of thousands are fed. Not all the feeding stations which have been established can take care of the demands of the mouths. The hunger of the refugees is like the hunger of young birds helpless in the nest with mouths agape creating nothing and ready to consume anything, and this hunger has the usual animal insistence that to be fed is the trade made with nature when one consents to go on living.

In exactly this spirit the refugees take that which is given them. Their insistence to be fed is inspiriting because it measures the strength of purpose of mankind to live. That they are able to complain that they have not had enough or that the food which they have is not good (*Continued on page 32*)



An incident in the flight of the homeless millions who are staging an epic of disasters on the plains of Russia

AN ALASKAN WORLD SERIES

BY HUGH S. FULLERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

SETTLING arguments and deciding bets is right in my line. During the last twenty-five years I have settled enough arguments to entitle me to arbitrate the European peevishness, and if the bets I decided were all paid the total would make Rockefeller look like a piker. It has reached a stage at which I can open a letter and read: "How many home runs did Ed—" and without reading further toss the letter into the wastebasket and write: "In a game between Chicago and Philadelphia, played on the West Side Park in Chicago on July 13, 1896, Ed Delehanty made four home runs and a single in five times at bat off William (Adonis) Terry, yet Chicago won the game." I sometimes think I can tell that question before opening the letter and that this old typewriter can answer it without my help.

Then I pick up another letter and read: "Did anyone besides Delehanty ever—" No use to read further. I start the typewriter, and it says: "Yes—Screech McGinnity, at Flatbush, N. Y., September 10, 1908, made five home runs in five times at bat, and his team won the game, 5 to 0."

When the telephone rings at night I roll over and say: "You're right; it was Dicky Pearce who invented the bunt," or "No, Asa Brainard is the man you mean, not Levi Meyerle." Then I fall asleep and wake up just in time to hear the other fellow who has been called to the phone say: "Did you decide that Bill Dahlen had the best hook slide you ever saw? Why, you fat-headed four-flushing hunk of cheese, I thought you knowed something. I'm off you for life. You don't know enough about the game to report for a Cleveland newspaper."



We knocked the stove over before Bucky would let it go at a tie in nine innings

I'm always ready and willing to decide an argument (or start one), but here is where I weaken. I'll let you fellows decide this for yourselves, and if you want to do so you can write to Lorenzo Dow (Cold Hand) Tucker, Burnt Rag Claim, Seventy Mile Creek, via Circle City, and give him your decision. Here is Cold Hand's letter:

BURNT RAG, SEVENTY MILE, ALASKA,
February 13 or 20, 1916.

DEAR SIR: Me and Bucky Raines, who is my partner in the Burnt Rag, wants you to settle some baseball arguments we had this winter. Maybe you don't remember me. I'm the fellow who used to sit over in the left-field seats on the old Boston grounds and yelled so loud whenever Hughie Duffy stole a base. I always rooted for Billy Hamilton, and I was one of the first to say that Chick Stahl was almost as good as Tommy McCarthy was. But I don't want to prejudice you none in deciding this argument, because I'm dead right about it and don't need any prejudice to help me.

Bucky ain't got any too much sense anyhow, and he is plumb crazy when it comes to baseball. He always roots for Detroit just because he comes from Newaygo, Mich., and he thinks Jennings is the greatest manager ever. According to him everything in Michigan is the best in the world. Just now Bucky is sitting over back of the stove accusing me of trying to fix you to decide against him. He can't write because his hand is busted from hitting me on the jaw trying to convince me that the Detroit Tigers would have won the World Series from the Boston Braves if both of them had been in the World Series last fall.

That's part of what we want you to decide. It took me twenty minutes to knock him down with the skillet and choke him until he agreed to leave it to you instead of to Joe Jackson. I wanted you, although I did argue for Tim Murnane for a while just to show him how foolish it was for him to want Jackson. We decided to write to you and get you to decide for us fair and unprejudiced like you always are even if you was dead wrong about the Cubs beating the Athletics.

I don't want you to let the fact that Bucky is a desperate character and apt to get mad and shoot to influence you none, because if you decide in my favor he won't have enough left to come back to the States next summer, and even if he does come I'm coming with him, so you can tell the truth and I'll see you get fair play.

We want you to understand how we got into this argument, so you will know how to settle it. Just before Thanksgiving we got a Portland paper of September 26 or thereabouts: the date was torn off because the musher who gave it to us had wrapped bacon in it. You may remember the date: it was the day after Detroit trimmed the Boston Red Sox in the first game of their series in Boston, and the Boston Braves was right on top of the Phillies. I figured the Braves was sure to repeat and finish the way they did the year before, and Bucky was sure Detroit would beat out the Red Sox. I agreed with him because I never did like the Red Sox, me being, as you know, a National Leaguer, and me and Bucky got to wondering about the World Series.

ME and Bucky have had a lot of baseball arguments in the last four years that we've been partners, and I thought he had some sense about the game until we got to discussing the series and wondering how it would come out. Anyone ought to have known that no one on the Detroit team could hit Rudolph or James, excepting, maybe, Cobb and Crawford, and they wouldn't hit them much, and Tyler would sew them both up in knots, and so would this young Nehf. It looked like a cinch for the Braves, and I said so, not meaning to start any argument at all. Bucky flared up and wanted to bet me half a pound of dust that Detroit beat them, and, just to humor him, I made the bet. We expected to get hold of a paper and find out who won the series before Christmas, or I wouldn't have argued with him at all, because when Bucky gets started he's so confounded mule-headed that he won't never give in, and it ain't any fun to argue with that kind of a man five months at a stretch. He's the stubbornest man in Alaska. I remember once when we was panning over on Hoss Creek we got to arguing about how to spell some fool word, and it lasted two months, and when we got to Cudahy and saw a dictionary he still stuck to it he was right, and he said Webster wrote the rottenest dictionary he ever read.

As I said, I wasn't meaning to start any argument, but one night I was sitting around and reading the box scores for the tenth or twelfth time, and I said to Bucky: "Bucky, I bet them Braves cleaned up the Tigers in great shape."

I leave it to you if that was starting any argument, although that bullheaded Bucky has been swearing all winter that I started it. I just expressed my opinion that the Braves won, and a man has a right to his own opinion.

"There ain't a chance," said Bucky. "The Tigers must have won four out of five, maybe five straight; Nehf might have been lucky enough to win a game."

Is that any way to reply to a civil remark? But I didn't get mad the way Bucky does and want to fight. I didn't say nothing excepting: "They did, hey? Them Tigers ain't near as good as the Athletics was a year ago, and you saw what them Braves did to them."

With that Bucky commenced to lose his temper and get personal. He said I was so full of stewed clams and codfish that I couldn't see nothing west of the Connecticut River without wearing two pair of spectacles. That just because I happened to be born in Upper Newton Falls. Naturally I got a bit sore and told him Massachusetts turned out more good ball players than Detroit did automobiles. He sprung Long and Lowe and Stahl on me, and said Boston never won a pennant except by hiring Western players, and I got back at him reciting a list a yard long of players that come from Boston and the Cape. I ain't narrow-minded, but everyone knows all the good ball players either come from Boston or have to come there to learn how to play the game.

He offered to bet. Now my idea is that betting is a fool way to settle an argument, but that bullhead is so stubborn the only way I can convince him of anything is to take his money away from him. I bet him a hundred dollars Hank Gowdy would make three home runs in the series and that Hank would outbat Cobb, and Bucky lost his head and bet me that Cobb would get three hits off Rudolph in the first game Dick pitched.

It riles me to argue with a fathead that refuses to see sense, and along about midnight me and Bucky got into a fight trying to decide whether Vitt was a better third baseman than Smith; which shows you what a fool Bucky is in an argument. We didn't speak for three days, and then Bucky made up a lot of statistics and sprung them on me. Took him three days to make up them figures, and he said he remembered them out of the average book we had last year, but which got lost during the clean-up. If I'd had that book, Bucky wouldn't have had a chance, but I ain't no hand to just make up figures and lie about them.

It got so that I couldn't make a simple statement, like Connolly being a better fielder than Veach, but that Bucky would get mad and want to fight, so along the week before Christmas I decided to hook up the dogs and go down to Forty Mile and get some papers to settle the argument. Weather got kinda mild about then, only about twenty below, and I needed the exercise. Besides, I wanted to get away from Bucky. It was only about thirty miles down the river to the post, but when I got there all the papers in camp were parts of a St. Louis Sunday paper older than the one we had seen, and no one knew who won the series. The bartender at the Wild Goose was a Providence man, and he agreed with me that the Braves must have won, so I stayed there three days, getting facts from him to back up my arguments. He was well posted, that fellow, even if he did say that Old Hoss Radbourne was a better pitcher than Kid Nichols ever was. The bartender told me that Joe, over on Mastodon Creek, had some averages he'd cut out of a paper, so I went over there and borrowed them and almost had a fight with Joe, who was a White Sox rooter and claimed the Sox would win the pennant. He hadn't seen a paper since the first of September when he cut out the averages, and called me a liar when I told him Detroit and the Braves won the pennants.

I got caught in a blizzard going back and lost a

dog, but got through all right with the averages and the provisions. First crack Bucky made was that I knew Detroit had won the series and was just refusing to admit it. I told him what the bartender said about Boston being sure to win, and he threatened to start that night and lick that bartender.

I thought maybe he'd show some sense when I had the averages to back up what I said, but he refused to look at them at first, and when I sat on him and read them to him he said the figures was exactly what he had told me three weeks before and proved every claim he made. When I got him to look the only thing he could see was Cobb's batting average and James's pitching record. I told him Stallings was just saving James to beat the Tigers, but he couldn't see common sense and said he always knew James was a lucky stiff and that he couldn't pitch. Then Bucky had the first gleam of sense he'd shown since he started the argument. We had been studying the figures and he said:

"Here, you snow-blinded, frozen-brained Yankee, who do you think pitched the first game for that lucky bunch of bush leaguers and has-beens of yours?"

"You talk like a Ford runs, you gasoline-brained idiot!" I remarked. "There ain't a guy on the Boston team that couldn't be Sammy Crawford's grandson. Dick Rudolph pitched the first game, and he showed up that bunch of lucky stiffs."

"Rudolph?" he says, sneering. "He won't last half a game, but for the sake of argument what do you suppose Donie Bush did the first time at bat? Why, he waited that lucky stiff out, got a base, and then up come Veach—and that baby can hit."

"That's my idea," I said; "I think Jennings is just a bum enough manager to send that busher up to hit with Bush on first. A good manager would make him sacrifice, with Cobb or Crawford, or maybe both of them coming up."

That stopped him for a minute, then he says: "Bunt nothing. Jennings is wise enough to cross 'em up. He knows them National Leaguers'll be expecting a sacrifice, so he'll make Veach hit out and pile up a bunch of runs right at the start to make it safe."

That's the way he argues—never talks sense—so I just laughed at him.

"Admitting, for the sake of argument," he says finally, "that Veach sacrifices, that puts Donie down on second, don't it? And with Cobb and Crawford coming up, that's one run sure anyhow."

"I suppose Rudolph don't know how to pitch to them birds?" I remarked.

"I'd just like to have been there to see what Ty done to them slow ones," said Bucky.

"What'll he do?" I demanded, warming up. "Dick'll lay that slow one across his knees and he'll sprain his back swinging; maybe he'll pop out, but I don't think he'll hit it that hard."

"Then up comes Sammy," said Bucky. "I suppose he'll pop one up too?"

"Well," I said, "Sammy's a good hitter. He learned how in the National League, and maybe he'll hit one."

I oughtn't to have admitted that, but I wasn't unreasonable like Bucky, and he yelled:

"That's one run, ain't it? Donie scores, and maybe Sam goes to second on the throw to the plate."

We chewed about that for a long time. The idea of Sammy going to second made me hot, and we compromised by letting Bush score and holding Sam at first. We hadn't hardly started discussing the game again before Bucky wanted to have Sam steal second, and we had another hour's debate before he'd admit that Gowdy'd throw him out and that he wouldn't try it.

We played the whole game that way, me giving in on almost every point until he had it won by two runs in the ninth inning. I'd been planning a surprise on him, and I argued him into letting a runner to first base who by rights ought to have been on third, and then I brought old Hank Gowdy in and had him bust one to the fence for a home run. You ought to have heard Bucky holler! He claimed Gowdy couldn't make a home run on a hit to left in Boston, and I showed him they was playing in the other park, and he had to weaken. We played that game until four o'clock in the morning and I got so sleepy I let him sneak over a run, and he claimed the game 6 to 5.

The next morning it was forty below and a blizzard blowing, and about dinner time we started the second game. It was eleven o'clock that night before I beat him. The game almost broke up in a fight in the seventh inning because he tried to claim Magee dropped a fly ball with runners on second and third and two out. I had to beat him over the head with the cribbage board to convince him that it wasn't reasonable. I took the averages and showed him that the outfielders hang on to forty-seven out of forty-eight fly balls they get their hands on, and what does he do but spring that muff that Snodgrass made in the series between the Red Sox and the Giants? He said it did not make a darned bit of difference what the averages said: that they always muffed one fly in a world series and right at the critical stage, and he told about Snodgrass's muff, and Duf Lewis's muff, and half a dozen others to prove it.

We played that whole series, a game a day, and I beat him fair and square (*Continued on page* 35)

AFTER THE WAR—WHAT?

BY HENRY C. EMERY

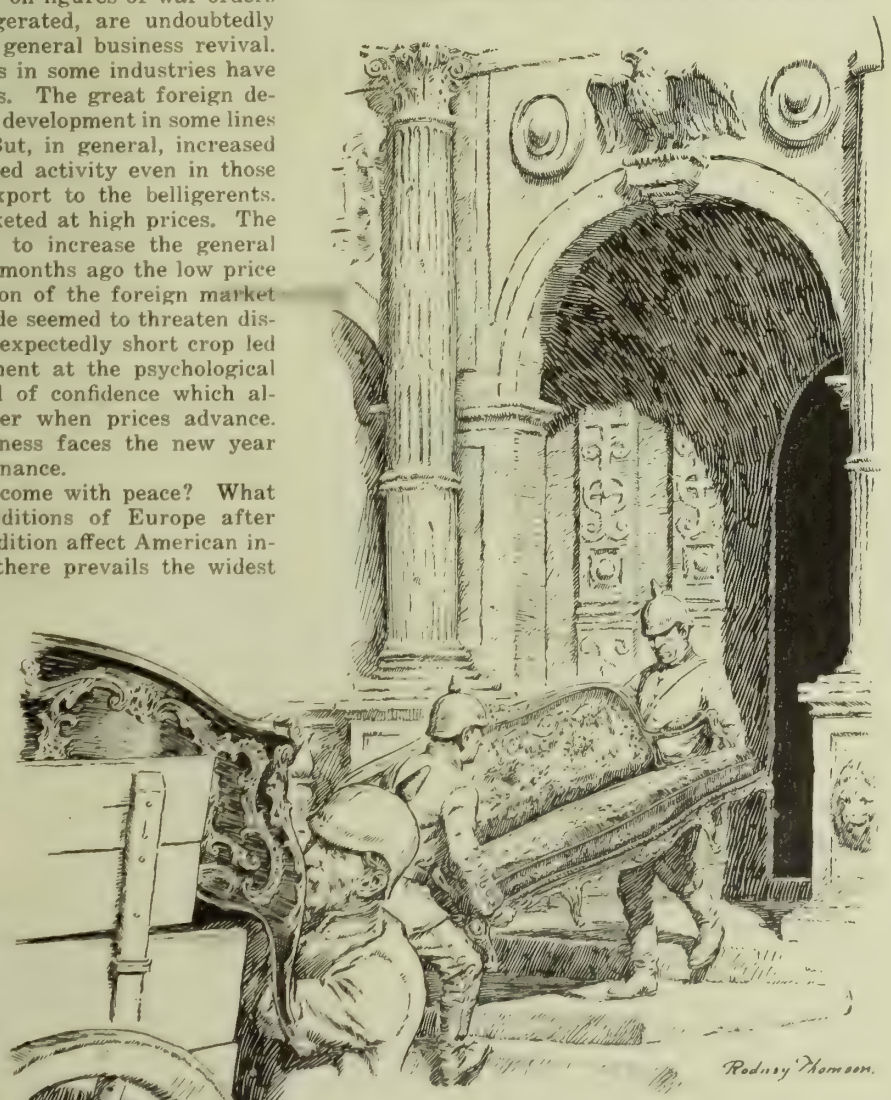
Henry C. Emery, Ph.D., professor of political economy at Yale, was chairman of the United States Tariff Board under President Taft

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY THOMSON

A YEAR ago everyone was asking the question: "What will be the effect of the war on American business?" Today everyone is asking the question: "What will be the effect of peace?"

The puzzle of a year ago is now pretty well solved. We are fed up on figures of war orders which, though often exaggerated, are undoubtedly largely responsible for the general business revival. High prices and high wages in some industries have checked expansion in others. The great foreign demand has delayed domestic development in some lines or made it more costly. But, in general, increased demand has caused increased activity even in those industries which do not export to the belligerents. Great crops are being marketed at high prices. The one great exception works to increase the general feeling of well-being. Ten months ago the low price of cotton and the contraction of the foreign market through the English blockade seemed to threaten disaster to the South. An unexpectedly short crop led to an upward price movement at the psychological moment and to the revival of confidence which always comes to the producer when prices advance. In general, American business faces the new year with a very smiling countenance.

What readjustment will come with peace? What will be the industrial conditions of Europe after the war? How will this condition affect American interests? On these points there prevails the widest divergence of opinion. Extreme statements of quite opposite character appear daily from various authorities. One sees Europe crushed for half a century to come and the United States dominating the financial and commercial markets of the world. Another sees Europe pursuing the arts of peace with the same energy and sacrifice with which she has prosecuted war, and the United States recoiling in confusion before the conquering phalanxes of foreign-made goods. One sees our productive capacity checked by the total cessation of immigrant labor; another sees our shores black with refugees from the taxes and poverty of desolated lands. In most cases these opinions seem mere guesses and the public is prone to take the attitude that one guess is as good as another. This is not an intelligent attitude. There is nothing so overwhelming about this war, when calmly considered, as to make the predictions of careful reasoning and still more the *inferences from past experience* less valuable than they always have been.



Residences have been looted, yet the loot is wealth east as well as west of the Meuse

Right here, indeed, is the first step necessary to a sane consideration of the question. We must get rid of the idea that the world has never faced such an economic cataclysm as this in the past. Of course this war is the "biggest ever," but then the world is a great deal bigger than it ever was before. The totals of men engaged and of casualties are staggering, but if we are to consider the effect of the struggle on economic conditions we must consider these factors in the light of relative population, wealth, and resources. True, the war may continue so long as to make all comparisons with the past futile. If it should endure for ten years, no prediction made now could be based on any intelligent data. Consequently any attempt to answer the question as to probable conditions after the war involves at the outset assuming some definite limit to the conflict. The assumption of this article is that the war will not continue beyond another twelve months and that its prosecution for that period will be no more destructive of life or property than it has been in the last twelve months. Such an assumption may not be warranted, but any other makes all present discussion of the economic problem impossible.

Casualties Comparatively Few

EVEN if two years of the present war represent a greater relative strain than any equal length of warfare in the past, the comparison may be fairly made with the corresponding total results of longer wars. It will take many years of fighting before a devastation results relatively as great as that of the Thirty Years' War. We have already been assured by the bankers' syndicate selling the Anglo-French bonds that the financial burden involved, relatively to the means of payment, is a mere bagatelle compared with the burdens of the Napoleonic Wars. In this article comparison will be confined chiefly to our own Civil War.

Obviously the question of the condition in which our own country will find herself at the close of such a struggle comes to the question of the condition in which the belligerents will find themselves when peace is declared. Their condition will depend on three factors: the effect of the loss of human life on labor supply, the condition of soil and natural resources, and the available supply of capital in the form of factories and machinery.

Consider first, then, the matter of loss of life in relation to productive capacity. The January English figures give total casualties for British forces as 549,467 after sixteen months of war. Taking the white population of the empire (disregarding India and South Africa) as 60,000,000, this is less than 1 per cent of the total population. The white population of the Confederacy in our Civil War was 5,500,000. In three days' fighting at Gettysburg they lost over 20,000, or nearly four-tenths of 1 per cent of the white population. Such a startling comparison is, of course, not typical of the general situation, but, since most of us have been hypnotized by the appalling ag-

gregates of this war, it is well that we should be a bit jolted out of this condition of mind by realizing at the outset that in proportion to population the South lost four-tenths as many in three days as the British did in sixteen months.

The case of such countries as Germany and France is far different, since they have put much larger armies in the field in proportion to population. Ten per cent of the total population is a normal proportion for nations exerting all their strength. The Confederacy did better. The total Union enlistments were greater than this, but, reduced to the equivalent of three years' continuous service (by Livermore, a recognized authority), the strength was 1,500,000, or 7 per cent. If France and Germany reach the 10 per cent figure before the belligerents as a whole shall have done this, more than 40,000,000 men will be engaged. Estimates of losses differ widely. Properly to judge any of these estimates, however, several points must be kept in mind. It is clear that the item Prisoners is of no importance for us, as these return to the industrial army at the conclusion of hostilities. The item Wounded would have been of great importance in earlier wars. In this war, however, the proportion of wounded who return to the front, and who, if not later entered in the list of killed, will return finally to the ranks of industry, is truly astounding. German hospital returns show 88.9 per cent returned to the ranks, 1.9 per cent dead, and 9.2 per cent incapacitated. French figures for a shorter period show of wounded in hospitals 54.5 per cent fit to be returned immediately, 24.5 per cent on leave, 17 per cent still in hospital, 3.5 per cent dead of wounds, 1.5 per cent totally disabled. These figures have been challenged by prominent surgeons who have been on the ground and accepted by equally prominent surgeons. They may be accepted for what they are worth. Even the incapacitated may be fit for business activities later. Clearly we must not be misled by "total casualties." A man may be wounded, sent to hospital, returned to the front, wounded again, and so on. In the list of casualties he may appear as three or four "losses," while at the end of the war he is one able-bodied mechanic. We are forced, then, to deal primarily with the list of killed with some slight addition. In our Civil War the deaths due to disease were more than the deaths in battle from wounds. This has been practically eliminated in the present contest.



A word must be inserted here as to the use of the phrase "permanent losses" by military writers as distinguished from economic writers. Mr. Belloc in his brilliant articles in England uses the phrase "the permanent ratio of temporary loss" to show that, even if ten wounded men are returned to the ranks to-day, ten more recently wounded take their places in hospital. This is important from the military point of view. But possibly all twenty will return to industrial life. In this country we all read Mr. Frank Simonds on these questions. But he again uses the phrase "permanent loss" in the military sense, including, for example, prisoners in that list. Permanent military losses are not permanent economic losses. The military issue is one of wastage of men, and this is the great handicap of the Central Powers.

Much has been said in the press as to the high ratio of killed to wounded in this war. Figures showing this ratio exist only for England, but there is every reason to believe that both in France and at Gallipoli the British have suffered their fair share in proportion to numbers. The figures do not bear out the popular statements. In France up to January 9, 1916, of enlisted men the English killed were 82,130; the wounded, 248,990, or 1 to 3. In the Mediterranean field 26,455 were killed and 84,952 wounded, or 1 to 3.3. In our Civil War the ratio was 1 to 2.5, including in killed those who "died of wounds." The English figures for killed include those "dead from wounds and other causes."

Confederacy's Losses Greater

ESTIMATES of German losses in killed and mortally wounded up to January vary from 700,000 up. At this figure the loss would be slightly more than 1 per cent of the total population. The Parliamentary Under Secretary for War, in Parliament, January 19, gave total German casualties as 2,500,000, of which 588,986 were killed. These were given as including the whole German army, though they come close to figures given earlier for Prussia alone. If such an error was made, these figures should be increased by about 60 per cent.

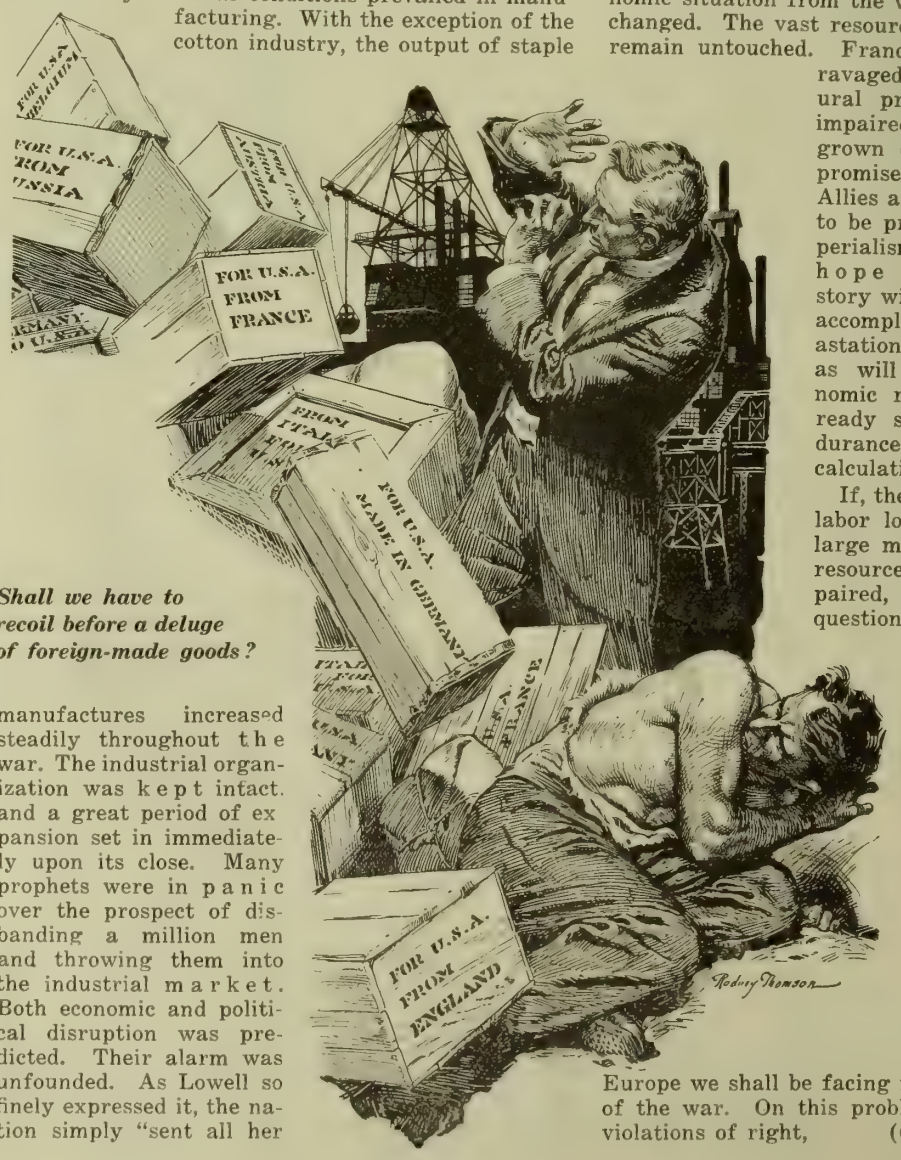
If it should reach a million men, it would be about 1½ per cent. This is a tremendous toll. Suppose it reached the enormous total of 1,600,000 after two years' fighting. This would be 2½ per cent. In our Civil War it has been estimated by not a few historians that the Union losses from death plus total disabilities from disease were about 2¼ per cent of the population. On the assumption, then, of deaths of a million and a half or more, Germany in two years' fighting would meet a loss proportional to that of the North in the Civil War, but less than that of the South.

Mr. Asquith in a Parliamentary statement estimated the total deaths in the first year of war as 2,228,000. The total population of the belligerents, excluding Japan, the Asiatic population of Russia, and, as before, restricting the British Empire, is over 400,000,000. This is nearly twenty times the population of the Northern States in 1860, so that a loss of 2,000,000 represents the equivalent of 100,000 to the North in the Civil War. The number "killed and died from wounds" in the Union ranks was 110,000. Mr. Frederic Huidekoper, the latest and best authority, in his book on "Military Unpreparedness of the United States," gives the figures of total Union loss in killed and dead from wounds, or disease in the field and in prisons as 380,100. Probably an additional 100,000 died soon after or became a total economic loss, bringing the number close to the 500,000 mark. The same authority gives Confederates dead of wounds or disease in the field or prisons as 163,973. To these should be added at least 80,000 killed in battle, which would bring the Confederate loss up to 4 per cent of the white population. We may conclude these brief figures by the general statement that though the economic loss, due to deaths, of such countries as France and Germany in two years' warfare will equal or even exceed those of the North in the Civil War, in proportion to population, the loss of the belligerents as a whole, including Russia and Great Britain, will be less than this proportion. In the case of all countries to date it may be stated that whether in numbers engaged or in numbers dead they have not yet approached the record of the Confederacy.

It will be seen that the Civil War offers quite pertinent figures for comparison. What, then, is the lesson of that earlier conflict? The South, not only decimated in numbers, but without manufacturing capital and her territory devastated, was prostrated for decades. On the other hand, even in the midst of the conflict, the agricultural and industrial activity of the North advanced rapidly. In 1864 Indiana, with one-tenth of her total population in the battle fields instead of the wheat fields, produced more wheat than in any year before the war. In 1863 and 1864 the Union States with 1,000,000 men under arms not only produced more wheat but had a larger surplus for export than at any previous time in their history. Similar conditions prevailed in manufacturing. With the exception of the cotton industry, the output of staple manufactures increased steadily throughout the war. The industrial organization was kept intact and a great period of expansion set in immediately upon its close. Many prophets were in panic over the prospect of disbanding a million men and throwing them into the industrial market. Both economic and political disruption was predicted. Their alarm was unfounded. As Lowell so finely expressed it, the nation simply "sent all her handmaid armies back to spin." Such facts should not occasion so much surprise as they commonly do. Their explanation lies in the simple fact that in normal times *the productive power of a people is never exerted to anything like its full capacity, while their powers of consumption are expanded far beyond actual needs.* Here is a tremendous economic reserve which can be called upon in time of crisis. The population of any progressive industrial state can get along and even maintain efficiency on a far smaller expenditure for consumption than takes place in times of peace. The seeming loss of labor power is made up by more continuous and more strenuous labor on the part of those who are left and by enrollment in the industrial army of large classes who normally contribute nothing to productive power. It is well expressed by a popular verse of our Civil War:

Just take your gun and go!
For Ruth can drive the oxen, John,
And I can wield the hoe.

It is this great margin between maximum production and minimum consumption which makes wars possible and which usually upsets the calculations of financial statisticians as to their possible duration or their destructive economic effects.



Shall we have to recoil before a deluge of foreign-made goods?

Destruction Worse Than Conquest

LABOR power is not, however, the only factor in production. The productive capacity of mines, forests, and farms is yet to be reckoned with. Here there is no such reserve as in the case of labor, nor such possibility of early recuperation from natural increase. If natural resources are seriously impaired, quick revival is far less probable. I think it was Mr. Bryan who years ago addressed a New York audience in words something like this: "Leave this city standing and destroy the fertility of the Mississippi Valley and in three months grass will be growing in Wall Street. But raze this city to the ground, and leave undiminished the fertility of the Mississippi Valley and almost overnight a new city will rise from the ruins." Making allowance for the exaggeration of oratory, the statement contains a profound truth. It is not possible to estimate now how far military operations may have diminished what is sometimes called "natural wealth." In some sections the loss may be great; Serbia, for instance, and Poland, though the best authority lately returned from Serbia thinks the popular idea of the extent of devastation in that country is exaggerated. In relation to the total natural resources of the belligerents it is as yet small; certainly not comparable with the devastation of the Thirty Years' War or of the South in our Civil War. We should not make the mistake of confusing conquest with destruction. If the Germans for the time being hold a large part of the iron mines of France—or if they hold them permanently for that matter—the economic situation from the world point of view is not changed. The vast resources of the British Empire remain untouched. France has not been seriously ravaged. As yet Germany's natural productivity has not been impaired. Normal crops have been grown during the war. If the promises of the statesmen of the Allies are genuine and the war is to be prosecuted till German imperialism is destroyed beyond hope of resurrection, another story will be told; for this can be accomplished only by such a devastation of Germany's resources as will greatly delay her economic resurrection. But, as already said, a war of such endurance would make all present calculations meaningless.

If, then, it be conceded that the labor loss can be made good in large measure, and that natural resources will not be seriously impaired, there remains only the question of productive capital in the form of buildings, factories, machinery, railroads, and the like. Here again we must not confuse devastation and desolation. Belgium may be desolated, but she is not devastated. If the great Belgian machine works and textile mills are being run under German direction, their productive capacity has not been reduced. Our problem is simply to consider what kind of a commercial and industrial Europe we shall be facing in competition at the end of the war. On this problem injustices, invasions, violations of right,

(*Continued on page* 36)

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

SPEAKING in the broadest way, there is probably no need in this country so great as that the public generally should take more interest in the Congressional Record, for the desirable effect it would have both on the public and, through reaction, on the Senate and House. But the Congressional Record won't be read so long as it is run the way it now is. One great defect of the Record is the crowding of its pages with masses of irrelevant matter. Within half an hour, one day in February, Senator Clapp of Minnesota asked and obtained permission to insert a long clipping from the Washington "Post"; Senator La Follette of Wisconsin asked and received permission to insert an article from Volume III of "The Virginia Law Review," entitled "Back to the Constitution," and Senator Sheppard of Texas secured permission to include an address delivered by his fellow Senator, William H. Thompson of Kansas, before the Kansas Society of New York City. Some notion of the value of the Kansas Senator's contribution to the senatorial discussion of public affairs can be had from these typical sentences:

January 29 is an important date to all Kansans. It marks an important time in my life, because on this day three years ago I was elected to the United States Senate by the Kansas Legislature. It is the birthday of Kansas. Our State is fifty-five years old—only an infant as time is computed in the life of a State or nation. Fifty-five years ago the "ship of state" was launched, and Kansas's star first appeared in the Far West, announcing to the world the birth of a new State to add new life and power to the greatest republic on earth. With all her thrilling and glorious history, all her failures and successes, that star still shines and has become the brightest in the constellation of States. . . . The love of an American citizen for his native State is second only to his love for his country.

Meantime, preparedness, the tariff commission, and other subjects of high importance await discussion and action. A few days after this effusion from the Kansas Senator, Congressman Henry T. Helgesen of North Dakota secured the insertion of what made up sixty-one pages, or about one hundred and twenty thousand words, tending to disprove the assertion that Robert E. Peary discovered the North Pole. One hundred and twenty thousand words is more than an average book—but it was inserted as merely a part of one day's issue of the Record. So long as this sort of thing goes on the Record won't be read and won't be intelligible.

A Typical Senator

IN the course of the debate on freeing the Philippines, Senator William Alden Smith of Michigan emitted this:

Suddenly there rang out upon the midnight air the cry of "Extra papers!" and instantly, as though by magic, homes were lighted, lamps shone from the windows, men, women, and children, with blanched and anxious faces, rushed to their doors to get the news from Dewey which should determine the weal or woe of our sailor boys. My God, how our hearts thrilled and our eyes filled with joyous tears as our hopes were realized! Dewey had met the Spanish fleet and silenced the guns of Cavite without the loss of a ship or a man!

Oddly enough, this style of oratory, which has become less common outside of Congress, is really increasing in it. One reason is the fact that there is no mechanism for providing the correction which would come from better public standards of taste. It isn't heard and it isn't read. Senator Smith is a candidate for the Republican nomination for the presidency. If his hopes should succeed, future literary emanations from the White House may be expected to be more exciting. President Smith on tour would surely stir up some emotions.

Cartoon drawn by F. G. Cooper



An Old Sweetheart of Mine

Carefully Chosen Words

THIS paragraph is taken from a speech made by the Hon. James H. Davis of Texas:

These gold-trimmed, diamond-bedecked masters of our country are more dangerous to the liberties of our people than a hundred dens of red-shirted, flannel-mouthed anarchists; for the anarchist is opposed to all government and all law, while these soft-pedaled, pussy-footed pirates in politics and marauders in business, without one restraining sentiment for the love of God or the respect of human rights, would make government a mighty machine to rob, plunder, and pillage a helpless people under pretext of law.

One can hardly doubt this congressman's ability to think clearly and act logically on all the intricate problems affecting the relations of capital and labor. Congressman Davis is one of the "at large" representatives from Texas. In that capacity he represents the whole State. It would be interesting to hear from some of the newspapers of that State just how proud they are of him.

Slopping Over

CONGRESSMAN FRANK CLARK of Florida was resenting the assault on pork. Typical specimens of his oratory are these:

The storm of ridicule and abuse of the committee and of Congress for what has been designated "pork-barrel" legislation was brought into being by certain sensational *metropolitan newspapers and saffron-colored magazines.* . . . Looking back over the congresses in which I have been permitted to serve, I can truthfully proclaim that nowhere upon the earth can a *more upright, honorable, and patriotic body of men be found than is the American House of Representatives!* [Applause.] We may and do differ as to the means of reaching the end, but I do believe that in the heart of every member upon this floor, and uppermost in that heart, is *a sincere and honest desire to reach that end which will best conduce to the honor and glory of the United States.* . . . Over and above all we love this glorious Republic, an indissoluble Union of indestructible States, over which floats Old Glory, proud emblem of liberty now and forevermore. [Applause.] *Men representing a Government like this, in a country like this, cannot be guilty of the petty pilfering laid at our door by these sensational yellow publications.*

Home, Sweet Home

THE truth is that it is not the congressman alone who is to blame for pork practices. In most cases he is merely weak enough to do what his constituents demand. Pork practices can only be remedied when the people of the various Congressional districts are willing to see the country administered as a whole. There is an interesting reflection of the typical attitude of most communities in these resolutions adopted by the Legislature of Georgia on preparedness:

That any plans of preparedness for national defense which Congress may consider and finally adopt should include, so far as possible, the economic development of those natural resources of our country which will not only contribute to national defense in times of war, but to the nation's prosperity and wealth in times of peace.

Therefore we especially urge upon senators and members of the Lower House of Congress from the State of Georgia that they press upon the attention of President Wilson and secretaries of war and agriculture and urge upon the naval and military committees and the agricultural committees of both Houses of Congress the serious consideration of the great water powers in the Chattahoochee River, the Coosa River, the Savannah and Ocmulgee Rivers, the Tallapoosa River, and notably at Muscle Shoals in the Tennessee River, which can be developed by the building of locks and dams, and not only improve the navigation of these streams, so long neglected and greatly needed, but also with these cheap water powers provide the nation with its needed nitrates for explosives in times of war and provide the farmers with their needed nitrogen for the fertilization of their crops in times of peace.

In other words, defense is admirable—if it will bring an appropriation to our community.



The West and the Navy

THAT considerable stretch of arable land, bold citizenry, and other national conveniences, which is vaguely described as the Middle West, has suffered much from the politicians. Whenever they "voice an overwhelming sentiment," especially for something which the people of the East are supposed to regard as undesirable, they locate it in a part of the country whose geographical boundaries do not appear on the map, but are always indicated by a wide flourish of the speaker's hand. It is a perfectly safe argument and one that often frightens political hermits in the Eastern States who have never ventured out of doors with their political thought. There is no way of disproving it, and the libel usually sticks until Election Day, when the Middle West stops in on its way to work and fatally stabs the heresy and the heretic with two inches of lead pencil.

The pretense of the too-proud-to-fight school of patriotism, that the Middle West is opposed to proper defense of this country against invasion, is merely a revival in another form by the same people or the same kind of people of the fable that the Middle West was in favor of greenbacks, or free silver, or populism. The truth, of course, is that on this question, as on other questions that come up in intelligent communities, there are diverse opinions. Probably there are as many people in New York City and Hohokus who for conscientious or for sinister reasons believe in leaving the country unprotected as there are in Chicago and Peotone. But the question is not whether there are such people, but how many of them there are and what proportion they bear to the whole population. On that point we can only judge from the public utterances of representative men, which are almost unanimous in support of a strong and far-reaching plan of defense; from the attitude of the most conspicuous newspapers, which present the case for a greater navy with more dexterity and force than the New York newspapers show in their editorials; and from such methodical investigations as the one made by W. E. WILLIAMS, Congressman at large from Illinois, and reported to the House of Representatives in February. Mr. WILLIAMS was not content with guessing at the feeling of the country or taking a hasty stand on this question and then insisting that his State stood behind him. He sent a great number of letters to his acquaintances throughout Illinois, and tabulated the answers up to February 17. The canvass resulted exactly as we imagine a similar poll would result if conducted in New York or Massachusetts. His correspondents favored an increase in our land forces, but were generally opposed to compulsory service; they were against the continental army; 5 per cent of them opposed any increases in the navy; 10 per cent favored a moderate increase; but 85 per cent "expressed a positive conviction for a great naval establishment approximately equal to any."

A Common Cause

WHO could doubt that this would be the result of a fair canvass of the sentiment of Illinois? It is a matter of historical record that the part of the country under discussion has been rather more outspoken in insisting on vigor in maintaining national rights and ideals than New York City, where there is much wealth, which dreads change and taxes. It is well known that it was Western and Southern influence that forced the Spanish War—a war which was justified in its beginning and has been trebly justified by the consequences to Cuba. Of course, in the present case the people of the Eastern seaboard cities see more vividly the danger than their fellow citizens who live a thousand or two thousand miles from the Atlantic. A New York man cannot go around among the mountainous buildings at the lower end of the island without thinking what a mark they would make for an enemy's shell. A resident of Lincoln, Neb., is well out of range. The danger is not constantly before his eyes. Yet we will dare to say that there is not one citizen of that town—no, not one—who could think with any satisfaction of the shining tower of the Woolworth Building tumbling into Broadway. We will even go so far as to predict that if an enemy's soldiers landed in New York and some boy whose heart burned with patriotic indignation fired on them from a window in Broadway, and the general in command gathered Mayor MITCHEL, WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, J. P. MORGAN, and eighty or ninety other representative citizens in Battery Park and shot them, even CLYDE TAVENNER or FRANK BUCHANAN would not rejoice—at least in public. If the reader thinks the picture is exaggerated, we can only say that the most competent military authorities have advised the country of the possibility of such a situation arising out of the defeat of our navy, and recent history in Europe suggests the other details. But it is not necessary to present the case so emphatically. It is as certain as anything in the world that the seizure of one inch of American territory, the capture and ransom of the smallest Porto Rican village, would be a humiliation that would penetrate to the heart of every American no matter where he lives. It is hardly necessary to speak of the material side of the question, but this happens to be a case where material and sentimental considerations go hand in hand. There is not a farmer in Iowa or a cotton planter in Texas whose interests are not involved. But that, we are sure, is not influencing public sentiment. The rising demand for a navy large enough and fit to defend the country in any emergency is due to the very highest considerations and is almost equally strong in all parts of the country. Of that we have abundant proof, which in time may even travel as far as Washington.

"After the War—What?"

SOME one may have written a better article on this subject than that by HENRY C. EMERY, printed elsewhere in this issue of COLLIER'S, but we have not seen it. Professor EMERY'S treatment is impressive in its sane strength. He builds on the basic assumption that the present destruction will not continue beyond another twelve months, and analyzes probable resulting conditions. His main factors are, first, the tremendous reserve power of civilized peoples as kicked into live energy by war, and, second, the nationalistic method of directing this power. There are one or two things that might be added to the historic argument: France was not knocked under (as BISMARCK intended) by the defeat inflicted and the huge indemnity levied in 1870-71. The South was prostrated after our Civil War largely because her labor system was broken up. The effect of debt on European industry after this war will depend to some extent on whether the drain of militarism is or is not continued. But these details do not touch our country's problem, and here the lesson of Professor EMERY'S article is as plain as it is vital. Whatever economic power Europe has will be directed in the world competition of the future for national ends. We will not meet that competition effectively if our United States is governed by those who think of regulation only as holding things down, and of protection as local favors for local industries. We must regulate to construct and we must use the tariff actively and skillfully to insure our getting fair trade with other countries. On the economic as well as on the military side, nationalism will be the final test of our leadership in the next few years.

Concerning a Young Poet

LETTERS inclosing faded clippings from newspapers and pages from much-thumbed albums of poetry sent us by readers prove that a poem recently published by us as original appeared twenty years ago in the Topeka "Kansas Farmer." We were assured of the originality of the verses by letters from the contributor, who represented himself as a boy of seventeen, and also by a certificate of indorsement from his "pastor." We have written to our contributor firmly and, we hope, kindly. Much may be forgiven a lad of seventeen: less decorous crimes than plagiarism have been committed in the name of some puberal delusion like the "holy ambition" of which our contributor wrote. May charity be shown the young poet by his friends and neighbors. For ourselves we confess that reading over these old family collections of poetry has given us a pleasurable revelation of the real love of poetry possessed by our readers. From one of these albums we take the following lines from "Macbeth," which happily express about all we wish to say in the present instance:

> The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
> Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
> The very firstlings of my heart shall be
> The firstlings of my hand.

Can an Artist Be a Gentleman?

RUTH T——, contralto, gave her first song recital in this city in Æolian Hall yesterday afternoon. Miss T—— is a young gentlewoman. . . . Many such adventures have been made, and frequently with disappointing ends, for the world of art is mercilessly democratic, and, like love as described by the poet, "levels all rank."—*New York Sun.*

Evidently Miss T—— is "some punkins." Just what is "a gentlewoman" in these United States? Is it hard for them to sing? Would it be correct to say "JOHN DREW, a gentleman, appeared last night in 'The Perplexed Husband' "—or is Mr. DREW only an actor?



A City with Newspaper Government

IF THOMAS JEFFERSON were alive to-day, the apple city of his eye might be Topeka, Kas. This, not because the Kansas capital has a greater stock of his democracy, but because it has newspaper government. You may recall that JEFFERSON said he would rather live in a country that had newspapers and no laws than in a country that had laws and no newspapers. Topeka is thrice blessed: it has laws *and* newspapers, and newspaper men administer the laws. To begin at the top, it is the capital city of a State which has ARTHUR CAPPER, newspaper publisher, for governor. JAY E. HOUSE, paragrapher, dramatic critic, and sport writer for Mr. CAPPER'S paper, is Topeka's mayor. An ex-newspaper man is chief of police. When he announced himself as a candidate, Mr. HOUSE liberated this characteristically Kansan statement:

> My purpose in running for mayor is not eleemosynary in its nature. I do not offer myself as a sacrifice to civic benefit. I am running for mayor primarily because I believe, in the event that I can be elected and make good, that it will help me. It will, I believe, give me some recognition, some prestige, that I cannot achieve in the editorial rooms of a newspaper office.

An odd feature of the situation is that the colyumist mayor does not always approve of the measures advocated by his newspaper-office chief, the governor. He often quarrels in print with the leader writers of the editorial page of the paper. It's a good deal the same way on another Kansas daily. In WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE'S Emporia "Gazette," WALT MASON rears up on his hind legs whenever he feels like so doing and attacks the principles of his boss in Mr. WHITE'S own newspaper. We like some Kansas ways.

Jagging Up on Grief

SCIENTISTS differ as to the true source of sadness of the soul. Some assign it to cross-eyes or other optical strains that hinder the mind from laying hold on reality; others insist on catarrh of the great intestine as the main cause; others take a more middle position and find the origin of all gloom in recalcitrance of the liver. Lacking expertness for such inside information, we can only note that gloom appears to be a true natural right and that most any literary young person can pickle himself in his own brine beyond the works of HEINZ. This sort of sadness usually turns to ink, and we find these humpty-dumpty Hamlets sloshing in vers libre over the pages of our magazines. One of our genial satirists, DON MARQUIS of the New York "Evening Sun," has hit off the weepers very effectively in some recent verses which may be enjoyed from these samples:

All glum and gray day follows day;
Friday, Saturday, Sunday . . .
I long ago forbore to seek
For variations in the week . . .
Each Tuesday tags its Monday!

Come thou with me, and thou shalt see,
While breaking hearts beat louder;
How laden spoons can rise and float
From sad tureen to throbbing throat
Where men sit eating chowder.

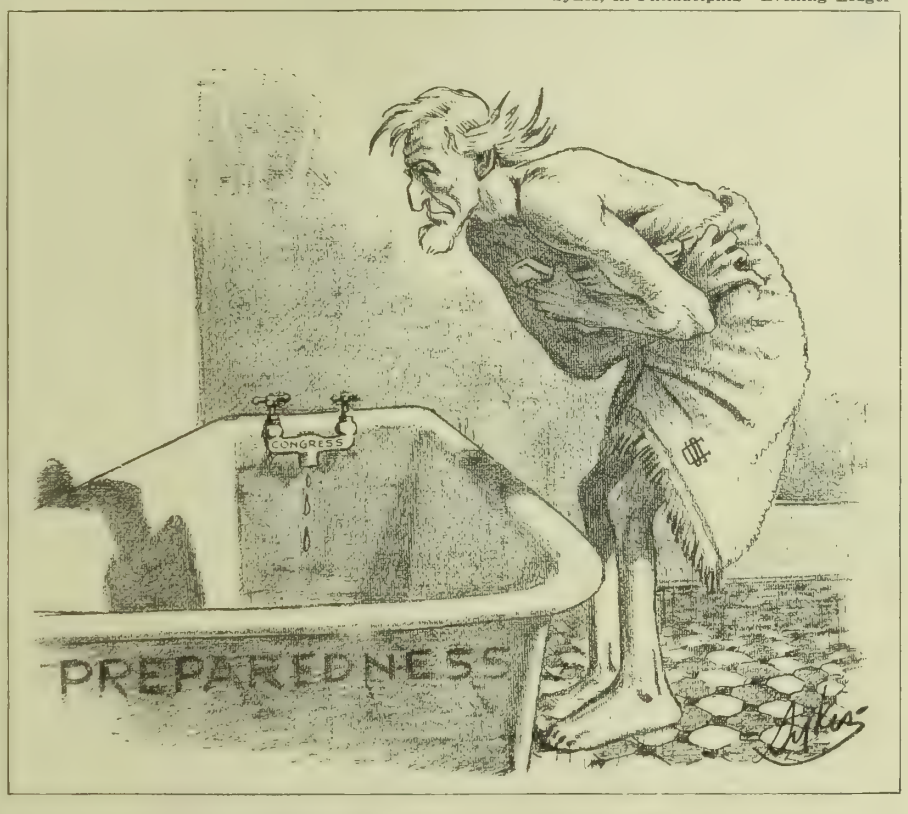
That is one good way of shaming a sham, but moments do occur when one prefers the direct method as set forth in the closing sentences of the twenty-fifth chapter of GEORGE BORROW'S "Lavengro":

> There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that I would gladly live forever. DOSTA, we'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves; and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother!

Brief Item on Clothes

THE big Eastern department stores staged the first chirpings of the Spring Song of Fashion on December 27, and the zero snaps along toward the end of February made the girls' straw hats look just about as foolish as the snug little overcoats the clever young men were wearing. We are a great and free people, and the weather isn't fast enough to keep ahead of us.

Sykes, in Philadelphia "Evening Ledger"



"You Know the Feeling!"

Are You Genial? Why?

OUR learned British contemporary, "The Accountant," in a lengthy and solemn obituary makes this interesting statement:

> He was a lifelong abstainer and a nonsmoker, but, as his many friends will willingly testify, he was nevertheless one of the most genial of souls.

It is a complete summary of the acidity-of-virtue theory, the notion that being "good" is such a strain as to frazzle the nerves, disrupt the digestion, and transpose the liver. Why is this fallacy anyhow? WORDSWORTH knew better when he wrote his "Happy Warrior." Most of the real saints have been perfectly well aware that a sour face does not prove religious faith. The encyclopedia states that the crusading King LOUIS of France had a sense of humor, and HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," drew an unforgetable picture of the abiding peace and joy in a certain good Quaker household where ELIZA took refuge. Nevertheless it is an implicit assumption with many of us to-day that sociability and good-fellowship are to be had only by the pint, plug, or ounce! What makes you genial — when you are so — and are you proud of it?

What a King Can Be

IN JOHN MUIR'S last book, "Travels in Alaska," there is an account of the coming of the missionaries to the Stickeen Indians about Fort Wrangell. Their ready acceptance of the new faith put the older members of the tribe in a cruel dilemma, and this is how the head chief met the situation:

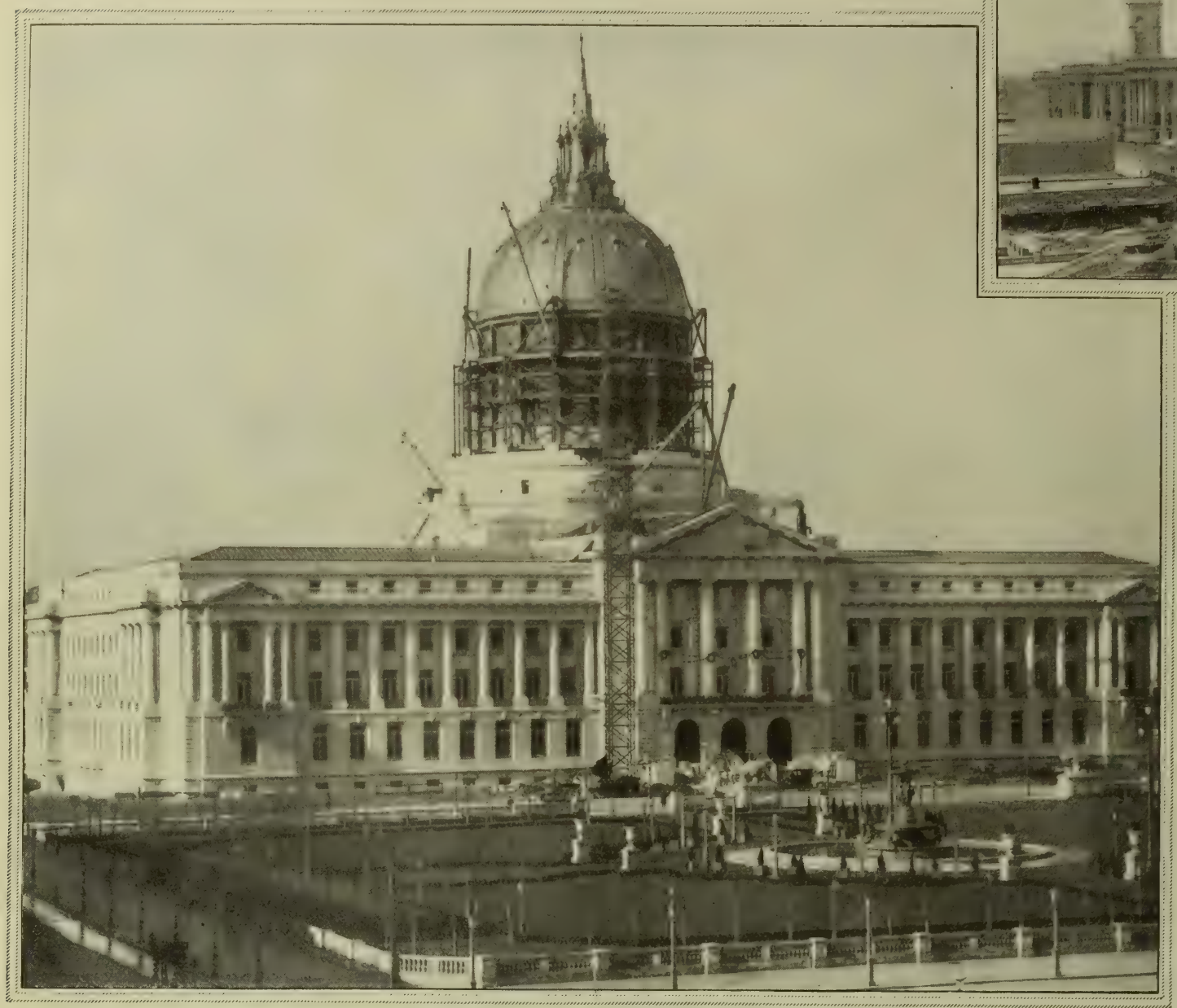
> I wish you to learn this new religion and teach it to your children that you may all go when you die into that good heaven country of the white man and be happy. But I am too old to learn a new religion, and, besides, many of my people who have died were bad and foolish people, and if this word the missionaries have brought us is true, and I think it is, many of my people must be in that bad country the missionaries call "Hell"; and I must go there also, for a Stickeen chief never deserts his people in time of trouble. To that bad country, therefore, I will go, and try to cheer my people and help them as best I can to endure their misery.

The only modern king we can think of as fit to stand with this old Indian is ALBERT of Belgium.

The Transformation

AT first it was nothing but a street: a stretch of roadway, two white ribbons of sidewalk, and a row of houses on either side. These stretched away as a collection of meaningless structures, conglomerations of wood and brick and stone and shingles, all new — and all dead. A least they had been dead until the moment when two little girls came gliding from one house and out on to the long sidewalk on their roller skates. They proceeded to propel themselves up and down the long reach of smooth walk, running races, shouting to each other, and spreading the spirit of their happiness up and down the whole street. After a while they deigned to stop and talk to us. There was eight-year-old ALICE in the blue sweater which sister had outgrown. Also there was little JANE, aged six. ALICE didn't talk much, except to tell us about that sweater, and that she went to school, and that she had a dog which a neighbor had christened Baudelaire ("but we all call him Bowdy"). Little JANE hardly stopped talking or dancing about. And she would have sung us a song were it not for the fact that our shoes were muddy, a bit of childish reasoning which she stuck to unmoved. Whether it was her virtuosity of imagination or the fact that she crinkled up her eyes when she laughed, which made her unforgetable, it would be hard to say. As we looked back from a distance the blithesome pair were still romping. And now the structures which had seemed mere rows of houses were suddenly transformed. Thanks to ALICE and JANE, they had become homes.

San Francisco's New City Hall



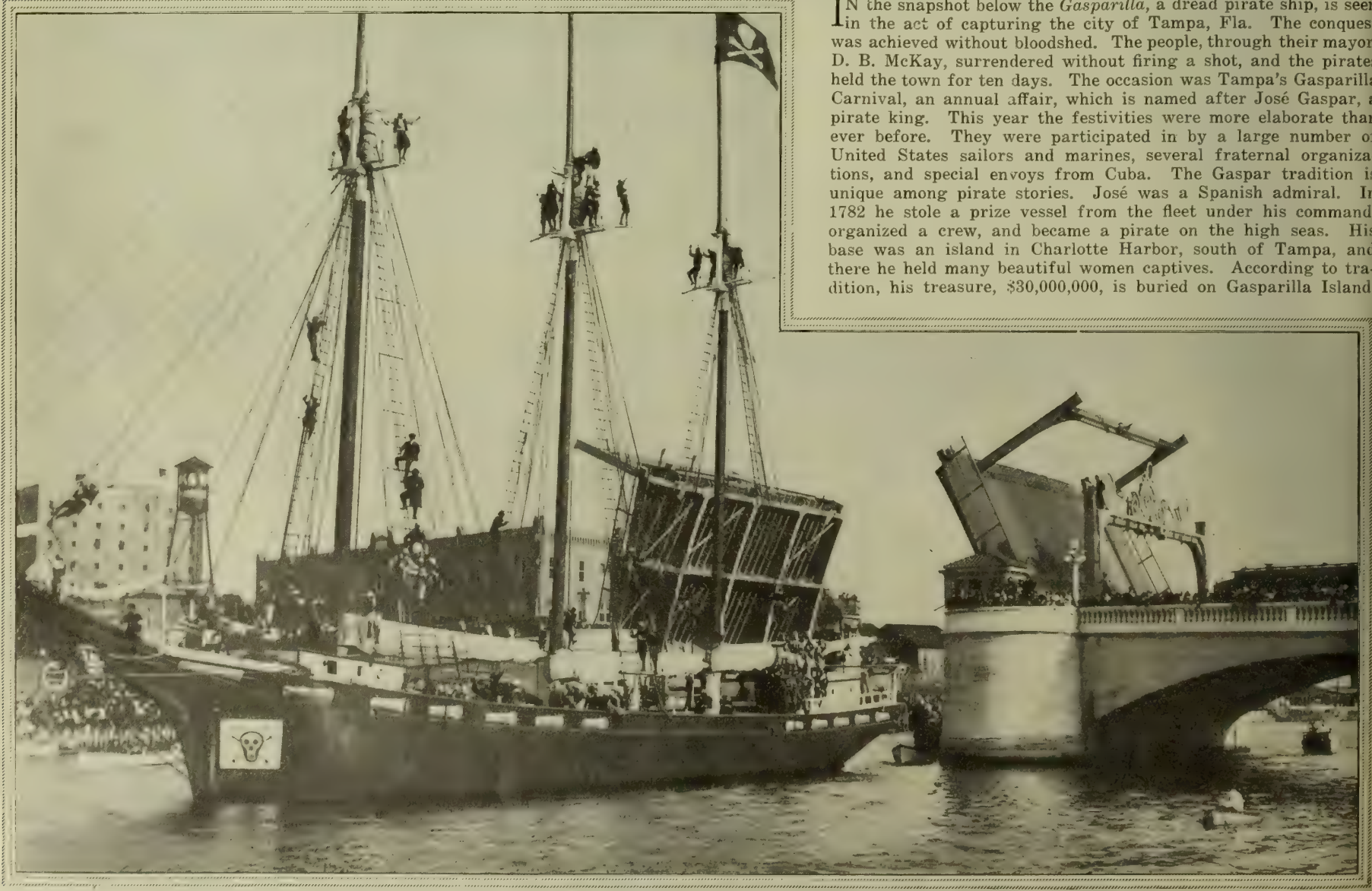
The San Francisco city hall, photographed as the finishing touches were being given to the dome. This is the first of a beautiful civic-center group the Pacific Coast metropolis is to have



AT the left is a photograph of San Francisco's new city hall, the first building in a beautiful civic-center group which has been planned by the municipal government and approved by the vote of the people. It is a granite structure covering an entire block, and cost approximately $3,500,000. The job was completed in a little less than three years. The ground was broken in April, 1913, and the building was occupied by Mayor Rolph and the heads of all the important municipal departments before April 1, 1916. Four years ago the people voted an $8,800,000 civic-center bond issue, and the remaining $5,300,000 will be spent for other buildings as they are most needed. The old city hall, seen in the photograph above, required nine years for construction, and was partially destroyed nine months after its dedication. The great fire of 1906 took all but the portion under the dome, which was known as the Hall of Records. The records have been removed, and the building will now be used as an emergency hospital.

Pirates Capture the City of Tampa

IN the snapshot below the *Gasparilla*, a dread pirate ship, is seen in the act of capturing the city of Tampa, Fla. The conquest was achieved without bloodshed. The people, through their mayor, D. B. McKay, surrendered without firing a shot, and the pirates held the town for ten days. The occasion was Tampa's Gasparilla Carnival, an annual affair, which is named after José Gaspar, a pirate king. This year the festivities were more elaborate than ever before. They were participated in by a large number of United States sailors and marines, several fraternal organizations, and special envoys from Cuba. The Gaspar tradition is unique among pirate stories. José was a Spanish admiral. In 1782 he stole a prize vessel from the fleet under his command, organized a crew, and became a pirate on the high seas. His base was an island in Charlotte Harbor, south of Tampa, and there he held many beautiful women captives. According to tradition, his treasure, $30,000,000, is buried on Gasparilla Island.



The "Gasparilla" with her pirate crew arriving in Tampa harbor just before the capture of the city. The ship is modeled after a vessel that Jose Gaspar, admiral in the Spanish navy, stole from the fleet under his command and sailed in during his raids along the Spanish Main. Members of the crew are seen in the rigging

Glimpses of the War in France



ALPINE CHASSEURS, BLUE DEVILS, as they are called by fellow countrymen, marching up a Vosges peak in the snow. At the beginning of the war the mountaineer soldiers from southeastern France were hailed as the equals of any fighting men in the world, and they have lived up to their reputation. Along the eastern part of the line, particularly around Hartmannsweilerkopf and St. Die, they have been the mainstay of the French forces in all kinds of fighting, from bayonet charges to heavy artillery duels



A FUNERAL PROCESSION FOR ZEPPELIN VICTIMS in Paris after a big raid on the night of January 29. In this attack twenty-four persons were killed and thirty wounded. Nearly all of them were women and children. By killing noncombatants in French and English cities German airmen seem to have hindered rather than advanced their cause. In France they have helped to keep the war feeling at fever heat, and in England they have been the means of sending thousands of men to the recruiting offices. Yet the Germans put a good deal of faith in this kind of warfare. They are building Zeppelins at the rate of one a week

"THE ONE A PHARISEE"

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE—PART II

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK

Boyce Kilworth, a kind of congenital prominent citizen and eminently respectable man of business, had a golden touch for making money. His stepbrother, Caleb Hale, a gambler, was weakly intemperate and profligate, but frank as to his faults and devoted to his shallow, vain wife, Vashti. Caleb, chagrined at the social ostracism facing his son, goes to Cripple Creek, where he has the luck to make a large fortune. Upon his return home he learns that his wife has been untrue, and he is stricken with grief

AND then for twenty-five years the winds of time and chance blew over the world. "I have seen," saith the preacher, "that time and chance come to every man." Now in every life are two forces that fashion it: the inner forces, the spiritual bent and inclination of the soul; and the outer forces of time and chance. So the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. But these rewards and counters of life—the race and the battle—are only the rewards and counters of exterior life—events, circumstances, material things. Within where the soul lies, where the heart reaps its harvest, there the race is to the swift, the battle is to the strong; and time and chance—the one tragically inevitable, the other shifting—pass with the fleeting days and temper the soul they beat upon until it shows forth its mettle and thus finds its just and inexorable destiny.

For twenty-five years these winds of fate—time and chance—blew across the life of Boyce Kilworth. They galvanized him with metallic success.

As the years piled upon him, Boyce Kilworth found fewer and fewer men to whom he cared to talk, and no women. At home he discoursed largely in ukases, and at the bank and at the tin mills he gave orders. The tin mills had spread over the acreage called Boyceville like a great, brown cancer on the hillside. A little town gathered around the mills—a model town, of course; a town with proper houses set at proper distances apart, with proper flowers growing in proper places, and proper people living in the model houses—a town wherein the plumbing and the marriage licenses in the proper homes were scrutinized with equal rigor! And over it all beamed the grace and beneficence of 7 per cent net on the investment!

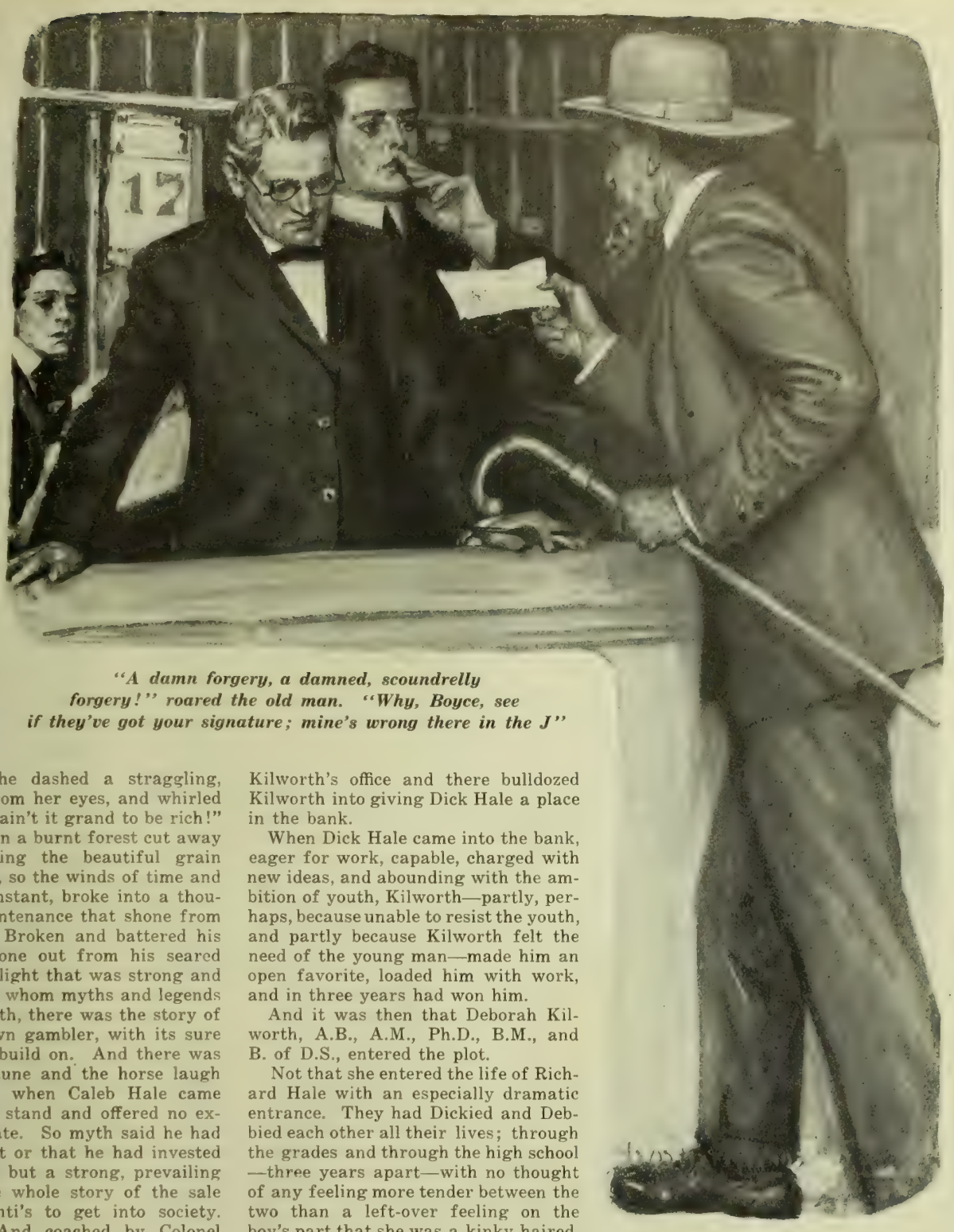
BUT at the bank, there his heart was! There, during most of the day, in the holy of holies behind his roll-topped desk, he sat sphinxlike and grim! And there the whole community bowed, whether they accepted his general providential suzerainty or not—bowed a willing neck to his heel in financial matters. Men who jeered at his highly moral feudalism gave their money to Kilworth for investment without question—and received their 7 per cent regularly. Scores of business men all but trusteed their property to Kilworth, and in the savings department of his bank hundreds of accounts were made by men and women who left their money personally with Boyce Kilworth, taking no receipt, trusting solely to his integrity. He had notes of merchants, real-estate dealers, and stockmen issued in blank to cover their overdrafts or for his own accommodation. The Kilworth bank was a one-man bank; it had officers and directors, of course, but they were rubber-stamp replicas of Boyce Kilworth. The Kilworth tin mills were one-man mills; the officers and directors were busy approving the plans of Boyce Kilworth. The Boyce Investment Company was a one-man real-estate concern; its officers and directors were consecrated to the high task of bringing the fullness of the earth to Boyce Kilworth. The church where he worshiped was a one-man church, where a preacher and the elders were devoutly bowed to the task of kotowing to Boyce Kilworth and enjoying him forever. So naturally his God was a one-man God whose enterprises in the universe were expected to bend to the prayers of Boyce Kilworth. "Heaven," so jibed Caleb Hale, "for Boyce is organized much like the bank, where there is a properly gray-haired, properly dignified, properly pliable cashier nominally in charge, but who wouldn't save a soul without consulting Boyce Kilworth, any more than old Grubbs at the bank would discount a twenty-five dollar note without consulting the head of the institution. Though I do believe that Boyce encourages the Lord's work among the heathen, much as he blesses Grubbs in his golf, because missionaries and golf are both well esteemed in high financial circles."



Deborah Kilworth, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., etc., leaned across the desk. "I can't sit like a tabby cat on the hearth and be happy," she said bitterly

Through the years that stretched half a century back, Boyce Kilworth had learned the habit of keeping his business in his head; sometimes in his wisdom he found it best not to deposit at once in its proper account a sum intrusted to him. During the panic of '93 he had learned that bank examiners could be fooled—when the inexorable need of financial salvation demanded that they be fooled—so as he blew the glorious bubble of his 7 per cent beneficence he raised from an exact science to a fine art the rather common and sordid business of robbing Peter to pay Paul. And as the Kilworth interests broadened, a score of small companies—holding companies, sales agencies, purchasing agencies, and their imitation corporations bearing almost similar names—grew up about the bank, and only Boyce Kilworth knew exactly which company was solvent and which was a paper travesty of its respectable companion. More and more he kept his own counsel; more and more he grew owlish, and more and more he was busy with his own affairs and had no time to talk. For he knew that a miscalculation, a moment's inadvertence, an hour's relaxation, would shatter a financial edifice which he regarded as a special dispensation of Providence in his favor. His faith in God was founded upon the miraculous preservance of the Traders' National Bank. He knew how great the miracle was, and paid his tithe, and did his stint of religious observance, and walked uprightly before men. And they said: Behold the substantial man, without fads or follies, without sentiment or foibles; him we may tie to! And so he waxed fat in riches and in power as the winds of time and chance blew over his life. But the house of Kilworth was built upon sand—stage morals and stage money. He was a man in his seventies who looked sixty—smooth of skin, with a shaven face, white of hair, steady of nerve, slow of brain, and so hard of heart and dead there that his crafty kindness, all prepense and put out at interest, fooled many men and most of all Boyce Kilworth. But it did not fool his sons-in-law; they knew him—all three of them: the saphead, Hardy, dubbed by Colonel Longford the Light of the Harem of the Country Club; the scoundrel, Griffin, who lived in the great city and sometimes forged a check which Kilworth had to cash, and Thompson, the plodder in the bank, who for five

long years had never been able to get a balance any day on any book over which he toiled and smudged and moiled. They all knew that Boyce Kilworth's heart was dead in him. And so did his youngest daughter, Deborah, twenty-six years old and still away from home at school—with a bachelor's degree, a master's degree, a doctor's degree, and taking music and domestic science—"anything on earth," quoth Elsie Barnes at the society editor's desk at the "Globe" office, "to keep her out of that whited sepulcher that the Kilworths call home. And her father down there at the bank, working his head off for his sons-in-law, who are mad because he doesn't die and let them have his money, and gnawing his heart out because the one daughter he has won't live with him and insists on spending a lot of money that he can't see 7 per cent in. Say, Charley," added Elsie, who was talking to the advertising solicitor as she dashed a straggling, dirty-brown lock of hair from her eyes, and whirled around to her typewriter, "ain't it grand to be rich!"



"A damn forgery, a damned, scoundrelly forgery!" roared the old man. "Why, Boyce, see if they've got your signature; mine's wrong there in the J"

As the prevailing winds in a burnt forest cut away the char and ashes, baring the beautiful grain from the heart of the wood, so the winds of time and chance, keen, merciless, constant, broke into a thousand wrinkles the glad countenance that shone from the heart of Caleb Hale. Broken and battered his face was, yet his eyes shone out from his seared countenance with an inner light that was strong and kind. He was a man about whom myths and legends gathered. For, to begin with, there was the story of his early career as the town gambler, with its sure basis of romantic facts to build on. And there was the legend of the lost fortune and the horse laugh that went up in the town when Caleb Hale came home and opened his cigar stand and offered no explanation for his lowly estate. So myth said he had gambled it away in a night or that he had invested it in wildcat mining stock, but a strong, prevailing tradition declared that the whole story of the sale was an invention of Vashti's to get into society. His cigar store failed. And coached by Colonel Longford, and without taking thought of Vashti, Caleb Hale opened a little restaurant, where he expected to serve rare, thick beefsteaks, mysterious omelets, and sea foods, rich and strange. But there Vashti rose with the strength of a giantess and appalled the colonel with her force. For she was grounded in a deep and abiding faith that beefsteaks should be pounded before cooking; she would brook no lettuce unless served with vinegar and sugar, and her idea of an omelet was scrambled eggs with minced ham. She overbore by sheer lung strength the two men who had dreamed such high dreams of commercialized art in cookery. So the restaurant closed, and that vision faded unrealized. It was after the restaurant closed that Caleb started a greenhouse on the lot he bought the week after he returned from Cripple Creek, and later he opened a flower store in the frayed end of Constitution Street. And there he stuck. A passion for flowers grew big and beautiful in him. And because it is the love of flowers that makes them thrive, slowly his greenhouse began to spread over the lot, to cover part of another lot, and then all of it, and little Dick Hale was graduated from high school and was able to go to college—to his father's college in Cambridge, and Caleb Hale's pride in the boy was a mania.

WHEN the boy came marching home with his degree he took that first calm, serene survey of the universe that youth takes, stepping into its place of conquest, and from the vantage of the flower store found little to do. For with some sort of exquisite irony upon Caleb's elaborate public scorn for money, Dick Hale had made his major study at Harvard "commerce and banking." Grizzled old Colonel Longford, shuffling into the flower shop during the first week of Dick Hale's return to conquer Pleasant Ridge, broke in upon a sad, pitiful little interview between father and son about the limited territory offering itself for conquest along lines of banking and commerce in a flower shop, and the colonel toddled out on his three legs with what fire he could blow into his manner, and came rattling into Boyce Kilworth's office and there bulldozed Kilworth into giving Dick Hale a place in the bank.

When Dick Hale came into the bank, eager for work, capable, charged with new ideas, and abounding with the ambition of youth, Kilworth—partly, perhaps, because unable to resist the youth, and partly because Kilworth felt the need of the young man—made him an open favorite, loaded him with work, and in three years had won him.

And it was then that Deborah Kilworth, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., B.M., and B. of D.S., entered the plot.

Not that she entered the life of Richard Hale with an especially dramatic entrance. They had Dickied and Debbied each other all their lives; through the grades and through the high school—three years apart—with no thought of any feeling more tender between the two than a left-over feeling on the boy's part that she was a kinky-haired, dirty-faced kid, and on her part that he was one of the big smarties who bedeviled little girls in the lower classes. Yet Deborah Kilworth, being in doubt, turned to an authority, and, the authority being in the bank, one July afternoon she went there, drew up a chair in front of Dick Hale's flat-top desk, and began: "Dickie—what about Radcliffe? You're a Harvard man, and it's Barnard or Radcliffe for me next year. I want to do some work in social organization of the ancient Assyrian cities, and I feel that Harvard has the first courses, though if Pennsylvania were a place for women— But I don't care much for Philadelphia—it's either New York or Boston—so tell me about Radcliffe: what kind is it?"

"Going after Nineveh and Tyre, eh?" he teased, smiling boyishly into her earnest gray eyes. "Say, Debbie, why start so far up the social tree? Have you heard of the perfectly cracking course they're giving next year at Johns Hopkins?—something about the beginnings of social instinct as manifest in the gregarious habits of the infusoria founded upon the amorphic method of reproducing their species: great business; better try it. Get down to grass roots!"

The gray eyes met the blue with a hurt expression, and the girl replied: "Oh, Dickie, don't be a fool. Tell me about Radcliffe—"

The young man grinned into the serious gray eyes and began: "Well, Deb, it seems to me that, for a girl who has taken her A.B. at Kansas University, her master's degree at Wellesley, her doctor's degree at Wisconsin, her music at Oberlin, and her domestic science at Illinois, Radcliffe hasn't much to show except the cloistered life and the bluestocking of commerce."

"That's what I've heard—rather sheltered and exotic?" she questioned.

He nodded and burst out: "Say, Debbie, why don't you quit all this educational rounding, straighten up, and settle down, and—"

She smiled cheerfully at him. "And get father another son-in-law? No, thank you. Not for—"

"Look here now, Debbie, listen to me! Did you know that it is the sorrow of your father's life that—"

"Yes, and he's got three other sorrows of his life," she broke in flippantly. "There's little Hardy, and George Griffin, and poor Thompson—three death's heads perching on his bedpost, grinning at him in his sleep, waiting for him to die; and I presume you want me to bring in a fourth—"

THEY laughed, because youth always laughs when nothing else presents itself, and Dick answered: "Oh, well, Deb, you know I didn't mean that. I meant why not come home and live and—"

"Dick!" she exclaimed, "I have my side too. What if I do come home? What will I come home to?" She paused and smiled and said: "Now, I'm going to feel dreadfully sorry for myself, but if I come home it's only to hear money—money—money dinged at me all the time. Do you know," she asked cynically, "that my education to date has cost father $11,387.64 in principal, and 7 per cent interest on the sum invested if I had not spent it? Do you know that father invests $9,348.93 every year in benevolences and that he adds what he spends on us girls at Christmas to make the sum larger and fool the Lord? Did you know that he gave the widow of a man killed in the zinc galvanizing works $234 yesterday for her husband, and then set it down as charity? Why, Dick—Dick—did you realize that father actually figures that beautiful, model village of Boyceville as a 7 per cent investment: just a 7 per cent investment, including the overhead charges, as he calls it? Perhaps—I don't know, but perhaps at one time he was moved by the beauty of it, the fine fraternity of it—once—long ago," she mused with a troubled frown. "I'm not sure, but now—now he thinks he has figured out a 9 per cent increase in the efficiency of the men by reason of their housing! Think of that, Dick!" She was gripping the mahogany board before her and looking steadily at the youth facing her as she cried: "That's what I hear—when I hear anything at all out of father—and when he's out of the house I hear Esther and Mary and Ruth whine and sniffle because 'papa gives so much away'; and mamma siding right in with them when they're at home, and right in with father when the girls are away. Oh, Dickie!"—she was speaking quickly and earnestly—"I know that father gives you an impression that I'm a heartless wretch and not a good daughter, but—"

"No, Deborah," interrupted Hale. His blue eyes had met the burning light in the gray eyes that sought and held his in the girl's emotion, and he was embarrassed. "Only I rather thought—"

"Oh, you rather thought what they all think," she cut in bitterly: "that a girl with a beautiful home, with a devoted father, and a slave of a mother, and three doting sisters, whose psychology tests show that they quit growing mentally at about ten years old, should stay at home and intrigue and mollycoddle father for fifty or a hundred dollars, and hear him translating every fine and beautiful thing on earth into its greatest common denominator in money—money—money; should sit like a tabby cat on the hearth and be happy. But I can't, Dick Hale—I can't and I won't!"

THE girl was leaning across the desk. The young man had risen and pushed the door shut lest the janitor, sweeping in the deserted counting room in front, might hear her rising voice. He stood over



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Clean out your crank case. Fill with kerosene. Run your motor about thirty seconds under its own power. Draw out all kerosene and refill with Veedol.

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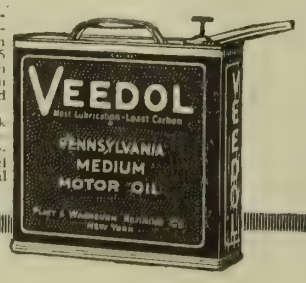
This book explains the A B C's of oil refining and finishing. It gives full information regarding the laboratory and practical service tests to which lubricants are subjected before final approval and shipment.

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Veedol is supplied in one gallon and 5 gallon sealed cans, 15 gallon, 28 gallon and 55 gallon steel drums, and in 28 and 50 gallon white oak barrels. A special pouring device is supplied with each metal container



her, looking at the strong, capable hands clasped convulsively on the desk, and his eyes rose gently to her eyes that were looking, first down, then up at him in a misery that touched a new spring in his heart.

"Dick," she began, "ever since father has been making you his favorite here, I've known what you'd think, and someway I've wanted you to know, to understand, to appreciate my point of view."

HE dropped into a chair near her, tilted it back, rocking on his toes in silence a few seconds, and said as he looked steadily at her: "Deb, it's—it's tough—tough luck! Why, someway I never—I supposed, of course, that—"

"Exactly"—bitterly. "You supposed I just loved the dry nonsense of textbooks and the empty pursuit of knowledge—and me an old girl hanging around the colleges like a ghost with the other anemic old maids, and pie-faced old bachelors who haven't got spunk enough to get out and try real life. Well, I hate it—if you must know." She stopped a moment, then blurted out, blushing up to her curling hair: "Dick Hale, listen! I want just what other women want: a home—and—and everything! But the everlasting money—money—money keeps me away from it. The men who'd marry me for my money and make another son-in-law I wouldn't have, and the men I'd like—they're the kind who are too proud to be sons-in-law—" She threw out her hands hopelessly and cried: "So I'm going to Radcliffe—or Barnard. And because he can't make me helpless—as helpless as mother and the girls; as helpless as the preachers he always wheedles out of conference; as helpless as the men at the mills and in the bank; as helpless as everything, everyone but you, Dick, that father has around him, and as gangrened with money—you and the whole town think I'm a person"—here she smiled and began to laugh—"without proper human emotions."

The laugh saved the scene. They both laughed. And the girl pushed her chair back impulsively and rose, saying: "Now, Dickie, just forget it, and remember women have no souls and that I'm like all the rest."

He stood in the doorway watching her as she turned the corner, and the phrase "the men I'd like" kept coming back to his mind, and he wondered what sort of fellows she really would like, and if maybe he was of the sort.

SO DICK HALE, with a vision of soft brown hair curling and blowing about a vivid face, with a vision of exceedingly even teeth, and a good, healthy skin—with a vision before his eyes of a woman who seemed for the first time fair to him—went back to his work. And his work was the rather delicate business of putting the bank in order for the visit of an examiner the next day: a task which in three years had been transferred by Kilworth largely to the younger man. Kilworth, as had become his custom when an examination was imminent, before leaving the bank that night, had laid out certain things for Dick to do—certain emergency matters that had to be lifted out and scattered among the notes—with the accommodation paper that Kilworth's friends had left in blank for him to use at will. Also there was a note of Colonel Longford's to be signed—as the colonel desired a renewal and had written to Kilworth from Wagon Wheel Gap, Colo., to extend the old note. But the old note was in a bank in Vermont, so Hale had been told to make out a new note with a signature as nearly like the colonel's as he could. He often did such things for Kilworth. They were not included in the theory of banking and commerce as Dick had learned it at Harvard. But in the practical conduct of a bank his teachers had told him he would find certain varying practices, and he had found them. They constituted Mr. Kilworth's way, and that was enough for Dick Hale. He knew, for instance, without having been told by Kilworth or by the others in the bank, that the Kilworth corporations were large borrowers from the bank, and he vaguely suspected that these loans represented Kilworth's liabilities; but he reasoned if the Federal banking laws hampered a man so entirely able to pay as Boyce Kilworth was from borrowing from the bank, then naturally good banking would compel the bank to adopt the very subterfuges to conceal the transactions which the bank used. So there was the paper of the Boyce Investment Company and of the various subsidiary corporations organized by Mr. Kilworth to conduct the sheet-metal works. But their notes and obligations had to be cleared out of the way before the examiners arrived and other paper put in the note drawer. Dick himself had borrowed five thousand from a bank in Utica, N. Y., with Boyce Kilworth's endorsement upon the note; had bought some stock in the Corrugated Metal Manufacturing Company for a song, at Mr. Kilworth's suggestion; had smiled when he saw his rating one day in a commercial report as good for $50,000, and after that rating appeared had often given Mr. Kilworth his note for rather large amounts to use with Kilworth's indorsement in the East. But the bank was paying 8 per cent semi-annual dividends and its stock was selling at 150 per cent premium; so Dick Hale bent over his task of fixing up the cash items for the examiners and damned the banking laws in general and the rules in particular that were making him work overtime. Also he resolved that he would never be a mere son-in-law. But he felt that if the man who had offered him ten thousand for his Corrugated Metal stock was in earnest, and would bring in the money tomorrow, Dick Hale knew a place—a snap in fact—where he could invest that ten thousand and turn it ten times over in two years, and he dreamed of a day within the reasonably near future when Boyce Kilworth might be a mere father-in-law. So he got out a striking imitation of Colonel Longford's note, put a few papers among the morning's collections that looked plausible, as per directions of Kilworth, slipped something like a hundred thousand dollars' worth of accommodation papers into the note drawer and, whistling "The Beautiful Lady" between his teeth at half past six, squinted over a tentative statement of the bank's three-million-dollar business, for Mr. Kilworth's guidance the next day, that looked like an oil painting of prosperity. He called up the Kilworth home to ask Mr. Kilworth if he desired to see the statement that night, and when Deborah came to the telephone he played with her for two minutes or so before letting her put her father on the line. That night after dinner he and Boyce Kilworth went over the statement carefully, after their custom, line upon line, in the curious little cubby-hole filled with expensive unread books in glittering sets that Kilworth called the library. At ten o'clock the banker threw his hand down on his desk to indicate that he was satisfied, and called to his daughter, reading in the living room, to see that Dick got safely out, while Boyce Kilworth reached for his Bible to read his evening chapter about the Lord's extreme solicitude for those He has chosen to honor. On the wide veranda, twelve feet deep, with its massive pillars and heavy limestone railings, the youth and the maiden loitered for a moment, and the girl asked sharply:

"Dickie, what are you and father up to: about that examiner?"

"Bookkeeping," smiled the youth.

"Bookkeeping?" But he saw her serious eyes in the twilight and answered her frankly:

"There's no reason why you shouldn't know. It's this: good banking and the banking laws sometimes don't jibe. We keep our books one way in order to get results and we have to keep our books another way to satisfy the examiner who isn't interested in results, but is bound by rules; that is all there is in it. We had a tip from Atchison that an examiner was coming down the line to-morrow and we're getting ready for him."

"And father is worried, Dick—I know father."

Their eyes met for a frank second, and Dick smiled and shook his head: "Not a thing in the world in it, Debbie; he's just seventy-four years old and—seventy-four years timid—that's all."

THE girl put her hand out, but withdrew it before it touched him, and then she cried: "Father may be everything else under the shining sun, Dick Hale, but he never was and never will be timid."

He maneuvered himself into a position near her where their arms touched. She did not shrink away. And they were silent a moment, looking out into the lawn below them. The man whistled softly a bar from some street tune, and said gently, without turning to look at her: "Nothing to it, sis—nothing but the baseless fabric of a dream, Debbie." He turned to her, reached out his hand, took hers, shook it in bashful quickness, and skipped down the broad stone

steps, calling mockingly: "Sleep, my pretty one, sleep—thy father is watching his sheep!"

RICHARD HALE walked home slowly through that July night. His mind was busy with new trains of thought. For the first time he had a curious, uneasy feeling about Boyce Kilworth. All that his daughter had said that day about him, her warning that evening, had unsettled the young man. And he recognized as he ran down his emotions to their source that it was not what had been said but the author of what had been said that disturbed him. The hair and the eyes and the teeth and the voice—all for the first time striking him as beautiful—had impressed him; had caught his attention and held it to what the girl had said. So he ran it over and over in his mind. He knew Boyce Kilworth measured everything by its money value; but why not? Different men had different standards of value, he reasoned; was not one standard as good as another, and were not men of differing standards equally good men? A banker dealt with money; why not value things by the measure he understood? But in his heart someway—perhaps it was the argument of the hair and eyes and teeth and voice—Richard Hale knew that his logic was lame. And the last thing he heard at night as he turned to sleep was a voice crying: "Why, Dick, he even turns into 7 per cent interest that beautiful model village he has made of Boyceville!"

In the night he woke up wondering why the year before Boyce Kilworth had trusteed in four separate trusts two hundred thousand dollars each for his daughters, and taken the account and the trusts to New York. He had not questioned it before. But again the voice and the eyes and the beauty of a girl's presence, newly discovered, made the query in his heart persist. He woke in the morning keen to have the buyer for his Corrugated Metal stock materialize and anxious to make the larger plunge that would bring him the greater return, but again the voice cried: "The men I'd like," and he asked if she would like a fellow whose morning thoughts were of money. As he dressed he heard his father whistling softly outside, where Dick knew the elder man was pottering around among his garden flowers—probably among his giant delphiniums and bees—playing the old game of plant breeding.

When he went out Dick found his father standing proudly before the giant stalk of blue that was known of men as the Hale Delphinium. A great splash of rich color was smeared across the length of the garden, and Caleb Hale, with his shirt sleeves rolled above his elbows, was poking the earth in the bed, or the next moment standing arms akimbo, head on one side, squinting at the glory of the proud, upstanding, gorgeous blossoms. The father turned at the son's approach and cried: "By—Johnnie—boy, aren't they splendid? And to think that all over this world, Dick—everywhere, even down in Australia and in South America—Hale's delphiniums are splotching blue in gardens and parks and flower beds; and all because I took to playing with the bees a dozen years ago, to make a flower that would stand our dry, hot summers. Why, Dick, they're as hardy as their granddaddies the larkspurs, and never will run out; long after I'm gone these things will be gladdening the eyes of the world. That's something—eh, Dick!"

The battered, broken old face lighted up in a cracked smile of joy, and the son asked: "But have they made you anything, pater—what has Hale's Delphinium netted you?"

The father's voice broke into a chuckling laugh as he answered: "Why, what do I know? You see, Dick, we busted our adding machine and I lost my ready reckoner twenty years ago, and I never installed a cost system." He cocked a humorous blue eye at his son as he continued: "I suppose if I counted my time at fifty cents an hour, and the time of the bees at, say, ten cents an hour, and the interest on the value of the lot, compounded semi-annually, and then stuck in 30 per cent for overhead charges and marketing, I'd have been in the poorhouse on Hale's Delphinium long ago." He stopped to laugh at his conceit and added seriously: "Here's the way I figure it, Dick: All over the earth people glance at these big, jumping spots of blue flowers, and a little thrill of joy hits 'em. They don't know why, but I do. It's the comeback of the soul to beauty, the reaction of the infinite on the human heart. Such ineffable beauty no human hand could make; it's a token of something bigger than us, Dick, in the world—God's visiting cards stuck around all over the earth—to let 'em know He's called. And, being Hale's delphiniums, I'm traveling in fairly good company, boy! That's how I figure it." The old face, wrinkled and twisted with dead emotions, with the once hard lines softened, stared up into his son's face with a glow of pride as he asked: "Ain't that something, Dick—almost as good as Boyce's millions?"

The night thoughts of the son formed on his lips and he asked: "Father, why don't you like Boyce Kilworth?"

THE father dropped his arms to his side and let his eyes fall on the ground as he answered musingly: "Well, I don't seem to cotton to Boyce, do I, Dick?" He paused and added: "I never did." His head drooped reflectively as he droned on: "Always got in my gorge and made me want to heave. So kind of damn smoothly, evenly, successful! Dick," he cried, "look at that face—not a wrinkle, not a retraced step shown, not a temptation conquered, not a line from an aching heart." Caleb Hale lifted his head and cried passionately: "How God must pity—perhaps even scorn—the life that shines through that kind of a face!" The old face was turned to the boy's and the father cried: "Oh, Dick—Dick, my boy—never a shame to sting his pride, never a remorse to furrow his heart, never a fall to test his strength, never a failure to harrow his soul—what did God put us here for, son, if not to come out stronger by our weaknesses, braver by our retreats, bigger by wrestling with our meannesses, holier by coming into love through hate! Boyce Kilworth's ghastly success has cost him all these things. So, someway, I don't care for him. I just kind of feel he's missed the whole meaning of life, and I'm agin him!"

The keen blue eyes searched the young face for a quiver of recognition. The son shook his head and sighed: "Someway I don't follow you, pater. I can't, for the life of me, see what Mr. Kilworth has done to—"

"Done? Done? Ha, boy, that's just it! He'd be better if he had done, if he would do something miserable. I'm a poor, lost sinner, Dick, and I know it—Lord, how I know it! But sin wasn't what I did so much as it was what I was! Sin is a symptom of a disease of the soul—and Boyce's trouble is ingrown. The sinner, Dickie, is the cuss who grinds his guts out day by day for material things, for selfish things, for measly, finite things, and Boyce's whole life, ugh—" he shuddered—"has been one long chase of dollars for the sake of dollars, dollars for the power of Kilworth, dollars for the glory of Kilworth, dollars to make Kilworth the great tin god of a Providence in the community! And the devil's answer to all his assumption is to set three leering sons-in-law forever before him with their thumbs on their noses, wiggling their fingers at his pride!"

Caleb Hale laughed and sat down on a packing box and chuckled: "Aye," another chuckle, "God will not be mocked—God will not be mocked."

When he had finished laughing he rose and said: "Come on to breakfast, Dick, and don't let them fool you into thinking He will be either. Sixty years of bumping the world on the sharp places has taught me that, son—and I give you that and Hale's Delphinium as your heritage! The lawyers can't bust the will and take that from you, my boy!" . . .

AS he worked that day in the bank, marching and countermarching through his accounts with the examiner, while Boyce Kilworth sat at his desk making large O's on a paper and watching the contest from the tail of his eyes, Dick Hale forgot the morning's talk, but in his undersoul it pricked him like a thorn and made him dimly unhappy. Only in the late afternoon, when the examiner had gone and Deborah Kilworth came down to the bank in her electric car to take her father home, did the thorn in Dick's conscience ease him. He looked up and saw her wearing a great bunch of Hale's delphiniums; so his own heart thrilled at the beauty he could not express, and their eyes carried to both hearts a wordless message that was deep and sweet.

All that summer their hearts spoke words that they dared not put upon their lips, and each was shy and fear-

(*Continued on page* 24)



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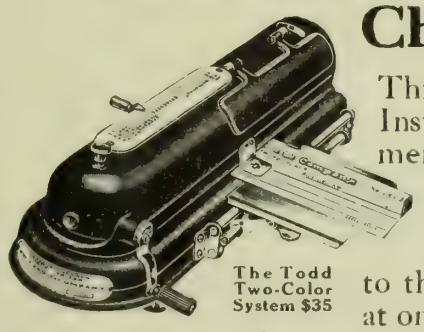
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ful lest the other misunderstand what both were feeling. Such is the way with love that sinks deeper than the flesh. For of all the unfathomable, commonplace mysteries that go to make up the unfathomable commonplace mystery of life none is more baffling than the commonplace mystery of love. How do hearts communicate through the silences? Or, stranger still, how do hearts find, through the elaborate and studied silliness of such small talk as convention allows unpledged lovers, the golden wire, laden with things deeply beautiful? Yet if lovers did not speak through the hidden channels to the heart, if only spoken words were left to life and love, what monstrous, indeed what hideous, courage it would take for a lover to seek his first kiss! The truth is that the lips are the laggards of love; they come stuttering along with their empty words long after eyes and voice and finger tips—and Heaven only knows what else, for therein lies the mystery—have gone forth seeking eagerly, and have found the way of the ineffable peace, and have plighted troth over and over again.

So during the summer that followed the meeting in the bank, where first their hearts glowed with a new and holy fire far below their conscious selves, these two, going about their daily round of work and play, were slowly and amid much conscious amazement—after the old commonplace fashion—meeting out in the place of mysteries beyond the senses, and reading line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, the secret meaning of each other's hearts. To transcribe the dialogue of lovers whose lips are sealed is to set down the emptiest chaff in language. Here they meet at a dinner party, there at tennis, yonder at the bank, and again on the street. And when they meet they fall to with a will, threshing chaff! Yet in the chaff, apart from the words, hidden in eyes and tones and touch, lies the grain that is ripening in their hearts. It is all tearfully funny and comically sad—this mystery of nest-making in the heart.

AT the end of the summer, of an August evening, just before Deborah Kilworth is to leave for Radcliffe, they are sitting together in the deep veranda of the Kilworth residence, listening to the screeching night fiddles of the katydids, the xylophones of the crickets, and the interminable crash of small night sounds that affront the ear in those embarrassed silences that come when two hearts are struggling to push back from weak lips the words not ready to be uttered. Finally talk starts up; perhaps it is of books: serious books, very likely, for the poor intellect is miserably floundering to regain its balance; or maybe politics—fancy politics in a love scene, or religion, which is just as grotesque, yet often is used to fill the gaps that make the silences every heart fears and loves in times like this. At the end of one of these joyously painful silences the young man broke out:

"Debbie, I wonder if you'd care to know I'll make a lot of money—for me—on my Oklahoma oil-lands deal?"

There jumped into her consciousness, like a trout from a pool, the fear that perhaps he fancied money gave him some status with her, and she cried:

"Oh, no, I don't care, Dick, how much you make or how little. It's not what money you make, but what money makes of you that counts. Take it if it comes—speed it if it goes—and you're safe."

"I know, Debbie," returned the youth, "only I thought you hated money; so I was afraid to tell you before—"

"Yes—yes," she answered, "I understand, Dick. Money is nothing, I suppose, one way or another, if you consider it properly; but it is liable to become a cumulative poison in the heart. We—we, we—Dick—we must not measure life by money!" The "we" that she spoke spilled from her lips unconsciously. He caught it up with an eager "Oh, Debbie, we'll not!" He repeated: "We'll not." But the "we" was spilled, the straw from the heart's nest had tumbled into life, and the girl went on bravely:

"Dick, you've been so good to me this summer; you've understood." She stopped and looked into his eyes where words were not needed, then she went on: "Dick, let's you and me promise ourselves we'll be the kind of friends who measure life in joy, in service, in—in—" She was pushing back from her lips the obvious word, and the youth before her glowed happily into her eyes as he laughed: "In—in— Oh, Debbie, why not use the short and lovely word?"

She blushed and turned away crying as she pushed his hand back: "Oh, Dickie, don't be a fool! Let's just be friends." And so the old commonplace mystery of love working its miracle in their lives rose almost to their lips and they parted holding in their memories the glimpse they had of the straw from their hearts' nest they were building busily in the silences.

THEN the autumn, the winter, and the spring went by, and as the months sped they cut care into the young man's face—care that even the letters from Deborah could not erase. For slowly he was coming into the knowledge of good and evil in a bank; slowly he was finding the sham and illusion behind Boyce Kilworth's respectability.

The night following the day of Deborah Kilworth's return from Radcliffe, after her ten months' absence, she heard her father call Dick Hale upon the telephone and summon him to the Kilworth house. And later, from a room wherein she sat trying to read, a room near by her father's library, she kept hearing the petulant voice of her father complaining in short, rasping sentences as the younger man explained something, or expostulated, she was not sure which it was. But it was evident that a bank examiner was in town on his semioccasional visit, and that the young man was trying vainly to take a stand against the judgment of the elder.

"But I tell you I've always bluffed 'em," the girl heard her father insist. And again, after young Hale had gone over some problem, the old banker snapped: "Cheap bank clerks, appointed by cheap congressmen, working for a cheap politician in Washington who is always legging for a big job down in New York—I know 'em."

The girl tried to read her book and shut out the clamor, and succeeded for a time, but her father's voice, rising in a whine of rage, attracted her with: "I tell you, boy, the only way to win our game is to beat theirs."

He would not go into the problem, whatever it was, that the younger man was presenting. Finally the old man broke out angrily: "Sound banking? Sound banking? I've run this bank since seventy-three, and I beat 'em in four panics, and I tell you stick to their rules—it's their rules that count—their rules and regulations. I know 'em by heart, and I've never been caught breaking a rule, and they know it. Stick to their rules on the books and fool 'em and bluff 'em!" Evidently young Hale tried to stop Kilworth, for the old man cried: "Ain't it my bank? Ain't it my money? Now, sir, I have told you what to do—go do it!"

Apparently the younger man was picking up his papers, for a long silence ensued. Her father, clearly piqued and fretting, mumbled: "I know how to run that bank. My way has been good for forty years, and I don't want you to bring your college fads and isms of sound banking around me."

At the door Kilworth threw a growl at Hale: "I know my way, and it's always won. I shan't go trying your goody-goody game with things like they are now!"

In the veranda, where the girl hurried to meet the young man, she saw a worried, tired face. Their hands met, and the handclasp lingered as they crossed the veranda. She asked anxiously: "What is it, Dick?"

He put her soft, yielding hand to his face and held it there unresisting a moment, as one applying a healing balm, and answered gently: "I can't go into it all now, Debbie, but, oh, it is so good—so good to know that you are here—so near—now!"

On the front step he paused to look into the beautiful face of the girl gazing at him intently, and then Hale exclaimed: "Oh, Deb—Deb—if the pater in there just had one memory of one time when he had played a different game and won, what a big help it would be to-night." Then he turned and left her.

It was the summer when the world's supply of zinc had been poured into the alloy of cannon, and that summer some devilish fate had given Boyce Kilworth a contract at the Corrugated Metal mills for half a million dollars' worth of corrugated zinc tubing, and found him without a pound of zinc on hand, with zinc consorting with the precious metals. Work was dragging

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at all the other mills in Boyceville, and the old banker was walking gingerly and slowly through a labyrinth of chicanery that he had built up day by day and month by month during forty years of banking.

Next morning came the first warning shudder of the coming earthquake which was to wreck the house of Kilworth. The first tremor startled the bank when Colonel Longford, cheerfully hobbling into the countingroom, stood before the note counter and bawled gayly across to the clerk at the note docket:

"Hi, there, you Hank Thompson, son-in-law of Crœsus, and keeper of the records and seals, come here." The old voice piped gleefully. "What kind of an insti-damn-tution are you running here anyway?" He drew from his pocketbook a slip of paper and waved it at the meek son-in-law who stood wondering what blunder he had made this time: "Sending me a notice of a note due that I paid God knows how long ago."

The old man rattled his cane on the brass railing at his feet and cried: "Oh, you bankers, I'm glad to get it on you! You're such an exacting set of old maids that it's worth twenty-five thousand dollars to catch you in an error." Thompson was flapping the leaves of his note docket. A clerk near the note cage had gone in to look over the paper set out for notification. An examiner working on the cash ledger dropped his pen and shoved the clerk aside as the colonel called to the back room of the bank:

"Hi—hi—hi! You, Boyce; you, Dick, why don't you get some clerks here who can run a bank?"

He was laughing. "Boyce, come out here and let's go over to Pete's and get some cigars; it's worth a pocketful to set my old heart jumping as it did when I got this notice. Why, man, I haven't seen twenty-five thousand dollars in twenty-five thousand years."

Hale was in the banking room trying to get in front of the examiner to reach the bundle of notes in the drawer first. Kilworth, gaping and pale, sat in his room with his hand trembling on his desk.

But the examiner reached the note drawer well ahead of Hale, clicking the cage-door lock behind him. A little group of customers drew around the colonel, smiling in anticipation of the fun. But Dick Hale was not smiling. He was trying to catch the colonel's laughing eyes. In a minute the examiner had a note out of the bundle and, shoving it across the marble counter under the wicket, asked: "What about this, colonel?"

Colonel Longford eyed the paper. It was a note for $25,000; it had apparently come into the bank for collection from a New York bank, and it bore Boyce Kilworth's indorsement across the back. Vainly Dick Hale coughed and tried to divert the old man's attention.

The old eyes scanned the paper closely. Finally the old, piping voice changed its note and roared: "A damn forgery—a damned, scoundrelly forgery. Why, Boyce," he cried, "see if they've got your signature; mine's wrong there in the J. I never make a J that way: it looks like that, but I swipe the pen up, and this is carefully drawn down, and I never in my life signed it John. I always sign it Jno—you know that!"

THE examiner looked at the colonel and caught Dick Hale's eyes trying to reach the old man: "Let's go into the back room, gentlemen," said the examiner. As they turned out of the lobby of the bank the colonel saw Kilworth's ashen-gray face. He looked up and caught Dick Hale's signal. But he met the examiner's eyes at the same instant. Slowly through the old brain a glimpse of the truth made its way. As he walked back to Kilworth's desk he resolved what to do.

He lifted his keen old eyes to the examiner's face, pulled a cigar from a case, snipped the end off as he sank into a deep upholstered chair, and asked: "Boyce, say, that couldn't be that note I asked you to sign for me last winter when I hurt my hand, could it? By George, I believe I haven't paid that note—now, have I? It was for that Santa Fe stock I bought. Well, I'm a goat!"

The examiner sniffed. Kilworth saw it. He cleared his throat, paused a moment, and said slowly: "Well, now I don't just remember. Ask Mr. Hale."

"We'll trace it back and see," said the examiner, putting the note in a pocketbook before him and arising.

To be Concluded Next Week

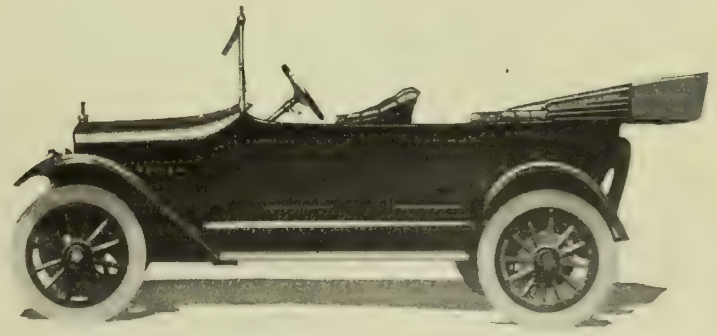
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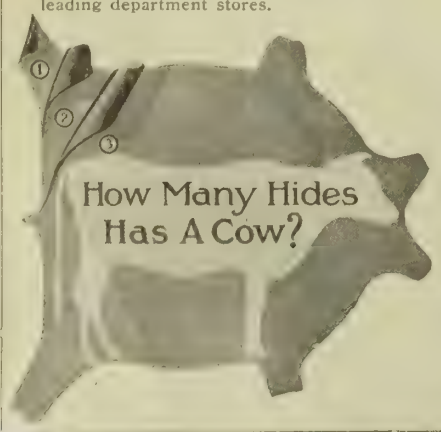
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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

BY JAMES HOWARD KEHLER

I PASSED a store where a window dresser was working, pathetically it seemed to me, with cheap goods and cheap accessories, to make a window that would appeal to the passers-by. He crept in soiled sandals over a cheap crêpe-tissue-covered floor to lay carefully, tenderly, against a similar crêpe-tissue-covered box in front, a limp imitation-leather handbag.

The scene was typical of what is the matter with our limited, unsocial and uncivilized point of view as to what business is or should be. That is why it was pathetic.

I did not blame the window dresser.

I did not blame his employer.

I did not blame the poor shopgirl who was going to labor pathetically to sell this imitation handbag to some other shopgirl who could not afford to buy it, but who must have it to make an imitation impression upon imitation people.

I did not blame the imitation manufacturer who made the shoddy handbag and who proposed getting rich through supplying the artificial wants of an imitation civilization.

I did not blame anybody.

I felt sorry for everybody concerned in the transaction and for everybody affected by it, however remotely, which includes you and me.

It was pathetic because social blindness is the most pathetic thing in the world: blindness to our own inner processes; to any conception, even elementary, of what life means or of what we are here for; complete, abysmal, black blindness as to what constitutes a logical, dignified, honest, self-respecting place for oneself in the general scheme of life.

The handbag had no excuse even for existence.

Yet sentient, potent human life had been poured into it lavishly—thousands of capable, hopeful, creative human beings had contributed to it; potentially useful men had conceived and designed it; workmen whose skill could have erected a Pantheon had built a factory and machines to make it; other men and women were giving their lives to selling it—all to the end that another person, a fellow human who could not afford it, should give the result of her labor, which is her life, to buy it.

And this one who buys, what of her? Just this. She too, most likely, is giving her potentially useful life to making or selling some equally shoddy and inexcusable thing for and to those who are giving their lives to making and selling things for and to her.

It seems a senseless and vicious circle, doesn't it? It is.

And we have no cure for it except to talk about it and keep on talking about it, using such logic as we have to make it appear as ridiculous as it really is, until those who are the only beneficiaries of it (if the profits of such absurdities can be called benefits) develop sufficiently a sense of humor and a sense of the essential dignity of human life to quit it.

An Embarrassed Alderman

A WESTERN man wanted to put a slightly projecting bay window upon the second story of his house. He sought the services of a builder, who explained that matters could be speedily arranged by a letter to an alderman.

Armed with such a letter he repaired to the aldermanic chamber and met the alderman, who he found knew him. He explained his wish and was promptly promised the desired permit. Thanking the alderman, he thought it but courtesy to hand him the letter which he had until then forgotten. The alderman jumped up in great excitement, frantically pushed him from the chamber, and whispered in his ear as he went: "For the love of Heaven, don't hand me that here—send it to me after you have received the permit!" —E. T.

The Last Survivor

Continued from page 7

of a typhoon that would be along in earnest within twenty-four hours, changed his course to bear away to the south and thus gradually draw out of the storm center. His judgment in this instance appears to have been excellent, for the vessel suffered no damage and at no time was she subjected to the full force of the typhoon. Not until she had passed well below the 49th parallel, south latitude, however, did the barometer commence to rise, and when it was normal and the Geneva *stood away on her course again, she entered a belt of light and baffling airs, giving away at times to a dead calm. We will therefore omit all record of the voyage up to that period and commence with the first entry of importance.*

JULY 25—Shortly after midnight wind failed entirely. Ship rolling in dead calm ever since, making leeway of about three miles an hour toward Kerguelen Island, which was sighted shortly after daylight. Observation at noon, 48° 37′ 15″ S., 69° 37′ 12″ E. Kerguelen Island five miles abeam at sunset. Soundings show no bottom. Have cockbilled both anchors in readiness to let go if necessary to keep from drifting ashore. Frequent soundings up to midnight. No bottom. Frequent puffs from southeast about offset our leeway. So ends this day.

NATHAN MUNSON, Master.

JULY 26—Changed watches at midnight, Seaman John Wiggins at the wheel. Mr. Kent, second mate, was on the poop with helmsman until 1 a. m., when he went forward to order the boatswain to take soundings. The moon had set and it was very dark. The watch was congregated in the waist, yarning. At 1.30 a. m. Mr. Kent returned to the poop and found the man Wiggins in a high state of excitement. He declared some gigantic bird had flown twice around the ship; the first time he had felt distinctly the wind from its wings; the second time it had collided, quite heavingly, with the spanker boom, which was swinging idly amidships at the time, and knocked it over the port quarter. To Mr. Kent's suggestion that an albatross had flown by and that a roll of the ship had caused the spanker boom to swing over to port, Wiggins declared he had heard the impact and that it could not have been an albatross because he had heard it hiss loudly when it struck the boom. He maintained he had detected a strong reptilian odor each time the thing flew by.

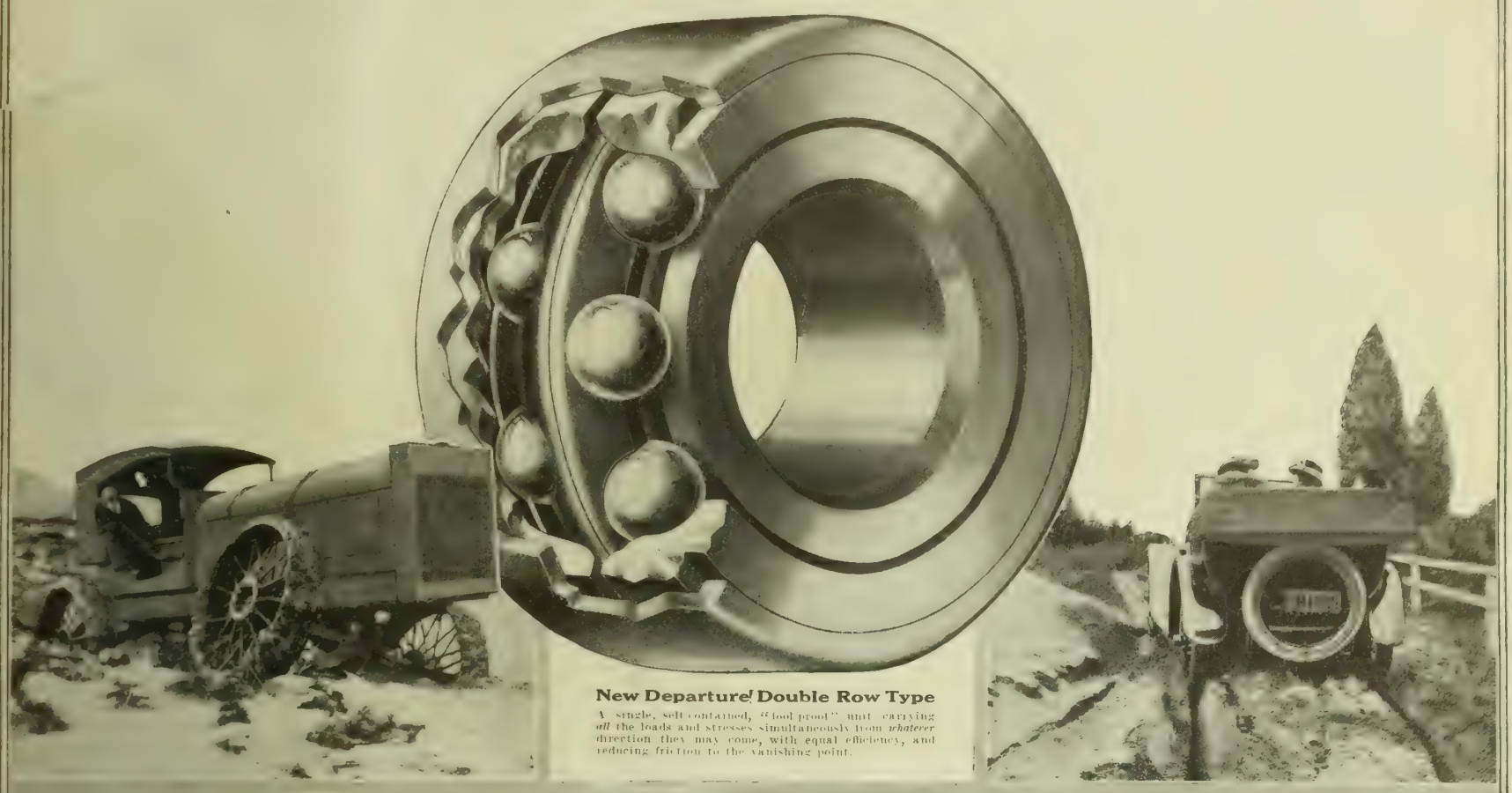
Now, this man Wiggins was a drunken beach comber I shipped in Surabaya to take the place of a sailor we had lost overboard on the passage out. I did not want Wiggins, but he was the only man I could procure. He was drunk when he came aboard, and after we put to sea and his supply of liquor gave out he had the horrors and had to be confined in the lazaret. Mr. Cobb, the first mate, had only turned him to a few days before and even now was afraid to order him aloft. Mr. Kent, hearing Wiggins speak of a hiss and a reptilian odor, concluded, therefore, that Wiggins was about to have another touch of the "snakes," and decided to relieve him and send him below rather than await the regular relief at two o'clock. Thereupon Mr. Kent descended the companion to the main deck to call a relief, but had not proceeded very far until he heard a shriek from Wiggins. He attached no importance to it, and when the watch came running forward he said it was only Wiggins with the horrors again. He directed the boatswain and one man to accompany him to the poop to remove Wiggins and return him to the lazaret, and ordered another man to go aft and take the wheel.

When they reached the poop Wiggins was not there. A cursory search of the ship was made but failed to reveal the man, so Mr. Kent waited until daylight and searched the ship again, with the same result.

It is his belief that Wiggins went suddenly insane and leaped over the taffrail into the sea.

Light, fitful airs all night and all of this day. NATHAN MUNSON, Master.

JULY 27—Shortly after the moon set last night, Mr. Cobb reported to me



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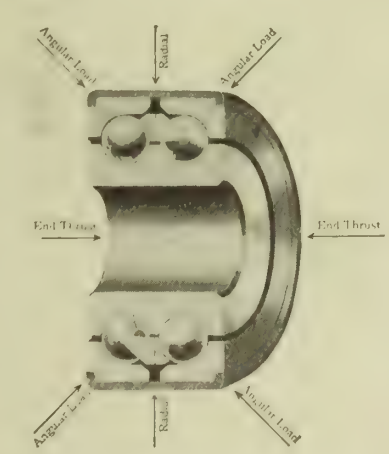
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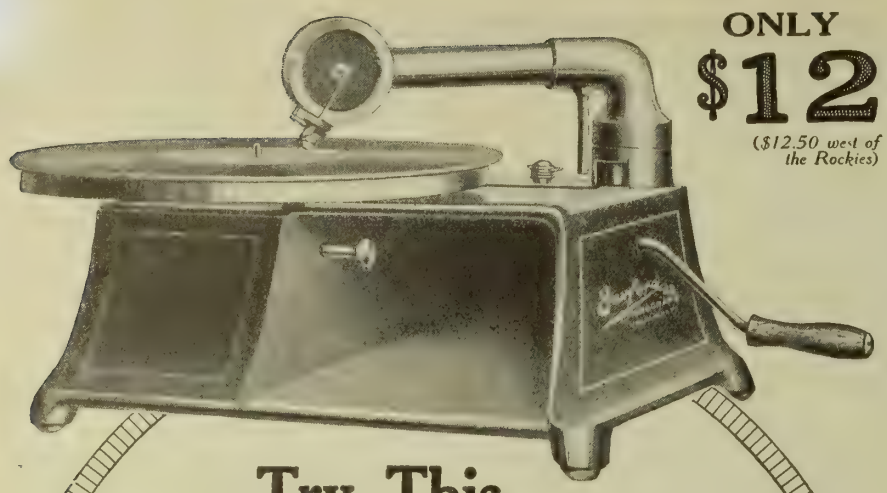
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☐ Without obligating me to buy, please ship me a VANOPHONE for Ten Days Free Trial.

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that he had heard and felt something fly past the ship's stern, and had detected a reptilian odor that was almost nauseating. It happened to be absolutely calm at the time, and Mr. Cobb felt a sudden rush of air, as from mighty wings; he heard the swish of them. I attached no importance to this report until two o'clock this morning when I was awakened by a scream from the helmsman. Then he shrieked: "Help! It's killing me!" After that there was silence. I rushed out in my pajamas and climbed to the poop by the starboard companion, while Mr. Kent ran up the port companion, flashing an electric torch as he went. The helm was deserted, and Seaman J. R. Davenport is gone. The mysterious part of it is that Mr. Kent went up the port companion while I took the starboard; hence we know that Davenport could not have left the poop except over the taffrail; neither could his assailant, for there can be no doubt from the nature of his outcries that he was attacked. This much also is certain and adds to the mystery. He was not attacked by any man on the ship, for the location of every man, including our passenger, at the precise instant of Davenport's outcry, has been accounted for. Moreover, he alluded to his assailant as "it"; hence we must assume that he did not know what was attacking him, but that he did know it was not human. There were not the slightest signs of a struggle on the poop.

The occurrence is most uncanny and sheds a new light upon the disappearance of the unfortunate man Wiggins. Was he crazy when he spoke of something that smelled snaky and flew twice around the ship? If so, then Ambrose Cobb is crazy too. Did something really collide with the spanker boom hard enough to swing it out over the port quarter, and did it hiss with rage as it collided with the spanker boom? Does the fabled sea serpent really exist and does it lift its slimy folds out of the sea and pluck my men from the wheel? Was the swift thrust of its body through the air what Wiggins and Mr. Cobb mistook for the "swish" of mighty wings? These and similar thoughts are in the mind of every man aboard.

When Mr. Cobb heard of the occurrence he dressed, and, despite the fact that it was Mr. Kent's watch on deck, armed himself with an ax and stated that he would remain on the poop continuously with the helmsman and Mr. Kent.

At four o'clock Mr. Cobb complained that he was getting drowsy and asked Mr. Kent to please get him a cup of coffee from the galley. Mr. Kent departed for the galley and had scarcely reached it when there was a commotion on the poop, mingled with shouts and screams. When Mr. Kent, followed by the watch, ran aft, the helmsman, Isaac Simpson, was gone, the wheel was spattered with blood, and beside it Mr. Cobb lay, quite dead, with his forehead crushed in as by a blow from a tomahawk. Poor fellow! He did not have time to swing his ax.

This third affair is most horrible. How shall I ever account to Ambrose Cobb, 3d, for the loss of his boy, Ambrose Cobb, 4th? He will always feel that I was lax in my vigilance; he placed the boy in my care, and I fear that he will never understand that no human agency could have prevented his son's death.

12 M.—Still abreast Kerguelen. Weather raw as usual in these latitudes, sea smooth, wind coming in weak puffs and all points of the compass. Mr. Kent is now first mate, and all of our efforts are devoted to keeping the vessel offshore. Have advanced Daniel Kennedy, formerly the boatswain, to second mate. While he knows nothing of navigation, he is a rare seaman.

For his old father's sake, I decided not to bury poor Ambrose at sea. The carpenter made a coffin, and after holding funeral services aboard ship we cleared away a boat and sent the body ashore in charge of Mr. Kent and three seamen. Dr. von Weigand asked and was granted permission to accompany the boat party. I noticed he placed one heavy express rifle, two light sporting rifles, and a shotgun, all his own weapons, in the boat.

7 P. M.—Mr. Kent should have returned not later than four o'clock. It is now dark, and he is not here yet. Instructed Mr. Kennedy to burn Coston lights at intervals to guide the boat party back to the ship.

NOTE.—*This is the last entry in the handwriting of Captain Munson.*



Partitions in Home or Office

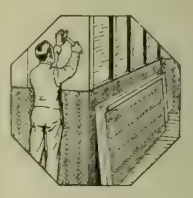
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In accordance with instructions from Captain Munson went ashore this morning to bury Mr. Cobb, taking with me Seamen Samuel Pease, Alonzo Beck, and Silas Rice and our passenger, Dr. Franz von Weigand. Buried Mr. Cobb in the sand on the beach, but safe above high-water mark, at the base of the cliff that fronts on the center of the harbor, 409 paces north of the twin pinnacles of rocks and 97 paces south of the half-submerged wreck on the beach. Marked the grave with a headboard prepared aboard ship; also built a cairn over it.

WHILE engaged in our melancholy task Dr. von Weigand took his shotgun and walked up the beach. I paid no attention to him, thinking he intended to shoot a few specimens of sea birds, but proceeded with the burial. About the time we had finished the doctor returned and drew me aside. "Order your men to go into that cave in the cliff yonder," he said, "and to take the two light rifles with them. Tell them not to leave the shelter of the cave under any circumstances until you return: that their lives are in danger. Then take my heavy game rifle and accompany me. I have something to show you."

I complied. We walked up the beach half a mile, and the doctor led me to a peculiar imprint in the sand and asked me what I thought of it. After some reflection I told him I thought a hen nine feet tall had sat down in the sand. He nodded and led me about fifty yards beyond high-water mark, to where a flock of sea birds clamored over something. There wasn't much left of what they were clamoring over, but from the sea boots I recognized Wiggins. While the doctor kept guard, I scooped a hole in the sand and buried the poor fragment.

"Now, then, Mr. Kent," said the doctor, "what opinion have you formed?"

"That a nine-foot hen lives on Kerguelen," I answered. "It flies and is powerful enough to carry away a man, for the tide did not deposit Wiggins here. A blow from its beak killed Cobb, and being a nocturnal prowler it was attracted to the vessel by our red and green side lights. In the darkness of the main deck it failed to see the other men in my watch, and the flapping canvas and the spars made a landing difficult. But when it circled around the stern it saw the man at the wheel in the dim light from the binnacle lamps, and because the fore-and-aft rig was swung over to port or starboard, as the case might be, the creature was enabled to fly right in and alight on the poop."

"I agree with you," he replied. "Now, how do you account for the presence of such a monster on Kerguelen? I have my own theory, but I desire yours."

"To begin," I replied. "Kerguelen is a volcanic island; hence it has no fauna of its own. We see millions of sea birds and hundreds of sea lions along the beach, but these are merely emigrants from the surrounding ocean. Consequently this Thing that can attack and kill a man and fly away with him must be an emigrant also. The question naturally arises, then: Whence did it come? The answer is obvious—from the nearest mainland; and that is the west coast of Australia, approximately fifteen hundred miles distant. Australia, as every schoolboy knows, is much older, geologically, than the rest of the earth's surface, if we are to judge by her fauna, many common specimens of which appear to be holdovers from an age when queer animals were the rule and not the exception. For instance, in the reptilian age, Nature, working at cross-purposes apparently, produced a flying reptile, a creature with a reptile's body and tail, the wings of a bat and the head of a bird. To-day in Australia we find the spoonbill, a creature with the body of an otter and a duck's beak. It is, with the exception of this beak, a mammal, and a mammal bears its young alive and suckles them; yet the spoonbill, like a fowl, is reproduced from an egg. Then there are more than a score of species of marsupials found nowhere else on earth, not to mention that wingless bird, the emu."

"It would appear possible that the creature which carried away Wiggins came from Australia—possible, but hardly probable," Von Weigand replied.

"Its obviously great antiquity would be against such a presumption," I answered, "although there is no doubt that certain species of the reptile family do attain an unbelievable age. Scientists have estimated the age of certain individuals among the large turtles to be found on the Galapagos Islands at more than two thousand years, and when captured there was nothing about these turtles to indicate that they might not continue to live indefinitely. It is probable, however, that a pair of these Things, ancestors of this monster now resident on Kerguelen, while ranging off the Australian coast, were swept to sea by a terrific typhoon. Creatures as powerful as they, flying before a typhoon, would easily average a speed of a hundred miles an hour on a sustained flight of fifteen hours, until Kerguelen hove in sight and they alighted. Food is plentiful here—fish, seals, sea fowl—and until 1772, when Kerguelen-Trémarec discovered the island, there were no natural enemies to disturb them or their descendants, no upheavals of nature to destroy them. Cook visited the island in 1774, and a party of scientists visited it last in 1874, to observe the transit of Venus. However, Kerguelen is fifty miles wide at its greatest width and about a hundred miles long, so it is not a matter of surprise that this monster has not been met with heretofore."

The doctor declared that when I went to sea a scientist went to the devil. In common with many landsmen, he does not know that sailors are often greater students than landsmen. And in my school days I studied natural history and physical geography, and no man with a mentality on a par with the forecastle ever became a master in Baldwin & Cobb's employ.

We decided to climb to the higher ground back of the harbor and spend two hours hunting for the Thing. I had the heavy rifle Von Weigand had used for tiger hunting in Sumatra, and he carried his ten-gauge shotgun, full-choked and with each cartridge loaded with eleven buckshot and four grains of high nitropowder. It was a weapon I would have preferred to the rifle.

AFTER a futile hunt we were returning to the boat, via a long ravine which led down to the beach, when we were both startled at the unmistakable sound of a rifle shot. We listened, and a perfect fusillade followed. "It has attacked them," Von Weigand said quietly, and started to run, every ten seconds casting a look skyward. The firing ceased (apparently the men had emptied their magazines or killed it) within a minute after we heard the first shot. As we approached the place where we had left the boat we were distressed to see one of the men sprawled out on the beach. It was Pease, killed in the same manner as Mr. Cobb, and with an empty rifle beside him. Beside the boat we found Seaman Beck, also dead. It is probable that he disregarded my instructions to remain in the cave, and ventured down to the beach to get his pipe, which I discovered afterward in the boat. Here he was attacked, his cries doubtless bringing Pease and Rice out of the cave to his aid and to their death. Having killed all three in sheer, wanton fury, the Thing, evidently uninjured, had taken Rice's body and departed, for we found his rifle about twenty feet from the mouth of the cave, and close beside it the sand was very gory.

I buried them both beside Mr. Cobb, while Von Weigand stood guard, ready to give warning in order that we might dart into the cave, thus insuring a frontal attack only. We did not dare return to the vessel in daylight, for, in the event of attack while bobbing around in the boat, our aim would be far from accurate, so we decided to wait until dark and then pull back to the vessel. I knew Captain Munson would burn Coston lights to guide us, and he did. We saw one presently. Five minutes later we saw another; another five-minute interval, and we saw a third; after that the rockets ceased. Half an hour later Von Weigand said to me: "They have had a visit from *it*. The Coston signals attracted it to the ship, and now the men are cowering in the forecastle afraid to appear on deck and send up more lights."

WE were pulling around for nearly three hours before we saw the ship's side lights and rowed in under her quarter. I shouted, and after a while one of the men came and threw over a Jacob's ladder and we climbed aboard, leaving the boat to drift astern at the end of a long painter.

Von Weigand was right. They had had a visit, and the captain and Mr. Kennedy lay dead on the poop. The

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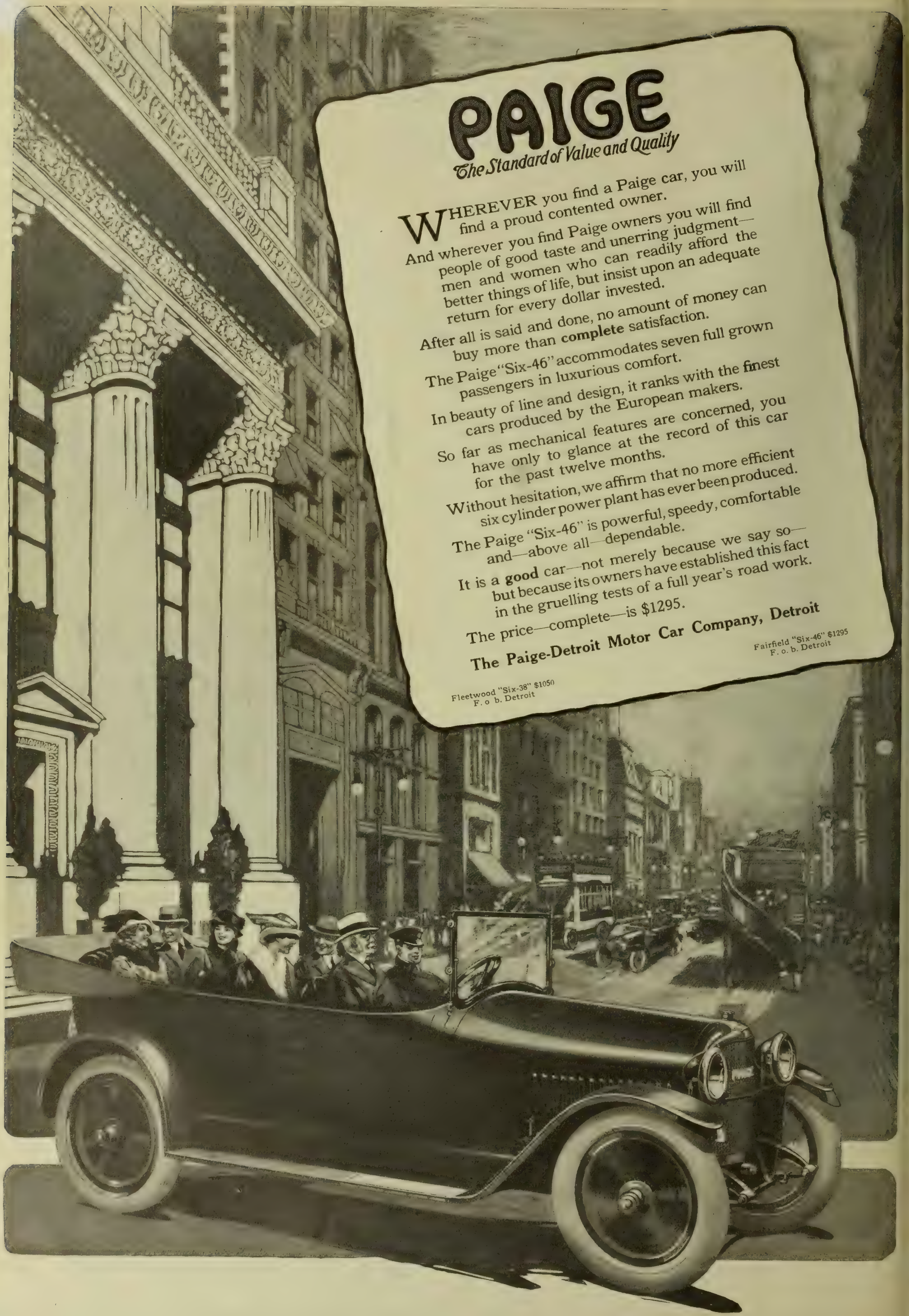
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Thing had evidently attacked Kennedy first and then struck the captain down at the very instant one of the Coston signals he had lighted commenced to splutter along the deck. Evidently the rocket had frightened it away, but not until the helmsman had seen it distinctly. This man, Seaman Etienne Labory, a French Canadian, was beside himself with terror when Von Weigand and I interviewed him, declaring that the ship was pursued by a malignant devil, analogous to the loup-garou of the Canadian forests. The vessel had been hove to. Suddenly they felt a rush of wind and the Thing alighted on the poop with a thump, folding its batlike wings as it came. It had a torso as thick as the foremast, ending in a tail as thick as a python and fully eight feet long. It had large, lidless eyes, rather red-tinted and surrounded by scaly plates, like a turtle. It had an elongated beak, with teeth like a crocodile, and it had struck at him once with its great taloned leg, but missed him. Of a certainty it was Satan himself.

It is now long past midnight; we have already held a hasty funeral service over the captain and Mr. Kennedy and consigned them to the sea. The testimony of Seaman Labory has confirmed Von Weigand and myself in the identity of the Thing. It is a pterodactyl or a pteranodon of huge size, probably the last of its species on earth, and Franz von Weigand and Joshua Kent are confronted with a dual duty. Our duty to mankind demands that we shall not leave Kerguelen until we have hunted down and destroyed this monster; our duty to science demands that we photograph it, both alive and dead and if possible on the wing, and that we carefully preserve the horrid carcass and transport it to New York, where Von Weigand will mount it and whence it will be shipped to the University of Leipzig, the doctor's Alma Mater.

A FAIR wind has sprung up, but I will remain hove to until morning, when I shall sail the ship into Christmas Harbor and set Von Weigand ashore, with two months' provisions and his personal dunnage, arms, camera, etc. He will make his headquarters in the cave, getting his water at night and trusting to the buckshot in that ten-gauge, close-bore shotgun of his to protect him. At best the monster can be no more deadly than a charging tiger—and Von Weigand says the first shot always halts the charge; then, before the tiger can gather its wits and renew the attack, a second shot does the trick. If Von Weigand can break a wing and bring it to earth, he has no fear of the outcome.

He has made his will in my favor and indorsed to me a draft on London for three thousand dollars. I am to bring the ship into Fremantle, place her in safety, cable the owners, and ask to be relieved. After my frightful experiences this will, of course, be granted. I am then to charter a small schooner and return to Kerguelen for the doctor and it, if he has succeeded in killing it. If not, I am to kill it and present the body, together with a full record of the exploit to any scientific institution I may see fit. (Of course, under these circumstances, I should present it to the University of Leipzig, and the doctor, like a good sport, is merely making me his heir; in the event that I should survive, I will have the necessary funds for further search of Kerguelen for other specimens, if any exist.) I have given him my word of honor that nothing shall stand between me and his desires in the matter, for, in truth, sailor that I am, I am as genuinely interested as he.

JULY 29—Set Von Weigand ashore, up hook and away. No sign of the monster. Eight p. m. cleared northern end of Kerguelen and laid course for Fremantle. Fair breeze. While washing down the quarter deck this morning discovered where the Thing, having struck at Labory with its great leg and missed, had scored the deck with its talons. Will not plane it down until I have showed it to the authorities at Fremantle.

NOTE.—*This is the last entry in the handwriting of Joshua Kent. From here on the entries are in German, a translation of which is as follows:*

AUGUST 5, 1901—I, Franz Carl Wilhelm von Weigand, late of the field naturalist staff of the University of Leipzig, Germany, being about to die, declare on my honor as a gentleman and a scientist that the following is a true record of the events that have taken place since Joshua Kent placed me ashore here, at my own request, and in accordance with an agreement existing between us. Joshua Kent pledged me his word of honor that nothing should come between him and my desires in this matter, and, like a true gentleman, he has kept his word at the price of his life, and I, his friend, condemned to death on this barren island, weep for him as I write.

ON the afternoon of the day Kent set me ashore I came upon *it*, gorged and asleep on top of the cliff above me. I approached quite close and photographed it half a dozen times in repose. From various indications I assumed that this was its favorite resting place. I would have liked to disturb it, in order that I might make some snapshots of it in flight, but, fearful of so doing, I hid behind an adjacent bowlder, hoping that it would soar of its own accord. The light failed, however, before it bestirred itself, plunging straight downward from the cliff and out to sea. I could have killed or disabled it from where I crouched, but I did not desire to do this until I had obtained a photograph of the monster in flight. There are so many skeptics—so many grudging fellow scientists eager to cry "Faker!"

The two days that followed I contented myself with crouching close to the cave entrance, watching the cliff above, in case the creature should essay a daylight flight. At about 2 p. m. I was amazed to observe at the entrance to the harbor a small boat under sail. My glasses showed me that it was occupied by one man. He was sailing at a smart clip, and as he approached dropped his sail and took out his oars preparatory to running the surf line, I saw to my surprise that it was Joshua Kent. When I stepped out of the cave and he saw me, he waved his hand, but I motioned him to be silent, for I was fearful that any shout might arouse the somnolent Fury on top of the cliff. Together we dragged the boat up on the shingle and the receding tide left it high and dry. Then, while I walked beside him, carrying my heavy rifle and the shotgun, in case of sudden attack, Kent carried the contents of his boat up to the cave; then we dragged the dory up beyond the surf line, anchored it with a heavy stone, and retreated to the cave, where Kent told me his story. It appears that of the crew the monster had left him there was Labory, the Canadian; Wimbley, the little cockney Dobson, the negro cook, and two Finns with unpronounceable names. When the vessel cleared the island they came to him, gave it as their opinion that the ship was haunted—pursued by a fiend—and suggested that they all abandon her and take to the lifeboat. They were convinced that this was their only salvation. Kent ridiculed their fears and refused to entertain the suggestion; his duty to his owners prohibited that. They then refused to take their trick at the wheel, and Kent had accordingly steered the ship all night. In order to provide for emergencies, however, he had given the cockney, Dobson, the course to Fremantle, together with certain instructions in the event of his (Kent's) death.

At daylight one of the Finns relieved Kent, who breakfasted and turned in for a few hours' sleep. He set the alarm clock to awaken him, and when he came on deck he discovered that his terror-stricken and superstitious crew had provisioned one of the lifeboats and fled. That's what he got for giving them the course to Fremantle. The vessel was sailing on the wind, with her helm lashed a little below amidships and was steering herself.

THIS condition placed Kent between the devil and the deep sea. He could not sail the bark alone, and the barometer was falling; if he ran into a gale with all the canvas set he would be dismasted; on the other hand, the only way to get the canvas off her was to run up on the yards and cut it loose, in which event he could not use it again. He might ride out any gale hove to under close-reefed spanker, lower foretopsail and lower foretopmast staysail, but—he could not reef the spanker. In any event it didn't seem as if he was ever going to get to Fremantle to charter a schooner and come back for me, hence I was doomed to starvation; also I had given him a draft for three thousand dollars on London and made my will in his favor, and if he failed



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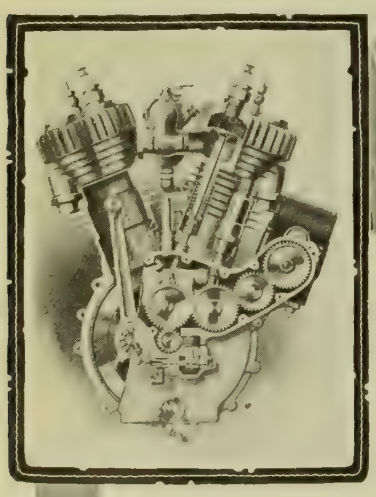
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to return to Kerguelen he feared I might think he had betrayed me. So he decided to abandon the vessel (she and her cargo being fully insured) and return to Kerguelen in one of the ship's boats. He was unequal to the task of launching the lifeboat from the top of the house, but fortunately the dinghy, formerly carried in the davits over the stern, had been replaced on the previous voyage with a fine dory such as the fishermen on the Grand Banks use. These are splendid sea boats, so Kent stepped a mast, bent a sail, and loaded the little craft heavily with provisions, clothing, oil, etc. He took also the barometer, the chronometer, Mr. Cobb's sextant, and all the charts and navigation books aboard, and with his usual skill and adroitness managed to launch the dory without upsetting it, towing it astern until he was ready to leave the ship, when he tied the painter to his waist, sprang over the taffrail, swam to the dory, and left the ship to sail whither she would.

HOW happy I was to have this splendid and devoted fellow's company in this, the greatest adventure a naturalist ever dreamed of. We planned to skin the pterodactyl, carefully preserving the pelt with salt and alum, of which I had brought a sufficient quantity ashore. The carcass we would leave on the beach until the millions of sea birds had stripped it of its flesh, when we planned to disarticulate it. Thus it would take up but little room in the dory. We had plenty of food to last us until the typhoon season should be past; then we planned to sail to Fremantle in the dory. Really we could have made the voyage in comfort, one steering while the other slept. How we pictured our triumphal return to civilization! In fancy I saw the Emperor decorating me—I, Franz von Weigand, a mere professor of natural history. I would be famous; even the great Cuvier, with his pitiful fossil remains of runt pterodactyls from the chalk beds of Kansas, would fade to insignificance beside the man who, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, stalked, photographed, and destroyed the last terrible monster of the Reptilian Age.

But all those bright dreams are over now, for yesterday the Homeric battle took place. I have won, yet I have lost. About ten in the morning we saw it flying across Christmas Harbor, but too far distant to be photographed. It disappeared down the coast, and we seized upon its absence to haul the dory up into the cave, out of the weather. We then climbed to the top of the cliff and hid among the rocks close to the spot where I had seen it lying. In about an hour it returned, flying with incredible speed, circled over us as we crouched, immovable, in order not to attract its attention, and then planed slowly to earth, like a great gull. Slowly I lifted the camera and its great body flashed squarely across the finder as I pressed the bulb.

The slight movement attracted its attention to me; instantly it flapped its great wings and soared above us eying us curiously. I was enabled to obtain another snapshot of it (which should have been perfect, although I have never developed the plate), and at the same instant Kent fired. His bullet struck in the left side, close to the junction of the wing with the scaly body. The wing collapsed.

"Good!" I cried approvingly, as the monster came tumbling earthward at a tangent. I planned to cripple it further with a charge of buckshot the instant it landed.

It struck the earth feet first and as it struck it whirled and leaped toward us. At the same instant I fired, but succeeded merely in wrecking the right wing, while Kent put another bullet through its body. I had calculated on the shock of both wounds stopping it long enough to enable me to put in the finishing shot, but apparently the monster was impervious to pain. Two furious leaps and it was upon us, its horrible beak driving straight at Kent. He struck it with his rifle barrel and side-stepped; then it struck at him with its leg, armed with long, murderous talons, and missed. I could have finished it then, for I had leaped back six feet, but I was afraid to fire for fear of killing Kent.

Nothing daunted, the creature whirled on me. At the same instant I saw Kent drop, as if to get out of range, and I fired point-blank at the creature's head. The charge blew the immense beak to pieces and, entering the skull, killed the monster as dead as Cheops on the instant. The momentum of its rush, however, carried it right on top of me; I went down under its fetid body, and in its brief death agony it clawed my right leg terribly. When I recovered my breath I managed to wriggle out from under—I remember wondering vaguely at the time why Kent didn't help me—and looked about for my companion.

The monster had done with a sweep of its tail, covered with horny scales, what it had failed to do with beak and talons. The terrific blow had crushed in my poor friend's breast, and he was dying when I crawled to his side. He smiled at me.

"You have—course," he whispered brokenly, "ride — to — sea — anchor — when—sleepy—oil bags—heavy weather—good-by, Dutchy—hope photos—turn out—O. K."

And then he passed. I wept. I dragged him to the beach and buried him there; now ere I follow I am leaving to mankind this record of his sacrifice. I cannot develop the pictures. Have field developing outfit of my own invention, but I need water and I am too weak to fetch it. And the sea birds will eat my precious pterodactyl—with time the bones will disarticulate, and the storms will scatter them over the cliffs and bury them in the sands of the beach. I have blood poison in my leg where the devil clawed me—I cannot survive; why, then, should I linger and suffer? VON WEIGAND.

AS I stated in the beginning, my part in this recital is simply that of a historian. I am dealing entirely with the documents in the case.

The Homeless Hordes of Russia

Continued from page 9

is a pleasant fact to observe because it indicates that humanity, even in the last ditch, eternally cries out for better and for more.

I was watching a group of soldiers between Mogilev and the fighting front sharing their rations with a half-starved group of refugees. The dirty, frost-cracked hand of an old, bent man rose in the air holding a piece of white bread aloft, and from beneath this bread the old man roared his execrations to the skies.

"The Russian soldier is a good fellow," said I to the officer who sat beside me in the army motor car. "Apparently he is always willing to share his food with these wanderers driven out of the burned-over country."

"Yes. And stand ingratitude like that of the old man who is whining because the bread is not black," said the other. "But who cares? The loss of everything is enough to spoil one's temper."

And yet in that group which, having fed, trudged on in pairs or in single file toward Nowhere, there was more than the mere living up to the obligation not to die. There was something of the picturesque. Three of the young women whose cheeks were pink in the cold wore their hair in peculiar braids bound about their necks so that the hair would serve to keep out the fine, dry snow which the icy wind blew across the Russian plain. The children whose short, tired legs dragged on were clad in materials of many colors, and one wore a meal sack through which armholes had been cut and beneath which a stuffing of straw made the slender body appear to be the body of a gnome.

Privation has aged the faces of the children, but still they laugh as they go. The older figures bend forward. Women too old to leave the hearthside trudge along toward uncertain nightfalls, and men, who have lived long years and accumulated a maze of wrinkles upon patient peasant faces under and near a single thatched roof in Galicia or Poland, now lift their rope-bound feet mechanically, one after the other, because suddenly fate has said that there is no one spot in which they may stay.

The typical refugee band was picturesque because it was clad in many colors and many strange and ragged draperies. And it was a band, not only of tragedy, but also of romance because it was more itinerant than the gypsies and its end was more unreal and mythi-

cal and mysterious than the pot of gold behind the rainbow.

It is difficult to read the thoughts behind the peasant faces.

"They are expressionless as platters," said a Russian Red Cross nurse. "They must have been contorted when war crept upon them and drove them from their little world. But now all emotion is worn out."

"Rich Become Beggars"

SO it is! I have watched them enter feeding stations with countenance after countenance of the hundreds as bare of meaning as the bottoms of so many milk pails. Peasants and occasional former shopkeepers and artisans alike show the same look of dulled sensibilities. There are almost no flashes of joy, of grief, of hope, of self; there are hunger, weariness, and the other expressions of animals. Sometimes in the crowds, undistinguished by clothes or cleanliness, will appear one figure whose bearing and whose eyes show a different state of mind. To one of these I asked an interpreter to speak.

"I was a doctor," said the lonely man. "I had the position of the well-loved physician in a group of towns. I owned several houses and I lived well. I had been to Berlin and to London. But the army swept back upon us in the retreat from Warsaw. Finally all went and left burning baggage wagons close to the wooden houses. A great wind blew, and the fire swept all away. My own roof was higher than any, and from it the flames jumped into the woodland. All night long as we ran away the sky was red. The people were driving pigs and cattle before them and pushing carts piled high with their belongings over the fields. None wished to go too far because they dreamed that they could go back after a time and build up their homes again. The sky was red, and I could see the faces of my old friends. At the end of two days there were twenty-five of us in one lot and there was nothing to eat. An old man died under the full sun. There was not a tree or a shelter standing anywhere. We could hear artillery far away, and then as far as we could see everything had been burned—fields, woods, fences, houses, all the grass. There was no food for the animals and so they were abandoned. All the world was charred black and dusted over with gray ashes. Sometimes we found a horse which had foundered."

The interpreter asked him other questions. He said that he had a wife. He had left her at a refugee camp while he had gone out to find food and water.

"But when I came back soldiers had driven all before them. I have never seen her since. There were no telegraphs, no trains, no news. The world was blank. She had gone. Days later I found a little girl of five in the woods. She had been with us. But she could tell me nothing. , I began to forget all I knew of my profession. I can do nothing or very little now. All is strange. And here is where I must feed—there is no other way to keep life in my body."

He reached for his bowl of soup and stared at the steam which arose from it as if the vapors were those ascending around an oracle which might speak of the future.

"The peasants suffer most in body," said the Russian nurse, smoothing her starched white headdress. "But the educated persons used to luxury suffer more in the mind. I have heard of the suffering in Belgium, but there, at least, is shelter and familiar surroundings. Here in Russia refugees have been driven hundreds of miles from a land which few will ever see again. Men who were rich—landowners, teachers, and professional men and their wives and children—are like beggars of the gutter."

"What will become of them? No one can say," replied an official of the Department of the Interior. "We have tried to arrange colonies in Siberia. The Siberian members of the Duma opposed us. Some of those who acted as if they were representatives of the refugees opposed us. Some money has been appropriated for relief. Then the Jews—whatever one may think of them in Russia—have done wonderful things to help their own kind. We want to keep the refugees out of the cities. We ought to be shipping carloads to Siberia. That would be wisest."

One evening I went to supper with a Russian family in Petrograd. The other guests—more than two dozen in number—were grave old men and healthy young women. Some played violin, 'cello, and piano, while others chatted in corners. There were music and some low singing, and after a time nearly all joined in Polish dances, whirling this way and that and emphasizing the rhythm of the music by stamping the feet. Under the light from the chandelier in the high ceiling it was possible to see, for the first time, that of all these Polish guests, so well poised in manner, so equipped to converse entertainingly of world-wide affairs and so plainly accustomed to luxury, the clothing was shabby. All wore an air of poverty.

"My friends are all refugees from Poland," said the hostess. Besides attending a family of seven children, this hostess has a position of importance as the statistician of one of the large Government bureaus; she represents the large class of Russian women who are showing more ability, more skill in organization, and more cool constructive sense than any like class of Russian men.

"Refugees!"

"That stout old man over there was one of the large landholders," she said. "He now has nothing. Landholding is a business in itself. He has no training for anything else. What can he do? Well, you see, his life is ended.

"There is a young girl with the mass of golden hair," she went on. "She has lost all the members of her family. She was engaged to a young officer. He was shot. She came to Petrograd without so much as an extra handkerchief. She has been here for months and has not seen anyone she ever saw before or heard news from anyone she ever knew. And yet she can laugh.

"The bearded gentleman who joins in none of this merrymaking is a professor from Warsaw. His name is ——. He always appears to be deep in thought. He is a learned man, but he cannot understand. Some think he is going mad, but that is absurd. He is reflecting. It is so hard to have one's country destroyed and life blown away as if it were a fine powder to disappear in one puff of war. Oh, Moscow and Petrograd are full of such refugees with their brooding minds."

The peasants with their platter faces sometimes show flashes of realization. Perhaps no peasants are as meditative as the Russians; among them are many illiterate philosophers.

One of these sat on the stone curbing near the Warsaw station staring into the gutter or dully watching the new regiments of tan-coated soldiers who were drilling in the square under a blinding snowstorm.

"You see there is a man who cannot be a soldier," said the army doctor who was with us. "He is knotted by rheumatism. There is a man who has suffered pain, I tell you."

"Don't sit there," he said in Russian.

"Why not?" asked the refugee, caressing his bandaged legs with his flannel-swathed hands. "The snow is cool."

He spoke again, leering at the doctor with one eye closed.

"What does he say?" I asked.

"He says there is no past—there is no future," the doctor told me. "He says that, when there is neither, it is wise to remain seated."

But in spite of all the misery of the great, homeless hordes of Russia, the number and woe of which have never been equaled, and in spite of the fact that life is rubbed out behind them and that they stare toward Nowhere, the hundreds one can see suffuse a kind of a glow. I think it is the glow of the human instinct to keep on.

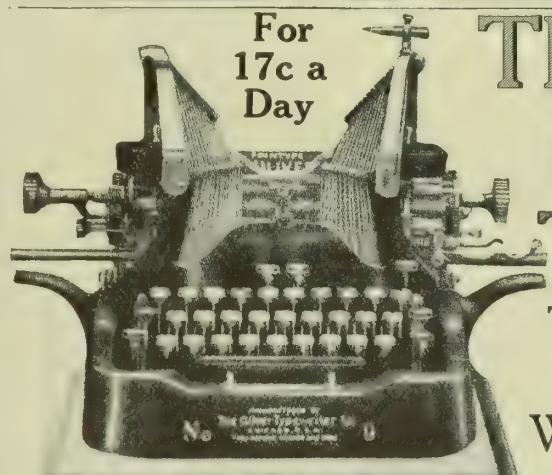
The Spark of Hope

THOUSANDS of square miles are empty and blackened by the scorch of war; over the charred country lies an unbroken blanket of snow. More persons than live in the whole of Canada are driven haphazard over the Russian plain or into the overloaded cities. Some, half mad, have forgotten their names. These millions are almost like animals pursued, herded, driven, desperate. But not quite. The millions—the seven—the ten—the fourteen millions—whatever one may guess—are still suffusing a glow which animals could not. It is the glow of human instinct to press on toward intelligent and eternal purposes.

The horse, the cow, and the pig lie down and die on the Russian roadway. It is only the refugee who reaches the cities.

The refugee is often nearly an animal, but never quite an animal; the refugee stripped of all else still carries with him the human Will.





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OATMAN

Arizona's New Gold Camp

BY JOHN HOLLAND KINKAID

OATMAN, the new gold camp in the northwest corner of Arizona, has been enjoying the distinction of a boom so unique that it will add an interesting chapter to the history of mining in the United States. To-day the excitement is making a new altitude record, and the rush of visitors toward this center of the Tom Reed Gold Roads district is greater now than its crowded past has yet recorded.

The boom comes so long after the creation of the Nevada mushroom cities that the old-time mining men had given up the idea of there ever again being a rush that would bring them together once more to renew old friendships formed in the hope-cities of the past. It seemed as if the dreams of fortunes underground had been so discredited that the power to lure numbers of men and quantities of money into the waste places, there to build cities on futures, was banished forever.

Then came the first gold stampede and the first gold camp Arizona has ever had. Late last summer the news went out that, over in the River Range where the Gold Roads and the Tom Reed mines had been turning out bullion for years, a marvelous strike had been made in the United Eastern. The story passed from man to man, long before it reached the newspapers, that millions of dollars' worth of gold had been blocked out in one of the richest and most extensive bodies of ore ever found.

That was enough. Every old-time miner who could get away and had the money to take him there headed for Oatman. Many were doomed to disappointment, for the ancient "desert rats" soon learned that a mining boom was not what it used to be, and that Oatman is the place for big men and big capital. It is true that the early comers located claims, but they found out that a large amount of money is required for development, since the values lie at a great depth underground, and there is comparatively little on the surface.

During the autumn, with the cooler days, the camp took on increased activity. Famous financiers soon arrived or sent representatives. Mine owners who had studied every sort of mineral deposit hastened from California, Colorado, Nevada, Montana, and Utah. Among those who became interested in what promises to be a gold-bearing zone believed to be wider and far richer than the mother lode of California are Senator W. A. Clark, John Hays Hammond, D. C. Jackling, Frank Keith, Philip Wiseman, Seeley W. Mudd, Hayden, Stone & Co. of Boston, and the United States Smelting and Refining Company.

It was not until September that the residents of Oatman woke up to the knowledge that the boom was really on. Autostages loaded to the running boards brought in passengers from Needles on the California State line, and from Kingman, the railway center for freight and traffic from the East. The two hotels, which were merely miners' boarding houses in the beginning, could not accommodate the crowds, even though rows of cots were put on the porches and finally encircled the entire buildings. Employees of the Tom Reed mine, who occupied houses, sold sleeping privileges on verandas and back stoops. Even deserted tunnels and spaces under the floors of the houses and stores became dormitories with gunny sacks for beds.

Oatman is a camp of practically one street, which is part of the famous Old Trails highway. Although its population was doubling and trebling, its buildings for a long time did not multiply, for the reason that most of the ground, and especially that in the business section, belongs to the mining companies, which object to selling or leasing it. So, although the population grew steadily, few buildings went up to accommodate it. Oatman's population has grown from five hundred to three thousand. During December new residents moved in at the rate of fifty a day. In addition to this, thousands of visitors come and go constantly.

On December 28 the Big Jim, owned by one of the new companies formed since the start of the boom, struck an enormous body of such good ore that the permanency of the camp was even more definitely assured. Practically the whole State celebrated the news of the strike. Needles and Kingman were especially hilarious, and Oatman started the new year in a riot. Where it had boomed to bursting before it now burst into booming. At present there are four three-story buildings being constructed, to say nothing of two hundred houses in course of erection, but the proudest boast is a restaurant that seats a thousand people. At the rate that men are pouring in, even this construction will not ease the overcrowded town.

Yet with all this excitement, which recalls the best days of Leadville, Nome, and Goldfield, the old-timers feel that there is something missing, that civilization has ruined the sport of gold hunting. For what is a mining camp without a saloon, a gambling place, or a dance hall?

A Boozeless Boom

OATMAN is the first mushroom camp to be dry. It is a boozeless boom. Arizona now has a prohibition law and the new camp must observe it. What was once the popular "Health Office" saloon is now the thrice-prosperous temple of soft drinks. Here the Bryan highball and the ice-cream soda cocktail are served over an impressive bar formerly familiar with whiskies straight. Where faro once beguiled the evening hours, neglected slot machines invite experiments in luck, but even here reform has become a kill-joy. Each machine bears the sign:

"Play trade checks only."

Thousands have visited Oatman in the last few months, many motoring back and forth from Kingman, which is on the main line of the Santa Fe. In this latter-day mining boom, upon which Progress has set such a stamp, the automobile may be said to play the most important part. It has supplanted the stagecoach and the pack mule. Autotrucks, loaded with everything from beans to bullion, form a steady procession on the dusty roads, and cars of all types hurry past them, carrying passengers anxious to see the district where so many million dollars' worth of ore have been exposed, and so many fortunes are in the making.

An Alaskan World Series

Continued from page 11

four games out of seven, and proved that the Braves won it, but still he was so bull-headed he wouldn't admit it. He wanted to play it all over again. He said it was just to make sure we played it right the first time. I ought to have had more sense, but I tackled him. We went along peaceably enough in the first game, making the plays just as we agreed the first time until it came to the ninth inning, and when Hank made that home run he said Hank couldn't hit Dauss the way he did the Athletic pitchers.

He argued that Dauss wouldn't use a slow ball after what happened to the Athletic pitchers and that Hank made all his home runs off slow balls. He even wanted to argue that Hank struck out at three fast ones, low and on the inside corner of the plate, instead of making a home run.

I saw there wasn't a chance for me to win the game, and I let him have it in the ninth, 4 to 2, instead of losing it in the seventeenth like I did in the first series we played. Bucky had me down with my head jam up against the stove, and I thought it wasn't any use to argue with a fool like that.

I WAS going to quit right there, because it ain't any use arguing, but he kept saying that if I refused to play I forfeited the whole series, and we started the second game, Dubuc pitching against Tyler. I never see him so unreasonable. We had four fights, and it took us two days to play that game, and I win it.

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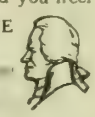
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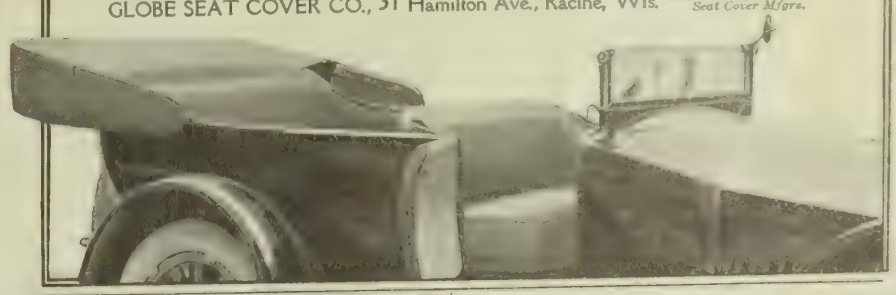
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Well, we played all through January and won three games apiece. Then we started the deciding game. Bucky had been reasonable, for him, but the minute that game started he commenced getting foolish. He might have known that Rudolph would pitch better in that game than in the other two, because he had learned so much about the batters, but right away he started arguing backward about how Cobb and Crawford would learn to hit Rudolph, and he wanted a home run for them every time they came to bat. I turned and took his own argument and commenced to claim Hank would know so much about Dauss's pitching that he would make home runs, and, doggone it, if Bucky didn't switch and claim that Dauss would know by that time exactly how to pitch to Hank and that Hank wouldn't even get a foul. We had three fights and knocked the teakettle off the stove and bent it all out of shape. By the afternoon of the third day of that game I had Bucky beat two runs in the ninth inning, one out and no one on the bases. The first time we played that game it was Dauss's turn to bat, and he flied out and Bush got a base on balls. This time Bucky takes Dauss out and sends Kavanagh to bat for him, claiming he made a mistake the first time we played. He claims a hit for Kavanagh and showed the averages to prove he was due for one. Then he claims that pass for Bush again, and, being reasonable, I let him have it. Veach went out just the way he did the first time, and I saw why Bucky wanted Kavanagh to make that hit. It brought Cobb up, and Bucky claims Ty busted one against the fence and won the game right there. We argued for a day and a half over that, and finally compromised on a single, and he claimed both runners scored, and we argued two hours over that, Bucky refusing to admit that the chances were Magee throwed Bush out at the plate. We knocked the stove over and set fire to the shack before Bucky would let it go at a tie in nine innings.

After that Bucky kept claiming everything. We got to the seventeenth inning yesterday, and with two out and Crawford on third he tried to tell me Sam stole home and won the game. We were down under the bunk fighting and I had my knee on his stomach and was winning when Lars Peterson, who was mushing up from Circle to his claim on Hoss Creek, broke in and pried us apart. He had a bundle of papers in his outfit, and we grabbed them to see how the series came out, and learned about the Red Sox and Phillies playing and the Red Sox winning.

"Well, Bucky," I says, "you got to admit Boston win, anyhow."

Bucky was sore. He looked at them papers as if he wanted to argue with them and call them liars, and then he says: "If the Tigers had won, they'd have cleaned the Braves. This proves it; didn't that bunch of cheap bushers down at Philly beat them out of the pennant?"

Naturally that made me sore and started the argument all over again. Yesterday we agreed to make a list of our bets and send them to you to decide for us. Here they are. Bucky has read them and O. K.'d them:

My lead malemute against two of Bucky's Siberians Gowdy would have made a home run in the first game.

(That's a cinch for me.)

One quart of nuggets against a pint of dust Cobb wouldn't have got three hits in the second game.

Ditto that Crawford would have got throwed out twice trying to steal.

Ditto that Bush wouldn't have drawn two bases on balls in the third game off James.

MY rifle against Bucky's skis that Magee would have hit a two-bagger in the third game.

Half a pound of dust even that Gowdy would have hit a home run and won the sixth game.

Three bags of dust against Bucky's share in the Frozen Dog claim that Crawford wouldn't have taken three bases on a hit to the right field fence in Boston.

Our shares in this spring's clean-up that Detroit wouldn't have won four out of six games.

Our deposits in the bank at Seattle that Magee would have made more hits than Cobb in the series.

Our half interests in this claim on the series, me betting on Boston Bucky on Detroit.

Bucky's bearskin coat against my sled outfit that Cobb wouldn't have stole six bases in the series.

Them's the bets we agreed to have you decide. Bucky also bets his sealskin pants against the diamond-studded watch I win in the raffle at Dawson that you decide in his favor. Please decide by return mail, as we plan to come out after the July clean-up, and the one that loses can't come. I'm figuring on a big time on Bucky's share. Respy,

LORENZO DOW (COLD HAND) TUCKER.

P. S.—Don't be afraid to decide honest. Bucky can't come if he loses, and even if he does come I'll be there to see you get a square deal.

P. S. again. That leaves Bucky only one pair of pants and two shirts, but don't let that worry you; I'll grubstake him.

ARBITRATION

MR. BRYAN'S idea of arbitration recalls an order issued by the general manager of the Plant System during my railroad days in Florida. There had been numerous personal difficulties between employees, and after a series of fisticuffs, knife fests, and brickbat struggles, General Order No. 69 as follows was posted: "Altercations between employees are forbidden from this date. In case of dispute, the matter must be referred immediately to the superintendent of division for adjustment."

Several days later the superintendent of division received this message from Miami: "Struck in face by Watchman Mooney on Avenue D. What must I do?" And the superintendent of division wired back: "Keep off Avenue D!" —H.

After the War—What?

Continued from page 12

national distresses, have no bearing save as they involve the physical destruction of capital. Residences may have been looted, but this loot is wealth east of the Meuse as well as west of it. Machinery may have been shipped home by the conquerors, but it is still productive capital. In no war of the past have the needs of productive power been more apparent as an element of victory. Railroads and factories are too valuable to be destroyed. Germany could not afford to treat Liege as Sherman treated Atlanta. Perhaps Liege was an important point in military strategy. Certainly it was an important point in economic strategy. Whether or not Belgium was the shortest road, it was, anyway, the richest road to Paris. It may be asserted that if forced to retreat the Germans will devastate Belgium and then the Allies will ravage Germany. These are predictions too far from present actualities to concern us here.

War's Stimulation

LET us grant, however, genuine destruction of capital, especially in the form of buildings, and a diversion of other capital to the production of war goods rather than to the increase of comforts of peace. Viewed in the light of previous wars such loss has been light compared with the stupendous character of the military operations. Even in past wars the rapid recovery from such losses has always occasioned surprise to most observers. The reason for the recovery, often pointed out but as often forgotten, is that in the ordinary course of our economic life wealth is being constantly consumed—i. e. destroyed—in enormous quantities and as constantly replaced. The destruction in time of war is rather different in kind than in amount. Much is destroyed that would have been preserved in times of peace, but, on the other hand, much is not consumed which would have been used up if war had not come. That margin between maximum production and minimum consumption makes it possible for these losses to be offset during the very war period itself by a more Spartan rigor of life on the part of the people affected. The capacity of a people to produce as much as before is left nearly intact. In another place I have ventured to say that the industrial position of the Northern States was as advanced in 1870 as it would have been had there been no war. The reason was that sacrifices of comfort were made in this decade which would not have been made had peace prevailed.

Lest such assertions may seem to offend against elementary principles of political economy, and to represent only a personal vagary, let me cite the authority of John Stuart Mill. One of

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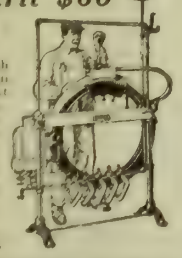


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the most famous chapters of his great treatise published in 1848 is entitled "Fundamental Propositions Respecting Capital." The third of these propositions is that capital, though saved, is constantly consumed. In the course of the discussion he says that this proposition explains a nation's capacity to recover quickly from the effects of war, a capacity, he says, which has been the subject of much "sterile astonishment." After seemingly terrible devastation, in a few years everything is much as it was before. Mill says:

"There is nothing at all wonderful in the matter. What the enemy have destroyed would have been destroyed in a little time by the inhabitants themselves; the wealth which they so rapidly reproduce would have needed to be reproduced and would have been reproduced in any case, and probably in as short an interval. Nothing is changed except that during the reproduction they have not now the advantage of consuming what had been produced previously. The possibility of a rapid repair of their disasters mainly depends on whether the country has been depopulated. If its effective population have not been extirpated at the time, and are not starved afterward, then, with the same skill and knowledge that they had before, with their land and its permanent improvements undestroyed, and the more durable buildings probably unimpaired, or only partially injured, they have nearly all the requisites for their former amount of production. If there is as much of food left to them, or of valuables to buy food, as enables them by any amount of privation to remain alive and in working condition, they will in a short time have raised as great a produce and acquired collectively as great wealth and as great a capital as before."

It will be seen that the main problem of recuperation is to-day practically as Mill put it hypothetically; the problem, namely, as to whether the warring countries will have been depopulated to such an extent as to make a normal resumption of economic production impossible. It has already been claimed above that the war can be continued for some time longer before the toll of death exceeds the reserve labor power of the populations involved. This is more clearly true of the Allies than of the Central Powers. Consider the matter, however, from another point of view. Despite the millions of men under arms, agriculture and industry still continue among the belligerents. They do manage to feed and clothe themselves, to warm their houses, and even have some homely joys. Even Germany keeps up a vigorous industrial activity, and, were it not for the British fleet, would be ready to send us dyes and toys and many other things as well. We have shipped enormous quantities of goods to Europe, but except in the case of a very few commodities these have been but a trifling percentage of the European consumption. When the American Woolen Company announced in October that it had received orders for $22,000,000 worth of goods, this meant only 5 cents per capita of the belligerent population. If the war should be brought to a conclusion without an exhaustive drain on industrial workers now employed, there will be a return of millions into the industrial field to take up the great task of producing that surplus necessary to restore some measure of the earlier standard of life and meet the coming demand for taxes.

Dangers We Face

A DISTINGUISHED English philosopher and mathematician, the Hon. Bertrand Russell, recently said: "If the war continues much longer, all the men in Europe between twenty and forty will be dead or disabled; the ones who return from the war will . . . have lost energy and initiative and will drift through life helpless and listless. The next generation will be educated by those who are no longer vigorous. It is likely that pestilence will carry off a large proportion of the civil population. . . . A large proportion of those who return from the war will become criminal or drunken. All this must be obvious to anyone who has reflected upon the economic condition of Europe after the war."

Such a prediction is not supported by sane reflection, still less by past experience. Similar prophecies were made at the time of our Civil War. Again let me repeat that anything may happen if the war continues a decade and that it can be fought to the point of utter exhaustion. But if it should cease within

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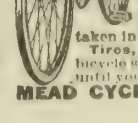
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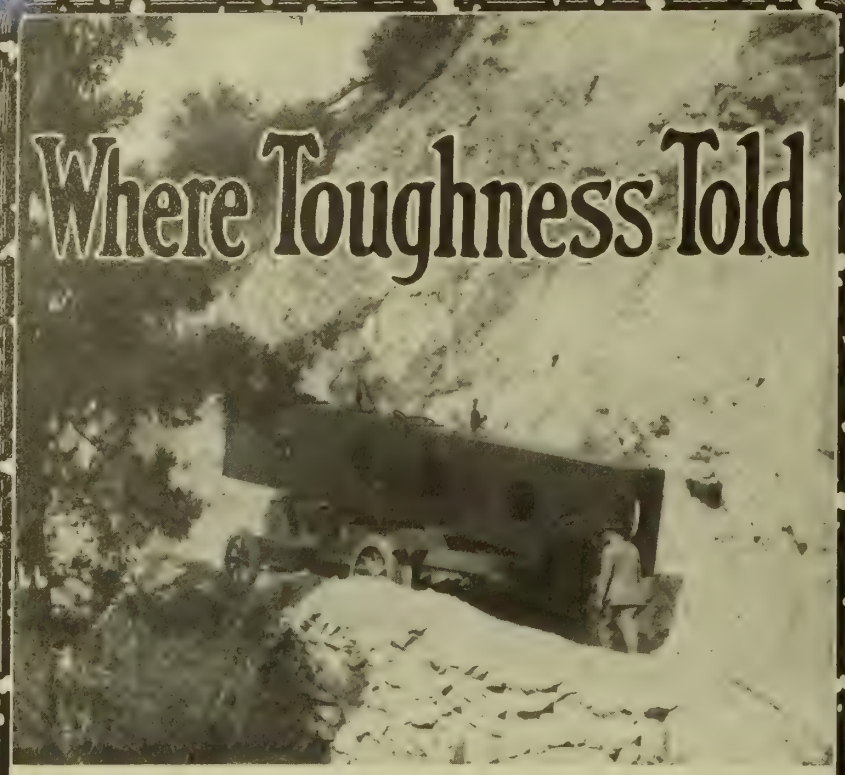
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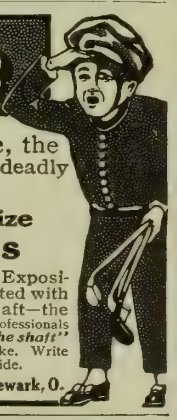
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the next twelve months, the United States would face no such stricken and disheartened Europe as this writer portrays. On the contrary, we would face a grave and determined Europe, made serious by her awful experience, accustomed to sacrifices, to economy and to strenuous exertion, and grimly resolved to repair the ravages of war and restore her commercial power.

Such a situation has been recently described by a leading American diplomatist as "an impending danger to the Republic." It certainly is one demanding grave consideration. There is no occasion for panic or the extreme forms of action born of panic. On the other hand, the American business man should not allow himself to live in a fool's paradise. Strong efforts are being made by bankers and by commercial agencies of the Government to improve the present opportunity for the extension of our foreign and especially our South American trade. The belligerent nations, however, are not blind to the situation and are already planning their organization for the coming campaign in that quarter. This seems to be true especially of the Germans, but we should not concentrate our gaze too much on that people. Dr. Hill, in the article just referred to, deals only with the German economic organization as an impending danger. What reason is there to suppose that the competition of England will not be even more prompt and vigorous? It must be evident that Great Britain, Germany, and France after the war must do everything to develop their trade in neutral markets. And better than all collective activities is the individual capacity to deliver cheap goods. In the meantime our own market will be the greatest neutral market of all. Assuredly we want an active trade with Europe, but we want to know what form it will take and make sure that it does not have a disorganizing effect upon our own industries. Certainly the demand for many of our products will continue active in the new European reconstruction. It is equally certain that the demand for others will cease and large quantities of manufactures be offered here at cost prices. Our own costs will doubtless be inflated—due to the active demand for goods and labor now in progress. Will foreign costs be also relatively raised? This question requires a brief word about the effect of taxes and the probable course of immigration.

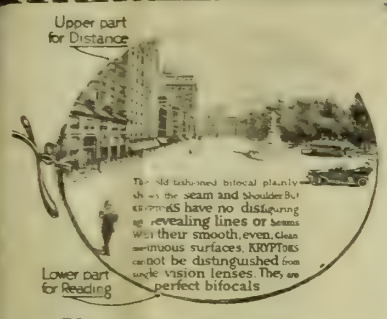
By far the major part of the war loans so far have been raised within the borrowing countries. What will be their effect on industry and prices? It seems to be thought in some quarters that this burden of taxes must be added to costs and will act as a deterrent to industrial expansion. Now, in the first place, the amount of outstanding bonds in a country like Germany, say, represents only relations of ownership. Industrial productivity depends on numbers, skill, resources, machinery, and the like. Directly the question of debt and taxes has nothing to do with it. Indirectly it has; and we must recognize, secondly, that this very burden may lead to a more rapid recovery of productive power. A debt is like any other obstacle; it can be a spur to increased effort or the cause of despair and listlessness. It is the same with a nation as with an individual. When not overwhelming, taxes are an obligation that must be met and which necessitates harder effort and greater economy. They must come out of the incomes of employer and employed, and for that reason the productive capacity must at all hazards be kept up. It is quite possible that bondholders will be more saving than those from whom the taxes are drawn. In that case, while the sacrifice will be a severe burden on all classes, and necessitate the abandonment of luxuries and many comforts, it will lead to a more rapid increase of capital. Just how the annual output is distributed is a problem for each nation at home or for the humanitarian in general. The problems which interest the American business man who faces foreign competition are what the total national output will be, under what conditions it will be produced, and how great a surplus will be available for export at low prices. On all these matters the burden of taxation will almost assuredly work to increase the intensity of competition rather than diminish it. Goods must be produced and sold in large quantities, and foreign markets must be regained, since taxes must be paid. If the debt proves so great that it seems to have a disheartening effect on industry, the payment of interest will be suspended in whole or in part. Default is better than destruction, and destruction means ultimate and complete default.

Grave Immigration Problem

WHAT will be the effect of these conditions on European migration into this country? For confusing divergence of opinion on this question the general reader does not have to go to different authorities. He needs only to read two articles by the commissioner of immigration at the port of New York. In the November "Review of Reviews," Mr. Howe pictures such a demand for labor in Europe after the war that wages will be very high, the labor group will be in the ascendant politically and economically, and migration will not only be checked but the tide may turn from America to Europe. In "Scribner's" for the same month he limits these favorable conditions of labor to such countries as England, Germany, and France (from which we receive but a handful of immigrants). He then portrays conditions of destitution and burdensome taxation in those countries from which we receive most of our immigrants which will drive the disheartened and helpless in such vast numbers to our shores that we are likely to face "the gravest immigration problem in our history." One thing is certain: that, in the past, European wars have always been followed by emigration to this country by many who have become homeless or impoverished, or who wished to flee the economic burden of the reconstruction period. The same may fairly be expected after this war. Despite the terrible loss in numbers, there will be such a labor reserve to call on, such need of production in fierce competition for the world market, and such a burden of taxation that the condition of labor, even in the most advanced industrial countries, will not, for some years at least, be one to arouse envy on the part of labor in other parts of the world. Patriotism will stand the strain of tremendous sacrifice of life and property in the midst of a struggle for existence. But when "the tumult and the shouting dies" it is hard to pay taxes year after year with patriotic fervor. Furthermore, the patriotic spirit is not strong among a large part of our usual immigrants. It is not likely in any case that we shall receive immigrants from western Europe. If such a movement should start, it would quite likely be stopped by government action at home. Normally most of our immigrants come from Italy, Austria, Russia, and the Balkans. Barring the Italians, most of these are from a subjected or at least nondominant portion of the population. The Jews of Russia and the Poles and Slovaks of Austria will feel no moral or racial obstacle against migrating to happier lands. Whether in the end Bulgaria annexes Serbia or Serbia annexes Bulgaria, there will be an oppressed population eager to escape. It may be, as Mr. Howe seems to think, that there will be some revolutionary change in the movement of migrating people. It may also happen that the normal emigration to this country will be renewed. In the absence of conclusive reasoning otherwise, this would seem the safest assumption for the moment. In any case, the manufacturer who wants an influx of labor to meet foreign competition has been unduly alarmed. Those who for economic or social reasons oppose immigration will still have their problem before them.

Antidumping Precautions

IN view of the probable economic situation in Europe as outlined above on the assumption that the war may end after twelve months, the question of what preparation this country should make to meet it must be a matter of grave concern to business men and to the Government. Every farsighted manufacturer must figure for himself what his own industry is likely to face. If he belongs to the fortunate group whose products must be purchased by Europe in the course of their industrial reorganization, he can await the issue with complacency. If he belongs to the group which in normal times is forced to meet a more or less active competition from abroad, he must prepare for even stronger competition. It is not possible here to analyze industries in detail. In general it should be obvious that the demand for American products will be chiefly for raw materials and what are called "goods partially manufactured for further use in production."



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ce, kept for certain food products, it is the manufacturers of Europe who will be our customers, for they must buy to keep their industries going at high pressure. The mass of the people will not be large purchasers of finished manufactures ready for direct consumption. On the other hand, they will be large producers of such goods for export.

The President in his message hinted at great economic changes to be expected and at future messages on this subject. It was rumored in the press that he contemplated some sweeping legislation of an "antidumping" nature to meet a possible crisis. It is known that the Department of Commerce has concerned itself sympathetically with this problem. It is, however, a far more complicated problem than is commonly realized. Attention is being called to the ingenious practice of Canada. It is highly improbable, however, that any such method can be made practicable in this country. In the first place it would of necessity be hasty and ill-considered legislation rather than a carefully-thought-out plan based on detailed information, and hence likely to work manifold hardships. In the second place we are not accustomed to giving such large discretionary powers to the Executive in tariff rates as this implies, and we have no machinery corresponding to the handy Orders in Council by which the Canadian Cabinet can temporarily suspend the operation of tariff laws passed by Parliament. And, in the third place, our industries are vastly more diverse in number and character than those of Canada, and we should have to consider the problem of costs and domestic prices not only for many more commodities but for many more countries as well. As a matter of fact, the Canadian Antidumping Clause is largely directed against ourselves and with a few specific industries in mind. When it is found that American manufacturers are selling plows in Canada cheaper than at home, it is easy to issue an Order in Council adding the difference to the tariff. It is a very different matter to decide when dress goods are being dumped below cost. Further, they may come to us from England or France or Belgium or Germany. The conditions in each country are different. If an English manufacturer dumps in this country to meet a French competitor who is not dumping, can we raise the rate against the Englishman alone? And dress goods are but one class of thousands of commodities that our Government would be hounded to consider by the persistent manufacturer. Careful use of the antidumping principle might be made in a matured tariff system. Never in our history has it been more apparent how much we need some agency of tariff investigation.

It is useless to predict what attitude Congress may take. It may stand pat on the present low-tariff act. In that case we shall see—what we shall see. Were the Republicans in power, they would probably seize the emergency to return to the tariff of 1909, or that of 1897, in toto, and we should be back once more where we were, with no definite results for seven years of tariff agitation. Before they are in a position to legislate, however, the whole situation may have changed. If the war should end in the next six months, it is difficult to see on what basis the Democrats could act in the way of raising the tariff, even for emergency purposes. They have definitely discarded the principle of considering the difference in costs, although (for some unexplained reason) they appropriate money to the Department of Commerce for an investigation of this very question, and Secretary Redfield has asked for $100,000 more for this purpose. As yet there are no data to go by. The only complete model they have to turn to for higher rates is the earlier Republican tariff. They may, of course, make certain arbitrary increases, but our industrial system is so complicated through the various stages of production that such leaps in the dark are bound to have most unexpected and disconcerting effects on our own domestic business.

A Tariff Opportunity

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The one market every nation will most desire is our own. Some people wish to put a wall round it altogether. Some wish to give it away gratis. Almost nobody—(that is, of those in a position to dictate policy) wishes to follow the sane principle of *letting out portions of it for a fair price in return.* Never has there been such an opportunity to make effective use of this principle as there will be in the commercial reorganization after the war. It cannot be done by provisions for reciprocity treaties, as in the present law, but it can be done by a proper use of the maximum and minimum principle. These are matters too complicated for discussion here; far too complicated for satisfactory treatment in the haste of emergency legislation.

A Doctor's Point of View

BY JOHN B. HUBER, M. D.

INFLUENZA

INFLUENZA or grippe is an epidemic disease which extends with extraordinary rapidity. It is likely to "get" some 40 per cent of the population it visits, and to be epidemic for six to eight weeks. Its specific germ, without which, of course, its existence is impossible, is the *Bacillus influenzæ.* "Cold in the head" (coryza); pains all over, "in the bones"; chills and fever; suffering, oftentimes severe enough to prostrate, are the distinctive features. In the respiratory, the most common, form of the grippe the eyes are watery and inflamed; the handkerchief is—or ought to be—in constant requisition to keep the germ from others as it is sneezed, coughed, or spit out, and sore throat, bronchitis, pain in the chest, and profuse perspiration are in evidence. Or symptoms referable to the digestive apparatus may predominate: nausea, vomiting, collapse, colic, jaundice perhaps, debility invariably. Or the nervous symptoms may be most manifest: intense headache and backache, pain in the eyes, a racing pulse, inflammation of particular nerves or groups of nerves, depressed spirits, and profound prostration. The suffering may be so great that the diagnosis for meningitis may be called for. Or there will be the fourth, the peculiarly febrile form, in which the temperature may go up to the dangerous height of 105 degrees; this febrile form has to be differentiated from typhoid fever, and complications of grippe, heart, and kidney disease, middle-ear disease and mastoid abscess have to be feared; also pleurisy and pneumonia and, in young children, bronchopneumonia.

Too often, also, grippe leaves in its train chronic ill health, a wobbly heart, and a pathetic listlessness in erstwhile strong and virile men, and many a case of latent tuberculosis has thus become no longer dormant.

A Ruthless Disease

INFLUENZA does not defer to climate, wind, or weather. Cases are, however, more frequent in the winter months. There have been in the past great pandemics of grippe, since the sixteenth century at least: that, for example, of 1889-90, which spread from east to west, over all civilization, with a very considerable mortality and a grievous aftermath of chronic malaise and suffering in those who survived the attack. Indeed, it was the fashion long after to date various ailments from this 1890 visitation. Such mortality, such morbid sequelæ, are not likely, however, to attend the 1916 epidemic because with successive experiences of any infection, its virulence and destructiveness are likely to be progressively modified. Even now, however, for the very young and the old, grippe is likely to prove serious.

Nor is influenza one of those infections which, like smallpox or measles, confers complete immunity with its initial attack. Any kind of immunity to influenza is indeed but slight. Second and third individual attacks are common. And the carriers of the influenza germ are probably numerous; like typhoid carriers, they may not suffer at all themselves, but they make walking germ stores, conserving the infection for future epidemics to feed upon. By reason of the breadwinner's greater exposure, males and the robust are likely to be most susceptible. Exhaustion predisposes to grippe, for it makes the bodily tissues a congenial soil for germ

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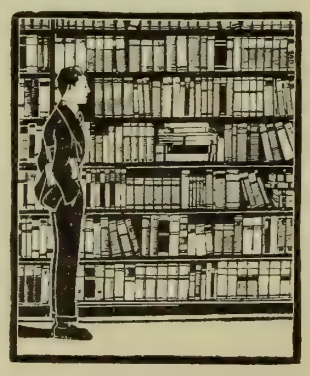
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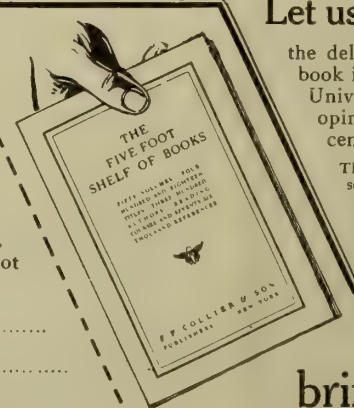
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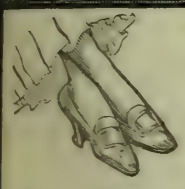


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implantation and morbid activity. For instance, a military corps detailed for railroad construction had been in general constant good health until the men had to work hard for two days in the rain; 105 then developed sore throat and bronchitis, and of these thirty-seven presented typical influenza.

Spread by Kissing

INFLUENZA is highly contagious, being spread from person to person by immediate contact, as in kissing; or by indirect contact, as from handkerchiefs, towels, cups, and other objects contaminated with the fresh secretions. The germ exists, especially in the early stages, in the secretions from the nose, throat, and lungs.

The patient should be isolated—certainly he ought to be until his acute sufferings are past—and he should stay in bed while he has any fever. Sneezing, coughing, and spitting employees should be inexorably sent home; they should then be treated as if they had diphtheria or any like serious infection. One such may achieve the demoralization of a whole office or workshop. It is reported that a Chicago firm engaging 2,500 people had to take on 1,000 hands to replace those down and out with grippe.

Mass meetings, theatres, closed and crowded cars, and public buildings should as far as possible be avoided during these epidemics. Persons with a tendency to catarrh should avoid undue exposure. Keep the feet warm and dry and the bodily functions normal. Influenza is one of those diseases the control of which rests with the public and not with the doctors, except so far as it is their province to prescribe, to instruct the laity, and to urge communal support of perfectly definite and reasonable health department measures. The danger from the use of the common drinking cup, the roller towel, droplet infection (as when some barbarian sneezes in your face), handkerchiefs, pipes, toys, drinking glasses, spoons, and like objects recently in the mouth, should be emphasized. Spitting ordinances should be enforced, dust laid, ventilation established, and overcrowding of street cars prohibited.

A Modern Knight

By PERR N HOLMES LOWREY

COULD you have loved the dainty girls,
The save-me-sir and fainty girls,
Knights crossed the world to vie for?
They were such fragile, tender things,
Such willowy and slender things
For men to fight and die for!

Could you have loved the weepy girls,
The eight-o'clock-and-sleepy girls,
Of medieval story?
They were such leak-the-briny things,
Such tootsie-wootsie-tiny things
To make a country gory!

I scorn your lily-bower dames,
Your tournament and tower dames,
Knights crossed the world to vie for.
But give me independent girls,
Our latter-day, resplendent girls,
One doesn't have to die for!

Collier's
The National Weekly

Volume 56 March 11, 1916 Number 26

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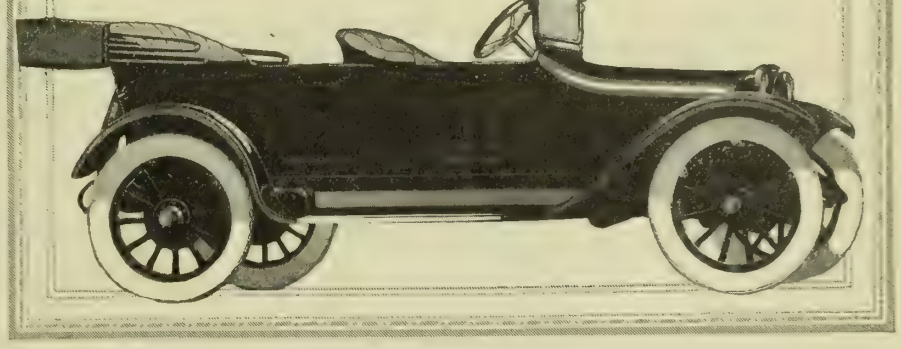
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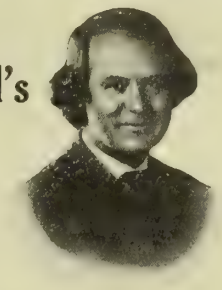
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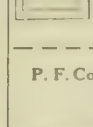
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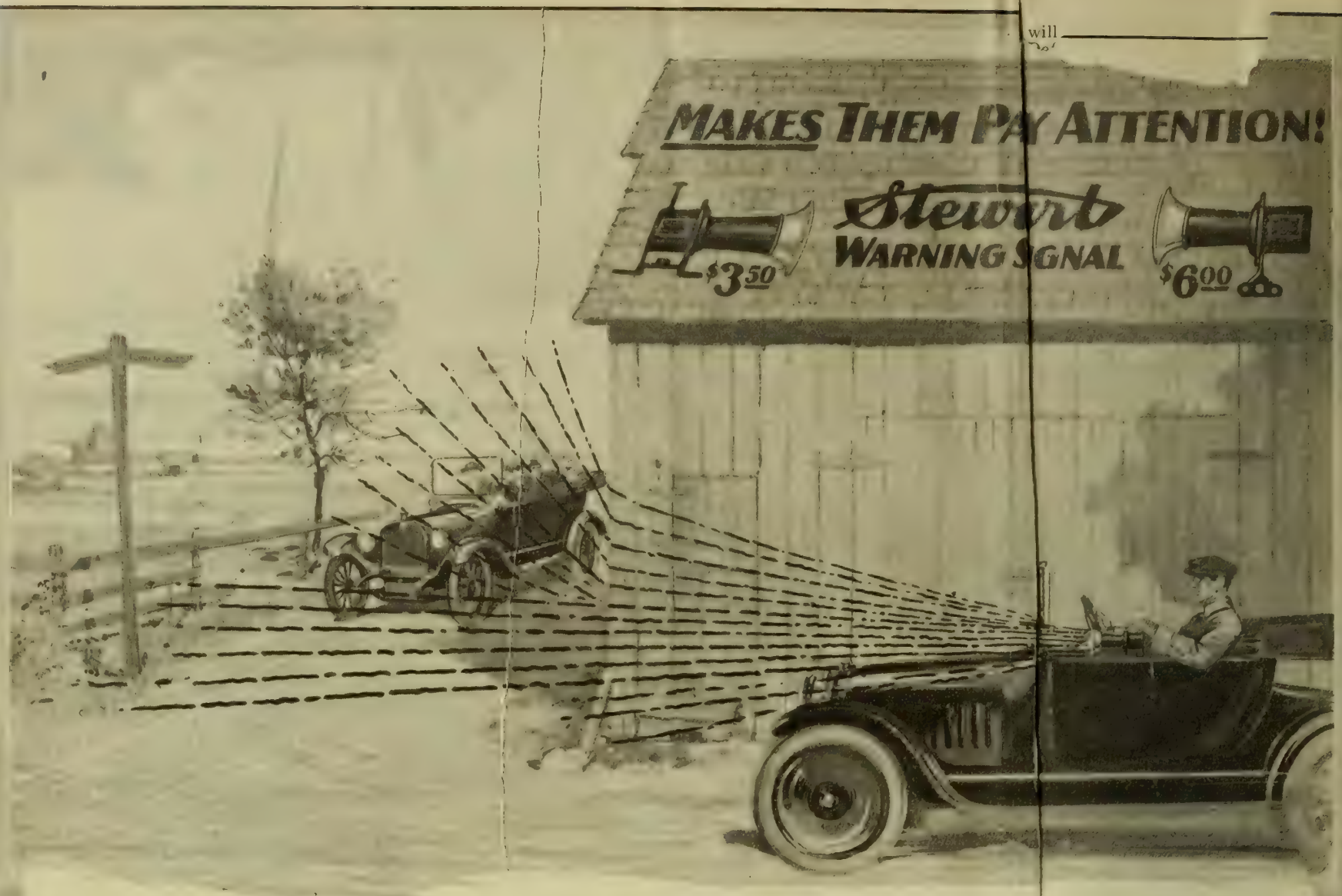
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Protect your life and your car without delay. You cannot trust an uncertain, undependable signal. You want to avoid accidents—you want a signal that saves you before you collide. Stewart Warning Signals are built for quick action. They are sure, positive, effective, and absolutely certain when you want them. They don't disappoint you at critical moments. That's the only kind of a warning signal you want.

Be sure you do not buy an "electric vibrator" that makes only a buzz. You want to count on being safe every time. The warning of the Stewart Signal is definite, decisive. It warns without alarming. It doesn't confuse pedestrians or other car drivers, but causes them to take notice and get out of the way. It is more easily sounded than any other signal.

Hundreds of motorists are discarding their old horns, and buying Stewart Warning Signals. They won't take any more chances with their own lives, nor with running over other people, or into other vehicles.

The Stewart Hand-Operated Warning Signal was the first high grade, thoroughly reliable Signal ever offered at a fair price ($5). 300,000 sold the first year. Now it has been reduced to $3.50. Easy to operate—a quick pressure of the finger, hand, arm, or elbow causes instant response. Can be placed on the top rail of your car, or on side of seat, or on toe board to be worked by foot. Handsome in appearance; durable in finish.

The Stewart Motor-Driven Warning Signal is the final word in signals. It is not an "electric horn" with only a common vibrator or buzzer. It contains a REAL MOTOR never before found in any signal costing less than $15 to $35. You don't have to feel or search for the big push button that stands up like a mushroom, and operates at the slightest touch of a finger, hand, arm or elbow. Merely a glancing blow operates it instantly. When first on the market, the Stewart Motor-Driven Warning Signal sold for $7.50. Its tremendous and immediate success warranted our reducing the price to $6.

It has always been the policy of this Corporation to give its patrons the benefit of lower prices made possible through quantity production.

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Hand-Operated Model

$3.50

Motor-Driven Model

$6



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THE Hupmobile—with its clean, simple, powerful, four-cylinder motor—furnishes all the elements most desired in motor car performance:—

Rapidity of pick-up, flexibility, and pulling power on high gear; smoothness, silence, and absence of vibration at any speed.

These characteristics, and its consistent economy, explain why old owners remain steadfastly loyal, and why the Hupmobile market is steadily widening among those seeking a quality car.

Let us prove that we are justified in our belief that "the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world."

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

Each purchaser of a Hupmobile receives, without extra cost, a book of coupons, good for 50 hours of service-labor on his car at any Hupmobile service station. Of these there are now approximately 3300 on main-traveled roads, and Hupmobile service is available in all parts of the United States and Canada.

Five-passenger Touring Car	$1085	Two-passenger Roadster	$1085	Seven-passenger Touring Car	$1225
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The customer who sends a telegram at four o'clock for a case of goods he needs and has the goods on his depot platform when the freight arrives next morning, will continue to send his hurry-up orders to the same house and "turn down" the most persuasive salesman of the house that does not give prompt service.

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Whether you are in the wholesale or retail business; contracting, road building, dairying, fruit raising, market gardening, or any business demanding quick and reliable transportation, you can get a GMC truck that will fit your requirements.

GMC trucks are reliable because they are simple, strong, easy to operate, and of the highest quality. They keep fuel and oil costs at lowest notch. They are easily kept in order and any part can be quickly replaced in case of accident. Furthermore, the price of parts is very low.

You can buy trucks at a lower first cost than you can buy a GMC truck of the same rated capacity. But the cost per ton mile per year and the number of years the truck can be depended on to give service, is what the careful business man is interested in.

No other company in the world makes a complete line of both gasoline and electric trucks.

Consult the nearest GMC dealer or write the largest truck factory in the world for information on trucks to do your work. If you will tell us the nature of your loads, the length of your hauls and the kind of roads you cover, you may find our unbiased suggestions of decided value.

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You can smoke a pipe—every man can—but you *can't* smoke every kind of tobacco without making your tongue rebel and your throat get angry. Put the blame where it belongs—the pipe was innocent—the tobacco was the guilty party.

Give your pipe another chance—fill it with fresh Tuxedo, packed firmly but not hard; smoke slowly; and you'll go into permanent partnership with Tuxedo. One week's trial and you'll know why so many men have forsaken all smokes except Tuxedo.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for the Pipe

Tuxedo is a good-hearted, gentle, quiet, soft-voiced tobacco—it's as genial as a sunny day and as comforting as a raise in salary—no "fighting spirit" in it anywhere to muss up your tongue—or fuss up your throat—as "bite-less" as a baby.

That's because the rich, mellow leaf is first aged from 3 to 5 years and *then* it's treated by the famous original "Tuxedo Process"—*that* takes every particle of bite and irritation out of tobacco.

Tuxedo has plenty of imitators—but there *can't* be another tobacco like Tuxedo, because no other can be made by the secret "Tuxedo Process".

Try Tuxedo *this* week.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped, moisture-proof pouch 5c
In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c
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Illustrations are about one-half size of real packages.



PASQUALE AMATO
Grand Opera Singer

"Tuxedo is my smoking tobacco, because it has a wonderfully pleasant flavor and does not harm my voice or throat in any way."

Pasquale Amato



FRITZ KREISLER
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"I have certainly found in Tuxedo the one and only tobacco that measures up to all my requirements, rich in fragrance, always cool smoking and so mild that I can smoke pipeful after pipeful at a sitting."

Fritz Kreisler



FRANK O. SMITH
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Frank O. Smith



A. M. ROSE
Judge of the Circuit Court of Illinois

"Tuxedo tobacco is pleasantly mild, yet has a fragrance that is most satisfying. I enjoy Tuxedo more than any tobacco I've ever smoked."

A. M. Rose



EDWARD BRUCE MOORE
Former Commissioner of Patents

"My choice in pipe tobaccos is Tuxedo. The unusual mildness and fragrance of this mellowest of tobaccos gives me the greatest pleasure I have ever obtained from a pipe."

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JULIAN ELTINGE
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